

PLANET ROCK

by

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*"People need to be more aware of
how they're affecting people."*

- Adam Yauch

EXT. SOUTH BRONX, CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Pure darkness. A single light sweeps and darts erratically. It intensifies, getting brighter and brighter as an engine roars.

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

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

An OFFICER drives as 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 as 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 (CONT'D)

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 horsepower.

A beam of light suddenly 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 waiting to cross.

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

Both close 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, and the officer and rookie climb out with weapons drawn.

They approach the shadowy steaming wreck.

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

OFFICER (CONT'D)

The footwells.

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

OFFICER (CONT'D)

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, as 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 secured in place.

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 that feature some of NYC's greatest hip-hop artists; Run DMC, Public Enemy, Salt-n-Pepa. A double bed fills the tiny room.

On it lies Kristy, 20s, a young woman with a pure Bronx rawness that only just cuts through her innocence, sprawled spark out in the same position she crashed down in.

A train horn blasts. She stirs awake, spots it's 18:00, and winces.

She grabs 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 while putting on a pair of pants, throws a fast-food worker's top on backwards, and stumbles out of the room.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Griff, 20's, a wannabe baller sporting nothing but a designer snapback and silk boxers, 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?

(MORE)

KRISTY (CONT'D)

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 around.

KRISTY

Fine, I'll get the freaking bus.

GRIFF

Hey, are those my pants?

She checks and pulls out a set of car keys. They lock eyes--
She's off, bolting out the door.

INT. APARTMENT, STAIRWELL - DAY

Kristy hurries down the steps as 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 clatters into action and farts out a plume of smoke.

 GRIFF
 Kristy, I need my car!

She takes off, leaving him standing in the road.

 GRIFF (CONT'D)
 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* with 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, but WHOOP WHOOP! A police cruiser roars by and cuts her off.

INT. CUTLASS - DAY

Kristy 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 rigidly and hands over documentation.

TRAFFIC OFFICER (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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 keep your driving to 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 before my shift ends tonight.

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

KRISTY

I'll be on my way.

TRAFFIC OFFICER

Roads only, you hear?

She pulls away and draws up to the restaurant to find the STAFF outside applauding. She cringes, embarrassed.

EXT. MEALS OF STEEL - DAY

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

KRISTY

That was so scary.

FLO

Meh, once you get on a first-name basis, they ain't so tough. Anyway, you think that's scary? Tonight's gonna 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 as CUSTOMERS heave at the tills, barking orders. Knives chop. Friers sizzle.

KRISTY

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

The staff groan and roll their eyes.

KRISTY (CONT'D)

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

She spots NOVA chopping onions.

KRISTY (CONT'D)

Here, let me show you.

Kristy chops the onion fast and fine, showing some serious knife skills.

KRISTY (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

It's non-returnable.

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

Flo sits 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 appalled

KRISTY

Just what the hell are you doing?

CRAPHANDS is standing 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 (CONT'D)
We need Bertha.

Kristy marches out the back door, gathers up wooden pallets, and smashes them to 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 (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
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, believer.

He leaves delighted.

BIG KIM
He's taking advantage of you.

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

INT. MEALS OF STEEL - LATER

Now at the peak of the night, 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, and huge speakers
squeal with feedback.

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

Staff and customers snap around, beaming.

KRISTY (CONT'D)
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 - CLAP CLAP

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

Kristy points to a podium where Flo's already 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 boogie along as they work.

Flo rocks the decks, one hand dancing on the wax, the other tweaking the slider as 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, and 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

In 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, and Kristy shrinks back.

FLO

Don't bother, I got this.

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

FLO (CONT'D)

Keep the change.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A 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'd 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 gives in and hugs her tight.

FLO (CONT'D)
(sarcastically)
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 an ATHLETIC LOOKING DUDE at the bar.

KRISTY
You get wrapped up in the hot looks
and killer body.
(MORE)

KRISTY (CONT'D)

Five years later, you realize he's a meathead whose life still revolves around team playoffs and drinking with his old high school buddies.

Flo scans around and spots a BUSINESS MAN sitting 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, and then he starts banging his secretary.

Flo nods toward a BAD BOY in a leather jacket sitting 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 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 become.

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

In the early hours of the morning, Kristy stumbles out of the bar while 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 don't want to go back! We had another big argument, and I also 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 and 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 quickly 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.

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

KRISTY (CONT'D)

We should do something about that.
The stereo doesn't go up any
louder.

They get out and 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 (CONT'D)

Get winding.

Flo winds while Kristy heaves the spare out of the trunk.

KRISTY (CONT'D)

Strong like the Hulk! RAAAAAARGH!

She dumps the wheel down and staggers around drunk.

KRISTY (CONT'D)

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 around 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 (CONT'D)
Woah! Too strong! Way 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 (CONT'D)
(to Flo)
I'll just fire a warning shot.

FLO
Okay, do it.

Kristy aims ahead into the sky and winces, terrified, as she
squeezes the trigger a little.

Flo nods, encouraging her 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 with its horn echoing.

FLO (CONT'D)
 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 (CONT'D)
 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 her reluctantly. They find a couple of the wheel lugs and collect them.

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

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

FLO (CONT'D)
 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 somebody's 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 (CONT'D)
And nobody knows we're here?

Kristy shakes her head.

FLO (CONT'D)
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, and they wrestle the spare on, fumbling as they each try to thread on lugs with both hands

They get some on, just finger tight, leap in, and the Cutlass peels out into the night.

EXT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An old end-terrace house sits behind a metal fence, the 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
NO! 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 (CONT'D)

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.

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 admiringly.

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 both give Kristy a soothing 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 as Mr. & Mr. Andrews re-enter concerned.

MR. ANDREWS

Just look at the state of you! You poor thing! We put you some 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 inside. 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 just
super.

FEMALE ASSISTANT
The spades or the shovels?

Kristy stares back, bemused.

FEMALE ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
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
the rule is, you move shit with a
shovel, you dig yourself self out
of shit with a spade.

KRISTY
Yeah, I really need a spade.

FEMALE ASSISTANT
Burying something?

Kristy glances around and spots a sign for septic tanks.

KRISTY
A, umm, septic tank. About...

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

KRISTY (CONT'D)
..yay big.

FEMALE ASSISTANT
That sure is an odd-sized tank.

Kristy stares back, worried.

FEMALE ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
Had a sleepover one night. Girls from the wrestling team. All you can eat burrito buffet. Now, I had my concerns, as one would expect. Next morning. Major log flume situation, if you know what I mean. That baby took every turd like a champ.

She mimics taking a huge dump.

FEMALE ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
You know what they say, turns your stool into a pool! Just fire and forget, sister! Boom

She hangs for a high-five and Kristy reluctantly obliges as cringing customers glance over.

FEMALE ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
 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 (CONT'D)
 Too far. I know, too far. I gotta
 stop asking people that.

She takes a spade and hands it over proud ly.

FEMALE ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
 That'll see you right. Now, since
 we've established you ain't 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 a taxi outside
 their home as 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 (CONT'D)
 Okay, let's see what you got.

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

Flo stares, confused, at a pile of items on the kitchen
 floor, including the spade, a tarp, a kid's 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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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 standing 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 (CONT'D)

Something's 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 dourly.

EXT. CITY BACKSTREET - NIGHT

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

Kristy gets out and checks around nervously, the street desolate, and the backs of the industrial buildings vacant.

She moves to the gap in the fence and stares down into the bushes to find the ditch empty. Kristy checks along the fence and looks back at the road where a wheel lug lies alone.

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

Kristy 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.

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

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

CRACK. She freezes. A rustling nearby.

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

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, stop!

She snaps around shocked to find SPECIAL AGENT DAVIDS looming over her, a soothing mystery about him, wrapped a 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 around here.

A black SUV roars down the road and screeches to a halt.
SPECIAL AGENT ANDERSON, paranoid, militant, and immaculately
power-suited, throws her door open and raises a pistol 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 (CONT'D)

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 as Kristy stares at
him inquisitively.

DAVIDS

Guess you did hit a dog.

He scrapes it into a pot as 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 (CONT'D)
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 incredulously.

INT. MEALS OF STEEL, KITCHEN - DAY

Linda paces back and forth as Flo and Kristy roll their eyes,
lined up along with the rest of 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 (CONT'D)
...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 as Kristy holds back from saying something.

LINDA (CONT'D)

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, and 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 as 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 forlornly.

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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)
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 at her hopelessly. She sighs sympathetically and
hands over the food.

He hands over the cash and gives one of the bags back.

 GRIFF (CONT'D)
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
now.

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 thing's
wasting electricity.

Flo goes to switch off the TV, but a mugshot of Shawn James
stares back at her. She flinches and freezes, recognizing his
face.

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

KRISTY
Quick, turn it up.

FLO
Linda hid 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* reads the headline. He brutally shoots workers in cold blood.

Kristy and Flo reel appalled.

FLO

Looks like we did everyone a favor.

CCTV footage plays of Shawn James in a local park acting like a child, *SPOTTED LAST NIGHT* across the screen. 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 (CONT'D)

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 angrily.

LINDA

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

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

EXT. MEALS OF STEEL, TRASH AREA - DAY

As 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 believer. 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 BELIEVER!

Kristy's eyes bulge.

TRASHMASTER MIKE

Hey! Put your helmet back on.

Shawn obediently puts on a tinfoil hat.

TRASHMASTER MIKE (CONT'D)

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, causing Kristy to back 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 sincerely.

SHAWN

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

Shawn touches Kristy's hand, but 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 him. Kristy snaps back to her senses.

KRISTY

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

She hurries away, glancing back nervously.

KRISTY (CONT'D)

Lots of food coming! Lots of food!

INT. MEALS OF STEEL - DAY

Kristy reenters the restaurant to find Flo worried and nodding across at Linda who's standing with Special Agents Davids and Anderson.

LINDA

Hey, you two! Get over her!

They cross over, and David's eyes narrow as he recognizes Kristy. Anderson smiles smugly.

LINDA (CONT'D)

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 around 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 nervously as 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 from where Shawn touched her.

KRISTY

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

She licks it tenderly and gags. They all wince.

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

KRISTY (CONT'D)

It's in the very early stages.

She wretches 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 around, surprised.

LINDA (CONT'D)

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

Kristy winces, shocked.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 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 pauses 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 trialing any of that
 special sauce.

EXT. MEALS OF STEEL, TRASH AREA - DAY

Kristy and Flo exit the restaurant to find the trash area empty.
 Kristy searches around frantically.

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

FLO
Who? The rats? Did you not hear?
They learned 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.

KRISTY
We've got to go find them.

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

Kristy moves in toward 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 inside shocked, with Kristy following 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, and 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 sitting 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, and they won't be able to resist.

Kristy and Flo pull up in the Mini, sitting back cool and wearing shades. They wave a bag of food out of the window, causing Trashmaster Mike and Shawn to walk over keenly.

FLO (V.O.)

And then we take them down.

Kristy and Flo leap out of the Mini dressed in leather catsuits and 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 as Kristy and Flo loom over him meanly.

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 mimics beating somebody with her broom/

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

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

Shawn sitting opposite the girls, calmly explaining what he knows as they 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 approvingly.

FLO
 Put him away.

Kristy takes the spray off her.

KRISTY
 We turn him in.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY - FANTASY

Kristy and Flo lead Shawn into the station, cool and mean. Cops applaud, and flashbulbs strobe as they 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* as 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 approvingly.

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,
 which, to the Kid's delight, starts vending.

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 with Trashmaster Mike and Shawn
 sitting staring at the sky.

TRASHMASTER MIKE
 There, look, the mother-ship!

He points at an advertising blimp. Shawn nods, fascinated.

TRASHMASTER MIKE (CONT'D)
 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 smile and wave the food at Shawn.

Shawn's eyes bulge, terrified, and 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 for a moment, 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 (CONT'D)
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.

Flo manages to climb out of the ditch.

FLO
Okay, I got this!

She slips and falls face-first into a drainage pool.

Shawn heads for the building framework with 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 from head to toe.

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 jumps. She dashes over, worried, and stares down to see him climbing out of a dumpster.

Trashmaster Mike continues to dance and fart.

TRASHMASTER MIKE
We are your chosen! We are the
finest specimens on offer-

PLOP!

TRASHMASTER MIKE (CONT'D)
-Ignore that last message.

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

She looks down into the dumpster, a tiny old plump armchair the only thing in it, and closes her eyes.

Trashmaster Mike clutches his knees in anticipation.

TRASHMASTER MIKE (CONT'D)
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, barrier tape by his feet, Flo on the ground holding onto one end.

TRASHMASTER MIKE (CONT'D)
If you'll take my friend, show me
another sign!

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

Trashmaster Mike freezes, stunned.

Flo ties Shawn up in tape as 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 and toss away his tinfoil hat. Trashmaster Mike watches shadows lumber by the toilet.

The girls heave Shawn into the passenger seat, and he passes out. Flo gets behind the wheel.

FLO
Quick, get in!

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

FLO (CONT'D)
No time for mustache rides! Hurry!

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

KRISTY
OPEN THE HATCH!

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

KRISTY (CONT'D)
Go, go, go!

The Mini buzzes away as Trashmaster Mike stumbles out of the toilet to find Shawn's tinfoil hat by his feet.

He picks it up and proudly gazes up at the blimp.

TRASHMASTER MIKE
Godspeed, brave space traveler.

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

Shawn comes to while sitting on a chair, Kristy and Flo standing over him.

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.

He peeks his eyes open to see her smiling sincerely back 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 stain on his shirt.

KRISTY

Let me take a look at that.

She moves in, locking eyes with him, before carefully unbuttoning his shirt and teasing it open.

Flo cringes at an unearthly wound, healed over, with goo surrounding it.

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

KRISTY (CONT'D)

What's her name?

SHAWN

(long beat)

Marilyn Monroe.

FLO

This guy is whacked out of 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 carefully brings it to his face, and then coolly 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 differently. But since getting shot, information I'm supposed to know is missing. A homeless guy found me, helped me out, and 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 (CONT'D)

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 and leads Flo out of 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 as 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 at a bag of fries, confused, and tries to eat
the whole bag as if it's a sandwich.

FLO

So we cut him loose. I'm not
convinced. I've studied the comic
books. I'm pretty sure he should at
least have laser vision.

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 of the cup and eats it off his fingers.

KRISTY (CONT'D)

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?

Shawn nods understanding and cleans his ears out with napkins.

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

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

FLO

This is you. She gets to be your roomie. I suggest you shower. I suggest you rest. 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. Kristy averts her eyes.

KRISTY

Umm, the towel.

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

KRISTY (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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 as 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?

Flo glances across the kitchen at Shawn, standing in the corner warily. She waves a spatula at him.

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 dumps her basket at the register and 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 coyly.

KRISTY
He's really, really, not my type.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Kristy exits the store and pauses as she spots Special Agent Davids gazing around, waiting.

She u-turns and walks right into his partner, Anderson.

ANDERSON

Woah there! Trying to avoid us?

Kristy sighs, frustrated, as Davids crosses over.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

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 suggestively as 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 as Davids and Anderson wait with anticipation.

KRISTY

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

Anderson and Davids shirk cagily as shoppers glance over at the outburst.

Kristy tries to leave, but Anderson body-blocks her. She turns, and Davids reluctantly body-blocks her too.

KRISTY (CONT'D)

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.

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, and she hurries away.

CHECKOUT LADY (CONT'D)

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 into 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 (CONT'D)

Hey, check this out.

Kristy joins her peeking out the window to see a police
cruiser outside, two cops watching the house.

FLO (CONT'D)

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 and he
nods the Pterodactyl toy at her while meowing.

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 while 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 (CONT'D)

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

The Yellow Ranger leaps to a high vantage point.

KRISTY (CONT'D)

(along with dialogue)
Alright, dweebs! Dance!

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

KRISTY (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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, and Shawn studies it, fascinated. She spots his interest.

KRISTY

Here.

Kristy feeds him some. His eyes bulge then he coughs and chokes on the heat of the spices.

SHAWN

You eat this? Seriously?

She nods, grinning.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

You're messing with me! Prove it!

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

KRISTY

Seriously, this is a thing we do!

He falls about laughing while she bursts 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 seriously as Shawn leans in.

SHAWN

Don't overthink 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 now with the Wii remote, judges his shot.

KRISTY

PYSCH! PYSCH! PYSCH! PYSCH!-

He bowls, gets a strike, and looks at her, delighted.

KRISTY (CONT'D)

Well, you gotta victory dance!

He stares back, confused.

KRISTY (CONT'D)

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 like a shrine 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, ruining it.

Kristy cuts the music and stares, stunned.

KRISTY
WE WERE NEVER HERE!

She runs out, and he follows, knocking over a collection of vinyl. A bong rolls out, and 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 relax on the sofa, eating chocolate as Grey's Anatomy plays. Dr Shepard kisses Meredith, and 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 kitchen counter on stools. She bites a lemon, knocks back her drink, and licks her hand.

KRISTY
(slurring)
I think I did it wrong.
(MORE)

KRISTY (CONT'D)

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 backward, 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 what? 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 seductively. 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 tightly.

EXT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Flo pulls up to the house in the Mini. She gets out and studies the cops watching her from the cruiser in the darkness before scoffing to herself.

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

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

FLO
I've finally become my mother.

Kristy exits the living room, shamefaced and distracted.

FLO (CONT'D)
What's up? What happened?

Kristy goes to answer but holds back.

HONK! She goes to leave.

FLO (CONT'D)
Oh my god! You didn't, did you? OH
MY GOD! You did, didn't you?

Kristy hurries out as 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 the 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 fearlessly.

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

They obediently get out of the cruiser, and she reels
surprised.

KRISTY (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
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 nervously as Kristy gets in nice as pie.

KRISTY
So sorry about that.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Griff lies on the couch in the apartment living room, eating pizza and 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 as 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 them over to her.

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

He studies her, and she winces awkwardly.

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 (CONT'D)
 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 sympathetically.

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

Flo sprays air fresher on the couch cushions and wafts them
 around disgusted.

Kristy walks around the house and finds her.

 KRISTY
 Hey, I'm sorry about the mess.

Kristy grabs a cushion and helps.

 KRISTY (CONT'D)
 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 ain't 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 (CONT'D)

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 choose 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, watching 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 (CONT'D)

I have to answer to the Grand Master. I'm supposed to show him something insightful about human culture. When he sees 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 intensely. He smiles back appreciatively.

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! If 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!
(MORE)

FLO (CONT'D)

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 as Kristy slumps onto the couch beside Shawn and puts her head in her hands while he rubs her back.

INT. FLO'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Birds sing in the morning as sunlight streams through a kitchen window. Flo makes coffee as Kristy enters, showing little signs of sleeping.

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?

Both their phones ring. They answer them.

KRISTY

(into phone)
Yeah, sure.

FLO

(into phone)
Whatever.

They both hang up, confused.

KRISTY

That was the restaurant. They said to come in right away, it's-

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 of Meals of Steel and the staff crowding outside angry. The Mini pulls up and Kristy and Flo get out, shocked.

Linda wrestles through 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 as 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, it now looks like I'll be going back to 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 apologetically, 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 (CONT'D)

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. Special Agent Anderson leaps out, gun gripped as Davids follows.

ANDERSON

Okay, ladies, out of 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 car's tiny! You've seen most
of it looking through the window!
There's no more car!

KRISTY

Just give it up. We can't win.

Flo calms and they get out so Anderson and Davids can search the car.

Anderson rummages under the seats and pulls out a pair of nasty-looking briefs. She waves them around victoriously.

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 some standards.

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

She crosses to the SUV and pops the tailgate. The girl's eyes bulge as she pulls out a cruel-looking gun-like device, the front like a claw.

Anderson drops the briefs on the road and aims the device at them. It charges up and fires a blue light, burning the crusty old briefs to nothing as the asphalt bubbles.

ANDERSON

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

Dauids 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 Dauids 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 laser rifle scare us.

Kristy gets out of the car and paces consumed.

FLO (CONT'D)

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

She turns to find Kristy clutching her head.

KRISTY

I can't do it!

Kristy breaks down into pathetic tears.

KRISTY (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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 to try to change that! I shouldn't have tried to change him, or Griff, or anybody-

Kristy babbles incoherently. A car waiting HONKS at them.

FLO

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

She looks Kristy in the eye.

FLO (CONT'D)

Okay, we cut him loose 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 endearingly.

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 (CONT'D)

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 around and glares. Flo slaps herself.

FLO (CONT'D)

(shocked at self)

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 laze around 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 ain't safe to be here.

KRISTY

I came to apologise. 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,
and I need to know you aren't hurt.

He pauses, drawn to his gun and 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 stand confused, all gathered inside.

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 and 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 all nod to one another surely. Kristy smiles, touched.
Linda barges in, fuming.

LINDA

You people should not be in here!

She spots Kristy standing there, addressing the staff, and smirks.

LINDA (CONT'D)

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 quit on
us! Every person here has more of a
right to be here right now than you
ever did!

Linda reels, shocked as the Staff whoop, clap, and cheer.

LINDA

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

She goes to leave, but the 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 (CONT'D)

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 nervously in the bedroom.

FLO
They're here.

EXT. FLO'S PARENT'S HOUSE - EVENING

A black SUV pulls up. Special Agent 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 again and waves paperwork 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 suspiciously.

It passes by them, the young driver and passenger staring. Davids and Anderson stare back as it pulls into the road.

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

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
C'mon!

They get in their SUV, and Anderson proceeds to attempt the world's worst three-point turn.

INT. SUV - EVENING

As Anderson fights with the wheel and gears, Davids grabs the radio.

DAVIDS
(into radio)
Dispatch, this is Davids, we need
an APB on a white delivery truck
headed East on Glover. Do not use
force. Repeat, do not use force.

EXT. CITY STREETS - EVENING

The truck weaves through evening traffic and cuts down streets, the whole body leaning as it squeals through intersections.

Cruisers dive out of side streets and pursue, sirens screaming and lights strobing.

INT. SUV - EVENING

The SUV's engine roars as Anderson and Davids close in on the chase.

ANDERSON
Lamest escape plan ever.

EXT. CITY STREETS - EVENING

A pack of cruisers tail the truck, their red and blue strobes lighting up frontages. More cruisers join. Sirens yelp and echo. Passers-by stop and take notice.

EXT. INTERSECTION - EVENING

The truck approaches an intersection as cruisers block the exits. It stops, circled by police and a crowd gathers on the sidewalks.

Police get out and stand on point. Davids and Anderson leap out of their SUV.

POLICE
Put your hands behind your head and
get out of the vehicle, now!

Everyone waits in silence, the crowd intrigued.

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

Delivery scooters suddenly 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, while the Grim Reaper races down the sidewalk.

The crowd cheers and applauds.

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. 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 on a golf course. They turn to see Bigfoot race by, slowly tailed by course security in a buggy.

INT. CUTLASS

Griff slouches comfortably 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?

Griffs 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 warily, and their eyes move down as King Kong buzzes by on a scooter.

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

Thank you! Isn't she just?

EXT. CHURCH

Jesus races by a church, chased by Cruisers. He swerves onto the narrow disabled ramp and loses them.

EXT. CEMETERY

The Grim Reaper slips between tombstones, and the pursuing cruiser has to scrub to a halt.

He swerves out the gates onto--

EXT. 161ST STREET

He races along as Jesus sweeps out of 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 standing proudly ahead.

INT. YANKEES STADIUM, GUARDS OFFICE

A GUARD slumped, watching TV in the security booth. The picture distorts. BUZZ! His control panel lights up.

He stares at a CCTV monitor to see a security grate opening and Kristy and Flo racing 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 exhausts echo off the towering walls of the great hall as 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 meanly.

EXT. CITY BACKSTREET

Bigfoot tears down the road, 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 foliage. Click. A cop holds him at gunpoint. 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, but cops swarm her. She roars as they pull at her, and falls on top of an officer.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM, PLAYING FIELD - NIGHT

Shawn and Griff wander over 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 a light in the sky, slowly pulsing yellow. Shawn walks into the center of the field and waits.

Kristy sniffs back tears as 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, but Flo suddenly slams on her brakes.

Griff stops and looks back.

GRIFF

What's the hold-up?

She stares, entranced at the Hard Rock cafe, and 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? What's a little shoplifting at this point? Would it 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 into the control room 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 and 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, and 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, and the SWAT Team freezes. The Cops stare wide-eyed.

Kristy and Shawn turn around to find a huge, black, round alien ship sitting there, ominous and silent on the pitch behind them.

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 and the ship the other.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM, PLAYING FIELD

Anderson grits her teeth.

ANDERSON
I said restrain them!

The SWAT Team looks back warily.

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 approvingly.

Shawn walks toward the ship, but--

THWACK! SWAT Officers suddenly tackle him.

KRISTY (CONT'D)
NO!

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

WOOSH! Everyone snaps around 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 at what's unfolding before them.

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's 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.

Suddenly, the PA speakers squeal feedback.

FLO

(through PA speakers)

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

Kristy's eyes bulge.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM, CONTROL ROOM

Flo holds the PA microphone in her hand as 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 free, runs to Shawn, and clutches him tight
as Anderson and the Cops try to pull her off.

SHAWN

What are you doing?

KRISTY

Just trust me!

She kisses him passionately as the music builds.

FLO

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

The cops release Kristy and 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 suddenly throws herself into a breakdance routine, rocking,
locking, and spinning.

Anderson scoffs incredulously.

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

Two 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 confidently, reading her crowd and watching Kristy busting moves.

FLO (CONT'D)

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, apologetically and pained.

GRIFF

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

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

INT. YANKEE STADIUM - DANCE OFF

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 spitefully and proceeds to do the robot, but it's a damn good robot, so all's forgiven.

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

FLO

The Godfather of Soul! Good digging!

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

Kristy turfs on the turf as scratching builds, but--

Dean Martin suddenly sings Volare.

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

FLO (CONT'D)

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

She works those decks hard, distorting that old cat's 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 as the stoic SWAT Officers keep him restrained. The intro builds. She psyches herself up, deadly serious.

Flo's finger sits ready on the crossfader.

FLO (CONT'D)

Here we go!

THIS IS THRILLER! THRILLER NIGHT! Kristy strikes that classic Michael Jackson thriller pose. The cops mime back. They all perform the routine, Davids joining in.

More cops fall to the funk as 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, looks back at Shawn, and runs to him.

FLO (CONT'D)

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 passionately again.

NEAR, FAR, WHEREVER YOU ARE! Celine Dion warbles through the speakers. Kristy releases and shakes her head, amused, at the control room.

Flo nods, satisfied, and high-fives Griff.

Kristy turns back to the cops and back to the Thriller routine, ensnaring them all. They gleefully hand over their weapons to staff, drunk off the dance.

Shawn squirms in the grip of the SWAT team and looks to the ship desperately. The music cuts and 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 emotionless SWAT officers holding Shawn. She stares super intense.

INTERGALACTIC PLANETARY, PLANETARY INTERGALACTIC. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! CHA! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! CHA!

That big, bad, booming Beastie Boys beat breaks as Flo and Griff gesture along.

Kristy slashes the air with ninja poses, and the cops follow suit.

The SWAT officers struggle to remain rigid.

ANDERSON

Focus!

The ship cycles, sweeping red dots in time to the music.

Flo studies it.

FLO

Let's just try something.

She stops the decks and looks to the ship.

DUM DEE DURM DERM DUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRMMM

FLO (CONT'D)

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 a Milky Way mega-mix. An interstellar block party.

Kristy break-dances with everything she's got, bringing her slickest perfections. The SWAT Officers buckle and crack, dropping into their own freestyle moves.

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

BANG! The music cuts and everyone freezes, stunned.

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

ANDERSON

Don't. Freaking. Move.

Everyone watches, shocked, as Shawn stares into the barrel of the gun.

Kristy looks to the booth. Griff shows Flo the last record.

FLO

That's it? That's all we've got to stop an interstellar 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 helplessly. Her hand goes limp, and her gun falls to the ground.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

(whimpering)

No. Oh no.

Kristy nods sympathetically as 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 perfectly, stirring their bodies seductively, the cops, staff, and SWAT officers all joining in.

Anderson loses herself completely in the music, 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 (CONT'D)

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

The Grand Master raises an eyebrow as 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 too. Flo and Griff victory dance in the control room. The staff victory dance in front of the cops.

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, and it lifts off effortlessly toward 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, and 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 suddenly beams down from the sky and moves across the field, grabbing their attention and pausing in the center.

THUD! A body hits the ground, and the light vanishes.

Kristy's face turns disappointed. She approaches the shadowy body, cautious and concerned. The person turns over to reveal it's Shawn, scowling back venomously.

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 around. But, before they can move--

Griff sprints across the field and takes Shawn James down hard. He drags him up by the scruff of his 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 (CONT'D)

(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, flashing his badge

DAVIDS (CONT'D)
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, and 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 as Anderson bops over to him keenly.

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 while smiling, satisfied, to herself.

KRISTY

Yeah... 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 beam, this happy, peaceful place the brightest spot in a mass of twinkling city lights.

INT. NEW APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

Hip-hop posters hang upon freshly painted walls as Kristy lies sleeping peacefully, morning light streaming through the window

BUZZ! BUZZ! BUZZ! She answers her phone sleepily.

KRISTY

Oh my god! I'll be right there!

She throws herself out of bed and wrestles on clothes.

KRISTY (CONT'D)

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

She turns and smiles as a rescue dog plods into the room.

KRISTY (CONT'D)

Sit. Sit. Sit.

The dog flops over for a tummy tickle.

EXT. NEW APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Kristy bursts out of the renovated apartment block, runs to a new Beetle, and gets in.

EXT. MEALS OF STEEL - DAY

A CROWD bustles outside Meals of Steel, which boasts a new coat of paint and looks as good as new.

Kristy pulls up to an applause, and the crowd clears to reveal a red ribbon across the entrance.

FLO
Well, better late than never!

Flo hands 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 is now gone, and Kristy grins delighted.

FLO (CONT'D)
And, without further ado, on behalf of myself and my co-owner, we now declare Meals of Steal officially re-mastered, remixed, and re-open!

Flo grabs Kristy's hands, and they cut the ribbon together. The crowd cheers and swarms inside.

Mr. & Mrs. Andrews hurry over to Kristy and hug her tightly.

MRS. ANDREWS
Here she is! The big hero!

FLO
You know, I helped too with that.

They pull Flo into the hug with them.

FLO (CONT'D)
Enough! Quit smothering me!

INT. MEALS OF STEEL - DAY

The restaurant working like clockwork, the kitchen staff chopping merrily while Bertha burns wood under sizzling fresh burger patties and customers enjoy the 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 with 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 knowingly.

Griff enters, cuffed and escorted by cops. Kristy frowns,
alarmed.

GRIFF

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

INT. MEALS OF STEEL, TILLS - LATER - NIGHT

Later that day, toward the end of the best shift ever, Kristy
hands over a tray of food to a HAPPY CUSTOMER. She turns to
serve the next and freezes, shocked.

Dauids standing there in civilian clothes, smiling awkwardly.

KRISTY

Umm, can I take your order?

DAVIDS

I need to ask you something.

She stares, worried.

DAVIDS (CONT'D)

(nervous)

Would you like to hook up sometime?
For a drink?

She reels, stunned.

DAVIDS (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

You want that drink now?

Dauids nods, delighted at the suggestion. Kristy grabs two sodas and leads him away, but Flo cuts her off.

FLO

Hey! Not so fast! Can't you see these people are starving here?

She hands Kristy the mic, and Kristy smiles back.

KRISTY

(into mic)

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

The customers erupt in a cheer, and a beat slowly builds.

THE END