THE DAY THE JONES FAMILY ENCOUNTERED A DOWNED FLYING SAUCER!
FADE IN:

EXT. LOVELY REMOTE ROAD - TRAVELING SHOT - DAY

1965: A bright summer’s day. The Jones’ sedan motors along.

INT. JONES’ SEDAN - MOVING SHOT - DAY

Traveling the remote road, the vacationing, YOUTHFUL MRS. JONES (a shapely/pretty woman who takes 1965’s high-style fashion to an extreme) drives, as her clean-cut hubby MR. JONES, with a plaster-cast on 1 arm, rides shotgun.

In the rearseat sit the couple’s 2 kids: SCHOOLBOY TOMMY JONES & SCHOOLGIRL KITTY JONES. The family is finishing their performance of the song *In The Good Ol’ Summertime*.

ENTIRE JONES FAMILY
(singing)
...and that’s a very good sign!
That she’s your tootsie wootsie,
in, *The Good Ol’ Summertime*!
(the family rejoices)

MR. JONES
Gotta love that rollicking,
ol’-timey tune!
Whaddya wanna sing next?!

SCHOOLBOY TOMMY JONES
Let’s listen to the radio!

MR. JONES
We would, but it doesn’t work for some reason. It probably needs some of those “vacuum tubes” we’ve been hearing so much about.

Tommy, looking out his window *skyward*, spots something.

MR. JONES
The dealer’ll fix it when we get back. So I think we outta -

SCHOOLBOY TOMMY JONES
Dad, I think there’s like, a flying saucer out there.

Mr. Jones partially swivels & half-glances out the window.
MR. JONES
Son, what’s up with that imagination? There’s absolutely no -

ACTION
A huge flying saucer fills the windshield's view. It descends & hovers inches above the road - blocking the car's path.

YOUTHFUL MRS. JONES
FLYING SAUCER!!

Mrs. Jones slams-on the brakes - screeching to a halt just yards from the acoustically-WHIRRING saucer.

EXT. LOVELY REMOTE ROAD - LOCATION OF STOPPED SEDAN - DAY

FROM BEHIND THE JONES’ CAR we see all four doors fly open. The horrified family explosively disembarks & runs down the street - away from the giant UFO and their own vehicle.

MR. JONES
OH, YOU ARE TOO FUCKIN’ KIDDING ME!!

YOUTHFUL MRS. JONES
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!!
IT’S A MURDER-SAUCER!!

MR. JONES
WE ARE COMPLETELY DEAD!!
COMPLETELY DEAD!!
COMPLETELY DEAD!!

SCHOOLGIRL KITTY JONES
Oh God, I’m so sorry I stole all that candy!!

SCHOOLBOY TOMMY JONES
Oh God, I’m so sorry I stole her stolen candy!!

MR. JONES
Hey!! Wait a minute!!!

Mr. Jones stops. His family also halts.

SCHOOLBOY TOMMY JONES
(to Mr. Jones)
I was just kiddin’ about the candy.
MR. JONES
(ignoring Tommy’s claim)
Why in fuck’s-name are we running
from a space-crappin’ flying
saucer?!

SCHOOLGIRL KITTY JONES
And from our car too!

MR. JONES
(staring back at the UFO)
I mean, if a flying saucer wants to
do ninety-nine percent the speed of
gravity and crush us like a sunday-
go-to-meeting hat...
(pause)
...running wouldn’t help us in the
least.

Schoolgirl Kitty looks back at the saucer.

SCHOOLGIRL KITTY JONES
It’s just sitting there!

MR. JONES
(pause, looks at saucer)
Okay, let’s just stand here for a
while and see what that thing does.

YOUTHFUL MRS. JONES
But honey -

MR. JONES
Silence, tasty queen.

The family stands for a moment, watching the motionless,
floating craft. INDIVIDUAL CLOSE-UPS OF FAMILY-FACES SHOW:

MR. JONES - gives a concerned look, winds toss his hair.

YOUTHFUL MRS JONES - appears deeply worried.

SCHOOLGIRL KITTY - shows a grimacing face of impending doom.

SCHOOLBOY TOMMY is looking into a peepshow keychain.

SCHOOLBOY TOMMY JONES
(to himself)
Oh, paperboy likee milky!

Mr. Jones in his own way, musters courage.
MR. JONES (CONT’D)
Uuh, okay, let’s,
go see what that thing is!

The family cautiously steps toward the hovering machine.

YOUTHFUL MRS. JONES
(softly to Mr. Jones)
Steven, I don’t have a good feeling
about this!

MR. JONES
(whispering to Mrs.)
Well, you won’t have much feeling
at all if they squish us like a
Chinese-pressed duck!

YOUTHFUL MRS. JONES
(whispering)
Which is exactly why -

SCHOOLBOY TOMMY JONES
(whispering to Mr. Jones)
It [the UFO] looks like a huge toy.

MR. JONES
(whispering to Tommy)
(feigning knowledge)
Yeah, the aliens do that on
purpose, so when somebody snaps a
picture it’ll become, a photo of
derision!
(pause)
The saucer-boys probably have a
giant reproduction of a thumbprint,
pasted on the underside to really
mess with people.

SCHOOLGIRL KITTY JONES
(whispering)
Mommy, should we give it [the UFO]
a Nazi salute?

YOUTHFUL MRS. JONES
(whispering)
No, honey, we only do that at home.

From behind the saucer, GREEN MAN (fully human, except for
the green complexion & British accent) wearing a green
business suit & holding a briefcase, steps into view.
GREEN MAN
Hi! Could I get all of you to take ten, giant-daddy steps backwards, okay? The craft is giving off an E-M field right now - nasty stuff, believe me - and before we can turn it off, we need to put down the landing gear, or the ship's belly will hit the ground, and you can't believe the labor cost involved in banging-out dents from a super material.

Green Man hand-signals the craft. The whir-frequency lessens.

GREEN MAN (CONT'D)
Truly, the wax job alone would break yuh. So, if you'd just step back, all will be safe.

CLOSE ON Green Man looking at the saucer. We HEAR the (o.c.) LANDING GEAR LOCK INTO PLACE. The WHINE whizzes to silence.

MR. JONES
(to Green Man)
What is all this?!

GREEN MAN
This, is the year!
It was written, long ago, that we would land upon this world, this earth...

(pause)
...and deliver onto this planet, significant information. An all-encompassing compendium of universal wisdoms that will immediately and forever change your lives more-so than the trouble you'd know if you'd won the lottery eighty times in a week.

(pause)
And our centuries-long mission completes at this minute, in this year of twenty-twenty.

MR. JONES
So, you're gonna start all that in the year two-thousand-twenty?

GREEN MAN
Yes, this year. Your lives shall never again -
MR. JONES
Are you not aware that this is nineteen-sixty-five? What are you talking about, exactly?

SCHOOLBOY TOMMY JONES
Yeah, the twenty-first century hasn’t even been invented yet and why are your pants green?

GREEN MAN
This is twenty...
(panicky, to Mr. Jones)
I mean, which year is this?!

MR. JONES
Nineteen-sixty-five.

GREEN MAN
(agony)
Oh man, this might explain a lot!
(to Mr. Jones)
And what year is that car [of yours]?

MR. JONES
Nineteen-sixty-four.

GREEN MAN
(panicky)
And it hasn’t been restored, and this isn’t some kind of joke, or something, like that, right?!!

MR. JONES
Yeah, this is nineteen-sixty-five. Why, did you really think -

YOUTHFUL MRS. JONES
(to Green Man)
And it’s July.

GREEN MAN
(panicky)
Yes! I’m aware it’s July! I mean, I’ve just traveled six-trillion miles from Planet Whatsitsface, so understandably, I’m not completely dim! I mean, I know it’s July!

YOUTHFUL MRS. JONES
Well, you were a ways-off on the calender year. Which is -
GREEN MAN
Yeah, well, our science is good but sometimes the knob on the saucer’s dash gets sticky.

SCHOOLGIRL KITTY JONES
There’s only one knob?

GREEN MAN
(sternly to Mr. Jones)
Listen, you are to tell absolutely no one, absolutely nothing about this, and make sure they [your family] say nothing either. If your plans include ever seeing a golden-road future, you’ll understand the weight of all this! I’m six-hundred years old and I don’t accept trouble!

SCHOOLBOY TOMMY JONES
Are you six-hundred earth years-old, or, six-hundred Planet Whatsitsface years?

GREEN MAN
(to Tommy)
If you start blabbing about this, he [your father] is gonna find out!

Green Man picks up his brief case. The UFO, with a sudden WHIRRING sound, shoots skyward. (Green man remains in place.)

GREEN MAN (CONT’D)
(suddenly cordial)
Well, I’m outta here. Oh, and here’s a few bucks for the gas we siphoned out of your tank.

Green Man throws several bills of currency on the ground. He turns & walks away, down the center of the empty street. The kids pick up the notes & notice they’re hundreds.

SCHOOLGIRL KITTY JONES
Hundred-dollar bills?!

GREEN MAN
(hollering over shoulder)
YUP! DON’T Y’JUST LOVE THE COLOR?!

As the family watches Green Man walk away, he magically vanishes.
MR. JONES
What an asshole.
(pause)
C’mon let’s get out of here before any more of ’em show up.

SCHOOLBOY TOMMY JONES
(to Mr. Jones)
Do we really have to keep our mouths shut about that spaceman?

MR. JONES
You can tell whoever y’want.

The foursome walk to the sedan and see an alien-style gas can and a rubber hose near the car’s open gas-hatch.

MR. JONES (CONT’D)
Oh my God! Those alien dick-holes really did drain gas out of our tank!! I thought the verdi-gringo was out-of-his shaky head when he said it!

To determine the amount of fuel remaining, father taps twice on the car’s gas inlet.

MR. JONES (CONT’D)
Holy fuck! There can’t be a drop left! Man! Just like an abducted cow! When those alien nut-sacks want something they really suck it dry!
(pause)
I mean really, how could they even do that?

Kitty, kneeling down, examines the siphon hose.

SCHOOLGIRL KITTY JONES
(softly to herself)
Indistinguishable from magic!
(excited to Mr. Jones)
Hey, dad! Maybe the alien fixed your hurt arm!

Mr. Jones taps his plaster cast, clearly experiences pain.

MR. JONES
Nope. That off-earth shit-eater did nothin’ for me.
SCHOOLBOY TOMMY SORT
So how are we gonna get to our motel?

MR. JONES
We’ll all have t’walk to the gas station first. Grab the gas can. We’ll get some drinks there an’ stuff.

The family plods the street. The car fades into the distance.

SCHOOLBOY TOMMY JONES
Man, that space alien sure was a dill-shank.

YOUTHFUL MRS. JONES
Yes, but didn’t his suit fit nicely?

Carrying the siphon hose, Kitty blows into it. A KAZOO SOUND magically emits. Instrumentally, she performs part of the song In The Good Ol’ Summertime:

SCHOOLGIRL KITTY JONES
\[\text{nonverbal kazoo-ing}\]
And that’s a very good sign.
That she’s your tootsie wootsie,....

SCHOOLBOY TOMMY JONES
\textit{In!}

MR. JONES \hspace{1cm} YOUTHFUL MRS. JONES
(singing, smiling, \hspace{1cm} (singing, smiling, looking into camera) \hspace{1cm} looking into camera)
\textbf{THE GOOD OL’ SUMMERTIME!} \hspace{1cm} \textbf{THE GOOD OL’ SUMMERTIME!}

FLASH TO BLACK

CREDITS ROLL AS THE FINAL 36-SECONDS OF THE (PUBLIC DOMAIN) RECORDING OF THE HAYDEN QUARTET SINGING \textit{IN THE GOOD OL’ SUMMERTIME} PLAYS.
\texttt{(SEE:HTTPS://WWW.YOUTUBE.COM/WATCH?V=CCJSC_19DP8)}

\textit{Song’s use begins at TIME-MARK 2:07}

HAYDEN QUARTET
\texttt{(singing @ time-mark 2:07)}
In the good ol’ Summertime!
In the good ol’ Summertime!
Strolling through the shady lane, with your baby, mine!
(MORE)
HAYDEN QUARTET (CONT'D)
You’ll hold her hand,
and she’ll hold yours.
And that’s a very good sign.
That she’s your tootsie wootsie in,
The Good Ol’ Summertime!