

MISS UNIVERSE

Written by

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FADE IN:

Outer space.

Dark. Desolate. Infinite.

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

Peaceful. Majestic. Until--

*HOT PINK SCRIPT scribbles across the screen!*

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
It's "The 2014 Miss America  
Competition!"

An UPBEAT ORCHESTRA KICKS IN!

SERIES OF SHOTS:

The ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK by night:

*The Borgata. Bally's. Caesar's Palace.*

Glitzy monuments to decadence.

IN A CASINO

Playing cards fan across green felt.

Dice tumble across a craps table.

INT. BOARDWALK HALL

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

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
*Brought to you by Maybelline! Maybe  
she's born with it, maybe it's  
"Maybelline!"*

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

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

The SCREEN SPLITS to give us her bio and stats. She's originally from Pensacola and hates phonies.

Pull back to reveal a TV in a

FLORIDA CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

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

IN THE HALLWAY

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

ALMA

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

JANE

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

ALMA

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

JANE

Can you just zip me up, please?

Alma sighs and zips up Jane's suit.

LYLE

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

JANE

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

LYLE

Okay, well, knock 'em dead.

JANE

Inappropriate, Lyle. A lot of them are dying.

LYLE

Right. Good luck, I mean.

He leans in to peck her on the cheek but she pulls the plastic visor closed. He kisses the mask on the cheek.

JANE

Thanks!

ON THE SCREEN

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

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

NURSE

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

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

Children's eyes go wide in terror.

JANE

Hello, kids!

The nurse is thrown, but covers with awkward clapping.

NURSE

(to the kids)

Jane heard you guys weren't feeling well and she wanted to come here personally to cheer you up. Wasn't that nice of her?

The children weakly 'Yay.'

JANE

I'm super excited to be here with all of you! We're gonna have so much fun today!

(aside to Nurse)

Is the photographer here yet?

SERIES OF SHOTS:

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

- Jane kisses a weak YOUNG BOY on the forehead through her face shield.

- Jane and a *SMALL GIRL* wave at the camera. Jane has her hood off but covers her mouth with a handkerchief.

INT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Jane sits at the head of the room, hood off. She gives a clearly well-rehearsed spiel.

JANE

(bored)

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

(trying to remember)

Sapphires... Burmese rubies... and...

(gives up with a shrug)

...Adamantium and Kryptonite.

Two *YOUNG BOYS* share an impressed look. 'Whoa!'

JANE (CONT'D)

The Miss Universe organization is proud to promote the voices of young women in culture, politics, and the community. Any questions?

A *LITTLE GIRL* raises her hand.

LITTLE GIRL

Could I be Miss Universe some day?

JANE

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

Jane signals the nurse with her eyes. 'Time to go.'

NURSE

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

JANE

(faux disappointment)

Aw, really? Boo!

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

We hate you, nurse!  
 (laughs, to Nurse)  
 I'm just playin'.

NURSE

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

The kids shout their 'Thank You's.'

JANE

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

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

EXT. ALMA'S TRAILER HOME - DAY

Alma hobbles up the steps to the front door of her Airstream  
 trailer as Lyle and Jane wait patiently.

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

BIG EARL

Lookin' good, Janey!

JANE

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

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

NRA HAT

Always, baby girl!

INT. ALMA'S TRAILER HOME - CONTINUOUS

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

JANE

First thing I'm gonna do with the prize money, mama, is move you to a bigger place with a better class of neighbor.

ALMA

I told you, Jane, I don't need a bigger place. I like it here. And some of those neighbors you're turning your nose up at helped raise you, so don't go thinking you're better than any of 'em, just 'cause you turned out prettier than they did. Now, you kids want something to eat?

JANE

No, ma. We gotta get to the airport.

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

ALMA (O.S.)

I'll fix you some sandwiches for the road.

Jane approaches Lyle.

LYLE

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

JANE

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

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

LYLE

Or maybe sexiness just runs in your family...

Jane pulls back.

JANE

After the pageant, Lyle.

Lyle throws up his hands in frustration.

LYLE

But there's always a pageant, Jane!  
Miss Florida, Miss America, Miss  
World! Are we sure there's nothing  
after Miss Universe? Miss  
Afterlife? Miss All of freakin'  
Time and Space?

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

LYLE (CONT'D)

Sorry. Look, I'm just frustrated.  
We haven't done it in months. You  
know that's not easy for me.

JANE

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

LYLE

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

JANE

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

LYLE

Oh, stop it.

JANE

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

LYLE

Are you seriously bringing this up  
again?

She turns to him.

JANE

Do you what I've sacrificed to get  
to Miss Universe? I haven't had ice  
cream in two years! I can't do  
anything to jeopardize this now.

LYLE

Yeah, but Jane--

JANE

Getting pregnant is what cost my mother the crown. Getting pregnant with me. I cost her the crown, don't you get that?

LYLE

But Jane--

JANE

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

LYLE

Jane--

JANE

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

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

MATCH CUT TO:

The MISS UNIVERSE BANNER hangs in the

INT. MINSKOFF THEATER - NIGHT

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

BACKSTAGE

Jane and other the Miss Universe CONTESTANTS mill about.

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

MISS GERMANY

Nice pigtails, little girl.

MISS RUSSIA

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

MISS GERMANY

Which is about what her chances of winning are.

They laugh.

JANE  
Hey, back off, Axis of Evil!

The two regard Jane, annoyed.

MISS GERMANY  
Neither of our countries were part  
of that.

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

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

A harried P.A. interrupts.

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

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

MISS SWEDEN (O.S.)  
Jane?

Jane turns.

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

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

JANE  
Don't mention it. Good luck.

They hug.

IN THE COMMENTATORS BOOTH

Two coiffed, smiley COMMENTATORS report from the booth.

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

MALE COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

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

FEMALE COMMENTATOR

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

MALE COMMENTATOR

Guess the sexy apple doesn't fall far from the attractive tree, huh?

FEMALE COMMENTATOR

You're making it weird, Chuck.

ON STAGE

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

HOST

Miss America, you have selected Judge number two.

AT THE JUDGE'S TABLE

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

KHLOE KARDASHIAN

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

JANE

(stilted)

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

The Judges exchange a look, 'Was that a good answer?'

IN THE WINGS

Miss Russia and Miss Germany look on and scoff.

MISS RUSSIA

She makes no sense. I do not care what she looks like, there is no way she will win with that.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

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

JANE

*Whooooo!* I'm Miss Universe, bitches!

MONTAGE - PARTY!

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

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

IN THE CLUB

Jane and company down shots at the bar.

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

VIP AREA

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

OUTSIDE THE CLUB

Jane and the girls playfully pose for paparazzi.

IN THE LIMO

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

INT. TRUMP TOWERS/PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - LATER

The evening ends back at Jane's luxurious new penthouse in Trump Towers, part of the Miss Universe prize package.

Tasteful design, contemporary furnishing. The girls excitedly run around the new digs.

LATER THAT NIGHT

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

EXT. PENTHOUSE/BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

Beat.

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

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

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

WIDEN TO REVEAL

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

EXT. PENTHOUSE/BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

A drunken COUPLE stumbles out onto the balcony.

DRUNK GIRL

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

She looks around. No signs of life. All is quiet.

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/TRANSPORT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

A STEEL DOOR rises. Enter the awkward yet goofy-handsome Captain HAZZ MATHERS (40s). He's followed by a few members of his alien crew.

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

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)  
*Transport complete.*

The Creature throws up his gelatinous tentacles victoriously.

BLOBBY GREEN CREATURE  
(subtitles)  
I did it!

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

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

ALPACA CREWMAN  
*Rowr! Rowr!*

HAZZ  
English, everyone, please! Lets make our guest feel welcome.

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

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

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

TURTLE-Y  
It's attacking!

HAZZ

Relax, she's just spitting up. Some beings react that way to their first phase.

TURTLE-Y

I hear they spit acid!

HAZZ

Will you let me handle this, please?

JANE

Where am I?

HAZZ

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

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

HAZZ (CONT'D)

(to a nearby crewman)

Have janitorial dispatch a team to the transport tubes.

JANE

What's going on?

HAZZ

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

He leads her out of the room.

JANE

(tasting her mouth)

Does anyone have gum?

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

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

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

HAZZ

Hulu! Status.



Jane stares in slack-jawed horror.

Finally, the creature stops 'speaking.' Hazz turns to Jane.

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

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

JANE  
You're asking me?!

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

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

HULU  
Captain, they're firing again!

HAZZ  
Raise port shields!

CREWMAN  
Shield sensors unresponsive!

JANE  
I am *freaking out* right now!

HAZZ  
Prepare for impact! Brace yourselves, every--

BOOM! The ship gets rocked.

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

HASSAB  
Flash propulsion nominal!

HAZZ  
Then flash us forward, Hassy! Get us out of here!

HASSAB  
Flashing forward in three... two...

HAZZ  
*Hit it!*

Everyone strains against the G-Forces.

The ship BLASTS into the distance.

BLACKOUT.

FADE IN:

ON JANE'S CLOSED EYE

Long, pale fingers lift her eyelid. A light shines into her pupil. It dilates.

REVEAL

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

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

Hazz enters.

HAZZ (CONT'D)  
Status, doctor?

DOCTOR  
She fainted, Captain. Regaining consciousness now.

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

HAZZ  
Are you okay?

JANE  
What happened?

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

JANE  
What was that thing?

Hazz is surprised she even has to ask.

HAZZ

It was the Kar'uton Queen! Hive leader of the Kar'uton! Who did you think it was?

(to Doctor)

Are you sure she's okay?

DOCTOR

Vitals are functional, captain.

Jane is startled.

JANE

Holy shit, I thought you were a lamp.

HAZZ

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

JANE

Do what now?

HAZZ

Why didn't you get 'em to call off the attack?!

JANE

What? How? That thing wasn't even speaking English!

HAZZ

So? Aren't you fluent in all alien languages?

JANE

Huh?

HAZZ

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

JANE

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

HAZZ  
Waving?

JANE  
You know, like...

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

HAZZ  
(to Doctor)  
How is her brain functioning?

DOCTOR  
Normally, captain.

HAZZ  
(surprised)  
Huh.

DOCTOR  
Trace levels of intoxication.

HAZZ  
Maybe that's it.

JANE  
What are you trying to say?

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

JANE  
No! I'm the prettiest.

Hazz rubs his face in frustration.

HAZZ  
This must be a mistake.

DOCTOR  
Bio sig is a match, captain.

JANE  
Okay. There's obviously been some  
kind of mix-up. You know what? Call  
Donald Trump. He'll get this  
straightened out, he solves all our  
problems on Earth.

HAZZ  
 (to Doctor)  
 Alert senior staff. Conference  
 room. Five minutes.

DOCTOR  
 Yes, captain.

He walks away.

JANE  
 Hey, where are you going?

She detaches herself from the machinery.

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

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

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

Hazz wheels on her.

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

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

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

INT. POLICE STATION - SAME TIME

In an interrogation room, Lyle is naked and wrapped in a  
 blanket. On the other side of a table are the two gruff COPS,  
 looking un-amused.

LYLE

I told you. There was some kind of explosion. One minute I was in a hot tub on the roof, next thing I know my naked ass was splattered across your windshield.

COP #1

Yeah, we remember that part.

COP #2

You said you saw a UFO.

LYLE

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

COP #1

Right. Your girlfriend who's...  
(off notepad, incredulous)  
"Miss America."

LYLE

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

The cops laugh.

LYLE (CONT'D)

She is! Look, I passed your Breathalyzer and I told you everything I know. I'll pay for whatever damage my ass did. Can I go now?

BEHIND THE TWO-WAY MIRROR

A third, older COP observes the interrogation. He turns to two intimidating men in BLACK SUITS.

COP #3

Anything else you fellas wanna know?

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

BLACK SUIT #2

(to Cop #3)  
No. Let him go.

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A roundtable of strange alien creatures. It's like the United Nations meets the Cantina scene.

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

HAZZ

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

A pale SHROUDED ALIEN at the table speaks up.

SHROUDED ALIEN

We must return to the King at once.

HAZZ

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

Jane storms in and marches up to Hazz.

JANE

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

HAZZ

This meeting is for ship personnel only.

JANE

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

HAZZ

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

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

JANE

Oh my god, did you guys ever see Star Wars? Swear to god, you look just like that one part.

HAZZ

Could you please wait outside? I'll have someone show you to a room.

BOTT

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

HAZZ

There isn't. Trust me.

(sigh)

Fine. Everyone. This is Jane Breslin. Originally thought to be the most evolved human on Earth.

JANE

(meek)

'sup.

Jane smiles weakly and does her pageant wave.

HAZZ

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

JANE

Rescued me? From who?

HAZZ

The Kar'uton.

JANE

The what?

Bott rises from the table.

BOTT

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

JANE

Why would they be after me?

HAZZ

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

JANE

You guys are making such a big deal out of that.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

I mean, yeah, it's cool and I'm honored and whatever but it shouldn't make aliens fight. Because it's like, it's not even about that.

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

HAZZ

Yes. Zumba.

JANE

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

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

ZUMBA

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

JANE

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

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

JANE (CONT'D)

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

ZUMBA

Um, thank you. May I...?

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

ZUMBA (CONT'D)

The creature you saw was the hive leader of the Kar'uton.  
(MORE)

ZUMBA (CONT'D)

Their species has gone from planet  
to planet wiping out civilizations.

Jane tries not to stare at her forehead.

ZUMBA (CONT'D)

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

Small scampering MONSTER-LIZARDS hatch from giant EGGS.

TIME LAPSE

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

JANE

What planet was that?

ZUMBA

Mine.

Hazz lays a sympathetic hand on his shoulder.

HAZZ

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

Jane takes this in.

HAZZ (CONT'D)

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

BOTT

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

JANE

Ants do that?

HAZZ

They can assume a host, body and mind, essentially blending with the planet's environment. Not unlike your Hydranus chameleon.

JANE

(intrigued)  
Ooh, what's that?

Hazz rolls his eyes.

HAZZ

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

JANE

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

ZUMBA

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

JANE

Where'd you hear that?

SHROUDED ALIEN

It was foretold in the prophecies.

JANE

Is that like your guys's Twitter?

HAZZ

The king told me himself.

ZUMBA

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

BOTT

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

Jane looks concerned.

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

EXT. PENTHOUSE/BALCONY - DAWN

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

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

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

INT. PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

ALIEN JANE  
Engage.

INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

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

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

ALIEN JANE  
(emotionless)  
I must prepare this world for the coming of the new age.

JIMMY

Fierce! Love the attitude. Listen, meantime, you've got a press conference at the Hilton today. I'm sure your agent told you. No big whoop, standard procedure for every new Miss U.

ALIEN JANE

Press conference?

JIMMY

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

ALIEN JANE

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

JIMMY

Uh, yeah. Exactly.

ALIEN JANE

Then perhaps the humans can be persuaded to surrender willingly.

JIMMY

(confused)

...Right... but no one has to surrender. You already won, so--

ALIEN JANE

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

JIMMY

I'm gonna have a car pick you up.

ALIEN JANE

Very well.

JIMMY

I'll see you in an hour.

ALIEN JANE

Rejoice. For the time of purification is at hand.

JIMMY

(concerned)

Oookay, sounds good. Maybe you should take a nap first?

ALIEN JANE  
End communication.

She hangs up.

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

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

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

ALIEN JANE  
Affirmative. All vital systems are  
functioning nominally.

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

ALIEN JANE  
Your speech patterns denote  
hostility.

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

ALIEN JANE  
Emotional impulses are inessential.

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

ALIEN JANE  
The purpose of inter-gender  
relationships is procreation.

LYLE

Well, yeah!  
 (then)  
 Wait, what?

ALIEN JANE

It is our biological imperative to populate the planet.

LYLE

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

ALIEN JANE

Procreation is necessary to ensure the survival of our species.

LYLE

...I've never heard you talk like this.

ALIEN JANE

Do you wish to engage in the mating process?

LYLE

Um...

That's a big Yes.

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

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

ZUMBA

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

JANE

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

Hazz fumes.

ZUMBA

(to Hazz)

But if she's not their leader, why would the Kar'uton be after her at all?

HAZZ

They've been tracking our movements since Ringalupis Four. They know we've been trying to intercept their targets, maybe they saw us going after her and assumed she was their leader.

BOTT

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

HAZZ

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

Jane stops in her tracks, aghast.

JANE

What do you mean "*supposedly* attractive?"

Hazz turns to her.

HAZZ

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

JANE

So what are you saying? You don't find me "desirable?" Where are you from?

HAZZ

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

JANE

But you look so human.

HAZZ

Well, you don't have to rub it in.

JANE

So on your planet, hot is ugly?

That tears it. Hazz turns to Bott, resigned.

HAZZ

Set a course for Mannitol.

BOTT

But, Captain--

HAZZ

I know, but do it anyway. The King's got some explaining to do.

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

JANE

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

INT. PENTHOUSE/LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

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

LYLE

I'm the luckiest guy on Earth.

ALIEN JANE

Affirmative.

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

ALIEN JANE (CONT'D)

Of all the beings on this planet, you are the chosen one.

Lyle breathlessly kisses her neck.

LYLE

I know, it's awesome.

ALIEN JANE

Your seed will spawn the coming of the new age.

LYLE

Sweet.

ALIEN JANE

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

LYLE  
Cool. Could you stop talking now?

She closes her eyes. He thrusts into her. She gasps. Her eyes go wide, pupils LIZARD-Y.

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jane walks through a sterile corridor. She turns to see--

AN INFIRMARY

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

ANGLE ON: THE CABINET

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

Jane looks around. She's alone.

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/MAIN DECK - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

HAZZ  
Okay, just relax.

JANE  
Take me back to Earth now.

HAZZ  
I can't do that.

JANE  
I'm serious.

HAZZ  
Just lower the gun...

JANE  
Beam me down, bitch!

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

JANE (CONT'D)  
Everyone stay back!

HAZZ  
Miss, please. You don't know what  
you're doing.

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

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

HAZZ  
You're willing to bet on that?

JANE  
Don't test me.

HAZZ  
Fine, then shoot!

Jane didn't expect that but...

JANE  
Fine! I will!

HAZZ  
Fine!

JANE  
Fine!

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

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

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

Beat.

*\*BEEP\* \*BEEP\* \*BEEP\**

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

JANE (CONT'D)  
"One eighty three?" What's that?

Hazz casually snatches the gun.

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

Hazz and the crew members return to their stations.

JANE  
 Why'd you act scared?

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

Beat.

JANE  
 You're a dick.

Hazz turns back to her.

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

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

HAZZ  
 (snaps)  
 Then consider yourself lucky!

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

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

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

HAZZ (CONT'D)  
 (sotto)  
 I wonder what that meant.

INT. HILTON HOTEL/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

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

HOST

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

Applause and scattered flashbulbs. Alien Jane stares, stoic.

HOST (CONT'D)

First question, Sheila Quinn, Cosmo  
Magazine.

SHEILA

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

ALIEN JANE

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

Reporters shout for attention.

SEVENTEEN MAGAZINE REPORTER

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

ALIEN JANE

Surrender willingly and you may be  
allowed to live.

More shouting.

TMZ REPORTER

Jane, is it true you're dating a  
member of Maroon 5?

ALIEN JANE

Negative. I have never been to that  
planet.

More shouting.

PEOPLE MAGAZINE REPORTER  
 As Miss Universe, what do you most  
 want to say to the people of the  
 world?

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

Jimmy steps in.

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

INT. PENTHOUSE/LIVING ROOM - LATER

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

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

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

LYLE  
 Did I tell you we had sex?

DARNEL  
 (eye roll)  
 Yeah. Couple times.

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

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/MAIN DECK - SAME TIME

Jane sits in a chair, now dressed in a crew jumpsuit, futzing  
 with her iPhone. Crew members busy themselves all around her.

JANE  
 (to passing crewman)  
 Hey, if you guys are so futuristic,  
 how come I can't get a wi-fi  
 signal?

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

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

He uncovers the dish, revealing a Hot Pocket.

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

She eats.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hazz approaches.

HAZZ  
What's wrong with Bott?

HULU  
Jane asked if he was a cyborg.

HAZZ  
Aww...

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

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

Hulu scans the crew log.

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

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

HULU  
(thinking)  
"Quart"...

HAZZ  
In maintenance?

JANE  
Well, what should I do?

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

Hazz and Hulu laugh.

HULU  
That's mean.

HAZZ  
What? I love Bott!

Jane rushes off.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - DAY

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

JIMMY

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

A WAITER approaches.

WAITER

(to Jane)

Excuse me, Miss?

He places a bottle of wine on the table.

WAITER (CONT'D)

From the gentlemen at the bar.

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

JIMMY

Wow. I guess you have an admirer.

JANE

(off the bottle, puzzled)

A wine bottle.

(to Jimmy)

What is the meaning of this?

JIMMY

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

JANE

For what purpose?

JIMMY

(shrugs)

To meet you. Y'know, to break the ice.

Alien Jane stares blankly.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
He's trying to pick you up.

Alien Jane stares blankly.

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

She stands.

JANE  
Then I shall mate with him at once!

JIMMY  
What, seriously?

She charges off. Jimmy is left stunned.

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/BOTT'S QUARTERS - LATER

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

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

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

Jane glares at him, incredulous.

JANE  
Dude. You're totally a cyborg.

BOTT  
No, I am not!

JANE  
Are you sure? It's nothing to be  
embarrassed about. You could have  
been programmed to not know you're  
a cyborg. Could we cut off a piece  
of you to check?

BOTT  
No! Besides, that would not work. I  
could have evolved to mimic your  
DNA completely.

JANE

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

BOTT

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

JANE

Why? You like her or something?

BOTT

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

JANE

Proolly 'cause she thinks you're a cyborg.

BOTT

What can I do to convince her otherwise?

JANE

Stop acting like a cyborg. Duh.

BOTT

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

JANE

There you go, "compute." Why would you pick that word?

BOTT

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

JANE

You're over-thinking. You gotta stop sounding so smart all the time. Dumb it down. I mean, if you're not a robot, let's show her you're not a robot! Loosen up! Do something crazy! Illogical!

BOTT

You are obviously popular on your planet. How can I be more, as your people say, "cool."

JANE

You can start by not saying things like "as your people say." And while we're at it, "affirmative" and "if my calculations are correct." And would it kill you to throw in a contraction once and awhile?

BOTT

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

JANE

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

BOTT

I have never been to that planet.

JANE

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

INT. LOTHARIO'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Shag carpet. Psychedelic felt unicorn-in-space poster. Clearly the 'swinging bachelor pad' of a man still stuck in the 70s. Alien Jane sleeps like a vampire in a coffin, arms folded neatly across her chest.

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

LOTHARIO

Hey, sleepy head. Look what I got.

Alien Jane sits up.

ALIEN JANE

I have read about this.

LOTHARIO

Only read about it? Don't tell me no one's ever made you breakfast in bed before.

ALIEN JANE

Negative.

LOTHARIO  
That's a crime.

He places the tray on her lap.

ALIEN JANE  
For me as well?

He sits next to her.

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

ALIEN JANE  
I thought it was customary.

LOTHARIO  
Customary?

ALIEN JANE  
A last meal.

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

He clutches her hand.

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

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

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

ALIEN JANE  
You did nothing wrong.

He breathes a sigh of relief.

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

ALIEN JANE  
You screwed nothing up.

LOTHARIO

Thank God.

ALIEN JANE

It's just that your life is no longer necessary.

Beat.

LOTHARIO

I feel like you're trying to tell me something. What are you... trying to say here?

ALIEN JANE

Only that it is... your time.

LOTHARIO

What time? What do you mean?

ALIEN JANE

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

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

LOTHARIO

(covering)  
Planet, right.

ALIEN JANE

The time to die?

LOTHARIO

(thinking)  
"Time to die...?"

ALIEN JANE

I am sure I told you.

LOTHARIO

You probably did, just--

ALIEN JANE

Once the host seed has been implanted, the seed giver is no longer required. Imagine as if you were eating an orange, and all that remained was the peel--

LOTHARIO

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

ALIEN JANE

That would be up to your family.

LOTHARIO

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

ALIEN JANE

We've been over this.

He stands, distraught.

LOTHARIO

Look, if this is somekinda sick Cosmo 'Test your partner' bullshit--

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

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

His lifeless body collapses in a heap.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

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

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/REC ROOM - LATER

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

HAZZ

What about oxygen?

HULU

Low on the planet, but levels seem to be holding within the castle walls.

HAZZ

How close can you get us?

Jane enters.

JANE  
Can I have everyone's attention,  
please?

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

HAZZ  
Not a great time, actually.

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

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

HAZZ  
Where did he get that outfit?

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

HAZZ  
Well, stop it.

JANE  
What?

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

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

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

BOTT (CONT'D)  
The break-dance!

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

ON HAZZ AND JANE

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

HAZZ  
I thought you said this was  
important.

JANE  
It is. It's love.

Bott completes that routine and announces the next one:

BOTT  
The worm!

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

ON JANE AND HAZZ

Jane leans in to Hazz.

JANE  
He's good, isn't he?

BOTT (O.S.)  
The robot!

Jane signals him frantically.

JANE  
(whispering)  
*Not the robot!*

ON BOTT

BOTT  
Oh, right. Um... Freestyle!

Bott thrashes around, mimicking Jane's moves from the club. It's weirdly impressive. Other crewman clap to the beat.

Finally, Hazz can't take anymore. He grabs Jane's iPhone, killing the music. The crew GROANS.

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

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

Jane is stunned. Embarrassed, she shuffles off.

ANGLE ON: THE SYNTHESIZER

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

Jane's hand types "I-C-E C-R-E-A-M."

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

JANE

Damn it!

HAZZ (O.S.)

Here.

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

HAZZ (CONT'D)

You gotta be really specific with this thing.

JANE

(curt)

I'm sorry about the dance party.

Jane scrapes the ice cream into the bowl.

HAZZ

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

JANE

Fine.

She walks over to a cafeteria-style table and sits. Hazz follows and sits next to her. He goes to speak, then stops himself, debating it. Finally...

HAZZ

When I first returned home, I thought everything was back to normal. Me and the crew had been on a three year mission to seek out and destroy all Kar'uton life. We thought we'd won. I was so happy to be back. Everything seemed just like I remembered it.

INT./EXT. PLANET MANNITOL - HAZZ'S HOME (FLASHBACK)

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

HAZZ (V.O.)

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

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

HAZZ (V.O.)

It wasn't them. I didn't know it at the time, but they were long dead.

HAZZ'S HOME - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

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

HAZZ (V.O.)

When I finally caught on... Somehow the fact that I knew it wasn't them... didn't make what I had to do any easier.

He unsheathes his CRYSTAL SWORD.

RESET TO SCENE

Hazz stares off, haunted. Jane is moved.

JANE

I'm sorry.

HAZZ

Maybe, hopefully, when all this ends... I'll be a little more fun to hang out with.

He gets up to leave.

JANE

Wait.

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

JANE (CONT'D)  
You want some?

She offers him the bowl.

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

JANE  
Try it.

He swallows a spoonful. His face lights up.

HAZZ  
Holy shit, what's this called?

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

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

BUILDING CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

ALIEN JANE  
(calling up to them)  
I do not understand.

HARD-HAT #2  
Hey, I'll take some mouth-to-mouth!

They rib each other, sniggering.

HARD-HAT #3  
Yeah.  
(to Alien Jane)  
(MORE)

HARD-HAT #3 (CONT'D)  
 Hey! Is it hot out here or it is  
 just you?

ALIEN JANE  
 Your words are cryptic and  
 confusing to me.

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

They laugh. Alien Jane just stares.

ALIEN JANE  
 Are you proposing we engage in  
 sexual intercourse?

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

HARD-HAT #1  
 Um... yes.

ALIEN JANE  
 Very well.

The men look at each other, confused.

HARD-HAT #1  
 (to Jane)  
 What?

ALIEN JANE  
 I accept your generous offer.

Beat.

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

ALIEN JANE  
 I would greatly appreciate your  
 insemination.

Hard-Hat #1 looks around. *'Is she for real?'*

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

ALIEN JANE  
 Negative. I merely wish to  
 procreate.

He eyes her, suspicious.

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

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

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

ALIEN JANE  
You said you would mate with me.

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

ALIEN JANE  
But I require sexual intercourse.

HARD-HAT #1  
Lemme alone.

ALIEN JANE  
Mate with me at once!

HARD-HAT #1  
You're crazy!

ALIEN JANE  
I command you!

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

#### INSIDE THE FREIGHT ELEVATOR

Panicked, Hard-Hat #1 hits the button down, while #2 slams the gate shut. The elevator descends. Safe, the men catch their breath.

HARD-HAT #2  
What the hell, man?!

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

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

HARD-HAT #1  
 Yeah, really hot!

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

The elevator lands on the ground floor.

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

Alien Jane LEAPS down on to him as he SCREAMS!

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/EXERCISE ROOM - SAME TIME

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

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

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

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

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

JANE  
 Really?

Zumba towels her face.

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

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

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

Jane notices Hazz pass the window by the door.

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

Hazz pops his head in the room.

HAZZ  
 Heads up, ladies. We're here.

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/MAIN DECK - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

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

EXT. PLANET MANNITOL - SAME TIME

Along the planet's surface, a crystal city in ruins. It  
 glimmers like the Atlantic City skyline we saw earlier. Over  
 this alien visual, we hear the familiar audio of--

The ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT SHOW THEME!

INT. ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT STUDIO (ON SCREEN)

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

ROB MARCIANO

More strange behavior from Miss Universe, Jane Breslin. The beauty queen of controversy was recently spotted in Central Park, feasting on what appeared to be the innards of a squirrel!

(to Nancy)

Must be one of those new fad diets, huh?

NANCY O'DELL

Well, whatever she's doing, it's working! She looks fabulous!

ROB MARCIANO

That brings us to this week's... Who wore it best?

INSERT GRAPHIC: "WHO WORE IT BEST?"

ROB MARCIANO (V.O.)

"Animal entrails!"

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

ROB MARCIANO (V.O.)

Jane Breslin...?

NANCY O'DELL (V.O.)

Or... this Arctic snow wolf?

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

CUT TO:

INT. STYLE TV STUDIO

Two snarky gay men, the FASHION POLICE, on the set of an E! talk show.

FASHION POLICE #1

Can we talk about Jane Breslin? She's been wearing the same bathing suit for like, five days straight.

A catty HOST laughs.

HOST

I know, right? What's up with that?

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. TMZ (IN STUDIO)

HARVEY LEVIN presides over his bullpen of hip PAPARAZZO.

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

GIRL REPORTER #1  
She's crazy!

GUY REPORTER #1  
Crazy hot.

GUY REPORTER #2  
The hot ones are always crazy.

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

HARVEY  
You mean, like...?

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

HARVEY  
Kinky.

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

INSERT 'MAN ON THE STREET' VIDEO FOOTAGE:

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

VIDEOGRAPHER (O.S.)  
Jane! Jane!

She turns.

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

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

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

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

RESET TO SCENE

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

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

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

INT. DARNEL'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Darnel watches the TMZ report in horror.

His doorbell BUZZES.

INT. DARNEL'S APARTMENT/FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

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

BLACK SUIT #1  
Darnel Williams?

DARNEL  
Yes?

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

INT. PENTHOUSE/KITCHEN - NEAR DARK

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

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

ALIEN JANE  
Do you find my attire displeasing?

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

ALIEN JANE  
Cheating?

LYLE  
Is this about Miss Kentucky again?

ALIEN JANE  
You are my chosen human mate and  
the seed-giver of the new world  
species. I have only procreated  
with others to ensure the survival  
of our hybrid race.

LYLE  
Sorry, can you put a robe on or  
something? It's like, I can barely  
hear what you're saying.

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

LYLE  
That's another thing, when did you  
start talking like this?  
(MORE)

LYLE (CONT'D)

It's like all of a sudden you've got the personality of Siri. What's gotten into you?

ALIEN JANE

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

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

TIGHT ON LYLE

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

LYLE

(hysterical)

Oh my God! What are you doing?!

ALIEN JANE

(offering)

I'm sorry, did you want some?

Lyle shields his eyes.

LYLE

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

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

ALIEN JANE

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

LYLE

It's not food! It was our dog! What's the matter with you?! You don't eat a dog!

ALIEN JANE

But then, why would you *have* a dog?

LYLE

What?!

ALIEN JANE

Lyle, I--

She reaches out to Lyle, he recoils.

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

He scurries out the door.

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/TRANSPORT ROOM

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

JANE  
 You guys really go out in public  
 like this?

HAZZ  
 What's wrong with it?

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

HAZZ  
 Hurry up!

They each step inside a transport tube.

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

JANE  
 What do you think?

HAZZ  
 No more synthesizer for you.

Hazz signals the Blobby Alien at the controls.

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

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS (SAD MUSIC MONTAGE)

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

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

Lyle continues past the Film Forum, a vintage movie theater

on the Upper West Side. He pauses at the movie poster for "Aliens 3." The terrified face of Sigourney Weaver inches from a snarling alien. With a heavy sigh, he walks on.

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

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

INT. TRUMP TOWERS/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lyle stands outside the door of the penthouse, soaked from the rain with a bouquet of roses.

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

He gives her the nod. 'Sure, go 'head.'

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

Lyle shrugs, 'whatever' and eats a rose himself.

They gaze into each others eyes, munching.

EXT. PLANET MANNITOL - DAY

A desert terrain dotted by crystal STALAGMITES jutting up from the ground. Much of the surface is covered in a slimy green algae. In the distance, a crystal kingdom, anchored by a tall, crumbling CASTLE.

The calm is broken by A BEAM OF WHITE LIGHT impacting the ground. Hazz, Bott, and Zumba materialize inside, landing a few feet from a steep ravine.

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

HAZZ

Are you okay?

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

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

She flails wildly and runs around like a headless chicken.

HAZZ  
Calm down!

JANE  
Get it off!

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

HAZZ  
Stop that! Leave it on!

JANE  
But there's puke in it!

HAZZ  
Stop moving!

In her panic, Jane STEPS OFF THE RAVINE!

Hazz reaches out to her--

HAZZ (CONT'D)  
Jane!

--but too late.

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

JANE  
Aghh! It's in my hair!

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

SPLASH!

Into raging river of what seems like pudding.

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

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

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

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

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

UP IN THE AIR

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

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

*SKEEECK!*

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

HAZZ (CONT'D)  
I lied.

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

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

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

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

--THE CASTLE MANNITOL below--

Hazz FLIPS, maneuvering his back to the ground to absorb the impact--

SMASH!

They CRASH through the ornate crystal rooftop.

INT. CASTLE MANNITOL/GREAT HALL - CONTINUOUS

A vast hallway ordained with Royal flags.

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

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

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

HAZZ

Are you okay?

JANE

I think so. Thanks.

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

JANE (CONT'D)

So... seriously?

HAZZ

Seriously what?

JANE

You're not attracted to me?

HAZZ

What? No, I told you.

She eyes him skeptically.

JANE

Bullshit. You want me.

HAZZ

I don't! I'm sorry, In my eyes, you're totally grotesque. Why do you make me say these things?

She gets up, beyond insulted.

HAZZ (CONT'D)

Come on, don't be like that! True beauty is on the inside!

JANE

That's a horrible thing to say!

She storms off. Hazz stands.

HAZZ  
I still like you as a friend!

JANE  
You're making it worse!

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

The castle doors open. Bott and Zumba enter.

ZUMBA  
Are you okay?

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

JANE  
What is this place?

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

HAZZ  
Let's go see if the King is in.

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

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

At the end of the hall is a set of giant doors, Hazz peeks in  
to see--

INT. CASTLE MANNITOL/THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

HAZZ  
Let me do the talking. Wait out  
here.

Hazz approaches the throne.

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

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

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

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

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

He perks up.

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

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

KING  
 Bring her to me.

HAZZ  
 I really must warn you, she's a  
 little, well...

KING  
 Bring her to me! And leave us be.

HAZZ  
 As you wish.

INT. CASTLE MANNITOL/GREAT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

ZUMBA  
I'll check the observatory.

BOTT  
I shall come with you.

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

INT. CASTLE MANNITOL/THRONE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jane enters. She looks around, sheepish.

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

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

KING  
Come closer, my child.

JANE  
'Kay.

She approaches the throne.

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

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

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

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

KING

Because... I am your father, Jane.

Beat.

JANE

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

KING

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

JANE

What?

KING

It was many years ago...

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

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

The young King, now an all-American teenage boy named BOBBY, wearing a varsity football jacket, sits on the blanket with a young Alma, almost unrecognizable as a teen beauty queen. She's all dolled up in her pageant evening wear, complete with sash and crown.

KING (V.O.)

After your mother was ordained Miss Universe in the Earth year of nineteen hundred and eighty-eight, she returned home. We went out to celebrate. That night was to change both our lives...

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

Suddenly, an eerie GREEN BEAM OF LIGHT from above.

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

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

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

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

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR - CORRIDOR (FLASHBACK)

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

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

EXT. ALIEN PLANET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

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

KING (O.S.)  
I rose in the ranks. The fight was  
in my blood. They called me a born  
leader.

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS (FLASHBACK)

Bobby and Alma argue.

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

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/WORK STATION (FLASHBACK)

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

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

RESET TO SCENE

On the withered face of the king.

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

Jane stares, enthralled.

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

He gently touches her face.

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

He removes the crown from her head and holds it up, admiring  
it.

KING (CONT'D)  
So you see, Jane, the power was on  
your head all along.

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

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

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

Jane nods, sadly.

JANE

That's okay. Mom doesn't look so hot either.

He smiles weakly.

JANE (CONT'D)

But... if all this is true, then how come she never told me about any of it?

KING

Your mother told you nothing about me?

JANE

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

KING

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

Jane eyes narrow, contemplating these "reasons..."

The throne room doors fly open.

HULU

Sorry to interrupt. There's something you should see.

INT. CASTLE MANNITOL/OBSERVATORY - MOMENTS LATER

Against a cracked opaque wall, a projection of a transmission from Earth, a weak TV signal. It's a news program.

JANE

(off broadcast)

"CNBC?" What are you, spying on us?

ZUMBA

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

HAZZ

So technically, you're spying on you.

ON SCREEN

It's the perky host from the Hilton press conference. She's less perky now.

PERKY HOST (ON SCREEN)

(solemn)

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

Jane is devastated.

JANE

No!

Hazz lays a hand on her shoulder.

HAZZ

I'm sorry, Jane.

JANE

But that's not me!

The King hobbles in.

KING

The Kar'uton. So it is on Earth.

BOTT

But how?

ZUMBA

Does it matter?

JANE

(haunted)

So it's become the most powerful thing on the Earth... a super hot chick.

ZUMBA

We've got to get back there.

HAZZ

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

BOTT

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

ZUMBA

But we have to try. Right, Jane?

Jane turns away from the others.

JANE

No.

HAZZ

No?

JANE

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

Hazz approaches, lays a hand on her shoulder.

HAZZ

Jane, they're right. We have to try. If we can warn them, maybe here's still a chance we can save them. We could speak to your leader. They're your people, they'll listen to you.

JANE

(scoffs)

Why would they listen to me? I didn't have much credibility when I wasn't spouting crazy alien shit!

PERKY HOST (ON SCREEN)

On a more positive note, it gives me great pleasure to introduce your new Miss Universe for 2014, Miss Russia, Iska Ivanenko!

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

JANE

(pissed)

Back to the ship, bitches!

EXT. PLANET MANNITOL - MOMENTS LATER

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

JANE

What are you doing? Get in here.

KING

I'm not coming.

JANE

What are you talking about? Of course you are.

KING

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

JANE

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

She reaches out to him.

Beat.

The King smiles warmly and takes her hand.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE/OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

BLACK SUIT #1

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

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

PRESIDENT MURRAY

Yes!

BLACK SUIT #1

Sir?

The President sighs and puts the phone down.

PRESIDENT MURRAY

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

BLACK SUIT #2

That wasn't us, sir.

PRESIDENT MURRAY

Well, it was some concerned guy in a suit.

BLACK SUIT #1

I think this is a little different. We've been picking up extra terrestrial signatures around a woman named Jane Breslin. She was this year's Miss Universe.

PRESIDENT MURRAY

So you're saying...?

BLACK SUIT #2

We have reason to believe Miss Universe is from another universe.

The President digests this.

PRESIDENT MURRAY

Shouldn't that disqualify her?

Black Suit 2 hands the President a photo.

BLACK SUIT #1

This is the being in question.

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

PRESIDENT MURRAY

Wow. Seriously?

BLACK SUIT #1

I'm afraid so, sir.

PRESIDENT MURRAY  
This is her?

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

PRESIDENT MURRAY  
What did you say her name was?

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

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

The Black Suit agents share a concerned glance.

BLACK SUIT #1  
Sir?

PRESIDENT MURRAY  
Well, yeah, by all means, bring her  
in for questioning or y'know,  
whatever, we'll play it by ear.

BLACK SUIT #1  
I would strongly recommend against  
that, sir.

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

INT. DINER - DAY

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

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

LYLE  
Uh, yeah, she's been acting  
*awesomely!*

DARNEL  
Bro. Your girlfriend is an alien.

LYLE

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

DARNEL

I don't think you understand--

LYLE

No, I understand--

DARNEL

She's some kind of predator.

LYLE

She's some kind of *wonderful*.

DARNEL

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

LYLE

Are there things I wish I could change about her? Sure. But you know what I think this is really about? You feel threatened by our relationship.

DARNEL

We're *all* threatened by your relationship.

LYLE

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

DARNEL

That's not it.

LYLE

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

DARNEL

She's literally killed, like, six people.

LYLE

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

DARNEL

She's apparently mating with everybody.

LYLE

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

DARNEL

Oh god, please don't have kids with her.

LYLE

A lot of people didn't like Heather, either. I'm just saying. She was always cold. Everywhere we went

(mimes shivering)

"I'm cold."

DARNEL

You've got to break up with her. And then report her to NASA or whatever.

LYLE

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

Darnel buries his head in his hands.

LYLE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry you can't be happy for me.

DARNEL

(resigned)

I hope the sex is good at least.

LYLE

Aw, she's super freaky.

INT. TRUMP TOWERS/JANE'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

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

The land line rings.

INT. JIMMY'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

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

JIMMY

(into phone)

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

ALIEN JANE

(into phone)

And this man is your leader?

JIMMY

(concerned)

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

ALIEN JANE

(into phone)

Take me to him at once!

INT. WHITE HOUSE/ROOSEVELT ROOM - NIGHT

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

PRESIDENT MURRAY

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

ALIEN JANE

(smiles)

Our surroundings are irrelevant.

He takes his seat next to her.

PRESIDENT MURRAY

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

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

ALIEN JANE

Is something wrong with my physique?

PRESIDENT MURRAY

(snapping out of it)

No! God, no. Sorry, was I staring? Um, on our planet, it's customary to stare longingly at a visitor's chest. To make eye contact is considered... a great insult.

ALIEN JANE

This explains much.

PRESIDENT MURRAY

Jane, I can't tell you how happy I am to have you here.

ALIEN JANE

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

He shakes his head in disbelief.

PRESIDENT MURRAY

Some people just don't get it. How's your steak?

ALIEN JANE

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

PRESIDENT MURRAY

I'm here to help.

ALIEN JANE

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

PRESIDENT MURRAY

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

ALIEN JANE

Your people would welcome a conquering species?

PRESIDENT MURRAY

(shrugs)

Hey, we're a melting pot.

ALIEN JANE

Then perhaps mass genocide can be avoided.

PRESIDENT MURRAY

See that? It's a win-win!

ALIEN JANE

My brethren will be pleased to hear that President America is so accommodating. It seems your species is not as unintelligent as originally believed.

PRESIDENT MURRAY

Flattery will get you everywhere.

He raises his glass and winks.

INT. KAR'UTON SHIP - LATER

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

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

VOICE (V.O.)

(subtitles:)

*"Attention, Kar'uton brethren."*

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/CORRIDORS - SAME TIME

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

JANE

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

HAZZ

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

JANE

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

ZUMBA

(to Hazz)

Perhaps she's right. If she's half the warrior her husband was, we may need her help.

JANE

Exactly. She's like, total warrior.

HAZZ

Fine, I'll talk to Hulu.

JANE

Where is my father now?

HAZZ

Meditating. He asked not to be disturbed.

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/GUEST QUARTERS - SAME TIME

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

VOICE/KING (V.O.)

(subtitles:)

*"Mission update: Proceeding as planned. On course to Earth."*

EXT. TRUMP TOWERS/ BALCONY - SAME TIME

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

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

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

INT. KAR'UTON SHIP - CONTINUOUS

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

QUEEN KAR'UTON (V.O.)  
 (subtitles)  
*"Mission update. Human DNA received."*

The chamber doors close.

QUEEN KAR'UTON (V.O.)  
 (subtitles)  
*"Genetic recombination complete."*

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

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

INT. WHITE HOUSE/WAR ROOM - DAY

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

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

GENERAL  
 Mr. President, I still say we're making a mistake. We have no idea what these things are capable of.  
 (MORE)

GENERAL (CONT'D)

I recommend a full first strike,  
the sooner, the better!

PRESIDENT

Oh, that's your answer for  
everything.

NASA SCIENTIST

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

PRESIDENT MURRAY

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

GENERAL

It could be a trick, sir. Let me  
scramble some fighters, just as a  
precaution.

PRESIDENT MURRAY

No! C'mon! What's with you guys?  
I'm not gonna be the president who  
declared war on a buncha girls!

The General leans in close to the President.

GENERAL

(low voice)

Due respect, Mr. President, are you  
sure you're not just thinking with  
your dick here?

PRESIDENT MURRAY

General, I am the President of the  
United States. I'm *leading* with my  
dick.

An AIDE bursts into the room.

AIDE

Mr. President! I think you need to  
see this.

INT. WHITE HOUSE/COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

ON TV:

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

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

BACK ON THE PRESIDENT

He checks his watch.

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

EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT - DAY

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

EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT - CONTINUOUS

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

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

PRESIDENT MURRAY  
 My fellow Americans, great news!

EXT. KAR'UTON SHIP - CONTINUOUS

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

AT THE PODIUM

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

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

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL REFLECTING POOL

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

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

The crowd reacts. Audible GASPS.

A MOTHER covers her child's eyes.

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

BRO-DUDE  
 Whoa! No way!

BRO-DUDE #2  
 Holy shit, bro!

BRO-DUDE  
 This is my kinda invasion!

AT THE PODIUM

The President beams proudly.

PRESIDENT MURRAY  
 Eh?

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

INT. TV STATION - SAME TIME

In a cluttered Network News control room, a frantic PRODUCER, observes the proceedings along with several overworked TECHNICIANS. He freaks.

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

Overweight techie BARRY fiddles with the control board.

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

AT THE PODIUM

The President savors the moment.

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

INT. RAMSHACKLE FIRST AID TENT - HAITI - SAME TIME

A lone white woman, the FIRST LADY, in a crowd of Haitian  
NATIVES watch the simulcast of the ship coverage. They too  
stare at the TV in shock and awe.

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

FIRST LADY  
What's that idiot done now?

AT THE PODIUM

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

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

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

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

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

The President puts his hands up.

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

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

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

MONTAGE

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

NEWSPAPER HEADLINES fly at the screen:

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

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/CONTROL ROOM - LATER

Hulu monitors her station. Hazz and Jane approach.

HAZZ  
Location status, Hulu.

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

Jane points to the on-screen map.

JANE  
Take us here.

HAZZ  
(to Hulu)  
You heard the lady.

Hazz turns to leave.

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

HAZZ  
Eggs?

HULU  
There must be hundreds of them.  
She's already spawned a small army.

HAZZ  
Ah, that's not good.

JANE  
Why? What happens when they hatch?

SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. BUILDING CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

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

A beach ball-sized LIZARD MONSTER blasts free. Reptilian eyes and sharp, overgrown teeth. CDC Agents run for their lives. The creature spins and chomps like the mutant love child of the Tazmanian Devil and Pac-Man.

The deadly whirling dervish buzzes through a stack of cement bags, kicking up a clouds of dust.

INT. LOTHARIO'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

INT. PHILADELPHIA ROW HOME - DAY

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

INT. ANOTHER SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

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

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/CONTROL ROOM - DAY

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

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

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

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

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

YOUNG GIRL

I believe we have visitors.

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

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

YOUNG GIRL (CONT'D)

What the fuck?!

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

HAZZ

Sorry! Sorry about that. Ran out of power.

MABLE

(to Hazz)

You crushed Earl's trailer!

HAZZ

Sorry, that was an accident.

Big Earl wheels up in his motorized scooter. Jane steps out of the hatch.

BIG EARL

My trailer!

JANE

Sorry, Earl!

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

MABLE

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

JANE

Ohmygod, Mable. You ain't gonna believe this shit.

HAZZ

Why don't you let me handle this?

Jane huffs and crosses her arms.

JANE

Fine, big shot. Go 'head.

HAZZ

(to the crowd)

Fear not, Earthites! We come in peace.

(MORE)

HAZZ (CONT'D)

I am Hazz Mathers, Captain of the scientific star ship, Excelsior. We mean you no harm.

NRA HAT

What's an "Earthite?"

HAZZ

Well, you are. All you people.

BIG EARL

"You people?"

HAZZ

Yes. All people from planet Earth.

MABLE

We're Earthlings, dick.

HAZZ

Really? Okay, well, everyone I know calls you Earthites.

BIG EARL

Screw you!

HAZZ

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

NEIGHBOR #1

Boo!

HAZZ

"Boo?" Why would you want a parasitic race on you planet?

NRA HAT

Don't worry about it, pal.

NEIGHBOR #2

Yeah, mind your own business!

NEIGHBOR #3

Go back where you came from!

HAZZ

We're trying to save you! I don't know if anyone told you, you're being invaded!

(to Jane)

Maybe you should talk to them.

JANE

Oh, you think so? 'magine that.

(to the crowd)

Guys, look, I know the aliens are hot. And I know these people look scary and weird.

(to crew)

No offense.

(to crowd)

But sometimes what's beneath the surface is more important. I never really believed it before but.. true beauty is on the inside.

MOMENTS LATER

The crew is marched out of the ship at gun point by Big Earl, NRA Hat and other MEMBERS of the ad-hoc trailer-park militia. Jane walks alongside them.

JANE (CONT'D)

(to the crew)

I'm really sorry. Not all Earth people are like this.

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

BILLY

Hey, check out this disgusting blobby creature!

INT. WHITE HOUSE/OVAL OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

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

FIRST LADY

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

PRESIDENT MURRAY

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

FIRST LADY

Ha!

PRESIDENT MURRAY

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

FIRST LADY

Oh, please. I know what controls your mind.

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

FIRST LADY (CONT'D)

(sotto)

So this is how the world ends. Not with a bang, but with a blonde.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - LATER

The militia loads crew members onto the bed of a pick-up truck that already contains a couple CUBAN REFUGEES. Hazz and the King get in.

HAZZ

You're making a huge mistake.

NRA HAT

Tell it to the border patrol, Star Lord.

JANE

Leave him alone!

NRA HAT

(to Jane)

Just stand back, pretty lady. You let the men folk handle this.

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

JANE

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

NRA HAT

(to Bott, skeptical)

That right?

BOTT

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

JANE

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

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

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

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

He grabs her arm. She pulls away.

ZUMBA  
Don't touch me.

BILLY  
Holy shit! She's gotta a mouth on her--

He takes a BOOT TO THE FACE and hits the ground. Zumba gives another MILITIA MAN a ROUNDHOUSE TO THE HEAD. He goes down too.

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

RESIDENT  
(to driver)  
Go! Go! Go!

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

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

ANOTHER MILITIA MAN  
Don't move!

Bott spots this, and runs toward Zumba--

BOOM!

The shotgun is fired.

Bott dives in front of Zumba, taking the IMPACT!

Everyone FREEZES.

Bott hits the ground, hard.

ZUMBA  
Bott!

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

ZUMBA (CONT'D)

Hang on, Bott. You're gonna make it.

BOTT

No.

(coughs)

It is too late for me. The important thing is that you are okay. Just promise me, that you will live each day to the fullest. That you'll treasure each moment, that each breath that you take will be a testament--

ZUMBA

Um, Bott...?

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

BOTT

(sotto)

Huh. I guess I am a cyborg. How 'bout that?

(to Zumba)

Does this mean you won't go out with me?

ZUMBA

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

BOTT

Then let us find out.

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

ZUMBA

Oh my god, you're a freak!

Bott looks shattered. Zumba smiles.

ZUMBA (CONT'D)

Just kidding. That was awesome.

They kiss, forehead to forehead.

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

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

JANE  
Mom!

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

ALMA  
Well, well, well, look who finally decided to get off her high horse and visit her mama.

JANE  
We gotta talk.

INT. ALMA'S MOBILE HOME/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jane and Alma sit at the kitchen table.

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

A tear rolls down her cheek.

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

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

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

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

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

HAZZ

Your highness? Are you okay?

Slowly, the King's skin begins to BURST and SHRED, revealing the scaly skin beneath. The truck shakes. Hazz and the Cuban Refugees look on in horror. Their eyes follow as he grows taller.

INT. TRAILER PARK

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

JANE

What was that?

ALIEN JANE (O.S.)

Jane Breslin!

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

ALIEN JANE (CONT'D)

I have been sent to retrieve the Miss Universe crown.

JANE

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

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

Lyle steps defensively in front of Alien Jane.

LYLE

Jane, don't!

JANE

Lyle! What are you doing here?

LYLE

I love her, Jane. I'm sorry.  
I didn't mean for it to happen. To  
tell you the truth, I didn't even  
notice at first--

JANE

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

LYLE

Well, I was a little weirded out  
when she ate the dog.

JANE

She ate Chewy?!

LYLE

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

JANE

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

LYLE

She understands me, okay? We have  
sex! I'm sorry if it's hard for you  
to accept but Evil Jane loves me!  
And I love her!

(to Alien Jane)

Isn't that right, hon?

ALIEN JANE

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

LYLE

(to Jane)

See?!

JANE

You're not a good listener.

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

JANE (CONT'D)

That does it. No one comes to my  
planet, kills my boyfriend, eats my  
dog, and borrows my favorite outfit  
without asking!

She lunges at Alien Jane with the scepter.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Die, you sexy bitch!

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

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

ALMA  
That's it?

ALIEN JANE  
Your attempts to facilitate my destruction were unsuccessful.

JANE  
Duh! I can see that!

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

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

ALMA  
"Father?" Whose father? *Your* father?!

BOOMING LAUGHTER fills the air.

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

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

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

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

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

KING (CONT'D)

All hail Queen Kar'uton! Ruler of  
the new world!

Queen Kar'uton struts toward Jane, smirking.

QUEEN KAR'UTON

Jane Breslin. "The chosen one." It  
seems the people of Earth chose  
poorly.

(to Alien Jane)

She's an effective human prototype.  
Let her live, but barely.

ALIEN JANE

As you wish.

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

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

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

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

HAZZ

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

JANE

It didn't work...

(coughs)

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

ALMA

That's not true, baby.

JANE

I'm not as strong as you, Mom. I  
could never do everything you did.  
You gave up everything for me.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

You're the aspirational woman, Mom,  
not me. You're the one who deserves  
the sapphires and Burmese  
rubies.... You're the true....

(lightbulb)

Mom, it's you!

ALMA

What?

JANE

(remembering her speech)

"The Miss Universe pageant was  
started in 1952 in Long Beach,  
California...."

ALMA

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

ALMA (CONT'D)

"...some not found anywhere  
else on Earth."

JANE

"...some not found anywhere  
else on Earth."

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

INT. ALMA'S MOBILE HOME - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON: The display box of Miss Universe memorabilia.

Alma SMASHES THE GLASS!

She puts on her crown and grabs her scepter. With that, LIGHT  
ENVELOPES HER BODY.

EXT. ALMA'S MOBILE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Blinding light beams from within.

JANE

Mom!

The door BLASTS open. Alma stands in the doorway,  
unrecognizable as her 1988 beauty queen self. Her scepter  
GLOWS like a lightsaber.

JANE (CONT'D)

Mom?

HAZZ  
It's Miss Universe!

Suddenly, the trailer shakes. It's HOISTED INTO THE AIR by a tractor beam!

Alma braces herself in the doorway. Furniture, plates, pots and pans, everything in the home not nailed down, crashes all around her.

The trailer hovers in the night sky, slowly creeping toward the Kar'uton ship.

Alma leaps out of the doorway, diving headlong toward the Kar'ton Queen on the ground below--

--plunging the scepter into her chest!

The Kar'uton Queen CONVULSES and EXPLODES.

The tentacles surrounding Jane explode, freeing her.

The King explodes too. As does every Karu'ton on the mothership as it, along with the trailer, CRASHES BACK TO EARTH.

EXPLOSIONS rock the park.

EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT - DAYS LATER

The wreckage of the mothership still litters the area. The same press conference is set up. The worse-for-the-wear President addresses the cameras, alongside Jane.

PRESIDENT MURRAY  
It is with the gratitude of a grateful nation that I hereby name Miss Jane Breslin Earth's Miss Universe, official ambassador to the galaxy and award her with this  
(holds up a gold medal)  
some kind of medal.

Applause. He places the medal around Jane's neck.

REPORTER  
Mr. President, how do you feel about calls for your impeachment?

He thinks about this, then shrugs.

PRESIDENT MURRAY  
...I get it.

EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jane joins Hazz, waiting for her on the fringe of the crowd. They smile at each other.

JANE  
(off medal)  
What do you think?

HAZZ  
Looks good.

JANE  
Thanks!

They walk away from the crowd, hand-in-hand.

HAZZ  
I have a confession to make.

JANE  
Oh yeah?

HAZZ  
I'm not really sure how to say this but... well... thing is... you're hot. I can totally see that you're hot.

JANE  
Really?

HAZZ  
Yeah, I was just messing with you before. I guess I was angry and... I wanted you to focus so... anyway, you're quite obviously physically attractive and I do find you appealing on a sexual and superficial level.

She stops, touched.

JANE  
That's the nicest thing anyone's said to me.

A BEAM OF WHITE LIGHT hits the ground behind them. It's Bott, fully recovered, in full uniform, mouth on his forehead. The crew's ship hovers above.

BOTT  
Hulu says she's ready when you are, Captain.

Hazz looks at Jane.

HAZZ

Actually, Bott, since the mission's accomplished, I thought I might take a little break from star-hopping. But you'll be in good hands with your new captain.

He motions to Alma, back to her original shape, but squeezed into Jane's Barberella battle armor, scepter in hand. She waves her arm, leading a charge.

ALMA

Giddyup, boys, we got ourselves a universe to protect!

Big Earl, Billy, NRA hat, Mable, and a handful of Trailer Park Residents pile toward the light beam.

Bott smiles. He turns back to Hazz.

BOTT

Good luck, Captain.

HAZZ

Same to you, Bott.

They share a salute. Then Bott steps into the light and vanishes.

Alone, Hazz and Jane walk hand-in-hand.

JANE

So... do you ever thinking about starting another family?

HAZZ

(shrugs)

Sure. I can start one whenever I want. My species reproduces asexually.

JANE

You better be joking right now.

He laughs. They lean in for their very first kiss as the Excelsior ascends. Hazz and Jane give the ship a pageant wave goodbye as it leaves our stratosphere and disappears into outer space.... Dark. Desolate. Infinite.

THE END