

MIDDLE MAN MICK

Written by

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EXT. SPACE

We're somewhere in the COSMOS. That forever blackness, lit by the backdrop of countless stars.

To the right, a GALAXY SPIRALS, like a cinnamon swirl of light, mystery and colour. Spectacular as it is beautiful.

Everything is so serene, undisturbed and celestial...

SWOOSH!

A MASSIVE UNEARTHLY SPACECRAFT FLIES RIGHT THROUGH OUR SHOT.

Leaves a cloud of blue smoke in its wake.

INT. EXTRATERRESTRIAL WHITE ROOM - SPACECRAFT

An unseen BEING sits in its seat facing its dashboard and monitor. Only its long, thin grey arms are in sight as they frantically function into the controls.

Everything in this room is very white and very abnormal.

THE MONITOR

Seemingly a lightning-fast space version of TETRIS is being played but with blocks replaced by little creature shapes. They fall and spin at an express rate with green alien face emojis flashing every time a solid line is scored at the bottom.

This steadfast frenetic gameplay continues until...

A BEEPING ALARM sound.

Distracts the being, creature-shape lands incorrectly, red angry alien face emoji flashes, followed by an obnoxious game over sound. The being lets out a high-pitched grunt.

In sync with the alarm, a RED BUTTON flashes on the dashboard. The being's long grey finger reluctantly creeps towards it... and presses it.

The still unrevealed being starts to speak. Sounds like a SQUIRREL SQUAWKING - subtitles to the rescue.

BEING (O.S) (SUBTITLE)  
Systems control?

On the monitor we see a new space-Tetris game commencing.

Squirrel dialect then emits from the BEEPER -

DIALECT FROM BEEPER (SUBTITLE)  
 Plazbum, time to run the annexation  
 selection programme.

The being ignores the request for a moment, concentrating  
 wholly on its game.

BEING (O.S) (SUBTITLE)  
 Negative, just in the middle of  
 remapping intergalactic wormholes.

DIALECT FROM BEEPER (SUBTITLE)  
 I see...

On the monitor, the steadfast frenetic gameplay continues  
 until...

TETRIS SHUTS DOWN.

The being squeals. Places its alien hands behind its alien  
 head in despair.

The Tetris is replaced by what looks like an electronic  
 ROULETTE WHEEL. Appears to have hundreds of PLANETS  
 surrounding its rim.

DIALECT FROM BEEPER (SUBTITLE)  
 Spin it.

The being grunts. Then its long grey finger hits a button.  
 The wheel starts to spin...

Soon slows to a tantalising stop and the planet that sits  
 top-vertical starts flashing.

It enlarges on the monitor, along with some nonsensical info  
 symbols. This planet appears totally desolate.

BEING (O.S) (SUBTITLE)  
 Kinesis.

DIALECT FROM BEEPER (SUBTITLE)  
 Kinesis? The infertile mud whole?

BEING (O.S) (SUBTITLE)  
 Affirmative.

DIALECT FROM BEEPER (SUBTITLE)  
 Spin.

The being grunts again. Long grey finger presses the button.  
 The roulette wheel spins again. Slows to a stop...

Lands on a planet.

It enlarges on the monitor... and is instantly recognisable.

BEING (O.S) (SUBTITLE)

Earth.

DIALECT FROM BEEPER (SUBTITLE)

The terrestrial Aqua-planet?

BEING (O.S)

(reading from nonsensical  
info on monitor)

Affirmative, emergent Aqua-planet,  
Milky Way system. Rich biosphere.  
High species count. We've got two  
thousand and forty-two specimen  
abductions to date.

DIALECT FROM BEEPER (SUBTITLE)

Excellent. Governing inhabitants?

BEING (O.S) (SUBTITLE)

Insubordinate type. Advancement  
stage 9, grade D7 defences. No  
history of interplanetary warfare.  
But likely hostile to Tradaccian  
terms. Won't be the easiest  
annexation.

A moment to consider.

DIALECT FROM BEEPER (SUBTITLE)

Screw 'em. Plazbum, set the course.  
Destination Earth. Identify a  
native for instigation.

BEING (O.S) (SUBTITLE)

Affirmative.

The skinny grey hands key into the system once more.

On the monitor, some advanced alien GPS goes into motion.  
Light speed route planner. Passes Solar systems, Galaxies --

Culminating on a flashing RIFLE SCOPE TARGET on our PLANET.

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The alien craft warps out of shot, leaving us in that once  
again tranquil space.

SOMEWHERE IN THE DEPTHS OF THE UNIVERSE.

FADE TO:

SOUNDS OF LOUD ANGRY CAR HORNS...

EXT. JAMMED HIGHWAY - EARTH - MORNING

The queue of vehicles is endless, making the winding freeway now a river of automobiles. No end in sight.

The other side of the road is clear. Insult to injury.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Inside his 1990s Honda Accord, with frustration etched deep into his features, sits MICK MACMILLAN. An everyman in his early 40s, his face a testament to a lifetime of enduring hardship.

Suited Mick huffs and puffs, teetering on the brink of sweating. He glances at the car's electronic clock: 08:42, then fixes his gaze ahead at the seemingly eternal deadlock.

His eyes zero in on the traffic lights in the distance. He eyeballs them, hard.

Red goes to amber... Amber goes to green.

Mick's eyes flicker with a glimmer of hope, but then...

NOTHING MOVES.

Resigned, Mick sinks back into his driver's seat.

Soon flicks on his car radio and is immediately greeted by an inexplicably upbeat traffic reporter --

TRAFFIC REPORTER (RADIO)  
Happy driving folks, it's Tommy at  
N.B.C. and here is your local  
traffic report on this magical  
morning in Nashville, Tennessee --  
and we are mostly clear, guys, yes,  
you heard me, Clear! Clear! Clear!  
Clear!

Mick is burning a hole through his radio right now.

TRAFFIC REPORTER (RADIO)  
I'm only getting news of one  
tailback and that's on the I-24  
approaching downtown...yep, that  
sucker again, so I would just  
advise you fine folks to avoid that  
road at this time...

Mick, jaw clenched and glaring at his radio, slowly raises his fist.

TRAFFIC REPORTER (RADIO)  
 ...find yourself alternative routes  
 into the centre and have a happy,  
 happy--

Mick punches the channel-up button - only to be mercilessly assaulted by the jarring sounds of "Crazy Frog" by "Axel F" bursting through the speakers.

His glare at the radio only intensifies as he sits motionless with his fist still raised almost embracing the punishment.

Yet, his endurance has its limits; with a sudden movement, he smacks the channel-up button --

Relief washes over him as the chorus of "I Want to Break Free" by "Queen" fills the airwaves.

Mick's clenched fist gradually lowers, his simmering frustration yielding to the resonating melody of Queen's beloved classic.

He glances left and right at the line of cars he's trapped in, mouthing the lyrics, "I've got to break free... God knows... God knows I want to break free."

Then as the song continues, Mick is struck with an epiphany -

MICK  
 I want to break free... I've gotta  
 break free.

Mick, inspired, quickly checks his car's surroundings - the wing mirrors, the rearview mirror. His gaze darts to the electronic clock: 08:45. With determination in his eyes, he declares -

MICK  
 I'm gonna break free!

As the gear is shifted into reverse, the car inches backward, the steering wheel sharply veering to the right. Then, as the gear shifts into drive, the steering wheel sharply swings to the left.

Mick is navigating a seriously tight spot, attempting to squeeze through.

Reverses again, taps the car behinds, front bumper.

Rearview mirror: The heavy-set female driver in that car is mouthing harsh words and offering her middle finger.

Mick gives her a reverse middle finger, hits drive and --  
 ESCAPES, albeit nearly scrapping the adjacent queue of cars.

MICK  
 (in unison with the lyrics)  
 I'm breaking free!

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Honda Accord drives down the narrow hard shoulder, finding a lucky gap in the barrier.

Hits a short incline of grass and then finds its way onto a new road. WHICH IS CLEAR.

EXT. CITY STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Song still blaring, Mick's car flies down the streets at speed.

INT. MICK'S CAR - CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Mick is at the wheel, his expression visibly reinvigorated. He turns left down one street, then right down another, with not a single car in sight.

MICK  
 That cracker Tommy wasn't lying,  
 Mick. Avoid that "I-son-of-a-bitch"  
 for eternity.

Turns the steering wheel to the left onto another road...

Mick's face hits THUNDERSTRUCK.

His car screeches to a stop. As does our song.

Through his windscreen, a line of cones block the road.

On the sidewalk, standing next to a prominent ROAD CLOSED sign is a TRAFFIC OFFICER. His gaze fixed on Mick, a faintly obnoxious grin playing at the corners of his mouth.

Mick looks about the street - everything appears perfectly fine. There is no road work activity or other road workers to be seen.

He winds down his window signalling the traffic officer.

MICK

Excuse me?

The traffic officer takes seemingly deliberately cumbersome steps towards Mick's car window.

TRAFFIC OFFICER

Good Morning.

MICK

Morning, uh, what's going on here?

The traffic officer turns around in the direction of the sign then turns back to Mick.

TRAFFIC OFFICER

That sign says "the road is closed", sir.

MICK

Noted. Any idea why this road is closed?

TRAFFIC OFFICER

Nope, other than the sign says so.

Mick stares at him.

MICK

Kind sir, I'm running late for a real important meeting. Cos of the river, this road is my sole route to work, and it appears perfectly fine. I implore you, have mercy on my beleaguered soul, and permit me passage just this once. The gods of charity will surely bless this compassionate gesture.

TRAFFIC OFFICER

Uh...let me see...

The traffic officer looks up towards the heavens with a sardonic expression.

TRAFFIC OFFICER

Gods of charity, should I let this guy pass? Let him get to his meeting? Probably lose my job but it's a compassionate gesture...  
uh... uh... uh...

(looks back down at Mick)

(MORE)



TRAFFIC OFFICER (CONT'D)

I say, screw compassion. Now get lost sir, before I have to book your ass.

MICK

But what am I supposed to do!?

TRAFFIC OFFICER

I dunno...maybe park this piece of junk and go for a brisk walk?

Mick stares... whilst also relenting.

MICK

Thanks for your assistance...

Mick reverses the car, and off he goes.

EXT. CAR PARK - LATER

The Accord inches into the car park, finding it chock-full of cars.

Mick glares at the congested scene through the windscreen of his car as he crawls down the aisle.

LATER

The Accord bursts out of the car park exit, aggressively parking in a less-than-auspicious spot just beyond the barriers.

Mick exits the car, slamming his door shut, and marches forward with a face like thunder.

Unbeknownst to him, a signpost hanging from the top of the external car park barriers reads: "Tow Away Zone"

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - LATER

Mick walks furiously with his phone to ear.

MICK

Cab, please, it's urgent.  
(he listens)  
I'm on...

Not knowing where he is, he frantically scans his surroundings, searching for a road sign... he finds one on the side of a building, "Charlotte Ave"

MICK  
Charlotte Avenue, near...Hello?

Mick glares down at his phone - the battery meter blinks on its last bar... before switching off.

MICK  
No. NaNaNa. Don't do that. Come back on. Come back on you evil son-of-the...grrrr!

Mick stands dead still as if on the brink of internal combustion.

MICK  
Right.

Driven by anger, he strides forward with an intense determination.

LATER

Mick strides onto the very road he was previously denied access to, heading straight for the same traffic officer.

MICK  
Any objections to me using the sidewalk?

TRAFFIC OFFICER  
Ah, morning...there's no sign that says you can't.

The traffic officer then signals for an approaching vehicle to pass through, Mick halts, his expression filled with disgruntled disbelief, watching as a Tow Away Truck rumbles by.

TRAFFIC OFFICER  
(off Mick's expression)  
Tow trucks are exempt.

Mick's eyes widen to unprecedented levels as he spots that it's his Honda Accord attached to the truck, watching it being hauled down the very road from which it was prohibited.

Mick stands there on the sidewalk, utterly perplexed.

TRAFFIC OFFICER  
Aren't you late for a meeting, sir?

Mick turns around to face the traffic officer, grappling with the urge for violence. After taking a deep breath to steady himself, he marches onward.

EXT. BUSINESS PARK - LATER

Mick hurries along the pavement, weighed down by his suit, jacket, and tie. His face bears the marks of every frustration from today.

Exhausted and sweating, he comes to a halt, taking a moment to catch his breath. Glancing at his watch — it reads 9:45, he looks up at the building before him with a notable degree of contempt.

It's modern, it's massive in length. Almost a snobbery in its structure. Big sign by the entrance: CONSORTIUM OF CORPORATE INTERMEDIARY ENTERPRISES (CCIE).

To Mick, his incarceration rather than his place of work.

INT. CCIE - DRINKS VENDING MACHINE - LATER

Mick approaches the vending machine with a plastic cup in hand and an ill-fated expression on his face.

Places the cup, presses the button and watches.

What unfolds is the weakest dispensary of water on record. It might take an hour to fill.

MICK

Have a heart you mechanical piece  
of monkey sperm.

On queue, the water stops dispensing completely.

Mick glares at the vending machine. Questions his whole morning. Whole life.

Then grabs the micro-filled cup of water from the dispenser. Brings the cup up above his mouth, and trickles the measly contents down his throat.

Amazingly, it invigorates him that little bit.

He chucks the cup away, where his eyes catch a LITTLE GREEN MEN TEDDY (Three-eyed aliens from Toy Story) perched on a cabinet. He addresses it --

MICK

Do you ever feel that bad days gain  
their own momentum, kinda like a  
flu does?

The little green men teddy fails to answer but is looking right back.

MICK

No answer is the right answer. See you later.

INT. CCIE - OFFICE - LATER

Door swings open, and in walks Mick. Big smile on his face, feign of the century.

MICK

Burt, morning. So sorry about the time, you wouldn't believe the morning I've had, I won't bore you with the details but so appreciate you taking the time to see me.

Sitting at his desk is BURT GRIFFIN (50). Though reeking of pompous, he greets Mick with a big almost too-wide smile.

BURT GRIFFIN

Not a problem Mr McMillan, take a seat.

Mick obliges, but knowing Burt as he does, he's on edge.

MICK

Again, thanks ever so much. Uh, so, I've got them to implement that patch on Pinnacle and Sage, so I can assure you now those apps will be running as smoothly as silk, all I need from your en--

BURT GRIFFIN

(paying no attention,  
looking at his monitor)  
Oops...it's ten o'clock.

MICK

-- Yes, again apologies.

BURT GRIFFIN

Well thanks for coming to see me, meeting adjourned.

Burt extends his hand, which Mick just stares at.

MICK

Ha...I only need five minutes?

Burt peers sardonically into his monitor.

BURT GRIFFIN

Nope, says ten o'clock...I've got check emails whilst drinking coffee. You'll have to check back with reception to see if they can find you a slot in my busy schedule.

Resigned, Mick rises to his feet, his expression silently pleading, "Somebody shoot me."

BURT GRIFFIN

Oh, take that cold cup of coffee with you please, gotta hot one on its way.

Mick casts a glance at the half-full mug resting beside Burt on the table before reaching out to pick it up.

MICK

Sure.

After a moment's hesitation, he launches the contents of the mug SQUARE INTO BURT'S FACE.

Burt shoots Mick a furious glare, his face drenched in coffee. With a swift motion, he reaches for his desk phone, while Mick visibly regrets his actions.

MICK

I didn't mean to do that, it slipped...please forgive me, it just slipped from my hand...

INT. CCIE - DIFFERENT OFFICE - LATER

Mick is seated across from DANA MUNROE, a sharply dressed woman in her thirties, whose desk proudly displays a large nameplate reading "Executive Director Dana Munroe".

DANA MUNROE

Mick...Mick...Mick...how many strikes are we at now?

MICK

-- But it's not fair, I've got all the dick clients.

Dana shoots him a reprimand.

MICK

Horrible clients. Insidious.

DANA MUNROE

But Mick, you're an Intermediary, a negotiator. You're supposed to set expectations and form strong relationships with clients such as Mr Griffin. I know they can be difficult but that's our business.

Mick stares, his frustrations palpable.

MICK

Intermediary, is that what we are? I thought we were just pointless middlemen, who spend their lives relaying selfish demands between egocentric clients and stingy good-for-nothing vendors, who, by the way, share the same ambition of wanting to rip each other off. I don't see the point of us. How about we just take a back seat and let them tear each other apart for a change?

Dana has to pause for thought.

DANA MUNROE

Mick...if you don't mind me asking, do you have any intention of keeping your job here at CCIE?

He contemplates. But not for that long. Returns a wry smile.

INT. VETERINARY - DAY

A HAMSTER swings from the top of its cage, its tiny hands grasping onto the bars. It's a lively and active little creature, full of energy and curiosity.

Two female VETS stand, looking at him with an air of concern.

One of them, a junior vet named LINDSEY, in her late teens, stands beside the hamster cage, her eyes wide in astonishment. The other is ALICE, in her late thirties, with an eternally youthful and breezy nature about her.

LINDSEY

Have you ever performed surgery when they're like that?

ALICE

No. The Ketamine usually would have kicked in by now.

LINDSEY

Oh. Ketamine, thought you said  
Amphetamine.

ALICE

Uh. That makes sense now.

The sound of a mobile phone ringing.

LINDSEY

Shall I give him the ketamine?

Alice reaches into her pocket and retrieves her mobile phone.  
She puts it to her ear and glances over at Lindsey with a  
smile.

ALICE

We better wait 'till tomorrow.  
(into phone)  
Total pets vets, Alice speaking?

EXT. CITY STREETS - SAME - INTERCUT

Mick, marching, phone to ear.

MICK

4th Avenue North, Mick speaking.

ALICE

Ah, hi Mick.

MICK

Just calling because -- got reason  
to celebrate today.

ALICE

Oh yeah?

MICK

Jus quit that life block of a job,  
and I'm kinda buzzing about it.

She looks concerned for him, takes a moment to reply.

ALICE

Oh... well done.

MICK

Thanks.

ALICE

Quit your job?

MICK

Uh...yeah.

Alice's eyes flicker to the hamster cage, noticing that the little creature has somehow managed to pull open the cage door.

ALICE

Lindsey, watch out he's free.

Lindsey toddles over to the cage.

MICK

Free I am. Don't worry, wasn't thinking of becoming a vet, Lindsey can relax.

ALICE

Ha? Um, no. Not you, Um, never mind.

Alice is also having to concentrate on Lindsey chasing the hamster around the room.

MICK

Anyway, wondering whether you were free tonight, maybe help me mark the occasion?

ALICE

Oh, sorry, can't tonight. Got that date, remember?

MICK

Wait a minute, not Brad that works at CCIE?

ALICE

Yeah. You introduced me at the party...he's cute.

MICK

He's a lot of things, not sure cute is among them though.

Meanwhile, in the veterinary, Lindsey attempts to coax the hamster out from under a cupboard using a broom.

ALICE

Don't scare him, Lindsey. Sorry, Mick?



MICK

Well, good luck. Let me know how it goes.

ALICE

Sure. I mean we gotta try these things now. The both of us.

MICK

Well, ring me later, if you survive...

Mick hangs up the phone and stops walking as he is now outside the impound lot, he scowls at the sign, "City of Nashville Auto Impound".

Back at the vet, Alice still has her phone to ear.

ALICE

-- Bye.

Her eyes divert to Lindsey who persists in prodding the broom under the table. Meanwhile, the HAMSTER, perched next to its cage on the table, observes the scene with curiosity.

INT. AUTO IMPOUND - DAY

Mick stands at the payment window as his penalty invoice is printed.

An old moody attendant hands him the invoice, Mick looks down at it --

Penalty:	\$120	Tow charge:	\$100	Storage:	\$50
Total:	\$270				

Mick looks back up at the attendant.

MICK

Is this for real?

EXT. MICK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The Honda Accord pulls up to the three-story, modern yet modest apartment block and comes to a stop.

Mick steps out of the car, slamming the door behind him.

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Slobbered on his sofa, Mick has tired eyes on some ludicrous black and white, flying saucer sci-fi movie.

There are about seven empty bottles of lager on his table.

His home phone rings, which he reaches for, without taking his eyes off the TV. Turns it down via the remote.

He puts his phone to ear.

MICK

It was that bad, ha?

ALICE (O.S)

(voice at over end)

Yeah...

MICK

Did he invite you to his flat or just try and nail you right there and then?

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - INTERCUT

Alice stands with phone to ear, glammed up in a "date" dress.

ALICE

Uh... Both. Thought you were maybe just doing the jealous ex-thing, but yeah, he was scary. Thanks for the warning.

MICK

Totally. Might've been an incy bit of jealous ex-thing.

ALICE

Mick, is it me? Do I attract bad guys? Like a douche magnet?

MICK

No, definitely not. Maybe you're just too nice.

(thinks about it)

Whoa, am I in the douche bracket?

ALICE

-- Uh...no.

Mick ponders things for a moment.

MICK  
You know, if you don't ever find  
that guy...I'm kinda sure I'll  
always be...um...

This seems to put Alice on delicate ground.

MICK  
I know I screwed up n'all, but...  
maybe we could...

Alice's silence speaks volumes.

MICK  
I'm sorry, don't mean to bring that  
all up right now.

ALICE  
It's okay. Maybe um...

MICK  
Maybe I should just be happy you're  
still my pal.

ALICE  
Totally. Always your pal.

They both go quiet, awkward takes charge.

ALICE  
What were we talking about again  
before?

MICK  
Brad, dating and things. Before I  
screwed it up n'all.

ALICE  
Oh yeah. Um...you tried any of that  
online dating stuff yet?

MICK  
Nah. Not keen. Dunno who you're  
speaking with. Could be like "Fatal  
Attraction" types on there.

ALICE  
Could be, but there are plenty of  
normal people too. I mean if you  
feel you can get dates another way?

MICK  
-- Well, maybe I'll check it out as  
a last resort.

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Fingers tap into a keyboard.

On a computer monitor, is a CHAT SITE.

A user named "*MICKEY BORED EYES*" has left the message -  
*"Hello anybody, how are we today?"*

Mick sits at his computer station looking dubiously at his monitor and his message.

An innovation suddenly comes to mind, he changes his username to "*MIDDLE MAN MICK*"

Deletes and retypes his intro text: *"Have had another bad day, is it me or is this just a bad world? Anyone?"*

He sits there and waits... with minimal optimism.

LATER

Mick is staring at his lonely introduction message but is now slouched and fed up.

LATER

On the desk table, the computer mouse is lethargically been dragged forward left. On the computer screen, the cursor is heading for the close icon in the top left.

MICK (O.S)

Always go with your gut, Mick.

Suddenly, low and behold, a message appears -

GUEST1 (SCREEN TEXT)

*"Hello Middle Man Mick"*

MICK

Ah, hello guest one.

He types a response.

MIDDLE MAN MICK (SCREEN TEXT)

*"Hi Guest1, how's it rolling today?"*

A short wait.

GUEST1 (SCREEN TEXT)

*"Not rolling today"*

MICK  
Tell me about it, pal.

GUEST1 (SCREEN TEXT)  
*"Are you a middleman, like  
negotiator?"*

Mick is taken aback but replies -

MIDDLE MAN MICK (SCREEN TEXT)  
*"Yeah"*

GUEST1 (SCREEN TEXT)  
*"Excellent"*

Mick considers WHETHER and what to reply with next.

MIDDLE MAN MICK (SCREEN TEXT)  
*"Well was. Not anymore though, I  
quit. Had enough"*

GUEST1 (SCREEN TEXT)  
*"You can do other negotiator now?"*

MICK  
What?? Why is nobody ever normal  
online?

Mick keys in -

MIDDLE MAN MICK (SCREEN TEXT)  
*"Am I talking to a freakin robot?"*

Doesn't send, deletes and re-types.

MIDDLE MAN MICK (SCREEN TEXT)  
*"Yeah maybe. What do you do for a  
living?"*

Again, Mick is made to wait, he sighs.

GUEST1 (SCREEN TEXT)  
*"Explore"*

Mick shakes his head, close to hitting close, but just about  
stays in.

MIDDLE MAN MICK (SCREEN TEXT)  
*"Cool, like explore science?  
Nature? New worlds?"*

Another wait.

MICK  
That's it, I'm out of here.

Mick moves the cursor to close, but then two quick-fire responses from GUEST1 -

GUEST1 (SCREEN TEXT)  
*"New worlds"*

GUEST1 (SCREEN TEXT)  
*"You do not like your world?"*

MIDDLE MAN MICK (SCREEN TEXT)  
*"Not really, perhaps should be extinct, much like this conversation"*

GUEST1 (SCREEN TEXT)  
*"Understood"*

GUEST1 (SCREEN TEXT)  
*"We will meet soon in person"*

Mick's eyes widen.

MICK  
Not if I see you first, buddy.

Mick does have one last burning question left in him -

MIDDLE MAN MICK (SCREEN TEXT)  
*"Can I just ask, are you a guy or a girl?"*

GUEST1 (SCREEN TEXT)  
*"Neither"*

Retreat. MICK MIDDLE MAN MICK (SCREEN TEXT)  
"Bye"

He closes the chat page down in a rapid fashion.

MICK  
Right, let's never do that again.

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mick slobbered on his sofa is watching the television again. Another sci-fi movie, he appears to be a fan.

This time it is the 1951 version of "The Day the Earth Stood Still" - A flying saucer has landed in front of the military and press.

LATER

Mick is still lying there, watching and growing increasingly tired.

On the TV, one of the military guys has just opened fire on a Martian who emerged from the flying saucer.

Mick's eyes steadily close, but he forces them open.

On the TV, The badass "Gort" Martian emerges from the saucer, the military look worried.

Mick's eyes flicker, the action not keeping him in. They soon enough, steadily close...

FADE TO:

INT. EXTRATERRESTRIAL WHITE ROOM - LATER

Close on Mick's eyes... steadily they creep open.

They dart from side to side, unable to believe what they are awakening to.

SEVERAL ABNORMAL BEINGS STAND AROUND HIM.

Remarkably slender, big head on skinny body, large dark eyes, CLASSIC GREY ALIENS LOOK.

Lying on an unusual, declined seat, Mick is understandably shocked. Tries to move his arm but finds they are held down by HOLOGRAPHIC type restraints.

The BEINGS stand around him in an observatory stance. Two of the aliens have some kind of COMPUTER DEVICES to hand. They seem to be conducting some kind of analysis on their guest.

Mick can only gaze.

But soon the penny drops - this simply can't be real.

MICK

O...kay...

One of the aliens, who appears slightly taller than the others, who we will know as LEADER ALIEN, starts to address Mick. Though in a seemingly oriental dialect.

LEADER ALIEN  
 Huānyíng zhōngjiānrén Mick wǒmen  
 shì láizì xī wài háng xīng TuSopa-  
 4138b de trandaccian.

Mick just STARES.

Leader Alien reacts to that and shoots a look to a FELLOW ALIEN, one with a computer device in hand, who immediately keys into it.

Leader Alien turns back to Mick and now addresses him in a totally bizarre dialect, kinda like a DUCK -

QUACK, QUACK, QUACK, QUACKERS, QUACK?

Mick just STARES at the alien. Soon decides to make his feelings known.

MICK  
 Um, subconscious, can I have my  
 aliens speak English in this dream,  
 please?

Peeved, Leader Alien folds his arms and shoots daggers at FELLOW ALIEN who quickly keys into his device thing, again.

Leader Alien turns back to Mick.

LEADER ALIEN  
 My apologies. Welcome, Middle Man  
 Mick. We are the Trandaccian from  
 exoplanet TuSopa-4138b, the  
 Palomian solar system,  
 approximately sixty-five hundred  
 light years from this solar system.

Note - The Aliens English speaking voices are comically childish.

MICK  
 Just a stone's throw then.

LEADER ALIEN  
 Negative. Is equivalent to thirty-  
 nine billion earth miles. After  
 five thousand human years, our  
 reconnaissance of planet Earth has  
 now come to an end and it is now  
 time to commence expropriation of  
 your planet.

MICK  
 Exploration of the planet?



LEADER ALIEN

Negative, expropriation. We would like you to be the negotiator and negotiate your planet's dispossession. This will help reduce intergalactic hostilities between our kinds. Remove the necessity of extinction, eradication, et cetera, et cetera. A peaceful negotiation of your planet's repositories is our preferred option.

Mick stares at the Alien.

MICK

-- Cool

Mick then gapes around his surroundings - just six or so Aliens gazing at him and just pure whiteness.

MICK

Wow, this must be as lucid as lucid gets.

LEADER ALIEN

Affirmative.

MICK

You guys do realise that Earth sucks, right?

LEADER ALIEN

This is the planet's defence mechanism?

MICK

No, as in sucks ass. Earth's totally overrated.

Leader Alien gestures an order to the FELLOW ALIEN, who makes a note on his computer device.

Mick watches him. Then there is just silence. The Trandaccians just stand there, staring at him.

MICK

Well as fun as this has been, I would kinda like to jump dreams if you don't mind.

LEADER ALIEN

Affirmative. But you are happy to be confirmed as negotiator of planet Earth?

MICK

Yep, sounds good. Now please gentlemen, if you wouldn't mind helping me back to my comfortable couch, would be much appreciated.

Leader Alien looks towards the other Aliens with a nod.

FELLOW ALIEN keys in his device again.

A Strange noise sounds, room shakes, BRIGHT FLASH.

We stay on white.

FADE TO

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Mick is asleep on his sofa. Eyes gradually creep open.

The television is still running and is currently playing "Dame Tu Cosita", the ear-splitting music video which features a green alien dancing.

MICK

-- Really??

Mick switches off the TV, his mind drifting back to the events of the night.

MICK

Trandaccians...  
(shakes his head)  
Need to go easy on the Sci-fi.

He just closes his eyes and drifts back off to sleep.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - ON THE MOVE - DAY

An old rusty Chevrolet cruises down the Tennessee wilderness.

BOBBY (40), a country-type guy. Cowboy hat. Almost caricature western accent is manning the wheel.

BOBBY

I think your ass probably made the right call, I mean holy smokes you used to bitch about that job...and I mean bitch.

Bobby holds a cigar in one hand and a can of beer in the other, somehow managing to steer the truck. Mick, the passenger, is noticeably uncomfortable amidst the swirling cigar smoke.

MICK

On the subject of holy smoke, could you wind down your window some more?

Bobby obliges.

BOBBY

You know, you were so riled up about it, I kept reckonin' you might just arm yourself with a Kalashnikov assault rifle and go pepper the joint. I'd be like that fella on TV who knew the shooter.

MICK

-- Tempted...but bullets cost money.

BOBBY

Damn straight. An AK with, say, ten rounds would set you back a thousand bucks, but I know a fella who could gear you up like John Rambo for half that.

MICK

-- I'll bear that in mind.

Bobby takes a puff of his cig, swiftly followed by a swig of his beer whilst Mick peers out his window pondering.

MICK

Y'know, this kind of thing looks decent. Driving around, making some deliveries, chilling, own boss. How many more we got?

BOBBY

Seven more stops. Then we can hunker down at the bar.

MICK

Cool.

As Bobby takes another swig of his beer, it empties, and he casually tosses it out the window. Moving to grab another beer from his bag in the middle, Mick intervenes, guarding the bag with his hand.

MICK

No, I don't think so.

BOBBY

What you? My missus?

MICK

No, I'm your passenger.

INT. COUNTRY BAR - NIGHT

Loud country music. Lively. Bustling.

Bobby is in the process of downing a bottle of beer. Mick can only watch, more pitifully than impressed.

Bobby finishes. Looks unsteady. Slams down the bottle. The following burp is OUTRAGEOUS.

BOBBY

Well, I can see why you wanna get back with her, cute butt n'all.

Mick's expression doesn't coincide as he sips on his beer.

MICK

Yeah, but that's not the thing. She was the one. She actually cared for me. I mean actually gave a shit. You know, like your Janey.

BOBBY

What??...Look dude I get it. You messed up and you're looking for a little redemption. But she ain't taking you back. Not in that way.

Bobby's gaze shifts somewhat lecherously towards several nearby YOUNG WOMEN joyously dancing to the music.

BOBBY

Maybe it's time you started playing again?

MICK  
I don't think so.

BOBBY  
Suit yourself, partner.  
(gestures at the women)  
but if those buns can't distract  
you, I'd say you were a little low  
on pick-up juice.

Bobby proceeds to grab another beer bottle from the ten or so lined up at the bar. Meanwhile, Mick has been lost in contemplation.

MICK  
Had this bizarre dream last night.

BOBBY  
Ha?

MICK  
This dream last night, was bizarre.  
Like vivid, y'know?

BOBBY  
Holy mackerels, I love them vivid  
dreams. I keep having this one  
where I'm just goin' about my day  
like usual, but I'm all dolled up  
like a chic...and I must look  
proper smokin' 'cause all them  
fellas can't keep their eyes off  
me.

Mick is already wishing he hadn't brought up the subject.

BOBBY  
I should tell you 'bout the one  
last night.

MICK  
You really don't have to.

BOBBY  
I'm like one of them lifeguards  
from Baywatch, like Pammy, and  
these two old-timers decide to go  
skinny-dipping but get themselves  
caught up in the tide--

MICK  
Gotta go see a man about a horse.  
Let's just put that story on hold.

BOBBY

Sure dude.

(at beers)

I'll be right here with my buddies.

Mick rises from his stool and makes his way to the toilets.

INT. CUBICAL - LATER

Seated on the toilet, Mick gazes into his cell phone, enveloped in a peaceful moment – a man, a cubicle, and his phone.

Suddenly, KNOCK, KNOCK on the door.

Mick is somewhat ruffled by this intrusion.

MICK

Hey buddy, won't be long.

A strange but seemingly familiar voice responds.

STRANGE VOICE (O.S)

How you getting on?

Mick's face - is somebody really asking me how I'm doing on the shitter??

MICK

Fine buddy, bit weird talking about it right now though.

STRANGE VOICE (O.S)

I understand. I'll wait.

MICK

Thank you

Mick shakes his head in disbelief.

INT. BAR TOILETS - MOMENTS LATER

Toilet flushes, door opens, Mick exits the cubical.

Looks about for the STRANGE VOICE person, but nobody is there.

He brushes it off and heads towards the sink basin. Turns on the tap and washes his hands. A long finger protrudes into shot, taps him on the shoulder.

Mick glances behind him, then performs a DOUBLE TAKE.

A GREY ALIEN STANDS THERE, exactly like that from his dream.

GREY ALIEN

How have you got on? Any contact  
with your world leaders?

Mick is frozen, motionless in response to what he sees, while the Grey Alien looks on with curiosity.

GREY ALIEN

Middle Man Mick?

MICK

What is this?

GREY ALIEN

I'm Plazbum T0713. I was in the  
salutation room during your recent  
visit. I was also the one who  
connected to you on your world wide  
web.

Mick takes a moment, evaluating his current state of mind.

MICK

Ok Plazbum, that's great. I'm just  
gonna go now.

He slowly manoeuvres away from this sure-fire illusion.

PLAZBUM

I do require a preliminary update.  
How have your world leaders  
reacted?

Mick takes another beat. Then responds with an I-don't-believe-whats-happening-here promise.

MICK

Haven't told 'em yet. Will let you  
know though.

Plazbum, with computer device in hand, makes a note.

Then the sound of somebody else entering the toilets.  
Plazbum, privy to this, presses one button and VANISHES.

Mick stands there, visibly shocked, resembling someone who's just seen a ghost – or an alien.

Another cowboy-dressed man (TOILET COWBOY) strolls up to Mick, curious about his stunned posture.

TOILET COWBOY  
Bad bog episode, son?

The cowboy laughs.

MICK  
You could say that again...

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - DAY

Mick lies back in a doctor's chair, like THERAPY position.

MICK  
So this is not completely unheard  
of?

Young DOCTOR SHILTZ (30), with his European accent, sits  
close by in his wheeled office chair.

DOCTOR SHILTZ  
Absolutely. Visual and vocal  
hallucinations are more common than  
you would think.

MICK  
Ok.

DOCTOR SHILTZ  
And we're sure this was not a  
friend in costume?

MICK  
We are. The thing disappeared in  
front of my eyes.

DOCTOR SHILTZ  
It left the room?

MICK  
No. Disappeared.

DOCTOR SHILTZ  
Hmmm. Well...given that you were  
drinking, plus the ordeal of losing  
your job--

MICK  
Quitting my job.

DOCTOR SHILTZ  
And this history of self-hatred.



MICK

I didn't quite say that.

DOCTOR SHILTZ

These are hallucinatory symptoms, a temporary psychosis. I see post-traumatic stress disorder here.

MICK

Really?

DOCTOR SHILTZ

Certainly. That or early signs of dementia. Either way, you're in good hands. Easily treatable.

MICK

Even though these things are speaking to me?

Shiltz has shuffled his chair over to his desk and starts to key into his computer.

DOCTOR SHILTZ

Yep. I'll arrange the applicable medication, along with the direction of use, and we should all be back to normal in no time.

Mick thinks, possibly buying into this.

MICK

If it happens again, just come back, right?

DOCTOR SHILTZ

Yeah, book an appointment and we can refer you to the psychiatrist, which will probably be me anyway. I'm confident your craziness won't be ever-lasting, Mr Macmillan.

MICK

-- Pleased to hear.

INT. MICK'S CAR - GP CAR PARK - LATER

Door opens, Mick jumps into his Honda Accord. The seatbelt is yanked on.

He stalls for a moment, unsure of things.

Soon decides to get moving, ignition switched on, gear into reverse, checks his rearview mirror and...

PLAZBUM  
(in rearview mirror)  
What did they say?

Mick jumps in his seat - AHHHG!

PLAZBUM  
Is this where your world leaders  
congregate?

Mick is motionless.

PLAZBUM  
Middle Man Mick?

Mick looks away from the rearview mirror.

MICK  
(to himself)  
Just a temporary psychosis, he'll  
go away shortly. Just stay cool.

PLAZBUM  
Affirmative. Though update is still  
required.

MICK  
OK, put the radio on. Drive out of  
the car park slowly. Stay cool.

The radio is switched on, queue - "WAITING FOR A STAR TO FALL" by "Boy Meets Girls"

MICK  
(to himself)  
Yeah, great tune this.

He then proceeds to reverse out of the parking space, ignoring the BEING in his back seat.

Slowly drives towards the exit. Starts to sing along -

MICK  
Trying to catch your heart is like  
trying to catch a star...

Plazbum stares, appears curious about the song.

MICK

...Waiting for a star to fall,  
 carry your heart into my arms,  
 that's where you belong in my arms  
 baby yeah...waiting for a star to  
 fall, 'lalalaalalal-laalalala', in  
 my arms baby yeah, yeah...

Plazbum has been listening and formulating.

PLAZBUM

Approximately 5.4 billion earth  
 years.

Mick stops singing. Instead just bops to the music. Works  
 hard to ignore the talking spectre behind him.

Plazbum has still been paying heavy attention to the lyrics.

PLAZBUM

If the subject is referring to your  
 systems star, its gases will likely  
 disperse in approximately 5.4  
 billion years. It's a long wait.  
 However, there are dwarf stars in  
 the Sardox system which only live  
 between 100 and 200 million years.  
 That will reduce the wait by 5.2  
 billion years.

Mick continues to vehemently deny the existence of the voice  
 in his car, but he's visibly irritated. He focuses on driving  
 down the EMPTY RETAIL ROAD he has just entered.

PLAZBUM

Though 100 million years is still a  
 substantial time to wait to see a  
 star fall. This human would also  
 likely disband under the temperate  
 conditions of the Sardox. Unless...  
 would this artist be interested in  
 acquiring a brand new Trandaccian  
 cryogenic-S2 hypersleep pod? They  
 can withstand temperatures  
 exceeding 100 kilo-therms and are  
 now equipped with unlimited  
 hibernation. A highly recommended  
 choice for perpetual suspension.

Mick's jaw stiffens. He slams on the brakes.

Spins around to face the alien in his back seat.

MICK  
Please, shut the hell up.

Plazbum looks at him. Unsure. But detected the tone.

PLAZBUM  
Are you referring to a period of  
mute?

MICK  
Yes. Period of mute.

Mick switches off the radio and sits there, feeling utterly  
lost.

Plazbum sits quietly in the back seat looking at Mick...  
before raising his hand like a school child.

Mick feels it - but ignores it.

Plazbum uses his long finger to tap him on the shoulder.

PLAZBUM  
If I may just say seven words...  
please provide update on Earth's  
surrender negotiation.

Mick takes a deep breath, turns around to the alien.

MICK  
Do you realise how humiliating it  
is to have a hallucinatory alien  
sitting in the back of your car?

Plazbum shakes his head.

MICK  
Didn't think so. Now please eject  
your imaginary self from my head.

Mick turns back around and vacantly stares through his  
windshield.

PLAZBUM  
Imaginary self? Do you require  
verification of Trandaccian  
existence?

MICK  
Go away.

Plazbum thinks it over.

PLAZBUM  
 Would something like vertical  
 propel suffice?

Mick doesn't answer.

Plazbum then keys into his device thing. Mick turns back  
 around --

MICK  
 Goddamn it, would you just  
 disappea--

SUDDENLY THE CAR RISES INTO THE SKY AT TREMENDOUS SPEED.

Mick goes ARRRRRGGGGGGHHHH! Gripping the steering wheel for  
 dear life.

The force is overwhelming, blasting his face downwards.

Plazbum sits there completely undisturbed.

The car then quickly stops dead, way above the clouds.

INT. MICKS CAR - EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE - CONTINUOUS

Mick gathers his senses, taking a deep breath as he looks  
 around his surroundings.

The aerosphere. That darkness with Earth's blue glow.

He's completely bamboozled.

MICK  
 You gotta be kidding me.

PLAZBUM  
 Negative, but does this help  
 validate Plazbum existence?

Mick looks at the alien. His face etched with this mind-  
 boggling reality.

Looks out the windows again - this can only be real.

Looks back at Plazbum, a yielding, yet still somewhere in  
 denial nod.

PLAZBUM  
 Excellent.

Plazbum then keys into his device again.

Mick realises what this might mean.

MICK  
No! Wait!

THE CAR PUMMELS DIRECTLY DOWN TO THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH. IN  
LIKE 3 SECONDS.

Enough time for Mick to shriek and very nearly hurl.

INT. MICK'S CAR - EMPTY RETAIL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The car stops precisely at the point from which it departed.  
It doesn't hit the ground it just LANDS. No damage, no shock.

Mick, however, has turned blue, his grip on the steering  
wheel so tight that his hands need to be pried loose.

MICK  
Don't do that, ever, ever again.

Plazbum checks his device thing.

PLAZBUM  
I must go now.

Plazbum then hands Mick some kind of bleeper thing. It has a  
little flashing red button.

PLAZBUM  
When your world leaders have  
decided between dispossession or  
extinction, press that button and  
you will be transported to the  
salutation room for further  
negotiate.

Mick sits quietly for a moment, evaluating this outrageous  
predicament.

Turns around to address the alien.

MICK  
Right. Hold on, what if--

Plazbum has VANISHED.

Mick sits there in his car, super overwhelmed.

Left to hang out and dry.

MICK  
-- Holy...mackerels.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alice has a hair dryer to hand, but she is not drying her hair, she is vigorously attempting to dry a pair of wet jeans on an ironing board. It's looking like a struggle.

Doorbell rings. Alice looks over in that direction. Switches the Hair dryer off.

HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Alice opens the door, Mick stands in the doorway.

ALICE

Oh hi. Wasn't expecting anyone tonight.

MICK

Yeah, sorry for the surprise visit.

Alice walks back towards the living room, still with hair dryer in hand.

MICK

Sorry, you just had a shower?

ALICE

No, tumble dryer broken.

MICK

-- Makes sense.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mick is perched on the sofa, posed for a big reveal.

MICK

Um...basically I got a bit of an issue.

Alice is seated opposite.

ALICE

(obliging)  
Money thing?

MICK

Nope. Actually...an extraterrestrial type thing?

ALICE

Oh?

MICK

I'm just gone say it as it is.  
Basically, I've been visited by  
these like...aliens. And they want  
me to negotiate the surrender of  
planet Earth.

She looks at him. Casually, a little smirk creeping in.

ALICE

Oh.

MICK

Am I to presume from your reaction  
that you're not gonna take what I  
just said...too literally?

ALICE

Um...should I? Not sure what we're  
doing here?

MICK

Um...it's like a conundrum, brain-  
teaser. If you were approached by  
aliens and they wanted you to  
negotiate Earth's surrender, what  
would be your next move?

ALICE

Am I like the President or an  
ambassador?

MICK

No, you're you.

ALICE

Hmmm. Interesting question. Well, I  
would go see a doctor.

MICK

After that. Let's say the doctor  
confirms it's all real.

ALICE

Be a silly doctor... Oh, I was  
gonna ask if you wanna go see that  
new horror flick next weekend?

Mick just stares at her.

MICK

Sure. Back to next move, alien  
thing?



ALICE

Um...easy. Tell 'em they got the wrong person. I'm not qualified, right?

Mick considers this hard. And is then enlightened.

MICK

That's a staggeringly good point.

INT. SPACECRAFT - EXTRATERRESTRIAL WHITE ROOM

Mick holds an A4-sized photo of the president of the United States. He is surrounded by several on-looking grey aliens, including Leader Alien and Plazbum.

MICK

(insultingly slow)

This president of United States.

Mick next holds up a magazine, which has the White House on the front cover.

MICK

He live here. The White House in Washington D.C.

He then scrolls through some pages of the magazine and presents one to the aliens showing a photo of the president of Russia.

MICK

This president of Russia. You need to speak to these leaders about your plans for planet Earth. These important men.

(signals a phone)

Contact 'em first, don't just turn up on doorstep, right?

Leader Alien just looks at Mick momentarily.

LEADER ALIEN

Negative.

MICK

-- Negative?

Leader Alien nods. Then silence.

MICK

Why would that be negative?

LEADER ALIEN

You to negotiate with world leaders  
and return surrender terms to us.

MICK

Um, I do apologise if I gave out  
the wrong impression, you see this  
isn't going to work. If I go up to  
any world leader about this, I'm  
likely to be committed. It's  
insane. They won't believe me.

LEADER ALIEN

It will work, as this is your  
skill.

MICK

No it isn't.

PLAZBUM

(to all)

Middle Man Mick is our best option.

MICK

On what grounds, Plaz-bum.

(to all)

That was just the name on the site.  
I can't negotiate a cup of coffee,  
I'm not your guy.

The aliens share a look, then turn back to Mick.

LEADER ALIEN

Please advise the necessary leaders  
of the planet's surrender and  
report back at your earliest  
convenience.

MICK

Excuse me, assclowns.

The Trandaccians appear affronted by that.

MICK

Oh, that's a compliment where I  
come from...I can't do it. You've  
got the wrong guy. I retire. Sorry,  
you'll have to sort it out  
yourselves.

Leader Alien pauses for a moment. Then turns to another Alien  
who is seated at some kind of control panel. He gestures an  
order.

#SEATED ALIEN acknowledges with a nod, then spins his chair around and starts keying into his control panel. Mick watches intently.

MICK  
(to Plazbum)  
What was that about?

PLAZBUM  
Order for phase one of non  
negotiate seizure. Eradication of  
all planetary cities beginning with  
letters A and B.

Mick very quickly springs to life --

MICK  
Guys! Second thoughts, I'll give it  
a go.

INT. MICKS CAR - OUTSIDE SETI INSTITUTE - DAY

Parked up, Mick sits in his driver seat, stalling.

He checks out the building's sign through his window - SETI:  
SEARCH FOR EXTRATERRESTRIAL INTELLIGENCE.

He rocks nervously then grips the steering wheel hard, tries  
to talk some sense into himself -

MICK  
Somebody, please stop me. Anyone.

But there's nobody in the car to stop him.

He sighs and opens the car door.

INT. MEETING ROOM - SETI INSTITUTE - LATER

A SETI SCIENTIST MAN (50), BURSTS OUT WITH LAUGHTER.

Embarrassed Mick sits opposite with a table between them.

SETI SCIENTIST MAN  
(still chuckling)  
Sorry...excuse me...  
(tries to be professional)  
We weren't expecting such a...  
critical scenario from your  
original mail.

MICK  
Thought maybe such news would be  
better in person?

SETI SCIENTIST MAN  
-- Yeah.

A SETI SCIENTIST WOMAN (40) also sits in the room, hiding a  
smirk.

SETI SCIENTIST WOMAN  
So you were contacted by these  
visitors through a dating site?

MICK  
Yeah, a chat site.

SETI SCIENTIST WOMAN  
Wow. We didn't think of that.  
All this time and money spent on  
astrobiology when we could have  
just hit cupid.com.

SETI scientist man can't help but chuckle.

MICK  
Guys, I feel like you might not be  
taking me too seriously here. I  
know it sounds nuts, but it's the  
truth, this is happening.

SETI SCIENTIST MAN  
Mr MacMillan, we take every  
intelligence brought to us very  
seriously. However, to raise this  
with the U.S. government and  
potentially cause mass hysteria  
around the world, we would need a  
little more evidence to go on.

Mick knows he is looking silly here but suddenly remembers  
some potential evidence. He pulls out the BLEEPER thing.

MICK  
Well actually, they gave me this.

Both SETI scientists stare somewhat dubiously at the device  
laid on the table.

SETI SCIENTIST WOMAN  
What's that?

MICK

Well, it's like a pager, to contact 'em with.

SETI SCIENTIST WOMAN

It looks curiously like a computer mouse with a flashing red button.

Mick is preemptively embarrassed by his next sentence.

MICK

Well if I press that red button, they should beam me to their ship.

They both stare at him.

SETI SCIENTIST MAN

Really? Wow. So you should vanish?

MICK

-- Yeah.

SETI SCIENTIST MAN

Go ahead.

MICK

Right. Here we go.

Mick slowly moves his finger towards the button, to almost increase the climatic tension.

The SETI Scientist's watch - could they be witnessing a historic moment?

Mick closes his eyes. The finger and button connect and...

NOTHING

Mick opens his eyes, he glances from side to side, he's still in the room.

The SETI Scientists are STARING at him.

SETI SCIENTIST MAN

Mr Macmillan--

MICK

Hold on, one more try.

Mick presses the button again. Closes his eyes...

And...

NOTHING.

Mick then hits (a lot harder) the button about ten times.  
 The SETI scientists are still STARING at him.  
 He looks back, with an appropriately embarrassed wry smile.

MICK  
 Who thinks I should leave the room  
 before security do that for me?

The SETI scientists both raise their hands.

INT. MICKS CAR - OUTSIDE SETI - LATER

Door opens, Mick gets in his car and slams the door closed.  
 He sits there like a man who is either seriously constipated  
 or has the fate of the world on his shoulders.

MICK  
 Macmillan, we have a problem.

He switches on the ignition - looking royally screwed.

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A computer monitor displays a page titled --

'HOW TO DEFEND YOURSELF AGAINST ALIEN ABDUCTION'.

Mick is perched on his sofa peering into his laptop. Using  
 the mouse he scrolls down to --

'ALIEN SHOT AND KILLED AT U.S AIRFORCE BASE'

Mick gazes into his laptop with a speculative expression.

LATER

The laptop monitor now displays --

'A HOLLYWOOD GUIDE TO KILLING ALIENS'

The page is scrolled down to find a photo from the film "THE  
 WATCH."

It's of the four principal characters in the film all holding  
 and firing some kind of space weapon.

Underneath is the screen text: *"While the earth intruders may have superior firepower and defences, it shouldn't be too difficult to do since they have one hidden weakness: As Vince Vaughan soon discovers, "You can only kill these guys if you shoot them in the dick"*

Back on Mick peering from his sofa, he sighs... grabs his phone, plugs in a number. It rings.

ALICE (O.S)  
(voice at the other end)  
Mick?

MICK  
Yep. You busy?

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mick sits on the sofa, a black cat nestled in his lap, which he strokes repeatedly. Across the room, Alice stands by the kitchen table.

Her full attention is on a syringe that she is administering with various liquids. She wears her veterinary scrubs.

MICK  
(re cat)  
What's his name?

ALICE  
What's who's name?

MICK  
The little fur ball on my lap.

ALICE  
Oh, that's Hans.

MICK  
(for the cat's ears only)  
Hello Hans. I'm Mick and I'm in a seriously pooped situation.

Alice remains focused on her apparatus at the table, whilst Mick goes into a rather dispirited train of thought.

MICK  
Remember that alien question the other day?

Her attention is still entirely on the apparatus.

ALICE  
Oh yeah? How did that go?

MICK  
Not that well.

ALICE  
Bummer.

MICK  
Bummer, indeed.

Alice finishes administering the liquids and actually looks towards Mick, with her syringe in hand.

Moves towards him and the cat.

MICK  
I take it that's for Hans?

ALICE  
Yeah, we couldn't leave him too near the other animals, he could have a louse infestation. I offered to bring him home.  
(then at the cat, in a doting voice)  
That's right Hans, isn't it?

Mick's face is a picture, looking down at Hans on his LAP.

Alice quickly jabs the cat on the paw with the syringe, Hans meows.

ALICE  
Good boy, good boy, see that didn't hurt.

Beat.

MICK  
So with the alien conundrum...not being qualified didn't work. Do you think maybe one should try and deal with the situation themselves? Take some weapons, try and take 'em all out? Bobby knows a guy who can arm me like Rambo.

Alice takes a seat, gives Mick her full attention.

ALICE  
Um...so is this like a new course or summit, you're doing?



MICK

A summit.

ALICE

Yeah, just do that then.

Mick thinks about it. Hard.

MICK

But I'm just not sure I'm capable of that. And if I screwed it up, they'd take out the planet for sure. And that would totally suck. Need another plan.

ALICE

You need another question. This alien one is really stupid, right?

He looks at her for a moment - not gonna be that easy.

MICK

Gotta come up with an answer I'm afraid. So you're negotiator for planet Earth. Need to tell the government about potential invasion. Aliens won't talk to the government. They want you to talk to the government, but if you try and tell anybody about it they laugh you outta the building...so what do ya do?

Alice thinks it over for a moment.

ALICE

Well...you would just get them to meet each other then.

Mick stares at her, unsure.

ALICE

The Martians and the government.

MICK

They won't meet anybody.

ALICE

Trick 'em then.

MICK

Trick 'em?

ALICE

Yeah. You just need the aliens and the government in the same place at the same time.

(she shrugs)

Right?

He thinks... and is then enlightened.

MICK

Right. Shit. Brilliant.

INT. SPACECRAFT - EXTRATERRESTRIAL WHITE ROOM - LATER

Leader Alien, Plazbum and a few other grey aliens are standing before the seated Mick.

MICK

Ok, firstly thanks for fixing the bleeper.

He gives Plazbum a cold stare whilst holding it.

MICK

Spoke to the world leaders, re your intentions towards the planet, and you'll be pleased to hear they're happy to make a peaceful surrender, a.s.a.p.

Mick is so casual in this particular exchange, he is sipping from a plastic bottle of MILK.

MICK

So with that in mind, I just need your terms of surrender documentation, get it signed off by the president, get this thing all wrapped up. Ok?

The Aliens stare, looking a little stumped for words.

MICK

I take it you have that for me? Coming all this way and stuff?

LEADER ALIEN

Terms of surrender documentation?

MICK

Yep. The things you actually want from Planet Earth?

Leader Alien looks ambiguously over to his fellow Aliens. They all appear thrown by this. Plazbum shrugs.

Leader Alien looks back at Mick.

LEADER ALIEN

Affirmative. You will receive in due course.

MICK

Great. Let me know when that's done...well, that's all for now.

PLAZBUM

Before you go, would you be able to assist with some questions?

MICK

Some questions?

LEADER ALIEN

Affirmative. We have been unable to classify certain behaviours of some of the inhabitants of your planet during our many years of expedition. We would really value your input.

MICK

Um... No. I don't know anything. Sorry, I'm of no value.

The Trandaccians all stare at Mick, wrong answer.

INT. EXTRATERRESTRIAL PROJECTION ROOM - LATER

Mick and his Alien hosts are now positioned in front of a projector screen (A futuristic alien version of one).

One of the grey aliens is operating it.

A video clip of several GAZELLES stotting up and down is playing.

Mick watches. Looks weary, might have been here a while.

The clip finishes. Leader Alien turns to him.

LEADER ALIEN

Do you know what this specie of Antelope is demonstrating here?

MICK

Nope.

LEADER ALIEN

Do you know of a source of  
intellect that could help clarify?

Mick stares.

MICK

Why don't you ask God.

Plazbum immediately makes a note on his handheld device, then  
turns back to Mick.

PLAZBUM

Can you verify God's current  
location?

Mick stares at him. It's Prolonged.

MICK

Difficult as he moves in mysterious  
ways.

Plazbum keys the information in.

Projector-Alien clicks for a new clip. A SPIDER inhabiting  
the middle of its WEB.

Projector-Alien then speeds the clip up. Night to day, day to  
Night. Night to day, day to night. The spider has not moved.

Mick watches, eyes struggling, as the clip comes to an end.

LEADER ALIEN

Forty-nine Earth hours and this  
specimen has adopted zero  
locomotion, nil movement of any  
bodily function, despite clearly  
omitted signs of life. What is the  
general consensus regarding this  
unique behaviour?

Mick's stare is satirical as can be.

MICK

The consensus is...nobody gives a  
shit.

Leader Alien gestures towards Plazbum, who keys into his  
device.

MICK

Glad you're getting this all down.  
Exactly how many of these questions  
have you got?

Plazbum pears over at his device to check.

PLAZBUM

Seven...

Mick looks contented with that.

PLAZBUM

...Hundred and Twenty-three.

Content just fell off a cliff.

INT. BOBBY'S PICKUP TRUCK - ON THE MOVE - DAY

Bobby drives with gusto, singing loudly and theatrically to the radio blaring "You ain't Seen Nothin' Yet" as his Chevrolet cruises the outskirts of Nashville.

This visibly troubles his passenger, Mick. As the song mercifully comes to an end, Bobby turns the radio down.

BOBBY

So your ass didn't know I've been  
deliverin' for the Governor?

MICK

I didn't.

BOBBY

Twice a month. Office utility and  
shit,  
(gesturing behind him)  
hence that big old desk in the  
back. Never would've pegged you as  
the political type, partner.

MICK

Well, it would just be nice to meet  
him. And you needing help with that  
big old desk n'all.

BOBBY

Well, them security fellas used to  
manage them kinda deals, but  
they're sorta warmed up to me now.  
Reckon we won't be crossin' paths  
with 'em

Music to Mick's ears.

BOBBY

I reckon I'm still ponderin' why,  
with all them badass firearms on  
display, you took a shine to that  
there girlie Taser gun.

A little yellow taser rests on Mick's side.

MICK

Ah...I reckon you won't be  
ponderin' for too long.

EXT. GOVERNOR BALDOCKS ESTATE - LATER

The truck pulls into a large, lavish and remote estate. White  
in colour, somewhat befitting of a political residence.

INT. BOBBY'S PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

BOBBY

I'll have a word. Can't see no  
problem, he's a good ol' boy n'  
all. He's always pleased as punch  
to meet your run-of-the-mill, no-  
hope, pea-brained devotee.

MICK

Cool.

BOBBY

Be back before you can say "holy  
shit I'm just about to rub balls  
with the state governor of  
Tennessee".

MICK

Ok.

Bobby leaves the truck. Mick waits inside.

INT. BOBBY'S PICKUP TRUCK - LITTLE LATER

Mick is alerted to the return of Bobby and another man.

Tall, impeccable attire, suave. This is GOVERNOR BALDOCK  
(50). They approach the truck.

Anticipating the moment, Mick lets out a sigh before stepping  
out of the truck to greet his state governor.

EXT. GOVERNOR BALDOCKS ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

BOBBY  
Governor Baldock -- Micky  
Macmillan. Micky Macmillan -- The  
State Governor of Tennessee.

They shake hands, Mick has one hand behind his back.

MICK  
An honour to meet you, sir.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK  
My pleasure Mick. And thank you for  
coming out here and lending your  
hand. A true Republican.

Mick stalls before he has to do, what he has to do.

MICK  
(at Bobby)  
Uh...do you mind if I take the  
governor on a little excursion?

BOBBY  
Ha?

GOVERNOR BALDOCK  
I'm sorry?

Mick swiftly reveals his concealed arm, armed with the TASER  
GUN, aiming it directly at the Governor.

MICK  
Apologies for this.

Before anyone can react, Mick pulls the trigger, unleashing a  
surge from his TASER GUN into the Governor's chest, holding  
it down for several seconds. The Governor spasms, locking  
super wide eyes with Mick.

Bobby stands with a look of shock and disbelief.

The governor then slumps unconscious in Mick's direction, and  
Mick barely manages to catch him before he hits the ground.

BOBBY  
What in the devils-balls just  
happened?

In the meantime Mick has thrown the Governor's limp body into  
the truck, swiftly followed by himself into the driver seat.

Engine is immediately switched on, he looks through the  
window at Bobby.

MICK  
 Sorry, necessary.

Mick accelerates away, the STATE GOVERNOR in tow, leaving a bewildered Bobby by the roadside.

INT. PICK UP TRUCK - LATER

The truck is parked outside a FARMHOUSE. Mick in the driver's seat, puts his mobile phone to his ear, and it dials.

ALICE (O.S)  
 (voice at the other end)  
 Oh, hi Mick.

MICK  
 What you up to?

ALICE (O.S)  
 Oh, what an afternoon. I've just been mopping up nonstop diarrhoea all day.

Mick looks anxious, doesn't need this story.

INT. VETERINARY ROOM - SAME - INTERCUT

Veterinary Alice stands with her phone to ear.

ALICE  
 They brought Bruno in, because he looked unwell, but left out the part about him tucking into their curry dinner last night. He's covered the place. Ew, it was so gross.

On the floor, BRUNO the BULLDOG gives us a kinda guilty look.

MICK  
 Well, that's nice. Um...could you maybe come out and meet me at the old Liberty farm?

ALICE (O.S)  
 What? Why? What you doing there?

MICK  
 Um...there's a...somebody told me there might be animals still there. I came out to have a look and there's...some pigs, piglets.

(MORE)



MICK (CONT'D)

I think they need attention, urgent attention. They're in bad shape.

ALICE

What seriously?

MICK

Yeah.

ALICE

Seriously, seriously?

MICK

Yeah.

ALICE

Oh my god, I'll get down there.

MICK

Thanks, that's a load off.

Mick hangs up his phone, looks appropriately guilty.

INT. ALICE'S CAR - LATER

Alice arrives at the FARMHOUSE in her little Volkswagen Beetle. She spots Bobby's pickup truck and casts a dubious glance towards it.

INT. FARMHOUSE BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Alice enters the barn. It's an old deserted haystack-filled space. There is a separate section ahead with another door.

ALICE

Hello?

The other door opens, and Mick appears in the doorway, seemingly anxious. Also, a murmuring can be heard in the background, like a GAGGED PERSON.

MICK

Hiya.

ALICE

(gesturing at murmur)

That doesn't sound like pigs?

MICK

-- Yeah, the pigs are cool now. But I need your help anyway.

Mick slips back into the other section, leaving the barn door wide open.

Alice, both intrigued and concerned, follows him through...

Then FREEZES to what she sees on entry --

Mick has the GOVERNOR gagged and tied to a wooden post.

MICK

Um...meet state governor Baldock.

ALICE

What!?

Mick approaches the governor.

MICK

Again, state governor, my apologies.

(takes the gag down)

Think I can remove this now.

Baldock gathers his breath, turns to Alice.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

Ma'am, if you're friends with this person, I implore you to talk some sense into him, before this situation becomes untenable.

ALICE

(to Mick)

What are you doing?

MICK

Um...that alien conundrum. A little bit more real than I may have led on.

Alice looks at him, perplexed.

MICK

So I've got the governor here to meet the aliens like you quite smartly suggested. Appreciate this all might sound a little nuts right now.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

(to Alice)

I seriously recommend we contact the federal office immediately, this man is in need of close psychiatric attention.

MICK

(to Baldock)

I think we're all gonna need psychiatric attention shortly.

(to Alice)

Sorry to bring you in on this, but I can't do this on my own anymore, it's too big for me.

Alice shoots Mick a prolonged "Have you lost your mind" look.

ALICE

Mick, that's the state governor. You've kidnapped him? And I'm here too?

MICK

I know, I know. But there are greater matters at stake here. Trust me.

They stare at one another.

ALICE

Ok, ok. let's all be calm, nobody has been hurt. Untie the governor, let's sit down and talk it over.

(then to Baldock)

I'm so sorry, he lost his job recently, and things have been difficult.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

I understand perfectly ma'am, that is the exact course of action to take here.

One can't help but feel that the governor will pounce on Mick as soon as he is freed. However, Mick has heard enough.

MICK

Right, showtime then.

Mick pulls out his bleeper device and speaks into it.

MICK

Hello, hello, Earth to Plazbum.

Alice and Balldock just stare, as Mick waits for a response.

MICK

Could you get down to my position straight away? Have a couple of experts here who have some more ideas on that woodpecker query.

PLAZBUM (O.S)

(muffled from bleeper)  
Excellent. Affirmative.

MICK

Ok guys, here we go.

An awkward silence hangs in the air as Alice gazes at her close friend with concern.

ALICE

I'm going to untie him now, Mick.

She moves in the governor's direction and crouches down to free him...

PLAZBUM (O.S)

Middle Man Mick, are you in there?

Alice and Baldock immediately turn in the direction of the voice.

MICK

Yep, in here.

PLAZBUM GLIDES SMOOTHLY THROUGH THE DOOR.

Alice and Baldock freeze. Big Time.

MICK

Here you go guys, this is Plazbum the Trandaccian.

The alien nonchalantly waves in their direction.

MICK

He's from...  
(to Plazbum)  
Where you from again?

PLAZBUM

Palomian system, outside the Sortex region, planet TuSupa-4138b.  
(to Alice and Baldock)  
(MORE)

PLAZBUM (CONT'D)

I understand you have formulated theories regarding the incredible resistance of the woodpecker's skull.

Alice and Baldock both sit there. Motionless.

MICK

If we could just get on to that in a minute -- could you just remind me as to why your species came down here in the first place?

PLAZBUM

As previously advised, the exploration and potential dispossession of planet Earth.

MICK

Oh, that's it --  
(intensified for Alice and the Governor)  
The dispossession of planet Earth.

But they just gape, eyes and mouths wide open.

MICK

What was it again, if the humans don't surrender?

PLAZBUM

Usually, an extinction plan is activated with expectancy of habitant eradication within seventy-two Earth hours.

MICK

Oh, eradication in seventy-two hours.

PLAZBUM

Affirmative.

MICK

Sounds serious, something you've done before?

PLAZBUM

Affirmative, our last planetary cull was on Chisuna R-434, Triangulum region.

(MORE)

PLAZBUM (CONT'D)

The Chafuwawa species would not trade any of their universally rare nitrous oxide rock salt, a highly sought-after galactic substance. Also, their general attitude was very negative towards the Trandaccian.

Plazbum pulls out his device thing, and it suddenly projects this stunning, near-life-like HOLOGRAM of the Chisuna planet, along with the combatively surrounding Trandaccian space crafts.

Alice and Baldock watch on, practically benumbed. Mick himself is blown away by this barn-filling space display.

PLAZBUM

So launching operation Snuffuwawa, we positioned fleets in Sector X, Sector Z, and in-behind the spectrum quantum, creating an annular attack sphere around the Chafuwanian defence systems...

Note - Plazbum's space battle projection animates the action as and when he narrates.

PLAZBUM

..Within eight earth hours, we had penetrated their Solumbian asteroid shield. With the shield down we could then deploy the biotic attack cannon.

MICK

Biotic attack cannon?

PLAZBUM

Affirmative. Our primary weapon. When fired it targets only the enemy species biological DNA ensuring there is no unnecessary collateral to non-hostile organisms.

MICK

(to Alice and Baldock)  
You getting all this?

PLAZBUM

As you can see the pre-configured Chafwarian biotic blast engulfed the entire aerosphere of planet Chisuna, vaporising all targeted cells in 17.4 Earth seconds. It was the second fastest planetary extinction programme executed this mega-annum.

MICK

So you just went and took their rock stuff and left?

Plazbum has since switched off his space display.

PLAZBUM

Affirmative. Once the planet was cleared of all hostiles, extraction of the nitrous oxide rock salt was uncomplicated. Chisuna is now exclusively used for the cultivation of the substance to maintain our leisure and more recently, intergalactic trade.

MICK

I see. Out of interest, has an extinction programme ever been considered for this planet?

PLAZBUM

Affirmative. Will be executed in the event of a no-deal resolution.

Mick turns to Alice and Baldock, his expression speaking volumes, but both of them remain in their state of oblivion.

A somewhat unique silence ensues.

Alice suddenly perks up.

ALICE

Whoa, hold on guys, am I being punk'd here?

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Mick is escorting a somewhat zombified Alice to her apartment.

On reaching her apartment door, Mick assists her in opening it, such is her state of shock.

She then stands idle in the doorway.

MICK

I know, pretty heavy shit, right?

She's unable to speak.

MICK

Look, I'm sorry for dragging you into that, um...I better go check on the governor.

She nods like a puppet on strings before pulling her door closed. Mick gets moving straight away, the urgency of things, hitting home.

EXT. ALICE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

As Mick steps out of the apartment building, he's greeted by a blinding display of blue and red flashing lights. Cop cars encircle him, and officers point their guns in his direction.

MICK

(surrendering his hands)  
Don't shoot!

A LEAD OFFICER barks into the police car's megaphone.

LEAD OFFICER

Kneel to the ground, and put your hands behind your head!

Mick obliges, knowing this might have something to do with his recent escapade.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER

Mick sits alone, apprehensive in the room.

The door swings open, and in strides the LEAD OFFICER, flanked by a FELLOW OFFICER. Both are clad in uniform, their riled gazes fixed squarely on Mick.

LEAD OFFICER

(pains him to say)  
Well, it appears your remarkable story checks out. Governor Baldock will not be pressing any charges.

MICK

Told you, just a training exercise. Pure roll play.



LEAD OFFICER  
Indeed. Seems our seven-hour  
pursuit was in fact, needless.

Mick gives them a cheeky shrug.

LEAD OFFICER  
So apologies for any firm treatment  
endured, we take this kind of  
situation very, very seriously.

MICK  
Would expect nothing less.

They stare at him. Wanna book him for life.

LEAD OFFICER  
Also, the state governor would like  
to speak to you in person.  
Imminently.

MICK  
Thought he might.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER

Mick sits in the same chair waiting.

Baldock bursts through the doorway, and Mick rises to meet  
him.

MICK  
Thanks for sorting the cops out,  
appreciated.

Mick extends his hand to the Governor.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK  
To hell with your hand, what's our  
plan?

MICK  
What? I told you??

Baldock's eyes are intensely serious.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK  
I was a little too traumatised to  
listen earlier.

MICK  
You need to speak to the President.  
Have you not spoken to anybody?

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

No, of course not.

MICK

What do mean? Did you not hear the severity of the situation? You're in a credible position, the president would listen to you, right?

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

Wrong. We need to all go, including your extraterrestrial friend, it's the only way we can approach this.

MICK

He's not my friend. Look, they're refusing to meet world leaders. They just want me to speak on their behalf, like the middleman. They're not budging.

Baldock answers with a hole-burning stare.

MICK

Look, I'll speak to them. In the meantime, please, please raise it with the president. Remember the biotic gun thing? Y'know, I think he needs to know about this kinda shit.

Baldock weighs it up, concedes.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

Ok. In the meantime, speak to 'em, convince them into the White House. Don't tell anyone. And for the love of god, don't screw things up here. You do understand the consequences if you screw this up?

MICK

Yeah, get it already.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

JULIA, Alice's mum, a formidable woman of 60, sits with a cup of tea clutched tightly in her hands, her gaze reminiscent of a stare akin to Blanch Hudson's.

JULIA

So, what has that "I thought we would never mention him again, waste of space" done now?

Alice sits opposite, not entirely on board with her mum's description.

ALICE

Oh...I don't know where to start. Nothing he's done, It's...

JULIA

Why you even in contact with that loser?

ALICE

He's a friend. He's got this big problem. Big problem, mum.

JULIA

Not news, dear.

ALICE

Mum. Listen. He's got this really important...job. And he needs to do it right or things could get pretty...screwy.

Julia takes sips from her tea.

JULIA

Darling, A, nobody's going to give Mick an important job. And B, it's not your problem anymore. Let him handle his own screw-ups. It's his speciality.

Julia's words barely register, Alice's mind firmly on Earth's fate.

ALICE

God, I think he's with them now.

JULIA

With who?

ALICE

Them.

JULIA

Lucky them.

ALICE  
 Could be the end, mom. Hold my  
 hand?

Julia looks her daughter over.

JULIA  
 Y'know, they never confirmed your  
 autism but I was never in doubt.

They share a look, miles off the same page. Alice's doorbell  
 then rings, she gets up and heads into her --

HALL

She opens her front door revealing --

BOBBY  
 Howdy, ma'am, reckon you seen Mick  
 'round these parts?

She lets out a big sigh.

INT. SPACECRAFT - EXTRATERRESTRIAL WHITE ROOM - LATER

Several grey aliens including Leader Alien and Plazbum stand  
 around the casually seated Mick.

MICK  
 So how's that list going?

LEADER ALIEN  
 Negative.

MICK  
 Not well. Ok, no problem. should I  
 come back in let's say two months?

LEADER ALIEN  
 Negative.

MICK  
 Three months, year?

LEADER ALIEN  
 List no longer necessary. We now  
 only require one fulfilment from  
 your planet.

Mick stares for a moment.

MICK  
 Really?

LEADER ALIEN  
Affirmative.

Mick waits for more information... and doesn't get any.

MICK  
Which would be?

LEADER ALIEN  
The substance you kindly left us on  
your last visit.

MICK  
Sorry?

PLAZBUM  
The white nutrient-rich liquid that  
you kindly left.

MICK  
What?... The milk?

LEADER ALIEN  
It was a stiff plastic block shape,  
with substance within.

Plazbum deftly employs his long, slender hands to showcase  
the size--

PLAZBUM  
--It was about this size,  
middleman.

MICK  
Yeah, the bottle of milk?  
You want some milk?

The aliens nod... and just stand there.

MICK  
That's all you want? Like no more  
dispossession and stuff?

LEADER ALIEN  
Affirmative, providing you can  
dispense this unique substance to  
us on a timely basis.

MICK  
(staggered by it all)  
...Cool.

The two aliens continue to stand there in silence.

MICK

How many do ya need?

The two aliens exchange a glance before Leader Alien turns his gaze back to Mick.

LEADER ALIEN

Can you procure twenty? Weekly?

MICK

No problem.

LEADER ALIEN

Excellent. We can cover the monetary expense for you. What cost is one container?

MICK

Uh...like a couple of bucks...about two dollars each.

LEADER ALIEN

The one you brought here has a monetary expense of two dollar?

Mick thinks about this realising there might be an exploitative opportunity here.

MICK

Oh, the one I bought here...no they're like...twenty...thousand dollars each.

Leader Alien shifts his focus to Plazbum, who promptly begins tapping away on his device gizmo.

PLAZBUM

Done. Four hundred thousand dollars has been transferred into the monetary account.

MICK

What? What monetary account?

PLAZBUM

Your monetary account. Infiltration of Earth systems is uncomplicated.

MICK

No doubt...you just transferred four hundred thousand dollars into my account?

LEADER ALIEN  
Is this a complication?

MICK  
-- Nope

LEADER ALIEN  
Excellent.

Mick's expression shifts as a sudden realisation washes over him.

MICK  
Ah, guys, you can't transfer large sums of money on my planet without raising a few flags. Not to mention taxation and stuff.

The Leader Alien turns to Plazbum, who keys into his device once again. Plazbum nods in response, and the Leader Alien turns back to Mick.

LEADER ALIEN  
All legitimised. Infiltration of Earth systems is uncomplicated.

MICK  
Wow.  
(a moment)  
Um...before you beam me back, how is it suddenly all about milk?

LEADER ALIEN  
It's nice.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Mick's Accord rolls to a stop outside the store, kicking up a little dust.

INT. MICK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mick dials a number on his cell, then puts it to ear --

MICK  
Can I speak to the governor, please?  
(beat)  
It's spectacularly important.  
(beat)  
No, I'm not from the tax office...  
(MORE)

MICK (CONT'D)  
jus get him to ring Mick, as I have  
some good news.

Mick hangs up the phone before his gaze drifts out the window, fixating on the convenience store, his eyes homing in on the ATM.

EXT. ATM - DAY

Mick loads his card, inputs his pin.

His eyes fixate on the display menu, zeroing in on the option labelled "BALANCE." With a firm press, he selects it...

\$400,245.45.

Mick's eyes gleam.

MICK  
You crazy little dipshits.

He hits quite the grin.

\*QUEUE MONTAGE - FUNKY SOUNDTRACK\*

EXT. SUPERSTORE - DAY

Mick's Honda pulls into the parking lot. He exits the car, his smile as wide as a Cheshire cat's.

INT. SUPERSTORE - DAY

Mick motors an empty trolley around the store, searching for the milk.

MILK AISLE - LATER

Mick casually tosses milk cartons into the trolley.

EXT. SUPERSTORE - DAY

Mick loads the milk cartons into the trunk of his Honda. Once finished, he slams the trunk shut and turns around to face the superstore.

A big smile spreads across his face as he rubs his hands together, then heads back in the store's direction with his trolley.



INT. SUPERSTORE - LIQUOR AISLE - DAY

Mick loads two six-packs of larger into the trolley.

MOMENTS LATER

Mick eyes a bottle of champagne, liking what he sees. He adds it to the trolley among the other 20 or so bottles of champagnes, liquors, and vintage wines.

GAMING AISLE - LATER

Mick holds a PS5 game in his hand, checking it out.

In his trolley there are 10 or so PS5 games piled on top of the mountain of items that fill it to the brim... a PS5 CONSOLE lands on top of it all.

CHECKOUT AISLE - LATER

Mick wheels his overflowing trolley towards a checkout counter, his grin still stretching from ear to ear.

CHECKOUTS - MOMENTS LATER

As Mick waits, a weary CHECKOUT CLERK scans through the last of his items - a sleek electronic toothbrush. She then glances at Mick before turning with disbelief towards the till display - \$7,599.99

Mick still grinning, hands her his card.

INT. SPACECRAFT - EXTRATERRESTRIAL WHITE ROOM

Plazbum, Leader Alien and several others look on with unbridled wonderment as Mick loads Milk carton after milk carton onto their white table.

On finishing, Mick cements the moment with a "Ta-da" pose, prompting applause from all the aliens.

LATER

As the other aliens indulge in the milk, Mick shares a knowing look with the Leader Alien. He motions towards the cartons and gives a thumbs-up to the Leader Alien.

The Leader Alien then turns to Plazbum, who promptly keys into his device. Mick's grin widens, signalling a mental "ka-ching, ka-ching" as he anticipates the outcome.

INT. GOVERNORS OFFICE - DAY

Baldock sits at his desk, appearing tense as he concludes a phone call. His forced smile fades as he slams down the receiver, his expression instantly turning sour.

He gazes up at the large photo on his wall, depicting the White House. His expression is more than pensive.

INT. MICK'S HONDA - ON THE MOVE - DAY

Driving leisurely, Mick's eyes catch something through his windscreen that makes them gleam.

A BENTLEY car dealership.

Without hesitation, he sharply turns the steering wheel.

EXT. DEALERSHIP FORECOURT - DAY

Mick stands in front of a stunning Bentley. The price tag displayed on the bonnet reads - \$280,000.

INT. BENTLY DEALERSHIP - DAY

Mick shakes hands with a smartly dressed Bentley dealer, both wearing broad smiles.

EXT. HIGH-CLASS CLOTHES STORE - DAY

Mick exits the store, dressed in a fancy smart suit. He adjusts his gold cufflinks and seemingly new gold watch.

He then stands outside the store, happy as Larry. However, something catches his eye across the street --

Two elderly homeless men sit against the wall, wrapped in well-worn sleeping bags. Beside them is a bucket for spare change.

A pang of guilt seeps in, sparking an idea in Mick's mind.

LATER

A couple of coins are thrown into the bucket... then a couple more... THEN A BIG WAD OF CASH LANDS.

The two homeless men peer into the bucket, astonished.

They look in the direction of the man who threw it.

Mick is walking away and offers them a thumbs-up and a smile.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - DAY

A taxi pulls up to the White House front lawn. Baldock steps out and gazes ahead at the grand building with a strong sense of anticipation. For some reason, he adjusts his already neat tie.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Baldock stands nervously outside the door of the OVAL OFFICE.

Baldock hesitates, his hand hovering over the door handle. After a moment of indecision, he takes several steps back, seeming to reconsider. He turns away from the door, but then hesitates again, turning back toward the Oval Office.

With a deep breath, he prepares himself to proceed.

\*END MONTAGE AND FUNKY SOUNDTRACK\*

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

A portrait of Lincoln looms over the room, casting a watchful eye over proceedings.

Seated behind the desk near the windows, the President, a man in his fifties, signs some papers.

His concentration breaks as a knock sounds at the door, and Baldock enters the room.

THE PRESIDENT

Clarence. Is it that time already?  
How is my Tennessee Grizzly?

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

Fine Mr president. Grizzlies is  
Memphis, sir.

THE PRESIDENT

Whatever, any distraction from  
these vetoes, is a welcome one.  
Take a seat.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

Thank you, Mr President.

Baldock obliges, that apprehension ever lingering.

THE PRESIDENT

By the way, well done with cleaning  
up all that oil mess down your end.

(MORE)

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)  
That was a fine job. Tough job.  
Didn't get the chance to thank you  
in person...until just then.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK  
Thanks, appreciate that sir.  
We certainly operate a lot slicker  
now.

The President takes a moment to get the punch line.

THE PRESIDENT  
Haha, that's my boy. Anyway, what  
issues have the fine folks of  
Tennessee brought to my door on  
this fine day then?

GOVERNOR BALDOCK  
Uh...yes, Mr President, we got an  
issue.

Baldock leaves it there. The president waits.

THE PRESIDENT  
Ok, all ears.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK  
Um...sir, if I could ask you to be  
at your most objective before I  
um...proceed.

THE PRESIDENT  
Of course.  
(a moment)  
C'mon Clarence, spit it out.

Baldock can't, he just produces a hopeless smile.

EXT. ALICE'S APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

On the grass, a little white POMERANIAN dog looks up with its  
cowering doe eyes.

A cross-faced Julia towers over the little pooch.

JULIA  
Hurry up and do your business you  
ungrateful, carpet-pooing waste of  
five hundred dollars.

An edgy-looking Alice stands close by, watching unfavourably.

ALICE

Mum, go easy on her. It takes time.

JULIA

Excuse me, young lady, If I went easy on you, you'd probably still be pooping on carpets. Advice dismissed.

Alice just takes that on the chin. Her attention is then diverted to the noise of a car pulling in.

Julia looks in that direction and scowls.

Mick's flashy Bentley pit stops just a few yards from them.

Out of the car, steps a trendily dressed, designer shades-wearing Mick. Buoyancy and swagger in full flow.

Alice is immediately relieved to see him and scuttles over.

ALICE

Mick. Where have you been? What's happening?

MICK

Me, I've just been out doing a bit of shopping.

(gestures at Bentley)

What do you think of this beaut?

(sees Julia)

Hi Julia...

Julia returns her middle finger.

ALICE

What? No, what's going on with the...

(hushed from Julia)

You know...Earth situation?

MICK

Oh, that's all cool.

ALICE

Really?

MICK

Yeah, all under control.

Alice, so happy with the news, clamps Mick with a hug.

ALICE

Jeez, I so needed to hear that.

She Peppers Mick's cheek with some kisses. He laps it up.

Alice realises she might be a little too excitable here and releases the hug, though Mick would rather she didn't.

ALICE  
Thank god, right?

MICK  
You can call me Mick.

ALICE  
Just so happy we're not all gonna  
be like...vaporised and things.

Julia watches on like they're both completely mental.

ALICE  
How did you do it?

MICK  
Well...  
(Mick's phone rings)  
Excuse me.

Mick pulls out his phone and heads towards his car. Alice turns to Julia and her Pomeranian, noticing something.

ALICE  
Mum, she's pooping, see.

By his car, Mick has his phone to his ear.

MICK  
Hello?

GOVERNOR BALDOCK (O.S)  
(voice at the other end)  
Ok, gonna need to get your alien  
friend in front of the president.

MICK  
Hi...is this the governor?

INT. BALDOCK'S OFFICE - INTERCUT

The governor is standing and is looking intense.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK  
That's right, the man you kidnapped  
last week. The man whose chest you  
administered fifty thousand volts  
into.

MICK

How ya doing?

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

We need to persuade the extraterrestrials to speak to the White House direct and get this situation in the open. Is that clear?

MICK

Clear, but not necessary.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

Excuse me?

MICK

You've spoken to the president?

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

Yes, I did. He laughed. Then I had to laugh. Told him it was a joke...reckon he thinks I'm a bit of a governing jack-ass now.

MICK

I know this feeling.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

So it's showtime. The president must be presented with these beings directly and it needs to happen now.

MICK

Seriously, Governor, you don't need to worry, we have an arrangemen--

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

Listen, Macmillan...your little goon friend displayed quite the demonstration. End of humanity ranks high on my list of pressing matters...and I'm not entirely comfortable with it resting in your immature punk hands. Get them in the Whitehouse. Get it done.

MICK

Look, don't worry. As I said the situation--

Baldock HANGS UP. Mick just glares at the phone in his hand.

MICK  
 What the hell! Why doesn't anybody  
 listen to me?!

JULIA  
 Because you're a useless asshole?

Mick shoots her a middle finger, before hearing the noise of his ALIEN BLEEPER, bleeping. He pulls it out from his pocket.

MICK  
 (under breath)  
 Really?? No rest for the rich.

INT. SPACECRAFT - EXTRATERRESTRIAL WHITE ROOM

Leader Alien and Plazbum stand in front of a slouched Mick.

LEADER ALIEN  
 We have good news. A member of our  
 research unit has located several  
 samples of the specific milk  
 substance at a much-reduced cost.  
 We can now minimise the monetary  
 transfer into your personal funds  
 to a mere ten dollars.

Mick is not overly sold on this "good news".

MICK  
 Ten dollars...well, that's if  
 you're happy with shit.

The two Trandaccians stand confused.

LEADER ALIEN  
 Shit?

MICK  
 Yeah, shit. A low-standard  
 substance. If you want the top  
 shit, the top gun of milk...

Mick pulls out a raspberry-coloured milk cartoon and slams it down onto the alien table.

MICK  
 ...Then you have to pay the top  
 dollar.

LEADER ALIEN  
 (enthused)  
 What's that?



MICK  
That my friend is Uncle Sam's  
supreme raspberry milk mixture.

This appears to heavily excite Leader Alien and Plazbum.

LEADER ALIEN  
Supreme?

MICK  
Yep.  
(handing milk to Leader  
Alien)  
Would you like to try it?

Leader Alien grabs the raspberry milk carton, then steps back and turns away as if he's sampling it in private.

Takes a swig from the carton, and then stands motionless for a beat.

Then he begins to wiggle his stick-like body, performing a ridiculous belly-type dance. It's a bizarre display of exhilaration.

Mick certainly finds it absurd.

Leader Alien Composes himself and turns around.

LEADER ALIEN  
(to Plazbum)  
Exceptional.  
(to Mick)  
What dollar does Uncle Sam require  
for this?

MICK  
For that, um...think they're around  
about...fifty thousand dollars  
each.

Leader Alien debates this in his mind.

LEADER ALIEN  
Would the transfer of such funds be  
acceptable to you?

MICK  
Well, I cannot deny the  
difficulties holding this kind of  
money brings.  
(MORE)

MICK (CONT'D)

But look, I am dedicated to supplying you guys with the highest quality of substance, and keeping relations between Earth and um...

PLAZBUM

Tusopa-4138b?

MICK

Yeah there, at an all-time high, because, I'm the guy.

LEADER ALIEN

Excellent.

Leader Alien nods approval to Plazbum, who duly keys into his device.

Mick sits there with an astonished smile - 2 Million dollars!!

LEADER ALIEN

I must leave you now. However, I believe Plazbum requires your help with a question.

Mick's smile drops quickly.

MICK

Seriously?

LEADER ALIEN

We would be most grateful.

Mick sighs.

INT. EXTRATERRESTRIAL WHITE LAB - LATER

A longer room on the Alien ship. There is an immediate change in vibe to this room, busy with Trandaccians going about their work. Like a science lab. Testing, experimenting or doing whatever it is that they are doing.

These Trandaccians appear oblivious to Plazbum and his human acquaintance, leisurely walking through.

Mick can only stare in wonder.

MICK

What's this, the mail room?

PLAZBUM

Negative. This is one of our  
exploration facilities.

They walk past various TERRARIUMS, with all kinds of exhibits  
inside. Some are just bizarre objects, others appear LIVING -

Two six-armed TROLLS - who continuously throw three glowing  
balls at each other. Surprisingly gleeful and dedicated to  
it.

A horde of little winged GOBLIN creatures - who seem to be  
doing nothing else but flying around having a mass BRAWL.

An electronic OCTOPUS-looking thing - who just  
enthusiastically bop dances with its tentacles. Non-stop.

Mick can only look on, hardly surprised by anything anymore.  
A bit further, something particularly catches his attention.  
Behind some glass, in a small room, sits a small creature.

It looks like something between SONIC the HEDGEHOG and GIZMO.  
And it's studiously reading from one of those Trandaccian  
handheld devices.

MICK

What's he doing?

PLAZBUM

Reading.

MICK

Rephrase, what's he reading?

They stop by the creature's enclosure and Plazbum checks an  
info point on the wall.

PLAZBUM

A Rapala from planet Kepler-438b.  
Highly intelligent but potentially  
belligerent species. It's on a  
disciplinary programme for  
destructive behaviour, which it's  
displayed ever since its abduction.

MICK

Can't imagine why...

PLAZBUM

It's reading our inter-specie code  
of conduct. We're expecting a  
dissertation on the subject. That's  
if he wants to be fed today.

MICK  
Bet he's enjoying that...

The RAPALA still has his head into the device, whilst Plazbum checks the info point again.

PLAZBUM  
(reading info)  
He isn't.

MICK  
-- You have a question for me, I believe?

PLAZBUM  
Yes. I wanted to show you the Trogolo species from the outer cosmos.  
(directs to a terrarium in the corner of the room)  
A curious race.

They wander over.

MICK  
Actually, talking of questions, I have one for you if you don't mind?

PLAZBUM  
I do not mind.

MICK  
Well, you know I'm supplying you guys with the milk, right?

Plazbum nods.

MICK  
Well, why don't you just take it all yourselves? Just beam them up, like you did to me?

PLAZBUM  
That would qualify as theft, middle man.

Mick stops walking and stares at Plazbum, who stops too.

MICK  
Theft??

PLAZBUM

Affirmative. Would be entirely  
illicit against Trandaccian code of  
conduct.

Mick stares at him.

MICK

Really?? Whilst abductions,  
experiments and planet-wide  
annihilation is all licit conduct?

Plazbum nods.

MICK

Glad we cleared that up.

Plazbum walks over to the Trogolo terrarium, Mick follows.

Inside we see several quite revolting-looking little  
creatures. About 5 inches high, they kinda resemble a LIVING  
TURD, with arms and a face.

Not having legs, they appear to SLUSH their way around in a  
puddle of what best could be described as DIARRHOEA.

One of these creatures is positioned ahead of the others,  
with its back turned and arms seemingly folded. Appears to be  
dismissing its fellow Trogolos.

Mick is between intrigued and repulsed.

MICK

What in God's name are these?

PLAZBUM

The Trogololian. It is breeding  
season for their species.  
Unfortunately, though, breeding is  
rare.

MICK

I think that's probably fortunate.

PLAZBUM

(pointing)

You see this one at the front.

MICK

Aha.

PLAZBUM

This is the female. Those behind  
are the males.

(MORE)

PLAZBUM (CONT'D)

As a species, males outnumber females by approximately ten to one. They are all attempting to lure the female into breeding.

On closer inspection, the male Trogolos do seem to be exhibiting some MACHO TYPE DISPLAYS.

PLAZBUM

The female, however, has rejected all the males in this group. She has determined that they are all sub-standard. Regrettably, this is a common occurrence, and sadly the species is in threat of extinction.

MICK

(to male Trogolo's)  
Feel that rejection, buddies.

PLAZBUM

Which brings me to my question for you.

MICK

Yeah?

They both turn their attention away from the Trogolo.

PLAZBUM

The female human, Alice?

MICK

Yeah?

PLAZBUM

Is this an individual that you have bred with?

Mick is immediately unnerved by the question's direction.

MICK

Um...you could put it that way.

PLAZBUM

And Alice would be deemed an attractive human being?

MICK

For sure.

PLAZBUM

Yet she will happily mate with a substandard human being.

(MORE)

PLAZBUM (CONT'D)

Do you know the reasons behind this distinct behaviour? Was there no equal mates left at that particular phase of breeding?

Mick stands mortified.

PLAZBUM

Middle man?

MICK

-- Substandard?

PLAZBUM

Affirmative. As in inferior, inadequate.

He glares at Plazbum.

MICK

Presumably, you're referring to me?  
(Plazbum nods)  
Do you realise how offensive that is? Do you have no understanding of sensitivities?

Plazbum shakes his head.

PLAZBUM

It's all based on information that is read from our memorex sensors.

MICK

Is it? I see. Well did those memorex sensors also explain that you and your kind are the blandest, most soulless and frankly the silliest-looking dipshits in the entire Universe?

Plazbum now stares.

PLAZBUM

Negative.

MICK

Is affirmative.

PLAZBUM

Negative.

MICK

Affirmative.

PLAZBUM

We are deemed as the highest-ranking beings in the S-23 Galaxy.

MICK

That's not what I heard...I heard everybody in that galaxy thinks you're complete dicks.

It's now Plazbum who stands mortified.

PLAZBUM

Well, I don't believe I need your attention anymore, middleman.

MICK

Suits me.

Plazbum turns his back and scuttles off.

MICK

(to himself)

Sub-standard. No. Na. No way.

INT. BALDOCK'S OFFICE - DAY

Baldock sits at his desk glaring at his desk phone...he snatches the receiver and puts it to his ear and plugs in a number. It rings.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

MacMillian?

Mick's voice mail message answers --

'Hi...thankfully my phone is off, if you're worth talking to, please leave a message after the stupid tone, thank you.'

Baldock's face incenses, veins nearly popping. He squeezes the receiver so hard it crackles.

The sound of his office door swinging open. Baldock quickly shifts to a professional, smiling demeanour. His ELDERLY SECRETARY stands before him, extending a pair of tickets.

ELDERLY SECRETARY

Sorry sir, got your travel for next week's community event.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

-- Thank you...that's if there is a next week...



EXT. UPMARKET ESTATE AGENT - DAY

Big sign above the posh establishment's doors, "Dream-Space"

INT. DREAM-SPACE - DAY

Mick, seated at the table shakes hands with a male AGENT, both sport wide smiles.

AGENT

Well, Mr Macmillan, thank you for coming to see us today.

MICK

The pleasure is all mine.

On the table is an invoice featuring a picture of a swanky penthouse. The price reads \$2,500,000.

AGENT

And you're still looking to make the full payment today?

MICK

Can't see why not.

INT. MICK'S BENTLEY - DAY

Mick jumps into his Bentley outside the estate agent, brimming with triumph. He rubs his hands together, times are good.

Goes to turn on the ignition but as he looks into the rearview mirror...

ARRHG!

Baldock rises, back seat. Looking intensely serious.

MICK

What the hell are you doing in the back of my new car, crazy man?!

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

Listen to me. You are going to get the extraterrestrial and we are going to present him and his plans to the President of the United States, today. Is this clear?

MICK

No, it is not clear. You can't just show up like this. And in any case the situatio--

THE COCK OF A GUN.

Baldock has a meaty-looking HANDGUN pointed directly behind Mick's head.

MICK

Whoa...ok. Take it easy man.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

This is what you've brought me to...let's go for a ride.

EXT. DESERTED CARPARK - LATER

Standing close to his Bentley, Mick has the alien bleeper in hand.

Baldock stands a few feet away, his gun half concealed under his suit jacket and pointed at Mick, his glare piercing and intense.

Mick presses on the bleeper, but nothing happens.

MICK

I'm not sure this is gonna work.

Baldock fires a SHOT right near Mick's feet.

MICK

Jesus Christ man! Alright, alright.

Mick gets to it, pressing down on the bleeper multiple times. Soon enough there is a weird frequency noise...

PLAZBUM (O.S)

(muffled from bleeper)  
Greetings Middle Man Mick. Was awaiting your apology.

MICK

(into bleeper)  
Yep, apologies -- could you and your leader come meet my leader, the president of America?

PLAZBUM (O.S)

Negative.

Mick shrugs at Baldock, who returns a death stare together with the motion of his gun from under his jacket.

MICK  
 (into bleeper)  
 Um...it's about Uncle Sam, the  
 president wants him to stop.

Baldock looks on oddly.

PLAZBUM (O.S)  
 Stop producing the substance?

MICK  
 (into bleeper)  
 Affirmative.

PLAZBUM (O.S)  
 Regardless of consequence?

MICK  
 (into bleeper)  
 Afraid so.

PLAZBUM (O.S)  
 One moment, please.

MICK  
 (off Baldock's stare)  
 Don't worry, alien talk.

Mick and Baldock then wait. They maintain that stare. Weird frequency noise returns...

PLAZBUM (O.S)  
 Ok -- meet president.

Plazbum instantly drops off, Mick turns to Baldock.

MICK  
 Looks like it's on.

Baldock nods. Mick looks duly concerned.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

The PRESIDENT sits at his desk on the phone, waiting to get a word in on his telephone conversation.

THE PRESIDENT  
 Yep... yep... absolutely... can't  
 wait... look forward to meeting you  
 too, Mr Prime Minister, take care.

The president slams down the phone, shakes his head.

THE PRESIDENT  
 Won't be meeting you, pal. Never  
 even heard of your frickin'  
 country...

INT. PRESIDENTIAL BATHROOM - LATER

The President enters the restroom, pulling his trousers down before settling onto the luxurious toilet seat.

He sits still and closes his eyes as the sound of his urine splashing, unapologetically fills the air.

It mercifully comes to an end, when --

PLAZBUM (O.S)  
 Excuse me, Mr President, I can now  
 transfer you to our ship if it is a  
 convenient time?

The President's eyes abruptly open and shift in the direction of --

PLAZBUM STANDING IN HIS BATHROOM, staring at him.

The President gawps like a guppy fish.

PLAZBUM  
 I'm confident we can resolve the  
 Uncle Sam issue without obstacle.

The President sits motionless on his toilet seat.

PLAZBUM  
 Mr President, you appear to have  
 momentarily frozen, but I can  
 assure you that this does not cause  
 any complication to your transit.

The President PASSES OUT, slumped against his toilet wall.

Plazbum looks on oddly... mutters to himself in his own SQUIRREL language.

PLAZBUM (SUBTITLE)  
 Why do they also do that upon  
 introduction?

FADE TO:

INT. SPACECRAFT - EXTRATERRESTRIAL WHITE ROOM

THE PRESIDENTS POV

BLACK TO... BLURRY TO... FOUR GREY ALIENS PEERING OVER HIM.

Eyes widened, the president needs to blink about 5 times.

He checks his position, laying back on an inclined seat.

TROUSERS and PANTS still draped around his ankles.

Startled, he tries to clamber for an escape, but to no avail, he is held down by HOLOGRAPHIC LASER-TYPE STRAPS.

THE PRESIDENT

What the hell is going on! Is this  
a joke! I'm the goddamn president  
of the united states!

LEADER ALIEN

You're a God damned president?

The President stares widely at his counterpart.

Mick abruptly appears out of nowhere with a BLANKET.

MICK

(to Trandaccians)

Guys, Presidents tend to negotiate  
better with their pants on.

Mick chucks the blanket over the president's exposed area.  
Which we thankfully never saw.

THE PRESIDENT

Who the hell are you? What is this?

MICK

It's Mick...you know?

The President clearly doesn't, still staring widely.

MICK

Don't be too alarmed, I thought you  
should meet the um, Tradaccian guys  
in person. They're alright guys,  
and we'll keep everything as it is,  
and no hostilities, you can go back  
to the white house, and um,  
everything is cool.

Mick shares a look with the Aliens, like for assurance, they  
nod. The President meanwhile just looks on perplexed.

THE PRESIDENT

What?? Nothing right now is cool!  
You better start cooperating, son.

LEADER ALIEN

Excuse me, ass-clown.

The President whips his stunned gaze to Leader Alien.

LEADER ALIEN

Failure to meet our proposed deal,  
by means of Uncle Sam's enforced  
retirement, would force us to  
consider a hostile action program  
against your planet.

THE PRESIDENT

-- What??  
(to Mick)  
What is this thing?? What's it  
talking about??

LEADER ALIEN

Plazbum, please launch the  
Chafuwawa, Zabrak and Gamorren  
extinction streams so the president  
can be clear about a no-deal  
outcome.

Plazbum nods and begins keying into his device. The President lies there, bewildered. Mick watches, clearly uneasy about the direction things are heading.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The President and two MILITARY GENERALS sit silently in the room. A security officer opens the main door and marches Mick inside.

The security officer forcefully seats Mick across from the President. The President and the two generals greet him with stern gazes.

MICK

-- Hi. Guessing some explanations  
are in order?

THE PRESIDENT

I'd say that's a very accurate  
assumption, Mr Macmillan.

MICK

Look...there's no need to worry.

THE PRESIDENT  
Really?? No need for concern??

MICK  
-- Look. I know. If you'd just  
listen to me.

THE PRESIDENT  
Go ahead.

MICK  
Milk. I supply them with bottles of  
milk, and they're happy. No  
threat...as long as they get their  
milk.

The President and generals sit in silence, staring across the  
table at Mick.

THE PRESIDENT  
-- Milk??

MICK  
-- Yeah...I know.

The President and generals stare at Mick, silently  
contemplating.

One of the generals leans in and whispers in the President's  
ear. The President listens intently, nodding without breaking  
his gaze from Mick.

THE PRESIDENT  
Ok. They want milk, will give them  
some milk.

MICK  
-- Yeah?

THE PRESIDENT  
Yes, Mr Macmillan.

Mick smiles back, but it's laden with scepticism.

INT. MILITARY OPERATIONS CENTRE - DAY

A somewhat armoured and, let's say, equipped MILK TROLLEY is  
wheeled across the ground by two military officers. It is  
stacked with raspberry milkshakes.

Mick, standing beside the smiling President and his generals,  
watches it approach with a sense of dread.

The trolley is wheeled up to them.

THE PRESIDENT

Here you go, Mr Macmillan, their milk.

The President pats the top of the trolley whilst Mick gazes at him with ardent disapproval.

MICK

Mr President, please don't do this.

THE PRESIDENT

Do not worry, deliver their milk as you promised, return home and let us take it from there.

MICK

-- They're not stupid. Trust me. This a biblically bad idea.

THE PRESIDENT

What's a biblically bad idea?

MICK

Whatever you're planning to do.

THE PRESIDENT

Deliver the milk, Mr Macmillan, that's all we're asking you to do.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

A military van pulls up, and Mick steps out of the driver's side accompanied by two military officers. They march to the back of the van, open the rear doors, and wheel the trolley out.

After saluting Mick, he half-heartedly returns the salute. The officers then re-enter the van, and it drives away.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Alice sits on her sofa, phone to her ear, listening intently with a confused expression. She strokes the Pomeranian lying on her lap.

ALICE

-- So you think the milk trolley is armed with explosives?



EXT. MOTEL - INTERCUT

Mick stands beside the trolley with his cellular phone to his ear.

MICK

Yes.

ALICE

Uh...milk trolly??

MICK

Yeah...look, it's armed with something and I gotta a badass dilemma here. Option one, deliver them and see if our space friends get blown into orbit -- I got a lotta reservations about option one. Option two, tell 'em the truth and plead for mercy. Whaddya think?

ALICE

Uh...option two.

MICK

Yeah...real shame the President and his dick advisors gotta hard-on for armageddon, right?

ALICE

Totally.

MICK

You're very calm about all this. You realise the implications if I balls this up?

Alice bites her lower lip, a clear sign that she understands... her expression shifting to one of sincere conviction.

ALICE

I trust you, Mick.

MICK

-- You trust me?

ALICE

You're the middleman, you can do this.

MICK

-- I can do this?

Mick thinks hard, gradually convincing himself, while Alice silently nods at the other end.

MICK  
 You're right I can do this, I'm the  
 middleman, the intermediary, I  
 gotta do this...I gotta...I gotta  
 'least do this for you.

Alice's troubled expression shifts to a genuine smile.

MICK  
 Love you.

Mick hangs up the phone.

MICK  
 Shit knows how, though.

Alice still has her phone to her ear.

ALICE  
 Love you too...I think.

She places the receiver down and looks down at the Pomeranian.

ALICE  
 Hold tight, Milo.

INT. MICK'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Mick sits on the sofa gazing over at --

PLAZBUM, who sits in a chair glued to an episode of SCOOBY DOO that plays on the television.

MICK  
 -- So?

Plazbum doesn't register, big eyes fully focused on the Scooby Doo action.

MICK  
 Alien in my room, did you hear what  
 I just told you?

Plazbum quickly glances over at Mick.

PLAZBUM  
 Affirmative.

MICK

-- And??

Plazbum keeps his focus on the TV.

PLAZBUM

Won't be a complication, our memorex sensors will identify any hostile materials and eliminate them from any goods acquired.

MICK

Right, so no harm done? ...No repercussions?

PLAZBUM

There's a ninety-five percent chance an extinction programme will be deployed on discovery of hostile intentions towards Trandaccian.

MICK

Yep, brilliant...Plazbum, do you mind if I have your full attention here for a moment?

PLAZBUM

What frequency is this programme on?

MICK

Cartoon Network.

Plazbum pulls out his device, makes a note and then switches off the TV via the remote and faces Mick.

MICK

Look, are leaders are dicks. They've always been dicks. You can't punish a whole planet for the dumb decisions of a few.

PLAZBUM

Our ethos has always dictated that you can.

MICK

Well, your ethos sucks!

Mick calms himself, takes a deep breath, the weight of the stakes at hand now fully settling in.

MICK

I'm sorry...but you gotta help me here, Plaz.

PLAZBUM

Of course, you're more than welcome to witness the extinction programme from the confines of our ship.

MICK

That's not what I mean. I need humanity, the universe needs humanity.

PLAZBUM

Trandaccians would disagree, but please remember that there will be no complications if the milk is untampered.

Mick shoots a look of resignation, almost certain that the milk or trolley has been tampered with.

MICK

-- You say there's a ninety-five percent chance. That means there's a five percent chance an extinction programme won't happen?

PLAZBUM

Affirmative. On rare occasions, Trandaccians have opted against the extinction of hostile species if their survival may prove beneficial.

MICK

-- Take me to your leader.

PLAZBUM

Affirmative.

Plazbum glances at the TV, then back at Mick, raising his hand like a schoolchild once more.

MICK

Yes?

PLAZBUM

One more episode before we go?

MICK

(stares)

-- Sure.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SITUATION ROOM - DAY

The President, Baldock, the two military generals, and several senior staff members crowd around a table, eyes glued intensely at a screen on the wall.

The screen on the wall displays what appears to be a N.A.S.A. satellite image of the alien spacecraft hovering near Earth.

A MILITARY OFFICER with a headset operates a nearby computer station. He swivels his chair to face the President --

MILITARY OFFICER

Munitions have been moved to target, sir. Repeat, munitions have been moved to target.

The President shoots a very serious, contemplative gaze.

THE PRESIDENT

-- Execute.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

Mr President...

The Military officer holds.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

...If I may...did we want to check that Mr Macmillan is not currently at the target before we execute?

THE PRESIDENT

Well if he is there, he damn well shouldn't be.

(to military officer)

Now, for the sake of this frickin' planet, and every sorry soul that inhabits it, blow those little bastards out of my solar system, execute!

MILITARY OFFICER

Yes, Sir.

(into headset)

We have a green light. Repeat, we have a green light.

The military officer receives information over his headset that stops him in his tracks. He swivels his chair back in the direction of the President.

MILITARY OFFICER  
 Sir, we appear to have temporarily  
 lost the signal.

THE PRESIDENT  
 -- Well, get it back.

MILITARY OFFICER  
 We're on it, sir.

The military officer swivels back to his computer, while Baldock shows traces of relief. The President turns to his generals.

THE PRESIDENT  
 No biggie, it's not like it's  
 important, is it? For the love of  
 God and Old Glory.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK  
 Mr President, If I may...I was just  
 wondering whether we've fully  
 considered the outcome if this  
 strategy does not prove successful?

The President stares.

THE PRESIDENT  
 Governor...given that we have  
 offered you a seat at the most  
 significant operation in the  
 history of humanity...and let's be  
 frank, you shouldn't really be  
 here...so, with that in mind, could  
 you return me one small favour?

GOVERNOR BALDOCK  
 Absolutely, Mr President.

THE PRESIDENT  
 Shut your trap and don't say  
 another word for the duration.

Baldock is about to respond but, under the President's glare, he remembers to simply nod.

INT. SPACECRAFT - EXTRATERRESTRIAL WHITE ROOM

Mick stands anxiously, his gaze fixed on Leader Alien, who stands beside another alien conducting some kind of scan on a bottle of raspberry milk.

The scan concludes, and the alien nods at Leader Alien.

Leader alien picks up the bottle of milk and takes a mouthful whilst displaying his body wiggling exhilaration... he turns to Mick.

LEADER ALIEN  
Excellent quality, thank you  
middleman.

Mick's demeanour shows a glimmer of hope, surrounded by several other aliens, including Plazbum, in the room.

MICK  
It's not been tampered with?

LEADER ALIEN  
Affirmative.

MICK  
And the trolly too?

LEADER ALIEN  
The wheeled container was rigged  
with explosive materials so you're  
suspicious were indeed accurate,  
middleman.

Mick drops his head.

LEADER ALIEN  
Do not be concerned, our censors  
have defused the threat.

MICK  
-- Please, great leader  
Trandaccain...

LEADER ALIEN  
I'm not Trandaccian leader,  
middleman, I'm just always the  
first to speak.

MICK  
-- Spokes-alien, of the superior  
and highly advanced Trandaccains...  
lords of all the galaxies... the  
standard setters for the  
cosmos...please show mercy on my  
pitiful low-level humankind. We are  
just a developing species with  
dumb, ignorant leaders...our story  
is nowhere near finished...it can't  
end today...it can't...we've got so  
much more to offer you.

## LEADER ALIEN

Trandaccians always have swift  
 decision meetings on such matters,  
 which we can commence right  
 now...those who think the hostile  
 species should not have the biotic  
 attack cannon deployed on them,  
 please let it be known.

Mick raises his arm with intense conviction as Leader Alien surveys the room. Plazbum, mimicking Mick's reaction, raises his arm.

Whilst endeared to Plazbum's vote, Mick remains crestfallen by all the other aliens lack of response.

## LEADER ALIEN

Those who think the hostile species  
 should have the biotic attack  
 cannon deployed on them, please let  
 it be known.

All the other aliens in the room simultaneously nod their big long heads... including Leader Alien.

## LEADER ALIEN

Decision concluded.

## MICK

-- What about the milk? No humans,  
 no milk.

Leader Alien contemplates, bringing his slender hand to his chin.

## LEADER ALIEN

We're confident we can reproduce in  
 the absence of the human species. I  
 must thank you again for the  
 introduction to this delightful  
 substance.

Leader Alien turns to an alien seated at a control panel, he says something to him in squirrel, the seated alien nods and keys into the system.

Mick watches this with intense concern, he stills a glance at Plazbum.

On the alien monitor a cannon-type graphic appears along with a graphic of planet Earth. Then a beam projects from the cannon's barrel, splitting into thousands of strands all landing in seemingly civilian areas of the planet.



Mick's eyes widen. They shift down to a FLASHING RED BUTTON that sits nearby the aliens controls. The alien's finger is pointed downwards, ready to press...

MICK

No!

Mick lunges towards the alien operating the control panel, but suddenly, holographic restraints materialize out of thin air, slamming him back against the white wall. Despite the setback, his bold move seems to have momentarily halted the alien's actions.

MICK

(to all aliens)

Please...please...I'm begging you.  
I need my people.

Plazbum gazes at Mick. Though Trandaccians seldom express emotions through their facial features, sympathy seems to course through.

Mick, now overwhelmed with genuine, heartfelt emotion, reaches a state we've never seen him in before.

MICK

I need to be with Alice...I need  
that second chance...I'll do  
anything you want, anything.

The aliens all stare at him, seemingly intrigued enough to hold off on proceeding, at least for now.

MICK

I..I cheated on her...a stupid  
substandard inadequate asshole...  
Just one time. Drunk. Some women  
who meant nothin'...cost me the  
woman who meant everything.

Mick takes a moment.

MICK

I need that second chance...just  
like humanity needs that second  
chance...I don't deserve it, but  
she does...there's so many  
wonderful people on planet  
Earth...wonderful people. Yeah,  
there are assholes, but most of us  
are built on love. Love, guys.  
You've gotta see the love...I love  
her. Please.

Plazbum shifts his gaze to Leader Alien.

LEADER ALIEN

I'm sorry middleman, we've never  
been able to compute love.

Leader Alien turns to the control panel alien and nods.

MICK

Wait!

The aliens freeze and gaze towards Mick, who is frantically  
searching for something, anything.

MICK

-- How 'bout you just pretend to  
get blown up by the humans...and  
survey them anyway?

LEADER ALIEN

That would make zero logical sense,  
middleman.

MICK

It makes a lotta sense,  
cos...cos...you're superior and you  
can do it...and...and...

Mick thinks hard, the weight of the world pressing on his  
response... finally landing on...

MICK

It's funny?

Plazbum titters, catching Leader Alien's attention, who then  
gazes back at Mick.

LEADER ALIEN

It would be funny?

MICK

YES! YES! It's really funny!

Mick invigorated with a last-ditch surge of hope, seizes the  
moment and sells this to the maximum --

MICK

AHAHAHA! AHAHAHA! Oh my lord, it's  
funny! Imagine the dumb humans  
thinking they beat you, having all  
their dumb celebrations and you can  
just sit up here laughing at them  
all, AHAHAHA! AHAHAHA!

Leader Alien titters, followed by the other aliens in the room, their titters escalating into full-blown laughter.

MICK

What a brilliant joke! "Hey, we just blow away the Trandaccians with our dumbass trolley bomb". What ass-clowns! AHAHAHAH, AHAHAHA.

The aliens laugh heartily. Mick joins in, his laughter masking the intense peril he's still feeling.

MICK

Surely the best goddamn joke in the history of the Universe!

The Aliens laugh harder...

Amid all the hysterics, Leader Alien turns and nods to the control panel alien, who promptly begins keying into his controls. Mick, though still forcing laughter, watches intently.

On the control panel monitor, the beam-shooting cannon vanishes, replaced by a rapid succession of graphics --

The milk trolley, hidden explosives flashing red and seemingly rearming; the Trandaccian spacecraft hovering above Earth; and finally, the Trandaccian spacecraft exploding in orbit. All accompanied by a flurry of nonsensical symbols.

With the room still echoing with alien laughter, Leader Alien turns back to Mick.

LEADER ALIEN

Faux Trandaccian defeat programme has been launched, middleman.

Mick, still bound by his hola-straps, laughter dwindling against the colossal situation he just found himself in...  
FAINTS.

The aliens freeze and stare.

PLAZBUM

-- It appears our joke on humanity is so funny it has breached human capacity for laughter.

The aliens erupt in laughter.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - DAY

The President, on his feet, phone pressed to his ear, listens with mounting impatience and frustration.

THE PRESIDENT

I don't care! Get the goddamn signal back, moron, because if we don't it's mankind, au revoir. Done. No more. Can nobody get this through their thick skulls, get it back on!

The headset-wearing military officer at the computer station abruptly swivels his chair around toward the President --

MILITARY OFFICER

Sir, we're back on.

THE PRESIDENT

(into phone)  
-- Well done.

The President slams the phone down and gazes at the military officer as if he's forgotten what to do next.

THE PRESIDENT

-- Execute.

MILITARY OFFICER

(into headset)  
Green light, green light, engage.

The President and all others in the room, including Baldock, shift their attention to the N.A.S.A monitor on the wall --

The satellite image of the Trandaccaian spacecraft.

An extremely intense moment as they all stare...

The spacecraft explodes.

Everyone suppresses their elation, staring silently before all turning towards the military officer who peers intently into his monitor

MILITARY OFFICER

-- Target neutralised!

The room erupts with cheers and applause as everyone rises to their feet. The President fist pumps the air before engaging in handshakes with his surrounding military generals.

Baldock approaches the President, offering his hand.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK  
 Congratulations, Mr President. I  
 had my reservations but you did it.

THE PRESIDENT  
 Never underestimate the resolve of  
 this great nation, governor. God  
 Bless America.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK  
 God bless America.

The governor joins in the celebration with the rest of the  
 room as the President stands proud amid all the elation, a  
 look of immense self-congratulation plastered on his face.

FADE TO:

INT. BAR - EVENING

Bar-goers stand or sit at their tables, transfixed by the TV  
 screen in the same bar Mick and Bobby visited earlier.

On the TV screen, the President addresses the nation.

THE PRESIDENT  
 ...In this pivotal moment for  
 humanity, I stand before you, as  
 the President of the United States,  
 to share the news that every  
 individual on this planet deserves  
 to hear. The threat has been  
 vanquished. Against all odds, we  
 have triumphed over the alien  
 invaders...

Mick and Bobby sit at one of the bar tables watching.

THE PRESIDENT  
 The United States of America does  
 not falter in the face of peril to  
 our world. We remain vigilant and  
 we remain steadfast in our duty to  
 safeguard this planet we call  
 Earth. Our home. May God bless this  
 great nation... USA! USA! USA! USA!  
 USA!

A number of the bar-goers join in with the chant, "USA! USA!  
 USA!", as at their table, Bobby shifts his gaze to Mick.

BOBBY

Well, shit me sideways. Seems like you and the top brass came up trumps in the end. I reckon I'll have me a beer on that.

Bobby proceeds to knock back his beer.

MICK

I knew that arrogant asshole couldn't keep it under wraps. That's not gonna cause much of a storm, is it?

Bobby finishes his beer and burps.

BOBBY

Quit yer moanin', pardner. Your troubles just got resolved. And heck, he didn't mention yer name the once.

MICK

Yeah. Good.

BOBBY

Before ya mosey on over to that date ya got lined up, least ya could do is show me the courtesy of sharin' a beer given Earth's survival n'all.

Bobby raises his new beer bottle.

BOBBY

To Earth, booze, and its babes.

Mick chinks Bobby's beer with his.

MICK

Amen to that.

Mick takes a mouthful of his beer.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Mick exits the bar and heads towards --

Alice, who stands by her Volkswagen beetle. She's looking a knockout in her enchanting one-piece.

MICK

Howdy, purty.

ALICE  
Howdy, hero.

MICK  
-- Hero. I'm far from that.

She looks at him, locks on her tender eyes.

ALICE  
Who would've thought Mick "The middle guy" would become Mick "The save the world guy"?

He meets those tender eyes.

MICK  
Not me. I'll never know why they chose me.

A moment.

She then moves toward him, linking her arm with his and planting a kiss on his cheek. They share a charged look.

MICK  
Um...do you think maybe...Mr "Save the World guy", could um...ever be forgiven, for screwing up the best damn thing that ever entered his sorry-ass life?

Alice looks back, her eyes locked with his, saying more than words ever could.

MICK  
I'm sorry. Sorry for everything I put you through. You never deserved that. I never deserved you. As long as you're happy...I'll always be happy.

Emotions run through Alice's glittering eyes.

ALICE  
Y'know, saving the world isn't a bad way to impress a girl.

With smiles exchanged, Mick and Alice walk arm in arm towards Alice's parked Beetle.

An affectionate energy flows with every step.

They arrive at the car, and Alice steps over to the driver's side, their arms detaching.

Suddenly, Mick's BLEEPER bleeps from his trouser pocket. He glances down at it with a long-suffering expression.

MICK

Why did I keep the bleeper?  
Sometimes they give up after about  
half an hour.

He looks toward Alice for her verdict.

ALICE

Better get it. Unwise to ignore  
aliens who can wipe us all out with  
one push of a button.

MICK

Trust me, that scenario is  
preferable to Plazbum's  
preposterous nature questions.

He retrieves the bleeper from his pocket and presses the button while raising it to his mouth.

MICK

Yes, what now Plaz?

PLAZBUM (O.S)

(from bleeper)

We would very much like you to help  
us negotiate various substance  
trade, including Uncle Sam's milk  
with other planetary authorities.

MICK

Would you...so in other words, you  
want me to join your intergalactic  
drugs cartel?

Short pause.

PLAZBUM (O.S.)

Affirmative.

Mick exchanges a glance with Alice. She offers a resigned smile before getting into the driver's seat and starting the engine.

MICK

Yeah, I'm afraid, I just don't  
think I'm gonna add any valu--

PLAZBUM (O.S)

We realise we may need to  
compensate you for such endeavour.



Mick is stopped in his tracks.

MICK  
Compensate me?

PLAZBUM  
Affirmative...greedy dipshit.

Mick smiles then looks over at Alice and shrugs.

She rolls her eyes then puts the car into gear and gestures for Mick to get in.

MICK  
(into bleeper)  
Step into my office...

Alice hits the radio and a UPLIFTING TUNE blasts through the speakers.

Mick steps into the passenger side with the bleeper still held to his ear, wearing quite the optimistic smile.

Alice shifts the car into drive... the car accelerates away with our couple.

The Volkswagen Beetle flies off into the distance as we watch the car disappear into the city lights.

THE WONDROUS, ILLUMINATED, NASHVILLE LIGHTS.

ABOVE THE LIT BEAUTY.

THE NIGHT SKY LOOMS.

THE STARS SHINE BRIGHT.

THE GALAXY IS IN VIEW TONIGHT...

THE END.