

PLANET ROCK

by

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EXT. SOUTH BRONX, CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Pure darkness. A light sweeps and darts erratically. It intensifies. Brighter. Brighter. An engine roars.

BANG! A rusty old Camaro slews out of an alley, a headlight out, scattering trash bags across the street. A police cruiser crashes out after, siren wailing.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

An OFFICER drives. A ROOKIE clings on. WHOOP WHOOP!

OFFICER

That's the sound of the police!
C'mon, people, outta the way!

EXT. SOUTH BRONX, CITY STREETS - CAR CHASE

The Camaro forces through traffic with no regard for human life. The Cruiser threads through behind.

OFFICER

Where's backup? Everybody should be on this!

ROOKIE

(into radio)
Car fifteen twenty! We are in pursuit of suspect Shawn James headed south on Sedgwick! Yes, Shawn James!

The Camaro and Cruiser swerve hard at an intersection, the turn seemingly impossible. The Rookie braces himself.

ROOKIE

Crap, crap, crap, crap, crap!

They just make it, skimming by cars.

OFFICER

You didn't think we'd make that either?

ROOKIE

(into radio)
Now north on Campbell, headed for

the Expressway.

An empty straight stretch of road. They gun it, engines howling, wringing out every last horse power.

A beam of light shines down on the Camaro.

OFFICER

There it is! Chopper on your ass!

The Rookie glances at the speedo. 90mph. He spots signals turning red at an intersection ahead and--

A semi. The brakes hiss. It pulls out. The Camaro heads for the closing gap.

The muscle car closes in. The gap tightens and--

BANG! The semi clips the Camaro, sending it into a slide. It drifts sideways. BANG! It hits a parked car, kicks up, and tumbles down the street over and over.

The cruiser screeches up. The Officer and Rookie climb out with weapons drawn and approach the shadowy steaming wreck.

No driver. They try to open the doors. They're jammed.

OFFICER

The footwells.

The Rookie checks and shakes his head. They glance around worried, weapons still poised.

OFFICER

Were'd that chopper go?

ROOKIE

(into radio)

Dispatch, this is Herc. We've lost air support and no longer have eyes on suspect.

POLICE RADIO

Message not understood, Officer Herc. No air support in your area. Repeat. No air support in your area.

They stare confused and sirens draw in.

ROOKIE

He got thrown out?

OFFICER

Well, that's karma for you, this
sucker buckled up.

They stare at the driver's safety belt, still buckled.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A vandalized apartment building in an area waiting for its
turn at regeneration.

INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

Damp creeps behind old posters featuring some of NYC's
greatest hip hop artists; Run DMC, Public Enemy, Salt-n-
Pepa. A double bed fills the room.

On it lies Kristy, 20's, a girl with pure bronx rawness that
just cuts through her innocence, sprawled spark out and half
undressed in the same position she crashed down in.

A train horn blasts. She stirs awake, spots it's 18:00 and
winces. She takes her cell and thumbs at it. BUZZ! She
jolts. It falls on her face. She fumbles around and answers.

KRISTY

I told you not to call me. I
already did the morning shift. No,
don't worry, I'll come in.

She trips over putting on pants, throws a fast-food worker's
top on backwards and stumbles out the room.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Griff, 20's, a wannabe baller, sporting nothing but a
designer snapback and silk boxers as he plays on a games
console. Kristy bumbles in rubbing her eyes.

KRISTY

I need to borrow the Cutlass. It's
an emergency.

GRIFF

I need it for business. Get the
bus. I'll pick you up.

KRISTY

You forgot to come get me last
time. Remember? You forgot your own
girlfriend. Besides, I gassed it

up, didn't I?

Griff grabs a notepad.

GRIFF

But I got to bring yayo in for my truck. Hey, check this name idea, Puff The Magic Wagon. Tight!

KRISTY

Griff, nobody is going to let you sell pot from a food truck.

GRIFF

Only a matter of time before weed is legit here. Imagine it's the nineties and you knew the Internet was coming to town, wouldn't you want in on that from day one?

KRISTY

By slinging on corners?

GRIFF

I'm building a customer base! Okay, check it out, The Cannibus, I pick people up, we go for a nice trip to the park, go get some munchies-

KRISTY

-Oh, it's the business idea of the century, Griff! It's genius. I look forward to you paying some rent.

GRIFF

(long beat)

Your top's on backward.

Kristy fights with her top to turn it round.

KRISTY

Fine, I'll get the freaking bus.

GRIFF

Hey, are those my pants?

She check and pulls out car keys. They lock eyes--

She's off, bolting out the door.

INT. APARTMENT, STAIRWELL - DAY

Kristy hurries down the steps. Griff hangs out the door.

GRIFF
Don't you dare take my car!

 KRISTY
I am taking my gas!

He takes chase in his boxers, wincing as his bare feet pad across crumbling tiles.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Griff runs out to find Kristy firing up a battered old t-top Cutlass. It farts out a plume of smoke.

 GRIFF
Kristy, I need my car!

She takes off, leaving him stood in the road.

 GRIFF
And I need my pants!

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The Cutlass eases up behind a long tailback.

INT. CUTLASS - DAY

Kristy waits, growing impatient. She gazes across a median to a small rundown restaurant named Meals Of Steel, a row of delivery scooters outside.

She taps her finger. The queue remains gridlocked. She stares at the median. The dashboard clock ticks over a minute. She guns it and cuts the wheel.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The Cutlass wallows across the median. WHOOP WHOOP! A police cruiser roars by and cuts her off.

INT. CUTLASS - DAY

She sits guilty as a TRAFFIC OFFICER crosses to her.

 KRISTY
Look, I'm sorry, sir. I was in a
rush and-

TRAFFIC OFFICER
-License and registration.

She opens the glovebox and freezes startled. A revolver. She sits back up rigid and hands over documentation.

TRAFFIC OFFICER
You see the paved expanses with the lines on em? Those are the bits you're supposed to drive on. That's your basics. Everyone else gets it. But you're special, you got me all distracted from task.

Kristy nods along wide-eyed.

TRAFFIC OFFICER
We're searching for a real scumbag, pulled himself a high speed Harry Houdini last night. Nasty piece of work. But here I am, telling you you gotta drive on the damn road.

He writes out a ticket.

KRISTY
Look, I was late and just-

TRAFFIC OFFICER
-You see this line of cars, I gotta search every freaking one of those.

She freezes and glances at the glovebox. She takes the ticket.

KRISTY
I'll be on my way.

TRAFFIC OFFICER
Roads only, you hear?

She draws up at to the restaurant to find FAST-FOOD STAFF outside applauding. She cringes embarrassed.

EXT. MEALS OF STEEL - DAY

The Staff go inside leaving Flo, 20's, a friendly felon decorated with cheap plastic flavor, to hug Kristy tight.

KRISTY
That was so scary.

FLO

Meh, once you get on first name basis, they aint so tough. Anyway, you think that's scary, tonight's going to be cray cray. Jesus wouldn't want this shift, and he fed the five thousand!

KRISTY

Speaking of which, where's the anti-christ?

FLO

The usual. Nobody knows, we're on a need to know basis, and we're nobodies, who don't need to know.

KRISTY

She's the manager. We should know.

They pause at the entrance and take a deep breath.

FLO

Let's do this.

INT. MEALS OF STEEL, KITCHEN - DAY

STAFF swarm around the kitchen. CUSTOMERS heave at the tills, barking orders. Knives chop. Friers sizzle.

KRISTY

Okay, we got a tough night ahead of us, but we can can do it! It's our destiny to do it, it's our calling!

The staff groan.

KRISTY

Yeah okay! But it is our job, and we want to get paid in full!

She spots NOVA chopping onions.

KRISTY

Here, let me show you.

Kristy chops the onion fast, serious knife skills.

KRISTY

Cut small and cook long. They're way better that way.

NOVA

Linda says fat and fast, something about profit margins?

KRISTY

Well I say, in the long term, good food means good profit.

FLO

Listen to my girl, nobody cares more about food than her.

INT. MEALS OF STEEL, TILLS - LATER

Kristy hands food to a MOM and spots her FAT KID clawing for his burger. She shoves a salad tub in his hands.

KRISTY

Here, on the house.

The Fat Kid glares and tries to hand it back.

KRISTY

It's non-returnable.

INT. MEALS OF STEEL, DRIVE-THRU WINDOW - LATER

Flo sat back slouched at the intercom.

INTERCOM

-and can you hold the pickle?

FLO

Sir, it's extra if you want me to hold your pickle.

INT./EXT. MEALS OF STEEL, KITCHEN - LATER

Kristy hurries across the kitchen and freezes.

KRISTY

Just what the hell are you doing?

CRAPHANDS by a microwave, drawing black lines onto burgers with a ruler and sharpie.

CRAPHANDS

Burners are down! Again!

KRISTY

Step away from the patties.

CRAPHANDS

This is what Linda told me to do!

KRISTY

(intense)

Step away from the patties.

She pulls a fire axe off the wall. He backs away wary.

KRISTY

We need Bertha.

Kristy marches out the back door, gathers up wooden pallets, and smashes them pieces with the axe.

She re-enters with a bundle, dumps them in the maw of an old cast-iron wood burner, and fires it up.

KRISTY

There's no way, no way, I'm selling
flamed grilled burgers if they
aren't grilled on the flames.

Kristy stands admiring the wood burner.

FLO

Good old Bertha. Put your wood in
her mouth, and she'll see that your
meat is well done.

BIG KIM (O.S.)

No! Sir, I can't take that! You
can't freaking use that, okay?

Kristy heads toward the tills to find TRASHMASTER MIKE, a homeless bum, thrusting monopoly money at BIG KIM.

BIG KIM

Your homeless ass can't come up in
here trying to pay for stuff with
freaking Monopoly money!-

TRASHMASTER MIKE

-It's European! I swear!

Kristy ushers him away to a corner.

KRISTY

You can't keep doing this.

TRASHMASTER MIKE

You gotta help me out. I need more
time. I nearly got the whole
conspiracy worked out, look.

He reveals a dirty test tube of red goo.

TRASHMASTER MIKE

The evidence. They probed the wrong
guy this time. Once I blow the lid,
I get the payoff, and I pay you
back for everything.

She hands him the food.

KRISTY

I'll cover it, one last time.

TRASHMASTER MIKE

You're one of us, truther.

He leaves delighted. She shakes her head unconvinced.

BIG KIM

He's taking advantage of you.

KRISTY

Just put it through, I'll balance
the till later.

INT. MEALS OF STEEL - LATER

Kristy watches over the staff working diligently with Flo.

KRISTY

We need to get the mood up in here.

FLO

Obese!

Flo hurries away. Kristy grabs a mic. Speakers squeal.

KRISTY

Erm, I've got a question for
everybody here tonight.

Staff and customers snap round beaming.

KRISTY

Are you people hungry?

CUSTOMERS

YEAH!

KRISTY

Are you people starving?

CUSTOMERS

YEAH!

KRISTY

Then what do we do, the Meals of
Steel crew, when you feel like you
last ate in nineteen eighty two?

STAFF

Serve it up! Serve it up!

KRISTY

I can't hear you!

STAFF

SERVE IT UP! SERVE IT UP!

KRISTY

And where do we take it, when we're
asked to make it, and we'll be just
damned if anyone lets us fake it?

STAFF

WE TAKE IT TO THE TABLES AND SERVE
IT UP! WE TAKE IT TO THE TABLES AND
SERVE IT UP!

The customers join in the chanting, clapping a rhythm. The Staff mime in sync to the rhyme. The lights dim.

TAKE IT TO THE TABLES AND SERVE IT UP -- CLAP CLAP -- TAKE
IT TO THE TABLES AND SERVE IT UP -- CLAP CLAP -- TAKE IT TO
THE TABLES -- CLAP -- TAKE IT TO THE TABLES -- CLAP -- TAKE
IT TO THE TABLES TABLES AND SERVE IT UP

KRISTY

Diners, may I present to you, for
your entertainment, DJ FLO RITE!

Kristy points to a podium. Flo poised over a set of well
used decks and an old laptop computer.

FRUKA FRUKA FRUKA FRUKA FRUKA FRUKA FRUKA FRUKA--

FRUKA FRUKA--

FRESH

Flo lays down a fat dirty beat. Speakers boom. Customers nod
along. She cuts a record back and forth, back and forth
against the needle, making it scratch.

Kristy dances, encouraging others. The staff dance along as
they work.

Flo rocks the decks, one hand dancing on the wax, the other tweaking the slider. Disco lights flash.

Craphands leaps on the podium and twerks against her. Customers cheer. A MOTHER covers her CHILD'S eyes.

Kristy leads staff in a synchronized groove, swaying and clapping. She throws in a few pops and locks. She's got infectious moves. The Customers love it.

Meals Of Steel rocks on into the night.

INT. MEALS OF STEEL, TILLS - LATER

The restaurant empty and quiet as Staff leave. Kristy and Flo hurry to lock up.

KRISTY

Great job tonight guys!

LINDA, the anti-christ in far too much makeup, barges in.

LINDA

Why are you locking up? We shut at eleven, does the clock say eleven?

KRISTY

We sold out. It was crazy tonight. We took record takings.

LINDA

Sold out? More like you were under-prepared. You can hang back while I go over the numbers.

INT. MEALS OF STEEL, OFFICE - LATER

A tiny office. Cluttered with paperwork. Kristy and Flo stand pissed off as Linda goes through till printouts.

LINDA

Wasted food, wasted time, wasted staff. Do I even need to ask if you've been prancing around on those discs all night?

FLO

Decks! How can you not know that? This place is built around them!

LINDA

You carry on like this and this

place won't be built around anything.

KRISTY

But cutting costs keeps doing us more harm than good. We should be selling quality food, and giving people a quality experience.

Linda holds up a long till receipt.

LINDA

What we should be doing is watching the bottom line. So why we got a till down tonight? You got something to confess, huh, Flo?

FLO

That was me! I comped a friend. I just forgot to settle up already.

LINDA

Oh sure, it couldn't possibly have a thing to do with your jailbird friend here handling cash.

Kristy takes out her wallet and steps up to Linda.

KRISTY

Flo's parole has nothing to do with it.

Linda faces up to her deadly. Kristy shrinks back.

FLO

Don't bother, I got this.

Flo dumps a pile of coins in Linda's hand and smiles.

FLO

Keep the change.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The bar buzzing with DRINKERS. Flo clinks a soda and a bottle of cider onto a table and slumps down.

KRISTY

Great, you're not drinking, you can drive me home.

Kristy guzzles back her cider.

FLO

You're the one with savings. Get your butler to drive you home. I don't get that. How you keep that grip tied up yet have this dream of running your own place?

KRISTY

I know. I'm not sure how much more I can take of Linda's crap. But it's a pipe dream. Besides, I don't have enough saved yet.

FLO

Go to the bank, they'd like you at the bank.

KRISTY

They like business people at the bank, with their business plans.

FLO

What you need is to go to jail, that would teach you to seize opportunity when you see it.

KRISTY

Look, I came here to moan, not get lectured. So shut up, cuddle me, and tell me it's all going to be okay.

FLO

I just think you're taking all this crap thinking you're going to wake up one morning as someone with the guts to do something about it. But that day's not going to come. You have to make that decision to be that person today.

Kristy stares back fed up. Flo hugs her tight.

FLO

It's all going to be okay!

INT. BAR, POOL TABLES - MINUTES LATER

Flo and Kristy set up a rack of balls on a pool table.

KRISTY

You need a safety net in business. Things are out of your control.

Like people. You think you know them but they're secretly changing into assholes while you're not looking.

FLO

Griff?

KRISTY

Don't start me, he just like, suckles on my teat.

FLO

Wow, he's into that.

KRISTY

Metaphorically. Mostly metaphorically.

FLO

So, find someone new. Put yourself out there, try online dating.

Kristy considers that as she grabs a pool cue.

KRISTY

I'd be the girl who ends up with a stalker.

FLO

No offense, but a stalker would be an upgrade for you. A stalker might actually be a little out of your league. How about that guy?

Flo nods to a ATHLETIC GUY at the bar.

KRISTY

You get wrapped up in the hot looks and killer body. Five years later, you realize he's a meathead who's life still revolves around team playoffs and drinking with his old high school buddies.

Flo scans around and spots a BUSINESS MAN sat in a booth

FLO

Ooh I like this game! Wall Street over there, fire.

KRISTY

Convinces you he supports your independence and career until he

wants kids, then suddenly you should be a Stepford Wife. You quit your job and get pregnant, he starts banging his secretary.

Flo nods toward a BAD BOY sat slouched in a dark corner.

FLO

C'mon, every girl likes a bad boy.

KRISTY

Fun at first. You fall for the mystery and excitement. He's a bit too wild but you can change him, right? You settle down and you realize everything you thought was cool and mature in your teens is looking pretty childish in your twenties. He's a dreamer, sponging off you and stealing from your wallet while you're slowly turning into the shrew you promised yourself you'd never be.

FLO

Wow, do you know that guy?

KRISTY

I'm pretty much dating that guy.

FLO

So what you going to do about it?

Kristy lets out a sigh, aims her shot and breaks.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Kristy stumbles out the bar using Flo for balance. Flo holds her hand out for the car keys.

FLO

Okay, let's get you to your crib.

Kristy roots in her pocket, pauses, and bursts into tears.

KRISTY

I can't go back! I don't want to go back! We had another big argument! I kinda stole Griff's car! I don't know what to do! What do I do, Flo?

Flo comforts her.

FLO
 You come back with me, and you
 abuse the same liberty I do. You
 stay with my folks.

Flo leads Kristy to the Cutlass.

KRISTY
 I love you, you know?

FLO
 I know. You think I'd let you go
 through this alone? You know I'm
 all up in my peep's business.

Kristy laughs back tears.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The Cutlass glides by illuminated shop frontages.

INT. CUTLASS - NIGHT

Funk plays quietly. Kristy slumped in her seat singing and laughing as Flo drives.

KRISTY
 What's the point of t-tops? Is it
 so you can like drive while wearing
 like a top hat? I never got that?

FLO
 You could rock one hell of an afro
 in a t-top.

KRISTY
 We should get those pointed hats
 princesses wore in medieval times.
 And drive around wearing them. And
 when people ask what we're doing,
 we can say, BECAUSE T-TOPS BITCHES!

FLO
 Pretty sure we don't want to be
 driving round the Bronx in pointy
 hats.

Kristy spots police lights down a street. She turns worried.

KRISTY
 Cut a left. The cops are searching
 cars down this way.

FLO
By the tracks? At this time of
night? With this pretty face?

KRISTY
Your parole allow you out this
late?

Flo cuts the wheel.

EXT. CITY BACKSTREET - NIGHT

The Cutlass turns down a dark empty backstreet and skulks by
desolate industrial buildings.

INT./EXT. CUTLASS - NIGHT

THUD THUD THUD THUD Flo glances around worried.

FLO
Woah! What's happening?

KRISTY
Yeah, I got a fix for that.

Kristy turns the music up, drowning out the thudding. Flo
nods impressed. They dance along to the tune. BANG!

They watch a wheel slowly pass them by.

SCREEEEEEEEEECH! The Cutlass scrapes to a halt. They sit
watching the wheel roll away into the darkness.

KRISTY
We should do something about that,
the stereo doesn't go up any
louder.

They get out. Flo glances around worried.

FLO
You want to walk back to the
boulevard?

KRISTY
Hey! I can change out a tire.
Wheel. Whatever.

Kristy takes out the jack and positions it ready.

KRISTY
Get winding.

Flo winds while Kristy heaves the spare out the trunk.

KRISTY
Strong like the Hulk! RAAAAAARGH!

She dumps the wheel down and staggers around drunk.

KRISTY
We need to find the lugs. I'll get
the torch.

Kristy gets in the Cutlass and opens the glovebox. The
Cutlass creaks on the jack.

FLO
Be careful! Stop screwing around!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
STOP SCREWING AROUND!

They snap round and stare into the darkness.

FLO
(into darkness)
Who's that?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
WHO'S THAT?

Flo gets up and marches into the middle of the road.

FLO
Oh you want to mess with us? You
want to mess with us, yeah?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
YEAH!

FLO
Yeah well I got some advice for
you, jackass, SCREW YOU!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
SCREW YOU!

Flo shivers with fear, struggling to stand defiant. Kristy
crosses over scared.

FLO
Be easy, okay? He's not going to do
anything if he thinks we aren't
scared. So stay strong.

Kristy pulls out the revolver.

FLO
 Woah! Too strong, too strong!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
 I WANT TO GET TO KNOW YOU! WE CAN
 BE FRIENDS!

Kristy raises the revolver.

KRISTY
 Look! We've got a gun! Okay?

Kristy eases back the hammer.

KRISTY
 (to Flo)
 I'll just fire a warning shot.

FLO
 Okay, do it.

Kristy aims ahead into the sky. She winces terrified as she squeezes the trigger a little. Kristy nods encouraging with her fingers in her ears. A train thunders by. BANG!

Kristy jolts and gasps. They stand waiting as the train rumbles into the distance, horn echoing.

FLO
 You like that! Banging like an
 eight-o-eight, bitch!

They wait. ARGH! A pained cry from the darkness.

KRISTY
 Oh my god! You okay?

Nothing.

KRISTY
 We should check he's okay.

FLO
 No! We need to split, now!

Flo hurries back to the Cutlass and grabs the torch. She searches down the road, Flo following reluctant. They find a couple of the wheel lugs and collect them.

Kristy swings the torch around. The beam sweeps across asphalt, through a torn down fence, and into bushes.

They stare into a ditch in which lies SHAWN JAMES, 30's, a leather-jacketed rebel dotted with tattoos of honor.

FLO

Damn!

Kristy drops into the ditch and checks for a pulse. She goes weak at the knees and gags.

KRISTY

Oh my god! I'm a murderer, Flo! I popped a cap in somebodies ass!

FLO

You need to keep it together! This guy was antagonizing us, okay? You only fired a warning shot, okay?

KRISTY

I shot him, okay?

FLO

Where'd you even get a gun?

KRISTY

I found it in the glovebox. It's Griff's, I think.

FLO

So it won't be registered.

Kristy shakes her head.

FLO

And nobody knows we're here?

Kristy shakes her head.

FLO

And as of right now, nobody knows what's happened?

They both shake their heads, stare at one another and--

Haul ass to the Cutlass. Kristy jumps in the passenger seat.

KRISTY

Drive!

FLO

We've got no freaking wheel, you idiot!

Kristy leaps back out. They wrestle the spare on and fumble trying to thread the lugs.

They thread them on, just finger tight, and leap in.

The Cutlass peels out into the night.

EXT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An old end-terrace house sits behind a metal fence. A modest abode proudly maintained. The Cutlass screeches up outside.

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kristy and Flo enter wide-eyed, silent and trying to come to terms with what's happened.

FLO

Look, this is like hitting a dog with your car, you drive on, and you forget about it.

KRISTY

You do?

FLO

Okay, I don't know why I said that. I'd so go back for a dog. But not a rapist, Kristy, not a rapist.

Kristy takes out her cell.

FLO

No, not the cops! Think about it, there's what happened, what we said happened, and what it looked like happened. And when one of us is on parole, only one of those matters.

Flo stares serious. Kristy tosses her phone down.

KRISTY

But we can't just walk away from this! I touched the body, Flo! We have to do something.

MR & MRS ANDREWS enter delighted to see Kristy. They cross over and hug her tight. She remains wide-eyed and rigid.

MRS ANDREWS

What a surprise! Now you visit! Right when we're going away!

FLO

You guys are still up? Don't you have a plane to catch first thing?

MR ANDREWS

Your mother insists on packing everything we own.

MRS ANDREWS

Well now I gotta unpack it all and
smuggle Kristy along with me.

Mrs Andrews pinches Kristy's cheek admiring.

FLO

Don't worry about me. Just try to
act like I'm not here.

Mr & Mrs Andrews stare smiling at Kristy, reading her cagey
demeanor and turning concerned.

MR ANDREWS

What on Earth is the matter?

Flo struggles to hold her silence.

FLO

Kristy
(beat)
broke up with Griff.

MRS ANDREWS

Oh, Kristy! Oh no!

They give Kristy a soothing three-way bear hug.

FLO

A three-way, seriously?

MR ANDREWS

Stay here as long as you need. We
insist. We'll set up a room.

FLO

Yes, go set up a room or whatever.
Important private girl talk needed
in here. No sexual detail spared.

Mr & Mr Andrews leave. The door clicks shut.

Kristy turns to Flo, pained with worry.

KRISTY

There's no point beating around the
bush here, we've got to go back and
cover it up, right?

FLO

We can get away with this. It will
be like the time we nearly got
caught drinking in high-school.

KRISTY

I got caught for that! I had to go back in during spring break! Didn't you even notice I wasn't around?

FLO

Okay well, then what I'm saying is, this is going to be nothing at all like that. You go to Home Depot first thing tomorrow. I'll write you list of things we might need.

KRISTY

You're not coming?

Flo pulls up her trouser leg revealing an ankle monitor.

FLO

I got my Bronx Rolex, don't I?

Kristy stresses out. Mr & Mr Andrews re-enter concerned.

MR ANDREWS

Just look at the state of you! You poor thing! We put you new sheets down. I'll make cocoa

FLO

Should I just leave? Maybe find a family who acknowledges my existence? Hello?

EXT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

Kristy pulls up in the Cutlass and sits watching HAPPY SHOPPERS pass by. She slips on sunglasses and a beanie.

She gets out, crosses to carts, and struggles to free one.

INT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

Muzak chirps. Kristy stares confused at an array of gleaming spades and shovels. She takes a snow shovel and inspects it.

A friendly FEMALE ASSISTANT trots over beaming.

FEMALE ASSISTANT

Ya'll need a hand?

KRISTY

No. Thanks. They all look great.

FEMALE ASSISTANT
The spades or the shovels?

Kristy stares back bemused.

FEMALE ASSISTANT
Ya'll need help.

KRISTY
I do?

FEMALE ASSISTANT
I know the deal. Don't want help
from a girl.

KRISTY
I don't?

FEMALE ASSISTANT
Get it all time. Don't you worry a
thing. Now pardon my French, but
your rules is, you move shit with a
shovel, you dig yourself self out
of shit with a spade.

KRISTY
Yeah, I need a spade.

FEMALE ASSISTANT
Burying something?

Kristy glances around and spots a sign for septic tanks.

KRISTY
A, erm, septic tank. About...

She holds her hands out around her, trying to
surreptitiously estimate Shawn James' dimensions.

KRISTY
..yay big.

FEMALE ASSISTANT
That sure is an odd sized tank.

Kristy stares back worried.

FEMALE ASSISTANT
Hell girl, you got yourself the
Family Dumpster Five Hundred? That
puppy can take some shit! Had me
one of those back in Dallas!

She leans into Kristy, one to one.

FEMALE ASSISTANT

Had a sleepover one night. All you can eat burrito buffet. Now, I had my concerns. Next morning. Log flume situation. Took every turd.

She mimics taking a huge dump.

FEMALE ASSISTANT

You know what they say, turns your stool into a pool! Just fire and forget, sister! Boom!

She hangs for a high-five. Kristy reluctantly obliges as cringing Customers watch.

FEMALE ASSISTANT

Hell, just the talk of it got me itching to back the big brown motor home out the garage right now. Wanna join me?

Kristy reels stunned.

FEMALE ASSISTANT

Too far, I know, too far. I gotta stop asking people that.

She takes a spade and hands it over proud.

FEMALE ASSISTANT

That'll see you right. Now, since we've established you aint burying your other half, is there anything else I can assist you with?

KRISTY

You got any plastic sheeting and some rope?

EXT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE - DAY

Mr Andrews heaves bulging luggage cases into an taxi. Mrs Andrews hugs and kisses Kristy.

KRISTY

Now you take care! He's not worth crying over, they never are.

MR ANDREWS

Hey, come on already!

Mrs Andrews hurries to the Taxi.

FLO
Try to miss me!

Flo and Kristy wave them away.

FLO
Okay, let's see what you got.

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Flo stares confused at a pile of items including the spade, a tarp, a kids jump rope, and some oven-mitts.

KRISTY
I got different items from different stores. That's smart, right? Then it doesn't look so suspicious.

FLO
Oven-mitts? Yeah, because looking like you're cooking apple pie in the middle of the bronx, that doesn't look suspicious at all.

Kristy frowns.

FLO
You did good, okay? Now, I've got to go see my parole officer, then put in a shift at work-

KRISTY
-What? We need to move now! I can't do this alone? What if I mess up? What if somebody sees me?

FLO
You know I can't skip a meeting. Besides, nobody by the tracks likes to talk to cops. You'll be fine.

Kristy stares worried.

BANG! BANG! BANG! At the door. Flo gasps.

KRISTY
That'll just be your folks, right?

FLO
My folks don't knock their own front door, Kristy.

They stare for a few moments and--

Hurry to hide what they can, shoving items in cupboards and squeezing the spade behind the refrigerator. BANG! BANG!

FLO
One minute!

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY

Kristy and Flo approach the door, a shadow looming through the glass. They take a deep breath and open it to find--

Griff stood outside.

GRIFF
So I had to buy new pants. I waited up last night, Kristy. All night. Then I figured you'd be here.

KRISTY
I'm so sorry. I needed some space, and I've been kinda distracted--

GRIFF
-I want my car.

He stares at Kristy hurt. She stares back edgy.

GRIFF
Somethings up. What?

Kristy stares lost and hopeless, about to let it all out.

FLO
-You're on a break. She's just too pathetic to tell you.

GRIFF
That true? You're breaking up with me? Because what? I wouldn't let you borrow my damn car?

KRISTY
It's not like that, Griff, I wouldn't--

GRIFF
-keys!

Kristy hands over the key and watches him leave. She looks at Flo pissed off and upset.

FLO

What? You were about to give the game away.

KRISTY

Well now we've got no car. How do you suppose we move a body without a car? Drag it onto the subway?

Flo points to a Mini parked in the street.

FLO

We'll use my Mom's. Drive me to my meeting, go get the body, then take me to work. We'll take things from there. Is that so hard?

Kristy looks back dour.

EXT. CITY BACKSTREET - NIGHT

The torn down fence by the ditch. A train clatters by in the distance. The Mini eases up to a halt.

Kristy gets out and checks around nervous. The street desolate. The backs of the industrial buildings vacant.

She moves to the gap in the fence and stares down into the bushes. The ditch empty. She checks along the fence and looks back at the road, a wheel lug lying alone.

She creeps down into the ditch and peers through the bushes.

She studies the flattened grass and litter at her feet. Within it sits the spent bullet.

She stares at the slug conflicted and checks around. The wind shivers the bushes, carrying the sound of heavy industry with it.

She retrieves the slug to find red goo dripping from it.

Her eyes are drawn to more on the ground, a trail leading into the bushes. She goes to follow it.

CRACK. She freezes. A rustling nearby.

She moves away quick, climbing out the ditch, and pacing to the Mini. She keeps her head down, moving fast but trying not to hurry. She reaches for the door handle and pulls it.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, stop!

She snaps round shocked to find DAVIDS looming over her, a soothing mystery about him, wrapped an tired sack suit.

DAVIDS

Sorry to startle you. I just wanted to ask what you're doing.

Her eyes dart around, her faced pained with guilt.

KRISTY

I think I hit a dog. I thought it ran in there. I was just checking.

DAVIDS

You don't want to be rummaging through the bushes round here.

A black SUV roars down the road and screeches to a halt. ANDERSON, paranoid, militant and immaculately power-suited, throws her door open and raises a weapon at Kristy.

ANDERSON

Okay, missy, put em up!

Kristy throws her hands up, keeping the slug clasped.

DAVIDS

Jeeze! Turn it down a notch!
(to Kristy)
You can put your hands down.

Kristy slowly lowers her hands. He spots something.

DAVIDS

Stop. Hold it there a minute.

Kristy watches him worried. He takes out a pen and draws it toward her clasped hand.

ANDERSON

What you got, Davids? Talk to me.

He scrapes some goo away and inspects it. She stares at him inquisitive.

DAVIDS

Guess you did hit a dog.

He scrapes it into a pot. A radio squawks in the SUV.

ANDERSON

We gotta move! C'mon!

Davids gets in the SUV. Kristy watches it roar away.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The Mini buzzes by with the mid-day traffic.

INT. MINI - DAY

Flo stares at the bullet slug amazed.

FLO

You cleared up the crime scene?
Hardcore! And the body, it was
definitely gone?

KRISTY

What if he reports what happened?

FLO

He was hanging around the tracks at
midnight and got shot? That's like
complaining you went to Burning Man
and got crabs. He's lucky to be
alive.

Kristy toys with a little goo on her fingers.

FLO

Just be glad we're no longer going
ahead with what we thought we had
to do. Because, in all honesty, I
had no idea what I was doing.

Kristy stares back incredulous.

INT. MEALS OF STEEL, KITCHEN - DAY

Linda paces back and forth. Flo and Kristy roll their eyes,
lined up with the fed up Staff.

LINDA

-profit, profit, profit. Why do you
people find the concept so hard to
grasp? I understand our equipment
is faulty, customer satisfaction is
below that of our competitors...

Kristy smiles surprised.

LINDA

...but the solution is you need to
work harder, you're at eighty
percent at best. No more song and
dance crap, this isn't High School

Musical this is a business.

The Staff groan. Kristy holds back from saying something.

LINDA

No more novelty specials for the menu, no more discs. The burger blend, we're buying in now. No more grinding these fancy cuts-

KRISTY

-NO! You don't mess with the cuts! That'll be the kiss of death!

Linda glares. Kristy shrinks back.

LINDA

Keep that up and you won't be around long enough for me to prove you wrong. You just got yourself drive-thru duty. Everyone, get to work!

Linda marches to her office. Kristy stews.

INT. MEALS OF STEEL, DRIVE-THRU WINDOW - DAY

Kristy hands over food to a FAMILY in their car and shoots them a genuine smile.

KRISTY

Have a great day!

She waves them off. The Cutlass clatters up to the window and screeches to a halt. Griff stares up forlorn.

GRIFF

Kristy! We need to talk!

KRISTY

Griff, you can't do this! I'm close enough to getting canned already!

She grabs the soda jet and sprays it at him.

KRISTY

Go! Go!

GRIFF

I'll have two Snacker's Delight meals! Ha! Now you HAVE to talk to me, Kristy!

KRISTY
The hell I do!

She prepares food fast, handicapped by perfectionism.

GRIFF
Where'd my spare wheel go?

She freezes for a moment.

KRISTY
I had to change out the tire. Your
dumb wheel fell off.

GRIFF
So you just left it?

KRISTY
I couldn't find it! It was dark!

GRIFF
Well you could have used the torch!

He looks to the glove box and suddenly realizes what he
keeps by the torch.

GRIFF
Did you look for the torch?

She also realizes.

KRISTY
Torch? Watch torch? I don't know
anything about no torch.

She finishes up the food and bags it up.

GRIFF
I don't want it to be over, Kristy.

He stares hopeless. She sighs sympathetic and hands over the
food. He hands over the cash and gives a bag back.

GRIFF
For you. It's a gift.

KRISTY
A gift? I made it! How can it be a
gift if I freaking made it?

GRIFF
It's the best food in town. How can
it not be a gift? I believed that
when met you. I still believe it.

Kristy frowns touched.

KRISTY
Yeah, well things have changed.

GRIFF
Is it really over?

KRISTY
It's complicated.

Cars honk. He glares.

GRIFF
Well, it's a good job Facebook has
that for a relationship status
then, isn't it!

He throws the Cutlass in gear and screeches away.

INT. MEALS OF STEEL, TABLES - DAY

Flo wipes tables and takes CUSTOMER'S trays to the trash.
Linda marches by and points at a TV.

LINDA
That TV. Turn it off. Damn things
wasting electricity.

Flo goes to switch off the TV. A mugshot of Shawn James
stares back at her. She flinches and freezes.

A news report. EX-CON UPDATE. Flo frantically waves Kristy
over. Footage of the earlier car crash plays silently.

KRISTY
Quick, turn it up.

FLO
Linda hid the the remote. The guys
were putting on porn during the
night shift. And by guys, I of
course mean me.

Footage of a cemetery plays.

KRISTY
Oh jeeze, he's dead.

CCTV footage of Shawn James robbing a convenience store.
MISSING KILLER. He brutally shoots workers.

Kristy and Flo reel appalled.

FLO

Looks like we did everyone a favor.

CCTV footage of Shawn James playing in a local park like a child. SPOTTED LAST NIGHT. He slides down a slide and spins on a merry-go-round.

The old and new footage freezes side by side, his face highlighted, clearly him in both pieces.

FLO

He's not even injured? Now this is why I don't believe in karma.

Kristy studies the looping footage, his expressions and mannerisms contrasting from evil to innocent.

KRISTY

It doesn't seem like the same guy. I mean, it's the same guy, but it doesn't seem like the same guy.

Flo holds her hands out to the screen.

FLO

This is your ex-con murderer. This is your ex-con murderer on meth.

Linda crosses over angry.

LINDA

I told you turn that thing off! Kristy, take out the trash. C'mon pick it up people!

Flo turns the TV off. Kristy stares into the blackness.

EXT. MEALS OF STEEL, TRASH AREA - DAY

Kristy hauls out trash-bags toward a dumpster. She spots the gate ajar and goes to close it. Trashmaster Mike leaps from behind the dumpster.

TRASHMASTER MIKE

Friend!

KRISTY

Jeeze! It's you. Look, you can't be here. But wait, someone bought me a meal earlier, I'll get it for you.

TRASHMASTER MIKE

Your support to bring the truth

will not be forgotten, fellow truther. But I must ask, do you have extra for my friend?

Shawn James pops up in the dumpster like a hyperactive kid in a ball pit.

SHAWN

WOOO! EXTRA FOR THE FRIEND! EXTRA FOR THE FRIEND! EXTRA FOR THE FRIEND, FELLOW TRUTHER!

Kristy's eyes bulge.

TRASHMASTER MIKE

Hey! Put your helmet back on.

Shawn obediently puts on a tinfoil hat.

TRASHMASTER MIKE

My latest recruit. An abductee. You got to excuse the crazy, he's still feeling the effects of the probing.

Shawn climbs out and crosses over. Kristy backs away scared.

SHAWN

THE PROBING. STILL FEELING THE EFFECTS OF THE PROBING. I'M THE LATEST RECRUIT.

TRASHMASTER MIKE

It'll wear off, brother. And the itching will stop too. Don't you worry.

Shawn continues to approach Kristy. She stops and stares compelled. He smiles sincere.

SHAWN

Don't you worry. Don't you worry.

He goes to grab her hand. She pulls away scared. He jolts back and reveals a tiny flower he was trying to give her.

They stare eye to eye.

TRASHMASTER MIKE

Here, put your beard on.

Trashmaster Mike puts a crude fake beard on Shawn. Kristy snaps back to her senses.

KRISTY

Look, you just wait here while I
get that food, okay?

She hurries away, glancing back nervous.

KRISTY

Lots of food coming! Lots of food!

INT. MEALS OF STEEL - DAY

Kristy enters to find Flo worried and nodding across the
restaurant. Linda stood with Davids and Anderson.

LINDA

Hey, you two! Get over her!

They cross over. David's eyes narrow. Anderson smiles smug.

LINDA

These guys are with the police,
they're asking if anybody's seen a
strange person nearby. The
customers said anything?

KRISTY

No, nothing.

FLO

There a problem?

ANDERSON

A certain killer on the run round
here?

FLO

The meth-head last seen on a park
slide? Real scary. Oh boy, I hope
he doesn't come in here and try to
steal our lunch money.

ANDERSON

You wanna be careful talking to me
like that.

Kristy rubs her neck nervous. Davids studies her.

FLO

Look, I don't care if you guys are
the F-B-Lie or the C-Lie-A, I know
my rights.

DAVIDS
(to Kristy)
What's that, on your hand.

She flinches and spots a little goo on her hand.

KRISTY
Oh this? It's is a new special
sauce I'm working on.

She licks it tenderly and gags. They all wince.

She manages to choke it down. She holds her head under the
drinks machine, desperately guzzling back soda.

KRISTY
It's in the very early stages.

She retches over the sink.

FLO
Look, we've got nothing to hide,
search the whole place if you want,
search every last corner. I dare
you, I double dare you.

ANDERSON
Oh you dare us? You double dare us?

Kristy panics as she grimaces, trying to talk.

Linda faces up to Anderson.

LINDA
Hell no! You want to search this
store, you can come back with a
damn warrant.

Flo snaps round surprised.

LINDA
And stop antagonizing my staff.
These are good hardworking people
just trying to do their job.

Kristy winces shocked.

LINDA
You want to pry into their
business, you'll have to go through
me. Now, I suggest you leave.

Davids and Anderson make their way out.

ANDERSON

Oh we'll leave, but only because we
got better leads to chase.

LINDA

Then get gone. I see you talking
but I don't see you leaving.

ANDERSON

Oh you wanna dance?

Davids holds Anderson back and ushers her out the door.

LINDA

Girl, I would snap you like a
gluten free breadstick.

Linda paused and shakes her head dazed.

FLO

Wow, did you just feel compassion?

LINDA

Just, just get back to work.

She bumbles away. Kristy steadies herself against the sink.

KRISTY

There's a complication. Follow me.

Kristy grabs a food bag and stumbles to the back door.

FLO

I am not trailing any of that
special sauce.

EXT. MEALS OF STEEL, TRASH AREA - DAY

Kristy and Flo exit the restaurant. The trash area empty.
Kristy searches around frantic.

KRISTY

No, no, no, no, no! Where'd they
go? Where'd they go?

FLO

Who? The rats? Did you not hear?
They heard about Linda's latest
changes and left.

KRISTY

No, Trashmaster Mike was here, with
him, our guy!

FLO
Our guy? Merry-go-round meth-head?

Kristy peers into the dumpster desperate.

KRISTY
We've got to go find them.

FLO
Are you crazy? This is over now,
we're in the clear.

Kristy moves in to Flo, staring intense.

KRISTY
No, we're not. We're vulnerable,
and we've got to do something.

INT. MEALS OF STEEL, TABLES - DAY

Flo walks in shocked. Kristy follows her, face pleading.

FLO
Let me get this straight. You want
to KIDNAP a killer who's on the run
and, it's safe to assume, probably
a lunatic meth addict.

KRISTY
Not kidnap. Get round the table.
I'm telling you, this guy's not
some cold blooded killer. He's
kinda nice, in a weird way.

Flo grabs cleaning items and hands some over.

FLO
I am not convinced, but feel free
to persuade me. Please, step into
my office.

She leads Kristy among tables. They begin cleaning.

KRISTY
We can interrogate him, find out
what he knows. We've got the
advantage here, he's a wanted man.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY - FANTASY

A makeshift cardboard shelter outside a construction site.
Trashmaster Mike and Shawn sat solemnly by it.

KRISTY (V.O.)
 Trashmaster Mike lives out by the
 construction site at Hunts Point.
 We drive over and offer them some
 food, they won't be able to resist.

Kristy and Flo pull up to the construction site in the Mini,
 sitting back cool and wearing shades.

They wave a bag of food out the window. Trashmaster Mike and
 Shawn walk over keen.

FLO (V.O.)
 And then we take them down.

Kristy and Flo leap out the Mini dressed in leather cat
 suits. They take the guys down with some slick kung-fu.

INT. MEALS OF STEEL, TABLES - DAY

Flo mimics the moves.

KRISTY
 No, we ask them to get in the car.
 And we take them back to yours, for
 questioning.

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY - FANTASY

Shawn tied to a chair. Kristy and Flo loom over him mean.

FLO (V.O.)
 Questioning. Nice. I get to be bad
 cop. No, you be bad cop. No, let's
 both be bad cop.

The girls eagerly beat Shawn with bats and shout at him.

INT. MEALS OF STEEL, TABLES - DAY

Flo pretends to be beating somebody with her broom.

KRISTY
 No, we sit round the table, like
 adults.

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY - FANTASY

Shawn sat opposite the girls, calming explaining what he
 knows. The girls listen and nod sagely.

KRISTY (V.O.)

We find out what he remembers. If it's too much we'll bargain with him, he keeps schtum or we put him away.

INT. MEALS OF STEEL, TABLES - DAY

Flo raises her spray like a gun and nods approving.

FLO

Put him away.

Kristy takes the spray off her.

KRISTY

We turn him in.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY - FANTASY

Kristy and Flo leading Shawn into the station cool and mean. COPS applaud. Flash bulbs flash. The girls pose for photos.

FLO (V.O.)

And we go down as heroes.

INT. MEALS OF STEEL, TABLES - DAY

Kristy pauses concerned and thinks.

FLO

Actually no, rewind-

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT - FANTASY

Shawn tied up outside the station with a sign hanging on him reading CRIMINAL. The girls stroll away in disguise.

KRISTY (V.O.)

-we turn him in but keep our heads down, and we stay thankful we got away clean. Then it's all over.

INT. MEALS OF STEEL, TABLES - DAY

Flo mulls it over and nods approving.

FLO

We could play it like that. And if

he doesn't remember anything?

KRISTY

We let him go, we leave the rest up
to the cops and keep our distance.

They walk by a KID trying to work an ice-cream machine.

FLO

Okay, when do we do it?

KRISTY

Right after this shift.

FLO

Alright!

They simultaneously kick and smack the ice-cream machine. To
the Kid's delight, it starts vending. They nod smug.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Kristy and Flo weave through traffic in the Mini, sitting
back cool and wearing shades.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

The cardboard shelter outside the empty construction site.
Trashmaster Mike and Shawn sat staring at the sky.

TRASHMASTER MIKE

There, look, the mother-ship.

He points at an advertising blimp. Shawn nods fascinated.

TRASHMASTER MIKE

To the communication device!

He leads Shawn to the worker's port-a-potty.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE PORTABLE TOILET - DAY

Trashmaster Mike enters the toilet, drops his pants, and
perches on the can.

TRASHMASTER MIKE

Oh supreme beings! I have opened up
my communication channel!

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Kristy and Flo draw up in the Mini. They they smile friendly and wave the food at Shawn.

Shawn's eyes bulge terrified. He points back.

SHAWN

Aliens!

The girls take off their shades confused.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE PORTABLE TOILET - DAY

Trashmaster Mike smiles delighted and hunches hard.

TRASHMASTER MIKE

My colleague sees your visitors, oh
divine ones!

His eye twitches. PARP!

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

The girls get out the mini. Shawn freezes and--

Bolts into the construction site, kicking up dust.

SHAWN

Aliens! Aliens!

Kristy looks at Flo, shrugs, and sprints after him. Flo shakes her head and reluctantly joins the chase.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - FOOT CHASE

The bare metal skeleton of a part built tower block looms over building materials and equipment.

Shawn runs toward semi trailers, Kristy not far behind.

FLO

I'll cut him off!

Flo turns hard, trips, and rolls into a ditch.

FLO

Or maybe I won't!

Shawn ducks under a trailer and heads for a wall. Kristy slides under the trailer and paces after him.

Trashmaster Mike grimaces.

TRASHMASTER MIKE
We are your loyal subjects, we
offer ourselves for further study!

Shawn runs across the top of the wall. Kristy carefully balances as she follows, glancing round for Flo.

Flo manages to climb out the ditch.

FLO
Okay, I got this!

She slips and falls face first into a drainage pool.

FLO
I so don't got this.

Shawn heads for the building framework. A long drop into a cement basement. He leaps and uses the metal beams like monkey bars. Kristy takes a deep breath and copies.

Trashmaster Mike dances on the can.

TRASHMASTER MIKE
Do you hear me? Take us back to the
wonders of the stars!

Shawn drops from the beams and runs to a ladder. He clambers up, just slipping out of Kristy's reach.

KRISTY
Stop! We're not trying to hurt you!

Flo slithers out the drainage pool covered in mud.

FLO
Please just be mud! Please just be
mud!

Shawn paces across empty rooms, ducking hanging cables. He reaches the edge of the building and looks back.

KRISTY
No! Don't!

He leaps off the building. She dashes over worried and stares down. Shawn climbing out of a huge dumpster.

Trashmaster Mike continues to dance and fart.

TRASHMASTER MIKE
We are your chosen! We are the

finest specimens on offer-

PLOP!

TRASHMASTER MIKE

-Ignore that last message.

Kristy watches Shawn running to the exit. She spots Flo getting wound up in barricade tape and tripping over.

She looks down into the skip. A tiny old plump armchair the only thing in it. She closes her eyes.

Trashmaster Mike clutches his knees in anticipation.

TRASHMASTER MIKE

If you can take me back, show me a sign!

Shawn sprints for the exit. Kristy leaps, ass first and--

GOOOOONG! Dust resonates from the dumpster. Kristy winces pained, on her butt in front of the armchair.

Trashmaster Mike gasps delighted.

Shawn looks back. BANG! He goes down hard. Taught barrier tape by his feet, Flo on the ground holding onto one end.

TRASHMASTER MIKE

If you'll take my friend, show me another sign!

Kristy climbs out the dumpster and kicks it hard. GOOOOONG!

Trashmaster Mike freezes stunned.

Flo ties Shawn up in tape. Kristy limps over exhausted.

KRISTY

If it's possible to break your butt, I'm pretty sure I just did.

They manhandle Shawn to the Mini, tossing his tinfoil hat.

Trashmaster Mike watches shadows lumber by the toilet.

The Girls heave Shawn into the passenger seat. He passes out. Flo gets behind the wheel.

FLO

Quick, get in!

Kristy tries to clamber over Shawn to get in the back.

FLO

No time for mustache rides! Hurry!

Kristy slams the door, and tries to open the trunk.

KRISTY

OPEN THE HATCH!

Trashmaster Mike covers his mouth gasping. Flo pops the trunk. Kristy crawls through exasperated.

KRISTY

Go, go, go!

The Mini buzzes away. Trashmaster Mike stumbles out the toilet to find Shawn's tinfoil hat by his feet. He picks it up and gazes up to the blimp proud.

TRASHMASTER MIKE

God speed, brave space traveler.

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Shawn comes to sat on a chair. Kristy and Flo stood over him. He clenches his eyes shut.

SHAWN

Aliens! Abducted! Release me from your ship!

FLO

You're in a kitchen, you idiot!

KRISTY

Look, your friend, Trashmaster Mike, he's my friend too. We just want to talk.

Kristy stares sincere. He peeks his eyes open and calms. Flo takes his wallet and studies it.

FLO

So, Shawn James. Recall anything strange happening last night?

He reflects and touches a dark a stain on his shirt.

KRISTY

Let me take a look at that.

Kristy moves in, locking eyes with him. She carefully unbuttons his shirt and teases it open. Flo cringes.

An unearthly wound, healed over, goo surrounding it.

Kristy grabs the wallet off Flo and holds it up to him. A picture of a girl tucked into it.

KRISTY
What's her name?

SHAWN
(long beat)
Marilyn Monroe.

FLO
This guy is whacked out his skull.

Kristy thinks for a moment and shows him a spoon.

KRISTY
What's this?

FLO
I think he knows what a spoon is.

Kristy shoots her a glare and waves the spoon at him.

KRISTY
What is it?

SHAWN
A spoon, obviously.

KRISTY
Show me what it's for.

She hands him the spoon. He brings it to his face and--
Cooly uses it to comb his hair. The girls stare shocked.

FLO
Oh my god! This might just be the
best moment of my whole life!

SHAWN
DAMN! I did the training! So much
training! Why did I have to pick
Earth? People say it's the most
messed up planet to work on.

Kristy nods stunned.

KRISTY
You're a freaking alien, aren't
you?

FLO

You're not buying this, seriously?

SHAWN

We took someone up and I was sent down in his place. But something went wrong! Someone shot me!

The Girls wince guilty.

KRISTY

Well, in all fairness you're impersonating a wanted criminal? Why would you do that?

SHAWN

Criminals live off the grid. Nobody asks questions if they start acting different. But since getting shot, information I'm supposed to know is missing. A homeless guy found me, helped me out, I was trying to act like him, blend in.

FLO

I don't believe it. Show us your superpowers then, besides being able to maintain a bitchin' hairstyle with cutlery?

SHAWN

The idea is to appear normal.

Flo rolls her eyes. Kristy hands over the bag of food.

KRISTY

Here, since you've been honest.

He takes out the burger and wolfs it down feverishly.

KRISTY

So what do you remember?

SHAWN

There was one thing we were told over and over in training, one thing I'll never forget, don't trust the people in dark glasses, they do very bad things to us.

Kristy turns concerned. She leads Flo out the room.

KRISTY

Excuse us one second.

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kristy and Flo cross to where they still have a scope on Shawn. He continues scoffing the burger.

FLO
So shall I call the cops or you?

KRISTY
We can't turn him in now! He's innocent, technically.

Shawn stares a bag of fries confused and tries to eat the whole bag as if it's a sandwich.

FLO
So we cut him lose. I'm not convinced. I've read the comic books, I'm pretty sure he should have at least some superpowers.

Kristy moves in close, deadly serious.

KRISTY
No, we protect him.

FLO
You're suggesting we harbor what is, at best, an alien being and, at worst, a known fugitive?

KRISTY
Don't you think we owe him a little? We shot him, Flo!

FLO
Still, he might be a danger to us.

KRISTY
Does he look like a threat?

Shawn scoops milkshake out the cup and eats it off his fingers.

KRISTY
Look, I accept he might not be what he claims to be. But, either way, people are looking for him, and if they find him, they find us.

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kristy and Flo re-enter.

KRISTY

You can stay here until you've figured things out. But there's one condition, you've got to act normal, okay?

He nods cool and cleans his ears out with napkins.

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, LANDING - NIGHT

A blanket and pillow in Shawn's hands. Flo leads Kristy and him by the doors to bedrooms.

FLO

This is you. She gets to be your roomie. I suggest you shower. I suggest you sleep. I suggest you don't do anything stupid because I sleep with a baseball bat and I'm old friends with an Italian butcher. Sweet dreams, Roswell.

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kristy makes up a bed on the floor while a shower squeaks off. Shawn emerges butt-naked. She averts her eyes.

KRISTY

Erm, the towel.

She peeks out to find him with the towel neatly wrapped round his head. She looks away and holds his sheet up.

KRISTY

Just get in.

They both climb into their beds.

SHAWN

Where did you get that food from?

KRISTY

I made it, at work.

SHAWN

It was amazing. Freaking amazing. Did I say it correct?

KRISTY

Yeah. You said it just right.

SHAWN

You put all that effort into an energy source. Is that normal?

Kristy nods.

SHAWN

You are, how do you say it, weird?

She scoffs amused and throws a cushion at him.

KRISTY

No, you're weird. In fact you're not even weird, you're nothing, you're a blank slate.

He forces an embarrassed smile.

KRISTY

No, it's a good thing. Must be pretty cool, seeing everything for the first time, feeling things for the first time.

They stare at each other.

KRISTY

What you're feeling now?

They continue to stare.

SHAWN

(unsure)

Sleepy?

He rests his head and closes his eyes. She watches him for a few moments and turns out the light.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

The buzz of busy SHOPPERS. A hearty display of fresh vegetables. Kristy inspects them. Her phone rings.

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Flo clutches her phone concerned.

FLO

How much longer will you be?

INTERCUT KRISTY AND FLO.

KRISTY

It's only been five minutes! We need food! There's nothing left! Is everything okay?

She glances across the kitchen. Shawn stood in the corner wary. She waves a spatula at him threatening.

FLO

Everything's fine. No, wait, is he potty trained or should I put down a litter tray? Screw it, you wanted to keep him, you can deal with that stuff. Get back soon!

INT. GROCERY STORE - MINUTES LATER

Kristy at the register. She helps the CHECKOUT LADY pack.

CHECKOUT LADY

Oh I been in this job long enough to know what you're cooking here. Honey, you're cooking for a man.

The Checkout Lady raises her eyebrows coy.

KRISTY

He's really, really, not my type.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Kristy exits the store and pauses. Davids gazing around waiting. She u-turns and walks right into Anderson.

ANDERSON

Woah there! Trying to avoid us?

Kristy sighs frustrated. David's crosses over.

ANDERSON

Seems we nearly had a runaway.

DAVIDS

Hey, there's nothing to be afraid of. You may be able to help us with a really important investigation. We wanted to ask you if you've experienced anything strange lately, anything you feel could be attributed to being abnormal?

He stares suggestive. Kristy remains poker-faced.

ANDERSON

She doesn't know what you're talking about.

DAVIDS

I think she understands. I think she knows the right thing to do.

Kristy struggles to hold her silence. Davids and Anderson wait with anticipation.

KRISTY

Little green men! Ghosts! Seriously? You guys for real? Do I look possessed to you? Do I look like I need an exorcist? Good bye!

Anderson and Davids shirk cagey as SHOPPERS glance over.

Kristy tries to leave. Anderson body-blocks her. She turns. Davids reluctantly body-blocks her.

KRISTY

Let me leave! Let me leave!

The CHECKOUT LADY exits the store concerned.

CHECKOUT LADY

Hey, hey! What's going on here?

Anderson flashes her badge cocky.

ANDERSON

Back off, till jockey.

CHECKOUT LADY

Unless you're arresting this nice young lady, I suggest you leave her alone.

A concerned crowd gathers. Davids stares at Kristy, reading her guilty face. He nods for her to go. She hurries away.

CHECKOUT LADY

The only thing she's doing is cooking a fine meal, a fine meal for a man. Ooh baby girl gonna get some lovin' tonight.

EXT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE - DAY

Kristy pulls up outside in the Mini. She hops out and carries groceries to the house.

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY

Kristy lets herself in to find Flo waiting by the door in her restaurant uniform.

FLO
Finally! Where did you go searching for food? Mordor?

KRISTY
Wait, you can't go to work. The men in black, they just harassed me at the store. They asked me if I'd seen anything weird, like aliens.

FLO
If I don't go people will ask questions. People like parole officers.

Shawn enters holding an old Power Ranger Pterodactyl toy.

KRISTY
You gave him a toy? He's not a baby!

FLO
Hey, that's my favorite, I don't let just anyone play with it.

KRISTY
He's a boy! He should have the Tyrannosaurus Dinozord! He can't be the Pink Power Ranger!

FLO
Okay, kinda sexist but whatever.

She goes to leave and pauses at the door.

FLO
Hey, check this out.

Kristy joins her peeking out the window. A police cruiser sat outside. Two COPS sat watching the house.

FLO
Best we act normal. I'll go to work, you stay here and play single mom.

Kristy watches Flo walk to the car. She turns to Shawn. He nods the Pterodactyl toy at her and meows coy.

KRISTY
Wanna watch some TV?

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Power Rangers theme blasts from the TV, the Rangers assembling for battle. Kristy dances beside Shawn on the couch, singing along to the theme tune.

The Red Ranger lays some kung-fu on bad guys. Kristy mimics, making sound effects. Shawn watches her bemused.

KRISTY
Watch this bit! Watch!

The Blue Ranger swings and sweeps his legs at the bad guys, not hitting a single one as they dive and fall.

KRISTY
Doesn't actually touch one bad guy!
Step up your game, Billy!

The Yellow Ranger leaps to a high vantage point.

KRISTY
(along with dialogue)
Alright, dweebs! Dance!

The Yellow ranger fires at said dweebs. Kristy follows along. Shawn smiles amused.

KRISTY
I so used to call everyone a dweeb,
I was such a cool kid.

Rita Repulsa appears on screen, cackling demented.

SHAWN
Who's that?

KRISTY
That's Rita Repulsa. Astronauts
found her on the moon in a
dumpster. She's this evil alie-

She pauses. He nods, not offended. She turns it off.

KRISTY
Okay. Do you perchance have talking
cats on your planet?

SHAWN
We did. They held us as our slaves

for centuries. That was until we morphed into superheroes and beat them with our martial arts skills.

He mimics some kung-fu at her. She fights him off amused.

KRISTY

Good, because we have a lot of Sabrina The Teenage Witch to get through.

They stare. BEEP BEEP BEEP. An oven alarm rings.

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Kristy pulls out a steaming pot of chili from the oven. Shawn studies it fascinated. She spots his interest.

KRISTY

Here.

She feeds him some. His eyes bulge. He coughs and chokes.

SHAWN

You eat this? Seriously?

She nods grinning.

SHAWN

You're messing with me! Prove it!

She eats some and tries to show no reaction. He waits. She buckles and fans her watering eyes.

KRISTY

Seriously, this is a thing we do!

He falls about laughing. She burst into giggles.

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kristy stands at the TV with a Wii remote in her hand. She concentrates, very serious. Shawn leans in.

SHAWN

Don't over-think it. Don't picture failure.

KRISTY

That's not playing fair.

She bowls, gets a gutterball, and facepalms humiliated.

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Shawn with the Wii remote. He judges his shot.

KRISTY
PYSCH! PYSCH! PYSCH! PYSCH!-

He bowls. STRIKE! He looks at her delighted.

KRISTY
Well, you gotta victory dance!

He stares back confused.

KRISTY
Like this.

She dances, circling her hips and clapping. He copies.

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, FLO'S BEDROOM - LATER

A breakbeat booms. Flo's bedroom laid out shrine like around pristinely maintained decks. Kristy scratches a record back and forth. Shawn nods along impressed.

She signals for him to have a go. He grabs a needle and scrapes it right across a record.

Kristy cuts the music and stares stunned.

KRISTY
WE WERE NEVER HERE!

She runs out. He follows, knocking over a collection of vinyl. A bong rolls out. He looks at it confused.

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER

Kristy swings open a cupboard and rummages.

KRISTY
You like Cheetos?

SHAWN
How would I know?

She throws them over. He catches them.

KRISTY
Believe me, right now you freaking love Cheetos!

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATER

Shawn and Kristy on the sofa eating chocolate. Grey's Anatomy plays, Dr Shepard kisses Meredith. Kristy swoons.

SHAWN

Didn't a patient like, just die?

She slaps his hand.

KRISTY

I said no questions! Penalty!

He hands over a piece of chocolate. She scoffs it.

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER

Kristy and Shawn slumped at the counter on stools. She bites a lemon, knocks back her drink, and licks her hand.

KRISTY

(slurring)

I think I did it wrong. Look, the important thing is, this isn't a slammer, that's an entirely different thing. It's important you know this for your research.

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATER

Kristy on the sofa, swaying alone and singing softly. She pours the last of a bottle of wine into a glass.

She spots Shawn at the door, wearing a jacket backwards, a shower cap on his head and earphones around his neck.

SHAWN

Hello, I'm the surgeon performing your operation today. Do you have any questions about the procedure?

KRISTY

Well, I'd quite like to know what's actually wrong with me first. If that's okay, doctor?

SHAWN

You're mentally unstable. Crazy. You need immediate attention.

KRISTY

So? You think all humans are crazy.

SHAWN

But you're by far the worst.

He moves in and sits by her, pretending to use the earphones like a stethoscope. She stares seductive. He moves his hand from her chest to her forehead.

KRISTY

I think you might be using your equipment incorrectly, doctor.

SHAWN

I'm reading your mind. I have superpowers, remember?

KRISTY

(challengingly)

Yeah? What's it saying.

He gazes into her eyes, sweeps her hair back, and kisses her. She embraces him tight.

EXT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Flo pulls up in the Mini. She gets out and studies the cops watching her in the cruiser. She scoffs to herself.

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Flo enters and freezes. Music playing. The lights low. Empty glasses by discarded junk-food packets.

FLO

I've finally become my mother.

Kristy exits the living room shamefaced and distracted.

FLO

What's up? What happened?

Kristy goes to answer but holds back.

HONK! She goes to leave.

FLO

Oh my god! You didn't, did you? OH MY GOD! You did, didn't you?

Kristy hurries out. Flo leans out the door.

KRISTY

You know what this is? Your

spacewalk of shame! No, moonwalk of shame!

Shawn enters.

FLO

You Intergalactic player, you. You do the nasty? The horizontal hokey-pokey? You put the hotdog in the bun, add a little mustard? What am I saying? You so probed her, didn't you?

He winces bemused.

EXT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kristy walks to a taxi and pauses at the door, staring at the reflection of the police cruiser in the glass. The two COPS watching.

She storms toward them fearless.

KRISTY

Yeah? You like what you see? Why don't you get out, hey? Get out and face me!

They obediently get out the Cruiser. She reels surprised.

KRISTY

Good! You're supposed to be here protect and serve! I'm a good citizen! I don't deserve to be treated like this!

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Flo and Shawn watch Kristy gesturing.

FLO

What exactly did you do to her?

SHAWN

Something I probably shouldn't have.

EXT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kristy points at the Cops fuming.

KRISTY

Now, get out of here and give me
some privacy! Stat!

They get in the car and roar away.

KRISTY

Yeah! That's it! You go! Bustin'
you out the park!

She watches the cruiser disappear and stares surprised.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

The TAXI DRIVER sits nervous. Kristy gets in nice as pie.

KRISTY

So sorry about that.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Griff lying on the couch eating pizza, pining over photos of
Kristy on his phone. RING! BANG! BANG! BANG!

KRISTY (O.S.)

Griff, it's me. Open the door.

He races out and opens the door delighted.

GRIFF

You're back! I knew you'd come
back! I knew you had to come back!

KRISTY

Look, it's over. Okay? It's over. I
wanted to tell you face to face-

He drops to his knees.

GRIFF

-You gotta be kidding me. You
can't. We're meant to be together,
Kristy. You and me. We're a team.

KRISTY

I can't deal with this. I'm sorry.

She hurries to the bedroom. He scrabbles after her.

INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kristy grabs a bag and starts packing. Griff paces upset.

GRIFF

Don't go! Whatever it is I've been doing wrong I'll change, I swear-

KRISTY

-Where are my other sneakers?

He rummages around and hands to over to her.

KRISTY

NOW you decide to be helpful. We've grown apart, Griff. All we do now is argue.

He studies her. She winces awkward.

GRIFF

Something's different.

KRISTY

Yeah, you bet it is, this is me not taking your crap anymore.

GRIFF

There's someone else, isn't there?

She holds her silence and has to sit on the bed dizzy.

GRIFF

What's the matter?

KRISTY

I need like, a glass of water. I'm just a little buzzed.

He goes to leave and stops in his tracks.

GRIFF

No. You know what? Get it yourself?

He storms out, slamming the door. She frowns sympathetic.

EXT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, YARD - NIGHT

Flo sprays air fresher on the couch cushions and wafts them. Kristy walks round the house and finds her.

KRISTY

Hey, I'm sorry about the mess.

Kristy grabs a cushion and helps.

KRISTY
I've ended things. With Griff.

FLO
Okay. Now, Shawn, pun intended, was it out of this world? Is it normal down there or does it glow like ET's finger?

Kristy smirks and goes to speak-

SHAWN (O.S.)
-WHERE THE BEERS AT? WHERE THE BEERS AT?

Shawn struts out in a tank top, his hair gelled back.

FLO
I said keep out the closets! That's my dad's wifebeater. He needs it for when he's beating my mom!

SHAWN
But it aint t-shirt time.

Kristy glares at Flo.

KRISTY
You let him watch Jersey Shore?

SHAWN
Busted!

KRISTY
No, that show is not a good example of how guys should behave.

SHAWN
(mocking her)
That show is not a good example of how guys should behave.

KRISTY
Grow up!

SHAWN
Seems I'm grown up enough to see what your cooka looks like. Am I right?

Kristy gasps and starts beating him. He goes rigid.

SHAWN
 ARE YOU TOUCHING ME? ARE YOU
 TOUCHING ME? ARE YOU TOUCHING ME?

KRISTY
 Another planet we can work with,
 but New Jersey, that's too far! I
 want McDreamy, not McDouchebag!

SHAWN
 WELL MC DREAMY'S DEAD! MC DREAMY'S
 DEAD! MC DREAMY'S FREAKIN DEAD!

Kristy storms to the house.

KRISTY
 This is not the real you!

She slams the back door. Flo checks him out impressed.

FLO
 Now if THIS had been going on the
 day you showed up, things would be
 a lot different with me and you.

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Flo and Shawn enter to find Kristy jabbing at the TV remote,
 trying to navigate the parental lock settings.

SHAWN
 You're not the boss of me! You
 don't get to chose what I watch!

KRISTY
 Oh I think you'll find that, on
 this planet, I'm the closest thing
 to a guardian you've got!

The TV flicks to static and white noise.

SHAWN
 What, you think you're my mom now?

Flo stares at the TV.

FLO
 Guys.

KRISTY
 No, I just think that, like every
 guy I date, I have to be your
 girlfriend AND your mother too!

FLO
Guys! What is that?

They turn to Flo and join her staring at the TV.

A mysterious circular symbol within the bustling static on the TV. Shawn sits on the couch deflated.

SHAWN
It means my superiors know my mission's been compromised. That I have to go back.

Kristy frowns disappointed.

SHAWN
I have to answer to the Grand Master. I'm supposed to show him something insightful about human culture. When he see's I have nothing, he won't be happy.

KRISTY
How are you supposed to get back?

SHAWN
They pick me up. I have to be at a set location, tomorrow night.

KRISTY
Tomorrow? Tell them everything's under control, that you can continue with your mission.

SHAWN
I can't do that.

KRISTY
Then don't go. Stay here. Forever.

She stares intense. He smiles appreciative.

FLO
Just to bring you up to speed, Kristy, he's an alien! He's in serious danger here!

KRISTY
But we can make him like us!

FLO
Oh yeah! I nearly forgot! We try hard enough, we might be able to pass him off as the wanted fugitive

we're harboring!

KRISTY

Think outside the box! We could get him plastic surgery, give him a new face! A whole new identity!

SHAWN

My face? I like this face.

FLO

Okay, you're very tired, a little crazy, and completely delusional! I say we go to bed, think about what we're doing, and pick this up in the morning! Because, whether you like it or not, this conversation is getting at least one sequel!

Flo storms out. Kristy slumps onto the couch beside Shawn and puts her head in her hands. He rubs her back.

INT. FLO'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Birds sing. Sunlight streams through a window. Flo makes coffee. Kristy enters, showing little signs of sleeping.

Flo pauses, hands her the coffee, and starts making another.

KRISTY

Okay, I went too far last night.
But I can protect him from going
back and facing the consequences.

FLO

And the consequences here?

Her phone rings. Kristy's phone rings. They answer them.

KRISTY

(into phone)
Yeah, sure.

FLO

(into phone)
Whatever.

They hang up confused.

KRISTY

That was the restaurant, they said
to come in right away, its-

FLO

-mandatory. Look, I'm going to say
this once and then I'm done with
this conversation. Are you changing
him for his good, or yours.

KRISTY

His.

Flo grabs her keys unconvinced.

FLO

Then fine, we need to go.

EXT. MEALS OF STEEL - DAY

A closing down message on the door. The STAFF crowding outside angry. The Mini pulls up. Kristy and Flo get out shocked. Linda among the mob, handing out envelopes.

LINDA

Hey! Hey! Wait your damn turn!

Nova pulls a check from an envelope.

NOVA

What the? This doesn't cover half my shifts this week!

LINDA

You're lucky you're getting anything! Don't blame me! The bank are threatening to foreclose!

KRISTY

So you're just rolling over and taking it? That's it? We give in?

LINDA

You're part of the reason this place has failed! If there's anybody we should all be angry at, it's you!

Craphands bursts out the door carrying boxes of stock.

CRAPHANDS

Take what you can and run, people!

LINDA

Craphands! Get back here!

He leaps onto a delivery scooter and buzzes away.

EXT. MEALS OF STEEL - MOMENTS LATER

Kristy and Flo slump down on the curb. Staff circle them.

BIG KIM

Well, what do we do now?

KRISTY

Don't look to me, I can't fix it.

NOVA

How can you say that? It's you who kept this place going.

KRISTY

Because I'm deluded. Because I thought the world might change and this place would fit in. Look where you are right now. Look who got you here. I failed, okay? I failed so you need to get real and look for new jobs. I'm sorry guys, I don't

believe in the restaurant anymore.

FLO

You believed in me. Who argued the case to employ someone on parole?

BIG KIM

She's right, I didn't want no skanky ass prison junkie here.

FLO

Okay, not a junkie, but whatever. Besides, looks like I'll be going back where I belong now anyway.

KRISTY

If I could save you from a prison sentence I would, but this place is under a death sentence.

Kristy frowns apologetic, gets up, and trudges away, shirking attempts to comfort her.

INT./EXT. MINI - DAY

Kristy watches Flo driving, worry across her face.

KRISTY

I'm going to find you a new job. It's my number one priority now.

FLO

Hey I don't need no job. I got an alien to cash in, dog!

Kristy smirks a little.

FLO

Look, if you want to keep him safe, I'm cool with that. That's OUR number one priority right now.

A black SUV cuts them up and forces them to a halt. Anderson leaps out, gun gripped. Davids follows.

ANDERSON

Okay, ladies, out the car!

She holds up a warrant.

FLO

A warrant! On what grounds?

DAVIDS

It's not too hard to get a warrant
to search someone on parole.

FLO

What could I be hiding in here?
This cars tiny! You've seen most of
it looking through the window!
There is no more car!

KRISTY

Just give it up. We can't win.

Flo calms. They get out. Anderson and Davids search the car.

Anderson rummages under the seats and pulls out a pair of
briefs. She waves them around victorious.

ANDERSON

Who do these belong to? Huh?

FLO

He goes by the name Craphands.

KRISTY

You've stooped low.

FLO

He's human, I have standards.

Anderson sniffs the briefs. The girls wince. Davids cringes.

She crosses to the SUV and pops the tailgate. The Girls
eye's bulge. A cruel looking gun-like device, the front like
a claw. Kristy frowns worried.

She drops the briefs in the road and aims the device at
them. It charges up and fires a blue light. The briefs burn
to nothing. The asphalt bubbles.

ANDERSON

Okay, they're clean, we're done
here.

Davids crosses to the girls, worried and sincere.

DAVIDS

If you have anything to tell us,
you need to come forward now.

He waits for an answer. They remain defiant.

ANDERSON

It's the house next. We'll be

knocking. Just a matter of time.

Anderson and Davids get in the SUV and race away.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The Mini pulls into the gas station and eases up to a pump. Flo hops out and starts pumping gas.

FLO

Don't worry, we can protect him.
We're not going to let some
glorified pant sniffing machine
scare us.

Kristy gets out the car and paces consumed.

FLO

Damn, does this mean I have to buy
Craphands new underwear now?

She turns to find Kristy stood clutching her head.

KRISTY

I can't do it!

Kristy breaks down into pathetic tears.

KRISTY

Why do I try to change all the
boys, Flo? Why do I try to change
all the boys?

Flo stops pumping and comforts her.

KRISTY

I've been so deluded! I thought he
was perfect! A blank slate! But I
was being selfish! He is who he is,
I can't change that, it's not my
place try to change that! I
shouldn't have tried to change him,
or Griff, or anybody-

Kristy babbles incoherently. HONK! A car waiting behind.

FLO

Hey! Can't you see she's having a
complete mental breakdown here?

She looks Kristy in the eye.

FLO

Okay, we cut him lose then. And we get our story straight.

Kristy sniffs back tears and toughens up.

KRISTY

No, we do the right thing. We help him get back.

FLO

That's more dangerous than hiding him! You really want to go up against the C-I-F-B-I-A or whoever those guys are?

KRISTY

Look, he might not be right for me, and I might not be right for him, but I do love him. And I need him to be safe. He HAS to be safe.

Flo smiles endearing.

FLO

So how do we get him back?

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kristy and Flo enter to find Shawn waiting for them.

SHAWN

Look, hear me out.

He holds Kristy by the hands.

SHAWN

I can change. I know it's not going to be easy but I'm prepared to try. I need you to believe that.

KRISTY

I don't want you to change. I only want you to be who you are. And if that means you have to go, I'm happy to accept that. Does that make sense?

He nods understanding and kisses her.

FLO

Steady now, we all know where this can lead to with you pair.

Kristy snaps round and glares. Flo slaps herself.

FLO

Woah! Okay, no more double shots of syrup are going in my espressos!

Kristy thinks for a moment, staring at Flo.

KRISTY

I need to talk to someone.

EXT. BUILDING RUINS - DAY

The shadowy carcass of a part torn down building awaiting renovation. A GANG lazing in the sun by the Cutlass.

Griff toys with his secluded revolver, he flicks the cylinder out and notices a bullet missing.

He stares at the empty slot consumed and reflecting.

The Mini eases up in the distance. Kristy gets out and stands nervous as he hides his gun and crosses over.

GRIFF

It aint safe to be here.

KRISTY

I came to apologies. I should never
of tried to change you. It was
wrong.

GRIFF

Thanks.

He turns to leave.

KRISTY

I wanted to make sure we're still
friends.

GRIFF

Sure, whatever.

He walks away.

KRISTY

Seriously, I need you to believe
it. I'm about to do something big.
I might not be around much longer.
I need to know you aren't hurt.

He pauses, drawn to his gun. That missing bullet.

GRIFF

I still care about you, okay? I'm
there for you, whatever happens.

KRISTY

Can I hold you to that?

INT. MEALS OF STEEL - DAY

The Staff stood confused in the restaurant.

NOVA

We shouldn't be in here, this is
breaking and entering!

Craphands jingles a set of keys.

CRAPHANDS

Not if you have the spare keys.

BIG KIM

I'm pretty sure, that's still the
entering part, dufus.

Kristy and Flo enter. They get up on the podium.

KRISTY

We called you here because we got jobs for you. But what we're offering won't be easy.

BIG KIM

Girl, if you're leading, we don't care what it is.

The Staff nod to each other sure. Kristy smiles touched. Linda barges in fuming.

LINDA

You people should not be in here!

She spots Kristy stood addressing the staff and smirks.

LINDA

Oh, you think you're a leader now? Well let me tell you, the only thing you ever led, is this business into the ground. Think about that before you drag these people down with you.

Kristy frowns hurt.

FLO

Hey, don't you-

KRISTY

-NO! You killed off this place because you killed off everything this place was about! But you can't kill off the spirit inside of us. I have my faults but I'm growing, and this place will grow too. You have no power over us! You have quit on us! Every person here has more of a right to be here right now than you ever did!

Linda reels shocked. The Staff whoop, clap, and cheer.

LINDA

That's it! You're trespassing, I'm calling the police!

She goes to leave. Staff block the door.

KRISTY

Actually we need you to hang back and go over the numbers.

She nods to the staff. They bustle Linda into the office and lock the door.

KRISTY
Listen, there isn't much time.

EXT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE - EVENING

Twilight. Street lights flicker on one by one.

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - EVENING

Kristy and Shawn waiting nervous. Flo enters.

FLO
They're here.

EXT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE - EVENING

A black SUV pulls up. Anderson and Davids get out and walk up to the front door. Anderson bangs it hard.

ANDERSON
Open up, ladies!

INT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - EVENING

Kristy nods to Flo. Flo takes out her phone and dials.

EXT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE - EVENING

Anderson bangs the door. She waves a warrant around.

ANDERSON
We got ourselves another warrant,
girls! No getting away now!

A box truck creeps slowly down the alley beside the house. Davids watches it suspicious.

It passes by. The young DRIVER and PASSENGER staring. Davids and Anderson stare back. It pulls into the road.

Anderson spots a rear door easing closed. She dashes down the alley and stares up the house. The bedroom window open.

ANDERSON
C'mon!

The truck doors burst open. Smoke billows out, shadows moving within it. Davids and Anderson peer confused.

Delivery scooters race out, ridden by people in costumes, NESSIE, BIGFOOT, KING KONG, JESUS, and the GRIM REAPER.

They buzz away in five different directions, Jesus cuts through the cruisers, the Grim Reaper down the sidewalk.

The crowd CHEER and applaud.

Cruiser squeal away in every direction, struggling to coordinate and take chase.

Nessie cuts down the alley, diving around boxed goods. A Cruiser tries to get through but clips the boxes and rolls.

Bigfoot slaloms through the supports for the overhead railway. Cruisers swerve after and crash into one another.

King Kong races toward a set of signals and u-turns. Cruisers j-turn after. He bombs up the street to another set of signals and u-turns again leading them back and forth.

EXT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE - EVENING

The Cutlass rolls up the house. Shawn saunters out to it and peers in. Griff smiles back.

SHAWN

You must be Griff?

Griff nods, he leans over and shakes Shawn's hand.

GRIFF

Pleasure. So now you know what misdirection is, brother.

INT. SHOPPING COMPLEX

SHOPPERS part as Nessie barrels by stalls honking the scooter's horn, police bikes tailing.

EXT. GOLF COURSE

GOLFERS swing in serenity. They turn to see Bigfoot race by, slowly tailed by course security in a buggy.

INT. CUTLASS

Griff slouches comfortable as he cruises along with Shawn.

SHAWN

I like these windows in the roof.

GRIFF

T-tops, son. Bitches love them!

Griff takes out a roll-up.

SHAWN

That what I think it is?

Griff offers it over challengingly.

EXT. DONUT STORE

Two FAT COPS waddle to their Cruiser and get in.

RADIO

We got King Kong headed south on
third, moving fast.

They peer up out the windshield wary. Their eyes move down.
King Kong buzzes by on a scooter. They shake their heads.

The Cruiser flicks on its siren and joins the chase.

INT. CUTLASS

The car full of smoke. Shawn passes the roll-up over.

SHAWN

-so like a food truck, that serves
pot. Dude, best idea ever.

GRIFF

Right? But Kristy was all like,
that'll never work, that's
technically completely illegal.

SHAWN

She's very opinionated.

GRIFF

Right? Thank you!

EXT. CHURCH

Jesus races down the street chased by Cruisers. He swerves onto the narrow disabled ramp and loses them.

EXT. CEMETERY

The Grim Reaper slips between tombstones. A Cruiser scrubs to a halt. He swerves out the gates onto--

EXT. 161ST STREET

He races along alone. Jesus sweeps out an intersection and joins him. The masks come off. It's Kristy and Flo.

KRISTY
You lose them?

FLO
I gave 'em hell!

They twist the throttles and race under flicking streetlights, the Yankees stadium stood proudly ahead.

INT. YANKEES STADIUM, GUARDS OFFICE

A GUARD slumped watching TV. The picture distorts. BUZZ! His control panel lights up. He stares at a CCTV monitor.

A security grate opening. Kristy and Flo race under it. The guard reels stunned. He runs to the door but finds it locked. He swipes his ID card. Nothing.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM, GREAT HALL

The scooters echo off the towering walls of the great hall. The girls gaze up at the tall windows adorned with banners.

EXT. YANKEE STADIUM

The Cutlass clatters up by the entrance. Griff and Shawn lazily climb out and stroll in.

GRIFF
It's like a control thing, you know? Why she always gotta OD?

SHAWN
Like the being on top thing?

GRIFF
Let's change the subject.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM, TUNNEL

The Girls thrash down a tunnel, staring ahead mean.

EXT. CITY BACKSTREET

Bigfoot tears down the street making a b-line for a gap in a fence. He leaps off the scooter and runs into the bushes.

Cruisers race up. Cops get out and follow. He creeps through the bushes. Click. A cop holds him at gun point. Others move in and cuff him. They pull off the mask. It's Craphands.

EXT. PARK

Nessie races across grass and crashes into a lake. She thrashes around, pulling off her head revealing it's Nova.

EXT. TOWER BLOCK

King Kong's scooter sputters to a halt. He gets off and removes his mask. It's Big Kim.

She tries to climb a fire ladder. Cops swarm her. She roars as they pull at her and falls back, crushing an officer.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM, PLAYING FIELD - NIGHT

Shawn and Griff wander out to find Kristy waiting arms folded with Flo.

GRIFF
Oh boy, here we go.

KRISTY
You're late!

SHAWN
You're early.

FLO
Hey! You know the deal. We deliver your extra-terrestrial in thirty minutes or the next one's free.

Griff stares up into the sky.

GRIFF

Is anyone else seeing that?

They gaze up at light in the sky, slowly pulsing yellow.

Shawn walks into the center of the field and waits.

Kristy sniffs back tears. Flo comforts her. Shawn checks his watch confused.

SHAWN

There's a problem.

Kristy glances around worried.

KRISTY

The lights! We should switch on the lights!

Flo nods in agreement. Her and Griff get on the scooters and race into the tunnel.

Kristy joins Shawn staring up at the fading light.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM, GREAT HALL

Flo and Griff race through the hall. Flo's slams on her brakes. Griff looks back and stops.

GRIFF

What's the hold up?

She stares entranced at the Hard Rock cafe. She lets her scooter fall to the floor as she walks to the windows.

Griff races over to find her gazing at a set of decks on display.

FLO

Grand Master DST's decks. The Holy Grail.

GRIFF

We've got to get moving.

FLO

We're already in a heap of trouble, right? A little shop lifting, that wouldn't make much difference?

Griff drags her away.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM, PLAYING FIELD

Kristy stares up into the sky impatient and upset.

KRISTY

Why isn't this working? This has to work! It can't fail! Not now everyone's helped out!

INT. YANKEE STADIUM, CONTROL ROOM

Griff and Flo run in and scan the endless array of buttons. Flo hits a switch.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM, PLAYING FIELD

CLUNK! Kristy jolts as blinding stadium lights switch on. Her and Shawn peer into the brightness. Their faces sink.

POLICE everywhere, lined up and on point with Anderson and Davids. Nova, Big Kim, and Craphands in cuffs. The rest of the restaurant staff emerge from the bleachers.

A SWAT TEAM jog in.

ANDERSON

Restrain them!

The Swat Team approach. Kristy clutches Shawn tight.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM, CONTROL ROOM

Griff and Flo watch worried. She hits another switch.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM, PLAYING FIELD

CLUNK! More lights switch on. The Swat Team freeze. The Cops stare wide eyed. Kristy and Shawn turn round to find--

A huge black round alien ship sat ominous and silent.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM, CONTROL ROOM

Flo gasps as she takes in the view from the control room. Kristy and Shawn embraced in the center of the playing field, the cops one side, the ship the other.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM, PLAYING FIELD

Anderson grits her teeth.

ANDERSON
I said restrain them!

The Swat Team look back wary.

DAVIDS
Wait!
(to Shawn)
Come with me! I promise you won't
be harmed! You can bring her with
you, we'll just talk! That's all.

ANDERSON
He's a danger to us!

DAVIDS
No, we're a danger to him!

Kristy looks up at Shawn lost.

KRISTY
Could that work?

SHAWN
No. But you could come with me.

She holds his hands and stares into his eyes thinking.

She steps back and lets him go.

KRISTY
Go. I'll deal with the fallout.

He nods understanding.

SHAWN
You're so weird.

KRISTY
No, you're weird.

Kristy fights crying as she watches him walk away. She looks to Flo. Flo nods back approving.

Shawn walks toward the ship and--

THWACK! Two Swat Officers tackle him.

KRISTY

NO!

Kristy goes to run to him. COPS hold her back. Shawn writhes as the Swat Officers pick him up and restrain him.

WOOSH! Everyone snaps round to the ship.

A ramp lowers. Smokes billows. It clears to reveal the GRAND MASTER, a towering figure in a studded gown, an elegant horned helmet, and a wrap around visor.

DAVIDS

(to Swat Team)

Let him go, now!

ANDERSON

(to Swat Team)

Don't you dare! He stays here!

The Staff and the Cops stare stunned.

BIG KIM

Her crazy ass is going to start a damn space war or something.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM, CONTROL ROOM

Flo and Griff shake their heads terrified.

GRIFF

We have to do something!

Flo realizes something.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM, PLAYING FIELD

Anderson righteously points at the Grand Master.

ANDERSON

This is obstruction! I have every right to detain this individual who is here in this country, and this planet, illegally!

Lights start cycling on the ship, pulsing green to red. Two large circular devices start to spin up.

SHERIFF

Not in this city you don't.

The Cops draw their weapons and aim back at the ship.
 Kristy writhes upset. The PA speakers squeal feedback.

FLO
 (through PA speakers)
 Erm, I've got a question for
 everybody here tonight.

Kristy's eyes bulge.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM, CONTROL ROOM

Flo with the PA microphone in her hand. Griff wrestles with wires, pushing plugs into ports.

FLO
 Are you people scared?

INTERCUT CONTROL ROOM AND STADIUM

STAFF
 YEAH!

FLO
 Are you people terrified?

STAFF

YEAH!

A beat plays. The decks from Hard Rock Cafe spinning in front of Flo, Herbie Hancock's Rockit playing.

FLO
 Then what do we do, the Meals of
 Steel crew, when we feel like right
 now there's nothing else we can do?

STAFF
 Serve it up! Serve it up!

FLO
 I can't hear you!

STAFF
 SERVE IT UP! SERVE IT UP!

FLO
 And where do we take it, when
 someone needs to make it, and
 there's a passion inside each one

of us asking us to wake it?

STAFF

(repeating)

WE TAKE IT TO THE TABLES AND SERVE
IT UP! WE TAKE IT TO THE TABLES AND
SERVE IT UP!

Kristy wriggles from the Cops, runs to Shawn, and clutches him tight. Anderson and the Cops try to pull her off.

SHAWN

What are you doing?

KRISTY

Just trust me!

She kisses him passionately. The music builds.

FLO

People of the universe, may I
present to you, for your
entertainment, KRISTY KREME!

The Cops release Kristy. She throws off Anderson.

She turns and faces the Cops, a fire in her eyes.

Flo starts working the decks, mixing in Afrika Bambaataa's Planet Rock, that unmistakable 80's electro beat.

Kristy nods to the beat, staring into the cold eyes of the Cops facing her. A single gun starts to bob in time.

She smiles to herself. The Cops start nodding along and--

She throws herself into a breakdance routine, rocking and locking and spinning.

Anderson scoffs incredulous.

Kristy freezes mid move, stares at the Cops intense, and--

Two cops start free-styling along with her. She dances, silhouetted against the alien ship's multicolored lights.

Staff cheer and dance along. Shawn struggles in the arms of the Swat officers.

Flo scratches the records and flicks the fader confident, reading her crowd, watching Kristy busting moves.

FLO

We need more variety!

Griff dashes out.

Sweat, beads on Kristy's arms. She drops into a suicide move and follows with the caterpillar. The Staff applaud and grove along. The dancing Cops chain wave with each other.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM, HARD ROCK CAFE

Griff stares up apologetic and pained.

GRIFF

Mr Brown, please please forgive me
for what I'm about to do.

He pulls a golden record display case from the wall, smashes against the floor, and recovers the record. He runs to the next display and repeats.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM - DANCE OFF

Kristy on her face in second base, windmilling in the dirt, spinning on her shoulders with her legs flying.

A few more Cops throw down into the mix, crumping, popping, and locking.

ANDERSON

Stop this! This is ridiculous!

Dauids glares at her spiteful and proceeds to do the robot, but it's a damn good robot so we'll forgive it.

Griff dashes back into the control room with the golden records. Flo grabs one and checks it.

FLO

The God Father of Soul! Good
digging!

She lays that wax on the deck and prepares to deliver it.

Kristy turfs on the turf. Scratching builds and--

Dean Martin sings Volare.

Everyone pauses and looks to the control booth, the crooning echoes across the field.

FLO

Oh, so these aren't exactly what
they say they are.

Flo works those decks, distorting that old cats voice while juggling a pounding beat.

Everyone goes back to dancing, the Rat Pack throwback hacked staccato over a beat stack.

Griff watches Flo's hands working like crazy, her face painted with concentration. He grabs another record.

GRIFF

Try this!

She puts it on down, listening on the headphones first.

FLO

Oh yes!

A familiar 80's funk disco intro fades in under the beat. Everyone catches their breath.

Kristy recognizes the song. She looks at Shawn, her chest heaving. The Swat Officers keep him restrained. The intro builds. She psyches herself up, deadly serious.

Flo's finger sits ready on the crossfader.

FLO

Here we go!

THIS IS THRILLER! THRILLER NIGHT! Kristy strikes that classic Michael Jackson thriller pose. The Cops mime back. They perform the routine. David's joins in.

More cops fall to the funk. Staff run in and dance with them, disarming them one by one and uncuffing themselves.

Kristy focuses on the few cops not dancing. She stumbles dizzy. She looks back at Shawn and runs to him.

FLO

She's going back for more honey!

Griff taps her and shows her a record. Flo nods delighted.

Kristy wraps her arms around Shawn and kisses him.

NEAR, FAR, WHEREVER YOU ARE! Celine Dion warbles. Kristy releases and shakes her head amused.

Flo nods satisfied and high-fives Griff.

Kristy turns back to the Cops and back the Thriller routine. She ensnares them all. They gleefully hand over their weapons to Staff, drunk off the dance.

Shawn squirms in the grip of the guards and looks to the ship desperate. The music cuts. Kristy gasps for breath.

The ship pulses yellow from the two circular devices, sweeping color across the whole stadium.

Kristy turns and faces the two Swat Officers holding Shawn. She stares super intense.

INTERGALACTIC PLANETARY PLANETARY INTERGALACTIC. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! CHA! That big bad booming Beastie Boys beat breaks. Flo and Griff gesture along.

Kristy slashes the air with ninja poses. The cops follow suit. The Swat Officers struggle to remain rigid.

ANDERSON

Focus!

The ship cycles sweeping red dots. Flo studies it.

FLO

Let's just try something.

She stops the decks and looks to the ship.

DUM DEE DURM DERM DUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRMMM

FLO

Yes! Yes! These guys know the deal!
They're cool! They're not here to
hate!

Kristy glares at the Swat Officers deadly serious.

KRISTY

Alright, dweebs! Dance!

BOOM! CHA! BOOM! BOOM! CHA! Flo brings back the beat. The ship joins with a rhythmic electro-vibe. It's an milky-way mega-mix, an interstellar block party.

Kristy break-dances with everything she's got, her slickest perfections. The Swat Officers buckle and crack.

Shawn slips free and runs to the ship, feet pacing fast.

BANG! The music cuts. Everyone freezes stunned.

Smoke wafts from the barrel of Anderson's raised gun, her face fuming. She aims at Shawn and grins delighted.

ANDERSON

Don't freaking move.

Everyone stares shocked. Shawn stares into the gun frozen.
 Kristy looks to the booth. Griff shows Flo the last record.

FLO

That's it? That's what we've got to
 stop an interseller war?

Anderson glares at the Cops and Swat Team.

ANDERSON

Halftime show's over! Thankfully
 one of us has the integrity to
 remain professional! Now-

OH BABY, BABY. Britney groans through the speakers.

Anderson's eyes bulge, she turns to Kristy helpless. Her
 hand goes limp, her gun falls to the ground.

ANDERSON

No. Oh no.

Kristy nods sympathetic. The tune builds to the chorus.

MY LONELINESS IS KILLING ME I MUST CONFESS I STILL BELIEVE.

Kristy and Anderson throw their arms up and dance the
 routine, stirring their bodies seductive, the cops, staff
 and Swat officers joining in.

Anderson loses herself, her moves goofy and over the top.

Shawn runs to the ship and gazes up to the Grand Master.

SHAWN

You wanted to learn something about
 humans?

He presents everyone dancing.

SHAWN

They seem crazy. But once you join
 in, you understand why.

The Grand Master raises an eyebrow. Shawn ascends the ramp
 and stares back at Kristy. She smiles pleased. He circles
 his hips and claps his hands, beaming as he victory dances.

Kristy beams back and victory dances. Flo and Griff victory
 dance. The staff victory dance.

Shawn waves goodbye to Kristy as the ramp raises. She wipes
 back tears and waves him off.

The ramp clunks shut. The ship emits a deep throbbing pulse. It lifts off and effortlessly soars to the stars.

A CHEER! The Cops applaud the ship's exit, still grooving to the music and high on fun.

Anderson dances like crazy, whipping her hair around and strutting her dorky moves with ill-gotten confidence.

Flo and Griff jog out to the field. Kristy hugs and kisses them delighted.

KRISTY

How did you work out I could
control people after kissing him?

FLO

You could freaking control people?
I just thought we rocked the party!

Kristy pauses for a moment and explodes into laughter.

KRISTY

We did it! I can't believe we did
it! We won!

FLO

I know!

KRISTY

But we won! We freaking won!

FLO

I know! I know!

A light beams down from the sky. It moves across the field grabbing their attention and pauses in the center.

THUD. A body hits the ground. The beam of light vanishes.

Kristy's face turns disappointed. She approaches the shadowy body cautious and concerned. The person turns. It's Shawn, scowling back venomous.

SHAWN

What you looking at, skank? Don't
look at what you can't afford.

He gets up and flees.

KRISTY

Hey! It's him! HIM him!

The Cops all look round. But before they can move--

Griff sprints across the field and takes Shawn James down hard. He drags him up by the scruff of this neck.

SHAWN

Hey! I'm tender here! You wanna try getting probed three days straight!

Kristy helps Griff lead him to the grooving Sheriff.

SHERIFF

Men! Cuff this, scumbag!

Officers stop dancing, run in, and cuff him.

SHERIFF

(to Griff)

That was one hell of a tackle.

(to Kristy)

Now it seems we've got ourselves a bit of a situation here. Abduction, obstruction, breaking and entering-

DAVIDS (O.S.)

-There's no situation.

Dauids crosses over dead serious. He flashes his badge.

DAVIDS

The way I see it, this girl and her associates led you to the location and arrest of a wanted criminal. If anything, I'd say she's a hero.

The Sheriff nods, getting it.

FLO

That's it! No mind erasing? What a gip!

DAVIDS

Can you be a hundred percent sure there was no mind erasing?

FLO

Woah! Mind. Blown.

SHERIFF

Hey, if we didn't see anything, you didn't see anything, capisce?

The Sheriff nods to an Officer. Beers come out. Police lights switch on. The Cops party.

KRISTY
 (to Davids)
 You understand why I did what I had
 to do, right?

He thinks for a few moments and nods.

DAVIDS
 I'm not here to tell anybody what
 to do, not anymore.

They share a smile. Anderson bops over to him keen.

ANDERSON
 Davids! Dance with me!

DAVIDS
 I need to talk to you about work.
 I'm quitting.

ANDERSON
 Me too! I'm going to become an
 exotic dancer!

She tries to dance seductively around him. It's bad.
 Everyone cringes.

The Staff cross over with beers and hand them out.

CRAPHANDS
 Meals of Steel always delivers!

FLO
 Hang on. Didn't we leave Linda
 locked in her office?

Kristy gazes up into the sky, watching a yellow light fade.
 She smiles to herself.

KRISTY
 Yeah, we did.

She looks at Flo. They smirk and crack open their beers.

Everyone parties on headed for the break of dawn. The police
 lights flash red and blue, the stadium lights bream, this
 place the brightest spot in a mass of twinkling city lights.

INT. NEW APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

Hip hop posters hang upon freshly painted walls. Kristy lies
 sleeping peacefully in a tidy new bedroom.

BUZZ! BUZZ! BUZZ! She answers her phone sleepy.

KRISTY

Oh my god! I'll be right there!

She throws herself out of bed and wrestles on clothes.

KRISTY

Shawn? Shawn! I gotta go, it's an emergency. I'll be back soon, okay?

She turns and smiles. A rescue dog plods into the room.

KRISTY

Sit. Sit. Sit.

The Dog flops over for a tummy tickle.

EXT. NEW APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A renovated apartment block, clean brick and green grass. Kristy bursts out, runs to a new Beetle, and gets in.

EXT. MEALS OF STEEL - DAY

The CROWD bustles outside. Kristy pulls up to an applause. The crowd clears to reveal the restaurant cleaned up, red ribbon across the entrance.

FLO

Well, better late than never!

Flo hand Kristy a pair of giant scissors.

KRISTY

(under breath)

You could have woken me up before you left. Where did you go?

FLO

(under breath)

I tried to! I had to go out, look.

Flo reveals her ankle tag gone. Kristy grins delighted.

FLO

And without further ado, on behalf of myself and my co-owner, we now declare Meals Of Steal officially re-open!

Flo grabs Kristy's hands, they cut the ribbon together. The

crowd cheer and swarm inside. Mr & Mrs Andrews hurry over to Kristy and hug her.

MRS ANDREWS
Here she is! The big hero!

FLO
You know, I helped too with that.

They pull Flo into the hug.

FLO
Enough! Quit smothering me!

INT. MEALS OF STEEL - DAY

The restaurant working like clockwork, kitchen staff chopping happy. Bertha burning wood under sizzling burger patties. Customers enjoying food.

FLO
A police chase through the city
sure is a good promo tool. We
should make it a regular feature.

Trashmaster Mike exits the restrooms confused, dressed in a uniform, a mop in his hand.

KRISTY
You okay, Mike? Would you rather be
working in the kitchen?

TRASHMASTER MIKE
No way! You know you got a hell of
a good connection with the aliens
in there?

KRISTY
That's our little secret, right?

He taps his nose. Griff enters, cuffed and escorted by COPS. Kristy frowns alarmed.

GRIFF
Don't worry. All part of the
training. Apparently rookies have
to buy lunch too.

INT. MEALS OF STEEL, TILLS - LATER - NIGHT

Kristy hands over a tray of food to a HAPPY CUSTOMER. She turns to serve the next and freezes shocked.

Dauids in civilian clothes, smiling awkward.

KRISTY
Erm, can I take your order?

DAVIDS
I need to ask you something.

She stares worried.

DAVIDS
(nervous)
Would you like to hook up sometime?
For a drink?

She reels stunned.

DAVIDS
Now, just in case you say yes, I
need you to know, I always leave
the toilet seat up, okay? Always. I
can't stop doing it, I've tried.

KRISTY
I have to binge-watch Power Rangers
sometimes. Like at three am

DAVIDS
I snore like crazy. Someone banged
on my door last week and told me to
turn the bass down.

KRISTY
I get angry when people talk during
movies. I punched a girl once.

She thinks for a few moments.

KRISTY
You want that drink now?

She grabs sodas and leads him away. Flo cuts her off.

FLO
Hey! Not so fast! Can't you see
these people are starving here?

She hands Kristy the mic. Kristy beams.

KRISTY
(into mic)
Erm, I've got a question for
everybody here tonight.

The customers cheer, a beat builds.

THE END