

JEROME

THE FINAL FRONTIER TOWN

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A two-hundred passenger SPACESHIP idles against a platform. Travelers in matching spacesuits wave goodbye.

CONDUCTOR

All aboard! Service to Mars,
Jupiter, Elon Musk's Neptune and
our final destination, JEROME.

A proud family man, GLEN SELLERS, appears pushing a full luggage cart and sipping a big gulp. He wears a gift store T-shirt that reads "Jerome AF." He's followed by his children RUSTY (13) and DEV (9).

Wide eyed, Glen admires the space cruiser and the long line of passengers climbing aboard.

GLEN

Wow. Look at that ship! You know it
seats 10,000 passengers?

DEV

I hope they have enough bathrooms.

Rusty is making a video call to his 13 year old girlfriend.

RUSTY

I'll write you every day, Emmy Lou.

EMMY LOU

Do I have to write back everyday -- or
will an end-of-week round-up suffice?

RUSTY

I can't live without you.

EMMY LOU

It's a two week vacation.

RUSTY

(teary, lovesick)
I know. Wait for me, my sweet!

He hangs up. A panicked husband and wife hurry past.

PARENT

Have you seen a three year old
about yay high?

GLEN

No, sorry.

The parents move off, calling out --

PARENTS

Bobby!! Where are you, son?!

The family approach a TICKET INSPECTOR.

GLEN

Hi there! Glen Sellers, my son
Rusty and my daughter Dev.
(excited, like a kid)
We're all heading to Jerome!

INSPECTOR

(rolls his eyes)
Hoo-boy.

DEV

Hoo-boy? Why, 'hoo-boy'?

INSPECTOR

What? Nothin'.

The Inspector stamps the tickets and hands them back.

INSPECTOR (CONT'D)

Aurevoir!

GLEN

Jerome, here we come!

INSPECTOR

May God have mercy on your souls.

DEV

Mercy? Why mercy?

The family start climbing the gangplank towards the ship. A little TODDLER'S FACE appears in one of the spaceship portholes. No one notices.

2

INT. CRUISE SHIP CABIN - MIDDLE DECK - SLEEPING CAR

2

Automatic doors open to the SELLERS sleeping quarters, revealing Glen's mother, COOKIE SELLERS, in vacation mode.

COOKIE

Surprise! Bonjour Pionnières!!

Glen spit takes and drops his big gulp. The kids run and hug.

KIDS

Cookie!!!

GLEN

Mom!?

(forced smile)

You told me you were staying here on Earth. You promised on your eyes.

COOKIE

Oh, I got false eyes when I got false teeth. Twofer.

Cookie taps her eyes with her finger nail. They have a metallic sound.

GLEN

So why did you decide to come?

COOKIE

I realized I can't stand being lightyears away from my beloved grandchildren.

GLEN

You got thrown out of the retirement home again, dintcha?

COOKIE

You hold one BDSM party, they void your tenancy!

RUSTY

What's a BDSM party?

COOKIE

Fun and games, kid! Fun and games.

DEV

Can we play?

GLEN

No! What have I told you?

KIDS

(reciting robotically)

Never play games with grandma.

Cookie hands Glen a heavy URN.

COOKIE

Stow this will ya.

GLEN

Mother, whose ashes are these?

COOKIE

My tango partner, Richard. He had two dreams in life: have his ashes scattered in space and find a kidney donor. I'm gonna make one of those dreams come true.

(to the kids)

Hey kiddos. Who wants to play a game of "find grandma some hard liquor?"

The kids start to move off.

GLEN

What did I just say?

KIDS

(stopping, reciting again)

Never play games with grandma.

The lights dim.

A clever hologram appears in front of them. It's billionaire, GERARD JEROME. Like an ad for Norwegian Cruise Lines.

GERARD JEROME

Greetings Pioneers! I'm Gerard Jerome. Inventor, billionaire and international DJ.

We fly into the Hologram: over a grand canyon and into Gerard Jerome's compound. The landscaping is gorgeous. A natural waterfall in his living room, jurassic flowers in the foreground. A sentient robot serves Gerard orange juice in his conversation pit. The ultimate piece of real estate.

GERARD JEROME (CONT'D)

If you're watching this it means you've decided to say goodbye to earthly annoyances --

GLEN

So I thought.

COOKIE

Heard that!

GERARD JEROME

-- turn your back on war, crime, and poor life decisions --

COOKIE

Amen brother!

GERARD JEROME

-- and join me here in the City of
Paradise, on my planet, Jerome.

Jerome takes us on a virtual tour around a clean, gleaming
Jetsons-esque future-town of happy, smiling people. One
BEAUTIFUL PERSON with a jetpack lands on a rooftop bar and is
handed a cocktail -- while another GOLDEN COUPLE play a
futuristic racquet-sport on a manicured lawn.

GERARD JEROME (CONT'D)

Jerome is a utopian society where
humankind has traded in the seven
day workweek for a life of luxury
and leisure. How? Because lookee --

He points to ROCKY MOUNTAINS outside of town.

GERARD JEROME (CONT'D)

-- there's gold in them thar hills!

The hologram zooms into the mountains -- and zeroes in on an
aging, whiskered PROSPECTOR GIBBY HAYES -- scanning the
ground with a metal detector. He suddenly finds a gleaming
gold rock lying on the ground and -- BING! -- transforms into
a well-dressed high-society dandy entering a casino with
supermodels on his arms.

GLEN

(holding up his own metal
detector)

Yesss!

GERARD JEROME

-- now stow your bags and set your
pods to cryo-freeze because shortly
you'll embark on an interstellar
journey to your new life -- in
PARADISE!

Glen battles with the carry-on luggage overhead.

DEV

Wait? Did that hologram man say "a
new life"?

Glen looks sheepish.

GLEN

Uh...

DEV

Dad?

GLEN

Okay, I didn't want to tell you until we got there because I wanted it to be a surprise... but we're not going on a vacation... we're moving! To a new planet!

Beat.

Dev and Rusty bolt for the closed door and hammer on it.

RUSTY
Let us off!

DEV
Our father is kidnapping us!

RUSTY (CONT'D)
He said this was a vacation!

DEV (CONT'D)
I wondered why he sold the house!

GLEN

Kids, kids! Come on! This is what we need. None of us have been happy on Earth since mom died.

RUSTY
(gruff)
I've been fine since mom died.

GLEN

At her funeral, you drank a whole bottle of tequila.

COOKIE
You stole that out of my purse?

DEV
What about all my friends at school?

GLEN

Hun, every day you get beaten-up by bullies. You don't have any friends at school.

DEV
Tell that to Nurse Hernandez, I see her every day!

RUSTY
How long is this flight!?

GLEN
Fifteen years.

RUSTY

What?! Emmy Lou will be like forty years old by the time we arrive! I'll be dating a MILF!

(beat)

Cool.

DEV

You can't do this to us!

RUSTY

Yea!

GLEN

Kids, this is our chance to start over! You heard Mr. Jerome -- his planet is a paradise where I can finally give you kids the happy childhood my parents never gave me.

COOKIE

I'm right here.

Glen pulls the glossy BROCHURE from his bag.

GLEN

Look... you'll be growing up in a wonderful new home --

He shows them the picture of their gleaming new futuristic house. Flips the page to show a glistening futuristic MAIN STREET.

GLEN (CONT'D)

-- in a place free of war, disease and hatred.

COOKIE

And immigrants.

GLEN

Mom! What have I told you?

COOKIE

(robotic, reciting)

No racism in front of the kids.

GLEN

We're the one's migrating, Mom. C'mon, hands in. Family Motto - *All for one...?*

No one puts their hands in.

Jerome's HOLOGRAM appears again.

GERARD JEROME

It's time to sit back and close your eyes because we're about to take off! On the back of your ticket you'll find one of my patented ChewableZZZ™ sleeping pills. Please pop it now!

Cookie and the kids pop their pills. Glen is busy trying to cram his metal detector into the overhead compartment.

HOLOGRAM VOICE-OVER

(super-fast, like medical commercial)

Failure to ingest your ChewableZZZ™ pill before traveling at the speed of light WILL result in the cracking of skin, clumping hair, vein knotting, inside-out body syndrome and, in most cases, death.

COOKIE

(falling asleep, to Rusty)

Kid, you owe me a bottle of Patronnnnn --

Glen finally takes his seat.

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

(over the intercom)

Please take your seats. Launch in T minus one minute. Also, has anyone seen a three year old?

GLEN

You know, for the first time since your mom passed, I'm looking forward to waking up tomorrow.

Silence. Glen looks around, everyone is already asleep.

Glen takes his seat and pulls the pill off the back of his ticket. The windows seal shut and the seat belt sign "dings."

Automated seat-belts buckle quickly over Glen's wrists, knocking the pill from his hand and onto the floor. Glen pries open his restraints and lunges at the pill.

Countdown for lift off begins: TEN, NINE, EIGHT....

3 EXT. SPACEPORT BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS 3

Families look on. THREE...TWO...ONE...LIFT-OFF.

The TODDLER's face again appears in the window of the spaceship, waving.

His parents -- outside -- scream:

PARENTS
(crying out)
Bobbbyyy!!!

Too late. **THE SHIP LAUNCHES LIKE A CLAY PIGEON, penetrating the city smog.** Poof.

4 INT. GLEN'S SEAT - CONTINUOUS 4

Glen is suctioned to the window. Forty thousand feet and climbing until: zero gravity. The pill floats next to Glen's face, he almost reaches it with his tongue.

Enormous engines BLAST. The saucer reaches the speed of light. The metal is peeling off of the ship and the skin off of Glen's face.

Glen fights tooth and nail back to his seat. The ship takes a hard left turn. Glen's eyes slap against the window and his mouth is on the floor screaming for help.

GLEN'S MOUTH
MOM!? KIDS?! PLEASE GOD, IT HURTS!

Glen's eyeballs scan the room. His family is sleeping soundly. He sees his body, it's safely buckled up in his seat. Empty eye sockets, empty mouth hole. Glen surrenders to death.

Like a golfball on a mini-golf course, the pill finds its way into Glen's mouth. His body retracts, asleep. Glen, Cookie, Dev and Rusty all sleep soundly in their pods. Light Speed.

The ship travels through space.

It stops at colonies on Mars, Neptune and Jupiter, all of which are LUXURIOUS HOLIDAY RESORTS. Passengers depart.

The Sellers family remain asleep.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. LANDING PAD - JEROME - SUNRISE 5

The weathered ship passes through clouds, landing "safely" on an airstrip in the middle of a magenta cactus field.

A long WALKWAY TUNNEL extends from it's underside -- hits the ground -- and continues to extend off into the distance.

6 INT. SLEEPING CAR - CONTINUOUS 6

Steam fills the room. The sleeping pods decompress and Glen and the kids awaken.

GLEN
We made it!

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)
(over the intercom)
Last stop, Jerome. Your final destination. Seriously, this is it. Last chance to go home. Don't say we didn't warn you.

DEV
Am I the only one hearing this?!

GLEN
Wake your grandmother up, kids. Cookie... we've landed in Utopiaaaa!

Cookie is asleep with her mouth open on Rusty's shoulder.

Rusty shrugs Cookie's head onto Dev's shoulder. "Ew," Dev shoves Cookies's head to Rusty, "Ew." Back and forth until:

GLEN (CONT'D)
Kids! Wait. Is she... oh no.
(beat)
DOES ANYONE KNOW CPR???
What do we do!? What do we do!?

Glen, in full panic mode, flaps around hopelessly.

GLEN (CONT'D)
(panicked)
My mother is dying! My mother is dying! I mean, I've wished for it -- but now that it's here...

DEV
Dad! You're hyperventilating. Don't panic. I'm CPR certified.

GLEN

Really?

DEV

Yea, Nurse Hernandez taught me when we ran out of things to talk about.

(with authority)

Rusty, tilt Grandma's head back!
Pinch her nose and cover her mouth
with yours. Rusty -- go!

RUSTY

Why do I have to do it?!

DEV

Because I'm busy with Dad!

REVEAL: Glen is breathing into a travel sick bag.

RUSTY

I always have to do everything!
Rusty take out the trash, Rusty mow
the lawn, Rusty make-out with
Grandma-

DEV

Blow until you see her chest rise!

RUSTY

Ew! Sh-t, fine!

Rusty stares at his grandmother's mouth. A long black hair grows out of Cookie's mole. He gags.

Rusty moves the mole hair off Cookie's lip.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

(gags and whispers)

She smells like a tuna can.

DEV

Hurry!

Rusty puts his mouth on his grandmother's mouth: Cookie's eyes jolt! COOKIE GASPS into... hysterical laughter!

COOKIE

GOTCHA!! HAAAAHA!

(silence)

You should see your faces! I almost
broke when Glen started crying!

Cookie is the only one laughing. She cracks open a can of TUNA DRINK and gulps it down. She offers a taste.

COOKIE (CONT'D)
Tuna anyone?

Rusty gags again.

7 INT. TUNNEL - MOVING WALKWAY - LATER

7

The Sellers family are traveling along a moving walkway with their carry-on bags. Dev looks around, concerned.

The tunnel seems to extend for miles. A Gerard Jerome hologram appears overhead.

GERARD JEROME
The City of the Future welcomes
you, brave Pioneers!

The Sellers are the only people in the walkway.

DEV
(anxious)
Uh... where are all the other
passengers?

RUSTY
(at phone)
Still no cell service. Emmy Lou
must be worried sick!

Up ahead, Glen and Cookie whisper fight.

GLEN
Why would you pretend to be dead?
You know the kids lost their mother
last summer!

COOKIE
Last summer was fifteen years ago.

GLEN
You most likely scarred Rusty for
life.

COOKIE
Oh, please.

GLEN
Your tongue touched his tongue.

COOKIE
That's why it's funny! How do you
not see that!?

GLEN
You need to apologize.

COOKIE
Fine.
(to the kids)
My chickens, I will never apologize
for a good prank. But I will
promise you the next time I die,
it'll be for real.
(opens arms)
Give this old meat sack a hug.

The kids hug her and laugh.

Up ahead are a set of doors on which is painted the same picture of a beautiful futuristic MAIN STREET that was in Glen's brochure -- and above it the words 'WELCOME TO PARADISE'.

GLEN
This is it, family. Paradise City!

The automatic doors slide open to reveal:

MAIN STREET -- but it looks nothing like the picture.

It's a primitive, dusty, dirty WILD WEST-STYLE MAIN STREET.
An alien tumbleweed tumbles by.

COOKIE
Oh shit.

DEV
I wanna go home.

RUSTY
Me too.

They turn towards the WALKWAY -- but it retracts at great speed -- for miles and miles -- until far away in the distance it enters the SPACESHIP, which flies off rapidly.

COOKIE
I really need a drink.

RUSTY
I really need a pee.

Glen holds up the brochure: a futuristic MAIN STREET.

Glen drops the brochure: a rough and tumble frontier town.

GLEN
Now that's odd.

Dev looks at the sky.

DEV
Whoa, there's two suns -- Dad, did we remember to pack sunscreen?

GLEN
If it was on your checklist, yes we did, hun.

Glen unzips his carry-on bag. Inside is a perfect cube of flesh.

GLEN (CONT'D)
Hmmm...

Glen pokes the flesh. The flesh hops to it's feet, stretches, and takes form: It's a tall toddler in a diaper.

GLEN (CONT'D)
Heyyy, are you the missing toddler from the airport?

RUSTY
Dad?

COOKIE
That boy's feral, Glen.

DEV
Be careful, Dad.

GLEN
Shh, it's okay...hey, bud.

The toddler, like a PRIMATE, throws diaper waste in Glen's face and BITES GLEN'S THUMB.

ALL
AHHH! Ohhh!

The toddler runs off like a banshee.

DEV
Did we pack a first-aid kit?

RUSTY
We don't have our luggage.

COOKIE
 (pointing)
 What is this now?

THE CLERGY approach: a pig-pen of dust and limbs. Religious leaders who compete to convert the crowd.

MINISTER
 All who seek gold eventually seek
 God.

FATHER O'MALLEY
 Brothers and sisters! Half
 off all confessions this
 Thursday.

RABBI RAMI
 BYOB Temple Tuesday! Gentiles
 welcome!

MINISTER
 (grabs Glen by the face)
 TELL ME WHAT YOU SEEK CHILD!

GLEN
 Baggage claim?!

SATANIST
 (hands Dev a flyer)
 Learn to draw a pentagram!

The Clergy exit arguing amongst themselves.

Glen snags the pentagram flyer and tosses it in the trash.

RUSTY
 (complaining)
 There's church here??

GLEN
 A little church does a family good.

DEV
 Which God do you believe in, Gran?

COOKIE
 His Lord and Savior Jack Daniels.

Rusty waves his cell phone around, trying to get reception.

RUSTY
 What kind of utopian planet doesn't
 have cell service!?

GLEN
 Sounds utopian to me.

DEV
This doesn't feel utopian.

GLEN
You've never been to a Utopia to compare it to.

RUSTY
I really gotta pee.

GLEN
Pinch it off, Rust --

Glen reads a STREET DIRECTORY map "*You are here.*"

GLEN (CONT'D)
(takes a proud breath)
-- we're almost home.

A stranger throws a shoe at him.

STRANGER
Go back to Earth, you filthy immigrants!

DEV
Yep. Feels like home.

8 EXT. THE SELLERS PLOT - LATER

8

Cookie holds up the brochure: A futuristic house.

Cookie drops the brochure: Nothing but the frame of a house with no windows or walls, and basic plumbing.

COOKIE
(reading)
"Plot 22 Main. A luxurious split-level unit with vaulted ceilings and expansive views of wine country. A Permanent Vacation."

GLEN
There must be some mix up.

RUSTY
I can't hold it any more!

Rusty runs into the lot -- which has no doors or walls yet -- and sits down on the entirely visible toilet.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
Can you turn around, please?

The family turns around. Rusty pees for so long that Glen starts up his metal detector.

COOKIE

He sits down to pee? Like a -- ?

GLEN

(hunting for gold)
-- human being? Yes.

DEV

Dad, I have a bad feeling about
this place.

Glen tips his stupid gift store hat at a passing pedestrian.

GLEN

Howdy, neighbour, my name is Glen
Sell --

PEDESTRIAN

(brandishing a six-
shooter)
Shaddup or I'll shoot ya.

He walks on.

COOKIE

Glen, I love you like a son --

GLEN

I am your son.

COOKIE

-- but you've always been
gullible, like your father.

GLEN

Dad wasn't gullible.

COOKIE

Your Dad once said he thought there
was something missing from our
marriage and I convinced him it was
other dudes!

(then)

Just like your Daddy, you've been
duped. Deceived. Scammed.

Rusty stops peeing. Beat. Rusty starts peeing loudly again.

COOKIE (CONT'D)

Bamboozled. Hoodwinked. Gypped --

DEV

You can't say gypped, Grandma.
It's offensive to Roma-Gypsies.

COOKIE

What!? I thought it was offensive
to Egyptians.

Glen hunts for gold with his metal-detector, ignoring Cookie.

GLEN

Mother, Jerome is a billionaire.
Why would a *billionaire* deceive us?

Glen's metal-detector beeps! Ah-ha! He picks up a shiny gold object.

GLEN (CONT'D)

See, just like the brochure says,
the streets are paved with GOLD!

COOKIE

That's a butt-plug.
(then)
Must've fallen outta my urn.

Glen drops it like it's hot.

GLEN

There's clearly been some kind of
mistake.

Dev consults the brochure. Reads some small print.

DEV

(reading)
*Any and all complaints should be
taken up with the mayor of Jerome,
Al Applebee.*

GLEN

Come on everyone, we'll head into
town and get some answers.

9

EXT. MAIN STREET JEROME - LATER

9

It's like Deadwood meets Tatooine. Hand-painted signs
advertise *WHISKEY* and *PELTS*. Alien Horses pull buggies.
Droids push carts. Glen pulls his luggage.

The Sellers, still in their spacesuits, look *very new here*.

DEV
 (beat)
 I miss mom.

RUSTY
 If Mom was here, she'd be in jail.

DEV
 For what?

RUSTY
 Killing Dad.

GLEN
 Can we all stop being so negative,
 please? You saw the hologram video -
 - Mr. Jerome promised us Utopia --
 I need you all to believe in
 Jerome's vision -- and in *me*.
 Family Motto - *All for one...?*

No one puts their hands in.

GLEN (CONT'D)
 C'mon, this is our opportunity for
 a brand new start in PARADISE!

A DRUNK PIONEER GETS TOSSED OUT OF A SALOON WINDOW!

ALL
 Ahh!

They look up. The saloon is called APPLEBEE'S.

The drunk and injured man stands up. He blasts his gun
 overhead. BOOM! Team Sellers run for cover.

The Drunk Man is stumbling and waving his laser gun.
 Onlooker's duck every time he gestures.

DRUNK COUSIN
 Yer' accusing me of stealin' your
 lettuce seeds? Your own cousin?

Silence. An alien tumbleweed tumbles by.

DRUNK COUSIN (CONT'D)
 Don't pretend like you can't hear
 me big shot. Actin' like you're the
 mayor.

From the bar appears: a SWARTHY SALOON OWNER.

SALOON OWNER

You're only my second cousin, once removed --

The Drunk Man moves to fire -- but the Saloon Owner quick draws his weapon, blasting his cousin. THWACK!

SALOON OWNER (CONT'D)

-- but I am the mayor.

The Mayor walks back into the saloon.

DEV

Did the Mayor just kill his own cousin?

GLEN

No! Immersive dinner theater is all.

(laughs nervously)

I'm sure he's fine, hun.

An Undertaker's Wagon pulls up and ROBOTS IN BLACK HATS put the dead man in a coffin.

GLEN (CONT'D)

(clapping)

Great show, guys!

Surprised, the Robots turn to look at Glen and the coffin slips from their grip and falls to the ground. The Dead Man falls out and rolls across the dirt to the feet of the family, looking very, very dead.

GLEN (CONT'D)

(applauding the body)

Bravo, sir, bravo!

DEV

Dad, stop pretending everything is okay! This man is clearly dead -- and Paradise is a hell-hole!

GLEN

(brandishing the brochure)

No it's not, sweetie. Look at the brochure! *The Land of Opportun-*

DEV

(ripping up the brochure)

The brochure is a lie! Wake up, Dad! You were scammed! You sold mine and Rusty's future to bring us to the end of the universe!

(MORE)

DEV (CONT'D)

I wanna go home, I miss Nurse Hernandez, I miss Mom -- and I hate you!

Dev storms off. Glen looks distraught.

GLEN

(calling to Dev)
Daddy is going to make things right, hun. I promise!

10

INT. APPLEBEE'S - CONTINUOUS

10

The family walks into the saloon. As in a classic Western, the music stops and the patrons all turn to eyeball the newcomers in spacesuits.

COOKIE

We sooo look like tourists.

GLEN

Everyone *here* is a tourist. No one is actually from Jerome.

COOKIE

That kid looks like he's from here.

An EIGHT YEAR OLD takes a drag of a cig and flips them off.

GLEN

Stay in school.

Cookie reads the sign over the mechanical bull:

COOKIE

"Applebee's Saloon, Brothel, and Paninis."

RUSTY

What's a brothel, Gran?

COOKIE

It's where I met your grandfather.

GLEN

What?!

COOKIE

I'm kiddin'.
(aside, to Dev)
I'm not.

The Mayor/Saloon Owner, AL APPLEBEE, calls out to the crowd from behind the bar.

APPLEBEE

Sorry y'all had to see that. Some people just don't have any core values.

(the people agree)

Whiskey shots & handjobs, half-off all night!

The crowd cheers. Cookie cheers too. Glen fake smiles along.

The JUG BAND fires up and plays **Nelly's "HOT IN HERRE."**

Blurred out titties and dicks bounce. Glen covers Dev's eyes.

PROSTITUTE

(one tooth, to Rusty)

You wanna come upstairs, tenderfoot?

RUSTY

Why, what's upstairs?

PROSTITUTE

Fun and games, kid! Fun and games.

GLEN

(guiding Rusty away)

We were just leaving.

AN OLD MAN approaches Glen and Cookie, hat in his hands. (It's GIBBY HAYES from the Jerome commercial)

GIBBY HAYES

Spare any change, for a prospector down on his luck?

GLEN

Always.

Glen opens his wallet and is about to hand a dollar to Gibby when Cookie snatches it.

COOKIE

Be gone, panhandler.

Gibby stumbles away.

GLEN

Mom, what are you doing? In my family, we *give* to the needy.

COOKIE

The needy? Oh, please -- that ass-wipe was just gonna spend your money on booze.

She slams the dollar down on the bar counter.

COOKIE (CONT'D)

Whiskey, quick!

Glen stares at GIBBY HAYES as he bothers some other patrons.

GLEN

You know, he looks very familiar.

Cookie puts a cigarette in her mouth. The EIGHT YEAR OLD from before gives her a light with a futuristic Zippo.

COOKIE

Thanks kid.

DEV

Dad, the Mayor... You're gonna talk to him?

GLEN

Right. Yes. Excuse me, Mr Mayor.

Al approaches and wipes down the bar.

APPLEBEE

Call me Al. I see ya'll are just arriving.

GLEN

Yes sir, we are.

APPLEBEE

Lemme get you some drinks on the house. What'll you have?

GLEN

Thank you. I'll do a Crème de menthe.

COOKIE

Whiskey... Rye, neat.

(then)

A tequila, a beer, a shot of vodka, another beer, any gin you might have -- and a glass of port.

RUSTY

I'll take a beer too.

APPLEBEE

We don't serve alcohol to kids --
under five.

RUSTY

I'm thirteen.

APPLEBEE

Can I see your ID?

RUSTY

I don't have an ID.

APPLEBEE

I'm kiddin'. We'll serve anyone.
One beer coming up, kid.

GLEN

That's sweet of you but they'll
both have a water.

Cookie nudges Glen. Glen finds his confidence.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Mr. Mayor, the truth is --
(takes off his hat)

I'm a widower who sold his house,
his car, gosh everything but his
wedding ring to fly his family five
billion lightyears across time and
space because this brochure
promised that in Jerome I can make
my fortune and my kids can grow up
in a utopian paradise.

APPLEBEE

And yer point is?

COOKIE

We were gypped --

The music stops and everyone looks round.

APPLEBEE

We don't tolerate no racist talk in
here. This is a respectable bordello.

GLEN

She's from a different time.

APPLEBEE

Mister, why don't you come out an'
say whatever it is you're meanin' to
say.

GLEN

Paradise was falsely advertised. I need to get my family back home to Earth. So, I'd like a full refund, please.

Applebee's smile fades. The room falls quiet.

APPLEBEE

Did you say -- refund?

A long suspenseful pause.

The entire saloon bursts into laughter.

APPLEBEE (CONT'D)

Hahaha. You're quite the kidder, new feller.

DEV

He's serious. We want to go home!

RUSTY

Yea! My girlfriend is thirty-five years old by now!

APPLEBEE

-- And probably banging her personal trainer to fill the void in her soul.

RUSTY

Er... right, how is there no cell service here!?

Rusty runs out of the saloon waving his phone. Dev follows.

APPLEBEE

Sellers, can't you read?

GLEN

(proud)

At a tenth grade level!

APPLEBEE

Then read this, big shot --

Al points to a sign above the bar that says "NO REFUNDS".

COOKIE

JUST GIVE US OUR GODDAM MONEY!

Al's goons ready their lasers. Glen steps in front of his mother protectively.

GLEN

What my mother means to say is:
just give us our goddam money,
please. We just want to go home.

APPLEBEE

Next flight to Earth is in one
month's time. Four tickets'll cost
ya hundred dollars.

GLEN

(pleased)
Just one hundred dollars?

APPLEBEE

Plus taxes.

COOKIE

How much are the taxes?

APPLEBEE

Seventy thousand dollars.

The drinks are served to Glen.

APPLEBEE (CONT'D)

And it'll be forty-five for the
drinks.

GLEN

You said drinks were on the house.

APPLEBEE

Why would I say that? We just met.

GLEN

You did, you said --

APPLEBEE

You callin' me a crook in my own
brothel?

His goons ready their guns again.

GLEN

Well, not a crook exactly but...is
liar too strong a word?

COOKIE

Pay and walk away.

GLEN

(tear wells)
He's gaslighting us.

COOKIE
Pay and walk away.

Glen puts the money on the bar and Cookie guides him outside.

11 EXT. PLOT 22 - LATER

11

Dev and Rusty sit at the center of the half-finished house.
Glen and Cookie return.

RUSTY
Did you get our money back, Dad?

Glen cannot deny the truth any longer, he melts down.

GLEN
No. What did I do!? I failed you
all. I'm so sorry I brought you
here. I'm so sorry that my mother
is here and yours is not.
(tears up)
I'm so sorry I've ruined your
lives. You're right to hate me! I
hate me...

Glen sobs. Dev feels sorry for him. Dev comes over and puts
her arms around him.

DEV
Don't say that. I don't hate you,
Dad. I'm sorry for saying that.
Rusty, remember what Mom always
said?

RUSTY
Toilet seat down?

DEV
*We don't believe in perfect, we
believe in trying...*

COOKIE
So simple, so true.

GLEN
What a queen.

DEV
(rolls up her sleeves)
We're gonna finish this house, then
we're all going to work hard and
buy those return tickets home!

RUSTY

Dad, as much as it sucks here it's still pretty cool, I did see a boob today.

GLEN

Congrats man.

DEV

C'mon, hands in. Family Motto --
All for one...?

EVERYONE puts their hands in.

ALL

And one for all!

MONTAGE MUSIC PLAYS.

Plot 22 is under construction. The family works together. Rusty holds up an hammer from the wrong end. Cookie corrects him. The locals stare.

Dev does math and creates a pulley system to raise the house frame. Rusty locks pieces of furniture together. Glen gets space food out of a vending machine.

A cute alien puppy comes up and sniffs around the house playing with the kids. The puppy eats the directions to the house. Cookie, AXE IN HAND, has the puppy's head on a chopping block. The kids take the axe from grandma.

Cookie puts her urn on a shelf. Rusty tightens the last screw with an Allen Wrench. The house is finished. They did it.

MONTAGE MUSIC ENDS.

The family steps back and admires their work. Glen boasts.

GLEN

Feel that, kids? That feeling is pride, for a job well done.

A STRANGE BIRD lands on the house's weathervane.

The frame leans like a house of cards. The bird flies away.

THE HOUSE COLLAPSES.

RUSTY

Ahh!

DEV

Ahh!

*

The dust settles.

*

GLEN
Kids? No, holy sh-t. Rusty? DEV!

Glen runs to the house frame and tries to lift.

GLEN (CONT'D)
It's too heavy! Help! Anyone!?

Passers-by ignore his cries. Frustrated, Glen uses all of his strength and lifts the house. He's doing it!

GLEN (CONT'D)
Grrrr!!! Father Strength!!!

Glen looks to his left. Cookie's lifting the house too.

GLEN (CONT'D)
Dev? Rusty!?

Glen and Cookie sift through the rubble and find the kids lying unconscious.

GLEN (CONT'D)
(pacing)
What do we do?! What do we do?!
This is all my fault!

COOKIE
CPR! GLEN. Now!

GLEN
What!? Me? They both need it? I
can't!
(crying)
I don't even know what it's an
acronym for. Does anyone?!

COOKIE
Dev does.

Glen WAILS - Cookie SLAPS Glen in the face - and then AGAIN.

COOKIE (CONT'D)
You can do this.
(warmly)
Remember how I taught you to swim?

GLEN
You pushed me into Lake Ontario
then drove away.

COOKIE
And it worked! Well, this is the
same thing.
(MORE)

COOKIE (CONT'D)

(real talk)

You want a second chance at life?
Up here you can be the hero to
these kids -- Breathe the life back
into your family!

Glen kneels, pinches both of their noses, and gently breaks
down in tears. He can't do it. We really feel for him, until:

The kids BURST into hysterical laughter.

RUSTY
HAHAHA! Gotchu!

DEV
HAHA! We're totally fine!

*

GLEN
What is this?

RUSTY
Gran, you're right --
(snorts laughing)
It's so hard not to laugh when Dad
was crying.

Cookie joins in on the laughter. They high five.

COOKIE
Quick learners these two.

GLEN
What is wrong with you people?

DEV
Sorry, Dad. I had to.

Dev gets Glen to crack a smile.

GLEN
Terrible, terrible -- God awful
prank to pull on your father -- but
I deserved it. No more pretending
we're dead, please?!

The whole family laugh and enjoy the prank. Then silence.

The family stares at the rubble of their house.

DEV
Where are we gonna sleep tonight?

CUT TO:

12 EXT. APPLEBEE'S BROTHEL - NIGHT 12

There are three moons in the sky and the party is jumpin'.

13 INT. BROTHEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 13

Cookie, Glen and the kids share one bed like Charlie and The Chocolate Factory. Cookie, cig in mouth, sips from a flask -- Her false eyes and false teeth rest on the side table.

Rusty is writing Emmy Lou a love letter by candle light.

RUSTY (V.O.)

Dearest Emmy Lou, I know you're in your mid thirties now, and I'm five billion light years away, but I promise you - I *will* return home to you soon. Or at least before you hit menopause.

Glen plays with his wedding ring.

GLEN

Wish your mom could see us now. She'd be so proud of us, pulling together as a family, forging a new and better life...

DEV

What's that noise?

GLEN

What noise?

With that, we hear strange sex noises from next door. Glen immediately jumps out of bed and shakes himself off.

RUSTY

Oh yeah. What *is* that noise?

GLEN

I don't hear a noise. You hear a noise?

Cookie takes her eyes from her night stand and pops them in. The sex noises increase and become awkward for everyone.

COOKIE

(ashes her cig)
You want me to have this talk or will you?

GLEN
 I got this, Mom.
 (he doesn't)
 You see, kids, when two
 people...love one another very much-

COOKIE
 Or, if you just meet at a bar...

GLEN
 Well, they... uh... um...

Glen looks at the kids' innocent faces.

GLEN (CONT'D)
 Oh, you mean *that* noise? That's...
 Aliens!

DEV
 Aliens?

GLEN
 Yep, aliens!
 (blows candle out)
 Okay time to go to bed now!

DEV
 Aliens... Wow, cool...

Glen bangs on the wall. "Keep it down in there."

The camera slides from the Sellers' room, through the wall revealing: it really is aliens next door.

AN ALIEN COUPLE argue in sex noises. **In subtitles: "You fly me all the way here to live in a brothel?" "Have you tried the panini's though?" "Jim, we sold our house and our car...you've been duped!"** She throws her wedding ring.

A bang on the wall and Cookie shouts from the adjoining room.

COOKIE (O.S.)
 Keep it down in there. I can't hear myself drink!

GLEN (O.S.)
 You mean, 'I can't hear myself think.'

COOKIE (O.S.)
 You do you.