

**Title: Last Call for Earth**

**Genre: Sci-Fi / Dark Comedy / Action**

**Format: Feature Film**

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FADE IN:

EXT. EARTH, FROM SPACE - NIGHT

The Earth rotates; city lights flicker. Suddenly, SHIMMERING SPACESHIPS descend, blue lights flashing.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Humanity is a slave to entertainment. The media stuffs heads with stupid challenges and alcohol. But something else is arriving...

CUT TO:

EXT. AMERICAN MILITARY BASE - NIGHT

SOLDIERS with glassy eyes shoot at one another; MACHINE GUNS rattle. GREEN ALIENS (huge heads, grinning mouths) cackle; their necklaces glow, and INVISIBLE SHIELDS flash as bullets bounce off.

EXT. MOSCOW, STREETS - NIGHT

TANKS fire at each other; the shells are ineffective. The SHIELDS of the necklaced GREEN ALIENS flash; the soldiers' eyes are glassy.

EXT. LONDON, BIG BEN AREA - NIGHT

BRITISH SOLDIERS shoot each other with glassy eyes. GREEN ALIENS grin; because of their shields, the bullets are worthless.

MONTAGE: ALCOHOL CULT IN THE MEDIA

A) INT. BAR - NIGHT: PARTYGOERS sip beer and create X-posts: "#PartyHard - Drink to be cool!" An ADVERTISEMENT flashes on the TV: "Beer makes you a man!"

B) EXT. FESTIVAL - DAY: An INFLUENCER (20, stupid grin) films an X-video: "#DrinkChallenge - Bottoms up!" The CROWD cheers, raising beer glasses.

C) INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT: YOUTHS sip whisky, playing a stupid drinking game. An X-post: "#BoozeLife - The night is worthless without booze!"

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The world drank, partied, and didn't notice the trouble. But a few people, who were looked down upon, drank differently...

END MONTAGE.

EXT. FARMSTEAD NEAR BOROTA, SOUTHERN HUNGARY - DAY

A ruined farmhouse, haystacks, a rusty tractor. PISTA (40, torn shirt, with a bottle of pálinka) chops wood with an AXE. Wrinkles on his face, eyes are red.

A MEDICAL PAPER ("Liver Damage") sticks out of his pocket. His WIFE (32, angry) shouts from the porch.

WIFE

Pista, enough! Because of the drink, you don't even see your children! Get help, or it's over!

Pista takes a SIP, clutching a CHILD'S DRAWING (small house, family); his eyes are tearful.

PISTA (quietly)

The doctor told me too... but I can't stop.

Suddenly a BLUE LIGHT flashes. A GREEN ALIEN steps forward, its necklace glowing. Pista STAGGERS, but SWINGS the axe.

The SHIELD flashes, but the axe breaks through; the GREEN HEAD SPLATS, green goo spatters onto the tractor.

PISTA (bitterly)

At least I'm good at something...

INT. COUNTY JAIL - CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

The corridor is dim, the air thick with the stench of sweat and industrial disinfectant. Shadows shift behind the bars. BIG MIKE (45) sits on the edge of his bunk, staring at a grimy wall. In the cell opposite him, SNAKE (30, tattooed neck) grins mockingly.

SNAKE

Hey, Mike! You hear the rumor? They say there might be some holiday meal next week. You might even get an apple.

BIG MIKE

(deep, raspy voice)

I don't care about apples, Snake. You know damn well what I need. Something that burns.

SNAKE

(bursts out laughing)

Ah, the same old song! You and the booze. I remember what the guys outside used to say... for you, alcohol is like fuel. Once you've got the stuff in you, you're not picky. You'll screw anything that moves—catch a fly mid-flight, and you wouldn't care if it's a lady or not, right?

Snake and a few prisoners from the neighboring cells erupt into loud, raw laughter. They bang their palms against the bars.

BIG MIKE

(with a wolfish grin)

Well, you know how it is...

There is no trace of regret in Mike's eyes, only a kind of animalistic longing. The laughter echoes through the concrete walls. This isn't a reformatory—it's a cage where predators are simply waiting for their chance.

FADE OUT.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOSCOW, HIGHWAY - DAY

Ruins, smoke. SASHA (50, bearded, with a vodka bottle) stands by his truck, repairing it with a CROWBAR. His BOSS screams over the phone.

BOSS (on phone)

Sasha, are you drinking again? You caused an accident, your family left you! Get help!

Sasha takes a SIP, looking at a FAMILY PHOTO (wife, children).

SASHA (sadly)

Vodka is my only family...

A BLUE LIGHT flashes. A GREEN ALIEN approaches, its SHIELD flashing. Sasha SWINGS the crowbar; the GREEN HEAD SPLATS, green goo spatters onto the truck.

SASHA (bitterly)

Stupid monster... easier than life.

CUT TO:

INT. DUBLIN, PUB - DAY

Ruined bar, empty chairs. SEAN (55, bearded, with a Jameson bottle) stands behind the bar, polishing a BASEBALL BAT; he is crumpled. His WIFE (45, crying) shouts.

WIFE

Sean, the drink destroyed us! We went bankrupt, and you just drink! Get help, or it's over!

Sean takes a SIP, stroking his WIFE'S PHOTO

SEAN (quietly)

The whisky keeps me alive... but not you.

A BLUE LIGHT flashes. A GREEN ALIEN enters, its necklace glowing. Sean SWINGS the baseball bat; the SHIELD flashes but is pierced; the GREEN HEAD SPLATS, green goo spatters onto the bar.

SEAN (with a bitter smile)

This is easier than marriage...

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW HAVEN, STREETS - NIGHT

Ruined campus, burning cars. NORA (20, muscular ice hockey player, with a Jack Daniel's bottle) stumbles along, a HOCKEY STICK over her shoulder.

A YALE SCARF is around her neck; an EMPTY PILL BOTTLE in her pocket. She looks at an X-post: "#BoozeLife - Drink to be cool!"

NORA (bitterly)

Yale rejected me... the drink remained.

A BLUE LIGHT flashes. A GREEN ALIEN approaches, its SHIELD flashing. NORA STAGGERS, SWINGS the hockey stick; the GREEN

HEAD SPLATS, green goo splatters onto a sign ("Welcome to Yale").

NORA (sadly)

At least I'm good at this...

FADE OUT.

INT. PENTAGON - STRATEGIC COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

The atmosphere is frantic. Static screams from the comms. On the main screen, live feeds show global chaos: soldiers turning on their commanders, fleets firing on their own ports. GENERAL (60) grips the edge of a table, his knuckles white. SCIENTIST (40) is frantically typing, surrounded by scrolling red error codes.

GENERAL

Report! Why is the 7th Fleet engaging its own escort? Is it a cyber-attack? A virus?

SCIENTIST

(voice trembling)

It's not their systems, sir. It's... it's the men. We're tracking a localized bio-electrical spike originating from those ships. It's hitting the prefrontal cortex.

GENERAL

In English, Doctor! Are they being brainwashed?

SCIENTIST

It's like a hive-mind synchronization. But it's selective. We're seeing a 99% hit rate among active-duty personnel. The most disciplined, highest-performing units were the first to turn.

GENERAL

(looking at a screen showing a massacre in London)

They're moving like machines. No hesitation. No mercy. My god... how do we stop a signal we can't even isolate?

CUT TO:

MONTAGE: THE PUPPET MASTERS

EXT. TOKYO - DAY: POLICE OFFICERS move in perfect, eerie unison, their eyes vacant. They ignore the GREEN ALIENS walking calmly behind them, whose necklaces pulse with a rhythmic blue light.

INT. NUCLEAR SUBMARINE - NIGHT: The CREW stands frozen at their stations like statues, until a signal makes them all turn their heads toward the launch console at the exact same millisecond.

EXT. GENEVA, UN HEADQUARTERS - DAY: PEACEKEEPERS stand in a trance. One Alien walks up to a Colonel, touches his face, and the Colonel salutes his new master with a chilling, empty smile.

INT. PENTAGON - STRATEGIC COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

The General's hands shake. He turns away from the monitors, reaches into his inner jacket pocket, and pulls out a SILVER FLASK. He unscrews it, takes two heavy gulps of bourbon, and winces as the liquid burns his throat. He tightens the cap and slides the flask back into his pocket.

GENERAL

Doctor, if this is a broadcast, we can jam it, right? Tell me we can jam it.

SCIENTIST

(staring blankly at the screen)

The frequency... it's not using standard... it's...

The Scientist's voice trails off. He stops typing. His hands hover over the keyboard, then drop limply to his sides.

GENERAL

Doctor? I asked you a question!

The General grabs the Scientist by the shoulder and spins him around. The Scientist's eyes are wide, vacant, and completely GLASSY. He doesn't see the General; he sees something far away.

The General looks past him, toward the high-security reinforced window of the command center. Down on the lawn, a GREEN ALIEN stands perfectly still. Its necklace pulses with a rhythmic, blinding blue light that reflects in the Scientist's dead eyes.

Suddenly, the Scientist lets out a guttural hiss. With animalistic speed, he lunges at the General, his fingers locking around the General's throat like iron bands. They crash into the control console.

GENERAL

(choking)

What... are you... doing?!

The Scientist's face is a mask of empty obedience, his grip tightening. The General reaches for a heavy crystal award on the desk and SMASHES it against the Scientist's temple.

The Scientist staggers back, dazed. The General doesn't hesitate. He draws his SIDEARM, levels it at the man who was his colleague seconds ago, and FIRES.

BANG.

The Scientist collapses. Silence falls over the room, save for the static on the monitors. The General stands there, chest heaving, smelling of gunpowder and bourbon, staring at the alien on the lawn.

FADE OUT.

EXT. NEW HAVEN, STREETS - NIGHT (24 HOURS LATER)

The world is in ruins. The sky is a bruised purple, choked with smoke. BURNING CARS litter the asphalt. PANICKED PEOPLE scream and sprint past, but they aren't just running from aliens—they are running from each other.

In the background, a crumbling brick wall bears a fresh, dripping graffiti: #DRINKTOWIN.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - CONTINUOUS

The storefront glass is shattered. A MOB isn't looting for electronics or bread; they are clawing over each other for crates of vodka and gin.

A MAN bursts out of the store, clutching three bottles of bourbon to his chest. He dives into a nearby alley, collapses behind a dumpster, and begins to drink with violent, trembling hands, his eyes darting around like a cornered animal.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

In stark contrast to the chaos, a few individuals walk with an eerie, rhythmic calm. They are disheveled, swaying slightly, but they are the only ones not screaming.

NORA (20) walks down the center of the road. Her Yale scarf is stained with soot. She holds a bottle of Jack Daniel's in one hand and her HOCKEY STICK in the other. The blade of the

stick is coated in thick, pulsating GREEN SLIME. She takes a long, practiced swig, her expression cold and focused.

She stops.

Across the street, a FATHER (40s) is on his knees, weeping. His WIFE and DAUGHTER cower behind him. Standing over them is a GREEN ALIEN, its necklace throbbing with an intense blue light.

The Father's eyes begin to glaze over. His hands slowly move toward his wife's throat, his fingers twitching against his will.

FATHER

(choking out the words)

Run... please... I can't... I can't stop...

Nora doesn't yell. She doesn't hesitate. She lunges forward with the grace of a pro athlete.

CRACK.

The hockey stick connects with the back of the Alien's skull like a home-run hit. The GREEN HEAD SPLITS WIDE OPEN, spraying neon-colored brain matter across the pavement. The blue light from the necklace flickers and dies.

The Father collapses, gasping, his eyes suddenly clearing. He looks up at Nora in terror and confusion.

Nora looks down at the trembling family. She reaches into her jacket, pulls out a sealed BOTTLE OF WHISKY, and drops it into the Father's lap.

NORA

(voice rasping)

Drink.

The Father stares at the bottle, then at her.

NORA

Do it. For the sake of your family.

She takes another sip from her own bottle, wipes her mouth with the back of her hand, and disappears into the smoke.

FADE OUT.

EXT. COUNTY JAIL - DAY

The heavy iron gates swing aimlessly on their hinges. The yard is a graveyard of abandoned guard towers and discarded uniforms. PRISONERS in bright orange jumpsuits stream out like a dam has burst. They aren't looking for their families—they are looking for a fix.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE NEAR THE PRISON - CONTINUOUS

A group of THREE CONVICTS, led by BIG MIKE (45, scarred face), smash the windows of a liquor store. They don't grab money. They grab bottles of cheap gin and tequila, tearing the caps off with their teeth.

They haven't had a drop in years. They gulp the liquid down, spilling half of it on their orange clothes, coughing and laughing like madmen.

BIG MIKE

(wiping his mouth, gasping)

Better than a pardon!

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The convicts stagger down the sidewalk, bottles in hand, finally noticing the burning city around them. A GREEN ALIEN

steps out from behind an overturned bus. Its necklace pulses with a rhythmic, hypnotic blue light.

The Alien stares at them, its mouth twisted into a confident grin. It raises its hand, intensifying the glow, attempting to seize their minds.

Big Mike stops, swaying. He looks at the Alien, then at his friends. His eyes are bloodshot and wandering, but they aren't glassy. They are full of drunken, primal heat.

BIG MIKE

(slurred)

Look at this one... shiny jewelry, skin like a lizard.

The Alien's grin fades. It pulses its necklace harder, confused. The signal is bouncing off Big Mike's alcohol-soaked brain like static. The "synchronization" is a total failure.

CONVICT #2

(grinning wickedly)

Hey... we haven't seen a "lady" in five years, boys. And this thing's got some real soft-looking skin.

The Alien's eyes go wide. It realizes for the first time that its power is gone. It chirps a high-pitched, panicked warning and tries to back away.

Big Mike drops his bottle. It shatters on the pavement.

BIG MIKE

Get 'em.

The three convicts lunge. They tackle the Alien, their orange jumpsuits swarming over its green limbs. The Alien

screeches—a thin, pathetic sound—as they drag it kicking and clawing toward a LARGE METAL SHIPPING CONTAINER in a nearby alley.

INT. BEHIND THE CONTAINER - CONTINUOUS

The group disappears behind the rusted metal. The blue light of the necklace flickers wildly, casting jagged shadows against the brick wall.

The Alien's high-pitched WHIMPERING and SQUEALING echo through the alley, sounding less like a conqueror and more like prey.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The invaders expected a world of disciplined soldiers. They weren't prepared for the monsters we had already locked away.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DUBLIN, STREET IN FRONT OF THE PUB - NIGHT

The street is a chaotic playground of neon lights and burning rubber. The pub, where Sean is "cleaning house" inside, has become the epicenter of a drunken riot. YOUNG IRISHMEN (16-20) are swarming the area, clutching bottles of cider and whiskey.

The air is filled with the high-pitched scream of CROSS MOTORS.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Two TEENAGERS on dirt bikes roar down the center of the road, popping WHEELIES while balancing bottles in their free hands. They howl with laughter, their faces flushed and eyes wild with intoxication.

Behind the bikes, something metallic and green sparks against the asphalt.

CLOSE UP:

A GREEN ALIEN is bound by its ankles with a heavy tow chain attached to the back of a motor. Its necklace is cracked, flickering a weak, pathetic blue. The creature screeches in agony as it is dragged at 40 mph, its skin tearing against the rough Irish pavement.

IRISH YOUTH #1

(Screaming over the engine)

Look at the sparks fly off the wee lizard! Faster, Liam! Faster!

LIAM

(Grinning, swerving the bike)

He's better than a tire-swing, this one!

A third bike joins them. The rider leans over and pours a CAN OF BEER over the dragging Alien.

IRISH YOUTH #3

Have a drink, ya space-bastard! It'll help with the road rash!

They veer around a corner, the Alien's body slamming into a curb with a sickening thud before being yanked back into the center of the lane. The crowd on the sidewalk cheers, raising their bottles in a drunken salute to the motorized torture.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They didn't see invaders. They didn't see a threat to civilization. They just saw something that didn't know how to party.

FADE OUT.

MONTAGE: THE GLOBAL DRUNKEN UPRISING

A) EXT. TOKYO, SHIBUYA CROSSING - NIGHT: A group of SALARYMEN have ditched their suits for headbands. They are passing around bottles of SAKE, their faces flushed bright red. They corner a pair of ALIENS against a vending machine. The aliens' necklaces pulse frantically, but the men just laugh and pelt them with empty ceramic bottles before moving in with umbrellas.

B) EXT. BUDAPEST, RUIN BAR STREET - NIGHT: HUNGARIANS are passing around gallon-sized jugs of PÁLINKA. A young man takes a swig, lets out a primal roar, and tackles an alien mid-air. The alien, half the man's size, shivers in terror as it is hoisted up like a trophy.

C) EXT. PARIS, MONTMARTRE - NIGHT: FRENCH CIVILIANS sit amidst burning barricades, calmly sipping ABSINTHE and CHARTREUSE. When an alien tries to creep past, a grandmother shatters a bottle of high-proof liqueur over its head and sets it ablaze with a silk scarf and a lighter.

D) EXT. MEXICO CITY, PLAZA - NIGHT: A MARIACHI BAND plays at deafening volumes. The musicians are chugging TEQUILA straight from the bottle. A group of TEENAGERS has captured an alien; they have it dressed in a poncho and are taking blurry, drunken selfies with the terrified creature before throwing it into a fountain.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The invaders were a race of mental aristocrats. Physically, they were frail—smaller, weaker, and completely dependent on the submission of their prey. Without the leash of mind control, they weren't conquerors. They were playthings.

E) EXT. BERLIN, BIERGARTEN - NIGHT: Huge men in lederhosen chug SCHNAPPS. They treat the aliens like ragdolls, tossing them back and forth in a violent game of "keep away." The aliens' tiny limbs flail uselessly against the brute strength of the intoxicated humans.

MONTAGE ENDS.

EXT. LONDON STREET - CONTINUOUS

A TINY ALIEN cringes in a doorway, its large eyes wide with genuine horror. It looks out at a world that has turned into a global, drunken mosh pit. It tries to activate its necklace, but a group of DRUNKEN SCHOOLBOYS spots it.

SCHOOLBOY #1

(Slurred, grinning)

Oy! Look at the size of 'is 'ead! Bet it pops like a balloon!

The boys descend on the alien, who lets out a final, high-pitched whistle of despair.

FADE OUT.

EXT. NEW HAVEN, STREET - NIGHT

The bass-heavy music from a nearby overturned car thumps through the pavement. NORA (20) stands in the center of the wreckage, her Yale scarf fluttering in the wind. She looks down at the twitching body of an Alien she just leveled with her hockey stick.

Next to its shattered skull, the BLUE NECKLACE lies on the ground, pulsing with a rhythmic, hypnotic light.

Nora takes a heavy swig of Jack Daniel's, wipes the green slime from her cheek, and stares at the jewelry. She lets out a short, dry laugh.

NORA

(bitterly)

She reaches down, picks up the necklace, and slips it over her head.

The device hums against her skin, struggling to sync with her alcohol-clouded brain. She feels a surge of strange, cold energy behind her eyes. She focuses on her HOCKEY STICK lying a few feet away.

With a flick of her wrist, the stick WHIPS through the air and snaps perfectly into her hand. Her eyes widen. A slow, dangerous smile spreads across her face.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

SLOW MOTION:

A heavy, bass-boosted track thumps, vibrating the shattered glass on the pavement. NORA (20) and THREE OTHER STUDENTS walk down the center of the street in a powerful, synchronized line. They move with an arrogant, drunken swagger, bottles and cans held loosely in their hands.

Each of them wears a GLOWING BLUE NECKLACE. The light pulses in time with the music, casting long, rhythmic shadows across the ruins of New Haven.

ABOVE THEM:

The scene is a surreal, telekinetic circus. A dozen GREEN ALIENS are suspended in the air, stripped of their dignity and their power. They don't fly; they are being "puppeted."

- Two Aliens are slammed into each other overhead—THUD— their limbs tangling in mid-air before being ripped apart again.
- Another is being spun like a frantic, green propeller, whistling through the air.
- An Alien is launched like a projectile, its body CLANGING against the metal pole in a spray of sparks before being yanked back into the orbital swarm.

The students are laughing, shouting jokes that are drowned out by the music. They take long, slow swigs from their bottles, completely untouchable.

NORA (shouting over the beat, grinning) Welcome to the after-party, boys!

She flicks her wrist again, and an Alien overhead is driven straight down into a trash can with a metallic CRUNCH. The group continues their slow-motion march, a pack of drunken gods ruling over a conquered master race.

FADE OUT.

#### MONTAGE: THE GREAT RETREAT

- EXT. PARIS, EIFFEL TOWER - NIGHT: The massive blue tractor beams of the SPACESHIPS activate, but they aren't for invasion anymore. GREEN ALIENS are sprinting toward the lights, their faces twisted in pure, unfiltered terror. One alien is tackled inches away from the beam by a group of Frenchmen armed with wine bottles and baguettes.
- EXT. HONG KONG, HARBOR - NIGHT: Aliens are desperately wading into the water, chirping and whistling into their cracked necklaces, begging for extraction. Above them,

the ships hover, flickering as they take hits from telekinetically launched shipping containers controlled by drunken dockworkers on the shore.

- EXT. NEW YORK, TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT: An extraction beam pulls three aliens upward, but a DRUNKEN CROWD holds onto their legs, a human chain trying to pull them back down for "one last round." The beam wins, but the aliens leave behind their glowing necklaces and their dignity.
- EXT. BOROTA, HUNGARY - DAY: Pista stands on top of his rusty tractor. He watches a shimmering ship ascend into the clouds. He raises his bottle of pálinka in a silent, bitter salute as the blue lights fade from the sky.

GLOBAL CELEBRATION - CONTINUOUS

- EXT. RIO DE JANEIRO - NIGHT: Thousands dance in the streets, pouring Cachaça over captured alien technology.
- EXT. LONDON - NIGHT: The Big Ben area is packed with people singing off-key, clinking glasses of gin.
- EXT. MOSCOW - NIGHT: Sasha sits on the hood of his truck, laughing with other drivers as they pass around a massive bottle of vodka, watching the last of the "stars" blink out as the ships hit warp speed.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW HAVEN, YALE CAMPUS - NIGHT

NORA stands amidst a crowd of cheering students. She holds her whiskey bottle high.

NORA

(Screaming)

AND DON'T COME BACK! WE'RE JUST GETTING STARTED!

The crowd roars. The sky is finally clear of ships, replaced by the orange glow of a thousand victory bonfires.

FADE OUT.

INT. UN GENERAL ASSEMBLY - DAY

The hall is packed with world leaders. At the podium stands the SECRETARY-GENERAL (70). He looks tired, his eyes heavy, but there is a strange, ironic smile on his face.

SECRETARY-GENERAL

(into the microphones)

History will record this as our darkest hour, yet we were saved by those we often cast into the shadows. We owe our survival to the outcasts, the addicts, and the broken—those whose 'interference' became our greatest shield. They saved us when our finest soldiers could not.

He pauses, looking down at his notes, then back at the assembly.

SECRETARY-GENERAL

I am grateful. But for the sake of humanity's future... I pray we never need to be saved this way again.

FADE OUT.

EXT. BLACK SCREEN

TEXT APPEARS IN WHITE:

Unless you are saving the planet from an interstellar invasion...

DRINK RESPONSIBLY.

CREDITS ROLL (LEFT HALF OF THE SCREEN)

NEW SCENE (RIGHT HALF OF THE SCREEN):

INT. ALIEN MOTHERSHIP - DEEP SPACE

The lighting is clinical and cold. THREE ALIENS sit in a recovery ward. One is wrapped in bandages; another is missing a clump of its green scalp. They are visibly shaking, their necklaces shattered.

ALIEN #1

(whistling frantically/subtitled)

It was a nightmare! A fever dream! We've conquered three hundred worlds, and I've never seen anything like it!

ALIEN #2

(clutching its head)

The one with the hockey stick... she wasn't even using a weapon! She was using physics and spite! And the smell... that fermented, stinging odor everywhere!

ALIEN #3

(shuddering)

I saw a group of them in orange suits. They didn't want to negotiate. They didn't want to surrender. They dragged Zog behind a metal container and... and they laughed while he screamed! They thought his agony was a punchline!

ALIEN #1

(gesturing wildly)

They tied Krill to a motorized vehicle and dragged him across the rocks for sport! They poured their toxic fuel over him! Who does that?! What kind of species finds joy in

shoving glass bottles into... into places I can't even describe?!

ALIEN #2

They aren't a civilization. They are a collective, drunken psychosis.

ALIEN #3

(whispering)

Mark the coordinates. 'Sector 4-G: Earth.' Mark it as a Level 10 Hazard. If we ever see a blue planet again... we jump to lightspeed in the opposite direction.

The Aliens huddle together, terrified, as the credits continue to scroll on the left.

FADE OUT.

THE END