

JIMMY & JARA FROM OUTTA SPACE

Original Screenplay

by

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JIMMY & JARA FROM OUTTA SPACE

FADE IN:

ORBITAL SPACE

Blackness and stars, Earth's sphere below. MUSIC OF STRAUSS OVER, the opening strains of *2001, A Space Odyssey*.

The bow of an ALIEN SPACECRAFT LOOMS into view from SCREEN RIGHT. Long but gaudy and cheesy-looking with carnivalesque lights, like an otherworldly *circus caravan*.

From SCREEN LEFT APPEARS the stern of NASA's International Space Station, directly in its path. The alien ship veers to port to avoid a collision, agonizingly slow. Too late...

It SIDESWIPES the Station -- tears off EVA parts, scattering reflectors and antennae. An outer-space fender bender.

INT. NASA CONTROL ROOM - DAY

A birthday party in progress, revelers away from their stations. A CONTROLLER stuffs his face with cake, his back turned to his monitor. On its screen...

The SLOW-MO CRASH, ISS debris flying. The alien craft's lights SPUTTER STATICALLY. It descends toward Earth, its titanic length SWEEPED OVER BY AN INVISIBLE SHIELD.

The Controller turns around to the screen, the alien ship vanished from sight. He gapes at the wrecked Space Station with a mouthful of cake...

NASA CONTROLLER

Holy shit!

EXT. NEVADA DESERT - VALLEY OF FIRE - NIGHT

A dust-blown box canyon of weird-sculpted redstone. It could be Mars, but we're only fifty miles from Las Vegas.

The invisible spacecraft WHOOSHES overhead, detectable only by the air currents around its shield. It SOARS LOW into the box canyon, out of sight...

SOUNDS OF A SOFT CRASH LANDING, section by section...

FWUMP, FWUMP, FWUMP, FWUMP, FWUMP, FWUMP!

Coyotes and jackrabbits flee. Wind SHRIEKS.

CRASH SITE

Headlights blind us. An ATV skids to a halt. A grubby pair of boots jumps out. A high-powered flashlight beams on...

The long, dark spaceship, barely discernible in a storm of dust. Its exit portal open. From deep inside its bowels, FAINT, UNFATHOMABLE SQUEALS AND WHIMPERS.

An unseen MYSTERY MAN, identifiable only by a key chain of geological tools dangling from his belt, draws cautiously toward the ship's portal...

A SOUND distracts him from behind. His flashlight spins around, a pick axe clanking by his side. It focuses on --

A windblown tumbleweed, scraping against a wheelbarrow.

His flashlight beam catches something else in the sand...

Three sets of odd footprints, trailing out of the canyon. They recede far across the desert expanse...

Toward the western horizon.

EXT. VENICE BEACH BOARDWALK - DAY

Sunny California. Rollerbladers, bodybuilders, sidewalk artists, panhandlers, vendors in outrageous costumes.

TIGHT ON soulful green eyes, open wide in fear, staring out from a beautiful feminine face. With GREEN SKIN.

HER POV TRACKS THROUGH the crowd, PANNING ASIDE TO a boa constrictor wrapped around a man's torso. Then STOPS ON...

A bug-eyed, dope-smoking extraterrestrial on a T-shirt in a store front.

HER POV PANS BACK -- into the face of a VENICE LOCAL with a ghetto blaster on his shoulder. He peers close at us...

VENICE LOCAL

What up, momma? You lost?

JARA, willowy and fragile in a Muslimish wraparound, shrinks away from him, her EMERALD face veiled by a yashmak.

She evades him and hurries on, frightened and baffled by the oceanfront bazaar around her.

FROM JARA'S POV, WE TRACK TOWARD a tourist crowd around a one-walled cement area. A SHOW BARKER'S VOICE...

JIMMY (O.S.)
 ESCAPE! That's what y'all came
 down here for, right? All week
 long ya bust your butts, and all ya
 can think about is Friday, folks --
 escape from reality! Am I right?!

AFFIRMATIVE SHOUTS from the crowd. WE TRACK FORWARD...

JIMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 But where are you gonna escape to?
 Where d'you take your main squeeze,
 your two-and-a-half kids? To the
 movies? At twelve bucks a pop?!
 For what you can get RIGHT HERE --
 for just ONE DOLLAR?!

WE WEND THROUGH, onlookers blocking our view.

JIMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 At JIMMY FLYNN'S FREAKORAMA FLYING
 CIRCUS, the weirdest show on earth!

WE GLIMPSE a hand passing around a Grateful Dead hat...

JIMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 C'mon, people, puke it up. Show
 some generosity for all your cheap
 thrills, huh? C'mon, c'mon, c'mon!
 Let's see those dead presidents!
 Support your local freaks here...

A face pops into view with a joyful snarl: JIMMY FLYNN,
 a lean, mean barkermaster.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 They're riskin' their lives for
 YOU!

Bills toss into his hat. Jimmy flips it onto his head.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 Showtime, folks! Feast your eyes
 on *this* little marvel -- WANDA, THE
 WORLD'S SHORTEST SWORD SWALLOWER!

WANDA, a young dwarf bodybuilder with a cute cherub face,
 slides the double-edge blade of a sword down her throat.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 This cutie's only three and a half
 feet tall -- but hey, look at that
 sword! It's FOUR FEET LONG!

Sword still lodged, Wanda jumps up and down on a trampoline.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Oh...oh mercy! That can't be!
OMIGOD! Ya don't get shit like
this at the cineplex, now do ya?
And over here we got...

He turns to his second act...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

CHEEKO, THE FIRE-BREATHING JUGGLER!

CHEEKO, a wiry Hispanic youth in leather, juggles two blowtorches. Jimmy shoots a jet of lighter fluid into his mouth -- Cheeko spits out a bolt of fire through a torch.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Jeezus, that's hot! Whaddya say
now, huh? ARE YA RIVETED?!

CHEERS from the throng. Jimmy plays them strong, a scruffy predator with rakish charm and the high-octane energy of Wile E. Coyote. The public is his Roadrunner.

Squeezed in among the tourists, Jara watches curiously.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

And now for a more *uplifting*
experience, the star of our show --
AJAX, THE LOCKJAW KING!

AJAX, a burly acrobat-strongman half-naked under a hardhat, holds up a Vespa motor scooter in the air with his teeth.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

This ain't no freak show, folks --
this is performance art! This is
poetry in motion!

Hoisting the bike high on a mouth pad, Ajax FIRES UP its motor and REVS the gears, making the wheels spin.

Jara clamps her ears from the noise.

Ajax lowers the bike with dramatic flourish. Jimmy sets down a prop chair in center ring and faces the crowd.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Okay! We need a volunteer. Who
wants to be in show biz? Anybody?
(nods forward)
How about you, sweet pea? Yeah,
you -- with the green face.

He points at Jara. Frightened, she quickly backs away.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
C'mon now, don't be shy.

Jara retreats from the crowd. Dismissing her, Jimmy waves over a BEEFY SPECTATOR in the front row.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
How 'bout you, sir? Step forward,
please, that's it. Man -- you are
one *big* muthuh!

He plunks him down into the chair and turns theatrically to the crowd, waving a greenback in the air.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I got five bucks here that says the
Lockjaw King can lift two people at
the same time -- with his teeth!
Any suckers out there?

A TOURIST steps forward and flashes a one-dollar bill.

TOURIST
I'll take that bet.

JIMMY
What -- one buck? C'mon, dudeski,
show me some Abe Lincolns here...

A few hand out more one dollars. Jimmy collects the pot.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Man oh man...what is this, the
low-rent district? Okay, I need
one more volunteer...
(scans the crowd)
How about you? Nah-nah, you're a
jawbreaker. You? Nah. Aw, what
the hell, I'll just take her...

He waves over his sword-swallowing dwarf. Bettors groan.

TOURIST
Hey! That ain't fair!

JIMMY
Who said life was fair? Just watch
and weep.

Little Wanda hoists herself up atop the beefcake's shoulder with acrobatic ease.

INT. BOARDWALK TATTOO SHOP - SAME TIME

Jara ventures into a deserted body shop across the way, drawn to the tattoo displays. Barbershop chairs in the rear.

CARLA, jadedly pretty, paints her toenails, bent over with her back turned. Her arms smothered in Renaissance tattoos. Jara draws closer, fascinated by her body art.

EXT. BOARDWALK ARENA

Ajax lifts the chair with feigned effort, raising the big spectator and the dwarf high in the air. He elevates the chair's leg to his mouth pad and braces it between his teeth. Then releases both hands and balances them above him.

JIMMY

Look, Mom! No hands!

APPLAUSE AND CHEERS. Jimmy stuffs cash from his hand into his hat, giving the disgruntled Tourist a fried laugh...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Show me a good loser, and I'll show you a loser.

(to crowd)

Give it up for the Lockjaw King!

A BIG OVATION. Ajax lowers the two to the pavement, making it look easy. He throws up his fists in victory.

INT. TATTOO SHOP

ON Carla's backside, an exquisite panorama of painted flesh. A GREEN hand gingerly touches a tattoo -- she jolts around.

CARLA

Sweet Jesus! Ya scared the shit outta me.

Jara recoils back. She tries to speak, uttering small puppy whimpers. Carla glances over her Muslimish garb...

CARLA (CONT'D)

You a foreigner? Speakee English?

Jara moves her lips, struggling to form a human sound...

JARA

Jjjjj...jes.

(to Carla's look)

Yyyyy...yes!

She reacts pleased to the sound of her own voice. Carla studies her realistic skin color...

CARLA
Nice paint job, hon. What kind of color is that?

JARA
Fffff...fear.

CARLA
Uh-huh. Where ya from?

JARA
Fffff...far.

Her complexion changes, a TINT of YELLOW. Carla blinks, not sure what she just saw. Jara points guardedly at her...

JARA (CONT'D)
Fffff...friend?

CARLA
Is that all you know? "F" words?

JARA
Me...I...need friend.

CARLA
Don't we all. Tell ya what. You go two blocks that way. You go to the Venice mission house. Ya get bed, food, plenty of friends.

She goes back to her toenails. Stops and looks up...

CARLA (CONT'D)
What?

Jara's sad orphan eyes seem to be begging her.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Are you in some kinda trouble?

JARA
I...come in peace.

Carla laughs and goes back to her toenails. Jara laughs back, mimicking her exactly. She notices a tattoo on Carla's foot: "JIMMY" inside a bleeding, broken heart.

JARA (CONT'D)
You..."Jeeemmmmy"?

CARLA

Do I look like a Jimmy? Name's
Carla. What's yours?

JARA

Jjjjj...Jara. Jara!

Proud of herself, she simulates a clown's grin of a smile.
Then spills out words fast...

JARA (CONT'D)

Jara-and-Carla-are-friends!

CARLA

Hey, look. I don't adopt pets and
I don't adopt people, okay?

JARA

(ponders that)

People. Pets. Peter Piper picks
pickled peppers.

Carla looks askance at her. Jara tests out other words to
herself, in different, satellite-tracked voices...

JARA (CONT'D)

"Loose lips sink ships." "Mah
fellow Americans." "Can't we all
get along?" "One small step for
Man, one giant leap for Mankind!"

She beams a proud Cheshire grin. Nods at Carla's tattoos...

JARA (CONT'D)

"Nice paint job, hon."

CARLA

You're good, hon. Well, what the
hell, do you want one?

JARA

(nods eagerly)

"What the hell!"

EXT. BOARDWALK ARENA

Show's over, the crowd dissipating. Jimmy counts bills in a
dispirited mood. Wanda packs props into a Hefty bag. Cheeko
washes his mouth out with a water bottle, looking sickly.
Oversized Ajax tools around on his small Vespa.

JIMMY

Pretty good show. For amateurs.

Wanda tugs at the prop bag. She stops, waiting for help...

WANDA
Hello? Is chivalry dead or what?

JIMMY
Cheeko, give her a hand.

The fire-eater flops down on a curb, coughing and gagging.

CHEEKO
I don't feel too good.

Jimmy takes Wanda's bag and heaves it into a shopping cart.

WANDA
Cheeko's gotta lay off the lighter fluid. That shit'll kill ya.

JIMMY
Better than overdosing on crack...
ain't that right, Cheeko? Or
hiding from Immigration?
(leans over him)
You okay, amigo?

Cheeko nods and wretches. A MAN'S VOICE distracts them...

BODYBUILDER (O.S.)
Yo! Bitch! Where ya been?

A Muscle Beach BODYBUILDER with attitude lumbers over to Wanda. The heartstruck dwarf fawns up to him...

WANDA
Hey, baby!

BODYBUILDER
Come spot me on the weights.

WANDA
But we gotta do a show at three.

BODYBUILDER
Are you deaf? Move that tiny butt!

Jimmy noses up to him...

JIMMY
Are you deaf, slick? She's got a show. And show a little respect.

BODYBUILDER
You talkin' to me, boy?

He shoves him aside and grabs Wanda.

BODYBUILDER (CONT'D)
Let's go, bitch.

He starts to drag her away -- Ajax's scooter blocks his path. Cheeko comes up behind him. Jimmy leans into his face.

JIMMY
Go find some toilet stall to write
your phone number on. Bitch.

Outnumbered, the Bodybuilder lets Wanda go, snorting at her.

BODYBUILDER
Sheeeit. What do I need you for?
I was just dickin' ya for kicks.
(lumbers away)
Goddamn freaks.

Wanda stares after him, heartbroken. Jimmy lays a comforting hand on her shoulder.

JIMMY
C'mon, Wanda. You don't need no
bangsta like that.

WANDA
What do you know about it?

She shrugs his hand off, glum-faced. Jimmy sighs and turns away. Ajax hops off his bike. Jimmy hands him his share.

JIMMY
A lousy six bucks and change. We
need fresh material, Ajax. We're
gettin' stale.

AJAX
Hey, I'm not gettin' stale.

JIMMY
Nobody wants to see this kinda show
anymore. We're puttin' *insomniacs*
to sleep. It's tired, man. *Passé!*

He storms away, toward Carla's tattoo shop.

CHEEKO
What's eatin' him?

AJAX
Aw, he just needs to get laid.

INT. TATTOO SHOP

A LOCAL GIRL sticks her tongue out. Carla inserts a staple gun -- CLICK! The Girl squeals in pain. Then turns to a mirror to inspect the pierced pearl on her tongue.

LOCAL GIRL
Thanks, Carla.

She hands over a twenty and exits. Jara stares after her from a barber chair. Carla comes over with an alcohol pad.

JARA
Humans are strange.

CARLA
Different strokes. So what would you like? A butterfly? You don't look like a skull-and-dagger type.

JARA
Jara have not money.

CARLA
I figured that much.

She rubs the pad over Jara's arm...her GREEN SKIN GLOWS from the warmth of the alcohol. Carla reacts, puzzled.

CARLA (CONT'D)
This ain't makeup.

Jimmy clamors in. He tosses his hat on a register counter.

JIMMY
Goddamned tourists! My career's gone Chapter 11, I'm scrapin' for change with a bunch of wanna-bees whose balls ain't dropped yet.

Carla steps over to Jimmy, as Ajax walks in.

CARLA
Don't worry, hon, I made a few bucks today.

JIMMY
This was our worst day yet.

AJAX
It wasn't *that* bad.

JIMMY
Jeezus. You guys think so small...

He paces around with nervous energy...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I don't wanna grow old on this boardwalk. We gotta start thinkin' big time, y'know? Like, like...

CARLA

"The MGM Grand!" Yeah, yeah, yeah, Jimmy. In your dreams.

JIMMY

Yeah, yeah, what? *Somebody's* gotta do the dreamin' around here...

(doubletakes on Jara)

Who's that?

CARLA

Jara. Just some space cadet.

AJAX

She's a spanky piece of fluff.

Jimmy steps cockily toward Jara. Carla intervenes...

CARLA

Don't get any ideas.

JIMMY

What? I just wanna say hello.

Staring intensely, Jara turns to Carla and points at him.

JARA

Jeeemmy??

JIMMY

What is she, mentally challenged?

CARLA

Outta town. Probably homeless.

JIMMY

What else is new?

CARLA

She's got green skin.

JIMMY

I'm not blind, so what?

CARLA

No, I mean it's real.

Jimmy looks Jara over, his interest growing...

JIMMY

Too green to be from L.A. Where ya from, bright eyes?

CARLA

Her name's Jara. Leave her alone.

JIMMY

Excuse me. I'm talkin' to Miss Asparagus here...
(takes Jara's arm)
Jara, let's step out to my office.

Jara flinches to his grip, terrified. He eases up...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Relax, I won't hurt ya. We're just gonna go for a little walk, okay?

He gently escorts her outside. Looks between Ajax and Carla.

AJAX

So many suckers, so little time.

EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK

Jimmy jaunts along, the cock of the walk, escorting Jara.

JIMMY

Ever been to Venice Beach before?

Jara regards him with puzzled fascination.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Don't talk much, do ya?

A PANHANDLER approaches them. Jimmy snarls him away...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Go get a job!
(leads her along)
So, uh...Jara. You like show biz?

JARA

Yes. Jara do show biz.

JIMMY

Cool. Whaddya do?

JARA

Mmm-magic.

She smiles proudly, that clown's grin again.

JIMMY

Nice smile. A bit too wide. Tone it down a little. Like this...

He gives his impression of a sexy smile. Jara stares at his mouth and mimics his lips...a perfect bedroom smile.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

There ya go. See, that's worth a lot in this town. Look at Marilyn Monroe. They paid her fifty grand for every smile, but fifty cents for her soul. Makes a girl think. Ya gotta be careful. There are a lot of jackals in this zoo, y'know? You need a good friend. Like me.

JARA

Jeemmy and Jara are friends?

JIMMY

That's the ticket, baby. C'mon.

EXT. VENICE BEACH PARKING LOT

Jimmy leads her across a vacant lot to an *old, psychedelic-painted school bus*. Jara glances anxiously around.

JIMMY

What's the matter? You scared?

JARA

Yes. Humans kill.

JIMMY

What do I look like, Hannibal Lector? Friends don't do that...
(a sleazy smile)
They do *nice* things to each other.

He gestures grandly at the bus, its Peter Max-styled hippy facade emblazoned with "*Flynn's Freakorama Flying Circus*".

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Flynn's Flying Circus. Don't mind the Sixties paint job. I won the bus on a bet from an old Grateful Deadhead.

JARA

Your circus *flies*?

JIMMY

Yeah, we travel around sometimes.
Someday, straight to the stars.

Jara stares meaningfully at him, a TINGE of BLUE FLICKERING over her face for a quick second. Jimmy reacts. Then she's GREEN again. Confused, Jimmy unlocks the bus door.

INT. SCHOOL BUS

Its seats removed for living space. Two beat-up sofas, old mattresses on the floor. Carnival posters between windows.

JIMMY

Corporate headquarters.

They step over a floor littered with take-out cartons, pizza boxes, live-in refuse...a stack of old chain saws.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Don't step on those. I used to juggle 'em, but not anymore. It pays better to show it than to do it. Like P.T. Barnum, my idol.

He switches on a fan and opens his shirt to cool himself in the heat. Jara peers at an antique circus poster.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Mills Brothers Circus, 1945. They really knew how to entertain back then. Not that I'm that old, I'm just a trendsetter. Retro's in.

He parks himself on a sofa.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Kids today, they want something raw, edgy and real -- and I got my finger on their pulse. I'm gonna bring back the old sideshows, ya know what I mean? Shock value.

Jara studies him quizzically.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You don't understand a thing I'm sayin', do ya?

(pats the sofa)

C'mon over here. Get comfortable.

Jara sits beside him and stares at him without a word, making him a bit uneasy. Jimmy shrugs and rattles on...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

All I'm saying is, I'm a visionary.
A man of ideas. I absorb great
ideas like...like a giant tampon.

Jara keeps staring. Jimmy scoots a little closer...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

So, uh...what's your sign? Wait,
don't tell me. Capricorn?
(to her frown)
Sagittarius?

JARA

Alpha Centauri.

JIMMY

Oh. Don't know that one.

He casually lays an arm around her shoulder...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

So, Jara. You got a boyfriend?

JARA

Boy friend? Jeemmy my friend?

JIMMY

Sure, I'm your friend.

JARA

Jara likes Jeemmy. Jara likes
travel -- Jara *must* travel. Fly
with Jeemmy, yes?

JIMMY

Say what?

JARA

With flying circus.

JIMMY

Wait. You wanna be in my show?

JARA

Yes!

Jimmy edges back, turned off by that...

JIMMY

Look babe, I don't need body art,
okay? I need a solid act. I mean,
a sizzling hot, outta-this-world
act. Performance art, y'know?

JARA

Yes! "That's the ticket, baby!"
(touches her skin)
Look-see. Magic.

JIMMY

Yeah, yeah, but...what can you do?

She jumps up and steps back excitedly. He sighs wearily...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Oh, now you're gonna show me?

Jara unwraps her yashmak to reveal flowing green hair. Jimmy stares, bored. Jara peels off her garment -- half-naked in the dim light. A wet-dream body. Jimmy stares harder...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's an act all right...an Act of God.

Jara raises her arms like an angel in prayer, her face a panoply of emotions.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Look, um, y'know, I really don't need a strip act--

A BRILLIANT GLOW crosses his face. He freezes dead. The bus interior fills with MULTI-COLORED LIGHTS...

Jara's body RADIATES -- her skin CHANGES LUMINOUS COLORS. Her chest turns TRANSLUCENT, exposing an inside anatomy with TWO BEATING HEARTS. Then the rainbow glow fades.

Jimmy sits there in shock. He takes a breath and crosses his legs, trying to look cool. His voice a bit cracked...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I, um...mmgh...that's not bad.

Jara kneels beside him with anticipation -- her hair and complexion now a DARK BLUE.

JARA

Jeemmy likes my act?!

JIMMY

Yeah, I'm impressed...don't get too close. Put your clothes back on.

Jara turns away and dresses quickly. Jimmy frowns at her, his world turned upside down. But in his eyes...a glint of opportunity.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Maybe we can work something out. I mean, I can't pay you nothin' just yet but...

Jara throws her blue arms around him, gushing with gratitude. Jimmy stiffens from her touch.

JARA

Jara thanks Jeemmy!

Jimmy nods and rises, edging away from her...

JIMMY

Yeah...sure. Y'know, you gotta work on your English. It's not "Jara", it's "I." I thank you. Or just, "thanks."

JARA

Thanks! You use me in your show? You use we friends in your show?

JIMMY

"We" friends?

JARA

My friends.

JIMMY

What friends?

JARA

Friends like me.

JIMMY

There's more like you?

Jara nods enthusiastically. Jimmy turns to the fan to chill.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I gotta get outta this heat.

Jara moves closer, the fan blowing back her hair to reveal a SHADE OF MAGENTA. A look of determination in her eyes...

JARA

You use my friends, Jeemmy. Or no show biz.

Jimmy gets the message. He looks queerly at her.

JIMMY

What color are you anyway?

EXT. EAST L.A. SIDE ROAD - DAY

The school bus trundles toward the dry Los Angeles River.

INT. JIMMY'S BUS (MOVING)

Jimmy drives, steering around potholes. Beside him, Jara hunches over a radio's TRAFFIC REPORT, mimicking it...

JARA

"Expect heavy afternoon traffic on the downtown interchange."

JIMMY

Where the hell are we goin'?

JARA

My friends are down there.

She points outside: a homeless camp on the riverbed.

EXT. LOS ANGELES RIVER

Jimmy and Jara climb down an embankment onto the river bed. CAMP DERELICTS spot Jara -- they scatter in all directions.

Jimmy approaches a dozing WINO, whose bleary eyes look up and focus on Jara. Instant, wide-eyed terror...

WINO

Them! Them!

JIMMY

What's your problem, dickhead?

WINO

Them! Monsters from hell!

He scrambles frantically away as if Jara were the Terminator.

JIMMY

Fruitcake. Nice neighborhood, Jara, definitely upscale. You live around here?

JARA

I live nowhere.

JIMMY

Where are your friends?

Jara gestures at an eerie-looking drain tunnel and hastens over. Jimmy follows reluctantly.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
You sure ya got the right address?

They approach the tunnel's gaping hole...a RUMBLING SNARL ECHOES from deep inside. Jimmy stops dead.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
What the hell's that?

JARA
My friends. Come.

JIMMY
"Come"? Right. You first.

INT. DRAIN TUNNEL

Jara picks through the darkness, Jimmy stumbling behind her. He stops to another HORRIFIC SNARL, ECHOING CLOSER.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Nuh-uh. I ain't goin' in there.

JARA
Come, Jeemmy!

A dark shape approaches into the light of an overhead drain hole -- a HUGE, BAT-WINGED BEAST out of our worst nightmares. It ROARS MALEVOLENTLY at Jimmy.

He staggers back -- falls on his rump.

JARA (CONT'D)
Zzzzyk! Berada nicto Jrrrarrrr!

The monster focuses its eyes on Jara. It UTTERS A TIMID WHIMPER, then SHRINKS DOWN IN SIZE, TRANSFORMING INTO...

A harmless ALIEN MIDGET. ZZZZYK, dressed in an odd-looking poncho, lowers down to Jara's feet. He strokes her legs and makes WARPED ZNIFFLING SOUNDS.

JARA (CONT'D)
Jeemmy, this is my friend Zzzzyk.

Zzzzyk waddles over and drops down to prone Jimmy's side, excitedly stroking his legs. Jimmy recoils back on his elbows, scrambling to get away from him.

JARA (CONT'D)
And my friend Pumpistqwot.

An APE-SIZED, LIZARD-SKINNED FEMALE appears in a furry thong. Fat and humanlike, but scaly with a swollen head.

JARA (CONT'D)
 Pumpistqwot, my friend Jeemmy.

Pumpistqwot (PUMPY) opens her arms like a mother gorilla
 greeting her young, a MIGHTY T-REX GROWL --

PUMPY
 JEEEMMY!

Jimmy SCREAMS reflexively. Pumpy staggers back in fright --
 her torso BALLOONS UP like a bullfrog.

JIMMY
 Jeezus! Take me back to Kansas...

JARA
 Jeemmy, you okay?

Jimmy recovers and sits up, collecting his wits...

JIMMY
 Yeah, sure...I guess so.

He looks at the two creatures, huddled in the shadows.

JARA
 (in Carla's voice)
 "You scared the shit outta them."

JIMMY
 I scared them? I scared *them*?
 (peers at them)
 Talk about freaks. No...they're
 too weird to be freaks.

JARA
 Not freaks. Circus performers.

JIMMY
 "Performers"? They don't exactly
 look human.

JARA
 Not human. Aliens, like me.

Jimmy squints hard at her, absorbing this...

JIMMY
 Aliens in East L.A.? What, ya got
 no green cards?

JARA
 No, Jeemmy. No spaceship.

EXT. SANTA MONICA - DAY

The school bus heads west toward the beach on a byroad.

INT. JIMMY'S BUS (MOVING)

Jimmy drives, still frazzled from culture shock. He looks back at his new passengers...

Zzzzyk, the alien midget, peeks outside like an awestruck tourist. Fat Pumpy huddles queasily in hiding, burping and severely car sick.

Jimmy eyes Jara standing nearby. She gazes at her friends, her face YELLOW. The color of sadness.

JIMMY

Okay. Let me see if I got this straight. You're an interstellar circus...from outta space?

JARA

Yes.

JIMMY

You were just passing by, but you took a little side cruise. You had an accident. Your ship crashed in the desert. Someplace near, what did you say? A "city of lights"?

JARA

Many lights. Maybe the capitol of Earth, yes?

JIMMY

Sounds like Vegas. And you came here for help? To Venice Beach?

JARA

We are very lost, Jeemmy. We must fix our spaceship and go home.

Jimmy absorbs all this, staring out the windshield...

JIMMY

Wow. What a story...what a career move.

A SIREN outside. Suddenly nervous, he pulls over into an alley. Fire engines SCREAM BY.

Zzzzyk and Pumpy scramble fearfully behind the sofas. Jara lowers out of sight, GREEN-FACED with fright.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Whoa, relax. It's nothing...I'm just having' a Men in Black moment. I gotta get my paranoids removed.

JARA

Jeemmy, help us. Please.

JIMMY

Hey. I'm human. I got feelings. I can see you're in a serious jam here, so how can I not help you?

(beat)

But let's think this through, Jara. There are economics to consider, not to mention that y'all stand out like tarantulas on a wedding cake. So, here's the deal...

He faces her and the others, going into pitch mode...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You work in my show...to hide your identities, of course. We pick up a few bucks in Las Vegas, just to finance the trip, see. Then... I'll get you to your spaceship.

(as to a child)

But ya see, Jara, money is the key. That's what makes this world go round. Money can buy ya anything. With money, I could even find a way to get y'all off this dirtball. Get my drift?

(with bravado)

All it takes...is money.

Believing every word, Jara nods hopefully and TRANSLATES his words to the others in ALIEN GIBBERISH. She beams a bedroom smile at Jimmy...

JARA

Thanks, Jeemmy!

Rising out of hiding, midget Zzzzyk ZNORTS excitedly...

ZZZZYK

Zankz, Jeemmy!

Big Pumpy GROWLS AT HIGH DECIBELS...

PUMPY

TANKS, JEEMMY!

EXT. VENICE CANAL - EVENING

A modest cottage by the canal. Carla walks home, laden with grocery bags. Wanda the dwarf hefts beer cases.

INT. CARLA'S COTTAGE

A living room adorned with exotic costumes, a StairMaster and wall photos of Carla's old stripper act.

She and Wanda dump the grocery bags on a table. Carla picks out vitamin bottles, then reacts to...

JARA'S MUTED VOICE in the bedroom. Her face turns stormy...

CARLA

That prick. He brought her *here*?

She hard-charges down the hall to the...

BEDROOM

Jara sits bedside, teaching English to Zzzzyk who bounces on an undulating waterbed like a hyperactive toddler.

JARA

She sells seashells by a seashore.

ZZZZYK

Zee zellz zeezellz by a zeezore!

Carla stops and stares at them, at first shocked, then livid.

Jimmy steps out of a bathroom. Carla turns on him...

CARLA

So it's kinky three-ways now?!

JIMMY

Carla! Baby...you are not gonna believe this...

CARLA

I don't believe it already -- in my own *house*?!

Startled by her, Zzzzyk jumps off and scoots away into the...

LIVING ROOM

Wanda waddles through -- Zzzzyk SLAMS into her.

A stunned beat between the human dwarf and the alien midget. Zzzzyk's face broadens in a rubbery grin...

ZZZZYK
Greetingz! Zee zellz zeezellz!

WANDA
The hell you say.

ZZZZYK
The hell you zay!

He drops down and strokes her legs, his standard gesture of greeting. Wanda headlocks him and wrestles him to the floor.

WANDA
Hands off! Just 'cause I'm short
don't mean I'm easy...

ZZZZYK
Pleazzze! I come in peazzze!

Carla marches angrily in, Jimmy and Jara on her heels.

JIMMY
Carla, it's not what you think...

Carla turns to CRUNCHING SOUNDS from the kitchen...

A SCALY SIMIAN BLOB sits on the floor with a BALLOON-SIZED belly, GURGITATING entire beer cans.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Carla -- whatever you do, don't
scream. She's very sensitive--

Carla SCREAMS. Pumpy GROWLS back in terror -- her belly EXPANDS, her mouth spitting out crushed cans. Carla faints dead away. The others rush over to her.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Carla! Are you okay?

ZZZZYK
Carla iz dead?

He starts to ZNIFFLE tearfully. Wanda gives him a funny look. Jimmy kneels down and shakes Carla hard to revive her, then SLAPS her. She opens her eyes and looks up...

CARLA
Jimmy...why are you so mean to me?

JIMMY
I swear, I didn't do anything.

He helps her up. Carla stares at Jara's YELLOW-GLOWING face.

CARLA (CONT'D)
 What kinda shit am I on?

WANDA
 Is this like, a close encounter or
 somethin'?

JIMMY
 Jara, tell them. Tell it to Carla,
 she'll never believe me.

JARA
 We are all friends in the flying
 circus. We "pick up some bucks"
 and find our spaceship.

Carla blinks at that. She looks at Zzzzyk, then at Pumpy
 lumbering out from the kitchen.

CARLA
 Some freak show ya got here.

JIMMY
 The real deal, babe. *Aliens.*

Carla rises woozily to her feet, shaking her head...

CARLA
 Don't bullshit me. If I wanted
 aliens, I'd go to my AA meeting.

She turns away to open a vitamin bottle with shaky hands...

CARLA (CONT'D)
 I don't need this kinda stress.

She pops a pill. Zzzzyk hops onto the StairMaster beside her
 and pedals cheerfully.

JIMMY
 Carla, listen. This is our fifteen
 minutes of fame, our lucky seven.
 I'll pay ya back what I owe you,
 I'll make you a partner -- baby,
 we're gonna retire on this!

CARLA
 Don't "baby" me, you parasite.
 (to Jara)
 If his mouth is moving, the odds
 are a hundred to one he's lying.

JARA
 What is lying?

JIMMY

Never mind. Carla, I'm offering you a fifty-fifty split.

CARLA

You're *using* me. You'd exploit your own mother if she could grow a beard.

JIMMY

Don't ya see what we've got here?

Carla turns to someone different next to her -- her TWIN, pedaling on the StairMaster.

CARLA II

"Don't baby me, you parasite!"

Carla double-takes. In a blink it's Zzzzyk, pedaling and grinning away. Jimmy frowns at him...

JIMMY

Jara, how the hell does he do that? Can he turn into *anything*?

JARA

Yes, with magic.

JIMMY

What kinda magic?

JARA

Telepathic hypnosis. I do not know how exactly. We are from different star systems.

JIMMY

You're from different *galaxies*?

JARA

Yes. Aliens to each other, but we travel as an intergalactic circus.

JIMMY

Ya see, Carla? Just like us.

Carla slumps on her sofa in a daze. Wanda stares at Zzzzyk.

WANDA

What are we gonna do with 'em?

JIMMY

Use your imagination. Carla, trust me. This is our winning ticket.

Carla deadpans him...

CARLA

Fifty-fifty? You pull any gaffs on me, and I'll sell 'em all to the Inquirer. Whaddya need?

JIMMY

Your ex-agent. Can ya talk to him?

CARLA

I dunno, maybe. What else?

JIMMY

Your costumes. They need disguises 'til we can get them to Las Vegas.

CARLA

Las Vegas?

JARA

"That's the ticket, baby."

That bedroom smile. Jimmy grins back.

JIMMY

Yeah. That's the ticket.

EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - MORNING

Deserted of tourists. A burnt-out MOUNTAIN MAN pushes a shopping cart with an aquarium, his poodle on a leash wearing a dog-clown outfit. He pitches to no one in particular.

MOUNTAIN MAN

Tropical fish! Only one dollar!

Then stares agog at something stranger than himself...

Three disguised, otherworldly show performers: Jara wearing a belly-dancing costume...Zzzzyk in Ray-Bans and a vampire cape...Pumpy in a moo-moo, wrapped in boa feathers.

Carla, Jimmy and Wanda lead the way toward the tattoo shop.

Waiting outside the shop, Ajax and Cheeko stare gobsmacked at the odd ensemble with them. Carla unlocks her door.

Mountain Man's poodle barks at Zzzzyk. The midget waddles excitedly over and genuflects before the snapping poodle...

ZZZZYK

Greetingz, Khorlu aztronaut!

Jimmy dashes over to retrieve him. Mountain Man points...

MOUNTAIN MAN
Martians! Martians!

JIMMY
Yeah, yeah, they're comin' to take
you back, bonehead.

He drags Zzzzyk away and corrals everyone into the shop.

INT. TATTOO SHOP

Ajax gawks at the alien midget. Cheeko moon-eyes big Pumpy.
Jimmy puts out a "Closed" sign and locks the door.

AJAX
What's goin' on?

JIMMY
We got some new recruits.

AJAX
From where, a petting zoo?

Zzzzyk hops onto a countertop and marvels at tattoo designs.
Cheeko can't take his eyes off Pumpy, weirded out...

CHEEKO
Boss, I think I need somethin'...

JIMMY
No skag. We made a deal.

Pumpy lumbers over and reaches out toward Cheeko. He cringes
back, scared. Her fat, scaly hand gently strokes his head.

JARA
Be not afraid. She likes you.

A maternal smile spreads across Pumpy's apish face. Then...

A PAIR OF DELICATE DRAGONFLY WINGS SPROUTS OUT from under the
boa feathers on her shoulders. Cheeko gapes at her in awe.

CHEEKO
Holy Madonna! She's an angel!

He drops to his knees and rapidly crosses himself...

CHEEKO (CONT'D)
Madre de Dios -- I swear, I'll
never shoot up again!

Ajax jolts in surprise to -- a POODLE IN A CLOWN SUIT BARKS at him from the countertop. It MORPHS BACK INTO Zzzzyk who ZNIGGERS away. Jimmy shakes his head at him...

JIMMY

Damn, that really rocks.

JARA

Zzzzyk is a very popular magician in the Andromedan system.

Jimmy ponders Zzzzyk, his piranha brain devouring all the fat possibilities. Ajax stares, discombobulated...

AJAX

This is all freakin' me out.

JIMMY

They're aliens, bro. It's galactic show biz. Get used to it.

AJAX

Aliens? I dunno if I like that.

JIMMY

What's not to like? Do you wanna be a bug on the windshield of life forever, or do you wanna be a star?

AJAX

But what if they upstage my act?

JIMMY

Ajax, this is it! Kiss Hellifornia goodbye! We're goin' to Vegas!

EXT. INTERSTATE 15 FREEWAY - DAY

The psychedelic school bus burns down the freeway, its RADIO BLASTING ARETHA FRANKLIN'S "R-E-S-P-E-C-T"...

INT. JIMMY'S BUS (MOVING)

Jimmy drives, he and Cheeko belting out "Sock it to me, sock it to me!" Carla sits up front, talking on a cell phone.

Ajax stares at Jara, Zzzzyk and Pumpy in the back. The three aliens gape outside at Planet Earth's wondrous sights...

Shopping malls with towering franchise signs...balloon-strewn SUV car lots...a gigantic, inflatable *Michelin Tire Man*.

Carla switches off her cell. Jimmy looks over at her...

JIMMY

What did Sammy say?

CARLA

He won't represent me anymore.

JIMMY

Yeah, yeah, but what about us?

CARLA

I don't think he quite got the idea of a freak show in Las Vegas. But he can book us in San Bernardino. Some rock festival.

JIMMY

San Bernardino? Shit. Well, at least it's better than Venice.

EXT. DESERT ROCK FESTIVAL - EVENING

A Burning Man-like effigy blazes. An orgy of off-road motor sports around dirt stages of local bands.

Fans swarm before an all-female band, SCREAMING LUSTILY at a LEAD SINGER. She gyrates lewdly, goading them on.

Behind the crowd, Jimmy ushers Jara down a walkway. Jara stares curiously at the Singer's hip action...

JARA

What is that earth female doing with her body?

JIMMY

Trying to look sexy.

JARA

What is sexy?

JIMMY

Just somethin' so a bunch of circle jerks can beat off to her.

JARA

"Beat off"? That is sexy?

JIMMY

No, that's not sexy. You're sexy. You just don't know how to use it.

JARA

Use what?

JIMMY

Your body. Y'know, like this...

He vamps a male version of a female sexy pose, wiggling and flaunting his hips. Jara stares hard at his body action.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

See? That's sexy.

He leads her toward a roped-off clearing, his performers waiting by the bus.

JARA

But...why am I sexy?

JIMMY

What kinda planet are you from?
Don't you have, y'know, *physical*
attraction between male and female?
You *do* have males, don't you?
(to Jara's nod)
Okay, so...do you have sex with
your males?

JARA

We breed, when the time comes.

JIMMY

"Breed"? When d'ya do that?

JARA

In fifty Earth years from now.

JIMMY

Jeezus. How old are you?

JARA

Ninety-one of your Earth years.

JIMMY

Ninety-one? And you're still a
virgin?

Translating the word to herself, Jara nods with pride.

EXT. FESTIVAL GROUNDS - NIGHT

GUNS FIRE in the air. Techno freaks in gas masks do stunts in off-road buggies. A pickup drags a burning mattress.

A TV NEWS CREW covers the event, filming road stunts with bright vidcam lights.

EXT. SHOW CLEARING

Flames shoot out from Cheeko's mouth. Ajax lifts his REVVING scooter to his teeth. Wanda plunges a sword down her throat. Jimmy beckons onlookers, gesturing at Wanda...

JIMMY

Down the hatch without a scratch!

Punkers, goths and bikers crowd around from the walkway.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

For your twisted pleasure -- Jimmy Flynn's mystifying, eye-popping FREAKORAMA FLYING CIRCUS!

Jara and her two costumed aliens are lined up like a circus sideshow, staring bewilderedly at the road mayhem.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

It's showtime, folks!

He waves toward big Pumpy in her moo-moo and boa feathers, frozen with stage fright...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Superglue all your eyes on PUMPY -- the inflatable BALLOON BABE! Half woman, half ape, proof of Darwin's theory! She's so fat that she weighs herself on the Richter scale! And here we have...

Zzzzyk fidgets in his vampire cape, eager to perform.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

ZICKY THE MAGIC MIDGET! Pint sized but he's the ultimate Transformer! (presents Jara) And feast your eyes on *this* slice of heaven -- PRINCESS RAINBOW!

Jara mechanically wiggles her torso, trying to get the hang of it, looking anything but sexy.

A gang of HELL'S ANGELS struts over. Their BIKER LEADER, a grizzled bear with broken teeth, ogles Jara...

BIKER LEADER

Hey, bring out the babe! C'mon momma, let's see what ya got!

The bikers hoot at Jara, CHANTING "Take it off, baby! Take it off!" Jara stares back curiously. Jimmy steps forward.

JIMMY

Awright guys, back it off! Show
the Princess a little respect...

BIKER LEADER

Oh, I thought you was the Princess.

JIMMY

Yeah well, that's what happens when
your fetus don't get enough oxygen.

Ajax rolls forward on his Vespa, hard-eying the heckler. The
Biker Leader snickers at his scooter...

BIKER LEADER

Ya got trainin' wheels for that?

AJAX

What happened to your teeth? Been
suckin' off too many dicks?

BIKER LEADER

You can suck me off any time...

A fight seems imminent between them. A BRIGHT GLOW distracts
them to the center stage...

Jara dances like the Lead Singer -- her body an INCANDESCENT
SILVER. She gyrates her hips to the BAND MUSIC IN B.G.

Everyone gapes at her, wowed.

Jara undulates her body, her skin SWITCHING GEM-LIKE COLORS --
EMERALD -- SAPPHIRE -- GOLD -- A BLINDING DIAMOND WHITE. Her
light show fades and she finishes with a showgirl pose.

BIKER LEADER (CONT'D)

Aww-riiight!

The Hell's Angels go wild, CLAPPING AND SHOUTING. Jara bows
with a pleased look. Bikers throw crumpled twenties at her
feet. Jimmy gestures with hammy flourish...

JIMMY

Thank you, thank you! Give it up
for PRINCESS RAINBOW!

Ajax shoots a jealous glare toward Jara -- she's the show
now. Zzzzyk fidgets impatiently...

ZZZZYK

I want do magic! I want do magic!

The bikers crowd closer to Jara. Jimmy pushes them back...

JIMMY

Okay, okay, that's enough...

BIKER LEADER

Man, she's bitchin'!

JIMMY

Yeah, and she's underaged.

BIKER LEADER

I own a bar in town. I'll pay big bucks if she can do that again.

JIMMY

We don't do bars.

BIKER LEADER

What, my money ain't good enough for ya?

He flashes a fistful of *hundreds*. Jimmy eyeballs his cash...

JIMMY

Well uh, I don't know...

He reacts to something across the walkway...

The *TV news crew*, drawn to the commotion in his arena.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Show's over! Let's go, we're outta here! Everybody on the bus!

He pushes Jara into the bus. Ajax hauls in his Vespa, and the others corral Pumpy inside.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Where's Zicky?

In the midst of the road stunts, an *INFLATABLE MICHELIN MAN WAVES TIRE ARMS* at buggy drivers.

MICHELIN MAN

Zhowtime, folkz!

Jimmy bolts over. Buggies circle around Michelin Man in clouds of dust, dangerously close...

Jimmy grabs him. Zzzzyk *TRANSFORMS BACK TO* himself. Drivers brake and gawk at him. Jimmy drags him over to the bus. Wanda leans out a bus window...

WANDA

You okay, Zicky?

ZZZZYK
 Zzzzyk, not Zicky!
 (tugs at Jimmy)
 I want do *magic!*

Jimmy shoves him inside. The news crew tries to make them out in the dust, their vidcam lights drawing closer...

JIMMY
 C'mon, move it!

He rushes to the wheel, juices up the engine and slams into gear. The bus barrels off.

INT. JIMMY'S BUS (MOVING)

Jimmy drives through San Bernardino, his nerves frazzled. Carla and Ajax observe him, puzzled.

Jara GIBBERS at Zzzzyk in SCOLDING ALIEN-SPEAK. The midget ZNIFFLES and ZOBS. Jara turns to Jimmy, an angry PURPLE...

JARA
 Jeemmy, you promise to hide us --
 but these humans see too much! You
 make much trouble for us!

JIMMY
 You want me to help you or not?!

AJAX
 What's with you, dude? That biker
 just offered you a shitload of
 money.

JIMMY
 We're goin' for the big stakes now.
 (to Jara)
 And we don't need no *strip act*.

JARA
 You did not like it?

JIMMY
 This ain't no girlie show -- we're
 performance artists.

JARA
 You told me to use my body.

JIMMY
 Only when and where I say so! It's
 for your own protection.

Ajax scoffs at that. Carla shakes her head.

CARLA
You sound like her mother.

AJAX
Yeah, no shit. And I never seen
you run out on hard cash before.

Jimmy shrugs it off, confused himself. He peers outside...

JIMMY
Where's that damned interstate?

CARLA
Maybe we oughta just go home.

JIMMY
No -- we're going to Vegas.

AJAX
With what? We're broke.

Jara drops the bikers' crumpled \$20 bills on the dashboard.

JARA
Is this not "hard cash"?

JIMMY
Thank you, Princess. Now you're
gettin' the idea.

He spots the I-15 freeway ahead, then suddenly brakes...

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Aw shit.

Ahead, a POLICE ROADBLOCK on the onramp, cops checking cars.

CARLA
Are they lookin' for us?

AJAX
Might be just a booze check. It's
Friday night, after all.

Jimmy makes a sharp U-turn. Carla hard-eyes him...

CARLA
Nobody else knows about these
aliens, do they?

JIMMY
No, and I'm keepin' it that way.

He spots a lit FAIRGROUND down the road and slows toward it.

EXT. FAIRGROUND PARKING LOT

A klieg-lit festival of booths and tents, with a tall sign...
"NEW AGE PSYCHIC FAIR". The bus turns in and parks.

Jimmy jumps out and paces at the rear of the bus, agitated,
trying to think. Carla and Ajax join him.

CARLA

What if the feds are lookin' for
them? Y'know what happened to E.T.

JIMMY

I told you -- nobody knows.

Up front out of their view, Jara steps outside and observes
the brightly lit fair. Her eyes are drawn toward...

A FLYING SAUCER-SHAPED TENT out front. Intrigued, she makes
her way toward it. Zzzzyk hops out and tags after her.

At the rear of the bus...

CARLA

What exactly are we gonna do with
them in Las Vegas?

JIMMY

I'll figure that out when we get
there.

AJAX

You don't know yet? Why don't we
just turn 'em in for a reward?

JIMMY

Don't think so small. We're gonna
make a fortune with 'em. We'll be
bigger than Cirque du Soleil...

He spots Jara and Zzzzyk entering the fairgrounds.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Holy crap -- where are they going?

EXT. PSYCHIC FAIRGROUND

New Age exhibits crowd a walkway. Jara and Zzzzyk approach
the saucer tent, its banner reading...

"NEVADA UFO NETWORK CELEBRATES SEVENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF
ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO."

Jara gazes at a booth display of bug-eyed alien merchandise, T-shirts emblazoned with "I Was Abducted by Aliens and All I Got Was This T-Shirt."

Jimmy catches up to her...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Jara -- don't wander off like that!

JARA

Jeemmy, look. Everywhere I see this. Do humans worship aliens?

JIMMY

It's just another hustle. Aliens are good business.

JARA

Do they know about us?

JIMMY

It's got nothin' to do with you.

He eyes a booth of energy pyramids with a smirk...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Just like Venice. The hustle's the same, just the pockets change.

JARA

But who are these people?

JIMMY

UFO buffs. A bunch of wackos, gettin' ripped off by vendors.

He notices Zzzzyk is missing again...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Chrissake...where did he go now?

He wheels around, spotting him at a booth of Tibetan bells.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Stay put, Jara. Don't go nowhere.

He hurries toward Zzzzyk. Jara regards the tent curiously.

INT. UFO TENT

Darkness. A slide show before a seated audience.

Jara steps inside and lingers in the back, watching a tall, patrician figure at a low-lit podium...

PROFESSOR LEPIER, wild-eyed and eccentric, clicks through a series of photos of UFO's on a projection screen...

LEPIER

All UFO cover-ups! These only mask the government's true agenda -- the commercial colonization of outer space. So what's next? Planet Disney? Six Flags Over Uranus?!

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS

Zzzzyk plays with CLANGING chimes. Jimmy drags him away...

JIMMY

Gawd, you're like a cat in heat...

ZZZZYK

Lez make zhow here!

JIMMY

No! You better start behavin'...

ZZZZYK

I want do magic!

INT. UFO TENT

Jara listens to Lepier's lecture, GLOWING a hopeful BLUE.

The Professor turns from the wall screen...

LEPIER

But at the Nevada UFO Network, our only mission is to welcome visitors to Planet Earth! Of course, this requires much needed funds...

Jara's GLOW in the rear catches his eye. His podium-lit face peers into the darkness, muttering to himself...

LEPIER (CONT'D)

Chariots of the gods!

(to audience)

Uh, not gods but fellow astronauts.

Sensing Lepier's eyes on her, Jara SHEDS an uneasy GREEN.

Lepier reacts to her color change, his eyes growing wider...

LEPIER (CONT'D)

Our friends from other worlds.

Jara turns away. Lepier hastily signals over his assistant.

LEPIER (CONT'D)
 So, uh, Mr. Klaus here will present
 our fund-raising plans to build a
 welcome landing pad in Nevada.

He prods him to the podium, then dashes to the exit.

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS

Jimmy tugs Zzzzyk along. He glances into an oxygen bar, gas masks served instead of cocktails. Turns back to see...

Jara, emerging from the UFO tent. The Professor bolts out and buttonholes her, gesticulating excitedly.

Jimmy doesn't like what he sees. He storms over, dragging Zzzzyk like a dog on a leash, approaching them...

JIMMY
 Whoa, whoa, whoa!...

Jara and Lepier turn. Jimmy quickly steps between them...

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 What's goin' on? Who *is* this guy?

The Professor grins down at Zzzzyk, sensing his identity...

LEPIER
 Greetings, visitor!

ZZZZYK
 Greetingz! We come in peaze--

JIMMY
 Shaddup!
 (confronts Lepier)
 Who the hell are you?

LEPIER
 Who are you?

JIMMY
 No, no, me first. Who're you?

LEPIER
 Professor Lepier, exobiologist.
 (to Jara)
 A friend to *all* visitors.

He maneuvers around Jimmy to Jara with an enthused smile...

LEPIER (CONT'D)
 What name do you go by, dear?

JARA
My name is Jara.

LEPIER
Hello, Jara. You're one of *them*,
aren't you? The ones who crashed
in the desert?

Jimmy maneuvers back in between them...

JIMMY
Not so fast, Leper...

LEPIER
Professor "Lepier".

JIMMY
What are ya talkin' about?

LEPIER
The *spaceship sighting*. It's been
all over the UFO Network in Nevada.
Just rumors so far. No one's been
able to locate the ship.

He leans into Jara with wild-eyed curiosity...

LEPIER (CONT'D)
I've been waiting all my life for
this moment.

JIMMY
We don't know anything about no
spaceship.

JARA
Jeemmy, please...

JIMMY
Let me handle this, okay?

JARA
Professor Lepier -- can you help
us? We must fix our ship and go
home to our planets.

Jimmy groans. He grabs her and Zzzzyk and pulls them away
like two toddlers. Lepier hurries alongside...

LEPIER
Of course we can help you! Just
give me a chance to show you--

Jimmy shoves him away...

JIMMY
Buzz off, Leper!

He drags the two away, far from the exasperated Professor.

EXT. SAN BERNARDINO OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

The bus races through desert suburban flats on a surface street. RADIO SONG OVER, The Doors' "People Are Strange".

INT. JIMMY'S BUS (MOVING)

Jimmy nervously drums the wheel to the SONG. The others doze in the rear. He glances back at Jara...

Wide awake, her eyes fixed on him, her face a MIXED HUE of PURPLE and YELLOW.

Cheeko wends quickly forward...

CHEEKO
Jimmy. Pumpy don't look so good.

Jimmy turns to see bloated Pumpy on a mattress, burping and wheezing in a sickly way...a *slimy green mold* all over her.

He pulls over. Steps to the rear with Jara and Cheeko...

JIMMY
What's wrong with her?

Jara runs a finger over her moldy scales and sniffs at it.

JARA
Bacterial excretion. She has been infected by human germs.

Cheeko stifles a cough, guiltily covering his mouth.

JIMMY
Christ almighty. What do we do?

JARA
She must be bathed with water and alcohol, or she may die.

Cheeko strokes Pumpy's wilted dragonfly wings, disconcerted.

JIMMY
Terrific. This is all I need.

He returns back and shifts into gear. Jara approaches him...

JARA

Jeemmy. We must leave this planet soon, or we may all die.

JIMMY

I told ya, it takes money.

JARA

We need *friends*, not money. That UFO man can help us.

JIMMY

The only thing that clown wants to do is exploit your ass.

JARA

Like what you are doing?

JIMMY

Hey. I'm the only friend you've got.

A remote motel appears on the road ahead, its neon vacancy sign lit up. Jimmy pulls over toward it.

EXT. DESERT MOTEL - LATER

A tacky motor court, the bus parked discreetly out of sight.

Dark figures sneak toward a one-bedroom cabin, the way lit by Jara's DAY-GLO body. Jimmy, Cheeko and Ajax carry Pumpy, staggering under her weight.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - LATER

Pumpy's huge body fills the bathtub, water gushing over. She burps drowsily. Cheeko sponge-bathes her, while Jimmy sprinkles a bottle of cheap vodka over her mold.

In the doorway, Ajax fires up a joint, watching them...

AJAX

Damn, all we do is babysit 'em. Why don't we just sell 'em to the military? They're more trouble than they're worth.

Jimmy eyes him evenly. Cheeko jumps up angrily...

CHEEKO

You're wrong, hombre! We gotta be *responsible* for 'em.

Jimmy ponders that. Ajax snorts back at Cheeko...

AJAX

What's with you, man? Ya got the hots for some fat ape with wings?

CHEEKO

Watch your mouth, *pendejo*. You don't get it. They're *family* now. I never had no family. Anyone tries to mess with 'em, they gonna mess with *me*.

He goes back to Pumpy. Jimmy gazes at him, affected by his words. Ajax takes on his joint...

AJAX

I say we gotta dump 'em.

JIMMY

I call the shots here.

AJAX

I thought we were buddies. We used to decide everything together.

JIMMY

Not this time, bro. It's my way or the highway.

AJAX

Maybe I should just split.

JIMMY

You got a thumb. The highway's right outside.

AJAX

Ya know what I think, Jimmy? You ain't suckerin' them -- they're suckerin' you.

He marches out. Jimmy watches Cheeko tenderly sponge Pumpy with bath water. Full of misgivings.

MOTEL LIVING ROOM - LATER

On a TV set, an old sci-fi classic: "*The Day The Earth Stood Still*". A *Fifties* space ship lands in Washington. Wanda and Zzzzyk watch from the floor like two little kids. Zzzzyk points excitedly at the descending UFO...

ZZZZYK

Ooooh! Zspacezhip!

Jara gazes forlornly out a window. She observes Jimmy on a sofa bed, counting their last twenties. Carla rubs his neck from behind. She murmurs sexily into his ear...

CARLA

I'm takin' the bedroom.

Jimmy shrugs. Carla disappears into the bedroom. Jara's eyes follow her.

MOTEL BEDROOM

Carla lights an incense stick at the bedside and wafts the air. Jara stands in the doorway, watching her...

JARA

Carla? Is Jeemmy your mate?

CARLA

Mate? That's putting it harshly.

JARA

You have not "physical attraction" to Jeemmy?

Carla hard-eyes her, then softens to her inquisitive look...

CARLA

Look, hon. I don't know how it works on your world...

JARA

On my world, we mate for life.

CARLA

That don't work here. Love eternal is a myth. It's the battle of the sexes that rules *this* world.

JARA

Battle of the sexes? So on Earth love is like war?
(ponders that)
How illogical.

MOTEL LIVING ROOM

Jimmy and Ajax watch the sci-fi movie with Wanda and Zzzzyk.

ON TV SCREEN: *Emissary Klaatu steps down a spaceship ramp toward a crowd of citizens and heavily armed soldiers.*

Jara and Carla reappear. Cheeko shuffles out of the bathroom with a worried frown...

CHEEKO

Is Pumpy gonna get any better?

JARA

Her spirit is ill. She misses her brood.

JIMMY

Her what?

JARA

She has many offspring. They were left behind on the ship.

JIMMY

Y'mean...her kids are here?

JARA

Yes.

Jimmy trades looks with a surprised Cheeko. In a troubled mood, Jara opens the front door and steps outside.

JIMMY

Jara -- where ya goin'?

She's already gone. Jimmy rises toward the door. Carla shoots him a glare...

CARLA

What're you, her chaperone now?

JIMMY

I gotta keep an eye on her. I'm just protectin' our investment.

He exits. Glued to the TV screen, Wanda and Zzzzyk watch...

Klaatu flicks open a metallic gift for Earth -- he's SHOT by a soldier and falls. Zzzzyk recoils.

Then GORT THE EIGHT-FOOT SILVER ROBOT marches ominously down the spaceship ramp.

Zzzzyk's eyes widen, totally wowed.

Gort's cyclop eye-slit opens and SHOOTS OUT LASER BEAMS -- VAPORIZING soldiers' rifles out of their hands.

Zzzzyk trembles, looking traumatized. Wanda jostles him...

WANDA

Hey chill, Zicky. It's all fake, just like your magic.

EXT. MOTEL COURTYARD

Jara gazes across the moonlit expanse of desert. She looks up at the shimmering stars, feeling homesick. Her face GLOWS a sad YELLOW. Jimmy joins her...

JIMMY

Hey, whazzup? Lookin' for home?

JARA

I cannot see home. It's somewhere over the North Star, past Orion.

She gestures across the Big Dipper. A wistful gaze...

JARA (CONT'D)

Circus life is very lonely.

JIMMY

How did you get into it?

JARA

I was a hyperdrive engineer once. But interplanetary travel is much more fun.

JIMMY

I hear ya. So, if you coulda fixed your ship, why did you run away?

JARA

An Earthling came. He was very frightening, with a bright machine and metal weapons on his belt.

JIMMY

Who was he?

JARA

I do not know. He was alone.

JIMMY

So he scared y'all off? All the way to East L.A.?

(no reply)

Look, Jara...I'll get you home somehow. Trust me. Where there's a will, there's a way.

Jara smiles, trusting him. She regards him thoughtfully...

JARA

Where is your home, Jeemmy? Your family?

JIMMY

Never met 'em. I had foster parents once, but they booted me out. Didn't like my attitude.

(nods toward motel)

They're the only family I got. The rest of the world is just a convenience store of suckers.

JARA

You do not like other humans?

JIMMY

What's to like?

JARA

But you are human.

JIMMY

Stick around a while. You'll find out what people are really like.

JARA

Do you like *me*?

JIMMY

Sure I do, but you're *not* human. I mean, you don't hide your feelings. Not like us, y'know, entertainers? We hide behind roles and facades. We all had rotten childhoods, we're insecure and manic-depressive -- so we're in showbiz. So nobody can see who we really are.

(looks at her)

But you. You're an open book. I mean, look at all that...*yellow*. That's sadness, isn't it? You just let it all out. All that *emotion*.

Self-conscious, Jara looks shyly away, GLOWING GREEN.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Now you're afraid...*green*. And when you're angry? *Purple*, right?

Jara nods, her complexion TURNING VIVID BLUE.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Blue. Wait, lemme guess. Some kind of happy feeling?

JARA

Hope.

She looks deeply into his eyes, TINGES of ORANGE STREAKING over her blue skin...a foreign color. Jimmy shifts closer, strangely drawn to her light...

JIMMY

And what feeling is that?

JARA

I never felt it before.

JIMMY

Maybe love or somethin' like that?

JARA

That is an earth emotion. It serves no practical purpose for us.

JIMMY

Yeah, it *is* a bit overrated. I never was comfortable with the, uh, "L" word.

JARA

Have you ever felt it before?

JIMMY

I dunno. One time...a long time ago. It gave me a belly ache. I was supposed to be happy, y'know? Instead, I just wanted to curl up and die. By the time it was all over, I thought to myself...

(shrugs)

What's the point?

Carla appears in a bedroom doorway, in a sexy night slip.

CARLA

Jimmy? C'mon inside.

Jimmy turns and heaves a sigh, aside to Jara...

JIMMY

Don't wander off anywhere, okay?
Get some shut-eye.

He ambles away and joins Carla, who wraps her arms around him with a deep French kiss -- then yanks him inside the room.

Jara watches them disappear inside, a DEEPENING YELLOW HUE. She gazes up at the stars...

Lonelier than ever.

INT. MOTEL BEDROOM

Carla lies in bed, waiting. Jimmy nurses the vodka bottle, plagued by mixed emotions.

CARLA
Hey, remember me?

She sprawls out seductively. Jimmy slumps down beside her.

JIMMY
Yeah, that's my lot in life...
always minding everyone else's
business but my own.

CARLA
Business hours are over.

She pulls him down on top of her. A long drink of a kiss. Jimmy eases off, uncomfortable...

JIMMY
Sorry...I'm just not in the mood.
Been a nervous wreck all day.

Carla sits up and folds her arms stiffly...

CARLA
About what? Your hot little
investment out there?

JIMMY
C'mon, Carla. You'll always be my
Number One Bedwarmer.

CARLA
Don't flatter me. It doesn't suit
you.

MOTEL LIVING ROOM

Wanda turns off the TV, tired and needing sleep. Zzzzyk watches her curiously.

Cheeko and Ajax carry in heavy Pumpu. They heft her onto the sofa bed. Cheeko towels her down. Pumpu burps gratefully.

Ajax wipes green slime off his arms, revolted...

AJAX
Aw jeez. What a nasty stink. I
can't sleep here. I wish he'd
gotten us separate rooms.

CHEEKO

So we'll get 'em in Vegas. Jimmy's gonna bring us good luck.

AJAX

Get real. You think he actually gives a shit about us?

CHEEKO

Yeah. If it weren't for Jimmy, I'd still be junked out in a gutter.

He settles into an armchair by Pumpy, suppressing a cough. Bored with this scene, Ajax stumbles his way outside.

Wanda makes a floor bed with blankets and pillows. Zzzzyk shuffles closer to her...

ZZZZYK

Wanda? May I zleep with you?

Wanda frowns at him, but his eager innocence disarms her. She lies down and slides over to make room...

WANDA

Okay...but keep your mitts off the merchandise.

Zzzzyk snuggles up behind her and spoons her back. Wanda stiffens, then goes along with it. Wondering aloud...

WANDA (CONT'D)

You got a wife back home?

ZZZZYK

No. I have many offzpring.

WANDA

Are ya like, divorced? Like, a single dad?

ZZZZYK

No. Like, a zingle zex.

WANDA

Single sex? Y'mean, you ain't a boy or a girl? You don't have a... y'know, a thingy? You just make babies with like, yourself?

ZZZZYK

Like, yez. Mmm...I am zleepy.

He closes his eyes. Wanda turns her head toward him...

WANDA

On your planet, are you all short?

ZZZZYK

We are not zhort. Earthlingz are too tall.

He drifts off to sleep. Wanda absorbs this...

WANDA

Wow. A planet of dwarfs. Beam me up, Scotty.

Zzzzyk snores, or rather PURRS like a cuddly kitten. Wanda nestles closer, dreaming of a better world.

MOTEL BEDROOM

Carla is dead asleep. Restless in bed, Jimmy grabs the vodka bottle and slips away.

EXT. MOTEL POOL

An unlit, leaf-littered swimming pool. Jara, totally naked, dives in and cuts a swath through the floating debris, her SILVER-GLOWING figure lighting her way.

Ajax appears poolside, watching her through stoned eyes...

AJAX

Spanky, spanky. Take me to your leader...

He jumps fully clothed into the shallow end and gasps...

AJAX (CONT'D)

Shit! It's cold!

Jara streaks past underwater, unaware of him. Ajax grabs at her. Jara surfaces, startled, GLOWING GREEN.

AJAX (CONT'D)

C'mere, space girl. Let's party.

He clutches her, trying to kiss her -- Jara slips out of his grasp and dolphin-glides to the deep end. She clings to the side, the whole pool EMERALD-LIT.

Ajax wades drunkenly toward her along the poolside, his face ghoulish in her GREEN GLOW...

Two hands seize him from above -- Jimmy YANKS him full force onto the poolside. Ajax staggers to his feet...

AJAX (CONT'D)
What the hell ya doin'?!

JIMMY
Stay away from her!

AJAX
What's the mattuh -- you want her
all for yourself?

JIMMY
G'won! Go sleep it off on the bus.

AJAX
You can't talk to me that way.

Jimmy raises a fist with unleashed fury...

JIMMY
But I can kick your ass any day!

Ajax, twice his size, backs off. Belligerent and bitter...

AJAX (CONT'D)
Lookit you, man -- all you care
about is *them*. What about *us*, huh?
We're the humans here, Jimmy, not
them. We're the goddamn show!
Don't you ever forget that.

He staggers away, kicking a lounge chair out of his way.
Jimmy turns to Jara in the pool and grabs a towel.

JIMMY
Get outta there!

She climbs out, TURNING BLUE. He wraps the towel around her.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
You're gonna catch cold.

JARA
I am not cold.

JIMMY
Ya can't parade around like that,
Jara. Don't ever do that again --
especially around *men*.

Jara regards him, that unfamiliar ORANGE TINTING her skin.

JARA
Why, Jeemmy? Because of physical
attraction?

JIMMY

That's right.

JARA

So you will not be attracted to me?

JIMMY

Especially not me.

He slumps on a lounge chair and guzzles his bottle, drowning himself in vodka. Jara rubs his neck, imitating Carla...

JARA

I promise, Jeemmy. I will never do anything to attract you. You do not have to have feelings for me... do you have feelings for me?

JIMMY

I don't got feelings for no one.

He relaxes, melting under her hands, turning his backside.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

A little lower, please.

Jara gives him a back massage. Jimmy groans with pleasure, too plastered to notice her GLOWING BRIGHT ORANGE.

JARA

On my world, we have feelings too. Pain, pleasure, *simple* feelings. We do not feel love. We choose our mate, we breed, we propagate...
(leaning closer)
But I am far from home now. I want to know what *human* love is like...

She leans down and kisses him, little pecks on his cheek.

JIMMY

Heyyy...whaddya doin'?

He turns and reacts to her body's TANGERINE GLOW under the flimsy towel.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

My favorite color.

JARA

Look. It comes from here...

She opens the towel to reveal TWO HEARTS PUMPING under her translucent skin, BEATING FAST, EMANATING ORANGE RAYS.

Jimmy focuses on them through bleary eyes...

JIMMY

Wow, two hearts. You're lucky. I don't even have one.

JARA

Yes you do, Jeemmy. I can feel it. Right there...

She lays a hand on his chest, murmuring "Ba-bump, ba-bump..."

Jimmy stares at her bedroom eyes, aroused. Jara suddenly leans in -- gives him a sloppy kiss, trying to French him like Carla. Jimmy reacts, fighting his impulse...

JIMMY

What...whaddya doin'?

JARA

I want to mate.

JIMMY

But you're a virgin...ya gotta wait fifty years.

JARA

I do not want to wait -- I want to know what it feels like. Now...

She straddles him on the lounge chair -- rips open his shirt.

JIMMY

Whoa! Wait...don't...don't...
(weakening)
Don't stop.

He succumbs to Jara's very unalien-like kisses and caresses.

JARA

My mate...my mate...

CUTAWAY - MOTEL FRONT

WIDE ON the motel. The pool area GLOWS PYROTECHNIC ORANGE. A RAINBOW OF COLORS SHOOT OUT, the sky RADIATING SPECTRAL BEAMS -- climaxing in a PRISMATIC LIGHT SHOW!

EXT. SAN BERNARDINO OUTSKIRTS - SAME TIME

Spectacular RAINBOW-COLORED LIGHTNING SIZZLES across the night horizon in COSMIC WEB PATTERNS.

An old WOOD-PANELED STATION WAGON pulls over and brakes by the roadside. A man's indistinguishable silhouette jumps out to watch the light show in the distance. His finger traces it down to its ground source...gauging the exact direction.

EXT. DESERT MOTEL - DAWN

A violet haze over the corrugated mountains turns orange to the sunrise. Far away, the FAINT ROAR OF JETS.

EXT. MOTEL POOL

Jimmy awakens alone on the lounge chair, half dressed. He struggles to his feet, hung over, tripping on the empty vodka bottle. Watches it roll into the pool. Looks over at...

Jara across the pool, silhouetted against the sunrise, her arms raised in some alien ritual. She HUMS A LYRICAL MELODY to the sun, her body in a SOFT, ORANGY HALO.

Jimmy stares at her, transfixed.

Jara lowers her arms and turns to face him, GLOWING ORANGE with a smile. Jimmy smiles back...

JIMMY

Mornin'.

JARA

Yes, it is.

She gazes at him in thought with a TINT of conflicting GREEN.

JIMMY

What? What's wrong?

JARA

We are mates now, Jeemmy. It is my fault...I am in much trouble.

JIMMY

Whaddya mean?

JARA

What we did...it violates the breeding laws of my planet. It is a capital offense. I may not be able to go back home.

Jimmy groans heavily to himself. Startled by --

MILITARY JETS, SHRIEKING LOW OVERHEAD. An ominous sign.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - HIGH NOON

A stretch of road splits a sun-scorched vista. A crushed beer can hits the asphalt. The psychedelic bus roars past.

INT. JIMMY'S BUS (MOVING)

Jimmy pops open another beer at the wheel and chugalugs it, driving in a deep funk. He checks the rear-view mirror...

No cars in sight.

He turns to glance back at Jara in the rear. She BEAMS him a BLUE smile. Jimmy turns guiltily forward.

Carla, sprawled lethargically on the floor, observes the moment between them.

Wanda and Zzzzyk sit on a sofa and play cat's cradle with each other. Pumpy lies very ill on a mattress with Cheeko.

Ajax pumps a barbell, glancing hard between Jimmy and Jara...

AJAX

Hey, Rainbow. Know the difference
between a lightbulb and a pregnant
lady? You can unscrew a lightbulb.

He chuckles to himself. Jara regards him blankly. Jimmy squirms irritably at the wheel. He rechecks the mirror...

A lone vehicle appears, gaining fast. The WOODY STATION WAGON, pacing them from behind.

AJAX (CONT'D)

I guess these space-oids don't got
no sense of humor.

(to Jara)

Hey, babe. Why is a woman like a
bank? Give up? Ya lose interest
when you withdraw.

An obnoxious cackle. Jimmy stews, a furious struggle in his eyes. He suddenly pulls over. Opens the bus door.

AJAX (CONT'D)

What's goin' on?

JIMMY

My asshole detector -- its needle
just shot off the meter.

He storms toward the rear and grabs Ajax's duffel bag. Turns back to the front. Tosses the bag out the door.

AJAX

Hey!

He rushes up front and leans out to stare at his bag...

AJAX (CONT'D)

Whaddya think ya doin'--

Jimmy SHOVES him flying out the door.

EXT. DESERT ROADSIDE

Ajax tumbles onto the shoulder. He scrambles to his feet. His scooter heaves out after him, CRASHING on the dirt.

AJAX

My Vespa, man! Ya busted it!

In the bus doorway, Jimmy digs out his money and tosses a crumpled twenty at him. Points toward the west...

JIMMY

The beach is that way.

The bus door slams closed. Ajax stands there in shock.

AJAX

Jimmy, don't do this. C'mon man,
it was just a joke. Hey! Hey!

The bus speeds off, leaving him in its plume of dust.

INT. JIMMY'S BUS (MOVING)

Jimmy drives hard. The others watch him in amazement. His eyes flit toward the rear mirror...

The station wagon, pulled over a hundred yards back, veers back out and follows again.

EXT. DESERT ROADSIDE

Ajax picks up his scooter, the wheel broken. He screams after the receding bus...

AJAX

Jimmy! You sonuvabitch! YOU NEED
ME, MAN!

He sees the approaching woody wagon and sticks out his thumb. The woody zooms past him in hot pursuit of the bus.

INT. JIMMY'S BUS (MOVING)

Jimmy drives in grim silence. He rechecks the mirror...

The station wagon, a discreet distance behind them.

EXT. BARSTOW - LATER

The school bus cruises past scores of fast-food franchises off Interstate 15.

INT. JIMMY'S BUS (MOVING)

Jimmy scans between a Del Taco and a Taco Bell, fingering the thin cash fold in his shirt pocket.

EXT. TACO BELL PARKING LOT - LATER

The bus is parked in the rear. Carla, Cheeko and Wanda languish in the hot shade. Jimmy returns with take-out bags. He passes them around. Carla peeks into her bag.

CARLA

Bean burritos?

JIMMY

Relax, babe. The Land of Milk and Honey is just two hours away.

Something catches his eye at a Wendy's next door...

The station wagon, parked in the rear lot. He hurries over, sneaking up on it. Jara climbs out of the bus and watches.

WENDY'S PARKING LOT

CD MUSIC BLARES inside the woody wagon, Holst's *The Planets*.

Behind the wheel, Professor Lepier chews on a burger and conducts to the MUSIC like a demented maestro.

Jimmy leans into his window -- Lepier jumps, spilling his burger into his lap.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Out!

He opens his car door. Lepier climbs out, a nervous smile...

LEPIER

Greetings and salutations--

Jimmy grabs him and slams him against the station wagon...

JIMMY

What's your game, Leper?! You been following us for miles!

LEPIER

Lepier...please, no violence. I come in peace--

JIMMY

How did you find us?

LEPIER

It wasn't difficult. You leave a trail like Haley's Comet.

Jara hurries over, her face BEAMING BLUE...

JARA

Professor Lepier!

LEPIER

Hello, Jara. As you can see, I'm a very determined homo sapien.

JIMMY

Why are you tailing us?

LEPIER

Allow me two minutes to explain.

JARA

Jeemmy, please. Let him speak.

Jimmy considers that, then brandishes his watch...

JIMMY

Thirty seconds and counting.

LEPIER

Jara. I've dedicated my entire life to extraterrestrial contact. Your welfare is very important to me. I have friends in Nevada. They can help you.

JARA

Yes? Where in Nevada?

LEPIER

Route 375, off the Nellis Air Force Base. There's a diner there...the Little A'Lee'Inn.

JIMMY

What about it?

LEPIER

My people there can get her to her ship, if we know where to find it.

JIMMY

Wouldn't you like to know.

LEPIER

Believe me, we're on the same side.

JIMMY

Yeah, right. What's in it for you? A photo-op in the Inquirer?

JARA

Jeemmy, I trust him.

JIMMY

You trust everyone. But I've been around this planet a few blocks, and this game sounds rigged.

LEPIER

And what is your interest in all this, Mister...?

JIMMY

That's my business. Time's up. You're outta here...

He pushes him back into his woody and slams the door shut.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

G'won, beat it! Hit the road!

He grabs Jara and hauls her to the bus. Lepier calls out...

LEPIER

I only want to help you, Jara!

Jara fights Jimmy to get free. He drags her by force.

The Professor drives away, hollering out the window...

LEPIER (CONT'D)

If you change your mind, it's the Little A'Lee'Inn -- on Route 375!

TACO BELL PARKING LOT

Jimmy tugs Jara to the bus and rushes her inside.

JIMMY

Get your butt in there!

Jara wrenches angrily away from him, an exasperated PURPLE...

JARA

Oghh! May you have a rectocranial inversion!

JIMMY

A what??

Jara storms up into the bus. Cheeko steps over to Jimmy...

CHEEKO

Too many *ilegales* around here.

He nods at a cluster of MEXICAN MIGRANTS nearby, loitering around a shuttered-up lunch wagon.

CHEEKO (CONT'D)

I don't need no I.C.E. up my ass.

Jimmy sees a *FOR SALE* sign on the lunch wagon's windshield.

JIMMY

Let's get rid of this bus first.

He leads Cheeko over to the lunch wagon, zeroing in on an OLD HISPANIC in the truck cab.

Carla and Wanda watch him negotiate with the old man, Cheeko translating in Spanish. Jimmy points toward the school bus.

WANDA

What's he up to now?

CARLA

I don't know, but he'll probably get away with it.

EXT. BARSTOW FREEWAY ONRAMPS - LATER

The Mexican lunch wagon follows a "*Las Vegas*" sign onto the eastbound I-15. MARIACHI MUSIC BLARES from its loudspeaker.

Onto the "*Los Angeles*" ramp rolls Jimmy's psychedelic school bus -- filled with migrants.

EXT. DESERT ROADSIDE

Ajax pushes his disabled Vespa bike along a lonely stretch.

Lepier's woody station wagon approaches. Alex shoots out his thumb. This time the woody pulls over to him.

EXT. NEVADA STATE LINE - EVENING

Crossing the Nevada border, the MARIACHI-SINGING lunch truck breezes past flashy State Line casinos.

INT. JIMMY'S LUNCH WAGON (MOVING)

Cheeko, Wanda and Zzzzyk are crammed together in the kitchen section, sickly Pumpy on a floor mattress. She belches mightily. Cheeko opens the serving window for air.

Driving up front, Jimmy fiddles with dashboard knobs in frustration. Carla rides shotgun, Jara behind them.

JIMMY

This friggin' loudspeaker won't turn off.

Carla gazes out at the all too familiar sight of casinos...

CARLA

The Land of Strippers and Losers.

JIMMY

Hallelujah. Vegas here we come.

EXT. NEVADA HIGHWAY - DUSK

Across the darkening vista, the bejeweled oasis of Las Vegas. The SINGING lunch wagon rumbles toward it.

INT. JIMMY'S LUNCH WAGON (MOVING)

Jara leans forward up front, gazing wondrously at the city.

JARA

The capitol of the world.

JIMMY

Ya got that right.

Carla eyes the smiles between them, her suspicions brewing.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

Glittery neon lights, megawatt marquees.

EXT. JIMMY'S LUNCH WAGON (MOVING)

The ga-ga faces of Jara and Zzzzyk gawk out from the open serving window at...

The Luxor pyramid. The Excalibur castle. The MGM lion. The faux Eiffel Tower. The erupting Mirage volcano.

INT. LAS VEGAS AGENCY OFFICE - LATER

SAMMY, a tired-looking booking agent, glances up from his desk. In struts ELVIS PRESLEY, decked out in flashy sequins. The genuine article, but with a peculiar voice...

ELVIS

Are you Zammy?

Sammy deadpans him with a world-weary sigh...

SAMMY

Look sonny, y'know how many Elvises I represent?

Elvis cocks his head oddly, not quite understanding.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Sorry. Your voice is all wrong.

Elvis SHRINKS DOWN INTO midget Zzzzyk. Sammy's jaw drops.

Jimmy walks in with Carla, grinning with a quick tap dance...

JIMMY

Dabba-dabba-dat's all, folks! Take me to your leader.

EXT. STRATOSPHERE CASINO - LATE NIGHT

TILTING UP the 1000-foot-tall needle tower to its pinnacle.

INT. HIGH OBSERVATION DECK

FROM ZZZZYK'S POV, a breathtaking view at a dizzying height. WE PAN OVER TO Jimmy, Carla and Jara, all waiting nervously.

BRUNO, a brutish, vacant-eyed thug in a corporate suit, lumbers over to Jimmy.

BRUNO

Would you follow me, please? Just you and the little guy.

Jimmy waves us over. WE TRACK BEHIND him at midget level. Carla and Jara reluctantly wait behind.

INT. CASINO COMPLEX

A busy gaming room. WE TAG AFTER Jimmy, DOWN an aisle of flashing slots. Then SIDETRACK, drawn to clanking coins...

Jimmy prods us onward. WE FOLLOW him PAST green-felt tables TOWARD a banquet door. Guards open it, and WE ENTER...

CASINO BANQUET ROOM

MR. BIDDLE, a tall Steve Wynn type, huddles over a *casino model* with executives. A mega-mogul with corporate muscle, exuding cool and style. He gestures the others away.

Bruno points us to a clearing beyond the tables. WE TRACK ASIDE, then STOP to face them. The suits leave the room.

Biddle studies us like some microbe on a slide. Jimmy approaches him, starting to glad-hand him...

JIMMY

Hey, how's it goin'--

BRUNO

Mr. Biddle doesn't like to be touched.

JIMMY

(deadpans them)

O-kay. The name's Jimmy Flynn.

Ignoring him, Biddle sits and shoots a breath spray into his mouth, watching us impassively. Aside to Jimmy...

BIDDLE

You've got five minutes.

JIMMY

What would ya like to see?

BIDDLE

Sammy says he can turn into just about anything, is that right?

JIMMY

Anything at all. But he needs some kinda likeness. Like a picture.

Biddle shrugs and glances at autographed portraits of famous celebrities on a wall. He points toward Frank Sinatra...

BIDDLE

How about Mr. Sinatra there?

Jimmy turns to us and nods at Sinatra, giving us the cue.

WE CRANE UP A FEW FEET...the POV of a taller man.

Bruno stares wide. Biddle looks slightly more interested. Jimmy signals us to stop.

WE CRANE BACK DOWN to midget level again.

JIMMY

Any more requests?

Biddle nods toward a poster of Adventuredome's dinosaurs.

BIDDLE

Yeah. How about that big T-Rex there?

Jimmy points to the poster and cues us, mimicking a dinosaur snarl. WE CRANE UP HIGHER AND HIGHER, looming over them -- with a THUNDEROUS JURASSIC GROWL!

Bruno staggers back. Biddle rises to his feet, impressed.

JIMMY

Okay, Zicky. That's enough.

Back to himself, Zzzzyk tap-dances Jimmy's showbiz pose.

ZZZZYK

Zabba-zabba-zhat'z all, folkz!

He waddles over to the table model, a futuristic casino with a mock-UFO spacecraft atop its miniature hotel. Zzzzyk picks up the toy-sized UFO with childlike wonder.

Biddle stares queerly at him, nodding aside to Jimmy...

BIDDLE

You've got my attention.

JIMMY

What's it worth to you?

BIDDLE

How does he do that?

JIMMY

Trade secret. Let's just say, he can turn your dreams into virtual reality. I got other acts, too.

BIDDLE

I don't book acts. I build hotels.

JIMMY

What are we doin' here then?

BIDDLE

What's he worth to you, Mr. Flynn?
What's your price? Two million?

Jimmy almost gags on that. He plays it cool...

JIMMY

Y'gotta invest in the whole show.

BIDDLE

You're not listening. I don't need
a show -- I need *him*. And you are
in no position to bargain.

JIMMY

Oh yeah? Says who?

BIDDLE

I've got my sources. For example,
I know that *he's* not exactly human.

Jimmy stiffens and glances at Zzzzyk, suddenly on guard...

JIMMY

I dunno what you mean.

BIDDLE

Let's cut the foreplay, Flynn.
There's an economy crisis here in
Las Vegas. Real estate is tanking,
hotel business is down. I aim to
turn all that around...
(eyes him coldly)
And I'm your only game in town.

JIMMY

Look Biddle, I ain't just another
schlep you can lowball--

BIDDLE

Five million. My final offer.

Jimmy stares at him, speechless.

CASINO BAR

Carla sits at a bar with Jara, feeding quarters into a
blackjack machine. Jara watches the game.

JARA
Keep the queen.

Carla ignores her and punches another card, then hits "Deal".
She loses, sourly nursing her drink.

JARA (CONT'D)
Are you angry at me? Is it because
Jeemmy is my mate?

CARLA
Honey. Jimmy is *nobody's* mate.
Let me clue you in: just because
you screwed a guy doesn't mean you
bagged him.

She drops another quarter to play, Jara watching her.

JARA
You are angry at me.

CARLA
Not really. I've been hurt by
Jimmy before. I just don't wanna
see you get hurt, too.

She starts to select an ace next to a jack...

JARA
Not that one. *That* one.

CARLA
You never played this before.

JARA
It is simple mathematics.

Carla shrugs and hits the jack. Blackjack -- quarters spill
into the well. Impressed, Carla hands some to Jara...

CARLA
Here's your share, hon. You're a
genius, in everything but love.

JARA
Then teach me.

CARLA
Bottom line? Don't ever trust men.
Men tend to lie -- especially
sleazoids like Jimmy.

JARA
But lying is not telling the truth.

CARLA

It's the human condition. D'you really think Jimmy is in there pluggin' away for your cause? In your dreams. The only thing Jimmy cares about is the change in his pockets. And hon, this is Las Vegas. We're talkin' *big* change.

Jara measures her words, concerned. Carla leans into her...

CARLA (CONT'D)

You want Jimmy? Expect a world of pain. You really wanna go home? Rely on yourself. Do it yourself.

BANQUET ROOM

Zzzzyk flies the toy UFO over the hotel model, imitating the "Day The Earth Stood Still" ship landing and music track...

ZZZZYK

Zzzzzoom! *Bmpa-bmpa-bmpa-bmpa...*

Jimmy watches Biddle watching him. Biddle nods at the model.

BIDDLE

Star City, Mr. Flynn. Mega-casino of the future. Only thing missing is a mega-promotional stunt. A UFO invasion, a star battle, whatever works. Special effects sell.

(nods at Zzzzyk)

This little guy could save me a fortune. Part of which is yours.

Jimmy gazes at Zzzzyk, tempted but torn...

JIMMY

Don't bullshit a bullshitter.

BIDDLE

What d'you want, a contract? *Five million dollars*. How'd you like it, in cash or in a Swiss account?

JIMMY

What's the Catch-22?

BIDDLE

You make five, I save twenty. That simple. Money, Mr. Flynn -- that machine that grinds sweet and fine and makes dreams come true.

He inhales another breath spray. Jimmy toughs it out...

JIMMY
I want my own show.

BIDDLE
You can buy your own show.

JIMMY
I get total managerial control.

Biddle turns with a smooth smile and trigger-fingers him...

BIDDLE
It's a deal.

CASINO COMPLEX - LATER

Jimmy and Zzzzyk strut through the den of sinners, flanked by Bruno and casino guards, looking like Mr. Cool and Mini-Me.

CASINO BAR

Jimmy moseys over to Carla and Jara, all cocky confidence.

JIMMY
Top of the world to you, ladies.

CARLA
Don't gimme that. What happened?

JIMMY
I just finagled us onto Boardwalk
and Park Place. Let's see, what's
five million bucks divided by two?
(grins at her)
Partner?

CARLA
Oh God...what did you do?

JIMMY
Relax. We're home free.

JARA
"Home free"? Does that mean we are
going home?

JIMMY
I told you. Where there's a will,
there's a way -- preferably my way.

Zzzzyk wander over to the spinning slots. The guards follow, sticking to him like glue. Jara notices and steps over.

Alone with Carla, Jimmy leans into her...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

It's over, baby. All the hustling
for scraps, all the short cons. We
got a lot to make up for.

Carla glances over at Jara and downs her drink, stewing to
herself. Jimmy picks up her vibe, looking very guilty...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

We still buddies, right? You don't
hate me now, do ya?

CARLA

That's debatable. "Hate" may be
too nice of a word for you. Did ya
say five million?

JIMMY

Guaranteed.

CARLA

In return for what?

JIMMY

Let me worry about that.

CARLA

That's what I'm worried about.

JIMMY

Get the others. We're checking in.

CARLA

I hope you know what you're doing.

She turns and leaves. Jimmy walks over to Jara, who watches
the casino guards around Zzzzyk with concern.

JIMMY

Don't bother over them. We're
under the protection of one of the
heaviest security forces in Vegas.
We're safe now, Jara.

Jara gives him a hard, probing look. Jimmy reacts to it...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What? What are ya lookin' at me
like that for?

JARA

Signs of intelligent life.

JIMMY
Just trust me, okay?

Not so sure about that anymore, Jara gazes around the casino.

JARA
I do not belong in this world.

JIMMY
(takes her arm)
C'mon. Lemme show you how humans
are supposed to live.

EXT. CASINO PARKING LOT

Wanda stretches her legs by the parked lunch wagon. Cheeko appears in the serving window and hangs out towels stained with green mold. Carla walks over.

CARLA
We got rooms now.

WANDA
Cool! Cheeko, let's hit the slots.

CHEEKO
Nah, I should stay with Pumpy.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

Jimmy and Jara follow the hotel guards to a room door. Bruno opens an adjacent door for Zzzzyk and gestures him inside. Confused, the midget looks to Jimmy.

JIMMY
It's all yours, bud. Live it up.

Zzzzyk peers at the luxury suite inside with an enthusiastic "Ooooh!" He dashes in. Bruno shuts the door, steps over and hands Jimmy his own card key.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Thanks. You can go now.

Instant dislike between them. Jara shifts nervously, her skin SHIMMERING GREEN. Bruno notices...

BRUNO
Is she another act in your show?

JIMMY
My topliner.

BRUNO

Mr. Biddle might be interested in her, too.

JIMMY

No way. She's not for sale.

He deftly whisks Zzzzyk's room card key from Bruno's hand...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

And I call the shots here. You can take a hike.

Bruno shrugs and leads the guards back down the hallway.

JIMMY'S LUXURY SUITE

Lavish with bay windows and a glittery view of the Strip. Jara stares at a marbled jacuzzi beside an emperor-sized bed. Jimmy encircles his arms around her...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Living large is the best revenge.

He leans in for a kiss. Jara pulls away, still very GREEN, searching his eyes.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Somethin' tells me you're not in the mood.

JARA

Do you have love for me?

JIMMY

Uhhh...

JARA

Do you care about me?

JIMMY

Sure I do.

JARA

I do not like human love. I am not happy. I feel only a world of pain... "what's the point?"

JIMMY

Jara, listen. When I said "what's the point", I was talkin' bullshit. There *is* a point to it...

(hesitating)

I think.

JARA

You do not want a mate.

JIMMY

I don't know what I want.

JARA

You earthlings are too imperfect.

JIMMY

What can I say.

JARA

I want to be happy -- I want to go home. Will you take me to my ship? Now, please?

JIMMY

I told you, Jara, you have to wait.

JARA

Have you been lying to me?

She waits for him to answer, FLASHING conflicting colors -- VIOLET, YELLOW, GREEN. Jimmy turns away, conflicted himself. He finally turns back to face her...

JIMMY

I was born a liar. But I'm tellin' you the truth now. I wanna help you, I just don't know how.

JARA

So you cannot help us, but you want us to make money for you.

JIMMY

For all of us!

JARA

I do not perform for money, Jeemmy, I perform to make others happy.

JIMMY

Showbiz doesn't work that way.

JARA

Then how? By "making a buck"?

JIMMY

It's survival, babe -- so I don't have to rot in some Venice gutter. I can't help it, I gotta take their money, just to prove I'm somebody.

JARA

You are so primitive. You call us aliens -- but you are the alien. You cannot make humans happy, just like you cannot make *me* happy.

She turns to leave. Jimmy stops her...

JIMMY

Jara, wait...

JARA

I must go home now.

JIMMY

But you *can't*. It's impossible.

JARA

Go away, cowardly man -- go make money for yourself.

She turns away. Jimmy holds on to her -- she yanks free, PURPLE with fury.

JARA (CONT'D)

Go away! Go -- *defenestrate!*

She throws open the door and runs out. Jimmy stops a beat, mouthing "defenestrate??" Then rushes after her.

HOTEL HALLWAY

Jara bolts fast down the corridor. Jimmy hurries after her.

JIMMY

Jara, don't -- *Jara!*

He turns into the foyer, Jara already in an elevator. He races over -- the doors close on his face.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

JARA! Don't go out there!

She's gone. Jimmy kicks the elevator in defeat. He rushes back down the hall, stops at Zzzzyk's room and knocks.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Zicky, it's me! Open up!

No sound from inside. He digs out the card key.

ZZZZYK'S SUITE

An empty living room. Jimmy rushes through, checking rooms.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Zicky? Zicky! Zzzzyk!

He stops and stares at a bubbling jacuzzi. Telltale water stains cross the carpet from the jacuzzi to the front door.

INT. FIRST-FLOOR CASINO

Lost in a menagerie of slot machines, Jara searches for a way out. She spots a glass-door entrance...

Outside, cabs line the sidewalk in a taxi zone.

Thinking fast, Jara digs out Carla's quarters and scans the slots around her.

INT. CASINO OFFICE HEADQUARTERS

Jimmy marches through an office labyrinth. He zeros in on palatial double doors. Bruno blocks his path...

BRUNO
Going somewhere?

Jimmy maneuvers around him. Bruno blocks him in a face-off.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
You don't wanna mess with me. This body is a deadly weapon.

JIMMY
Really? I didn't know hemorrhoids were fatal...

He promptly KNEES him in the balls -- Bruno doubles over.

BIDDLE'S OFFICE

The doors fly open. Jimmy storms through an executive suite toward Mr. Biddle, who browses over a file.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Where's my goddamn midget?!

Bruno staggers in and whips out a Magnum from a shoulder holster. Biddle waves him out, instructing him something in sign language. Bruno nods and exits. Biddle turns to Jimmy, cool as ever...

BIDDLE
He's in a secure place, Mr. Flynn.

JIMMY

Kidnapping wasn't part of the deal.

Biddle draws close to him, his eyes like icy daggers...

BIDDLE

You're in deep, sinking shit, boy. You're harboring aliens, and they sure ain't from Tijuana. Except for one of your crew, what's his name? Cheeko Gonzalez?

Jimmy flinches off guard, not expecting that.

JIMMY

You don't know what the hell you're talkin' about.

BIDDLE

Oh, I know a lot of things. I'll bet the feds would like to know too, not to mention Immigration.

JIMMY

Just gimme back my friend.

BIDDLE

I'm the only one who can protect his true identity. *Hers*, too...

He shows him the open file: clandestine photos of Jara, in each snapshot her face a different color. Stunned, Jimmy feigns indifference, struggling to grasp the situation...

JIMMY

Don't know her. Who have you been talkin' to? Who's your source?

BIDDLE

Just tell me where she is. I'd really like to meet her.

JIMMY

Don't try to hustle *me*, Biddle, you'll end up with nada. I'll go to the feds myself. I'll blow it all wide open.

BIDDLE

No, you won't. Hell, I can read you like a mirror...

Circling around him, he gazes over Jimmy in his Venice Beach attire like some tasteless joke...

BIDDLE (CONT'D)
 Jimmy Flynn. Wannabe capitalist.
 A legend in his own mind. Why,
 you're just a small-time grifter,
 a sleazy, good-for-nothin' loser.

Bruno returns with security guards, a cattle prod in hand.

BIDDLE (CONT'D)
 You're black-booked, boy.

The guards step over to each side of Jimmy.

BIDDLE (CONT'D)
 Get outta my town.

Bruno ZAPS Jimmy with the cattle prod -- Jimmy convulses and collapses into the guards' arms.

INT. FIRST-FLOOR CASINO

The slot-poker section. Carla feeds coins on a losing streak. Wanda hits big, her machine flashing, a WINNER'S SIREN. Silver dollars clatter into her well.

In another aisle, a blackjack slot spews endless quarters. Jara quickly scoops them into a filled casino tub. She picks it up and hastens outside.

Carla turns and notices Jara's exit, looking baffled.

EXT. CASINO

Jara approaches the first taxi in line, cradling the coin tub. The 1ST CAB DRIVER gawks at her OLIVE GLOW.

JARA
 Can you take me to the Little Alien
 diner? On Route 375?

1ST CAB DRIVER
 Way out there? That's too far for
 me, lady.

A 2ND CABBIE ambles over.

2ND CABBIE
 I can take you. But it's gonna
 cost ya--

Jara shoves the tub into his hands, bulging to the rim with quarters. She jumps into his taxi.

INT. CASINO

Carla peers out through the glass doors, dismayed by Jara's departure. She turns and sees something much worse...

Security guards drag a dazed drunk between them -- Jimmy.

CARLA

Wanda! Jimmy's in trouble, c'mon!

WANDA

I can't! I'm winning...

Carla hurries off. Wanda hefts up two tubs of silver dollars in each arm and hastens after her.

EXT. CASINO

Jimmy is tossed bodily to the sidewalk. The guards disappear inside. Carla rushes out to him.

CARLA

Jimmy, you okay?! What happened?

She helps him to his feet, his nervous system out of whack. He staggers jerkily to a bench.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Jimmy, talk to me...

JIMMY

Lemme alone.

Wanda waddles over, cradling the coin tubs. Jimmy collapses on the bench, a ruined man...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I lost the brass ring. Biddle stole Zicky.

WANDA

Zicky?! Let's go get him!

JIMMY

Forget it. We'll never get him back now...

WANDA

Then let's buy him back -- I got like five hundred bucks here.

Jimmy shakes his head, it's futile. He gazes morosely at the Strip marquee all around him...

JIMMY

The Land of Suckers. Shit...I
really blew it. I lost Jara, too.

CARLA

Jara? I just saw her take a cab.

Jimmy looks up, distressed by that. Carla turns and calls
out to the 1st Cab Driver in the taxi zone...

CARLA (CONT'D)

Hey, sir! That green girl you were
talkin' to -- where was she going?

1ST CAB DRIVER

The UFO diner on 375.

Jimmy reacts to that and jumps up, recovering instantly...

JIMMY

We gotta get to the lunch wagon!

WANDA

I ain't goin' without Zicky...

She dumps the two tubs into Jimmy's arms and wogs double-time
back into the casino.

JIMMY

Wanda! Get back here! *Dammit!*

EXT. ROUTE 375 - LATE NIGHT

Nevada's famed "Extraterrestrial Highway." Not a car in
sight. Except one taxi, approaching...

EXT. LITTLE A'LE'INN

A motel-diner with a cafe sign: a bulbous-headed, almond-
eyed alien. And the words "EARTHLINGS WELCOMED!"

INT. LITTLE A'LE'INN DINER

Your average greasy spoon, UFO photos plastered across the
walls. Shelves of UFO books, a UFO souvenir display.

Jara enters, scanning the bar area.

A dozen patrons turn with curious stares. Local cowpokes,
sodbusters...a man in a rubber alien mask. He pulls it off,
gawking at the GLOWING beauty in the belly-dance costume.

Professor Lepier sits in a booth, devouring an Alien Burger.

Jara hurries over. Lepier jumps up, amazed...

LEPIER

Jara?!

JARA

Professor! I should have trusted you. Can you get me to my ship?

LEPIER

Of course, dear! Where is it?

JARA

In a valley of very tall red rocks.

LEPIER

Red rocks? You mean like redstone?

Ah yes -- the Valley of Fire.

(grabs his iPhone)

Let me consult with my colleagues--

JARA

No, I have to go *right now*.

LEPIER

Right this second?

JARA

Yes! Please!

EXT. DESERT - LATER

Lepier's station wagon rumbles over a dirt road.

INT. LEPIER'S WOODY (MOVING)

The Professor drives, a GPS screen lit up on the dashboard.

JARA

Our ship is close now. There...

She points at a digital box canyon on the screen.

EXT. FIRE ROAD

The woody pulls over beside a narrow fire road. Jara steps out with Lepier who carries a flashlight and shoulder bag.

LEPIER

We can walk from here. What'll you do when you find your spaceship?

JARA
Take my friends home.

LEPIER
Can you pilot it yourself?

JARA
I *am* the pilot.

EXT. LAS VEGAS, INTERSTATE 15 - SAME TIME

Jimmy's MARIACHI-SINGING food wagon speeds down the highway.

INT. LUNCH WAGON (MOVING)

Jimmy redlines the tachometer, pedal to the metal. Carla studies a map beside him. Cheeko stands behind them, Pumpy lying in a sickly heap on the kitchen mattress.

CARLA
Route 375?

JIMMY
Yeah. That's where Nutty Professor told her to go. C'mon, Carla, where the hell is it?

CARLA
I'm lookin', I'm lookin'.

EXT. VALLEY OF FIRE

Jara and the Professor hike into the box canyon from the outset. All around them, the same weird-shaped formations of redstone. Lepier keys into his iPhone...

LEPIER
I'd love to build my new welcome landing pad here, with pictoglyphs for all our E.T. visitors. It's simply a question of money.

JARA
Money? Professor, what are you doing with your phone?

LEPIER
Oh, I'm just trying to find my GPS, in case we get lost.

JARA
We are not lost. We are here.

Dead ahead -- the moonlit, EPIC-LONG SPACECRAFT, its portal closed. Its front engine ship is a sleek cylinder, the units behind it looking like a pile of wrecked train cars.

The Professor gapes at it with his flashlight...

LEPIER

Great chariots of the gods! It's so long. How can you fly it?

JARA

Only the powercraft in front is operational now. The rest I must leave behind.

HEADLIGHTS and FLASHING GUMBALLS suddenly deer-freeze them.

A DOZEN SHERIFF'S DEPUTY PATROL CARS roar toward them in a swirl of dust, escorted by a *stretch limo*.

Jara turns in a panic, a GREEN-GLOWING BEACON...

JARA (CONT'D)

Run, Professor!

Lepier grips her, staring back at the deputy cars...

LEPIER

Don't move, Jara, it's the police!

Jara struggles to flee -- but Lepier tightens his grip.

LEPIER (CONT'D)

It's no good. Don't fight it.

Jara stares at him in confusion -- as he whisks out a shackle from his shoulder bag and CLAMPS it around her throat. A remote-controlled *incarcetron*.

Sheriff cars and the limo brake around them. DEPUTIES swarm them with guns drawn, staring queerly at Jara's EMERALD GLOW. Lepier faces her with regret...

LEPIER (CONT'D)

I'm very sorry, dear. I *must* have the funds for my landing pad.

A rear door of the stretch limo opens. Out step alligator-skinned cowboy boots, belonging to...

Biddle the casino kingpin, with a good ol' boy smile...

BIDDLE

Howdy, Jara. Welcome to Nevada.

Another man climbs out of the limo -- AJAX, Jimmy's former Lockjaw King. Decked out now in pricey Las Vegas threads.

Jara stares at him in dismay...

JARA

You? Why? Jeemmy is your friend!

AJAX

Not my friend -- he ditched me.
Mr. Biddle here made me an offer I
couldn't refuse.

Jara glowers at him, BRIGHT RED. The color of contempt...

JARA

Traitor.

AJAX

He ain't your friend either, Jara.
He'll ditch you too in the end.

Biddle waves Ajax away toward one of the deputy cars...

BIDDLE

Go back to town and keep an eye on
the midget.

Ajax nods and hastens off. Jara bolts away to escape --

Professor Lepier's hand triggers a remote control -- she convulses back, paralyzed by a SHOCK in her neck shackle.

LEPIER

Jara, please -- try to cooperate.

Jara freezes, GREEN with terror. Her TWO TRANSLUCENT HEARTS CAST BEAMS of distress from her chest, BEATING AUDIBLY.

INT. LUNCH WAGON (MOVING) - SAME TIME

WE TRACK INTO Jimmy's face as he drives, overtaken by a strange feeling...a FAINT BA-BUMP, BA-BUMP inside his head. Carla scans the map beside him...

CARLA

I found it! Route 375. My gawd,
it's nothin' but blank space.

Jimmy drives faster. Carla glances rearward...Cheeko sponges down burping Pumpy, her condition worse.

JIMMY

So much for five million bucks.

CARLA

What happened with you and Jara?

JIMMY

I alienated my alien. I'm no damn good for anyone...just a "small-time grifter."

CARLA

Well, you *did* get us out of Venice.

EXT. HIGHWAY 93

The SINGING wagon tears past salt flats at full throttle.

EXT. VALLEY OF FIRE

Jara is hustled by the Deputies into the back of the stretch limo. Biddle and Lepier climb in with her.

INT. BIDDLE'S LIMO

Jara gazes out the window in YELLOW despair. The Professor studies her intensely. Sitting opposite them, Biddle gloats at her TWO GLOWING HEARTS...

BIDDLE

Hot damn, girl. You're a natural born talent.

JARA

Am I a prisoner? Why are these policemen helping you?

BIDDLE

Honey, I own the police.

Lepier peers down at her glowing anatomy with fascination...

LEPIER

I'd love to examine her surgically. A little reverse engineering...

BIDDLE

Not 'til I'm finished with her.

He breath-sprays himself and snaps a bejeweled finger.

A panel opens, and a chauffeur's hand extends a martini. He nurses it, his eyes undressing Jara's DAY-GLO body...

BIDDLE (CONT'D)

You're gonna make one hell of a show-stopper. Not to mention all the merchandising, the talk shows, the movie offers, the alienmania...
(toasting her)
The money.

Jara glares back, finally beginning to understand humans.

BIDDLE (CONT'D)

Work with me, Jara. I'm the only one who can protect you. From the government, from all the crazies...
(nodding at Lepier)
From people like him.

Jara stares grimly out at her starship, picking up MUFFLED SOUNDS that only she can hear: ALIEN SQUEALS AND WHIMPERS, the cries of ape-lizard children inside the ship.

INT. LUNCH WAGON (MOVING)

On the kitchen floor, Pumpy suddenly bolts awake and GROWLS --

PUMPY
MY BABIES!

She struggles up with agitated burbs, totally recovered.

CHEEKO
Hey! She's up!

EXT. LITTLE A'LE'INN

Headlights burn across the alien cafe sign. Jimmy's lunch wagon pulls into a parking lot full of cars and pickups.

INT. LITTLE A'LE'INN DINER

The same local yokels. Jimmy and Carla hurry inside, taking in the alien motif. Rube faces stare back at them.

SUZY, an amiable, down-home waitress, ambles over from behind the counter, glancing over Carla's tattoos...

SUZY
Howdy. Y'all must be from L.A.

JIMMY
Have you seen a colored girl? I mean, a girl with a lot of colors?

SUZY

Oh sure. She left with an old coot who called himself a professor.

Jimmy trades grim looks with Carla. ZACHARY, a handsome rancher in a Stetson, turns at the counter...

ZACHARY

I seen that guy before. Said he was with the UFO Network. Probably lookin' for that spaceship.

MOOSE, a lumberjack type, turns in his seat...

MOOSE

Ain't no spaceship, Zach. It's a shuttle from an alternate universe.
(to Jimmy)
Those doggone interdimensionals planted a satellite dish in my head when they abducted me.

Jimmy deadpans him...

JIMMY

O-kay. Anyone happen to know where this "shuttle" might be?

SUZY

Cactus Jack knows. But he ain't talkin'.
(calls out)
Hey, Jack! You ready for seconds?

At a nearby booth, an old, craggy-faced mining prospector (CACTUS JACK) stuffs his face with hotcakes.

CACTUS JACK

Nah, I'm all fueled up.

He reaches for a syrup bottle, a key chain of mining tools CLANKING on his belt. The Mystery Man from the beginning.

Jimmy sits down across from him, eying him keenly...

JIMMY

You've seen this spaceship?

CACTUS JACK

Yup. Camped out in it for a while.

JIMMY

Whaddya mean? You've been *inside* it?

CACTUS JACK
Yup. Know how to fly it, too.

JIMMY
(another deadpan)
O-kay. Can you take us there?

CACTUS JACK
Nope.

JIMMY
For five hundred bucks?

The old desert rat crinkles a smile. Jimmy smiles back.

Everyone in the diner stares at him.

ZACHARY
What're you folks up to? You wanna
make contact with aliens?

JIMMY
Carla, go get the silver dollars.
And bring Pumpy.

Carla hurries outside. Jimmy rises to face Zachary and the
UFO buffs around him. That smooth grifter's grin...

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I'll bet you people would give
anything to meet a *real* alien.
What would you do to *save* a few?

ZACHARY
Mister, I seen a lotta crackpots
come through here. What makes you
any different? You ever seen a
UFO? I seen one do jumping jacks
and burn circles around my ranch.
Things you can't even imagine.

JIMMY
Oh, I can imagine quite a lot.

Pumpy POWERS through the door -- GROWLING, dripping slime.

Zachary staggers back. Diners duck in terror. It takes
about two seconds to make them believers.

EXT. LAS VEGAS - STRATOSPHERE CASINO

A thousand feet up the tower, amusement rides on the top pod.

X-SCREAM THRILL RIDE

Riding a giant teeter-totter, Zzzzyk ZCREAMS with delight -- propelled dizzily over the tower's edge. His bodyguard Bruno grimaces queasily beside him.

The pod is closed off, deserted. Ajax appears on the walkway in his fancy attire. He smiles up at the alien midget.

EXT. DESERT

Cactus Jack's ATV offroads it across the salt flats, leading a caravan of diner cars, pickups and the SINGING lunch wagon.

INT. BIDDLE'S LIMO

Jara gazes YELLOWISHLY out at her spaceship in the distance. Biddle downs his martini and taps on the chauffeur's panel...

BIDDLE
Let's hit the road.

LEPIER
Wait. What about the spaceship?

BIDDLE
What about it? Looks like a pile of junk to me.

Eying him, Jara turns to the Professor with forced calm...

JARA
Professor Lepier. Do you not wish to see the inside of my powercraft? It is fully functional.

LEPIER
Yes, but I'm not in control here.

JARA
Then you do not want to be the first man on earth to discover the technology of an advanced race?

Wild-eyed with the thought of it, Lepier turn to Biddle...

LEPIER
Mr. Biddle, let's take a look at that engine ship up front. If it works, that means it can fly.

He nods out at the sleek, cylinder-shaped powercraft...

LEPIER (CONT'D)

Imagine that on top of your hotel,
not some overpriced fake UFO.

Biddle peers out. Jara leans toward him, BLUE-FACED...

JARA

I can fly that ship to your city of
lights. Anywhere you wish.

Biddle's eyebrows arch at her, betraying his astonishment.

EXT. STRATOSPHERE TOWER - BIG SHOT RIDE

On another thrill ride, Zzzzyk and Bruno flatten against their seats -- rocketed straight up at four g's. They freefall back down. The midget ZQUEALS gleefully. Bruno looks like he's going to throw up.

Ajax watches them, waiting on the ride stairs.

INT. STRATOSPHERE ELEVATOR

A mob of tourists crowd tightly into an elevator, jostling for space. Among their legs...a hemmed-in dwarf.

WANDA

Watch it! You're steppin' on me!

EXT. STRATOSPHERE TOP POD

Zzzzyk disembarks from the Big Shot ride onto a high, windy platform. Bruno wobbles dizzily down the steps ahead of him. Ajax climbs up past him toward the midget...

AJAX

Did you have fun, Zicky?

ZZZZYK

Can I go on again?!

AJAX

Next time. C'mon down now.

ZZZZYK

Where iz Jeemmy?

AJAX

He's inside. He's waiting for you.

INT. TOWER RESTAURANT

A revolving dining room. Wanda searches aimlessly.

She waddles toward the glass door of an exterior observation deck. Steps outside onto...

EXT. OBSERVATION DECK

A deserted, revolving deck in a high wind. Wanda roves along it, then looks up at the amusement pod directly above.

EXT. STRATOSPHERE POD

Alone atop the platform, Zzzzyk looks down and spots...

Wanda on the observation deck, waving up at him, shouting unheard in the wind.

Zzzzyk waves back, then registers her urgent body language. An anxious look on his face. He glances back down at Ajax.

AJAX

C'mon down, Zicky!

ZZZZYK

Zzzzyk, not Zicky.

Wind blistering his face, Zzzzyk frowns down at him and Bruno below. The realization finally hits him...he's a prisoner. He quickly looks around for an escape route.

Below, Bruno shouts up at Ajax from the walkway...

BRUNO

Hurry up! Get that little freak!

Zzzzyk ducks under the platform scaffolding, then crab-crawls down the side...over a *thousand feet of drop-dead space.*

INT. BIDDLE'S LIMO

The casino mogul leans forward, locking eyes with Jara.

BIDDLE

You can fly that thing?

LEPIER

She's the pilot. Just think of the scientific possibilities...

BIDDLE

I don't give a rat's ass about that. But a real UFO in Las Vegas? Now that's something else.

His eyes pierce Jara's eyes, gauging her...

BIDDLE (CONT'D)

You wouldn't be lying to me now.

JARA

I am an alien. I am incapable of lying.

BIDDLE

And you're willing to cooperate?

Jara leans closer. That bedroom smile, in Jimmy's words...

JARA

Trust me.

EXT. STRATOSPHERE POD

Buffeted by wind, Zzzzyk climbs along the scaffold -- over a window-washing rig just above the observation deck below.

Ajax climbs down after him, clinging to the scaffold. Within reach of him, he extends a hand out to grab him...

ZZZZYK

Nooo! Pleazze!

Ajax stops, his resolve weakened by Zzzzyk's pathetic plea.

The midget takes a daredevil leap onto --

The window-washing rig. It rocks precariously.

EXT. OBSERVATION DECK

The deck slowly revolves, almost out of range of the rig. Wanda leans over the railing and shouts up at Zzzzyk...

WANDA

Jump down here! C'mon, jump! NOW!

Hanging on for dear life, Zzzzyk tries to balance himself on the wobbly rig. It starts to tip, angling down. He nearly loses his grip, the rig almost vertical. He jumps --

Wanda catches him, yanking him to safety with bodybuilder's strength. Both tumble back. They embrace tight...

ZZZZYK

I want go home, Wanda!

WANDA

Okay, I hear ya. Let's boogie!

EXT. STRATOSPHERE POD

Bruno aims his Magnum down on them, but the observation deck moves out of view. Ajax climbs back up. To Bruno's glare...

AJAX

Sorry -- I couldn't get to him.

BRUNO

Don't screw up again, or your deal with us is dead.

EXT. DESERT - SAW-TOOTHED RIDGE

A high, steep slope leads down to the Valley of Fire, the box canyon just beyond. The UFO caravan brakes on the ridge.

Cactus Jack steps out. Jimmy, Carla, Cheeko and Pumpy climb out the lunch wagon. Jimmy trots over to Zachary's pickup.

JIMMY

Look, Zachary. Just how far are you guys willin' to go with this?

ZACHARY

To hell and back. There's a lot more of us, y'know.

VIEWED FROM AFAR, Jimmy and the rancher strike a bargain and shake hands. The UFO diners wait nearby.

The three carnies and the fat alien set out on foot behind Cactus. Down the saw-toothed incline into no-man's land.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP

Snagged traffic in front of the Stratosphere, blocked by a car accident. A motorcycle cop redirects traffic.

Wanda and Zzzzyk waddle-run out from the casino elevator. Seeing the cop's motorcycle on a side street, Wander ushers Zzzzyk over to it. A key dangles in the ignition.

The dwarf mounts the big police chopper, the alien midget climbing on behind her. Wanda tries to kick-start it, but the motor stalls. She keeps trying.

Bruno and Ajax dash out the elevator. The henchman spots the dwarf and midget on the bike and whips out his Magnum, Ajax right behind him. He aims toward the motorcycle...

Ajax grips his arm in a panic...

AJAX

Don't shoot the alien! Your boss
won't like that...

BRUNO

I'm not -- I'm gonna shoot her.

He wrenches away from him and draws a deadly bead on Wanda...

Aghast, Ajax tackles him -- both fall hard. Struggling with
a furious Bruno, Ajax shouts over at Wanda and Zzzzyk...

AJAX

G'WON, YOU TWO! GET OUTTA HERE!

Wanda kick-starts the bike again. VROOM!

Grappling with Bruno, Ajax half-smiles as the cop motorcycle
speeds away down the side street.

EXT. VALLEY OF FIRE

A tumbled maze of boulders and weird redstone. Four specks
inch through it, closer to the box canyon.

In the lead, Cactus Jack stops them. He points toward a flat
stretch between them and the crash site.

CACTUS JACK

We don't cross there. I got it
booby-trapped to keep folks away.

Jimmy stares ahead at the very real spacecraft and its train
in the distance, bordered by deputy cruisers and the limo.

Carla and Cheeko gape at the ship with open jaws. Pumpy
starts to open hers...

PUMPY

MY BABIES--

Cheeko clamps a hand over her mouth, gesturing her to be
quiet. They all take cover behind boulders, observing...

In the distance, Biddle and the Professor escort a GREEN-LIT
Jara toward the base of the powercraft.

EXT. HIGHWAY 93

Wanda zooms along, undersized on the big chopper. Zzzzyk
clings spoon-style to her back.

EXT. VALLEY OF FIRE - CRASH SIGHT

Neck-shackled Jara stands before the powercraft's sealed portal, surrounded by Deputies. Biddle and Lepier wait...

BIDDLE

G'won, girl. Open her up.

LEPIER

Don't disappoint me, Jara.

BOULDERS

Jimmy, Cactus Jack, Carla and Cheeko sneak closer to the scene with Indian stealth, Pumpy lumbering behind them.

POWERCRAFT

Jara fixes her intense eyes on the engine ship -- it GLOWS A HOLOGRAPHIC BLUE AURA. Its parking lights. Everyone stares awestruck at it.

EXT. ROUTE 375

The police chopper zooms across the isolated badlands. Wanda spots the BLUE GLOW a mile away. Zzzzyk points excitedly...

ZZZZYK

My zhip! My zhip!

EXT. VALLEY OF FIRE - CRASH SITE

The powercraft's BLINDING AURA EXPANDS OUTWARD. Spooked by it, Biddle and the Deputies stagger back out of range.

The AURA SWALLOWS UP Jara and Professor Lepier...the two vanishing inside its glow.

INSIDE GLOW

Deep in the SWIRL OF BLUE, Jara and Lepier face the ship, their hair sticking straight up in a field of static.

LEPIER

What're you waiting for? Open it!

JARA

No.

LEPIER

What do you mean, "no" -- you said you would!

JARA

I lied.

LEPIER

Don't make me use this.

He brandishes a remote control at the incarcerated around her throat. Jara stands her ground, resigned to a world of pain. Her TWO TRANSLUCENT HEARTS BEAT BRIGHTLY.

OUTSIDE GLOW

Jimmy skulks toward the ship's rear side, out of eyeshot of Biddle and the Deputies. He reacts to a psychic signal inside his head...

That BA-BUMP-BA-BUMP OF TWO HEARTBEATS.

He faces the bright aura shielding the craft. Braving it, he steps into its glow -- and disappears.

INSIDE GLOW

Flooded in blue light, Lepier points the remote at Jara...

LEPIER (CONT'D)

Open the portal, Jara!

Jara doesn't budge. Lepier fingers the remote's button...

LEPIER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. This is going to hurt me more than it'll hurt you--

A hand grips his wrist -- Jimmy shoves his face into his.

JIMMY

Guess again, Leper.

He KNEES him in the balls -- Lepier doubles over.

JARA

Jeemmy!

Jimmy hurries over to her side...

JIMMY

Hey, babe. What's this?

He tugs at her neck shackle. Turns to Lepier gasping on his knees and snatches the remote from his hand.

Quick-studying it, Jimmy pushes an ejector button -- the incarcerated unclamps. He rips it off Jara's neck.

Lepier staggers up, clutching his groin. Jimmy clamps the device onto *his* neck. He brandishes the remote at him...

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Hey, Leper -- this is gonna hurt
you more than it'll hurt me.

He triggers a button -- Lepier drops, jerking and convulsing from ELECTRIC SHOCK. He passes out, dead unconscious.

Jimmy turns to Jara, their hair spiked up in the blue glow.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Time to go home, Jara. Where's the
can opener to this thing?

Jara focuses on the sealed portal, concentrating hard...

It OPENS, a ramp sliding out like an expanding escalator. Then it stops halfway...stuck. Jara frowns...

JARA
It is not working properly.

From inside the ship, a CACOPHONY OF ALIEN SQUEALS.

BOULDERS

Pumpy pricks her ears to the sound -- her DRAGONFLY WINGS FLUTTER OUT. She bowls forward...

PUMPY
MY BABIES! MY BABIES!

CHEEKO
Pumpistqwot! Whaddya doin'?!

CRASH SITE

Biddle and his Deputies react to the *huge ape-lizard* plowing toward the ship. Cops draw their sidearms.

Cheeko catches up to Pumpy...

CHEEKO (CONT'D)
Pumpy, don't!

Pumpy scoops him into her arms, FANS OUT HER ANGEL WINGS IN A MIGHTY FLUTTER -- LIFTS THEM BOTH AIRBORNE. The two HOVER clumsily in the air, Pumpy too heavy to fly out of range. Cheeko gawks down and crosses himself...

CHEEKO (CONT'D)
Holy Madonna!!

BIDDLE
Shoot 'em down!

The Deputies raise their revolvers to open fire...

EARTH-SHAKING CLUMPS behind them. They spin around toward the darkness, then stagger back before --

A TOWERING, SILVERY SPACE ROBOT, marching ominously forward. *Klaatu's Gort* from "*The Day The Earth Stood Still.*"

Biddle and the Deputies gape up at it, frozen in terror.

Gort's cyclop eye-slit opens. LASER BEAMS SHOOT OUT to the pistols in the Deputies' hands. A SIMULATED WHITE GLOW ENVELOPES their weapons -- as if they're disintegrating.

The effect scares the men off. They drop their "vaporized" guns, turn heels and run for the hills. Biddle jumps into his stretch limo. It roars away.

The site is completely evacuated. Carla and Cactus Jack approach cautiously from the boulders.

Gort SHRINKS DOWN INTO zniggering Zzzzyk. Wanda hurries over to him from the bike...

WANDA
Way to go, Zicky!

ZZZZYK
Not Zicky -- Zzzzyk!

WANDA
Zzzzyk, you deserve a big kiss...

She plants a fat, sloppy kiss on his mouth. Zzzzyk reacts...

ZZZZYK
Mmmm! Kizz iz good!

He drops down to give Wanda's knee a fat, sloppy kiss back. She pushes him off in disgust.

Pumpy lands like a mushy bean bag, Cheeko toppling off her.

Jara and Jimmy emerge from the ship's glow. Jimmy looks bewilderedly around them...

JIMMY
Hey, where did they all go?!

CARLA
We better get the hell outta here.

The old miner grins at Jara, giving her a Vulcan hand sign...

CACTUS JACK

Live long and prosper. You're the pilot, I'll bet. I fixed your main engine and gave her a test drive.

JARA

Amazing. I could use a co-pilot. Can you fly her out for me?

CACTUS JACK

Hell, why not! I got nowhere else to go. I'll go start her up. Oh, and the ramp sticks.

He disappears into the ship's glow. Jimmy gives Jara a puzzled frown. Then...the CLANK OF A PICKAXE. The portal ramp slides out from the glow, ready for boarding.

A DOZEN SQUEALING LIZARD-MONKEYS spill down the ramp. Pumpy GROWLS with maternal joy, as they leap into her arms.

INT. POWERCRAFT COCKPIT

Cactus Jack settles into a pilot seat. He waves a hand over a control panel of holographic screens. The ENGINE HUMS UP...then WHINES DOWN TO A WHIMPER.

EXT. POWERCRAFT

Pumpy's lizard-monkey brood climb all over her, their TINY WINGS FLUTTERING. She grins apishly at Cheeko...

PUMPY

TANK YOU!

Cheeko grins back. Some of them jump onto his shoulders and sniff him, tickling his face.

INT. POWERCRAFT COCKPIT

Cactus Jack waves his hands over panel lights like a band conductor, trying to jumpstart the ship.

EXT. POWERCRAFT

The glowing starship VIBRATES, the engine HUMMING UP and WHINING DOWN like a car that won't quite start. Finally it WINDS UP TO AN EAR-SPLITTING ROAR!

JIMMY

Show time, folks!

Pumpy and her children swarm up the ramp. Cheeko, cradling a couple of lizard-monkeys, turns to Jimmy...

CHEEKO
So long, boss.

JIMMY
Where do ya think you're goin'?

CHEEKO
Gonna find me a piece of heaven.

He turns and hurries up the ramp after Pumpy and her brood.

JIMMY
Have you gone apeshit?! Cheeko!

Cheeko disappears inside the ship, leaving Jimmy dumbstruck.

JARA
Zzzzyk, say goodbye to your friend.

The midget kneels down to kiss Wanda's knee. She stops him.

WANDA
Hey, cut it out! I ain't no alien.

Zzzzyk rises hopefully, extending a chubby hand...

ZZZZYK
Would you like to be one?

WANDA
You said you're all short, right?

ZZZZYK
Not zhort. Juzt right.

Warm smiles between them. She takes his hand, and they skip up the ramp like a pair of munchkins.

Baffled, Jimmy glances over at Carla. She shakes her head...

CARLA
Don't look at me. I'm not crazy.

Taking a breath, Jimmy turns to face Jara...

JIMMY
G'won then. The meter's running.

JARA
No, Jeemmy. I cannot leave my mate.

Jimmy reacts, floored. So does Carla. Jara telepathically closes the ramp. It slides in out of sight.

The powercraft GLOWS A COSMIC SWIRL OF BLUE and LEVITATES, SEPARATING FROM the space train. They steer clear of it, Jimmy dragging an unconscious Lepier out of the way.

The starship SHOOTS UPWARD IN A STRAIGHT VERTICAL CLIMB -- into the night sky. It streaks off over a mountain range.

Jara gazes after it, a deep shade of YELLOW.

JIMMY

He can't just leave you behind!

Jara just smiles. Jimmy regards her confusedly...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I don't get why you're doin' this.

JARA

You would have no show without me.

BULLETS SPIT UP DUST around them! The three duck from DISTANT GUNFIRE...

JIMMY

Shit -- they're back!

They mad-dash away through the boulders. Far behind them, Sheriff's Deputies swarm forward on foot, led by...

The speeding stretch limo. Biddle leans out of an open rooftop hatch, waving forward the cavalry charge...

BIDDLE

Get 'em! Get that space girl!

His limo races across the flat clearing, gaining fast on the fleeing trio, barreling straight at them --

It TUMBLES DOWN into a BOOBY-TRAP PIT! Biddle falls out the hatch, plummeting out of sight -- a PIERCING SCREAM!

Jimmy and the girls run back and stare down into the pit...

The stretch limo juts vertically in a deep hole. The casino kingpin squirms and screams -- on a bed of joshua cactus.

JIMMY

I guess that's why they call him
"Cactus Jack".

DISTANT GUNFIRE, the Deputies approaching fast. They bolt.

EXT. RAVINE

Jimmy leads the way through a boulder maze, glancing back...
no sign of their pursuers. They stop to rest.

JIMMY

Tell me somethin', Jara. They got
shopping malls out there? Swimming
pools, Wi-Fi, that sort of thing?

JARA

Why do you ask?

JIMMY

Just thinkin'. I mean...with the
right management, you all could be
making a fortune.

Somewhere in the distance, SOUNDS OF A HELICOPTER IN FLIGHT.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Preferably on friendlier planets.
Wait, I've got it! It's perfect.
A brand new show -- "Jimmy Flynn's
Intergalactic Flying Circus!"

Carla gives him a pathetic look...

CARLA

Oh Jimmy, you're so full of it.

JIMMY

Yeah -- but I'm full of so many
kinds of it.

JARA

I cannot go back. We have mated.
I will be punished for it.

JIMMY

There's gotta be a way around that.

EXT. SAW-TOOTHED SLOPE - LATER

They trek up toward the ridge. Jimmy stops again, to Jara...

JIMMY

Look, we both go or we both stay.
We gotta take advantage of this...

JARA

Jeemmy, you have not changed a
quark. It is not about money.

JIMMY

Hey, I wanna make people happy too.
But...they still gotta pay for it.

They reach the top of the slope, nothing but darkness beyond.

A SHERIFF'S HELICOPTER suddenly rises above the ridge -- flashing its search beam on them. Sharpshooters hang out of its cockpit with high-powered rifles.

Deputies FIRE from the boulders below, STRAFING the ridge.

The three dive for cover. BULLETS RICOCHET, dangerously close. They're trapped...

TOP OF RIDGE

DOZENS OF HEADLIGHTS BLAZE ON -- cars, pickups and jeeps, lined up along the ridge. A VOLLEY OF GUNFLASHES. A TORRENT OF LEAD SPLATTERS the boulders. The Deputies fall back.

The three run for it and duck behind the defense line.

DOZENS OF UFO BUFFS BLAST AWAY with rifles and shotguns, driving the Deputies far back into the foothills. Among the shooters, rancher Zachary grins aside at Jimmy...

ZACHARY

Some close encounter, huh?!

The Sheriff's chopper above floodlights the civilian firing line. Sharpshooters take aim...

The sky above the copter GLOWS HOLOGRAPHIC BLUE. A POWERFUL GUST OF WIND wracks the chopper -- reeling it sideways.

The helicopter retreats and flies off. Color it gone.

Sand whips around the UFO Buffs with gale-force winds. They all look up at an awesome sight...

The powercraft HOVERS UNSTEADILY OVER them, its force field egg-beating up a blizzard of sand.

WE PAN the faces of Zachary, Moose, Suzy and the UFO freaks, gazing up with wondrous smiles. Their smiles drop...

The ship attempts a reckless landing, wobbling over parked cars -- it SHEERS OFF the top of a pickup.

People scatter. It finally lands with a sloppy FWUMP.

Everyone gathers around it. The ship idles, HUMMING and GLOWING. A tense "Close Encounters" beat...

The portal opens. UFOers peer anxiously forward as...

A grizzled old head pops out of the ship.

CACTUS JACK

YAHOOOO!

The UFOers groan in unison. Jimmy marches forward...

JIMMY

For chrissake, Cactus -- where did
you learn to drive?!

The ramp rolls out. Zzzzyk and Pumpy appear in the portal,
Wanda and Cheeko behind them.

Zachary turns eagerly to the others...

ZACHARY

Looks like a Kodak moment to me.

UFOers pull out cells and camcorders, firing away photos and
videos. A paparazzi frenzy.

Jara stares longingly at her starship.

Jimmy watches her from a few yards away, making the biggest
decision of his life. He looks aside at Carla. She *knows*...

CARLA

I never figured you for a sucker.

JIMMY

Why don't you come along, Carla? I
mean, you're still my partner.

CARLA

Honey, you got a partner. And I
can't be that far from Venice. Who
knows, maybe I'll snag a rich man.

Zachary approaches and shakes Jimmy's hand.

JIMMY

Thanks, Zach.

ZACHARY

Oh, no. Thank you.

Jimmy heaves a breath, then walks those last few yards to
Jara. Zachary turns to Carla...with that male look.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

Howdy, ma'am.

CARLA

Hey.

ZACHARY

I sure do love those tattoos.

Carla smiles back...with that female look. The beginning of God knows what.

POWERCRAFT RAMP

Surprising Jara from behind, Jimmy takes her arm and escorts her up the starship's ramp.

JARA

Jeemmy -- what are you doing?

JIMMY

I finally figured it out. I'm going with you.

JARA

But why?

JIMMY

We got unfinished business. I mean, *somebody's* gotta show you what being human is all about... not that I'm a shining example.

JARA

That means you have love for me?

JIMMY

Look, Jara. I'm not exactly your moonlight-and-flowers kinda guy. But you need a mate, don't you? I mean, they can't punish you if you got one already. Right?

They reach the final portal and stop to face each other...

JARA

I don't know, Jeemmy. They may not approve of an earthling mate... especially one like you.

JIMMY

Jara, Jara, listen to me. Trust me on this...I can talk anyone into *anything*.

He gives her a killer kiss. Jara GLOWS BRIGHT ORANGE ALL OVER, from head to toes.

The portal closes them inside and seals shut.

The spaceship HUMS UP, GLOWING for takeoff.

The UFO buffs watch excitedly, taking snapshots.

The ship HOVERS UP OVER them all. It BANKS A QUICK TURN AND SPINS UPSIDE-DOWN in a farewell gesture...

Then SKYROCKETS UP into the starry heavens.

EXT. ROUTE 375

A shooting star streaks across the desert sky. Then it zips vertically toward the Orion constellation.

WE CRANE DOWN TO the lonely highway. And HOLD ON...

An official-looking road sign, with the stick figure of a hitchhiking extraterrestrial...

"ALIEN CROSSING"
"BEWARE OF LOW-FLYING SPACECRAFT"

FADE OUT.