

# NiL-E

and/or

# Ni'yat

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*A work of fiction: any resemblance to any person or place is coincidental... except, of course, to the fictional characters themselves (who in no way are based on any one in reality), but which are based completely upon themselves (if that makes any sense). This is but my modest attempt to capture these fictional characters as best I could.*

*This result, my failing.*

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I started this as long ago as 2009, touched it again in 2010, and since then, nada (or so I shall claim, off the top of my head, as if anyone will care).

It's not a complete work. It likely never will be (least of all if it's to be completed by me). Still, I think about it now and again, have no great desire to delete it from my hard drive (which is my minimum criteria for posting something to the web), and it would be nice (great, truly awesome) if someone else took it over from where I left off (or simply enjoyed it for what it is).

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2-24-2015

*If I write anymore, I am most certain I shall start from scratch.*

NIL-E: A Fantasy of Galactic Proportions  
(The Cosmic Connection)  
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## **Commercials - Abstracts - Sales Pitches**

### Abstract #1

No secrets. No twist endings. A straightforward, coherent plot from start to finish that is so rife with imaginary friends, pretend aliens, sexual role-playing, and other manner of self-imposed intrigue that it couldn't be told any other way and still be understood.

### Abstract #2

It would appear that junior college astronomy professor, Alfred Mann, has been left by Nell, his wife of twenty years; and to some extent this is true, because she has gone away for the summer on an archeological dig. While away Mann remodels his house and invites his imaginary friend, Guy Goodson, to stay with him. To repay the favor (of creating him and all) Guy attempts to guide Mann through in and outs of the modern dating scene. But this only meets with limited success because Mann would appear to be in love with his "ex"-wife and all the girls he dates look like her. Finally, under the guidance of a dominatrix psychiatrist, who also looks like his wife, Mann meets an odd sort of girl on the Internet, who turns out to be an alien from another planet, or at least, that is what his wife who is playing the alien would have us believe.

### Abstract #3

Having been abandoned by his wife, Alfred Mann -- an astronomy professor at the local liberal arts college -- decides to reinvent his life. After refurbishing his house, he decides to get an imaginary roommate and after interviewing many, settles on what will eventually be revealed to be a younger version of himself who he calls Guy. Amazingly, Guy is a real ladies man, and soon he realizes he will have to get Mann laid... or find a new place to live, so he starts instructing his creator in the finer arts of picking up women. Through numerous fast paced montages, Mann does just this, and eventually falls in love with a slightly odd woman, half his age, that he meets on the Internet. She, of course, is a space alien, and while at first only interested in Mann to obstruct his research and keep her spaceship that is hiding amongst the asteroids a secret, in the end she winds up falling in love with the professor. Mann, however, is perturbed to discover that she has mucked with his experiments, and it would seem all would be lost... but in one final attempt to save their love, Nelli invites Mann to see the stars with her... which as the credits roll means taking her husband back to the their bedroom for a good old fashioned roll in the hay.

#### Abstract #4

Nell is a space alien, see? Only she's not, she's Alfred Mann's wife, who has left him to live her dream and devote her life to Joseph... only Joseph isn't another man, it's the Joint Occult Society for the Excavation of Philosophical Histories, an academic consortium of dubious merit. Simple enough so far, right? OK. So let's mix it up a little. While Nell is gone on her archeological digs, Alfred remodels the house and invites his imaginary friend, Guy Goodson, to move in with him. Being a horny bastard, Guy encourages Alfred to play the field, which he does... only pretty much every girl he dates looks like his ex-wife. He really needs to get over her, but he can't... until he meets NIL-E, a space alien

who is also played by his wife, because believe it or not, the two of them are into some seriously twisted role-playing.

#### Abstract #5

A young astronomer is on the fast track to academic success when his career is sent into a tailspin by events beyond his control. This causes him to fall into a funk, so his wife leaves him. In an effort to recover, he remodels his house. And then, invites his imaginary friend to move in with him. Upon which, said friend encourages Mann to start dating again. But all his dates wind up looking exactly like his “ex”-wife, even the weird girl, who he falls in love with. She’s a space alien, of course. And she’s just making herself look like his wife, because she wants Mann to fall in love with her, so she can interfere with the data collection of the observatory where he works. But this is all a game, because she’s not an alien, she’s his wife, she never left him, and the whole thing is an elaborate game... created for the audience’s amusement as much as theirs.

#### Abstract #6

In narrative voice over a middle-age couple guides viewers through one of the husband’s more elaborate sexual fantasies in which a space alien is attracted to him because of his access to the telescope where he works. Though not ostensibly revealed to the viewer till the end, plenty of clues are dropped along the way that the wife has playing the role of the alien all along.

#### Abstract #7

NIL-E is a fantasy, a warped and twisted journey through one man’s mind. None of it is real. His wife never left him. She’s not a space alien. And although Mann has an imaginary friend, he

know from the start that he's not real and that his wife is playing the role of an alien.

#### Abstract #8

NIL-E is an alien, a character played by Alfred Mann's wife, Nell, as part of their frequent and elaborate role-playing games. It's not really important that NIL-E believes that she needs access to Mann's telescope so as to prevent her home planet from being detected by astronomers. What's important is that she will visit his observatory late at night when no one else is around wearing antenna and dressed like an alien so as to make her husband's fantasies come to life as best she can.

#### Abstract #9

The story? A middle-aged astronomer of no great fame is left by his wife. To fill the void he creates an imaginary friend, who encourages him to start dating again. And who would have guessed it? But the girl he winds up dating is a space alien. Only she's not. She's Mann's ostensibly "ex-wife" dressed up in a costume as the two of them play out an elaborate role-playing game that proceeds to consume their entire life. Of course, things could be worse, it could all be real...

#### Abstract #10

With the help of his wife and an imaginary friend, a middle-aged astronomer brings his space alien sexual fantasies to life.

#### Abstract #11

After his wife leaves him, a man struggles to reinvent his life. With the help of his imaginary friend, he winds up dating the girl

of his dreams, who winds up being a space alien, who is in reality his wife who has finally returned from her internship abroad.

#### Abstract #12

Bored with his life, a man's wife eventually grows bored with him. After she leaves, he creates an imaginary friend to fill the void, who encourages him to reenter the dating scene, only to wind up being romantically involved with a space alien, who turns out in reality to be his ex-wife all along. Which just goes to show, life is only as boring as you let it be.

#### Abstract #13

A couple into elaborate roll-playing lead viewers on a humorous romp through the husband's twisted sexual fantasies.

#### Abstract #14

Creating an imaginary friend to fill the void after his wife has left him, an astronomer reenters the dating scene, hooks up with a space alien and flies away with her to the stars... which happens to be the couple's newly remodeled upstairs bedroom, the man's wife having recently returned from her summer internship abroad.

#### Abstract #15

Bored with life, a middle aged astronomer adopts a younger version of himself as an imaginary friend, who in turn convinces his older self to reenter the dating scene. After numerous false starts, he meets an odd sort of girl, who winds up being a space alien, only she's not, she's actually the astronomer's wife, who had ostensibly left him, but she hadn't, they're just into role-playing in a major sort of way. Oddly, it's not nearly as confusing as it sounds.

## Abstract #16

This be one of those them there character driven screenplays wherein the characters are driven by sex.

## PRETTY GOOD TILL HERE

### Commercial #1

VO: His wife Left Him (I'm sorry, this is just something I have to do (gets in VW bus)

He met someone else (IM arm around shoulder waving goodbye) not quite what I was hoping for, IM: don't worry, you'll come around)

And then he met the girl of his dreams ( Purple, tentacle) who turned out to be an alien... that's pretty much when his life began to unravel

Dr Dom: We have tapes... (Nell, Nell, Nell) it's time for you to choose your loyalties... You have to choose your loyalties, do you want to spend your life with some make believe space alien... or do you want your job)

True love... or the life you're used to

It's everyman's fantasy, coming to the silver screen in the not too distant near future (did I mention that I have fully functioning bio-ports?)

### Commercial #2

His wife left him (not really)

So he reentered the dating scene (once again, mostly a lie)

But after all these years, it wasn't as he had remembered  
(You can say that again)

So he enlisted the help of his imaginary friend (cute guy)\  
And this is when things really got interesting (and by  
interesting he means that she, which is me is an alien... really, quite  
simple when you stop to think about it)

But now he's got to choose (between, me, me, and me...  
chose feng way, chose feng way, Chinese down on knees... you  
gotta da rice, da chow mein... you get one more... you lika da sweet  
sour, the hot spicy, or the feng way... choose the feng way... you  
choose the feng way... you no be sorry)

Addding

Trapped by the web of his own convoluted role playing game,  
Mann struggles to seduce his wife... whoever she may be next.

Trapped in a life of his own devising, Mann struggles to escape  
from the convuled web of roleplaying games he has stitched  
together with his wife.

Female sex symbol star vehicle... like, literally



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## **Characters & Locales**

Alfred Mann

Alfred Mann (as Joseph??? Call me Joe... OK, Joe.)

Guy Goodson

Nell

Nell (as Dr. Dom)

NIL-E

Chinese - Wei Yung Ho

Coed Bimbo (blonde, bit tit, bombshell, kiss ass)

Freak/Tomboy (Emo, Goth, Punk, pierced, tattooed, funky haired,  
sexy hot freak) Ipod - Blonde, disinterested

## **DR. DOM**

Dr. Dom... head of some department... Dom, Dean, and Others all  
as one. Personal Confidant

From Dom POV

## **Dr Dom Words**

Like a Meditation with you only it's Pussy Pussy Pussy  
instead of Om Om Om

You need help, you can't do it alone, that's why I'm seeing  
you

Son of a gun versus Son of a bitch, you are a son of a bitch  
(but you just said)

I'm disappointed, you didn't even ask me what I was wearing  
(ding) sorry, your time is up  
Dr. Dom... suggests dating NIL-E  
Dom Intro on Phone (out of country for a year?)

Dr. Dean Dom (Choose or loose) (how did she get picks? IM turns  
on him, took pictures)

Dr. Dom - Conversation (IM Update, agrees, needs to get out  
more, strike up conversations... and what are you planning on  
doing with these women you meet? See how it goes? You should  
have a plan?)

### **Pick Up Lines (Guy or Mann)**

Maybe want to switch have Mann teach Guy instead of reverse,  
only this doesn't really work

Want to procreate, procreation in the morning

Bouncy Bouncy, bump uglies, make like the double backed beast,  
merge as one, show me the dark side of your moon, bit of the ole  
in and out, frolick, shag, afternoon delight, fool around,  
misbehave, get it on, take it off, get it in, I like washing bits and  
pieces, this and that,

Guy - Hey, that reminds me of that cute girl at the Chinese  
restaurant... want some take out (later in room) suit yourself

Girl behind counter (mouthing, pick me, pick me... feng shi,  
or fend shay, feng me the hard way)

Rice, chow mein, sweet sour... you get one more choice, you  
want Feng shoo, Feng shay, or you want Feng me the hard way  
right here...

Properly, my ass (I'll have you know, I've got quite the regard for your ass)

Please as a boy about to eat brownies for supper (don't even finish that line... no one cares about your disgusting eating habits)

### **The High Cost of Living**

He buys her way, the new concept being that when they first met, she had no money, so he paid the cash, and she preformed services. As time went buy, she was able to infuse more cash, (became assistant professor), and so he lost his leverage... and took up housework/handyman services to make up the difference.

Kitchen menu board, everything has a price  
Woodshop, handyman services rates  
Backyard spa, price board (stones, release, ropework) haircuts  
(goes here after conversations) wife in cowboy hat, boots, daisy duke shorts, and lasso, for a bit of bondage message, rope work

X

### **Principle Characters**

GUY (part of the appeal, like you were and everyman, uber-dude)

IM - Derrick (like an oil Derrick, large, tall, and spouting gushers, I'm sorry already, suspiciously like young Guy, only you know, better looking, more buff, etc), Flute (it's for the girls, chick dig a flutist? Chicks dig a man who knows how to use his mouth and get results... How many times do I have to tell you this?

Nellie (Young Nell)

NIL-E (her Sisters)

Old Guy (Derrick, made old, pot bellied, etc., it narrator)

Naughty Nell (Nellie, old, third rate, circles under eyes, baggy, broken, deliriously eager to please, is female narrator)

Male Narrator is to	Guy is to	Derrick, as
Female Narrator to	Nellie it to	NIL-E

X

## HOUSE PARTS

Front Yard - Normal House, he takes care of, (I have a service, is that what you call it)

Back Yard - Like a jungle, she takes care of, a hobby

Basement - unfinished, not utilized? Haven't got to yet...  
desert, crash scene, christmas light stars (and how do we get back to the beginning)

### First Level

Entry/Living Room

Kitchen/Diner/Coffee Shop

Back Porch - wood working, overgrown with trees, vines, can't see out, dusty, dirty, model airplanes (RC and balsa bi-wing, model spacecraft, nasa, alienware, etc)

IM's Room -

Bathroom, like the ocean

### Second Level

Master Bedroom -UFO room, master bedroom, spaceship, plastic covered, under construction

Library/Office - Finished, big picture window, telescope looking out big picture window, floor to ceiling bookcases, desk, black diagnostic couch

## OTHER LOCALES

Guard Shack - derelict,

Observatory Parking Lot - Empty vacant, ill kept

Observatory - inside, telescope, two desks, one room,  
together, open space

Classroom - Lecture Hall

Teachers Office - Office hours - His office

Nellie (V.O.) means Nellie voice over

O. S. (off screen)

MOS (without sound)

P.O.V. (Point of view)

Montage (not here, just an example)

Montage

1) scene 1

2) scene 2

(Lists the scenes in order)

Series of shots, listed like montage, implied, not a montage, but an  
action sequence

Intercut between X and Y (shows one scene then the other then  
back)

X

Dr DOM

Bored (short intro)

Short Montage, Talk on Phone (car, working on house, astro  
dome (what am i wearing? What are you wearing, that same  
scruffy outfit), and that brings us to the present)... you're going to  
have to figure it out on your own

Rubbing back, smacking face (I think that's enough)

Rubbing feet, working his way up (Ding) holding him tight,  
I'm going to give you another hour... just for today

I think I've listened to you plenty, just shut up (yes mistress)

Dr Dom (Mann, tied, restrained) be careful what you wish for  
(12<sup>th</sup> time today, Ahh!!!) too much of a good thing

X

UFO

IM

House

Wife/Rules

Alien

NIL-E

JOSEPH

Academic History

Telescope

House... explain the house

Wife... explain the wife

School... Academia... telescope... stars

Dr Dom... are you quite finished

Start The Wrap/Layers

X

He (middling professor, heads dying Astronomy program at small Liberal Arts college in desert town)

Nellie (and her sisters): green sparkling, martian antennas, totally fake looking, purple with tentacles, she is a 27-ish (24-44) Anthropology Assistant Professor (studying student life, how'd you land that one... all in creative grant writing, add to my work in surfers, skateboarders, etc), catalogs panties in closet, took over Nelli's body during hiking accident (really Natalie Lorraine Ellison... but not, that's a cover too)

Town

Collective:

House Becomes a Character: Kitchen, breakfast nook, bathroom, sitting area, IM room, back porched, grown over with vines, work area for lumber, house reconstruction (long time, have to work during day (it's 3AM... sorry)

Upstairs (library, with telescope, master bedroom underconstruction)

Downstairs, unfinished

Garage (added on closet, sitting area outside, gardens)

Science fiction collection

Graveyard out back (fucking wife...dressed in ghostly whitegown... don't ask me, why... just something about timeless love)

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**OUTLINE AS 11-14-09**

#1) MANN

#2) WIFE

DR. DOM

NIL-E

YUNG HO

PRISCILLA PINK

#3 IM/GUY

#5) Chinese

#6) Student

#7) Waiter???

**OUTLINE**

BEGIN - SKY GODDESS - FLAT to FULL

Dr Dom, restart, bored

What does Dr. Dom represent? Personification of this  
resentment.

Dr. Dom = Therapist, Psychic Release Specialist,

HOUSE - DESERT - SPIT - UFO

Dr. Dom Bing, end session

COFFEE - PRIOR ENGAGEMENT

Dr Dom leaves

From everything you've told me, your wife loves you. There  
is no inner conflict. She has already achieved the external life  
(Joseph) that she desired. It is Mann that is at crisis.

The crisis is, I need to get laid a lot more than I getting laid  
I can help you with that... you are a big tipper, right



Imaginary fuck, wife problems, huh... pink (want to have a go?), but I'm not really here, just your imagination, one of your students... then, there's no ethical conflict (takes off shirt) Oh, Mr Mann... My hero,

OBSERVE - PHONE - GRATUITOUS DESERT FUCK

OBSERVATORY to OBSERVATORY INTERLUDE

Introduce Chinese Girl

OBSERVATORY - PAST to PRESENT

Waving Young Wife

(Wave to work, neighbor sunbathing, backyard)

HATE JOSEPH

Mr Mann, I expect your wife feels...

Needs to be entered somewhere, said by Dr. Dom

Wife at times feels guilty about this and resents the guilt. The job is not about the money, it's about fulfillment, being her own person, and being respected for who she is... by her husband, colleagues, and friends.

Split

((HOUSE WORK ENDING MONTAGE))

Rebuilding house? Start with the roof, one thing leads to another, repaint, remodel, what started as a summer project has grown to encompass your life, standards always higher... maybe rent out... boarding house, salon for like minded intellectuals (I don't think you're going to find very many like minded intellectuals, said by Dr Dom)

STARRING AT ROOM

GARAGE SALE

Various Characters buy (Wife, Dr Dom, Pink, Chinese, Priscilla)

REBUILD ROOM  
GOES TO GARAGE SALES

Chinese

DUMPSTER DIVING

Pink? Helps out

STAG PARTY

((DR DOM - NEED A FRIEND))

split

LIBRARY

Pink Passion introduced in element (library)

Switches to Pink Wife for a shag

INTERVIEW - MONTAGE

Pink Passion/Chinese (basis characters)... cat fight...

Guy walks in... shows why others no good, I'm the one, you  
know it, I know it

INTERVIEW - GUY (SLIDE SHOW)

LIFE WITH GUY (IM)

IM meets Chinese Girl (I can see why you'd like to live with  
her... neat, clean, and Ho Sin... out of this world

((WE NEED TO GET YOU LAID.., observatory, eating  
chinese))

split

BOOK (hands, observer, cut quad, what I don't understand, what's  
not to understand)

SMILE - QUAD

Hello, Chinese Girl (you know her) & Pink Passion (library,  
huh... I am so going to nail her) Hey, too bad you don't have  
children, she could be the babysitter (wife, scene... no children...  
but I... this really is an compromising... so how am I supposed to

earn that \$1.50 an hour, I do so need to buy a new dress for the prom)

HELLO - CONVERSATIONAL (montage)

Cut back to present, water fountain... just start talking, this is the one I come to, best... (refilling bottle)... OK, maybe try some other places

Nowhere with Chinese, Pink Passion library, I like it, go for what you know... who you know, but live a little, get into the real world

DR. DOM - DATING SEQUENCE

It's just not going as I planned

Tell me about it...

In office, massaging feet, stops at knees, that would be crossing a boundary, Mr. Mann... and you haven't paid for that... maybe after you prove yourself... let's see this book of yours... not till... forth date... maybe more... problem is, you haven't found someone whose interested in you that much, and that you yourself are interested in... Shrug, have you tried the internet, whip... I told., you , you haven't paid for that... besides, you never taken me out to diner... it'd be a conflict of interest, ethical thing, not that you'd know about that.. but thank's for asking

In dating, meets at lecture, movie theater (Dr. Dom, I didn't know you enjoyed... I enjoy a good love story. I hope this won't interfere with out professional... not at all, you'll continue to kneel (put me on a pedestal) and I'll continue to demand that you do... the ticket, and I'll take a small popcorn... I don't share, oh, and a soda).

Movie is about Mann's life, longing for an existential conflict that does not exist. Put this into Dr Dom's mouth.

Getting and giving massage, foot back, not wearing any panties...

DATING INTERNET

Cursory of different ads...

Dr Dom's Website... teamed up with the Priscilla Pink chick... you know about that

Dr. Dom has a website... she makes a killer schoolgirl  
really don't want to deal with this (dr Dom, no this)  
((CRAZY GIRL))

Been corresponding with her like forever... she almost feels  
like a colleague... colleague, student, subordinate, what's the  
difference, ask her out, tag that ass... um, you know, figuratively  
speaking

split

NIL-E #1 - RESTAURANT

NIL-E -- BIG ENTRY

NIL-E -- HOW DOES THIS WORK

NIL-E -- MANN (TYPICAL)

NIL-E -- ABOUT HERSELF (ONLY NOT)

IM - DEBRIEF

I was hoping you'd be able to tell me MX was a host, Mann,  
what a waste of money that was.

DR. DOM

And what do you think, massaging, being nice... oddly (why  
being nice), mean then (hurt back, Ow!)... just answer the  
question... I'm going out with her again

Split

ENTRY (pass IM)

GROUND FLOOR

Wife's Stuff versus Mann's Stuff

Mad magazine, the name Alfred Newmann... I'm Alfred Mann...

INTRO IM ROOM

UPSTAIRS

Telescope... various sights

Chinese, Pink, IM waving, thumbs up

WAVE IM (transitional, 1 line)

As go down to basement

BASEMENT

IM Looking on... eating out of Chinese food container, Ho Sin, Dip Some... killer fish sauce

KITCHEN w/IM (joins)

Don't worry, I've got my own food  
DR DOM - SO WHO IS BIGGER

Bing, got to go

Tied to bed, being very nice, I think you're getting warmer with this NIL-E character... Bing, ties up leaves, full get up (this is supposed to be a game, I'm not playing with you Mr. Mann... do you understand that?)

IM - DEFINITELY ME

((CONDOM WALK (transitional)))

Small size, so no worries

split

NIL-E - GARDEN TOUR

NIL-E - APARTMENT TOUR

KALI/JOSEPH SHRINE

KITCHEN/BATHROOM

NIL-E - CLOSET

PIZZA GUY - IM

(I trade with that chick at the Chinese restaurant, she is savage in bed... you'd think all subservient and shit, wicked evil that one is... it's like she did time in 'Nam... or saw, one to many war flicks, eh, same thing for one her age)

split

IM - OBSERVATORY (transitional)))

Talk with IM, Mann and NIL-E wound up at observatory, hamburgers, turns out she doesn't like grasshoppers either

Really, she really seemed like a grasshopper type girl... from all you've said

GREEN ALIEN

(IM does Chinese basis in parking lot)...

ALIEN SEX MONTAGE

IM does, Library Chick... & Library Chick... Pink Passion, Dr Dom (Only a \$100 more... but he's a cheap bastard... no no, tell me about it... now how do you work this thing... you just show me where... I've been a bad doctor... I need my motives called into question... okeydokey)

PURPLE TENTACLE BETRAYAL

UH OH! HOUSTON WE HAVE A PROBLEM

split

((PINK MISTRESS (transitional)))

Dr. Dom - in the end, choose or loose

IM Betrayal, helps Pink... Dr Dom asked... she's hot... and a lot more sensitive than you ever let on. Besides, it's just a game. Oh, and by the way, you're in check.

What does IM want? More of a life

Why betrayal? No choice, love for Dr Dom

Why still friends? Because it's not real

I got a promotion... tapes, fucking student in your office, parking lot (herself)... you're a sick fuck... great leverage... I got a promotion... and we, I, want you to show me what you were hiding, what's behind that asteroid... show me that Alien bitches base... or I will break your balls Mr. Mann, i will break your balls... every last one of them

IM- she sounds mean... so what are you going to do?

MAKING UFO FILM

UFO's are not real. Just a game. Nothing Serious.

UPLOADING FILM

To Internet, to college data banks

Really, why not? Hoakes used to be traditional... all in good fun... I mean, if you can't tell the difference between a car coming down a highway and a UFO, you probably don't deserve a job in the astronomical field

#### THE UFO FILM

Cheap, cars highway, streetlight echo, planes in sky, meteor, to basement, smoke machine, wife, looking around, carrying off  
RESOLUTION - PINK MISTRESS

You think this is some kind of joke... you'll never be anything more than what you are... you're finished, you had your chance

#### RESOLUTION - NIL-E

Down in garage, fiddling... light sky, NIL-E, walking down stairs, like the first time... in the desert... newspaper clipping... you're my man... the only one for me Alfred, call me Al

#### RESOLUTION - IM GUY w/ Dr. Dom

Never knew parents

What does he want? Sex, fun, party, with a capital P.

What does he get? Dr. Dom.

Circle of life for IM? The empty sex, good looking supermodels, centerfolds, Internet models... so empty meaningless... that's it, let it all out. It makes you feel, cheap, used. IM... It's degrading, you are going to degrade me... I've been a bad boy.

#### POST CREDIT ROLL

IM answering questions, press conference

NIL-E, headset in pocket, coat... shsh... come back here, I want to show you something... Mr. Mann.

(END)

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EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The sky is pitch black.

MANN (V.O.)

I was always drawn to the night sky.

Stars appear and slowly start to shimmer and twinkle.

MANN (V.O.)

The stars.

The stars form into the body of a naked goddess.  
Her features highlighted by glittering stardust.

MANN (V.O.)

There was something magical about them.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

MANN -- an unremarkable man of fifty odd years -- lies on a bed, sight unseen. He is watching a TV mounted to the ceiling. On it, a video loop of a dancing Star Goddess plays. It becomes clear that this is what we have been watching.

MANN (V.O.)

I had an affinity.

POV MANN - Mann's gaze tracks slowly across the darkened room. It is a suburban catastrophe. Piles of clothes are heaped on the floor. Dressers with half closed doors are stuffed to overflowing. Shelving units cover every available space and are



crammed with alien themed toys, African tribal masks, and academic textbooks. There is no rhyme or reason to the assemblage. Finally, Mann's eyes alight on the visage of his wife, standing naked in the doorway to the bathroom. At thirty, NELLIE is twenty years younger than Mann and drop-dead gorgeous. At the moment, she's also painted green.

MANN (V.O.)

A connection.

Nellie closes the door to the bathroom. As she does, the fluorescent paint which covers her body come to life in a kaleidoscope of pink comets, blue planets, and yellow stars. At the same time, pinpoints of colored light begin to rotate about the room.

MANN (V.O.)

I don't know how to explain it.

Nellie dances across the room towards the bed.

MANN (V.O.)

It was as though I came alive in their presence.

POV MANN - Nellie stands over Mann on the bed, silhouetted against the star video playing on the TV overhead.

MANN (V.O.)

Those majestic orbs that filled the night sky, the possibilities seemed endless.

POV MANN - A giant smile plastered on her face, Nellie settles down on top of Mann. She bounces up and down and sways back and forth, as the camera zooms in on her chest.

MANN (V.O.)

Laying there, under the stars, my heart pounding, my curiosity aroused, my soul leaping for joy, enchanted by the wonders which hung in the heavens before me, I can assure you I was eager to explore all that I beheld, the life lay before me.

NELLIE (V.O.)

Mr. Mann. Mr. Mann

INT. LIBRARY DAY

A room in a suburban house has been made to look like a psychiatrist's office. A plaque on the desk reads, "Dr. Dom Psychic Release Specialist." A GRANDFATHER CLOCK TICKS softly in the background. Neat and tidy books line the walls. A telescope stands before an open window. Mann lies on a couch with his eyes covered. Nellie sits at a desk behind him, wearing a conservative black dress suit of the sort a professional stripper might wear before commencing a performance complete with stiletto high heels. She is annoyed that she still has it on and is half heartedly poking Mann's face with a riding crop.

NELLIE

Mr. Mann. Mr. Mann. And where are we to get you this green alien, Mr. Mann? Honestly, I thought we agreed, the realms of the possible this time. I swear, it's bad enough listening to you mope endlessly about how your wife deserted you, Mr. Mann. But now, to bring green aliens into the picture as if this had been part of your normal love life. Preposterous. Simply preposterous, Mr. Mann. I do declare, if it wasn't for the money, I don't believe I would be able to listen to another word you said

(beat)

But as it is.

Nellie smacks her husband's face with the crop and continues to poke about his nose with it as she talks.

NELLIE

That was your cue, Mr. Mann.  
Would you like to try again?

Frustrated, Nellie vigorously smacks her husband with the crop.

NELLIE

Really, if this is any indication of the way the rest of your marriage went, it's no wonder your wife left you. Poor girl, having to deal with your sick, demented fantasies for all those years. I really feel sorry for the girl, really I do.

(beat)

So, where do you suppose this obsession of yours started, Mr. Mann? Maybe you should tell me about your childhood. Isn't that really what we should be talking about, Mr. Mann, assuming you want to do this right, of course.

Mann shifts where he lays, gets comfortable, and begins anew.

MANN

I'm not going to apologize for my desires.

Nellie kicks her husband in the head.

NELLIE

You're trying my patience, Mr. Mann. It is for me and me alone to decide when you should be down on your knees, groveling for forgiveness,

MANN

Oh, right. Sorry.

Kicking him again.

NELLIE

Sorry, what, Mr. Mann.?

MANN

Sorry, Dr. Dom.

Nellie kicks off shoes and offers her feet.

NELLIE

That's better. You may massage my feet if you like, Mr. Mann.

MANN

Yes, Dr. Dom.

As Mann massages her feet, Nellie resumes poking his face with the riding crop.

NELLIE

And I'm warning warn you in advance, Mr. Mann, I'm in no mood for any of your stupid games, so keep it straight this time. No UFOs. No alien harlots. Do you understand, Mr. Mann. Just tell me the relevant facts of your life. How it is that you got where you are. Or better yet, where it is that you desire to go.

MANN

Yes, Dr. Dom.

Smacking him with the crop.

NELLIE

Well, the clock is a ticking, Mr. Mann. I haven't got all day.

EXT. LONE HOUSE IN MIDDLE OF DESERT - NIGHT

An exterior view of Alfred Mann's childhood home: a house that sits alone in the middle of the desert. Light streams forth from the windows. We hear his parents yelling.

MANN'S MOM

So you're saying this is my fault? This isn't my fault? This is your fault. It's always your fault. The sooner you get than into your stubborn fool head, the better off you'll be.

NELLIE (V.O.)

Well, now we're getting somewhere. Your mother was a right bitch, Mr. Mann.

MANN (V.O.)

God Bless her soul

NELLIE (V.O.)

Whatever, Mr. Mann. Continue.

GUY -- a 25 year old, handsome, idealized personification of Mann in his youth -- is pretending to be an even younger version of himself, as indicated by the baseball that he currently wears. Go Astros! Guy runs out of the house and into the desert.

MANN

I spent a lot of time outside, at night, under the stars, enjoying the view.

EXT. DESERT HILLTOP - NIGHT

We are on the crest of a hill overlooking the desert valley. A small circle of lights denotes a crossroads village far below. It consists of a hundred houses at most, confined to the center of town. Across the valley, on a distant ridge twenty miles away, the dome of a small astronomical observatory can be seen.

A meteor streaks by behind the observatory, highlighting it, and giving it a sense of importance.

Guy turns to look at the camera behind him. He smiles, bounces his eyebrows, and hams it up as he makes a great big production of tugging at his trousers and spitting a lugee into his hand.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Alfred face is cradled by Nellie's playful feet, which he is massaging as best he can.

NELLIE

Oh, now this I believe. You always were a sick fuck.

MANN

Well, what do you want? That's what I was doing when I saw the UFO.

Nellie sits up suddenly and tosses her riding crop into the air in disgust.

NELLIE

Oh, fucking hell, not again.

MANN

It's my hour.

NELLIE

Fine. And if this is how you want to waste it.

EXT. DESERT HILLTOP - NIGHT

Guy stands with his back to the camera as another meteor -- much bigger than before -- streaks across the sky.

Moments later a classic saucer shaped UFO goes screaming by directly over his head, bounces off a few rocks on it's way down the slope, and comes to rest at the bottom of the hill.

Guy runs off after it.

#### INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

As with the rest of the Mann's house, the basement has been decorated to look like something that it is not: in this case, a UFO crash site in the desert. Sand is spread on the floor. A big pit has been dug through the foundation. A small spaceship rests at the bottom. Desert murals of rocks and cacti decorate the walls. Flickering Christmas lights shine overhead. It looks cheesy, obviously fake.

Guy arrives at the edge of impact crater and peers down, just in time to see a Nellie from the smoking wreckage of the crashed UFO. Nellie is covered in green body paint and is wearing a black sequined mini-skirt and a pair of dime store antennas on her head.

Guy scrambles down the crater, picks Nellie up, and carry her out of the hole.

At the top he puffs out his chest, looks to the sky, and strikes a pose suitable for a comic book cover.

#### INSERT - COMIC BOOK COVER

#### INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Nellie is sitting behind her desk, far away from Mann who lays on the couch. She tosses said comic book onto her desk.

NELLIE

Guy Goodson in The Vixen from Venus. I think we've already done that one, several times, Mr. Mann.

MANN

Oh, no. This one's different.

NELLIE.

Oh, really. Different? How?

(beat)

Wait. Just out of curiosity, Mr. Mann, how many breasts did this Venutian of yours have, you know, this time?

MANN

Um. How many? How many could she have?

Nellie shakes her head.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Nellie is dressed as the same alien as before only now dozens of artificial breasts dot her body hanging from her knees, elbows, and every other available surface. Guy is inspecting her, counting the breasts, until he comes to the last one on her forehead.

NELLIE (V.O)

Come, come, Mr. Mann. If you had really seen an alien, and a sexy one at that, I am certain that you would be able to tell me exactly how many breasts she had. Even if she had 23 with the last on her forehead, Mr. Mann, I do believe you'd be looking at the bottom of her feet until you found the 24<sup>th</sup>.

Guy lifts the alien's feet looking for the wayward breast.

SFX: The grandfather clock chimes.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Nellie stands, getting ready to leave.



NELLIE

I'm sorry, Mr. Mann. That's all the time we have today.

Nellie walks out the door.

MANN

Please, don't go.

(shouting after her)

It's Joseph, isn't it?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen has been made to look like a trendy café, complete with seating for twenty between the empty booths and tables. Jars of pickles, pre-wrapped snack foods, and soda's line the counter. While every available inch of wall space has been covered with handwritten menu boards listing sandwiches, soups, desserts, and things that a man might want from a woman and vice a versa, such as: Massage \$100, Candle Lit Dinner \$250, Dance (per) \$5, Stroll in Park \$25, Arachnid Removal \$15, Unplug Toilet \$50, Repair Sink \$75, Paint House \$2,499, and so on. A "TODAY'S SPECIAL" Chalkboard by the stairs, reads, "DR. DOM, preliminary interview, 4-5pm, \$100." Next to it, plastic strips as used to control dust at construction sites blocks off the stairs. Mann holds the plastic curtain open for his wife as they both enter the room.

MANN

I can pay for overtime.

NELLIE

I'm sorry, Mr. Mann. As you well know, I have prior engagements.

MANN

Break them.

(upon realizing the futility of the request)  
How about a cup of coffee, then, before you go?

NELLIE  
Sorry, I don't have the time. I really must be going.

Nellie stops and turns as she suddenly remembers.

NELLIE  
I won't be here next week, Mr. Mann, for our usual session.

MANN  
What? What am I supposed to do while you're gone? Why didn't you tell me before this?

NELLIE  
I left you a note.  
(beat)  
Oh, maybe I didn't.

Nellie hands Mann a pad of paper.

NELLIE  
Here, be a doll and write yourself a note for me. It should say, I'll be gone next week.

MANN  
Joseph?

NELLIE  
You'll be on your own, dear.

Nellie kisses Mann curtly on the cheek before leaving.

MANN

(calling after her)

So, what am I supposed to do while you're gone? Just wait for you?

NELLIE (O.S.)

It's your life, dear. Do whatever you like.

Mann sits down at one of the empty tables and proceeds to write the note as per his wife's instructions. As he does, Nellie reappears from behind the counter dressed as a slutty schoolgirl: pink hair ribbons, bobby socks, and pink & black checkered skirt. She checks her outfit. Dissatisfied, she undoes a button on her blouse to reveal more cleavage.

Nellie grabs a pot of coffee and two empty mugs and walks over to where Mann is seated.

NELLIE

Just between you and me, doc, I think doing whatever you like should include doing me. Like now. I'm wearing that outfit you like. The one I wore Monday. Front row. No panties.

Nellie is pressing herself against Mann as she pours his coffee and adds cream and sugar. Mann ignores her as he continues to write the note.

MANN

Oh, hey. I'll be with you in just a minute, Priscilla.

NELLIE

Let me do that for you, doc. I give excellent dick-tation, you know.

Mann looks at Nellie for the first time.

MANN

It's an old joke.

Nellie kneels down beside Mann, licking her lips eagerly.

NELLIE

So, tell me a new one, doc. Tell me what you want me to say. And then, tell me how you want me to say it.

Her head going south, Nellie slowly disappears from view.

NELLIE

Oh, and just so you know, I don't mind talking with my mouth full, doc.

INT. OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

Mann is an astronomy professor at the local liberal arts college. He spends his nights alone in the college's observatory, which consists of a very large, circular, domed, whitewashed room, the size of a small gymnasium. At twenty feet tall, the telescope is by no means small, but it is dwarfed by its vacant surroundings. The telescope has no eye piece. Instead a white box is stationed at its base, which transmits information electronically to a pair of computer screens that sit atop two desks set off to the side. Both screen show the same thing, an asteroid: a fuzzy white rock rotating against a black background. Mann is not paying attention to any of this. He is lying down next to the telescope, staring through an opening in the dome to the stars beyond. He is wearing a telephone headset. And he is talking to his wife.

MANN

So the thing is, here I am at work.

(beat)

I was expecting more.

NELLIE (O.S.)  
You have your telescope.

MANN  
It's out of date.

NELLIE (O.S.)  
You have your research.

MANN  
No one cares.

NELLIE (O.S.)  
So, your life sucks. Why am I talking to you again?

MANN  
Because you love me?

NELLIE (O.S.)  
Me, Dr. Dom, love a puny twerp like you? Who's telescope is past its prime? Who's research, by your own account, is old, dated, and uninteresting? I don't think so, Mr. Mann. I have better things to do with my time.

MANN  
Well, someone loves me. Or at least, someone did, once.

NELLIE (O.S.)  
Why don't you tell me about that, Mr. Mann.

**EXT. DESERT HILLTOP - NIGHT**

On the same hill as before, Guy has his back to us. He is looking towards the sky, looking towards the observatory in the distance. A shooting star flashes by overhead. After it passes, Guy turns around and looks in the opposite direction. Following his gaze we

see a group of college students frolicking around a bonfire, dancing, and getting drunk. Nellie is among them, wearing hippy clothes: fringed leather, headband, beads, and a painted pink peace sign on her cheek.

MANN (V.O.)

At first it was fun.

NELLIE (V.O.)

At first?

Nellie comes running up the hill to where Guy is standing.

MANN (V.O.)

OK. It was fun. It was great. It was a blast. It was like a total party, and I was the star of the show.

Nellie hands Guy a joint.

NELLIE

So, which one is Jupiter?

Guy turns Nellie around, takes a hit off the joint, and feels her up -- this is Mann's fantasy, after all -- before pointing to the sky.

GUY

Jupiter. Next to it is Saturn... see the rings.

The planets in the sky are larger than life, colorful, and idealized. The phrase "an artists interpretation" comes rapidly to mind.

NELLIE

Cool. I like rings.

Nellie is now wearing a punk rocker's outfit: leather jacket, dyed hair, and a multitude of rings and piercings. We are looking at her straight on, Guy's hands are at play under her ripped shirt. Behind him, over his shoulder a red planet appears.

GUY  
Mars.

Nellie stomps on Guy's foot, turns around, and knees him in the balls.

He falls to the ground, groaning. Nellie stars at the planet in the sky appreciatively.

NELLIE  
Mars. Cool.

GUY  
Fuck. My nards.

Nellie kicks guy where he lays.

NELLIE  
Shut up.

MANN (V.O.)  
What? Why? I mean, that's just not nice.

NELLIE (V.O.)  
You want a punk rocker, you get a punk rocker. Let that be a lesson to you. Besides, you know you were just trying to lead up to some stupid Uranus joke, so too bad. I beat you to the punch, so to speak.

(beat)

So, anyhow, who's next? Or do you want to go best, two out of three?

Guy shakes his head vigorously in protest from where he lies on the ground clutching his balls.

MANN (V.O.)

I think maybe we need a medic, instead.

Nellie is now wearing a white nurse's outfit.

NELLIE

I'm a doctor. Well, nurse. Pre-med.

She rips her blouse open.

NELLIE

Does this help, any?

POV GUY - Nellie lowers herself onto guy. Her torso almost completely fills the screen. Stars twinkle behind her. She shakes her breasts.

NELLIE (V.O.)

Oh, wait. That's not going to work.

Nellie shrugs as she buttons her blouse.

NELLIE

You heard her.

GUY

What? Why not?

NELLIE (V.O.)



The logistics are all wrong. The pretense is that you're showing her the planets, right?

MANN (V.O.)

Yeah, stars now, but whatever.

NELLIE (V.O.)

Well, how can she see them?

POV GUY - Nellie nods, agreeing with the voice in the sky.

MANN (V.O.)

We can fix that.

POV GUY - Guy grabs Nellie by the shoulders and rolls her over, so she is on the ground. Nellie giggles with delight.

NELLIE

That was fun.

POV NELLIE - Guy is smiling. Stars are twinkling over his shoulders now.

GUY

So let's see. I'm staring at Venus, so...

POV GUY - Nellie is delighted.

NELLIE

Oh, that's nice.

NELLIE (V.O.)

It's an old line, Mr. Mann. You're lucky she fell for it.

MANN (V.O.)

I'll take what I can get.

NELLIE (V.O.)  
So I've noticed.

GUY  
Like I said, Venus before me, so over my shoulder, would  
be...  
(beat)  
Scorpion

Close up on Nellie's face.

NELLIE  
Isn't it called Scorpio?

The view of Nellie's face widens to include a scorpion walking her way.

GUY  
No! No! Scorpion!

Nellie frowns as she looks at the scorpion, then at Guy.

NELLIE  
Why a scorpion? Why now? I mean, that's just so stupid.

INT. OBSERVATORY - NIGHT.  
Mann is lying under the telescope. His legs are crossed. He's almost asleep.

NELLIE (O.S.)  
I have to agree with her, Mr. Mann. Not just stupid, but self destructive. You had me, which is to say, you had her, right where

you wanted. And then, you blew it, made everything complicated, far more melodramatic than it ever needed to be.

Mann sits up, worried.

MANN

I'm sorry. Let me do it over. I can leave out the Scorpion. I was just having fun.

SFX - Grandfather clock chimes.

NELLIE (O.S.)

I'm sorry too, Mr. Mann. But we are out of time. And unfortunately, as you know, in life there are no do overs.

MANN

Please. Can't we talk, just a little while longer.

NELLIE (O.S.)

Well, you really were a good little boy, Mr. Mann, except for that bit about the Scorpion, and you didn't mention aliens once. I'm quite proud of you for that.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Nellie is wearing a black frilled bathrobe. She lies on the couch, one hand is holding the phone; the other is running up her leg.

NELLIE

And then, there's the fact that I did put on a special outfit this evening, just for you.

MANN (O.S.)

Really! What?

NELLIE

Oh? You're interested in that, Mr. Mann. Would you like me to describe it for you?

MANN (O.S.)

Yes. Please.

NELLIE

Well, you remember that black frilled bathrobe that your wife wanted much for her anniversary?

(beat)

The one that you gave to me for my birthday, instead. So kind of you, Mr. Mann. So thoughtful. But it really is too much to be wearing on such a hot night like tonight. I'm just sweating here in my office, nothing but boring old books for comfort.

Nellie pulls a book from the shelf next to her, looks at it briefly, and tosses it to the side.

NELLIE

I need a man, Mr. Mann. Can you be that Man, Mr. Mann? Will you be that man, Mr. Mann?

INT. OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

Mann stands next to telescope, nodding vigorously.

NELLIE (O.S.)

Will you undress me, Mr. Mann? Caress me? Hold me? Own me?

MANN.

Yes. Yes.

NELLIE (O.S.)

And this is the same man who is always telling me how much he loves his wife, how he would do anything for her.

MANN

But I would, I do.

NELLIE (O.S.)

And yet, you are so quick to cheat on her with another woman, Mr. Mann.

MANN

Hey, that's not fair.

NELLIE (O.S.)

Not fair? Not fair, Mr. Mann? I didn't make the rules, say how the game was to be played. That was your own doing, Mr. Mann.

MANN

But...

NELLIE (O.S.)

No. No, Mr. Mann. This is your own doing. And really, I must be going now, Mr. Mann. Long day tomorrow with Joseph, don't you know.

MANN

Please. No. Wait.

NELLIE (O.S.)

Goodnight, Mr. Mann.

SFX - Dead line. Dial tone.

MANN

Shit. Fuck.

Mann throws telephone headset he has been wearing across the observatory.

EXT. OBSERVATORY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The observatory is a large white domed building. The parking lot is huge, full of potholes and weeds, but the only vehicle present is Mann's white battered pick-up truck.

MANN (O.S.)  
(screaming)  
Fuck!

EXT. LOCATIONS - VARIOUS - DAY/NIGHT  
(MONTAGE - OBSERVATORY TO OBSERVATORY)

Silence for a beat and then the heavens start to spin. Time lapse photography kicks in as stars streak across the sky.

The moon rises.

The moon sets.

A glorious sunrise is over in seconds.

In a fast motion blur, Mann exits the observatory, gets in his truck, and drives away.

The sun travels across the sky.

The clouds boil away surrealistically.

Late afternoon, while the clouds continue to boil away overhead, we find Mann on a ladder, prying a rotted board off the side of his house. He takes a break, wipes sweat from his face, and peers into the backyard.

No one is there.

He returns to his labors.

In a blur, Mann arrives at the observatory and goes inside. The sun sets. The Moon zooms by. The sun rises. Mann returns to his truck and departs. The night is over in seconds.

Late afternoon, Mann is back on the ladder. The clouds continue to boil away as if some psychic storm were on the horizon. The weather is completely out of touch with the world around it. Against this backdrop and in normal time, Mann hammers a board into place. He takes a break, wipes sweat from his forehead, and looks to the backyard towards Nellie's cottage, a converted garage.

Nellie is there, under the boiling clouds. She wears a pink scarf and a garden hat. She sits in a chair, sunning herself as she reads a book, sipping pink-lemonade. She distinctly ignores Mann's gaze, turns the page in her novel, and takes another sip of her drink.

Evening shadows grow long and cross the lawn.

When they reach Nellie, she gets up and walks into her cottage, closing the door behind her.

Mann returns to his labors.

The sky is moving quicker, boiling more frantically than before. Mann arrives at the observatory. He gets out of his truck, stands to watch the sun set, watches the moon zoom by overhead, turns around to face the east, and watches the sun rise. He has not yet made it inside. He has but taken two steps. Shrugging, he returns to his truck and drives away.

Mann stands by the side of his house. He moves in normal time. The heavens, however, continue their frenzied pace. Days and nights flick by like flashes in a strobe. It is like being outside at night during a thunderstorm. Mann puts out his hand as if checking for rain. There is none. He shrugs.

In the semi-darkness, under the flickering sky, Mann sets up a flood light to illuminate his work.

He sets up a ladder.

He climbs the ladder and paints.

After a moment, her peers around the corner.

Under an almost normal night sky with a larger than life full moon, Nellie lies on a blanket wearing a bikini, surrounded by spotlights. She smiles beckoningly to Mann.

Mann quickly descends the ladder and joins her. She leads him into her cottage, closing the door behind them.

We pull back from the cottage, their house, their block, their town, until they are but twinkling lights in the distance. Our vantage is the same as Mann uses for his fantasies -- The Desert Hill. In the distance we see the observatory overlooking the valley below.

A meteor shoots by.  
(END MONTAGE)

**EXT. OBSERVATORY PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Mann arrives in his truck and walks inside. A full moon hangs in the sky.

**INT. OBSERVATORY - NIGHT**



Mann hangs his coat on his chair, puts his lunch on his desk.

He presses a few buttons on his computer. He looks at the rotating rock on the screen and the numbers below it.

He stretches.

He looks around.

He grabs the headset from where it lies on the desk, and walks over to the telescope.

He speed dials “Dr. Dom”, and looks to the stars.

EXT. ARCHEOLOGICAL DIG - DAY

Nellie is in a hole, sifting dirt, sweating profusely, wearing a classic safari outfit complete with hat. A pink scarf is wrapped around her neck. Dozens of college students work the dig with her, shoveling dirt and shifting it through screens. A colorful “JOSEPH” banner flies in the background.

SFX - Nellie’s phone rings. It has a CRICKET ring tone.

Nellie stops working, wipes sweat from her face, and answers her phone. Guy is in the background. He recognizes the ring tone and hurries over.

NELLIE  
You’re early.

MANN (O.S.)  
I’m bored.

GUY  
Hey, doc! I think I found something.

NELLIE

I'll call you later... as scheduled.

INT. OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

Mann is standing next to telescope and looking towards the sky.

In fast motion, the stars blur, making a half round smear across the sky. Mann hasn't moved.

SFX - Mann's phone rings. It has a "Boot Hill" type ring tone (Dom, Dom, da-Dom, da-da, Dom, Dom, Dom, Dom, Dom).

Mann answers his phone and immediately begins talking.

MANN

I was hoping we could do it differently this time. You know, try something new. Like instead of me making up the game, telling you how things should be, you could tell me. That way you'd get what you want. That would be good, right? And then, you'd be happy. That would work, right? Right?

NELLIE (O.S.)

If you were one of my students, Mr. Mann, right now is when I'd be asking if maybe you'd forgotten to take your medicine.

MANN

I just want to get off to a good start, do it right this time. I don't want to do things how we've been doing them, with me in charge, telling you what to do. It's not going to work. I understand that now. So, clean slate. What do you say? Start over? Whatever you want to do. However you want to do it.

NELLIE (O.S.)

Is that really what you want, Mr. Mann?

MANN

Yes.

NELLIE (O.S.)

OK. Clean slate, Mr. Mann.

MANN

And we can start over? Reset?

NELLIE (O.S.)

Have it your way Mr. Mann. The game has been reset.

(pause)

Where would you like to begin, Mr. Mann.

MANN

Um. Where are you? What are you doing?

(beat)

What are you wearing?

INT. ALI BABA'S TENT - DAY

Nellie reclines in a harem's delight, surrounded by pillows, jewels, gold, and a smoking hookah. She wears a slutty harem girl's outfit: pink and black. Think, "I Dream of Jeannie" gone to the dark side. Guy stands in a corner, next to a grandfather clock, dressed as a bare-chested harem guard.

NELLIE

Oh, nothing special. But this isn't about me, Mr. Mann. This is about you. What you want? And where you want to take it?

MANN (O.S.)

No. Please. Like I said, we don't have to do it that way. I want you to take the lead. Tell me what you want. Tell me what you need.

NELLIE

You sound desperate, Mr. Mann, afraid. This is a good sign. It shows you're near the edge. I feel as though we might make a breakthrough in your therapy tonight.

MANN (O.S.)

No. You're not listening to me. I don't want to play that game anymore. So, forget Dr. Dom. Forget all of that. Let's just start over. Just you and me, husband and wife, just like it used to be.

NELLIE

(to Guy as an aside)

Like husband and wife, Mr. Mann? Forget who I am? Forget Dr. Dom?

Guy shrugs.

NELLIE

I think you are confusing me with someone else, Mr. Mann.

(beat)

Oh, right! Transference. Good twist. I like it. OK. We can go with that if you like.

MANN (O.S.)

No! You're not listening to me.

NELLIE

No, Mr. Mann. You're not listening to me. You're suffering from a delusion. It's very common in Psychic Release Therapy, you know.

Guy nods in agreement.

NELLIE

They even have a name for it: transference.

MANN (O.S.)

No! Please, no. You're not listening to me.

NELLIE

No, Mr. Mann, you're not listening to me, so let me repeat myself. You're suffering from transference. You think I'm your wife. Do you understand that, Mr. Mann.

MANN (O.S.)

Yes, Dr. Dom.

NELLIE

Good. Excellent. Now we're getting somewhere, Mr. Mann.

MANN (O.S.)

Yes, Dr. Dom.

NELLIE

So, you think I'm your wife... and your wife left you for another man... a Joseph, isn't that right, Mr. Mann?

MANN (O.S.)

I was jealous, playing. It was a slip of the tongue, a mistake. I regret ever saying it.

NELLIE

So, what you're saying is that it was a Freudian slip, Mr. Mann.

MANN

No. No.

(beat)

OK. Fine. I guess.

NELLIE

Well, doesn't that sound like something we should probe into a little deeper, Mr. Mann?

The hands of the grandfather clock start to turn backwards. Slowly at first, but faster and faster, until a vortex is created.

GUY

I like these flashbacks.

Guy jumps into the vortex before it sucks Nellie, the tent, and everything else into the past.

NELLIE (V.O.)

I sense your struggle with where to begin, Mr. Mann, so let me help you. Once upon a time, Alfred Mann was the star of the show and all of the world revolved around him. Does that sound about right, Mr. Mann?

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

The room is packed. Students sit in the aisles and stand in the back, craning their necks to see the board. Guy is standing in front at the blackboard, pointer in hand. A series of stars have been drawn on the board. It is the constellation Pegasus. Guy talks, motion with his hand, and points with his stick; and the horse leaps from the blackboard and flies around the room. The students are amazed. They cheer. They toss their papers into the air in celebration. Guy is given a standing ovation.

NELLIE (V.O.)

Is that how it was, Mr. Mann?

MANN (V.O.)

Something like that. It was a different time. It was fun.

EXT. DESERT HILLTOP - NIGHT

Hundreds of students are dancing around a giant bonfire, getting drunk. Guy sits on a cooler, a circle of students around him, hanging on his every word. He holds a rock, pretending it's a planet, the bonfire, the sun. A pair of coeds approach.

COED #1

So, we were just wondering, Al.

They lift their shirts.

COED #2

You know, who's bigger.

COED #1

Not just bigger, but better.

COED #2

You can touch them if you like. If that would help you decide.

In the background a wooden effigy of Mann is raised and set ablaze. This is the original Burning Mann. It all started here. The crowd starts chanting.

CROWD

Mann!

Mann!

A group of modern-primitive, Burning Man, naked, erotic freak-a-zoids lift Guy onto their shoulders and parade him around the fire. He is their king.

CROWD

Mann!

Mann!

NELLIE (V.O.)

Are you sure this is such a good idea?

The scene shifts sideways. The modern-primitives are replaced by bone in nose, feathered haired, human sacrificing, full on savages. Guy is tied to a throne, which is being carried towards the fire. He seems distressed by this turn of events.

GUY

Help!

NELLIE (V.O.)

I'm just saying.

MANN (V.O.)

Well, that's certainly how I feel now.

NELLIE (V.O.)

So what changed?

EXT. DESERT HILLTOP - DAY

The bonfire is gone. All that remains is ash. Guy looks around wildly, talking to the gods that be.

GUY

That was not cool.

Guy notices a tribal mask in the remains of the fire. He kicks at it, hesitantly, afraid of what will happen. As he does, the sky starts to boil.



GUY  
Shit.

Guy looks around full of worry and concern.

GUY  
Come on, Mr. Mann. This is your fantasy, get a grip.

A wind picks up, covering guy in ash.

GUY  
Once again, not cool.  
Hey! I've got an idea, bring back the babes.

Ignoring Guy, the wind blows harder. Guy disappears behind the ash.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

On the other side of the ash, we find that the dust is being kicked up by a bulldozer at a construction site. A house is being built as the time-lapse sky boils overhead.

The house is completed in seconds.

We pull back to an aerial view and watch as a subdivision is completed. One house. After the next. Done in seconds.

We keep on pulling back to reveal that the subdivision is located at the edge of a small desert town, which resides at the crossroads of an otherwise empty valley.

EXT. DESERT HILLTOP - DAY

We keep on pulling back until we rejoin Guy on the hill. He is busy rolling a joint under the boiling sky.

GUY

Oh, hey. You're back.

(beat)

This? It's OK. I've got a prescription.

Guy lights the joint.

GUY

Oh, and we should really do this at night. You get better visuals that way.

Guy reaches up and pulls an imaginary cord, turning out the lights, turning day to night, under a sky filled with stars.

EXT. DESERT HILLTOP - NIGHT

In the valley beyond guy, the lights from the houses in the center of the valley twinkle and shine as does the sky.

The light from the valley morph into a psychedelic amoeba that grows a pair sinister red eyes.

Tendrils of protoplasmic light reach out from the center of the valley, crawling along the axis of the cross roads. The stars in the sky grow dimmer.

The monster pulses. Light ripples back and forth up the canyons, like the ebb and flow of an illuminated ocean. The fading stars in the sky disappear.

The monster rises gathers itself up, rising into smoky ink black sky and growls at Guy.

Guy flicks the remainder of his joint at the monster.

GUY

Um, love to stay and chat, dude. But I just remembered, I've got a job. I work at night.

Guy runs away, as the monster lashes out with an octopus like tendril of light that crashes into the remains of the bonfire, sending up a plume of ash.

#### INT. OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

The observatory is packed with students in white coats, carrying clip boards, writing things down, and engaged in animated discussion with each another. Around the telescope stand a cluster of cute girls wearing cut-off shorts and tight t-shirts, all identical. At the center, Guy stands next to another of the girls who sits in a chair mounted to the bottom of the telescope. We have not seen this chair before, nor will we see it again. Guy is assisting the girl in the chair with her observations by turning knobs and showing her where to look. When she is done, he offers his hand and helps her down, helping the next girl into the chair in the same manner.

#### MANN (V.O.)

We were a Class I observatory when I started, and then came the light. I mean, I like other people, don't get me wrong. I don't begrudge them a place to live, and all. But that light changed everything.

A dozen workmen arrive, wearing gray overalls, pushing a white box, which is to be the new infrared sensor, and four empty carts.

Two of the workmen pick Guy up and move him to the side.  
Two remove the chair assembly from the bottom of the scope and push it towards the exit with the girl still in it.  
Two finish pushing the white box into place beneath the scope, attaching it with bolts.  
While the remainder, working in pairs, pick the girls up and place them into carts.

MANN (V.O.)

We had to switch over to infrared. Oddly, it was great for research. You can pick up all sorts of stuff with infrared, even in broad daylight. But the pictures aren't that interesting to look at.

Recovering, Guy grabs one of the few remaining girls and leads her over to the computer screens, which are now showing the rotating rocks we've been seeing since the beginning.

Guy motions to the screen and desperately tries to act animated, motioning with his hands and tracing exaggerated circles in the air. The girl looks confused.

As the workmen, pass by with their carts full of girls towards the exit, she turns and runs after them.

Guy looks around the room. There are only a dozen men in white coats remaining. They look at one another as they disappear one by one.

The last two wave to each other.

MANN (V.O.)

With nobody else there, I even got a few papers out of it. Didn't even have to share the credit.

Guy turns to watch as a printer next to the computer screens turns on and starts to shoot paper across the desk of its own accord.

MANN (V.O.)

Not that it had anything to do with me.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Mann is at the board, chalk in hand, not looking behind him, not looking up.

MANN (V.O.)

I guess it killed me a little, that realization. That it didn't matter, that I didn't matter.

Behind him in a mostly deserted room, Guy is folding a paper airplane, while other students are playing desktop football, sitting on top of the chairs in a circle laughing, and listening to music on headsets.

We follow cute girl as she gets out of her chair and walks out the door in the middle of the lecture.

Finished with his airplane, Guy tosses it towards the board, as he chases after the girl.

INT. OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

Mann is setting up bowling pins in a corner of the observatory as he talks on the phone.

MANN

So, that's it. The good days ended. Time for the next generation, I suppose.

INT. TENT - DAY

Nellie is wearing safari garb, sweating profusely, and wiping her face with a pink scarf as she lays on a military surplus cot and talks on the phone.

NELLIE

Yes, well, there's the defeatist attitude I've come to expect from you, Mr. Mann. Glad you didn't disappoint. And in all of this, your wife?

MANN (O.S.)

I thought I'd let you handle that aspect.

NELLIE

I shouldn't be surprised, Mr. Mann. After all, that has been your attitude all along.

MANN (O.S.)

What's that supposed to mean?

NELLIE

I believe you know, Mr. Mann.

MANN (O.S.)

Could you give me a hint.

Nellie takes out her pocket watch to check the time.

NELLIE

Mr. Mann, have you ever heard the phrase, physician, heal thyself.

MANN (O.S.)

Hey, I like that. That's good.

NELLIE

I thought you might, Mr. Mann. I thought you might.

The hands spin backwards and Nellie falls through the vortex of time as before.

EXT. DESERT HILLTOP - NIGHT

Dozens of students sit around a bonfire, talking, singing, playing guitar, and getting high. Mann is among them. He holds a rock as

if it were a planet revolving around the bonfire. Nellie sits at his feet, entranced.

NELLIE (V.O.)  
She loved you, Mr. Mann.

MANN (V.O.)  
Loved?

EXT. MANN'S HOUSE - DAY

Mann is in a tuxedo. Nellie, a bridal gown. Mann carries Nellie over the threshold and into their house.

NELLIE (V.O.)  
She married you, Mr. Mann  
And by her account, that's pretty much when the weirdness began.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Nellie sits on a stool in her bridal gown. Mann stands in his tuxedo. He uses his lecturing pointer to go over the menu board that covers a wall.

INSERT - Menu Board Highlight: Play Acting \$100

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Nellie wears a pink peaked hat and a revealing lace dress of the pretty-pretty princess variety. She is busy chopping carrots. Mann enters dressed as a knight, wearing plate mail. He lifts her off her feet and carries her down the hall.

After a beat, Nellie returns to the kitchen in huff, grabs a piece of chalk and adds to the menu board.

INSERT - Menu Board: Play Acting \$100. No Metal Armor!

Nellie leaves room.

SFX - Shots fired (O.S.)

Nellie returns to the room once again, her hands over her ears, dressed as an American Indian... of the erotic dancer, scantily clad, stripper variety. She is pissed. Mann enters the room behind her dressed as a cowboy -- smiling, pleased with himself -- smoking six-shooters in his hands. Nellie adds to the board: No Guns.

After rubbing at the Indian war paint on her face, she decides to add another notation after the \$100: "per hour + prep."

A green hand adds: "+ makeup"

A hand covered in gooey green snot like goop adds: "+ clean up"

A glove covered, green webbed, Aqua-Woman type hand tries to hold the chalk. The hand shakes off glove, grabs chalk, and adds: "Stupid Requests Are Extra!"

Finally, a green hand adds: "This Means Aliens!!! Oh, and just a word of advice, Mr. Goodson, even Venutian Working Girls on the run from the Galactic Police like to be wined and dined on occasion."

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Nellie is in the kitchen cooking, Dozens of pots boil. The counters are covered with food. Perhaps more noticeable is the fact that Nellie is covered in green body paint, is wearing a black sequined miniskirt, and has a pair of fake antennas attached to her head. Mann enters the front door. He is tired, worn out, and beat. He wasn't expecting anything special tonight.



MANN

What? What's all this? Did I request this?

Nellie running to hug him, smiling, overjoyed.

NELLIE

No. It's on me.

I got accepted! I'm in!

(beat)

Joseph!

(beat)

The dig!

Nellie jumps up and down while smothering Mann with hugs and kisses.

NELLIE

I'm in! I'm in!

MANN (V.O.)

And that's the last I ever saw of her.

NELLIE (V.O.)

Oh, yes. I forgot.

By your account this is when she abandoned you.

Nellie, dressed as the alien, opens the front door and runs outside.

EXT. MANN'S HOUSE - DAY

Nellie is wearing shorts and a t-shirt, my but she looks good. She is running towards a VW bus full of students. The word JOSEPH is emblazoned on its side, along with the explanation of what this is supposed to stand for: the "Joint Occult Society for the Excavation of Philosophical Histories."

Mann stands in the doorway, scratching himself, wearing nothing more than his underwear and a t-shirt as the van drives away.

MANN (V.O.)

And then she was gone.

INT. OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

Mann is on the phone, holding a bowling ball, staring at the pins set-up at the other end of the room.

NELLIE (O.S.)

Never to be seen again from the way you tell the story.

So, I heard you setting up the pins. Are you going to throw the ball or what?

Mann sets the ball down.

MANN

No.

NELLIE (O.S.)

In the old days you would have. In fact, you would have bowled an entire game by now.

MANN

In the old days, my wife would have been waiting for me at home.

NELLIE (O.S.)

Yes. Doing nothing.

Waiting.

Waiting.

Waiting.

She's happier now. You should share in her joy.

MANN

I'd like to. I try to. But now I'm the one always waiting for her. What am I supposed to do while I wait?

Mann looks around at the empty observatory.

MANN

There's nothing to do here.

NELLIE (O.S.)

Your wife used to talk to her friends.

MANN

I don't have any friends.

INT. TENT - DAY

In safari garb, Nellie lies on her cot. In the background the CLATTER OF POTS and LAUGHTER can be heard. Dinner is being served

NELLIE

Maybe you should get some.

Guy pokes his head into the tent holding a plate of brown glop.

GUY

I think, it's camel. Yummy, stuff that camel.

Guy puts plate down, gives a thumbs up, and leaves.  
Nellie continues the conversation, one-sidedly.

NELLIE

I really have to go now.

(beat)

Your hour has been up for some time now... Mr. Mann.

(beat)

I'm sure you'll think of something.

(beat)

Mr. Mann, you'll just have to do what you think is best.

(beat)

Goodnight, Mr. Mann. I really must go.

Nellie hangs up, shrugs, picks up her plate, and eats.

After a moment, she picks up a pottery fragment and studies it.

And then uses it to trace a circle in front of her face, as if it were a planet.

END INTRO pg 28

Let that be a lesson for you, then. Life is short. Take it to heart.  
Perhaps you'll make better use of your time...

From everything you've told me, your wife loves you. There is no inner conflict. She has already achieved the external life (Joseph) that she desired. It is Mann that is at crisis.

That's good Mr Mann, hardly a lie in the bunch

It just keeps popping up (try to keep it under control)

I am a Psychic Therapist... you will respect the credential (swack)  
you will respect the credential

Joint Occult Society for the Excavation of Philosophical Histories.

Joseph, I hate him

Oddly, Mr. Mann, he thinks nothing of you.

We are all interconnected Mr Mann, we cannot hate another without hating ourselves

No, actually we didn't... you been in the same dark empty cave for years, you need to get out more, get a hobby

Changes ???

Blonde, Brunette, Coed #1 &2 = Nellie (Brunette), at bonfire, which bigger

Out back, tinsel hair, mirrored silver bikini, for when Mann gets off Ladder

These two mean smaller observatory (leaning towards small)

#1) I know what a fucking observatory is, and he'll use the fucking one we get,

#2) Curve around wall for bowling

#3) Bowling with guy, don't you worry, naw, hits box with pin, fucking thing's indestructible, I've tried , solid state..... no you haven't

Perhaps two observatories... dream and otherwise

Nellie, clock spinning unwind in tent

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## **THE ROOM**

Starts staring at Menu board  
Café,  
He is bored  
Drinking coffee

Guy what you need is a friend  
I don't want a friend  
What you need is a friend

Go away

Fuck it. She wants to play. Let's play.

((HOUSE WORK ENDING MONTAGE))

Rebuilding house? Start with the roof, one thing leads to another, repaint, remodel, what started as a summer project has grown to encompass your life, standards always higher... maybe rent out... boarding house, salon for like minded intellectuals (I don't think you're going to find very many like minded intellectuals, said by Dr Dom)

STARRING AT ROOM

GARAGE SALE

Various Characters buy (Wife, Dr Dom, Pink, Chinese, Priscilla)

REBUILD ROOM

GOES TO GARAGE SALES

Chinese

DUMPSTER DIVING

Pink? Helps out  
STAG PARTY  
((DR DOM - NEED A FRIEND))

**Housework / Making Room**

OBSERVATORY to OBSERVATORY INTERLUDE  
OBSERVATORY - PAST to PRESENT  
HATE JOSEPH

((END INTRO))  
((HOUSE WORK ENDING MONTAGE))  
((STARING AT ROOM))

^^^ above from Intro

HOUSE WORK ENDING MONTAGE (transitional)

STARRING AT ROOM  
GARAGE SALE  
REBUILD ROOM  
GOES TO GARAGE SALES  
DUMPSTER DIVING  
STAG PARTY  
DR DOM - NEED A FRIEND

**### LONG VERSION ###**

## **HOUSE WORK ENDING MONTAGE**

House work... head set... talking

“Give me a hint?”

“Am I hot, cold?”

“Moving in the right direction”

That really isn't for me to say

(looking at room)

Going to remodel her room

I'm sure if she had wanted anything, she would have gotten it by now... how long has it been (a year)... a year Mr Mann... I don't think she needs anything in that room anymore

She has Joseph

She has Joseph...

Dr Dom, observatory... get a friend

Work on house

Dr Dom leaving, get a friend

Buy stuff at garage sales

Telescope, talking, get a friend

Work on house

Dr Dom, leaving... I'm warning you... get a friend

Siding, cutting boards, ladder outside, painting (always figured over garden... staring into next yard, sunbathing girl, waving

## **STARRING AT ROOM**

Standing at room, sewing, clearly feminine, stars clearing out, garage sale, wood working, making it manly, bunk beds, mannequins, super 8, watching, solo stag party,



On phone, Dr Dom  
Where are you  
Amazon...  
So what's up... not going to mope  
No.  
What are you doing  
Watching stag films... it's amazing what the kids get rid of at  
the end of the year (pats blow up doll, mannequin)  
I'm a busy person, Mr. Mann, is there a reason for this call...  
this unscheduled call.  
I'm thinking of adopting an imaginary friend, a roommate  
A man or a woman  
Does that matter  
With you, yes.  
Man... I was thinking an undergradate, roommate, someone  
to keep me company at the telescope at night  
Relive the glory days, you need to get into the present  
I was hoping he'd be able to help me with that  
He, you seem definite... have you worked out a name?  
Not yet  
Then at least wait, as your doctor, as your confessor, as your  
owner and master... I'm ordering you to wait... I'll do some  
research, forward what I learn...  
I've already done that  
You have  
Yes...  
And you are determined  
Yes  
So what do you need from me...  
Your permission  
It won't come cheap...

Fuck her. I sold her shit... that which didn't fit in the garage, t aht  
she'd told me to sell... but since it's my story, complete with UFO,

the one that got away, and all that... I'm saying I sold her shit...  
because she left me

Contains sewing manequins, machine, piles of cloth, outfits???

Got to do something

Bored Lonely Looking at Room...

A year passed, two... denial, keeping it the same

(looking at room, sewing machine... all the good times  
(outfits),

start with a clean slate, she'd had plenty of time to get what she  
wanted

## **HAS GARAGE SALE**

Throwing stuff out, garage sale, empty room

Sells wife's stuff (phone in ear

getting rid of wife, making room

What? For my sewing machine... it's worth at least \$20...

\$10, it's your's (I'll buy you a new one)

Wife arrives to buy own sewing machine, incognito, sunglasses,  
pink scarf... that's way too much (how about we just work out a  
deal

## **REWORKS ROOM**

But what to do? I decided to make it my own room... a  
monument to lost youth

Very Fast, Building bunk beds??

Man's, Moose head, stag, cooler  
Still missing something, scratching chin  
Phone, I bet you got that stupid moose on the wall... so I need  
to redecorate... it's the end of the semester... you know for us still  
living in the real world... you say that like you believe it

## **GOES TO GARAGE SALES**

Mannequins, blow dolls, beer, 8mm movies, refrigerator, dart  
board,  
project, do over, garage sales, end of year, buying kids crap (get  
their early first, get the good deals (box of porn, 8mm) hard to find,  
bargains, last, buy it all, everything must go (collection of  
mannequins)

Garage sales, other side, tacky, mannequins, tacky posters,  
bongs, water pipes,

Anything and everything, they were leaving it behind, going  
off to jobs, the future, I was staying behind... the good stuff, they  
were too embarrassed to sell

## **DUMPSTER DIVING**

(dumpster diving, bongs, mags, 8mm (score))

Dumpster diving (Hey, prof, you didn't get it from me... but  
(pointing)

Maybe we should just load it into your car, prof (\$100, keep  
quite about it)

## **ENDS THROWING STAG PARTY WITH SELF**

In house, looking at room, going to kitchen, looking at menu  
board... I'll have a #6, puts on chef's bakes, this would be a lot

more fun if someone else was around What are you doing??? Stag party

Naked, Blanket over lap, King Dong, Quiff of the Sierra Madre, weird shit... dogs, donkeys... guy in a gorilla suit (let me guess?) yep, King Dong

Stag party (alone, popcorn, chips, beer, watching movies projected against wall, Super 8 (pizza delivery guy)

And then another year... i could rent out the room

## **DR. DOM CALLS - YOU NEED TO GET A FRIEND**

You need to get a friend

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## **MAKING OF GUY**

### LIBRARY

Pink Passion introduced in element (library)

Switches to Pink Wife for a shag

### INTERVIEW - MONTAGE

Pink Passion/Chinese (basis characters)... cat fight...

Guy walks in... shows why others no good, I'm the one, you know it, I know it

### INTERVIEW - GUY (SLIDE SHOW)

### LIFE WITH GUY (IM)

IM meets Chinese Girl (I can see why you'd like to live with her... neat, clean, and Ho Sin... out of this world

((WE NEED TO GET YOU LAID..., observatory, eating chinese))

## **IM - Creation - Research - Interview**

ENDS THROWING STAG PARTY WITH SELF

DR. DOM CALLS - YOU NEED TO GET A FRIEND

^^^ from previous

### LIBRARY

### INTERVIEW - MONTAGE

### INTERVIEW - GUY (SLIDE SHOW)

### LIFE WITH GUY (IM)

### **### LONG FORM**

#### **LIBRARY - RESEARCH**

Look at book, stare at girl, imagination sequence

Stacks... on account of (big tits) the book stacks, I guess  
Maybe I should just blow you (NIL-E as Stacks), (cut to  
office/library)

Pink Ribbon, real library, coed (can I help you) looking in  
stacks, back to House, Pink Nun (will that be all... you library card  
will not work here... foot on desk... pink stockings... licking toes)

Library Research (for a friend... yeah, I don't want to mess  
this up... It's a friend Al, not a research project, you live your life...  
and I'll also live your life and don't you forget it.

Girl in library is perhaps The Blue Nun, Dr Dom's sister... whips,  
violence, etc

#### **INTERVIEW - MONTAGE**

Right, so that's that, clip board in hand... open door, let the  
first one in...

Monster in the Closet

Fag, coming out of the closet

Next year roommate, imaginary (MONTAGE) interviews, best of  
the best grad students (and current student, big breasts, I could

suck your dick, take my picture, lift it from MySpace (I' know you've looked),

Harry guy, Surfer, stone, total geek (one per house is a enough),  
freshman (try the dorms)

Bernie (died in a car crash... no wait, airplane... stop!  
You can't kill off you're imaginary friend. I'm not a ghost. I'm  
not based on anybody real. Any just so we're all on the same page,  
I'm not gay (i did) same page? (sure)

xxx

Fantasy sequence (young girl, Well hello professor. Hello,  
stream of girls, kissing, loving on, naked in the morning (I made  
you toast... It's my mother's recipe. Cereal... panties hanging in  
bathroom)

It wouldn't work. I decided on an imaginary friend.  
An imaginary friend?  
Yes, I did research on the subject  
Are you serious.  
I'm an acadmemic, it's what we do  
Did you publish a paper...  
Not yet, maybe you could help me...  
(In library) looking at books taking notes,  
finally, I'd learned all I need to know, it was time to start the  
interview process

You're kidding me, right?

(Interview, montage)

Old, grad students

Girls

A few...

But, it didn't work out

IM friend interview

Montage

(girl, this is discrimination... I'll sue),

Geek... no, no geeks  
Jocks... sorry, not anybody, who looks like they could kick  
my ass  
Might as well get these rules out of the way  
IM - Guy... No chicks... and then no sex, interesting  
clarification there, glad I won't have to worry about dropping the  
soap in the shower... What's this? Vegetarian  
Don't want to get eaten in my sleep  
Worry about that a lot, do you?  
Just seems like a good idea  
Setting up, projector, mind if I...

### **INTERVIEW - GUY (SLIDE SHOW)**

Saw your ad, crumpled, back pocket, read, ... put an ad, in an  
imaginary paper... not at first, did a little research first

#### **RULES OF IMAGINARY FRIENDS**

1# Can't die (life of my own, you life own,  
don't have to nurse maid me across the street... I'm a grad student.  
You forget about me for a week, just assume I went on a ski trip or  
something (you like skiing) no, but I do like going on ski trips  
(scene in lodge, shaking head return)

2# Allies (don't benefit from your death, nor  
you from mine. I'm not trying to take over your body, eat your  
soul, or any of that crap. The world's a lonely place and even  
imaginary friends need a friend... understand. We're buds, don't  
make it more than it is (OK)

3# No Sex (Ew! Nothing nada, no double  
dates, no nothing. Because you'd get bored. Class scene, how  
many girls in your classes, and how many do you fantasize about?



Well, one or two. Liar (if only she was prettier. You're a sick bastard, you know that... I can learn a lot from you.)

(Imaginary friend seriously, checked out books, wrote a report, slide show MONTAGE presentation)

(IM, messy, belligerent, not caring, perhaps, IM giving Guy head)

It won't work.

Stay out of this.

Sex... you'll tire. Number one rule. First off, it's just plain creepy, what are you going to do

(Blow up doll, dinner, bathtub, sleeping together)

It's creepy, alright, and second, you'll tire

Girl: I have friends

You'll tire. You need a guy, non confrontational, no threat, hell, I'm not even half your age...

I'm not that old

We won't be in the same dating pool

So, you'll be having sex

Duh.

And you'll be happy to know I'm a vegetarian, so won't be eating, you in your sleep, honest, non-violent, not a psychopath

Slide show, clicking through fast,

What else is there... happy, go lucky... oh, yeah, can fend for myself... I'm potty trained...

Never really considered that

Here's the thing

(Movie short, billy, imaginary friend, pink rabbit, mommy give him an icecream cone, forgets rabbit, rabbit gets mad, eats billy, holds grudge, whatever... Guy with hot bunny getting icecream, IM by himself)

What? Am I invisible here? But no, I can take care of myself

(IM, gets icecream, makes bunny balloon for kid, and hits on the girl's mom... I can take care of myself)

Hit by a car, no problem... so just go on with your life, we'll interact here and there, if you forget about me for a week, no worries, I'm probably off skiing... or in Vegas

You ski

(Hot tub)

Let's just say, what happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas.

Self reliant, intelligent, able to hold his own in a conversation... see, here's the thing, we all know you're not the most mentally stable...

(look)

You're going to forget about me, OK. Dr Death

Dom

Whatever, Dr. Dom, calls on the phone, a cute girl walks by, you're going drop everything

Montage

Leave at observatory

Ice cream cone,

Park, sailing away (on kite string)

Happens all the time, more IM fatalities occur every year due to mismanaged, imagination... etc. So, I can't die from your negligence... I'll always make it home on my own

(in door dripping wet from rain)

But those would be rules for anyone...

Trust me, I'm the one you want. I can get you laid. I've got a way with the ladies.

**LIFE WITH GUY (IM)**

Morning coffee, two in shower, brushing teeth, close door on toilet, strike a match when you're done...  
Chinese girl, you're right, she is hot... having coffee with Chinese girl, got to go... off to work

IM GUY - Living Together/Off to Work  
IM GUY - Typical Night at Telescope  
IM GUY - Boffing chicks in room  
IM GUY - Chinese Waitress  
IM GUY - Having Coffee

LIFE WITH GUY

MOVING IN

MORNING (Night/Routine)

CHINESE PLACE (ever ask her out)

OBSERVATORY (eating chinese, we need to get you laid,  
don't look at me when I eat (Chinese girl) makes me nervous)

WE NEED TO GET YOU LAID (transitional)

BOOK

QUAD - SMILE

Mann, if you're going to leave the bathroom like that, I'm going to have to charge you rent

Guy, yeah, good luck with that... and don't even think about trying to evict me, some of my best friends are ghosts

Mann, is that a threat

Guy, relax... (monopoly money), I found this in the room, help yourself, (briefcase full)

Guy mucking about with rules in kitchen???

Guy moves in

Ending with, we need to get you laid.

I put together a little book for you (you did), well,  
actually you did, but we both agreed I'd take credit, Oh, right

(GuY/IM Montage, making coffee, showers-- (Sorry, sorry),  
taking a shit (You're just going to have to wait... Number 1 or 2,  
go out back (I'm not doing that) then use the kitchen sink) and  
finally bringing girls home,

Want to share?

I thought you said no sex?

Yeah, you're right, it'd only get freaky. Well, don't let me  
keep you up.

(Guy, being kept up, by sounds of love)

I promised I'd get you laid

Chinese, Some Chew, Ding Dong, it red sacue Mister, you want or  
not... you want the suckee suckee, five dollar extra...

I miss my wife, opens shirt, why?

### WE NEED TO GET YOU LAID (transitional) ###

BOOK

QUAD - SMILE

Guy has to pay rent????

NIL-E: A Fantasy of Galactic Proportions  
Copyright Brett Paufler 11-5-09

## DATING

split

BOOK (hands, observer, cut quad, what I don't understand, what's not to understand)

SMILE - QUAD

Hello, Chinese Girl (you know her) & Pink Passion (library, huh... I am so going to nail her) Hey, too bad you don't have children, she could be the babysitter (wife, scene... no children... but I... this really is an compromising... so how am I supposed to earn that \$1.50 an hour, I do so need to buy a new dress for the prom)

HELLO - CONVERSATIONAL (montage)

Cut back to present, water fountain... just start talking, this is the one I come to, best... (refilling bottle)... OK, maybe try some other places

Nowhere with Chinese, Pink Passion library, I like it, go for what you know... who you know, but live a little, get into the real world

DR. DOM - DATING SEQUENCE

It's just not going as I planned

Tell me about it...

In office, massaging feet, stops at knees, that would be crossing a boundary, Mr. Mann... and you haven't paid for that... maybe after you prove yourself... let's see this book of yours... not till... fourth date... maybe more... problem is, you haven't found someone whose interested in you that much, and that you yourself are interested in... Shrug, have you tried the internet, whip... I told.,

you , you haven't paid for that... besides, you never taken me out to diner... it'd be a conflict of interest, ethical thing, not that you'd know about that.. but thank's for asking

In dating, meets at lecture, movie theater (Dr. Dom, I didn't know you enjoyed... I enjoy a good love story. I hope this won't interfere with out professional... not at all, you'll continue to kneel (put me on a pedestal) and I'll continue to demand that you do... the ticket, and I'll take a small popcorn... I don't share, oh, and a soda).

Movie is about Mann's life, longing for an existential conflict that does not exist. Put this into Dr Dom's mouth.

Getting and giving massage, foot back, not wearing any panties...

#### DATING INTERNET

Cursory of different ads...

Dr Dom's Website... teamed up with the Priscilla Pink chick... you know about that

Dr. Dom has a website... she makes a killer schoolgirl really don't want to deal with this (dr Dom, no this)  
((CRAZY GIRL))

Been corresponding with her like forever... she almost feels like a colleague... colleague, student, subordinate, what's the difference, ask her out, tag that ass... um, you know, figaturively speaking

#### **IM - SMILE - DATE - Internet**

IM INTERVIEW

LIFE WITH GUY (IM)

WE NEED TO GET YOU LAID (transitional)

BOOK

SMILE - QUAD

^^^ from previous

## **SHORT OUTLINE**

WE NEED TO GET YOU LAID (transitional)

BOOK

SMILE - QUAD

HELLO - CONVERSATIONAL (montage)

DR. DOM - DATING SEQUENCE

DATING INTERNET

CRAZY GIRL (transitional)

NIL-E #1 - RESTAURANT

## **### LONG OUTLINE ###**

### **WE NEED TO GET YOU LAID (transitional)**

(IM, fucking student)

Oh, excuse me

Hi, prof

Sure, you don't want to join...

We've been over this... I was just letting you know... Off, to the obvsertory....

Again...

Everynight?

(Running after, pulling on pants, standing by door, (you're coming back, right) torn, goes with guy (give me a lift))

Ride to summit (past, guard shack, twisty road, overlooking valley (this would be a great place to take a date).

So what are you doing, anyhow, long walk back... and I'm not letting you take my car

I could call a cab (staring at stars) hitch a ride on a UFO, they're real, you know.

I know someone you should meet

Really?  
No.  
Oh, anyhow, I'm your new assistant... dusty  
(Takes dest, next to Guy, sets up computer...)  
SO what's next?  
Nothing really. Try not to fall asleep. It's all automated.  
Hardly ever have to do anything.  
Sounds cushy.  
It is... too cushy to leave, it's been my downfall.  
Say it again, only with a smile  
It really is a great job... no end of grad students would love to  
have it... but it's dead end, no research coming off of this thing  
What are you doing  
Survey of the asteroids... you know, some are round, some  
are... well, roundish... like snowflakes, no two are the same, and  
we're cataloging them all. And my part of this grand enterprise is  
to make sure no one runs off with the telescope in the middle of the  
night  
Other: Goodnight, Guy  
And that's it, we're all alone now.  
(Car driving away.)  
It sort of depressing.  
Maybe you should see a shrink?  
You think I'm crazy?  
No, I think you're depressing to talk to... let me see that book  
(indicates desk)

Cut Quad, maybe from Observe, hand book there

## **BOOK**

Perhaps work rules backwards, wife spoiled you, she was fucking  
your brains out every which way, you expect that now, see a girl  
and it's all you think of (that's all you think of too), yeah, different



with me, anyhow that was the old deal, the new deal is that you don't care about getting laid (but I do)... just pretend you don't... and to help you out, you're going to agree not to fuck anyone for the 3-4-6<sup>th</sup> date... and that way if you pick up a stray coed or two along the way, your wife will have no reason for jealousy... she doesn't need a reason .... Once again, your own fault

See, smile, hello, talk... then talk again... you ever talk to anyone again?

No.

Well, that's what you're supposed to be doing.

I don't want to talk.

But you want to fuck?

Yeah.

Well, talking is the key to getting into those young girl's knickers. No one's going to suck your dick unless they think they're going to feel better about themselves after they've sucked your dick than before, so get in the habit of making girls feel better about themselves... don't even say, it. Fuck what you really think... make them feel better about themselves and they'll come running back for more... for more dude

BOOK REVIEW (total fantasy... I can't blow you till a month from now, can't you make an exception for me... Maybe we can just talk about how good it would feel to give you a blow job... and then walking down quad)

BJFL (Blow Jobs For Life... a guide to getting laid)... you like blow jobs, right. Well, hell, I don't know, maybe you're into anal probes... look, it doesn't matter, substitute whatever you want

IF A BOOK

## THE GUIDE

Hello

10 day, 100 week

Conversation

1 day, 10 week

Talk Again

1 week

& Again, & Again, & Again

The coffee date, walk in park

All deciding, want to talk again

And then, do you want to go on date

Dates 1-3

Eating Out

Eating at your place

Eating at hers

F-Fest

Do you want an exclusive for the next month, year?

Rules

No Marriage

Separate Money - checking accounts, no commingling of assets

Moving in... is a 12 month (lease hold) commitment

Birth Control

Walking down Quad, smiling

Guide Book, work it out real time, big part of movie (2 words entries? I'm not really big on typing... I have to hunt and peck, OK? Besides, Ben Franklin had this system of self improvement, you know wrote down words like Frugality, Humility, and shit like that on a sheet of paper, used it as a mnemonic... As I recall, chastity was on that list of his,, hence the need for an updated version, this one is, you get if you want to make a game of it, 1 smile, 5 hello, 25 for 5min conv, 50 for a half hour? What for an hour? You lose 100points... and you got to get 1000 week... or you got to admit you're over the hill and don't really want to get laid) It's really small writing, it's a really small book, Not really much of a writer

Smile, Hello, Conversation

Repeat, Repeat, Repeat

Dinner Out, Dinner your Place, Dinner her place

Fuck her ever loving brains out

(will this really work, it's the wisdom of the ages, now if you'll excuse me, I've got a date (you've got a date), I've got a date... and you've got a class to teach... shit!)

IM: introduce, rules, why

Smiling, Hello, Conversations: why, to prove he can do it... for fun, because he's lecherous... because at some point, his wife takes over

**SMILE - QUAD**

## Walking in Quad

This has been working out for you  
You just need to get laid  
Look at yourself... no not your clothes, nobody cares about that, look at your face... Smile dude. Look, you did the research on IM, we both know that, so I owe you. I did a little research on my own, her

BJFL - little black book

BJFL

Blow Jobs for life

Smile?

Turn the page

Really small writing

It's a really small book

That one's pretty easy, just smile, all the time at everyone

Here's you boss

I hate him

Easy to smile imagine him getting his ass reamed

(Bending over, taking it)

Boss - Jones... are you feeling alright

He does sort of walk

Yeah

So smile everyone all the time, chicks dig happy guys, just imagine what you'd be doing to them... or their girlfriends... or naked

(video corresponding, naked chicks here and there)

Yeah, I guess it's no so hard

So next, lesson. Say hello

Hello. Fine hello

No, no. Like to everyone, give it a try

Hello, hello, hello

Students giving him the weird look, (naked, as if), aren't you a professor, yeah, yeah, whatever, ignoring him,

This is your campus right, you've been here longer than anyone, so act like you own the place... ladies, gentlemen, dogs...

(scratching behind ear, Frisbee landing)  
Toss it back  
(Figuring out how, holding it wrong, IM takes from him,  
hand to girl)  
Girl - thanks  
(Staring at naked)  
Say, you're welcome  
Um, yeah. The pleasure's all mine  
And from there you just try to strike up a conversation, pass  
the time fo day. Try to smile all the time, say hello to everone or at  
least 50-100 people a day, and strike up at least one conversation.  
Student: Oh, hey. I was wondering test...  
IM: Boudaries dude, tell her to come to your office hours...  
So, does she count  
Only if you want to loose your job... but hey, I got to go  
(Chases after girl, guy nodding, practices, smiling, hello... talking  
to girl at water fountain, the (water good today?), giving him weird  
look

(Smile, Hello, Conver)

Smile (fast) (going to get laid, imagine her down on her  
knees, and the fact that she's looking away (she's already ceded  
dominance to you, you're the man, Hello, no no let her go she in  
one of your classes) (Smile, be happy, chicks dig happy guys who  
are enjoying life, no one wants to be with a sad or angry dude, so  
just be happy (what if I'm not) fake it, pretend that every girl .  
every guy too for that matter, is the one for you, lighting up your  
life, you spending that moment (under dressing them with eyes...  
perhaps sex scene, girls going at it, smiling, taking off tops), just  
do it none stop, so it comes naturally, it's your default setting (like  
some nervious ching chun guy who smiles and nods even though  
he's as nervous as hell and doesn't know what the fuck you're  
talking about (IM becomes chang, and nods and smiles vigorously,

one, and does it) yes, sir, yes, sir... oh, look at the tits (they're not real), and you care about this?

Walking down quad, throwing frisbee, that's all it is, looking for the in, being friendly, being open

Hello, now say Hello, to the nice girl, the nice boy, the cute puppy dog, throw the frisbe (just hand it to the girl)

Hello (got me that job, right)

Hello, no need for reply, you're friendly, you're a professor, I feel like a creep, you are a creep, but no worries

Conversation (we having a test? Meaningless question from student. Just remind her you have office hours, some of the cooler teachers sit in a bar... you might want to think about it)

Smile / Hello (& then suggest, maybe off campus, broaden your horizons) Smile / Hello / Conversations (a year goes by)

All the girls in the quad know Guy (Hi Guy, Hi, Hi Guy, you're fucking my brains out... I mean, taking me out tonight, right guy?)

Easy for you, you don't exist

(and yet all the girls love me, yet you, who do exist, might as well not, pity... such a waste... hi, guy)

Besides, I'm in their class... and they're way out of yourse

## **HELLO - CONVERSATIONAL (montage)**

Montage, around campus, hitting on younger girls, embarrassed dean watching, lunch room, office hours, classroom, you should come to my office hours (Prof is getting creepy)

IN Office with IM

After coed leaves (I thought this had something to do with my grade?)

(I got to go, you might want to try it off campus)

Converstation (bounces, ideas off, situations)

(at telescope, late at night)

Striking out... not striking out, learning we're to meet girls. Hell, you can't expect a girl in a rush, shopping in a supermarket after work, desperately trying to put a hot meal on the table for her family to give you the time of day. All you can really do in that situation is make her day brighter, say hello, practice small talk, make her feel desirable... in a non creepy way, and then move on. She doesn't have time for you (what's the point). She might know someone, someone else might be watching on, or if nothing else, it just gives you practice... and you my friend are out of practices. What we'd put in that book (1 day, 10 week), then you just got to go were people have conversations... wherever you see two people talking (counter at restaurants, faculty meetings, clubs, churches, and social club... just go to one a night. I don't have time. Make time)

In Office, Conversation Debrief IM & Guy

Flashback - to end of last year, coed, throwing herself, "is there anything... anything I can do." Get an A on the final, "NO. Anything... like, extra credit." Should have just done her

Besides, if you're gong to count her, might as well, count a stripper (flashback) or a call girl (leaning into car)... yeah, chickened out on that one too (it was just research... I was having a conversation... and then I was driving away quickly ) as pimp walks over

((See dating debrief first))

One in the real world to get a feel, one at home, play acting, to keep the money in the family

Psychiatrist (not much different from an escort, but not as detrimental to your image if you get caught)

Shop girl (there's a reason girls get these (hold these) jobs preferentially)

Church (grandmother of imaginary friend)  
Restaurant (lady with book (ask if she likes it, suduko, how do you do that)  
Bars (orange juice... straight up)\  
Haircut (from shop to shop to shop, go in one, get out, go in next get a shave)  
Massage, pedicure, manicure,  
(A fair number of the people Guy meets are played by his wife... to which IM says, You really got to get over her if you want to be a player)  
Lectures (I actually work here  
Discussion groups (Hi, my names  
Golf (looking around, all alone... not really anyone to talk to, here)  
Yoga (this is harder than it looks  
Quilting (strangley relaxing)  
Pirate (argh)  
Bird Watching (butterfly collecting, grasshopper)  
Movie Theater / Play (Like to play, make believe, the fantasy

## **DR. DOM - DATING SEQUENCE**

IN AND OUT FROM DR DOM TO ROLES WIFE PLAYS

(( ( Proposed Outline ) ) )

DR DOM'S OFFICE (back from trip)  
DEBRIEF - Story thus Far (dating)  
RECOMMENDATIONS  
DATES  
DEBRIEF  
SET UP WITH SISTER (real psycho)



Can't date myself... conflict of interests... but wouldn't your sister... shut up, worm... she has a website, if you're interested... a website??? But I must warn you, more severe, than I am... severe SISTER - PINK NUN (ribbons in library, school girl, Kim Lee) Oh, god help (black nun, blue nun), perhaps library girl... didn't we meet once before (library) SHUT UP WORM!!! Oh, yeah, baby! TO IM - OBSERVATORY for INTERNET

For dates, Guy is the waiter, all same restaurant, the kitchen  
Girls, I think I've eaten here before... Yeah, my last date took me here... good food, crappy service, almost non-existent (hey, I heard that)  
Guy, and yet, you keep coming back  
Happy to report, both kinds, white and red

Mannequins are in restaurant as other patrons, Chez Pretense

As Mann, fucking date, Guy says, I trust the service was to your satisfaction tonight ma'am.

Half the fun, none of the risk (fake dating)... that's what wigs are for

Boundaries have to be crossed now and again so you can see where the line is... Why am I not surprised to hear you say that... Got to cross the line every once in a while (why date) Dr Dom

Dr Dom, what are you looking for  
Something with a little upfront  
Why not surprised to hear you say that

Dr. Dom.

He says he's going to get me laid.  
And you need help with this.  
I need your help with this  
(massaging back) a little lower... lower... lower...

Told your shrink about us?  
What's the use, if you don't tell her everything... so about  
this getting laid  
I made you a book  
Smile, Hello, Conversation... Intro, Montage  
Just practices, 1 meaningful conversation every day with  
someone new  
And this is going to get me laid  
Girls don't fuck guys they've never met... it's basic shit.  
Dude, how old are you and you don't know this?  
Just give me the book.

xxx

Why is he dating? bored, to prove he can, increase  
interpersonal skills, platonic, friendship, just to meet (can go to the  
friends column and then simply ignore all the same sex replies)  
gist for the mill

X

Recruit Imaginary Friend... need to get you laid  
Dom (I see you've accomplished a lot, since my wife left me...  
went to explore... follow her muse... Joseph, whatever you want to  
call it... yes... I need to get laid... are we back to that... yes... maybe  
you should follow this IM friend of yours advice... really... you  
said he made you a book... it's really small, it he, small... he  
doesn't like to write... why not give is a shot (been massaging leg,  
buzzer goes off, I'm sorry, that's all the time we have... I'm sorry,  
your hour is up))

Friend explains book, walk in quad, hitting on chicks

## DATES

### INT. KITCHEN CAFÉ - NIGHT

Guy dressed as waiter, drying off a glass with a towel. Mann sitting at table, picking up menu, putting it down, fidgeting.

GUY

First date?

MANN

Yeah.

GUY

Nervous?

MANN

A little.

GUY

So who are you meeting?

MANN

I don't know. Blind date.

GUY

You want to be careful with those. Oh, look out. Here she comes.

Nellie enters dressed as a biker chick (leather, chains, studded hat, sunglasses), pushes Guy out of the way, sits down at Mann's table, back to wall.

NELLIE

So, this is you. Pathetic. I need a beer.

(beat)

Make that two.

Nellie sits down again. She is wearing a black cape and has fake vampire fangs in her mouth making it hard to talk.

NELLIE

I want to suck

(beat)

your blood.

(beat)

Oh, don't worry. They're not real.

Nellie takes fangs out.

NELLIE

See, they come out.

(to Guy)

I'll have the blood.

Nellie dressed as a witch, with a pointed black hat.

NELLIE

Fine, eye of newt then.

Nellie as a zombie.

NELLIE

Brains?

(beat)

Look, they don't have to be fresh.

Nellie as hippy chick. Peace sign on face, leather fringes.

NELLIE

Carrot juice, then. With a hemp chaser and if you got something a little more powerful, you might as well throw it in there as well.

Nellie as farmer's daughter: straw hat, checkered red shirt, hayseed in mouth.

NELLIE

As long as it's organic.

Nellie as nurse: white dress, hat.

NELLIE

And no hormones. You would not believe what hormones do to your body.

Nellie as a Jeanie in a harem outfit, shaking breasts.

NELLIE

Of course, it's not all bad.

So anyway, you know the drill. Your wish is my command. Yada, yada.

(beat)

Unless you want something to drink. 'Cause obviously that's not going to happen. Can I get some service, here! Please!

French Beret, spits out. Fake french accent.

You'se calls this coffee

Nellie is wearing a gray coveralls. She is covered with grease. She holds a wrench in one hand and a beer in the other. After chugging it down. She slams it onto the table.

NELLIE

Ahh! Now that hits the spot.

(beat)

So, what type of rig do you run?

Nellie is wearing a slutty white mini-skirt Logan's Run type dress, hair done as princess Liea.

NELLIE

But is it fast?

I need something fast.

Nellie as Natasha, a Russian spy in fur coat, gloves, and dark sunglasses.

NELLIE

But discrete.

Nellie is wearing a wedding dress, reading from a Russian to English dictionary.

NELLIE

It simple matter, for to the Green Card, I marriage, yes?

Chinese girl

NELLIE

Bouncy Bouncy.

Long time. You like. You see.

Nellie in harem outfit, shaking her breasts again.

NELLIE

Really? I already did this one? Are you sure?

In billowy white dress covered in pink bows, white a shepard's crook.

NELLIE

OK. I'm Little Bo Peep and I've lost my sheep. Care to help me find them.

(beat)

No?

Fine. Whatever.

Nellie throws the crop away.

NELLIE

As God is my witness, I will never play dress up again.

Pounding fist on table,

Natasha

Nyet! Nyet! Nyet!

(beat)

All I really want to know is, is it safe?

Under bright light, interrogation

Cop

I'll ask the questions here.

Tied, up

Gangster

I'm just saying, it's an offer you can't refuse.

Mafioso, Pinstrip suite (A offer you can't refuse... sliding under table)

Djinn

(your wish is my pleasure to fulfill)

Natasha

we have ways of making you talk)

Vampire

Oh, yeah, they come out.

But where's the fun in that.

At table, reading from Bible,

Now behave, not until we're married.

I thought I made that clear

GUY

Yeah, I can vouch for that.

Chinese

You make honest woman of Young Ho, you give her green card

Ballerina/Gymnast (I can put my legs around my neck

Indian Girl (dot forehead, did that hurt?)

Church (Bible Thumper)

Cultist

X-mas present, wrapped in cellophane, under tree (so, do you come here often)

Girl Scout, so are you going to buy some cookies or not mister, you're starting to creep me out.

GI Joe

Sheriff (

Gangsta Rapper

Nun/Angel (When you know you're just not going to be getting any... those angels are the biggest sluts)

Beret (spit out, youse calls this coffee)

Princess (Medieval... I used to getting my way, so what did you bring me Dragon's egg, horn of Minotaur...)



Cowgirl (eating beef jerky, hello pardner),  
Indian (how),  
biker chick (leather halter, want to go for a ride),  
Farm girl, (daisy duke shorts, haystraw in mouth, my father  
plowing the fields... I think you should do some plowing of your  
own)

Student (  
Hippy (bell bottoms, peace sign, try anything once, that's  
what I say (not the wisest of ideas)

Goth/Emo (lifting shirt, want to see my tattoos, pierced tits,  
fake)

Tomboy (butch, open your mind, butch, thrusting action with  
fist, could be fun... for me or you... what the hell do I look like)

I think my last boyfriend took me to this place

You're the one who said I should get a friend... friend, not a  
fuck buddy... first you don't like guy, now you don't, I never said,  
I didn't like guy...

Not really so much to get laid... you know, the sex, as  
knowing I could get laid, get the sex... and not just by paying for it,  
or dating some ugly chick, but going for the gold, getting it,  
(ringing the brass bell, so to speak), or knowing I could and  
walking away (why would anyone do that)

Shrink (lying back on couch, hot female, tightly wound  
shrink, probably Nellie, tight, sado- dominatrix, in and out flashes  
of sado)

So, the first question is always, why are you here?

I guess, I'm a little unhappy.

Whip. Say Mistress Jugendorph, first

What

Whip

What

Whip

Mistress Jugendorph

That's better... and you are unhappy

Because...

Whip

Mistress Jugendorph... I don't like this game

Nobody cares what you like worm...

(into montage, with guy being put through the wringer my  
Mistress Ballbreaker, nardcruch, Dr. Dom.,, Dr. Dom perhaps start  
of it all, lying back on couch, slap with whip, hand, tassle of rope,  
confessor, Leather Nun, Blue Nun, Black Dragon, start is done  
online, Or as I like better these days as lying back in observatory,  
staring at sky, beating off. Dr Dome is a psychotherapist, believes  
in psychic release, very dominant in her field (Guy to Mann)

Tell, Dr. Dom what you have tried, (in head hold)

Church, IM, grandma, sitting next

You tried to pick up on your grandmother... (Oh, god)

Resturaunt, Bar, Bookstore, Singles Meet.. speed dating

That's good, tell Dr. Dom why she should go out with a  
worm such as yourself.)

I have a good sense of humor

(Looking down at crotch)... puny, insignificant, repulsive  
sense of humor... where else...

(On wheel of death, rack of torture)

faculty parties

Boring

Strip clubs

Whip! Animal, vermin, parasite (nelli on the stage)

I'm sorry, I'm sorry

I even tried, talking to a prostitute

Whip

It was just to talk... I swear  
You're either a liar... or you're stupid...  
I'm both... I'm both... I've been a bad boy Dr Dom. I've  
been a bad boy.

Lick my boots.

(Dr. Dom perhaps black dress, austere, but refined, rich,  
elegant, in control, sophisticated, as a woman would dress if she  
was dressing, Leather Nunish, Black Nun, Sister's of the  
Unmerciful, black highlighting a cross... or fertility symbol, broken  
fertility sybom, vagina, opera glasses (for the inspection... now  
where is it supposed to be again... Oh, now I see it... disappointing)  
perhaps bouncing off tits (Oh, you like)))

Back at Observatory

So how did it go with Dr Dom

Let's just say... I won't be going there again

We'll you can always...

I'm not taking any more of your useless advise

I'm just saying, many men supplement their search for sexual  
satisfaction on the internet. Oh, here we are. Dr. Dom, has her  
own site... \$45 for a private... consultation (gives odd look).. but  
then maybe you already know that. You're going to get fired if the  
university finds this stuff... your fate is my fate and all that crap,  
are you sure, you know what you're doing...

My laptop, my feed. I've got my tracks covered...

(Looking over,)

What is this shit... halters. Girls prancing around like horses.

You need help

(takes computer)

I'll be doing a little research, you compose an internet add...

Don't i need...

No, here (tosses, pad of paper)

And I don't want to see anything about domintrixes, cross  
dressing goats, freak tentacle alien sex, or anything... just keep it

simple. Say hello, try to engage them in conversation... and keep it going... that's what it all about

Did you really have a personal consultation with Dr Dom  
Yes  
And how did you find it...  
Disturbing... but she wasn't the weirdest I met on the internet, not by a long shot.

(perhaps has a thing for Nasty Pornstars "Nasty")  
Internet Add Montage (perhaps all Nelli, under various guises, or then, maybe Nelli, here and there. Nelli, or not at all... keep it straight.)

Weird Ad Titles, and the women he meets  
Cowboys  
Knight in Shining Armor

And you met all of these off the internet?  
Half, some I met wandering around town?

(Short coffee shop, montage)

You must have been really busy.  
Not really.  
No?  
There's busy and then' there's busy.

{{  
Scene explaining no kissing, the date, plan  
Smile, hello, talk... again... again... again... wild sex.  
Coffee Shop, perhaps with Dr. Dom.  
And then after that, Nellie...  
}}

Campus Hello's... coeds, a bit of wifey mixed in

Dr Dom... need to get off campus more... seems like you're trolling for sport

Like

What, you want me to give you a list

Yeah, that would be nice

Wifey Conversation Montage (farmers daughter, etc.)

## **DATING INTERNET**

Guy, be what you is and not what you is not

Hey, did you know Dr Dom has her own website... Kinky stuff

Maybe you should just try the internet (downloading porn as he says this) Tons of freesites, we are. Do a search, you do know how to use google, now if you'll excuse me, the babysitter has just arrived at the fraternity house)... just remember, it's just like in person, smile, say hello, and engage them in conversation, the question isn't whether you want to spend the rest of your life with them, the question is whether you'd rather be talking with them or me... the internet, you say (whoa, Willing Wilma, Martha May I... maybe I'll get a job as the pizza delivery guy), most guys augment their search with internet (Hey, I'm a IM, fantasy's all I got)... so let's do a search, what you into, big tits, small? Anal? No, no, not really part of the equation, after all, since you made me up, you haven't made me go to the bathroom once (then I'm thinking you must really be blocked up) that is so not cool, no... um, excuse me (you do not want to go in there), you're not doing

that on the observatories feed (no no, you bought me a roaming card for my birthday, best \$50 a month you ever spent)

### Internet Montage

- (he writes, sends emails, smiles, hello, chats it up, coffee) Time passes, sun goes up, sun goes down, moon goes through the phases, seasons pass (snow on the peak), school starts and IM is there enrolling??? Sure to get an A (or perhaps this ends in observatory) IM & talking

### PERSONAL ADS

Somewhere 18 & Death (Somewhere between 18 & death seeks same for LTR, specific upon inquiry, welcome correspondence from any and all... with a view towards romance.)

Seeking Alien (Astronomer)

Knight in Shining Armor

Kevin 4.0

### RESPONSES - Generic? And Specific

#### Observatory, IM

Just use the internet,... Hey did you know Dr. Dom has her own website... it's very revealing

Dr Dom, leaning back, pad of paper, at her knees  
Adept conversationalist... Personally, I always like the witty ones... playful ones

You read the personals

What, don't you.

Observatory, listing off the various ads, any hits

One, sometimes two...

Various dates with internet chicks

All he was interested in was my body

Sultry, big girl, licking lips (come back to again)

So are you divorced, separated... or just cheating on your wife,

Drama department... you like costumes, right  
Real dates, with other girls

How about that crazy one

Crazy one

You know, NIL-E, you're always going on about her conspiracy theories... MX nothing but a government conspiracy to wash money, pay of the Mafia... that sort of shit...

I don't know... she'd never posted a picture

She's got one now... and she's hot

### **CRAZY GIRL - (transitional)**

IM to Frank

Internet -- should go out with Crazy (Nil-E)... I know why you like her, you crazy just like her... yeah, aren't you the one who started majoring in physics because you wanted to invent a time machine, then switched over to astro to work on the Seti program... hey, no everyone's a genius

Astronomy... still places left, maybe I'll enroll, I know, I'm going to enroll, sat out last year... only pretended to be a student, I'm going to do it this time... ah, some of the professors are really lax on attendance... I'm not..... and thus you will give legitimacy to my transcript...how long you'

Not well, lot happy, chat it up a lot, but not closing... it's been, I'd like to get laid, I need to get laid... What about the crazy (that's not nice), she's a nutcase, believes in witchcraft, UFO;s, aliens among us, government conspiracy... so she probably believes in true love as well... who knows, maybe you'll get lucky)

(Gone all summer, not available, back in town, she's student, or faculty (that could be even worse), ask her out... how old is she, doesn't say, could be anything (Hey, wouldn't it be great if you could work these things in reverse, you know, talk with someone you like and then decide tits, waiste, wether they liked slow dancing or anal... you're so crude... i wonder if she's looking to get laid, give it a shot)

Coffee, no, she's online, ??, buy her dinner... that's a campus hangout... buy her dinner... besides, that way you'll skip through those stupid half dozen coffee dates (they were your idea)

Why did you go with... um, a large (so few, I thought I'd stick out... in most things, bigger is better, how was I to know)

Alien terraforming earth, more CO2, at least there's a plan (not with these guys)

**((( END )))**



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## **NIL-E RESTAURANT #1**

NIL-E #1 - RESTAURANT

NIL-E -- BIG ENTRY

NIL-E -- HOW DOES THIS WORK

NIL-E -- MANN (TYPICAL)

NIL-E -- ABOUT HERSELF (ONLY NOT)

IM - DEBRIEF

I was hoping you'd be able to tell me MX was a host, Mann, what a waste of money that was.

DR. DOM

And what do you think, massaging, being nice... oddly (why being nice), mean then (hurt back, Ow!)... just answer the question... I'm going out with her again

## **NIL-E - Date #1 at Restaurant**

DATING INTERNET

CRAZY GIRL (transitional)

NIL-E #1 - RESTAURANT

^^^ from previous

## **SHORT**

NIL-E -- BIG ENTRY

NIL-E -- HOW DOES THIS WORK

NIL-E -- MANN (TYPICAL)  
NIL-E -- ABOUT HERSELF (ONLY NOT)  
IM - DEBRIEF  
DR. DOM (transitional)

## LONG

### NIL-E -- BIG ENTRY

Weird, I think I've been here before... doesn't the service suck  
It's under new management

Time so Hard to tell

Pink Grasshopper

She'll have a strawberry daqueri... and if you've got one of  
those plastic (gottcha)

NIL-E (the girl he's been staring at in telescope here and there,  
library, observatory, after wife, same actress)

Hello, Alfred?

Nellie?

It's NIL-E

Just like your screen name

Yeah... so can I sit down

Yeah, yeah. Of course, can I get you something to drink.  
(Complicated health drink order)

Guy, surly, if its not on the menu, we don't serve it. No  
substitutions... oh, and we're out of the pork, chicken, and steak...  
what does that leave... I don't know, read the menu

Time so complicated, different all over this planet... weird  
Yeah, I guess that takes some getting used to  
So, what do we do... Waiter... looking in book, mandarin, fake  
language (what?) oh, right... a Pink Grasshopper, it's supposed to  
be a local specialty (i haven't the slightest idea... waives off)

Waiter, (Leading into, you again, almost didn't recognize  
you, going as humans tonight are we)

### **NIL-E -- HOW DOES THIS WORK**

Book, looks at, so can't we just start by fucking like rabbits... if we  
don't like each other, what's the harm in that  
Drink arrives... Ahhh... Nothing like a Pink Grasshopper... I hope it  
doesn't contain any real grasshoppers, I'm a vegetarian you know

Can't I just get a sample... one little itsy bitsy sample... to see if I  
like the taste

NIL-E... so how does this work

We talk

Talk? About what?

I work at the observatory

What observatory?

Pointing, the hill

There's an observatory up there? A big one?

No

Don't kiss on the first date.

Or the second?

Not really? I'm waiting for that someone special... we should order...

You should tell me about that someone special

Someone special... that's why I'm interested... go through them all... but than Mann, A. Mann... save me a lot of time

So, this is my first time at this. How does it work?

Different people...

How do you work it?

Well, if I meet a girl around town, we do coffee a few times

And then

Dinner.

Dinner?

Dinner... first out, you know, for a couple of hours, get a feel, for a longer term, a conversation

(reaching across) To figure out if the chemistry is right, the desire is there.

Yes, exactly.

And if it's there.

We do dinner again, only my place

Your place?

It's never actually gotten that far.

Oh,

And then if that goes well, we do dinner at her place.

So, I should cook something... Is it a test

No just to see how the other lives

The other half

Something like that

And then?

We, um...

**NIL-E -- MANN (TYPICAL)**

Tell me about yourself, Mann? Typical? Everyman?  
So, if I was to fuck you... it would satisfy my need... have no desire  
for anyone else on the planet?  
I could safely move on... close that door behind me

Stars are so sexy... and asteroids, oh... oh  
Mann? Typical? Ordinary? Representative?

### **NIL-E -- ABOUT HERSELF (ONLY NOT)**

Me, you want to know about me? I thought you'd never ask, starts  
to unbutton blouse...

Not here...

OK... Where? That big telescope it's so phallic and stars so turn  
me on... each one like a bolt of electricity shooting through me

What do you want to know?

We should order?

Waiter!

Oh, I'll have another of these... maybe not so pink...

And how are you set up for locust salads?

Ma'am... if it's not on the menu

Did I say it wrong

(Pointing menu, pecan, blue cheese... and locust salad

The good ones look like dates... nice and juicy

I better get a big tip

Speaking of big tips, Mr Mann, what can a girl look forward to in  
that department with you... hopefully... you're packing a little more  
than the next guy....

Nellie talks about herself (00, Oh, that, I just didn't want to  
give out any information... love me for who I am... just so you  
know, I said a Peruvian love chant, as I was getting ready, so you  
don't stand a chance) Associate professor, just started, field work

Oh... I just got on in the anthropology department, assistant professor... I'm a shoe in for tenure... female, insider, full a few strings... give the head of the department a blow job... kidding... but you're cute, I would, but you had some kind of rules?

Fuck like rabbits (reading from book)

Um, yeah.

I can hardly wait, let's get this show on the road. Waiter.

Anthropologist... only that's my cover, really more interested in humans... Oh, what am I really, a little of this and a little of that

### **IM - DEBRIEF**

Debrief - Telescope/Office Hours (why would she lie (maybe no lie, maybe just Null-Set), some guys do that, great job, millions, physically fit, so why would she lie about her looks... wants someone to love her for her mind, takes all types you know.) (respects my mind, ideas, space travel, ufo's... exactly, but who, you know, isn't crazy themselves. It is a little hard.)

Observatory

She's not as weird as I thought she'd be

So... cause I'm not clear here, is that a good thing or a bad thing

Observatory, IM

And that's it... no kiss goodnight, no nothing

I like to take it slow  
Shit dude, no wonder you're not getting any... Oh, wait, I  
forget, how are things going with that Dr. Death

### **DR. DOM.**

Dr. Dom... so it's your place next, yeah, that's the agenda,  
out in public, my place, her place

And then you bang the shit out of her and toss her to the  
wolves... how many times have you done this

Um... she's the first one I've wanted to, you know, get this  
far with...

Then you should clean the house

Dr Death, interview

And what do you plan on this next date  
Just dinner... why does everyone expect more  
(he says as massaging her thigh, feet)

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**NIL-E - MANN -2**

### NEw

Split

ENTRY (pass IM)

GROUND FLOOR

Wife's Stuff versus Mann's Stuff

Mad magazine, the name Alfred Newmann... I'm Alfred Mann...

INTRO IM ROOM

UPSTAIRS

Telescope... various sights

Chinese, Pink, IM waving, thumbs up

WAVE IM (transitional, 1 line)

As go down to basement

BASEMENT

IM Looking on... eating out of Chinese food container, Ho  
Sin, Dip Some... killer fish sauce

KITCHEN w/IM (joins)

Don't worry, I've got my own food

DR DOM - SO WHO IS BIGGER

Bing, got to go

Tied to bed, being very nice, I think you're getting warmer  
with this NIL-E character... Bing, ties up leaves, full get up (this is  
supposed to be a game, I'm not playing with you Mr. Mann... do  
you understand that?)

IM - DEFINITELY ME

((CONDOM WALK (transitional)))



Small size, so no worries

# # #

NIL-E -- ABOUT HERSELF (ONLY NOT)

IM - DEBRIEF

DR. DOM (transitional)

^^^ from previous

### **SHORT**

ENTRY (pass IM)

GROUND FLOOR

INTRO IM ROOM

UPSTAIRS

WAVE IM (transitional, 1 line)

BASEMENT

KITCHEN w/IM (joins)

DR DOM - SO WHO IS BIGGER

IM - DEFINITELY ME

CONDOM WALK (transitional)

### **LONG**

#### **ENTRY (pass IM)**

Apron, front door

Entry Hall, Living room, (this is looking normal)

Kitchen (OK... this is pretty... different... coffee any good at this place... Tea \$50, better come with a back rub... no complaints) any specials today?

IM Door (passing this one by are we)

House clean, door bell, in apron, taking off

Al's House

Wow, we could have come here to eat on our first date, planning on opening a restaurant in your kitchen

I like to pretend

What exactly does that mean?

Let me show you

Nil-E - Date 2

Rings doorbell, enters, wearing fuck me cloths

You look, good.

Thank you,

You do know

I thought I'd make it hard... difficult on you. So this is where you live? Strange place.

Yeah, I remodeling it.

(Kitchen) Planning on opening a restaurant

Some of the rooms have themes

I hate to ask, but what's in the rest of the house

## **GROUND FLOOR**

Bedroom (supposed to come to this last, you know)

Woodshop (tapping, airplanes... for midgets?... oh,. Trophies from the war against the liliputians... heard they were bad-asses)

Bathroom (ocean... nice, so we taking a bath... oh, right, no fun till the... what was it 1,700<sup>th</sup> date?

IM Door (so what's in there))

(Backroom... bedroom)

You're supposed to show me this last... you know, no where else to go, one things lead to another... next thing you know, out of boredom or something I'm down on my knees

That's not really...

Just an idea. What's upstairs? Rest of housee

### **INTRO IM ROOM**

She's checking out my sexiness

(IM) What's the theme of this room?

This one's hard to explain

Lost youth? Middle age crisis? Look, I don't care, I'm into you (twirls) I'm into you... going to make it real hard, real hard for you to keep to your rules... you know, if you ever have... you seem like a sweet talker, I bet you've wormed your way into more than a few of those coed's panties, big, strong, smart professor like you

Maybe we should move on

Tell me about the room

Promise me you won't laugh

Sure

Like you mean it.

I promise... but you know I've got to laugh now, just on the principle of the thing...

But...

Just tell me, this your son's room

Something like that?

It's ok, divorced, come to visit, what do you get, custody on the weekends, that's really going to screw with your ability to take my to paris and bang me while overlooking the Eifel tower...

I don't have any kids

None

No

So what is it...

My imaginary friends room.

(pause)

does he have a name

Guy

Just guy?

Guy Goodson

So he is your son?

He's my grad student... pretend grad student...

And so what do you two do, double up on the coeds?

It's not like that

So what is it like

He pretty much does the coeds on his own

And you watch

Sometimes... he tells me about it... look, it's not really about the sex

Sounds like it is... so how do I meet him, sounds like he'd do a girl on first date... and what is this, our second?

He's not here? I was bringing a date over. Asked him to make himself scarce.

Shame. Sounds like he'd be fun. So, he'll come with one our third date.

No.

Why not.

Because I want you for myself.

(IM room)

If I had a roommate

(look from IM)

That is to say, this is where my imaginary friend stays... only he doesn't like to be called an IM... his name's Guy

Hi, guy

Howzit  
Is he there...  
Yeah, don't ask me why  
Wanted to check out the hot date  
What is he saying  
That he has to study  
No I'm not,  
(Closing door)  
If you want to use my room later... don't hesitate to ask, put  
clean sheets on for the occasion and everything  
(out in hall)  
Mannequins were his, no doubt  
(nods vigorously)

Show you the upstairs, rest

## **UPSTAIRS**

Tour of house (IM's room, telescope (I'm an astronomer  
overlooking neighbors yard... overlooking Nellie)

(Climbing stairs)  
It's still underconstruction  
This room looks pretty finished  
(study, library, looking around)  
A telescope... (focuses on back yard) any hot chicks in the  
neighborhood  
A few.. (redirecting) I work up on the hill...  
Oh, yeah, right. Astrologer or something  
Astronomer  
Stars?  
Asteroids...

No black holes, no exploding nebula  
Asteroids, rocks... typical one is about the size of a house  
You don't say... so you're retrofitting this one, you know, in  
case gravity fails and you go launching into space, got the canteena  
downstairs... what's back there

Master bedroom... when I get done... work in progress... lots  
of sawdust right now

Pity  
(leading downstairs)

Bedroom, plastic, this isn't where you're going to kill me

### **WAVE IM (transitional, 1 line)**

IM we meet again (he's staring at me)  
Undressing me with his eyes  
Could be more, baby

### **BASEMENT**

Turns on controls  
Little UFO control console... how cute

So, this is where the magic happens (though, you know,  
would have been a lot cheaper to buy a tent... or just walk for a  
quarter mile... just saying)

No whips no chains, you disappoint me... thought for sure  
you'd have a full scale dungeon going down here

### **KITCHEN w/IM (joins)**

IM JOINS (Chats?)

FRIED CHICKEN  
SO, WHO'S BIGGER?

Preponderance of males, many species the remaining go gay  
Pigs go through a homosexual stage  
IM - She's Just saying, keep an open mind

I do believe, I have kitchen privileges... part of my lease, you don't  
have a lease, IM problems? Probably a guy thing...

(not interested, vegetarian, total vegan, these things happen)

(Pushing away) We should have dinner.

What are you making?

Fried chicken.

I'm not eating that.

But it's your... why not.

I'm a vegetarian

When that happen?

I suppose around the time you were busy creating an  
imaginary boyfriend for yourself...

So, you're supposed to cook diner or something... as a test,  
see if I can stand your cooking... when we're trapped together in  
space?

I really wish you wouldn't make fun of me

I would say I wasn't, but the fact is, I don't seem to be able to  
help myself... so what are you making

Fried chicken...

I'm a vegetarian

You had a steak last week

Times change, I'm total Vegan now... got a salad or something... I think I noticed a garden out back

That's my roommate

Guy? He gardens?

Only the best baby (lighting up)\

Get back in your room.

IM problems

Company... you know how children get... cheese and crackers (opening a bottle of wine)

So tell me, IM, how'd you two meet... internet date... idle chat at the water cooler

He's my graduate assistant

Really... does he type? Can he fact check? How about writing a creative grant. I tell you, I hate that crap.

I'm sure he'd love to talk it over with you some other time, but he was just leaving

No I wasn't

Yes, you were.

(IM, Snaps fingers,) poof, I'm gone.

Did he go, Bye IM... You know, I was afraid you'd be boring, most older guys are... but boring isn't exactly the word I'd use for you

### SO, WHO'S BIGGER?

so tell, me is his dong bigger than yours

I don't know.

I don't believe you.

Cause, maybe I should be dating him

IM / Kitchen / Chicken / So which one's bigger / do you fuck on the first date



(who's bigger, echoes with next)

## **DR DOM - SO WHO IS BIGGER**

So, who is bigger, because maybe I should be seeing him  
Maybe, he should come in and see me

Dr. Dom

And then she asked me if my dong was bigger

Well, is it?

No. Maybe. I don't know.

Doesn't sound to me like you've thought this imaginary  
friend of your's through very far.

DR. Dom

So, what is the word she used

Crazy, insane, out of touch, weird... scary

Too bad

Oh, no, we got another date

## **IM - DEFINITELY ME**

It's bigger, you don't know, I do... It's bigger...

Measured in your sleep...

You're weird

I'm weird, you're the one who's got an imaginary friend of his  
measuring his dong in his sleep

Why'd you do it

I'd knew it'd come up

It's bigger. (look) I'm just saying it's bigger. Right, based  
on a grad student... who just happens to look like and idealized

younger version of yourself, the thing's huge, gigantic, monstrous, it's like a snake, I mean, all I hear is it's too big, it'll never fit, oh my god,

Will you stop. You're crossing the line  
Are you saying I'm out of line. I'm not out of line. You're out of line.

Shut up.

Like a fucking boa constrictor.

Shut up.

I'm just saying.

So am I, shut up.

### **CONDOM WALK (transitional)**

From IM's room, to NIL-E's apartment, non-stop  
In house, pushing outside, walking around back

Her place? (hands a bunch of rubbers)< you'll need these...  
don't worry, I got you the small size

I'm stilling feeling her out

That's why you need these...

Debrief - IM in bed with (Dr DOM???) Magnificent Marge (what size are those things... have some respect)  
Respect the cleavage... oh, I respect it

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**NIL-E - Garage - 3**

NIL-E - GARDEN TOUR

NIL-E - APARTMENT TOUR

KALI/JOSEPH SHRINE

KITCHEN/BATHROOM

NIL-E - CLOSET

PIZZA GUY - IM

(I trade with that chick at the Chinese restaurant, she is savage in bed... you'd think all subservient and shit, wicked evil that one is... it's like she did time in 'Nam... or saw, one to many war flicks, eh, same thing for one her age)

DR DOM - SO WHO IS BIGGER

IM - DEFINITELY ME

CONDOM WALK (transitional)

^^^ from previous

**SHORT**

NIL-E - GARDEN TOUR

NIL-E - APARTMENT TOUR

KALI/JOSEPH SHRINE

KITCHEN/BATHROOM

NIL-E - CLOSET

PIZZA GUY - IM

IM - OBSERVATORY (transitional)

## LONG

### NIL-E - GARDEN TOUR

Third Date - Her place

Lives in garage, gardening in backyard, sawdust on flower beds, makes good compost if you don't use treated wood

She lives in cottage (converted garage, gardens back yard, jungle (rent from a couple, doing for years, old man water when I'm a way, real sweet, harmless old man)

Nellie - 3 her place,

Gardening

Nice place

Hi... do I get a hug... not going to break any rules am I... not till the end of the date... I still don't know if I want to fuck you like a horny, slutty, demented rabbit yet... you want me to show you around

(nods)

Not really much, the old couple

Old couple?

Well, old man really, wife sort of cute... don't know how he landed her...

Money?

Nah,

Good looks?

(looks man over) not really... just one of those things.  
Anyhow, I get the backyard... garage, he did it up real nice... here,  
come inside

(Al walking up... noticing garden)

How long have you been here?

A while... went to school here... and this is my home base in  
between travels... guy... the old man, he waters stuff while I'm  
away... sweet old guy... (pointing to scope) I think he watches me  
sometimes, his eyes must be failing to need a scope that big at this  
distance... and then, I sun bathe nude... just to mess with him

Does his wife mind

Don't think he's married... i don't know, if he is, she's never  
around, weird couple, who knows... so, I supposed to show your  
around, right

That'd be nice

Well, that's a garden...

### **NIL-E - APARTMENT TOUR**

KALI/JOSEPH SHRINE

KITCHEN/BATHROOM

Walls this side shorter than that, It's Fung Shoo

NIL-E - APARTMENT TOUR (I suppose, I should show you  
around, not as grand)

Bedroom... kitchen (one room)

Joseph Shrine, Kali picture

Bathroom (pervert for a landlord... note the telescope)

Outfit on chair, this is nice, going somewhere...

Just seeing how it looks... I have a whole closetful, for me  
and my sisters...

You buy out a costume shop?

Picture over bed of multi armed goddess, Kali... I don't know, I call her Kelly (Multi armed, faced, tentacles, big wall mural... custom made... vision, I think of it as a sort of abstract self portrait), picture on dresser turns down of JOSEPH staff in dig Not Much, bookshelf, bookmarks being receipts from various café's, concerts, train stubs, postcards (this one's signed by alister Crowley, I think it might be a fake)

This is nice  
(picture of goddess) Self portrait  
Never thought of it that way before... but sure.  
Sure?  
Oh, you'll like this.  
Will I.  
Shows closet, bathroom

(inside, looking at picture, Cali-Nelli)  
And that's?  
Self portrait?  
Like a thousand faces of Eve

Thousand faces of Nellie... (Joseph picture down), private shrine (anthropogy stuff) (looks at picture, she puts it down)... hard to explain, lot of grief over that one... kitchen, bathroom... nice bathroom... clear view of the second story window... nice touch that... I like to give him a thrill every once in awhile (draws shades)... oh, and a walk in closet. I love my closet. Key to a man's heart his stomach? Mine's a walk in closet?

**NIL-E - CLOSET**

Closet (panties, dildo... my friends... help me get by... costumes on walls)

Sewing machine area... touch ups, mostly, I have a girl... they're really great, I can see why so many men want one

1 Room, with walk in closet (full of clothes, outfits, costumes, extensive g-string collection (I'm doing a project), all colors of the rainbow, I also have another collection... of toys (toys?, doorbell rings)... maybe I should show you that some other time)... (showing when pizza guy comes, eat pizza)

Outfits) Wow.

Not tonight, of course, wouldn't want you breaking any of your rules, but maybe you should look around... see what I should wear... Hey were are you going to take me for the big occasion

Take you?

Got to make it big Paris? Dancing?

(Ding Dong

Saved by the bell

Don't think you're getting off that easy. It's going to be big

(Outfits, bra collection, g-strings)

See anything you like

Quite the collection

I'm doing a paper on it... Primitive Masks in the Modern world (marty gra mask)... I should probably show you my other collection (hand on drawer... knock on door) but I guess that'll have to wait for another day.

**PIZZA GUY - IM**

Pizza, IM delivery (enjoy, I made it special) grasshoppers,  
(You would not believe the girls I meet, Pornstars do love their  
pizza... and their pizza delivery men, if you know what I mean)  
(Lucky I didn't make you a Tossed Ant Salad, well, let me  
thank you for that)

(Knock Knock)  
Yo! Pizza! Time's money.  
Hold on, I coming (opens door) Got any money  
Oh, hey doc.  
You two know each other?  
We've met.  
Don't tell me  
(IM guy, exchange looks)  
He's your IM isn't he.  
Look, I got to go. Enjoy. Made it special for you my man.  
Oh, no. He's seen one to many porn movies, that guy,  
That guy  
(Opening pizza) Grasshoppers? I thought you were a  
vegetarian.  
You know what they say, when in Rome... have a slice... it's  
a test

(Leading out, to front door)  
So, I can't cook... won't cook, women's lib, whatever, I'm  
not going to do it, so Pizza? OK?  
(Guy at door)  
Oh, hey. What are the odds?  
You two know each other.  
Um, this is getting weird.  
IM, Tell me about it  
So, pay the guy... gentleman always pays... Oh, and I'm a  
good tipper



You heard the lady, OH, hey... you would not believe the action I'm getting, so, could I have a few of those condoms back... (hands over) thanks.

What was that all about?

Oh, nothing.

(takes pizza) So, I hope you like grasshoppers on your pizza (opens)

You're kidding

You have your tests, I have mine. Eat up... show me you're a man... that you've got what it takes

### **IM - OBSERVATORY (transitional)**

my friends... roommates...sister (we should just go) sure to show up soon... you could stay, she really interested in meeting you... I don't mind sharing, really I don't, but not tonight... can you show me where you work... just you and me

(transitional) (he took to Observ, showed around???)

Observatory

Grasshopper, it's weird

Tell me about it,

So did you do her

No

And are you going to?

(car Slam)

IM Obs

So your really ate it, classic. So then what, wild sex right, just did her right there, a thousand costumes... (high pitched) OH, al. Oh, Al.

I took her up here, actually...

(look)

She wanted to see where I worked...

But the costumes... the girl's a freak, right. Intense roleplaying action, right. So, what'd you do... Student Teacher, Doctor Nurse... Pizza delivery guy... horny housewife, always a personal favorite...

No. turns out she doesn't care for grasshoppers on her pizza either, so we went out, grabbed a burger, and I took her up here... and you know all that crazy shit she's always going on about

Witchcraft, ghosts... CIA conspiracy... they after her... Goes all mental... the sisterhood or something...

Flashback

My sisters... just you know, if it looks like me, it is me... only it's not... they're going to want a piece of you

Obser

IM: What does that mean?

(Car lights, screech, gravel)

Debrief... You came here, what did you do, she's got a telescope fetish, doesn't she. What were you worried, after all this time it'll still work, it's like riding a bike (i never learned) You never learned how to ride... well, then you are in trouble... knock at door

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**NIL-E - Alien Sex Montage - Betrayal**

NEW

IM - OBSERVATORY (transitional))

Talk with IM, Mann and NIL-E wound up at observatory,  
hamburgers, turns out she doesn't like grasshoppers either

Really, she really seemed like a grasshopper type girl... from  
all you've said

GREEN ALIEN

(IM does Chinese basis in parking lot)...

ALIEN SEX MONTAGE

IM does, Library Chick... & Library Chick... Pink Passion,  
Dr Dom (Only a \$100 more... but he's a cheap bastard... no no, tell  
me about it... now how do you work this thing... you just show me  
where... I've been a bad doctor... I need my motives called into  
question... okeydokey)

PURPLE TENTACLE BETRAYAL

UH OH! HOUSTON WE HAVE A PROBLEM

PIZZA GUY - IM

IM - OBSERVATORY (transitional)

^^^ from previous

**SHORT**

GREEN ALIEN

ALIEN SEX MONTAGE  
PURPLE TENTACLE BETRAYAL  
UH OH! HOUSTON WE HAVE A PROBLEM  
PINK MISTRESS (transitional)

## LONG

## GREEN ALIEN

Alien Visitor 1 - Knock on the Door - Green alien, ride of his life, alters sighting (IM, I'm just going to give you two your privacy... soon... OK, I'm going.) Sleeping together... I just thought it would take longer, you know, all night

Debrief at Office, Nellie comes... Oh... so how was that?

Nell - I can't wait any longer  
Mann - Guy's right here  
Nell - I don't care, he can join in... you can join in if you want to  
Mann - Don't you dare... wait out in the parking lot... smoke a cigartet  
I don't smoke  
Maybe you should think about starting

Under the telescope, post coital...  
I'm not going to be able to stop my sisters  
You have imaginary friends, right  
Yeah  
Well... let's just say that all of my sisters look like me... if it looks like me... sort of like, me... it is me

Dr. Dom

She sounds like a nutcase

(eyeing her)

Don't get any ideas, I'm sure she wasn't referring to me...

Turn around... Turn around...

This is going to hurt you a lot more than it's going to hurt me

(Car lights, screech, gravel)

IM - Somebodies in a hurry.

Oh, right, time for one of her sisters...

(At door, green alien)

I've waited long enough (looks at IM) get rid of him

Outside

What am I supposed to do

Smoke a cigarette or something

I don't s,moke...

Or something

Oh, right yeah... probably help to explain later why I saw a green alien flying up in an unidentified (looks out window) ford Taurus/forester, VW bug

## **ALIEN SEX MONTAGE**

Alien Visitor - Montage, where does she get the outfits, she must have a whole special effects department in that closet of hers, cyborg (Personal Pleasure Bio-Ware Driod, with fully function receptor sights), cat woman, triple breasted (how do you do that... I didn't ask)...

Pink blush, sparkling, I'm a horny schoolgirl from Sluticon  
Five... look, do you want you dick sucked or not  
Silver, Silver painted shoulder, knee, and elbow pads, with  
fully functioning bio ports... perhaps, IM comments on this  
Green, sparkly with fake antenats  
Cat, body painted with fur cuffs and tail  
Dog... can't leave the dogs out or we'll start a war, know how  
those Sirian's are  
Blue, fish gills, with head scarf, gold highlights (perhaps  
spice hunter), packing a saber, gun  
Lay'ya (Space princess)

Freaky alien sex... smoke dope... in and out...  
Sex... IM comes in... only for there to be knock on door...  
another alien... repeat... in and out... alien after alien...

Dr. Dom... clearly you've lost your mind... or found the  
woman of your dreams... but if you ask me, things have been going  
way to easy on you

What's that supposed to mean

**BING**

Our time is through.

But what's that supposed to mean.

(Sraightening skirt, etc.) I'm sorry, Mr. Mann, but I have prior  
commitments. Our time is through.

## **PURPLE TENTACLE BETRAYAL**

Tentacled Betrayal - Purple skinned, tentacles, reaching, switching,  
stealing data discs, mind blowing (I want the whole universe to  
know of our love, see our love), takes to telescope room, this is the  
only time she touches anything (multi tentacles), blindfold ?, I'm

sort of self-conscious about my tentacles... once they see them, most boys run and hide

Purple tentacles

End montage, slow down, repeat from start, car headlights, Mann excited, Guy shruggin getting up

You look good tonite

Thank you,

(To mann) ready

Leads him to telescope, takes purple rubber rope (My tentacles) and ties him up, spread eagle, under telescope, guy looking in from window (wow) her reaching out with tentacle closing blinds

Comets bursting overhead, stars shifting, swirling, moons zipping around, comets at play, call back to those first exciting lectures

Guy -- so, I'm guessing it's good (in reference to stars)

Nil-E, Leaving (he's all your's), drives away

Or, perhaps, NIL- you might want to give him this (hands some gadget to Guy, drives off)

Guy goes inside, unties Mann... Oh, she told me to give you this (and on the table a note, sorry... I had no choice)

**UH OH! HOUSTON WE HAVE A PROBLEM**

NIL-E, interferes with observation of NULL-E asteroid,

Null -E what does that mean?

I have no idea, I just made it up

No observation, no explanation, no exploration

That's it, off limits government, top secret

But she's the one who stopped us from looking at it

Oh, yeah... right... forgot... the conspiracy must be bigger than I thought

Debrief at Observatory... (I take an interest in your work, even if you don't) IM) well, you got real problems... security tapes, easy enough... nobody ever look at, don't even have a tagged code at the gate, real 1940's tech here... but the data, it's all bad, the last week we've been looking at the same rock... it's like someone... you know, someone, or something, or a whole lot of them, don't want us to find behind NIL-E. Why would she do that? Why would she even care? Time to turn the telescope, kill the feed (put on optical piece???)

Guy, observatory

Don't know how to tell you this, but we are fucked... the data from that last... we doubled up, forgot to load a new stack of survey coordinates... same as last night

No... I'm sure I... she couldn't have... she wouldn't have

She did

The bitch

Let this be a lesson to you, never trust a space bitch no how appealing their rubber tentacles might at first appear... they only want you for your genetic record or to much with your research...

I'll get fired over this

What? Over this? No one need know. Just send the data... no one looks at it anyhow

Shit, we're screwed

We're? So, anywatm what's alien sex like, you can tell me... come on, I your IM, I'm your best bud, if you tell me... I'll tell you about the Chinese take out girl... so young and tight...

(Mann, grimacing)

But you'd like her, knows what she wants... real demanding, going to be a high finance type, banker or something... you could do worse...(turning to computer) I think I've got a picture on here somewhere.... (worried) Oh, no, we've got a problem...





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## **ENDING - Placeholder for Time Being**

NEW

((PINK MISTRESS (transitional)))

Dr. Dom - in the end, choose or loose

IM Betrayal, helps Pink... Dr Dom asked... she's hot... and a lot more sensitive than you ever let on. Besides, it's just a game. Oh, and by the way, you're in check.

What does IM want? More of a life

Why betrayal? No choice, love for Dr Dom

Why still friends? Because it's not real

I got a promotion... tapes, fucking student in your office, parking lot (herself)... you're a sick fuck... great leverage... I got a promotion... and we, I, want you to show me what you were hiding, what's behind that asteroid... show me that Alien bitch's base... or I will break your balls Mr. Mann, i will break your balls... every last one of them

IM- she sounds mean... so what are you going to do?

MAKING UFO FILM

UFO's are not real. Just a game. Nothing Serious.

UPLOADING FILM

To Internet, to college data banks

Really, why not? Hoakes used to be traditional... all in good fun... I mean, if you can't tell the difference between a car coming down a highway and a UFO, you probably don't deserve a job in the astronomical field

THE UFO FILM

Cheap, cars highway, streetlight echo, planes in sky, meteor, to basement, smoke machine, wife, looking around, carrying off

RESOLUTION - PINK MISTRESS

You think this is some kind of joke... you'll never be anything more than what you are... you're finished, you had your chance

RESOLUTION - NIL-E

Down in garage, fiddling... light sky, NIL-E, walking down stairs, like the first time... in the desert... newspaper clipping... you're my man... the only one for me Alfred, call me Al

RESOLUTION - IM GUY w/ Dr. Dom

Never knew parents

What does he want? Sex, fun, party, with a capital P.

What does he get? Dr. Dom.

Circle of life for IM? The empty sex, good looking supermodels, centerfolds, Internet models... so empty meaningless... that's it, let it all out. It makes you feel, cheap, used. IM... It's degrading, you are going to degrade me... I've been a bad boy.

POST CREDIT ROLL

IM answering questions, press conference

NIL-E, headset in pocket, coat... shsh... come back here, I want to show you something... Mr. Mann.

(END)

UH OH! HOUSTON WE HAVE A PROBLEM

PINK MISTRESS (transitional)

^^^ from previous

**SHORT**

PINK MISTRESS (transitional)

MAKING UFO FILM

UPLOADING FILM

THE UFO FILM  
RESOLUTION - PINK MISTRESS  
RESOLUTION - NIL-E  
RESOLUTION - IM GUY  
POST CREDIT ROLL  
(END)

## LONG

### PINK MISTRESS (transitional)

INCLUDES IM BETRAYAL???

She said she'd stop believing in me... every time some one stops believing (to camera) and imaginary friend somewhere dies, you believe, don't you... that's tinkerbell... you know what, we need more faries in our lives... maybe next time

I could stop playing along... and then where would you be, so it's not even me or her... it's just me... give me what I want... or else... your divorce fantasy might just come through... Mr. Mann

Eastern, mats on floor, Dr. Nil on pedestal, legs crossed... very serious, the sex... everybody fucks, Al... may I call you Al... Nell...

Dr. Nil

It's not so much the movies, unauthorized

But I...

I'm the one talking here... your job is to kneel, look petulant, maybe imagine your life without even this dead-end job... what would you do then... You have to choose sides... declare you alliance... What is more important... your job or this girl...

She has the tapes... get them from her... you can lick my toes now if you want to...

Home, car in driveway, show house, his house, garage in back,  
runs to door, it's open, she's gone... packed

Runs to Dr. Dom's office, up stairs, through house... she's  
not there

Looks through rolodex, finds her number, dials

Nell

I think you have the wrong number (goes to hang up)\

Dr Dom

Who is this?

Alfred... Alfred Mann, Mr. Mann...

Ah... We don't have a meeting scheduled for today... I  
believe your next consultation is in...

Fuck the consultation, I need to talk to you. This last... the  
data's gone... I am so fucked... What did you do with it

Am I to infer you are having some relationship problems

YES!

If you're going to sleep around Mr Mann, you're going to  
have to expect to get screwed

I'm serious

So am I Mr. Mann. I'll talk to you next week (boarding  
plane)

But...

I'm afraid you're going to have to deal with this on your own. I'll  
talk to you next week.

PINK MISTRESS (transitional), sets up problem, job or NIL-E,  
her and Dom when to same sorority... space sisters have nothing on  
us... we want that research... and we want it tonite... your job  
depends on it (hits in crotch), job? What she going to do if you  
don't come through, I don't want to find out

Dr Dom next

Front door

I didn't think  
I'm not hear as your therapist. I here as your boss... I finally  
convinced the boss that Astronomy should be a subset of  
Humanities

But you're only an assistinat professor  
Whips him) Don't tell me what i am. I'm an assistant  
professor in the anthropology department... I've got a day job...  
that trumps a crummy old night

Hey  
Shut it  
Ow.  
You should be fired, you would be fired  
What?  
We have tapes  
IM shrugging  
You didn't  
He did  
I had no choice  
If you please

IM sets up projector (film of Mann, jerking off, being indecent,  
hitting on coeds)

IM no choice, she threatened not to believe in me... well, what was  
I supposed to do, besides she's your therapist... 's sister... you're  
sick dude, I love you, but you need help

Small matter to get you fired... Why did you forge tonights  
data... instead of surveying asteroid N-I-L--E like you were  
supposed to, you repeated last nights... Why?

IM - vigorously shaking head (no, don't tell her)  
Dr Dom glares... (I'll have your existence revoked... I want  
that film on my desk by first thing tomorrow morning...)

Dr. Dom leaves... Mann & Guy back to garage, in dissary

Dom - you won't find her here... we already checked... by dawn

Only thing in any semblance of array is picture on wall...

Nellie at Door

DR Dom's Sister (Pink Nun) as Dean, I got a promotion (from librarian)

I'm hurt, you never called, don't even remember my name... and this thing with the aliens, squids... Ick!

Dr Dom shows up.... for his own good... ties him to bed (leaves) Nil-E... so what part of your program are you working now (tape off mouth)

Still tied, pictures, briefcase, Nil-E spreads over bed,

These... these are good... you saw these with the scope

I won't tell anyone... you can escape, by the time they find me, you'll be long gone

So... I'm supposed to leave you here?

Yes! No! You could take me with you.

To the stars...

Starting to explode (tapes, internet records, photos)... dean's office (perhaps his wife... I didn't know this was a Catholic school... Catholic, don't make me laugh... the church is nothing but our pawn... and as for you you insignificant wretch... down on your knees)

**MAKING UFO FILM**

I saw a UFO once... ripping across the sky... a real one... not the type you see by the road... cars in the distance... a faulty camera lens... hallucination... too much to drink... or that you awake from in a cold sweat (probe)... I've seen those too, but those I was able to shake off, disbelieve...

They've got support groups... for those who have seen... so they can get together, compare notes, hold each others hand, and say yes, I believe, you're not crazy... I saw that too

A light pillar... ice in the sky

Advertising blimp... lighting the night sky

Once someone even told me the UFO they'd seen turned out to be a streetlight (Ferrari racing by)... seen out of the corner of their eye

The point is, for a moment they believed... because they wanted to believe... in something, in anything, in the possibility... of love...

You're really going to betray NIL-E, well, she is your wife... but you're really going to do it  
Holding model, no one's going to believe it

UFO - Commentary on other sightings (faulty camera's, lights on hills, drugs)

Desert roads,

Lens,

Advertising blimps

Gliders... no proportion, birds, hawks owls, plastic bag

I don't know what's going on... what? Are you expecting me to keep track of the plot... dude, that's your job, you say this and that's the way it is... you're wife's an alien, Chinese waitress, psychotic psychiatrist, whatever... and now you're showing me photos and asking me if they're real? They look real enough to



me... Maybe we should just feed them through the data lines and see if anyone notices

YEah, what the fuck

VO Time was when faking data was a time honored academic institution, like hazing the freshman, cheating on your exams, or stealing the opposing teams quarterback right before the big game (hey... where's chuck)...

So Faking data... no different from the Nasa walk

You've been hanging out with that crazy woman too much  
And loving every minute of it

Montage, in back woodshop, taking models off wall,  
photographing, putting together something on photoshop, printing  
out images, stuffing into envelope

Tosses envelope onto IM's desk in observatory

Nice photos.

What are we going to do with them?

Hey, it's near the end of the movie, why don't you just go  
into VO again... shouldn't we be going to VO soon

VO: But VO doesn't solve everything

What's this?

Look

(Close up, martian home)

Nice... put these together yourself?

Yep.

So what are they for

Nil-E's base... in the asteroids

OK... once again, so what are they for... I mean, that's a lot of  
work... just to burn in a parking lot... destroy the evidence... so  
what's the plan

I was hoping you'd know

Sorry, not part of my job...

I though you took an interest

The rules, dude, I don't interfere with your sex life, you not with mine... you got to decide... but if you wanted a hint

Yes

It's late in the movie... maybe it'd be a good time to break out that voice over... explain the tumbling thoughts in your mind

Give the pictures to Nihli... to Dr. Dom (Save my job) didn't sound very romantic and I was sick of being under her boot heel

(OW! Boot heel, on ground)

So what to do... give the pictures to NIL-E, I'd get fired in theory, someone else would do the survey of NIL... and then I looked on the schedule...

"Bad weather last night"

Reeks of plot manipulation... but I was going to take it... I'd feed the pictures into the data tonight

I'd be a celebrity... international...

(press conference)

You'd be a fraud

(Come to arrest him)

(IM on talk show, Dr Dom interviewing, so you were roommates with Alfred Mann)

You'd like that, wouldn't you...

It's not my fault you can't control your daydreams... look, no one pays attention to the data from the scope anymore, if you don't read it, no one will... add the pictures, don't add the pictures

VO, I added the pictures...

Observatory

IM - but it was just a game... tell me it was just a game

Al - research is all here... normal night

(Basement, scale model, toy...

What are you going to do

Relook at NIL-E... see what's there

Basement, photograph sequence, makes fake plates

Mann -- so what do we do  
Guy - dude, this is your game not mine... don't ask me... I  
lost track of the rules a long time ago... I think I'm going to make  
some popcorn and watch a movie... want to join me  
No... I think I'll work in the back for a bit... and then go to  
sleep... something tells me, it's going to be a long night

IM What are you going to do?  
I don't know.  
We'll think of something.  
Sorry, like to stay and help, but I got a hot date with a  
cheerleader... she thinks I'm on the football team... so if the door's  
a rocking, don't bother knocking  
What does that mean?  
I don't know. Listen, you want me to have cleverer dialogue,  
you're going to have to come up with it... Oh, I'm going to be  
late... for class... Doc.  
Oh, right... can I catch a ride.

Arrives late, class, Student, need to see you after (are you in  
my class)  
(in office, lecture hall, young slut takes off shirt, walks  
provocatively ,  
In class... young slut? (shirt off, but everyone knows... I  
mean, that's how you met your wife)  
Set up by wife (thumbs up as she leaves)  
Wife enters, As Dr. NIL (No hope for passing MY class if  
you haven't studied... shall we go to my office

## **UPLOADING FILM**

Back yard gardening  
I was hoping I'd find you here...

And who am I supposed to be now...  
? I don't know ? I uploaded the pictures... memorialized in  
for all time... like an anniversary present...  
That was last month... you forgot  
Birthday  
Not even close...  
Just look at the pictures  
(spread)  
OK... you're good with a camera  
Oh, wrong set  
(Original space craft landing in desert, so long ago)

### **THE UFO FILM**

Black and white, cheesy, paper moon, wife waiving back  
yard, smiling, kisses, packing up, car lights, UFO crash, taking  
home

### **RESOLUTION - PINK MISTRESS**

PINK MISTRESS BALLISTIC (you're finished, finished,  
nothing but a two bit, hack, second tier... nothing ... close door in  
face)

### **RESOLUTION - NIL-E**

NIL-E (thank you... starship to the skies)... but whatever  
happened to?

Went to a lot of trouble for you today...

Don't play hard to get... come with me... to the stars... you've proved your worth... you've given everything up for me... not let me give it up... for you

(suitcase full of panties)

Nellie Comes Clean

(Nelli, comes clean, tells how she took over Nell's body during a dig, in the alps, something)

Not a lot of room in spaceships... like submarines, you learn to do a lot of sharing, not have any secrets... someone else will look eventually... we'll be gone...

She really was a behemoth... nice, but she thinks you stopped writing to her... eh, we can do that from outer space

So what happens now... Well, we've got our Eve, we just need an Adam... It's not so bad, no so bad... no so bad (turns to crystalline eyes, kiss)

Come with us... be with us... flash of light and they are gone

Final scene, so how does this work... you just let through whoever you want, I want to be bigger... bigger, muscles grow, fur on chest, (ravage me) rowls... so what if I want another one...

Who will water the plants? (Mike can do it.) He's not real, honey. (The kid down the street.) Oh, right. That Mike.

Space ship, two at end, taking off in room, crashing landing, switches to basement... desert, sky (that is to say lovers in room switch to lovers in basement... nothing a walk downstairs can't handle)

After all that, no one's going to believe you're real, talking to Nel, flashback to crash)

Nel: that's why I love you... you think of everything... my hero... my protector

Why can't I love you simply because I do  
No one's going to believe that  
I do

Pictures fading into reality  
Alone, Meteor, falling into desert, tracking down... finding...  
wrecharge alien... flashing lights... cops, military... hiding...

And now you've blown my cover

No, no... nobody will believe those pictures... it's the perfect  
hoax, the hoax of a hoax (the military will never do anything now,  
you've become a human (Drink potion) well, the serum probably  
didn't come in a test tube

Go on... where does that leave us now

I don't know, That's as far as I've gotten, here, I guess.

I'll have to think about it... have you talked to Dr. Dom about  
it

I don't trust her

CIDC agent, sent to keep an eye on you, probably hypnotizes  
you, powers of persuasion and all that... tell her things you don't  
want to

Yeah, I like that

All the more reason to keep the meeting... 2pm... you'll want  
to show here these

## **RESOLUTION - IM GUY**

IM comes home with date (do you really have your own porn  
site, Naughty nell, Nasty Nell, Notorious Nell, take your pick... I  
like it Nasty)... turn into real, and boff it up, perhaps middle aged

version, bald, overweight, (dressed fifties preppy) sort of has been girl, dressed modern schoolgirl slut... have fun, then cut to them doing interview thing, clip board, different outfits (so are you a school girl or a porn star, well, I want to be a porn star when I grow up... right now it's just a hobby)

FRAT HOUSE -- Pink... Dr Dom, Young, with IM, house... bar, pole, maniquins in full swing, music pounding, Christmas lights... time to party

Old couple, sneaking into house (got to be quite, parents upstairs), liquor, pouring, refilling with water (sneaky) Into his room, got to be quite, parents upstairs)

## **POST CREDIT ROLL**

IM press conference

Credits roll... He is interviewing undergrads for the position of assistant (verbal communication is very important... mmm, like that) papers in air, kicking back

Tour of house, past Dr. Dom's library, space control bedroom (I'm glad you're coming with me this summer, so what are you going to put in the basement when we get back? , what's going to go in the basement (thinking space canteen... bar, breakfast nook looks like coffee house, patio... maybe King Tut's Tomb... Josh the Mighty (Joint Occult Serendipitous Historical Archeological Dig... JOSH-AD) (Joint Occult Selective History - Arch Dig) JOSEPH (Joint Occult Selective Enrichment (JOSE) Program... (ran off with Jose) JOSEPH ( Joint Occult Society for the Enrichment of Philosophical History)

Tour of house, bottom level, got to be bar

Alternate Ending

IM with Dr Dom, it always bugged me that I didn't know who my parents were... never knew them better... never felt like my mother was there for me

There, there... I'm there for you...

(pull back, in chains)

Dr Dom

Confrontation... freedom

As leaving... so, next week... I've think we've put these alien among us anxieties to rest... perhaps we should start on your fear of fairies... (photo of her) fairies, darling, you're not the only one who knows how to work photoshop, you know...

Final scene, I'm glad IM's happy, Shirley... cut to spaceship, now my Space Lord what did you have in mind tonight (the works, triple, cats claws, tentacles) I live to serve, and for you (How do you go about having two) I thought you'd never ask

Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah.

**(((END)))**



Ni'Yat  
Copyright Brett Paufler  
2-18-10

INT. DANCE CLUB RAVE - NIGHT

A floodlight fills the senses.

SFX: music plays.

The floodlight is one of many.

The lights form the backdrop to a stage.

SFX: the music stops.

In front of the lights, NATASHA -- a handsome woman in her mid-twenties -- takes off a Russian style fur hat, which she holds in the air.

Natasha smiles. She breathes heavy and her face quivers as sweat drips down her neck and face.

M.C. (O.C.)  
Natasha, ladies and gentlemen.

Natasha disappears as she takes a bow.

SFX: applause.

Revolving around, the audience comes into view, standing on the main floor below, clapping and cheering.

M.C. (O.C.)

Natasha, ladies and gentlemen.

Natasha finishes her bow and returns into view. She now holds a fur coat, which she uses to cover her torso.

Natasha turns and walks toward the rear of the stage.

Natasha slips through the curtains.

M.C. (O.C.)

Next up is Ni'yat.

NI'YAT pokes her head through the curtains. Ni'yat is twenty years old, fit, lean, and of Polynesian/Asian descent. Her skin is a rich brown, while her hair, long, black, and unrestrained.

M.C. (O.C.)

Noel, you're on deck.

Ni'yat cautiously appears from behind the curtains. She is wearing a skimpy red dress and black high heels.

SFX: Ni'yat's song begins.

Ni'yat takes two wobbly steps forward.

Ni'yat stops, smiles, and bites her lip, before taking another two wobbly steps forward.

Ni'yat pauses to look around.

The audience looks back impassively. Among the mass of men and women are the FAT MAN, DAVE, and EILEEN.

The Fat Man smokes a cigar and wears a suit.

DAVE is fit, trim, in his twenties, and very good looking. His two friends, REGGIE and CARLOS jostle him about and joke behind his back, but he ignores them and watches the stage.

EILEEN has a classical ballerina's body, tall and thin, with long light-brown hair. She looks quickly, from the stage, to Dave, and then backs again.

On the stage, Ni'yat takes two more wobbly steps forward.

Ni'yat stops, bites her lips, and stands up straight.

Ni'yat lifts her left leg, rotating it around in a circle, until her toes are pointing at the ceiling.

Ni'yat takes off her shoe.

Putting her leg down, Ni'yat repeats the process with her left leg, only quicker, now that she's got the hang of it.

Both feet on the ground once again, Ni'yat smiles, gives a little hop, and skips quickly toward the front of the stage.

Once there, Ni'yat tosses the shoes to the side and goes into a tight twirl.

The Fat Man smiles, as he takes a puff on his cigar. The crowd around him roars with delight.

Ni'yat runs from one end of the stage to the other.

Jumping, Ni'yat kicks her feet in the air, coming down in a split.

The crowd cheers.

Dave watches mesmerized as Carlos and Reggie jostle each other behind him.

Ni'yat twirls around frantically in a tight spinning circle.

Eileen watches on silently, her lips counting turns.

EILEEN

(silently)

Twenty six. Twenty seven.

Ni'yat comes to sudden stop, both feet down, front and center.

Ni'yat breathes heavy as she catches her breath. She is sweating. Her dress sticks to her body. Her hair is matted against her face, neck, and torso.

Ni'yat rubs her hands down the front of her dress, as if to straighten it.

When Ni'yat's hand reaches her abdomen, it stops. Her eyes close and her stomach arches inward.

Ni'yat straightens herself up.

Ni'yat runs her hands down the front of her dress again. Her eyes are closed. Her stomach arches inward. Her stomach arches outward. Then outward. Then inward. In a rhythmic pulse.

As Ni'yat's abdomen pulses, she slowly sinks to her knees.

The Fat Man nervously wipes perspiration from his brow with a handkerchief.

Ni'yat's leans forward, bowing low, embracing the stage, her arms outstretched before her, as ripples surge through her.

Ni'yat freezes for a moment, while she looks at the audience, and smiles, as if considering what to do next or letting them in on her game.

Dave returns Ni'yat's smile. He is completely lost in her performance, while Carlos, Kevin, and all the crowd around them are totally motionless and quiet.

Ni'yat rises to her knees.

Turning quickly, as if on a whim, she faces the back of the stage. And then, let's herself fall slowly backwards until she is lying on the ground, bent backwards over her knees.

Ni'yat's eyes are closed. Her mouth is open. And her hands once again slide down the front of her dress, finding their way past her abdomen this time, as her body gyrates wildly at their touch.

In the background, the crowd watches on, arching forward, expectantly, silently and still, as Ni'yat herself comes to a stop.

Ni'yat's body jerks, once.

Ni'yat's body jerks, twice.

Arched backwards, head resting on the ground, facing the crown, with eyes closed and open mouth, Ni'yat's body explodes with an erratic burst of spasms.

A final twitch.

And then, Ni'yat is done.

The crowd erupts in applause.

The Fat Man nods his head and smiles as he puts the cigar in his mouth and claps.

Dave's, Carlos's, and Reggie's eyes are glued to the stage as they applaud enthusiastically.

M.C. (O.C.)  
Ni'yat, ladies and gentlemen.

Eileen, who has been looking at Dave, returns her gaze to the stage.

As Ni'yat bows to the crowd, disappearing from view, a slight smile can be seen to form on Eileen's lips,

Rising, Eileen still in the background, Ni'yat's body is drenched in sweat. Hair clings to her neck, while her shoulders and back are visible through her dress.

In a deft single-handed motion, Ni'yat peels the dress over her head, taking it off.

While the crowd continues to clap, Ni'yat takes another bow.

Eileen smiles and nods her head in approval.

INT. HEXAGON STUDIO - DAY

Eileen is still smiling and nodding her head.

The source of Eileen's image is a video screen.

Above and below the screen where Eileen's image appears there are two other screens. An image of Dave appears on the upper one, while the Fat Man appears on the lower.

Next to the first wall is another wall split into three screens. All three screens work in harmony to project a full wall image of Ni'yat as she leaves the stage, dress in hand before her. At the corner between these two walls (and between each of the six walls in the room), there is a vertical line of six video cameras.

The next wall is filled with multiple images of the cheering crowd.

EVA (a mesmerizing beautiful girl in her twenties, who wears her messy, shoulder length blonde hair over her eyes) stands in the middle of the room on a low black hexagon platform and is just finishing putting on a black dress.

After straightening the dress, Eva looks to the next wall in line, which shows a scoreboard of sorts.

Ni'yat is in first place, with a row of 9.9's and 9.8's followed by Natasha with 9.7's and so forth.

EVA (O.S.)  
Yes. Yes.

INT. HEXAGON STUDIO - DAY

KEVIN (a muscular, divinely handsome young man at the peak of perfection, call it twenty) just happens to be wearing a black dress at the moment, which fits him quiet well. Kevin form

his hand into a fist before his face to celebrate his recent sports victory.

KEVIN

In your face Natasha.

INT. FUTURISTIC DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A video screen set on the wall shows Kevin celebrating.

KEVIN

That's how you dance.

Next to the first screen of Kevin is a second screen, which shows Ni'yat. Ni'yat is backstage, accepting a bouquet of flowers from the Fat Man.

NI'YAT

Thank you. Would I be too forthcoming if I said, I always think of you when I dance.

KEVIN'S FATHER, who has been watching the videos, turns from the screens to address the DOCTOR standing next to him.

KEVIN'S FATHER

So, you see the problem?

The Doctor steps forward, fiddles with the controls, and puts the videos into super-fast reverse.

DOCTOR

Well, sort of.



A video of Kevin dancing in the Hexagonal Studio plays backwards and in sync next to a video of Ni'yat dancing at the Dance Club Rave.

DOCTOR

But that's just a passing fancy.

The Doctor freezes the action where Ni'yat and Kevin begin their first apogee.

The Doctor plays the sequence of Kevin lifting his left leg and rotating it around in a circle, until his toes are pointing towards the ceiling in slow motion.

When both Kevin's and Ni'yat's toes are pointed towards the ceiling, the Doctor freezes the action. Kevin's toes are not pointed towards the ceiling as much as Ni'yat's.

DOCTOR

Now, right here at the apogee, this is a serious concern. Don't ask me how this is getting past the judges. It's just plain sloppy.

KEVIN'S FATHER

Yeah. Ha. Ha.

(beat)

I'm serious.

DOCTOR

So am I. The boy shouldn't be getting as high as scores as he is.

Kevin's father clenches his fists, struggling to control his anger.

The Doctor shrugs and turns from the screens, oblivious to Kevin's Father's behavior.

DOCTOR

But you're not worried about that. You're worried about how he'd rather play the game as a stripper than date one.

The Doctor touches the screen and an image appears of the Fat Man helping Ni'yat into a limousine just outside of the Dance Club Rave, amid the flashing bulbs of the paparazzi.

DOCTOR

Or maybe, what he chooses to do after the show is over?

KEVIN'S FATHER

Yes. Exactly.

The Doctor touches the screen again.

INT. STATIC SWITCH - NIGHT

All the world is static.

DOCTOR (O.C.)

Unfortunately, it's too late to do anything about that.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Kevin sits on a bench against one wall, while Dave sits against the other. Both are ignoring the other and concentrating on the white plastic electronic control boxes in their hands.

DOCTOR (O.C.)

He's already declared his interest.

INT. STATIC SWITCH - NIGHT

All the world is static.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Eva has taken the place of Kevin, Eileen the place of Dave. They continue to hold control boxes in their hands, but ignore them as they smile at each other.

DOCTOR (O.S.)  
Stated his desire.

INT. STATIC SWITCH - NIGHT

All the world is static.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Ni'yat has taken the place of Eva, while SAMANTHA has taken the place of Eileen. Samantha is a late teen, petite, good looking Black Hispanic. Neither holds a control box. Both are smiling ecstatically at the other and wear the same slinky red dresses.

KEVIN'S FATHER (O.C.)  
There must be something we can do.

DOCTOR (O.C.)  
No, there's nothing.

Ni'yat stands.

KEVIN'S FATHER (O.C.)  
Can't we try cognitive behavioral reconditioning?

DOCTOR (O.C.)

It doesn't work.

Samantha stands.

KEVIN'S FATHER (O.C.)

How about hormone therapy?

The two girls walk towards each other.

DOCTOR (O.C.)

There were unforeseen complications.

The two girls embrace as they start to spin around.

KEVIN'S FATHER (O.C.)

Well then, how about a genetic infusion?

The two girls kiss as they continue to spin.

DOCTOR (O.C.)

The powers that be deemed it unethical.

The world revolves around the spinning girls.

DOCTOR (O.C.)

So, we don't do that anymore.

The background streaks and blurs to a gray distorted indistinct nothing around the twirling girls.

INT. GREY FOG-FILLED PURGATORY - DAY

Ni'yat and Samantha continue to kiss and spin in their matching red dresses.

MALE NARRATOR (O.C.)  
But then, did we ever?

As the girls start to slow in their spin, the world around them comes into view. It is a sea of fog, gray and indistinct. There is no horizon, no sky, no ground; only fog.

MALE NARRATOR (O.C.)  
I know it's but an abstraction, a re-creation

The girls stop, part their lips, and look at one another. They stand under a surrealistically artificial gigantic oak tree. It is like something from a stage set.

MALE NARRATOR (O.C.)  
A projection forward to a future

Holding hands, the girls skip away, disappearing into the fog.

MALE NARRATOR (O.C.)  
From a past that never was

Only the tree remains.

MALE NARRATOR (O.C.)  
In a desperate attempt to escape from a present

At the base, the tree's trunk is large, the bark rough and uneven.

MALE NARRATOR (O.C.)  
Full of meaningless disbelief

At shoulder height, the trunk splits into a mass of gnarled limbs.

MALE NARRATOR (O.C.)  
And emptiness.

The limbs give way to leafy branches.

MALE NARRATOR (O.C.)  
Can you blame me for not wishing to look it in the face?

At the end of the leafy branches hang a mixed assortment of fruits, nuts, and flowers. There are apples, berries, pears, acorns, walnuts, pecans, roses, tulips, and so on, all growing on the same branch of the same tree.

MALE NARRATOR (O.C.)  
If there were not the need to argue for my viability

One of the apples seems particularly bright and shiny.

MALE NARRATOR (O.C.)  
My continued survival

The apple glows lightly from an inner light.

MALE NARRATOR (O.C.)  
After all, if that were not my desire,

The apple hangs from a low hanging limb, the rest of the tree stretching into the fog.

MALE NARRATOR (O.C.)

I could end it right here

The limb with the apple, fades away into the fog with the rest of the tree.

MALE NARRATOR (O.C.)

Easily enough

There is nothing but fog.

A pair of disembodied white-gloved hands appear, clap once, and disappear.

MALE NARRATOR (O.C.)

Bring out the actors

Appearing from the fog, Kevin and Samantha skip forward, holding hands and wearing matching sequined slinky-red dresses. Behind them, Eva and Eileen hold hands, skip, and wearing matching green dresses. And behind them, Ni'yat and Dave follow, skipping, holding hands, and wearing matching sequined slinky-blue dresses.

As they come forward, the pairs split and form a line. In order they are Kevin, Eva, Ni'yat, Dave, Eileen, Samantha.

MALE NARRATOR (O.C.)

Let them take a bow

The dancers grab the hem of their dresses and curtsy.

Kevin, Eva, and Ni'yat join hands, skip about, and dance in a circle.

MALE NARRATOR (O.C.)

A boy.

Samantha, Eileen, and Dave join hands, skip about, and dance in a separate circle.

MALE NARRATOR (O.C.)

And a girl.

The two circles break apart into lines; and as they entered, the dancers once again form a dual line with Samantha and Ni'yat at the lead and Eileen and Eva behind them, skipping along.

When it is Dave and Kevin's turn to join hands, they balk, stopping in their tracks.

MALE NARRATOR (O.C.)

Two lines, three layers, that don't match up

The paired girls split up. Going in opposite directions, they skip around in large half circles back to where the boys are waiting.

MALE NARRATOR (O.C.)

No matter how hard you try.

The dancers face each other and form another circle (Ni'yat, Eva, Kevin, Samantha, Eileen, Dave) each holding the hand of the person next to them, as they slowly rotate.

Ni'yat twirls across Eva to take her place in the circle, who in turn twirls through the middle of the circle to take Samantha's place, who twirls across Eileen to take her place, who twirls through the middle of the circle to take Ni'yat's place.



The pattern set, the dance speeds up. The next dancer begins their movement before the previous dancer has departed the center. Thus before Ni'yat is finished twirling through the middle, Eva has begun to twirl across Samantha, who does not wait for Eva to finish before twirling across the middle to take Eileen's place, who is already in the process of twirling across Ni'yat.

Anticipating their movement further and further ahead, where once there was one, two, or three girls in the middle, there are now four girls twirling about in an intersecting, intimate weave.

Kevin and Dave stand on opposite sides of the girls, forgotten, as the girls twirl about deliriously, into a blur.

#### INT. COMPUTER PUZZLE ENGINE COMPARTMENT - DAY

The engine compartment is a blur of spinning components and colorful whirligigs.

A wrench touches a red whirligig, turning it and another spinning component green.

#### EXT. DESERTED HIGHWAY GAS STATION - DAY

Eva is standing over the engine compartment of a classic black Cadillac, wrench in hand. Carefully applied streaks of oil decorate her face and hands. She wears a grease stained white tank top, black cargo pants, and combat boots.

Eva shakes her head and grimaces.

EVA

That's not it.

SFX: an alarm sounds.

Bouncing the wrench in her hands, Eva turns toward the gas station.

A red light flashes over the garage doors. The station itself is a wreck, old and in decay. The parking lot is unpaved.

Halfway between where Eva is working on the Caddy and the derelict gas pumps, a shimmering oval forms in the air.

Eileen steps through, wearing a sundress.

She stops on the other side and looks around.

On the other side of a two lane highway, after miles of desolate scrub land, loom tall snow capped mountains.

The mountains, far-far in the distance, are all there is to see down the road in either direction.

There is nothing here but desert, dust, and wind.

EILEEN

Nice place you've got here.

Eva leans against the car, wrench in hand.

A sign by the road, hanging on chains, creaks in the wind. It is blank or nearly so, the lettering having long faded away.

EILEEN

Lots of potential, I suppose, anyway.

A tumbleweed blows by in front of Eileen

Eva holds the wrench like a club, pushes herself off the car, and starts walking towards Eileen.

EVA

What do you want? What are you doing here?

Eva taps Eileen in the chest with the wrench.

EVA

Better yet. Who are you?

EILEEN

Eileen. My name's Eileen.

Eileen's eyes light up.

EILEEN

I saw you dance. Well, Ni'yat. Anyway, it's all the same. And I was like, that's how I want to dance.

Eileen brushes the wrench aside.

EILEEN

So I came to see you, so you could teach me.

Eva turns away.

EILEEN

I can pay you.

Eva walks back towards the Cadillac.

Eileen skips ahead and walks backwards in front of Eva.

EILEEN

Oh, come on. I've got money. How much will it cost?

Eileen stands between Eva and the open car hood with it's twirling computerized graphical whirligigs.

EILEEN

How much does a private dance with the great Ni'yat cost these days?

Eva grabs Eileen by the hair and holds her backwards over the engine components, the wrench to her face.

EILEEN

Sorry! Sorry!

EVA

You come here, knock down my barriers, break through my defenses, and then you insult me, and after all that, you expect me to do you a favor?

Eileen starts to giggle.

EILEEN

Sorry. I'm sorry. It's just that. You weren't really expecting that little doorbell of yours to keep anybody out?

Eva jiggles the wrench trying to decide what to do.

EILEEN

Oh, you were. You were? No. No. That's not a defense.

((((DANCE NUMBER))))

Eileen waves her fingers about.

EILEEN

What you need is a fence.

A line of concertina wire unfolds itself around the perimeter of the gas station.

EILEEN (O.C.)

And guard dogs.

A trio of GUARDS in dark uniforms, each with a duo of snarling dogs on leashes, appears and begins to patrol the perimeter.

EILEEN (O.C.)

Not to mention a guard tower.

EXT. DESERTED HIGHWAY GAS STATION - NIGHT

The roof of the gas station has been sandbagged and turned into a military outpost. A rickety wooden watch tower stands above the rest. Search lights scan the horizon. Dozens of Guards armed with Uzi style submachine guns patrol the roof and perimeter.

Eva holds Eileen's head just above the computerized puzzle of the car's engine, as if it was a saw blade. She holds the wrench against Eileen's neck, as if it was a knife.

EVA

Change it back.

Eileen snaps her fingers.

EXT. DESERTED HIGHWAY GAS STATION - DAY

The sign falls off of its chain.

Eva continues to hold Eileen over the computer-puzzle engine.

EILEEN  
Happy?

EVA  
Are you really just here for dancing lessons?

EILEEN  
Yeah. Duh? What have I been saying all this time?

EVA  
So who are you?

EILEEN  
I told you, my name's Eileen. If you need them, I could get you some memory circuits, too.

EVA  
No. What I need to know is who you are, behind that pretty little face of yours.

EILEEN  
You mean.

EVA  
Total access.

EILEEN

And then?

EVA

And then I'll let you know.

Eileen mulls it over, squinting her face, biting her lip.

EVA

Setting up barriers, putting the guard dogs in place?

Eva motions with the wrench.

EVA

I don't have time for this.

EILEEN

You won't take advantage.

Eva brings her face close to Eileen's.

EVA

I suppose that depends on what I see.

EILEEN

Be kind.

Eileen licks her lips as if in preparation for a kiss, while her eyes turn to fields of static.

INT. STATIC FILLED TUNNEL - NIGHT

The walls of the tunnel are defined by white and black dots, like static from a television screen.

At the end of the tunnel is an image of David.

## INT. HEXAGON STUDIO - DAY

David stands on the platform in the middle of the room wearing a black satin dress.

The video screens around him show various images of The Deserted Highway Gas Station, the Car's Computer Puzzle Engine, Ni'yat dancing, and Eva,

Eva stares through the monitor as if it were a window, looking around.

David smiles.

Eva throws her wrench at the screen and all of the video monitors turn to static, except for the one showing the Computer Puzzle Car Engine.

DAVID

Wait! That's not fair!

The whirligigs in the Computer Puzzle Car Engine continue to spin, returning us to the Purgatory Dance Floor and the six dancers as last we saw them.

## INT. GREY FOG-FILLED PURGATORY - DAY

HERE HERE HERE

OUTLINE



RAVE DANCE

BOX

DOCTOR

PURGATORY - TREE (state of being?)

CAR PUZZLE

DAVID as EILEEN (teacher - access - rejected)

PURGATORY - Sock Race (outside, unwanted and unneeded, so they turned to sport, you could take it as some kind of parallel but that's just the way it was, marathon baton, radioactive shorts (blue) sport bra's (red)

SAMANTHA AS EILEEN (arrive truck - made brother cry - dance/traffic/toro-toro speeding bullet cars, business opportunity?, drops skin off)

PURGATORY - Juggling, Hitch Hiking

RAVE PARTY - David Snub, Ni'Yat and Eileen dance

FUN IN RAIN -

PURGATORY - Back Seat Car

MORNING AFTER - We should go on a quest, do you have a want list

BROTHER ARRIVES - tourney (fuck that, we're not having a dances off), Dungeon Dark and Deep (work out the details, somewhere car won't do any good, that's not fair), not my problem takes Skin back (this is mine)

PURGATORY - D&D

CAR TRIP - Car Dance, Dream of Finally got a car... alone, Burning Man, Burning Woman

RENASCIANCE FAIR - pass by jousting, duel (no), Public Slave Auction (S&M, no this is a private affair. Oh, right, let the best man win), Eileen witch (doppelganger, split personality... and you're not, give me a break)

TEAM UP - David and Eve - Justification ??

PURGATORY - Fashion??? Magazines, pron

RUNWAY FASHION SHOW (have to teach David, dance on stage as Eileen, ballet twirling, repeat step)

GUISSEPPE MANNEQUIN FACTORY - sell Eileen w/o licence  
(Fat Man, copy versus copyright), it's obviously a public venue  
HAPPILY EVER AFTER - money, gas station, dance

NOTES:

Garage 1<sup>st</sup> - Add Guard Dance

Copyright Brett Paufler - 7-18-10  
NIL-E - SCENE / CUM-CRASH to Front Door

EXT. OUTER SPACE - Night

Stars fill the sky

SFX: techno pop music

House goes flying by, Xmass lights, yellow, two story

Sparks fly off the house, like a comet.

In the upper window, Nil-E bobs up and down to the music.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

SFX: Music way loud

Window surrounded by xmass lights, stereo speakers.

Nil-E bopping up and down

The room is sparsely furnished, minimalistic lectern/control, desk  
with flashing lights, star deck, mission control

Behind control, a tangle of wires, a spark, lights pop

Chain of Xmass lights pop

Nih-E turns around concerned.

Under her, around a nest of blankets, Mann thrusts upward.  
(Maybe eating her out)

Cuming, convulsing, caught in the moment, unable to speak or move, as mann thrusts from below, Xmass lights explode around.

The room tilts sideways

Nih'E Gasps, unable to speak.

The room spins, amid sparkin lights,

EXT. MANN'S HOUSE - DAY

The house falls from the sky, ala Wizard of Oz.

Lands in it's spot among a suburban neighborhood, dust billows out ward.

Paper lands on front porch.

Paper boy passes a pair of women walking a dog.

NIL-E (OS)

Oh, fuck yeah

Cut to Mann getting out of shower, her getting dressed,

DD - You've got some green...

Mann unwraps towel to dab at green

DD - I'm late, I've got an early morning

Mann - It's Saturday

DD - Yes, and I'm working... go figure

Cut, office

DD - Is my 8, oclock here yet?

Looking inside

DD - Oh, good

(Maybe Guy is replaced by a Mannequin and coffee machine at this juncture)

Guy - handing her a cup of coffee, points to Mann

Mann is naked

DD - You'll have to reschedule Mr. Mann... I don't see naked men

Mann and Guy exchange a glance

DD -- on a professional basis

Man and Guy wipe heads in relief

DD - Guy, Mr. Mann is late

The clock reads 8:05

DD - , Mark him as a no show and charge him for the full hour.

DD departs, down stairs

Mann (calling after) - but you were late too

DD - You know the rules Mr Mann

In kitchen, entering columns in THE BOOK, tapping, stamping book

Mann - At least join me for a cup of coffee

Pointing to cafee, with mannequins

Mann - my treat

Heads raises cup of coffee in her hand, without looking back, for front door, past pole dance, drunk mannequins, passed out on floor

DD - you're not in a position to be treating anyone, Mr. Mann

Mann - What does that mean

DD - Read the Book Mr Mann

Insert - Alien Sex Play 1,000, Meeting Dr Dom 250, No show

Cancellation Fee 50, etc

CREDIT DENIED

Outside, Mann at door, old ladies with dog watching as Guy holds

DD car door open for DD (or Limo, who knows, maybe driving a Taxi)

Mann - Credit denied, what does that mean

DD - it means, that from now on you're going to have to pay for play, Mr. Mann. It means that in this little game of Tit for Tat, you've been found a little lacking, Mr Mann.

The old ladies snicker, as DD pulls car out behind them

Mr Mann undoes his towel

Mr Mann (to ladies) -- so let's just be clear, that's not what she meant

DD - Very becoming, Mr Mann. Very becoming. You do remember that there's a faculty meeting tonight.

Mann - oh, yeah. YES. Yes.

DD - try not to embarrass me. Mr Mann.

(shaking head as drives off)

DD - try not to embarrass me

Mann still showing off to ladies, who smile

Mann - Given any thought to putting up that sign I made over your door. As our sister sorority, we could get together for... ice cream mixers, tea socials, and... panty raids?

Points to sign over (I tappa Kegga) his door

DD -

NIL-E

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NEW NOTES (Dissatisfied with Old Outline, searching for new)

Begin Ideas

Battling professors\

4 characters (1 young each) of Mann and Nellie

Mann recalling youth or what might have been (could have built cabin, or been a sheperd... goat looking at his dinner of pork and beans, No means no, Bessie)

TP ing his own house

Wife pretends to be an escort. Mann gives her a tour of the front room. Introduces viewers to the rules of the game.

What Does Mann Do For Her

Folding Laundry, Ironing, Dusting Mannequins (Mann to Guy, I've got to snazzy it up)

You sure got a lot of girlfriends... or maybe you're just running a laundry service

Fixing Diner, Cleaning restroom (Guy.. Oh, hey, I'ts about time)

Mann setting up a telescope on his own

At end, Nil-E & Mann go to her planet, metaphor for Mann to enter Nellie's world of archeology and anthropology

What would \_\_\_\_\_ Say?

Title, tag line.

Buttoning unbuttoning jacket, versus glamour shawl

Alarm, wake up, you slept with my sister, do I look like your analyst  
Dr Dom, set up the hook  
Party in Mt with Coed, set up the way it was  
Archeological dig, what the wife wants  
Pick up Nil-E on way home,  
Green paint scene, wake up, crashing house  
DD what does she see in you, green paint for tourists  
Telescope, Bowling, Mann proposes theory, guy, nonsense  
DD - makes no sense, alien tentacles  
Telescope - Nellie, turns out these cranks turn the telescop, not as hard as I thought  
Movie of UFO alien, Guy, you really have been busy

Not a comet or a meteor but the absense is what destroyed  
Nellie's civilization (wrong prediction)

Mann's research, missing part of the asteroid  
Government conspiracy  
Keeping the research project alive, nursing the galactic survey for all it's worth (wife's montage of spilling sodas)  
|Right the government conspiracy doesn't really add up (Unless hiring someone as inept as you is all part of their master plan)  
Ha, ha. But seriously, I think it's the aliens (alien sex montage,) the question is, what don't they want me to find?  
Anyhow, the gigs up, I retire next Friday, and in celebration, I'm letting the survey go through (photos of UFO base)  
Have you talked with your alien mistress about this yet?  
Well

The ancient civilation's prediction of comet, was wrong on purpose, to protect the birth of their goddess?? Wrong prediction, no one believe, birth is unimportant?



Mann throws himself a fake Key Party that overlaps with the Staff Party

Mann wears a Cheesy Spacesuit at some point, claims it's from some low budget movie (Nil-E, of course).

Probably has costume from WWI tagalong, somewhere.