

FADE IN:

EXT. NORTHERN NORWAY - DAY

Brilliant sunlight glistens off snow covered peaks and ridges as NILS, KARL, and EINAR, three young Norwegian snowboarders, slowly make their way up the slope, finally stopping at a spot with a magnificent view of the valley below and mountains beyond. They speak in *subtitled Norwegian*.

KARL

Whoa! This is friggin' awesome!

NILS

Told you.

EINAR

You can see Sweden from here.

They gaze off at the far mountains. Nils cups his hands and hollers...

NILS

SWEDEN SUCKS!

They crack-up as his voice echoes across the valley.

KARL

SWEDES SUCK MOOSE COCK!

"Moose cock" echoes through the peaks.

NILS

WITH LINDENBERRY SAUCE!

They crack up.

NILS (CONT'D)

Okay, let's shred it!

They're about to push off... but Einar sees something.

EINAR

Guys?

The move to him and see...

A GIANT THREE TOED FOOTPRINT in the snow.

NILS

Whoa.

KARL

Somebody's got some gnarly snowshoes.

EINAR

Here's another one... and another.

NILS

(looks up)

Hey.

They look up and see...

Backlit and silhouetted by the sunlight, a massive, incredibly muscular HUMANOID FORM stands motionless on the ridge above, gazing down at them.

For a long moment they just stare, frozen with fear.

NILS (CONT'D)

Wait a minute--Dudes, it's just an ice sculpture! Somebody's messing with our heads.

KARL

Probably some Swedish plankers!

NILS

Ja!

And then they hear and feel *A DEEP, REVERBERATING HUM.*

EINAR

Hey, what's that?

KARL

(hopefully)

Snowmobile?

Suddenly, the edge of a shadow passes over them, and they find themselves standing in deep, cold shade. As one, they gaze upward and see...

THEIR POV -

THE UNDERBELLY OF A VAST INTERSTELLAR SHIP, hovering right above them.

NILS, KARL & EINAR

OH SHIT!

They jump on their boards and shoot down the hill.

EXT. DOWN THE SLOPE - A FEW BEATS LATER

As their riderless boards... one... two... three...

Streak past the camera.

THEME AND CREDITS

EXT. ROAD - DAY

An endless field of corn and then a sign, laden with paint ball splattered plaques from the Rotary Club, Kiwanis, Boy Scouts, etc., welcoming travelers to "Huskerville, Ohio, population 8,342. Home of the Huskies."

EXT. DOWNTOWN HUSKERVILLE - DAY - VARIOUS SHOTS

The post office... the 7-Eleven... the Guns 'R Us tell us that this is a typical midwestern town.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Huskerville Regional High. A sign out front reads "On You Huskies!"

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The ninth grade General Science class waits in nervous anticipation, as ANTHONY MARTEL, a popular young teacher, enters.

MARTEL

Good afternoon, science fiends.

The CLOCK reads 2:20.

MARTEL (CONT'D)

Forty minutes until weekend and counting.

He spots something on his desk, picks it up. It's...

A BANANA, with a condom on it.

THE CLASS, tittering

MARTEL (CONT'D)

Right idea. Wrong banana...

(slyly)

I'll save this for later.

(slips it into his desk drawer)

COURTNEY, (15) a spiky haired cherub with a major crush on Martel, chews her gum and watches him intently.

THE SAME - LATER

Martel has just written "Kinetic" on the blackboard.

MARTEL

Okay... so who can tell me what what the Kinetic Theory says?

They don't respond.

MARTEL (CONT'D)

Somebody take a shot at it... Anybody.

A boy raises his hand.

MARTEL (CONT'D)

Yes, Harlan.

Harlan looks blank.

HARLAN

Huh?

MARTEL

You raised your hand.

HARLAN

I was just smellin' my pit.

MARTEL

Ooooookay. Kinetic...

Harlan raises his hand.

MARTEL (CONT'D)

Harlan?

HARLAN

Huh?

MARTEL

(beat)
Smellin' the other one?

HARLAN

Yuh.

MARTEL

Both the same?

HARLAN

Yuh.

MARTEL

Anything else you need to smell?

HARLAN

Nuh.

MARTEL

You sure?

HARLAN

Yuh.

MARTEL

Good. Kinetic--

A girl shoots up her hand.

MARTEL (CONT'D)

Yes, Stacy. Yes!

STACY

"Kinetic" is where my cousin lives.

MARTEL

(puzzling)

Kinetic is where my cousin lives...
Connecticut. Your cousin lives in
Connecticut?

STACY

Uh-huh!

MARTEL

Ooooookay. So pivoting back to our
own dimension, the Kinetic Theory
states that "The faster our little
particles move around, the hotter we
get."

COURTNEY, hot for him

The bell sounds. THE CLOCK reads 3:00. The school day is
over.

MARTEL (CONT'D)

Oh thank God.

The kids swarm out the door.

MARTEL (CONT'D)

No homework! Have a great weekend!
And remember, drugs and suicide don't
mix.

Martel, loading up his briefcase, looks up and sees Courtney,
staring at him.

MARTEL (CONT'D)

(banana in hand)
Yes, Courtney?

But she knows it cannot be, snaps her gum, and goes out.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

The hall is crowded with excited kids banging their lockers,
going home. Martel walks with his best friend MR. KUPCHIK,
the pudgy algebra teacher.

KUPCHIK

I don't know, Tone, I'm just not
ready to start dating again.

MARTEL

Kupchik, there's more to life than
algebra. You've been divorced for
seven years. It's time to jump back
into the lava pool.

KUPCHIK

I know--I know.

MARTEL

Why don't you ask out Dolly Ewell?
She's separated--she's horny--she's
the school nurse.

Kupchik shrugs. A group of GIRLS pass by.

GIRLS

Hi, Mr. Martel! Hi, cutie!

They wiggle their butts at him.

MARTEL

Hey hey! Let's keep it appropriate.
(back to Kupchik)
What about that new gym teacher?

Kupchik shakes his head no.

MARTEL (CONT'D)

Why not?

KUPCHIK

She's too muscly!

MARTEL

Kupchik, have you ever made love to
a strong, muscly woman?

KUPCHIK

No.

MARTEL

It's fantastic!

Martel and Kupchik pass into a room labeled "Faculty".

INT. FACULTY LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

The room is packed with teachers. It's Friday afternoon,
and everybody's in full party mode, vaping, drinking vodka
spiked Snapple.

MR. LUM, the music teacher, channels Elton John, singing a
desperate version of "Candle in the Wind" at the piano.

SONIA DEL RIO, the very sexy Art teacher, takes a keen
interest as...

Martel and Kupchik enter.

MARTEL

Dude, life is a mango. You gotta
bite into it, let the juice pour
over your cheeks and drip down your
shirt--you gotta get those little
stringy things stuck between your
teeth.

KUPCHIK

I know--I know.

Sonia approaches Martel.

MARTEL

Hey, Sonia.

She slips something into his hand as she sexily brushes past
him and goes out the door.

Martel watches her exit with appreciation, then looks down
at...

HIS HAND, which palms a pack of matches from the "Lucky Star
Motel".

EXT. OUTSIDE TOWN - NIGHT

A spectacular, star filled night sky. CAMERA DROPS DOWN to a road running straight to the horizon, with corn fields all around. A beat, and then, near the horizon, incredibly bright lights appear and quickly fill the screen.

The lights are in fact the headlights of Martel's red MX-5 Miata.

He is driving down the road singing at the top of his lungs in improvised Spanish to a salsa song on the radio.

EXT. LUCKY STAR MOTEL - NIGHT - ANGLE ON

The motel's neon sign, as the Miata turns into the parking lot.

Martel spots Sonia's Camaro parked in front of one of the rooms and pulls up alongside it. He takes a single red rose from the passenger seat and leaps smoothly from the car, then moves suavely to the door and gently knocks. A sensual voice from within says...

SENSUAL VOICE (O.S.)

Come in.

Martel puts the rose between his teeth and enters the room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is dark, sleazy. Martel is sooo excited. A shadowy figure sits on the bed.

MARTEL

Sonia?

DEEP MALE VOICE

She got tied up. I'm her husband,
Dwayne.

DWAYNE flips on a light. He is a big, burly, tattooed auto mechanic, dressed in greasy overalls (with "Dwayne" embroidered over the pocket). Martel is thrown back just by the sight of him.

MARTEL

Oh hi, Dwayne.

SONIA, in her nighty, tied up and gagged in a chair

Dwayne closes in on him.

MARTEL (CONT'D)

Dwayne, your wife and I work together very closely. You can't imagine the immense sexual pressures we're under.

DWAYNE

Sure I can.

Dwayne drives his FIST at Martel's head. Martel ducks. The fist passes through the wall. While Dwayne extracts it, Martel lunges for the door and pulls it open. An even bigger guy, wearing greasy overalls (with "PETE" embroidered above the pocket) stands there.

MARTEL

You must be Dwayne's friend.

PETE

I'm his little bro.

Martel slams the door shut. Dwayne comes at him again.

Martel jumps up on the water bed and wobbles around as he talks.

MARTEL

You know, Dwayne, I really think you're over-reacting. Human beings are not monogamous.

DWAYNE

Mono-what?

MARTEL

Gamous. It means only having sex with who you're supposed to. If you'd like I could suggest a couple books for you to read.

Dwayne draws out a huge Bowie knife.

MARTEL (CONT'D)

Or you could... order them on Kindle.

Martel tries to kick the knife out of Dwayne's hand, but he misses and falls over onto the water bed.

Dwayne stabs down with the knife, but Martel rolls clear, and the blade plunges into the bed.

Water GUSHES out, as Martel leaps to his feet and runs into the bathroom, slamming the door behind him and locking it.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Martel dances around, not sure what to do.

MARTEL

Oh God I've got to pee!

Suddenly, the blade of the knife pierces the door and slowly starts cutting downward, slicing like a shark fin through the wood.

Martel, terrified, spots a small window above the toilet.

He climbs up, forces it open, squeezes halfway out, then gets stuck, his legs and backside dangling in mid-air.

EXT. BEHIND THE MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Martel's head and torso stick out the window. He struggles helplessly, then hears the crunch of the bathroom door inside. Martel screams and squirms...

But suddenly, he hears and feels a deep, *VIBRATING HUM* and looks up.

HIS POV -

A HUGE DARK SHAPE, an elegant, incredibly sophisticated interstellar ship, glides across the night sky.

END OF SAMPLE