

THE END

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DEEP SPACE

Stars twinkle against the blackness of the intergalactic void.

PAN DOWN TO:

EXT. ALIEN PLANET, SPACEPORT - DAY

Shuttles zip around. Spacecraft take off.

The alien squiggles on a prominent billboard magically RIPPLE and DISSOLVE into:

WELCOME TO GRRK-THNAG SPACEPORT -  
"A 99.998% CHANCE OF A  
TROUBLE-FREE LAUNCH!"

Behind the glass of the pressurized domes and walkways, miscellaneous aliens and stray pieces of luggage ride the escalators.

INT. ALIEN PLANET, SPACEPORT - DAY

The squiggles on the nameplate of an office door RIPPLE/DISSOLVE into:

PROFESSOR 'ALEC' THRRAGXG,  
DEPARTMENT OF OURANOLOGICAL AFFAIRS

The door opens with a swoosh. We enter.

INT. ALEC'S OFFICE - DAY

Somewhere inside the professor's large imposing office, efficient fingers rattle away on a computer keyboard.

As we advance towards the sound, the computer's display panel remains eclipsed behind the broad back of a grandiose executive chair. We swerve around the chair: filling the screen is an image of Earth as seen from space.

With a final flourish, the fingers stop tapping. The computer beeps obediently, and a large red flashing alien icon pops up on the screen. The icon RIPPLE/DISSOLVES to:

PROGRAM READY  
BEGIN?? YES/NO

The cursor hovers over the 'NO'.

After a beat, CLAUDE (Alec's fourteen-year-old nephew; humanoid; bright blue skin) springs out of the chair. The chair is much too big for him.

He crosses the room, sits down at a mirrored dressing table and ceremoniously puts on a hat made of tangled wires and flashing Christmas tree lights.

The effect is predictably cheesy, but he warbles with satisfaction and simpers at his reflection.

Claude's hand snatches up a thick, well-thumbed volume: 'A Dictionary of Earth Languages'.

He flicks through the dictionary, finds what he wants and wiggles excitedly in his chair. Regaining his composure, he checks the entry again, and then, admiring himself in the mirror, pronounces carefully and distinctly:

CLAUDE

Cool!

Back at the computer. Still wearing his hat, Claude drags the cursor over to the 'YES' option. He double-clicks. The computer beeps and hesitates:

ARE YOU SURE??! YES/NO

He selects 'YES' again. Indicator lights flicker, hard-drives go into turbo mode. Superimposed over the image of Earth, flashing, and in red:

PROGRAM INITIATED

Back at the dressing table again. Claude throws things anyhow into a suitcase.

He tosses in the dictionary.

Last of all, he removes his hat and places it reverently on top of all his other shit. He tries to shut the suitcase, but the hat is getting crushed.

He shovels some of the clothes aside. Still no good. He slams the lid down anyway, sits on it and snaps the fasteners closed. Some of the still-flashing Christmas lights are caught outside.

INT. ALIEN PLANET, SPACEPORT, WALKWAY - DAY

Carrying his suitcase, which now trails an unraveling string of twinkling lights, Claude makes his way self-importantly through the crowds of assorted alien travelers.

He bows grandly to two cute females. They acknowledge his bow politely, but once he's safely passed, they point at his Christmas tree lights and giggle.

INT. SPACESHIP - DAY

Enter Claude. He puts down his suitcase, goes over to a control panel and presses some buttons.

On a large display screen:

ESTIMATED TIME TO DESTINATION:  
5 MONTHS, 23 DAYS

COMMENCING LAUNCH SEQUENCE...

40 SECONDS  
39  
38

Each counted-down second is marked with a 'bip'; every 10 seconds there's a longer 'beep'.

Claude tries to set his wrist watch alarm. He jabs at its tiny buttons. It twitters unhelpfully. He gets annoyed.

He suddenly notices the string of lights trailing from his suitcase and rushes over with a concerned shriek.

He throws open the lid and fusses with his precious hat, scrambling to get it properly bedded down for the journey.

Another 'beep' from the countdown sequence. Claude gives up with the hat. He jams a set of headphones over his ears.

Claude takes a cassette tape: 'Modern Earth Languages - A Refreshment Course'. He loads it into a 'SpaceMan (TM)'.

A bottle of pills: 'New! Fast Acting! Genie in a Bottle(TM) "Deep Sleep for Deep Space"'.

Claude gulps down 2 pills. He manages a couple of steps towards a comfortable-looking reclining chair before his eyes roll up into his head and he passes out.

Claude lies unconscious on the floor, wedged awkwardly against the recliner with his earphones knocked askew.

Three.. Two.. One.. Zero. An extra long beep. Distant roaring. Shaking.

The roaring and shaking subside. The tinny, unnatural intonations of non-native speakers leak from the earphones:

VOICE 1

I say! That girl can dance for  
certainly.

VOICE 2

Nom d'une plume! Cette fille-la  
peut danser vraiment tres bien.

VOICE 3

Aiyo! Neige tongzhi hen hui tiao  
wu.

VOICE 4

Himmel! Diese Fraulein...

Claude's hat keeps flashing.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. US GOVT PRINTING FACTORY - DAY

Workers check in at the security gate.

TITLE OVER: MEANWHILE ON EARTH...

INT. PRINTING FACTORY, COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

In amongst the tape drives, meters, dials, flashing lights,  
and futuristic metal boxes, two computer operators tap  
busily away at their keyboards.

Behind them, unobserved, a strange electric force -  
something like ball lightning - slowly materializes in  
mid-air. It pours itself into the biggest of the metal  
boxes: 'FZZZT!'

Worker #1 shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

WORKER #1

Hey, you feel that?

HARRY (250 pounds; beergut) looks up slowly, eyes his  
twitchy-looking companion, turns back to his computer.

HARRY

That's your fifth coffee this  
morning, right?

Worker #1 shrugs: yeah? so?

WORKER #1  
Nothing wrong with my nerves,  
man. I'm sensitive is what.

HARRY  
Is that decaf?  
(no answer)  
I didn't think so.

Worker #1 glares at his colleague. Muttering to himself, he turns back to his work.