

WILD PLANET  
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Revision 1.0

FADE. IN.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

The following message is brought to  
you by the Cinema Collective of Canada.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE. CINEMA. NIGHT.

A grumpy looking old man stands in an empty movie theatre.  
He is well dressed, in a three-piece suit and stands  
perfectly straight.

WILLIAM ROSSAWAY

Good evening. I am William Rossaway  
of the Cinema Collective of Canada.  
Before viewing the following movie...

Rossaway pulls a piece of paper out of his pocket and reads  
it

WILLIAM ROSSAWAY

(with disgust)  
'Wild Planet'

Rossaway puts the paper away in his pocket

WILLIAM ROSSAWAY

We must issue a warning. It seems  
that patrons are finding this movie  
so hilarious that they are  
(beat)  
shall we say  
(beat)  
losing bodily function. They are  
laughing so hard that they are  
literally peeing themselves in their  
seats.

Rossaway makes a grimace at this thought.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

Rossaway walks down the hallway of the theatre.

WILLIAM ROSSAWAY

And while we can appreciate the value of a good laugh, for theatre owners across our great nation, urine soaked seats are no laughing matter. Replacement costs of these seats will ultimately drive ticket prices sky high.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE. CONCESSION. NIGHT.

Rossaway approaches a concession where one employee stands working.

WILLIAM ROSSAWAY

So before this film begins, please take this moment to go to the concession and ask for a 'Theatre style catheter'. They will be provided free of charge.

Rossaway steps up to the concession.

WILLIAM ROSSAWAY

(to the concession worker)

One jumbo popcorn, and one 'Theatre style catheter' please

The worker smiles and nods.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE. CINEMA. NIGHT.

Rossaway sits in an empty seat with his jumbo popcorn. On top of the jumbo popcorn sits a contraption that can only be the catheter. Rossaway picks up the catheter.

WILLIAM ROSSAWAY

Using the theatre style catheter is quite easy. We suggest you make use of our excellent lavatories for the operation. Simply insert the catheter tube into your urethra and push with an upwards motion. You may feel a light burning sensation or sharp pain as you insert the catheter. This is normal. If you do not experience these sensations, then you have not inserted the tube up far enough.

Rossaway shows the urine pouch part of the catheter.

WILLIAM ROSSAWAY

(Continuing)

Once the tube is inserted, your urine will run into the side pouch as your laughter ensues. Please refrain from squeezing your fellow patrons urine pouches as this may lead to infection and unseemly leakage.

Rossaway puts the catheter back on top of the popcorn and takes a few kernels of popcorn and eats them.

WILLIAM ROSSAWAY

Mmmm. Salty.

Rossaway pulls out a plastic bag and scissors.

WILLIAM ROSSAWAY

For those watching this film in the comfort of their own homes without the advantage of a theatre style catheter, I suggest taking a normal garbage bag and cutting it down the side.

Rossaway makes a cutting motion

WILLIAM ROSSAWAY

Simply spread the cut bag on your couch, and that way you can freely enjoy this film without the worry of unnerving pee eruptions and dry-cleaning bills.

Rossaway puts the bag back on the seat. He looks troubled.

WILLIAM ROSSAWAY

On a more personal note, I find this film to be revolting. It uses the basest sort of toilet humour throughout its entire run and I can find no redeeming qualities in it whatsoever. It seems that people are coming out in record numbers to watch it so they must enjoy this sort of filth, but it just isn't good form for a respectable Canadian filmmaker. Everyone knows that a good proper Canadian film must be either a period piece about P.E.I. or a documentary on the pine beetle.

Rossaway shakes his finger angrily.

WILLIAM ROSSAWAY

Shame on Corvid Media for filming this.  
Shame!

Rossaway gains some composure and straightens his sit jacket.

WILLIAM ROSSAWAY

Enjoy the show. Good night and God Bless.

INT. CARTOON CONCESSION. DAY

Cartoon characters shaped like a bucket of popcorn, a candy bar, a cup of pop, etc dance in front of a cartoon concession. Each character has a 'Theater Style Catheter' inserted with a urine pouch strapped to their hips. Some of the pouches are full and some are in the process of filling.

CARTOON SNACKS

(singing)

Lets all go to the lobby,  
Lets all go to the lobby,  
Lets all go to the lobby

The cup of pop and the popcorn remove their catheter tubes and aim them at each other and start spraying each other.

CARTOON SNACKS  
(continued)  
And get our catheters!

EXT. ASTRONOMICAL LISTENING POST. NIGHT.

An astronomical listening post looms on the horizon as three dark shapes hurry into view. They pause and a light comes on in the building. One of them carries bolt cutters.

TEENAGER 1  
(to others, whispering)  
Go! Go! Go!

All three run up towards the building.

INT. ASTRONOMICAL LISTENING POST. SIGNAL ROOM. NIGHT.

A security guard walks into a room filled with computers, monitors, and electronic gadgetry. All monitors show static. He whistles as he goes, shines his flashlight into different parts of the room and walks out, all the while whistling.

As he walks past the window, the heads of the teenagers pop up.

INT. ASTRONOMICAL LISTENING POST. SIGNAL ROOM. NIGHT.

The teens rush up to the gadgetry and start pushing buttons and turning dials, etc. They have a purpose.

An image starts to form on one of the screens.

TEENAGER 2  
I got it.

TEENAGER 1  
Shhhhh!

CLOSE ON MONITOR

What appears on the monitor is a telecast of an alien documentary: Wild Planet.

The host of the show GOZZLE WAJIMWAJIM is also shown along with his crew. He and his crew are WEXIONS, a race which are blue in colour, have slimy tentacle looking hair and 7 or 8 eyes in a cluster.

SERIES OF SHOTS

The Wild Planet logo of yellow on a red background.

Picture of a green alien with lots of appendages on the ground. A Wexion in a lab coat is injecting him with a big device. The alien convulses.

Gozzle talking into a microphone with a barren desert behind him.

A planet, orange in hue.

Gozzle and Wexion crew in the lab, an alien lies on an examination table, with many tentacles all over the place writhing and squirting ink.

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. LAB. DAY.

Gozzle stands in the middle of a stark room with lots of medical and computer equipment. His lab.

GOZZLE

(excited)

Good evening, and welcome once again to Wild Planet! Tonight we visit an exciting system of a star called 'Sol'. There is one inhabitable planet, third in the system that contains plenty of possible life forms for us to explore. To the locals it is known as 'Earth'.

EXT. EARTH IN SPACE. DAY.

Earth is shown with North America prominent. Some clouds, but mainly clear.

GOZZLE V.O.

Earth has a rich Nitrogen/Oxygen atmosphere and abundant water supply. It is a good breeding ground for life of all sorts.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A snail crawling on a leaf

A bear wandering through the woods

An octopus propelling itself through the water

GOZZLE V.O.

(proud)

Handsome species, that last one.

GOZZLE V.O.

(more serious)

But only two species are anywhere  
close to becoming sentient. The  
dolphin...

A clear ocean. A dolphin flips out of the water and lands  
back in with a splash.

GOZZLE V.O.

And the human.

A dance club is shown with humans dancing up a storm,  
looking quite primate-ish.

GOZZLE V.O.

Personally, I think the dolphin is  
the more intelligent of the two, but  
the human is the more interesting of  
the species to profile.

INT. VOID. DAY.

A Caucasian human is shown in Da Vinci's Vitruvian man  
form.

GOZZLE V.O.

The standard human is about 2 meters  
in height, powered by bipedal locomotion,  
with only two eyes giving a primitive  
sort of depth perception. It is descended  
from a variant of diving ape.

CLOSE ON: eye dilating.



GOZZLE V.O.

Its skin comes in a variety of colours  
from sickly looking pinkish hues to a  
more rich chocolate colour.

The person in the picture changes through different skin  
colours.

GOZZLE V.O.

The human has a partial fur covering  
which is by all extents bewildering.  
It has fur in patches including, but  
not always, its head, underarm crevasse,  
and surrounding their genitals.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Man with short hair

Bushy armpit

Woman with long hair

Close up of beard

Nearly bald man

Mullet

GOZZLE V.O.

What is truly baffling is that they  
need some sort of covering to keep the  
elements from killing them and they  
often shave off the protective fur that  
they do have, choosing instead to wear  
the fur of another animal in its place.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Cave man wearing animal hide

Woman wearing an animal print Bikini

Preppy man wearing sweater vest combo

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. LAB. DAY.

Many Wexion scientists are monitoring controls and milling about the lab. In the center lies a table with a strange naked form lying on top of it. Several Wexions work airbrushing this naked form.

GOZZLE

(to camera)

Our first step is to put one of our all purpose tags into a test subject on the planet. Unlike other species which have taken an interest in this planet, we are scientists and therefore we want to have as little impact on our test subject as possible. If they never know we are here, so much the better. We will mask this encounter with a happy memory for the human: a casual sexual encounter.

A closer view of the naked form shows a somewhat female specimen with multiple breasts and a unibrow.

GOZZLE

Our research shows that the average human male finds two things attractive about the opposite sex. She must be symmetrical and she must be bulbous.

GOZZLE

(in awe)

Breathtaking, isn't she?

The technicians stop with their airbrushing and step back to look at their creation. Gozzle pauses and looks her over as well.

He points towards her crotch.

GOZZLE

We need more groinal fur there, I can still see the camera.

One of the technicians quickly sprays some hair in that region.

EXT. PARK. NIGHT.

PAUL EGGERT walks drunkenly through the park. He sways this way and that as he sings a bad rendition of 'Love Machine'.

PAUL  
(slurred)  
...just a love machine...

Paul stumbles and falls on a bush.

PAUL  
(slurred)  
...and I don't squirm for nobody but...

Paul pushes himself up only to see the MOCK FEMALE from Gozzle's lab. Her unibrow is prominent and her eyes are unblinking and intense. Her multiple symmetrical breasts are covered by a gray jump suit making them simply symmetrical bulges. She is a good foot taller than Paul.

PAUL  
(slurred)  
...you? Can I help you?

The mock female stares forward blankly for a moment.

MOCK FEMALE  
I desire recreational copulation.  
Will you oblige?

Paul is shocked and confused.

PAUL  
Recreational wha?

The mock female grabs the sides of her jump suit with a firm grip and rips sideways. The entire outfit rips apart. It was attached with velcro. Now she stands naked in all her multi-breasted and copious groinal fur glory.

Paul is shocked for a moment and then turns and runs.

EXT. PARK. NIGHT.

MOCK FEMALE BUSH CAMERA POV

This entire sequence is taken from the point of view of the 'bush camera' of the mock female. All shots have a lining of pubic hair around the perimeter.

Paul runs away as the mock female chases. He runs into a grove of trees. He turns and trips.

PAUL  
(screaming)  
Somebody! Help!

Paul gets up and runs into the forest.

The Mock Female ducks behind a tree. Paul stops within the grove of trees.

Silence.

The Mock Female peaks out the side of the tree.

Paul turns and yelps. The Mock female hides behind the tree again.

The Mock female zips to hide behind another tree. Paul spins to see the movement but doesn't catch where she went.

The Mock female peaks out from behind another tree. Paul is looking this way and that...but doesn't see the Mock Female.

She is behind him.

She gets closer and closer to him.

Suddenly he turns. She is right behind him.

PAUL  
(screaming)  
Aaaaaaaaaaah!

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

Gozzle and vocal specialist BUXI sit at a table in the interview room. Buxi is a Wexion but with a bit of style. She has maroon tipped tentacles and iridium tinted glasses.

SUPER: Gozzle Wajimwajim: Xenobiologist

GOZZLE

What can we infer from the last  
vocalization of our subject?

SUPER: Buxi Nataj: Xenolinguist

BUXI

Well as you know, Humans make a wide  
variety of vocal sounds produced from  
both their oral and anal sphincters.

INT. VOID. DAY.

Close up on person standing in void. The person is a  
standard looking skater dude.

PERSON

Corn Nuts!

The skater morphs into someone a stuffy old professor type.

PERSON

Onomatopoeia.

The professor morphs into a fat lady.

She frowns and then promptly farts loudly.

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

BUXI

And we don't know under which  
circumstances one politely vocalizes  
orally or anally. My personal theory  
is that one only delivers risqué  
jokes anally due to either the  
disgust or hilarity that often  
ensues.

GOZZLE

Ah...

BUXI

But back to the subject matter at hand. Given the volume and tonal stressors in the subjects voice, I would have to say that he was in a heightened state of arousal.

Gozzle nods with satisfaction.

WILD PLANET SHIP. LAB. DAY.

Paul is strapped to the examination table as many lab technicians work around him. Some are taking readings from him while others are working close by. Paul is wide eyed and freaked out.

A technician pulls out a laser cutter, moves up to Paul's shoulder and severs his arm with the laser. The severing doesn't bleed, it just leaves a meaty stump.

He promptly walks off with Paul's arm as Paul starts to scream.

Technician NAX looks towards the camera.

TECHNICIAN NAX

(worried)

Sir, I think our subject is experiencing a fear response due to pain.

GOZZLE

(annoyed)

What you are witnessing is an automated motor response meant to elicit an emotional response from others. We have no evidence to indicate that they experience pain, so it is best to assume not.

TECHNICIAN NAX

But...

GOZZLE  
(disgusted)  
Use your head Technician! They only  
have a two-compartment brain. Do you  
think that is advanced enough to feel  
complex emotional states?

Technician Nax shakes her head.

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

Gozzle sits in the interview chair.

SUPER: Gozzle Wajimwajim: Bloated Ego

GOZZLE  
What we had here is a technician  
projecting her own emotional state  
onto that of the subject. It happens  
all the time.

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

Technician Nax sits in the interview chair.

SUPER: Technician Nax: Has Incorrect Assumptions

TECHNICIAN NAX  
I respect his opinion, but I still  
think the subject was experiencing  
some fear. I used some human  
vocalization to calm him down when  
Gozzle wasn't looking.

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. LAB. DAY.

Paul is still screaming.

Technician Nax leans in and belches loudly in his face.

TECHNICIAN NAX  
(loudly)  
Shiznit! Shiznit!

Paul stops screaming and stares in confusion.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. WILD PLANET SHIP. DAY.

TECHNICIAN NAX  
I think it calmed him down.

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. LAB. DAY.

In the background, various Wexions work on Paul as he screams and moans.

One Wexion reattaches Paul's arm with a tissue welder of some sort.

Gozzle has a large oval shaped device cradled in his hand, grayish in colour, but blinking red on the one side.

In the background, a Wexion is loading a similar device into an injection gun.

GOZZLE  
For those of you who have watched  
'Wild Planet' before, the Mark 7  
bio-probe will be quite familiar. We  
use it on nearly every planet we visit.  
We pride ourselves on this neat little  
technology as it is nearly invisible  
on the target subject.

The Wexion with the injection gun moves closer to Paul as he squirms on the table trying to get away.

GOZZLE  
The target subject can go about its  
environment completely unaware that  
anything is amiss. In the interest of  
science, this is best as we know our  
results will not be tainted by the  
presence of the probe itself.

Paul screams in the background as the Wexion injects Paul with the bio probe in the neck.

Pal starts to convulse back and forth wildly.

Gozzle turns to look for a moment and then resumes his speech.



GOZZLE

For those that are tuning in for the first time, the Mark 7 allows us to record data on the subject, it allows us a direct feed from the subjects optical nerve, it allows us to administer chemicals, and allows us to take control of the subjects vocal capabilities. Allow me to demonstrate.

Gozzle walks over to a control board and picks up a microphone.

The monitor on the control board is showing the world through Paul's eyes.

GOZZLE

Testing...Bananas...B...A...N...A...N...A...S

PAUL

Testing...Bananas...B...A...N...A...N...A...S

Gozzle turns towards the examination table and another Wexion gives him a thumb's up signal.

INT. PAULS APARTMENT. BEDROOM. MORNING.

Light streams in his window as Paul lays sprawled on the bed in his boxers.

The alarm goes off and Paul sits up in bed as he wakes up.

PAUL

(sleepy)

Wha the?

(beat)

fucking dream

He turns the alarm off and stumbles out of the room. His one side is turned to us so we don't see the probe.

INT. PAULS APARTMENT. BATHROOM. MORNING.

Paul stands transfixed in front of the bathroom mirror. In the mirror, you see a big bulge on Paul's neck that blinks red every 2 seconds.

PAUL

Shit.

MONTAGE

Paul trying to squeeze the bulge on his neck like a zit. No good. He bends over in pain.

Paul wearing a turtleneck over top of the bulge. He stares in the mirror for a second as the blinking of the bulge can be seen even through the fabric of the turtleneck.

Paul applying some sort of zit cover up to the bulge. He slathers it on. It looks like icing on a cake and still you can see the blinking beneath.

Paul putting a scarf over the bulge, trying to look casual in the mirror. The blinking can be seen beneath the scarf.

Paul shrugs.

Paul shaving, including the bulge.

END MONTAGE

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

Gozzle sits at the interview table, looking pleased.

GOZZLE

It is as we planned. The subject  
has taken the mark 7 to be a skin  
blemish and will now go about his day  
oblivious to our presence.

Gozzle shifts in his chair.

GOZZLE

What you just witnessed was the  
grooming habits of the human.

INT. GENERIC BATHROOM. DAY.

A man stands in front of a mirror in his pajamas.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
The morning grooming of the average  
human can be split into three distinct  
phases. Phase 1 is 'Orifice Deodorizing'.

SUPER: Phase 1: Orifice Deodorizing

The man puts some toothpaste on his toothbrush.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
It first cleans its facial orifice  
with a bristled stick covered with a  
herbal paste.

The man brushes his teeth vigorously while looking into the  
mirror.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
The real mystery is why it chooses to  
deodorize the facial orifice when it  
has the least offensive smell of all  
of their orifices.

The man puts down his toothbrush and picks up a bottle of  
Listerine.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
It then washes its orifice out with an  
antiseptic solution of some kind.

INT. GENERIC BATHROOM. DAY.

A woman stands in the bathroom with one leg propped up on  
the toilet. She has a razor to her bare leg shaving.

SUPER: Phase 2: Defollicularization

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
The defollicularization phase is  
noted by the removal of daily hair  
follicle buildup. Each day follicles  
grow a miniscule amount and humans will  
cut the follicles at the base in  
certain patches until they are not  
noticeable.

INT. GENERIC BATHROOM. DAY.

A heavysset man looks in the mirror shaving his facial hair.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.

Which area of hair that is defollicialized seems to be different for each individual. No one seems to know why they engage in this strange behaviour, but it is thought to be a result of a nervous disorder. The more stress in their environment, the more follicles they will most likely obliterate.

INT. GENERIC BATHROOM. DAY.

A silhouette of a woman is showering behind a semi transparent shower door.

SUPER: Phase 3: Grime Sluffing

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.

The third phase makes the most logical sense to us. Each morning they use water to sluff off the daily build up of grime. What is bizarre however is that this water drains into the local water system and they drink out of this same water system. This may be why they need to sanitize their facial orifice daily.

EXT. COMMUTER TRAIN PLATFORM. DAY.

Paul waits on the platform as a train pulls in.

The doors open and many people get off. Paul tries to wait for them to get off before boarding, but many people squeeze on as the people are getting off.

Finally he boards.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN. DAY.

Paul stands on the train, as there are no seats available. His neck bulge is blinking red every few seconds.

Those standing near him notice, look horrified and find a new spot to stand.

Someone sitting notices and moves.

Paul takes the seat.

All those seated near him notice his neck and move, choosing to stand somewhere else instead of sitting near him.

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

Gozzle sits at the table, hands crossed.

GOZZLE

(exciting)

The daily migration is a fascinating behaviour. Unlike other species on this planet, there appears to be no valid reason for their migration. And while other species migrate seasonally, these nomadic humans migrate daily. The other nomads on the train seem to reject our subject. Why? Are they displeased with his morning grooming habits? Did he engage in the forbidden anal sphincter speech?

(Beat)

We may never know.

INT. VOID. DAY.

The wild planet logo is prominently displayed.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.

Wild Planet will be back in a moment and you will never believe what happens next!

INT. OFFICE BUILDING. WATER COOLER. DAY.

A man stands by the water cooler talking to two women.

MAN

So I think if we push production in the east it will drive sales...

Before he can finish his sentence, Paul flies through the air to tackle him.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

INT. KITCHEN (EXPON). DAY.

A mother alien stands at the counter chopping a vegetable of some sort. She is bluish with darker blue conical volcano bits all over her face and body.

Her daughter enters. She has the same volcano complexion.

DAUGHTER

Mom, can I talk with you?

The mother stops chopping vegetables and sits at the table.

MOTHER

Sure honey, what is it?

The daughter joins her mother at the table.

DAUGHTER

(shyly)

Well, I had my first eruption the other day and I inked the guy I wanted to go to prom with.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY (EXPON). DAY.

The daughter and some friends hang out around their lockers. They are various aliens, not just the blue volcano type.

A tall green alien with multiple eyes walks by with his friends.

TALL GREEN ALIEN

(to daughter, flirting)

Hey Xersheesh.

The Daughter smiles coyly then one of her volcanoes erupts and sprays blue-black ink all over the green aliens face

His friends laugh

INT. KITCHEN (EXPON). DAY.

DAUGHTER

I was really embarrassed, and sometimes  
I just don't feel fresh anymore.

The mother grasps her daughter's hand and smiles. Then she reaches into her purse and pulls out a full package of 'Expons'.

MOTHER

Sweetie, that's exactly why I use  
Expon brand ink absorbers.

INT. EXPON LABORATORY. DAY.

Two beakers contain red liquid and two different blue volcano aliens dip two different ink absorbers into the beakers. The one on the left says 'Expon' while the one on the right is not labeled.

MOTHER V.O.

Expons absorb twice as much liquid  
as the other leading brand.

This is definitely true. Once submerged, the Expon sucks up all the red liquid while the other ink absorber has much liquid left.

The scientists tip over the beakers. The Expon beaker does not let out any liquid, while the other brands beaker spills red liquid everywhere.

INT. KITCHEN (EXPON). DAY.

MOTHER

And their cinnamon scent always  
leaves me feeling fresh.

Mother and daughter smile at each other.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY (EXPON). DAY.

Again, the daughter and her friends are hanging to by her locker. This time, all of the daughter's facial volcanoes are plugged with Expons. A different alien, this time purple walks by them.

FRIEND 1  
(swooning)  
He's so hot

The daughter giggles and a blue stain appears on her Expons.

She smiles and gives a thumbs-up sign.

SUPER: Expons: Worried about ink? No need to think!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

INT. INFOMERCIAL HALL. NIGHT.

A red faced alien with short military style hair and multiple arms stands in front of a table with miscellaneous dirty debris on it.

He picks up one piece of especially dirty debris and makes a disgusted face.

EXCITED SALESMAN  
(super excited)  
Are you tired of unsightly stains  
and stellar matter clinging to the  
hull of your spacecraft?

He pulls out a spray bottle of new and improved StellaGel.

EXCITED SALESMAN  
(continuing)  
Well no more! StellaGel makes these  
worries a thing of the past!

He thoroughly sprays the piece of debris

EXCITED SALESMAN  
Just spray! And wipe off!



He wipes it off and it is perfectly clean

He pulls out another piece of metal, this time clean.

He pulls a bucket up from under the table and pours thick black liquid from it onto the metal.

He holds one of his arms over his nose in revulsion.

EXCITED SALESMAN

Even the excretions of a giant Marnak  
are no problem for StellaGel

He again sprays the metal with StellaGel and wipes away clean. Wow!

INT. KITCHEN (STELLAGEL). DAY.

The cupboard under the sink is open and we see many cleaners under there including Sol-Away, Centauri-Off, and Geminaid.

EXCITED SALESMAN

Are you tired of having a different  
cleaner for each system you visit?  
Well no more!

A hand reaches down and knocks all those cleaners out from the cupboard and replaces them with a spray bottle of new and improved StellaGel.

EXCITED SALESMAN

StellaGel cleans everything they can  
without all the tiresome rubbing!

INT. INFOMERCIAL HALL. NIGHT.

The Excited Salesman stands at the counter once again, but this time it is free of debris.

This time it has various containers of StellaGel

He holds up a fancy key-chain.

EXCITED SALESMAN

Call now and we will give you this  
spiffy key-chain along with your order  
for only \$19.95.

He puts the key-chain down and holds all his arms out in a  
grand gesture.

EXCITED SALESMAN

(super, super excited)

Remember! With StellaGel, a shine  
isn't a luxury! It's a promise!

SUPER: StellaGel Key-chain Package  
Send \$19.95 to Raygon Enterprises  
52 Betelgeuse way, Betelgeuse  
11023-4523234-4

INFOMERCIAL ANNOUNCER V.O.

(fast)

Have your credit scan ready. StellaGel  
should not be used by silicon based  
life forms or mothers carrying egg sacs.  
Residents of Betelgeuse add 5% sales  
tax.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

INT. TRENDY COFFEE SHOP. DAY.

Paul stands in line at a coffee shop. There are several  
others ahead of him in line and still others waiting behind  
him. Generally they are giving him his own space due to the  
flashing probe on his neck.

A customer steps up to order

CUSTOMER 1

Grandioso Mochachino.

The clerk nods and makes the order. Customer 1 steps to the  
side to wait for their coffee.

The clerk returns to the counter

CUSTOMER 2  
Minisculay Expressiano please.

The customer steps to the side to wait as well.

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. LAB. DAY.

The crew is watching the scene on the monitor.

GOZZLE  
(excited)  
Oooh! I have always wanted to try this.  
It seems they get rewarded with liquid  
nourishment for speaking in an encrypted  
fashion.

Gozzle steps up and grabs the microphone.

INT. TRENDY COFFEE SHOP. DAY.

Paul steps up to order.

PAUL  
Yes, I will have a...

Paul's eyes glaze over.

The clerk looks nervous.

PAUL  
(monotonously)  
...A Mocha Choka ya ya Grande  
Frapacrappa Chino...

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. LAB. DAY.

Gozzle stands bent over the microphone

GOZZLE  
..Iato Iato A.S.A.P please worker!

Gozzle stands back up.

On the monitor, the clerk looks stunned.

CLERK  
(on monitor)  
Are you sure sir?

Gozzle bends down to use the microphone again.

GOZZLE  
(into microphone)  
Yes.

On the monitor the clerk shrugs. She goes away.

All the other Wexions are glued to the screen.

The Clerk comes back for a moment and brings a giant cup with an umbrella and an orange bubbling liquid.

Gozzle turns to the others.

GOZZLE  
(proud)  
Eh! Not bad, Eh!

INT. TRENDY COFFEE SHOP. DAY.

Paul walks away from the counter with his freakish drink. He comes to his sense and looks at it confused.

He takes a drink and shrugs.

Coffee is coffee.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING. CUBE FARM. DAY.

Paul walks through the cube farm carrying his fancy orange bubbling coffee.

As he walks past one cube, a man rolls out of a cube on his swivel chair.

DERRICK  
(smarmy)  
I didn't know those came with fancy umbrellas Pauly.

He uses his hands like guns and pretends to shoot Paul while smiling. Then he notices Paul's neck and his face turns to shock.

DERRICK

Fuuuuuck...what is that shit on your neck, man?

Paul touches it and winces.

PAUL

I have no idea. Some strange girl jumped me in the park and now...

DERRICK

You mean she jumped you like robbed you?

Paul just raises his eyebrow.

DERRICK

(realizing)

Whoa...

Still, he is mesmerized by this flashing red bulge on Paul's neck.

PAUL

(changing topic)

Say Derrick, I was thinking the other day that if we push production in the eastern division, it will actually drive up sales in our division via Gilbert's propogation. What do you think?

Success. This has taken Derrick's mind off of Paul's neck bulge for the moment.

Derrick's calculator flies out. He hits a few numbers.

DERRICK

...you might have something there...hmm...

PAUL

I am going to talk to Talbott about it this morning.

Derrick waves him off and rolls back into his cube all the time looking at his calculator.

Paul walks on.

PAUL  
(to himself)  
Wiener.

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. LAB. DAY.

Paul's cubicle is on the monitor. Some Wexion's watch the monitor while others are busy working around the lab.

On the monitor, Paul opens his email and looks through it.

GOZZLE  
The office is a very bizarre and perplexing place. At times it would seem like the humans are nearly working in a profession.

Paul picks his nose, closes his email and opens up a game of solitaire.

GOZZLE  
And other times it seems like they are simply keeping themselves busy throughout the times of the day when it is light.

GOZZLE  
(to himself)  
Strange.

Paul hears someone walking and switches from solitaire to a spreadsheet.

A woman walks by the cube.

GRETA  
Morning Paul.

PAUL  
Morning Greta.

GOZZLE

(continuing)

Regardless, what we do know is that for the human this is the wild savanna. This is where the human stretches its tentacles, so to speak, and vies for dominance with others<sup>3</sup> of its species. It can be a cruel and heartless wasteland and any edge can help a human survive here.

Gozzle turns to the monitor, tapping his chin in thought.

GOZZLE

Technician Nax, increase our subjects adrenaline.

Nax taps a few buttons and we see Paul suddenly stiffen on the monitor.

GOZZLE

And the meeting place for this 'savanna in concrete', where most of the action occurs, is undoubtedly the water cooler. This is very much like water holes where animals come to drink.

EXT. AFRICAN SAVANNA. DAY.

Many animals gather around a water hole: Zebras, Gazelles, wild birds, and various predators. Quickly, one animal is killed by a predator.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING. WATER COOLER. DAY.

Derrick stands at the water cooler talking to two women.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.

The water cooler is not just a place of refreshment for humans, it's also a place of social interaction and a place to find a mate. Note how female one touches her hair while this male talks. She is indicating that she is open to his advances.

DERRICK

And so I say: if that's my pepperoni,  
what happened to my pen?

Female one does indeed laugh and touches her hair.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.

The male is encouraged by this  
response and tries to further  
secure his status as a prospective  
mate by showing the female how intelligent  
he is, and thus able to provide  
resources for their coupling.

Derrick leans in closer.

DERRICK

Say Cheryl, you might have some  
thoughts on this. I was thinking of  
the different regions yesterday and  
how they can interact with each other  
to improve efficiency via Gilbert's  
propagation...

Female one is definitely interested in the intelligence of  
this. Even female two has her interest piqued.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.

Having two females interested, the  
male may have bitten off more than he  
can chew. He makes a fatal mistake  
though. He scans his vicinity for  
other males before making his move.

Derrick looks left and right.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.

But he does not do so completely as  
there is another dominant male lurking  
about: our subject.

DERRICK

...So I think if we push production in  
the east it will drive sales...

Before he can finish his sentence, Paul flies through the  
air to tackle him.



Female one screams, while female two scurries out of the way.

Derrick scrambles up rubbing his shoulder.

DERRICK

Paul, what the hell?

The females look on in horror, yet they cannot take their eyes off of it.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.

The females are excited by the prospect of this new male. Which one will dominate to survive and further his genetic material?

Paul growls circling Derrick.

PAUL

You tell them that was my idea...

Derrick tries to back away.

DERRICK

Look, Paul, we are a team here...

Paul grabs him again, flinging him against a cube wall and flattening it.

The person in the cube screams and runs away.

PAUL

Say it.

Derrick says nothing.

Paul grabs him and flings him the other way.

Papers fly everywhere.

He pounces on top of Derrick and pushes his face into the loose paper on the floor facing the females.

PAUL

Do you have something to say to  
these nice ladies?

Derrick roles his eyes and sighs.

DERICK

(hesitantly)

It was Paul's idea.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.

Having lost the battle, he loses  
his prospects for mating this day.  
But fleeing, he lives to try again  
tomorrow. The dominant male stays  
with his chest puffed out indicating  
his dominance.

Paul lets him up and he scurries away.

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

Gozzle sits at the desk with an array of weapons in front  
of him. A machine-gun, a grenade, etc.

GOZZLE

Aggression in the human is an  
interesting thing. On a larger scale  
they are unique in the galaxy.

EXT. DESERT. DAY.

A group of soldiers are firing their machine guns at other  
soldiers.

GOZZLE V.O.

Many species make war on other  
species.

EXT. DESERT. DAY.

A nuclear bomb detonates leaving a trademark mushroom  
cloud.

GOZZLE V.O.

But humans seem to be the only one to  
make war on their own species.

EXT. JUNGLE. DAY.

A pile of bodies lie strewn about. The results of war.

GOZZLE V.O.

To what end?

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

Gozzle picks up the machine gun and pretends like he is  
going to fire it.

GOZZLE

It only proves that they do not have  
the self-awareness and intelligence to  
know what they are doing.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING. HALLWAY. DAY.

Paul walks down the hallway away from his altercation with  
Derrick. He wipes his brow with his arm.

A middle age man pokes his head out of his office.

MR. TALBOTT

Paul, can I speak with you for a  
second?

Paul nods reluctantly.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING. TALBOTTS OFFICE. DAY.

Mr. Talbott settles in behind his desk.

MR. TALBOTT

(to Paul)

Close the door.

Paul closes the door.

MR. TALBOTT

(serious)

Paul, I am concerned about your  
behavior here. Sure Derrick can be  
a bit of a crusty thong string but  
that is no reason to  
(beat)

He notices the flashing bulge in Paul's neck.

MR. TALBOTT

(pointing)

What the hell is that?

Paul feels his neck for a second.

PAUL

Oh...to be honest I don't know sir.  
But I have been feeling off since  
it appeared.

Talbott thinks to himself while tapping his pencil on his  
desk.

MR. TALBOTT

I am going to overlook this Paul,  
in light of your  
(beat)  
your situation. One condition though:  
go to the doctor.

Paul sighs

PAUL

Thank you, sir. I will go tomorrow.

MR. TALBOTT

No Paul, you will go now.

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE. WAITING ROOM. DAY.

Paul sits in one of the waiting room chairs reading one of  
the only magazines available. It is definitely not a man  
magazine. They never have those in the doctor's office.  
It's a women's magazine that says "20 Ways to drive him  
crazy" on the front.

The other people in the waiting room are sitting and standing as far from Paul as possible staring at his flashing neck bulge.

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE. EXAMINATION ROOM. DAY.

Paul sits on the examination table with his shirt off.

The doctor walks in looking at his chart.

DOCTOR  
What seems to be the trouble...Paul

The doctor looks up.

DOCTOR  
Good Crispy Christ! What the...

The doctor pauses for a moment to regain his composure.

DOCTOR  
It looks like you have a blemish there.

Paul nods.

PAUL  
Do you know what it is?

DOCTOR  
Well, lets take a look, shall we.

The doctor steps in behind Paul and gently touches the bulge.

He stops for a second, confused. He mouths the words 'What the fuck'.

He leans in close to look at it.

He steps back and shrugs.

Then he puts his stethoscope on and puts it on Paul's back.

DOCTOR  
Breathe deep.

Paul breathes.

DOCTOR  
Huh. Any erectile difficulties?

PAUL  
No...

DOCTOR  
Hmm...

PAUL  
Well?

The Doctor steps in front of Paul.

DOCTOR  
It's simply acne.

PAUL  
(confused)  
But it's blinking.

The doctor shrugs

DOCTOR  
Eczema?

Paul shakes his head.

DOCTOR  
Look Paul, these things happen that  
we can't explain. I don't think it's  
something to worry about.

The Doctor takes out his prescription pad and scribbles on  
it.

DOCTOR  
(continuing)  
But I can see this is bothering you,  
so I'll write you a scrip for an  
ointment. It might make you grow  
boobs, but I want you to take it  
anyway.

He hands the prescription to Paul. Paul takes it and stands up.

The Doctor looks again at Paul's chart. He flips the top sheet up and looks at the sheet underneath.

DOCTOR

Say, it looks like you haven't been  
in for a check up for several years.  
You need a regular physical, Paul.

PAUL

(frightened)

Oh no.

Paul turns to leave but the doctor bends him over the table like he was a rag doll.

DOCTOR

Let's get it over with shall we.

PAUL

I really need to get back...

Paul goes to stand up and the doctor bends him down again.

PAUL

(conceding)

Sure.

The doctor holds him down with one arm and pulls his pants down with the other.

Paul's eyes bulge out.

The doctor takes a rubber glove out of his pocket and grabs the open end with his teeth. He then puts on the glove by holding the open end with his teeth and pushing his free hand into it.

DOCTOR

(Teeth clenched)

This will only take a minute.

The index finger of the glove is painted with yellow and black stripes to look like a bumblebee.

The Doctor motions the index finger in the air like it was flying.

DOCTOR  
(Children's story voice)  
Mr. Bumble Bee is out for a lovely  
day in the summer sun. Bzzz...Bzzz...  
Bzzz

The doctor makes the bee/finger stop mid flight over Paul's posterior.

DOCTOR  
Bzzz...What's this? Bzzz...A flower?

Paul squirms a bit.

DOCTOR  
Open up mister flower and let me at  
that pollen.

The Doctor dives the bee/finger straight for its target

DOCTOR  
Bzzzzzzzz...Open up...zzzzz!

Paul's eyes go wide

PAUL  
Aaaaahhh!

INT. OPERATING ROOM. DAY.

Several doctors operate on a person on the operating table.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
Humans have a primitive form of  
medical knowledge it would seem.

INT. SMOKE FILLED BAR. NIGHT.

The room is packed. Several people at the bar are smoking it up.



WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
Even though they do not have the  
wisdom to stop the behaviour that  
causes a disease...

EXT. SOCCER FIELD. DAY.

Many soccer players line up doing a soccer drill. Every  
second one runs up and shoots a ball towards the goal.

A player runs up quickly, shoots and the ball hits the  
goalie in the testicles.

The goalie falls over in pain.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
(continuing)  
...Or to stop the very cause itself...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY.

A nurse leans over a patient giving him an injection.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
(continuing)  
...they do know how to mask the  
symptoms with medication.

INT. PHARMACY. DAY.

A pharmacist has many pills spread out over a table.

She puts down a straight edge and uses it to scrape the  
pills towards a bottle.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
Of course, those medications have  
side effects, so they medicate again  
to alleviate the side effects.

INT. SMOKE FILLED BAR. NIGHT.

A bar patron smokes up as he finishes a shooter of tequila.  
He removes his smoke briefly as he sucks a lime.

He puts 2 fingers up to indicate to the bartender that he  
wishes for two more shots.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
And they medicate more to alleviate  
yet another round of side effects.

The bartender slides 2 more shots to the patron and 2 more  
lime wedges.

The patron takes a drag of his cigarette again.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
(continuing)  
And the cycle begins anew.

The patron twitches and an ember from his cigarette ignites  
his tequila.

PATRON  
Aaah!

The bartender quickly extinguishes it.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
It is not a good system. But it is  
a medical system nonetheless.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING. HALLWAY. DAY.

Paul walks along a hallway lined with offices and meeting  
rooms. He walks a little bit 'off' due to his recent visit  
to the doctor.

A meeting room door opens up opposite to Derrick's cubicle.

A head pops out.

MANAGER  
(sounding like Talbott)  
Paul, can I speak with you a moment?

The manager disappears back into the room.

Paul signs and walks towards the door.

Derrick looks up and smiles.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING. MEETING ROOM. DAY.

The manager that had his head out of the door stands in front of the meeting table, while two other managers stand behind it.

PAUL

(angry)

Look, what do you want? I went to the doctor. I've got this crazy ointment. I'm gonna be fine.

Paul looks up.

The managers faces look strange. Fake.

Simultaneously, the managers reach up and pull off their faces. They are masks.

Underneath lies the truth. These are the grays. Medium height with almond shaped black eyes and gray skin. In particular, these are grays named BROJU, CHEGGA, and FREJ. These are not your typical aliens. They act and talk a lot like surfers.

Chegga pulls out a tube of meat and starts gnawing on it.

Paul falls backwards in shock.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING. DERRICKS CUBE. DAY.

Derrick is surfing the Internet, with his pen hanging out of his mouth. He has a bandage over his nose.

A loud bang is heard from the meeting room.

PAUL

(muffled yell)

Damn!

Derrick stands up and does a mock touch down pose, throwing his pen down as a mock football.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING. MEETING ROOM. DAY.

Paul is sitting on the ground in the meeting room in shock.

Broju leans down and offers Paul what looks like marijuana joint, but coloured in neon green.

Paul is hyperventilating.

BROJU  
Smoke this Paulio, it helps.

Paul pauses for a second then takes the smoke from Broju.

He puts it to his mouth and inhales deeply.

Immediately he relaxes and slumps down a bit.

BROJU  
Karn, we are here to help. Someone  
span has the buggy on you.

Paul feels the bulge on his neck.

PAUL  
(mellow)  
Was this you guys?

Frej lets out a laugh and starts smoking a neon joint of his own.

BROJU  
(amused)  
Karn, if this was us, you would have  
woken up with the munchies and a sore  
rectum

Chegga smiles in the background and holds his hands out about 12 inches apart to show the length of the implied probe and then puts his fingers in a circle to show the mighty girth.

He nods vigorously, gives Paul the ok sign and high fives Frej. Frej does an air guitar.

Broju takes the green joint from Paul and inhales deeply.

PAUL  
(mellow)  
Do you all have those reflecty black  
eyes?

Frej and Chegga look at each other in mock confusion.

Broju takes another drag and hands the green joint back to Paul.

He reaches up and grabs his 'eyes' and pulls them off.

They aren't really eyes at all but sunglasses.

Underneath are the squintiest stoner eyes one can imagine.

PAUL  
(disgusted)  
Aw...dude...put 'em back

Broju shrugs and puts his sunglasses back on.

BROJU  
(serious)  
Listen Paulio, we will help you when we  
can, cuz you're an amusing little yagger.  
Watch for us.

INT. VOID. DAY.

The wild planet logo is prominently displayed.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
Wild Planet will be right back. After  
the break: Lust ensues!

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN. DAY.

Paul and an unknown female make out on a bench on the train  
at a furious pace.

She also has a flashing neck bulge.

Horrified onlookers are crowded at the other end of the car  
staring.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

INT. LOCKER ROOM (ZOQBOWT). DAY.

Two yellow-faced aliens dress in a locker room. They are basically bipedal with an exaggerated nose, bald heads, and one large tentacle hanging from the back.

Alien 1 is putting on his shirt in front of the mirror while Alien 2 sits nearby on a bench.

Alien 1 looks into the mirror and notices two miniature tentacles hanging from his face. One tentacle is larger than the other.

ALIEN 1

Damn! Why didn't you tell me I had  
a facial tentacle?

Alien 2 shrugs, unmoved.

ALIEN 1

I always get these and you get none.  
How can I take Shazzique to the prom  
like this?

Alien 2 stands up and walks over to the mirror.

ALIEN 2

Who says I don't get them too?

Alien 1 looks shocked by this.

ALIEN 2

(continuing)

I use Zoqbwot Tentacle Dissolve

Alien 2 tosses Alien 1 a can of Zoqbwot and checks himself in the mirror.

Alien 1 douses himself in the face with a bunch of good blasts of Zoqbwot.

INT. ZOQBWOT LABORATORY. DAY.

Close up of a face with many tentacles dangling and swaying on it.

Zoqbwot is sprayed on it.

The tentacles start to wilt immediately.

ZOQBWOT ANNOUNCER V.O.  
With Zoqbwot Tentacle Dissolve you  
should notice tentacles reduce in  
just 6 hours.

INT. ZOQBWOT LABORATORY. DAY.

SUPER: 6 Hours Later

Close up of face with tentacles almost completely gone.

ZOQBWOT ANNOUNCER V.O.  
If used on a regular basis, fewer  
breakouts should occur.

INT. SCHOOL DANCE (ZOQBWOT). NIGHT.

Alien 1 walks down the hall with a pretty alien on his arm.

His complexion is clear.

He gives a thumbs up and a wink.

ALIEN 1  
Thanks Zoqbwot!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

INT. VOID. DAY

A flag with 3 purple bars, 4 orange bars, and a massive eye  
in the middle billows in the wind against a blue background

ANNOUNCER V.O.  
The following message was paid for  
by the foundation to elect the  
Honourable Gut-Kling'lit Pang.

INT. GUTS LODGE. NIGHT.

GUT KLING'LIT PANG sits smoking a pipe in an armchair before a roaring fireplace. He has an orange colour to his skin, with a bumpy texture. He has multiple eyes on his face, some protruding from chin appendages. He is quite a portly fellow, yet charming and charismatic.

Gut removes his pipe.

GUT KLING'LIT PANG  
Good evening, honourable species. I  
know you, like me, wish for a  
prosperous and exciting future for  
sector 7G.

Gut motions upwards with his pipe.

GUT KLING'LIT PANG  
And with your vote I will strive to  
make that a reality. I will cut taxes,  
implement more space travel corridors  
between our main planets

Gut puts down his pipe and smiles.

GUT KLING'LIT PANG  
(continuing)  
And push for a really nutritious lunch  
program including lactated calcium  
products and good juicy grub worms  
just like mom used to make.

Gut rubs his belly.

GUT KLING'LIT PANG  
Mmmmm.MMmmmm.

GUT KLING'LIT PANG  
(serious)  
I will be there for you in the good  
times and the bad. I ask you, where  
was your incumbent, Darryl Cheemokgoop  
when the Sarcadians invaded Morpheus 3?

INT. ALIEN FACTORY. DAY.



A still photo of a green blobbish alien in a factory setting stuffing purplish tentacled creatures into his mouth.

GUT KLING'LIT PANG V.O.  
He was eating Wexion larvae fresh  
from a hatchery.

INT. GUTS LODGE. NIGHT.

Gut is standing beside his chair resting one of his hands on it.

GUT KLING'LIT PANG  
And where was he when the trade  
markets plunged on Carbanna?

INT. ALIEN DANCE CLUB. NIGHT.

The greenish blob is shaking his ass dancing with several females of various species.

GUT KLING'LIT PANG V.O.  
He was dancing with MokMok girls all  
on the governments dollar.

INT. GUTS LODGE. NIGHT.

Gut sits back into his chair.

GUT KLING'LIT PANG  
(relaxed)  
A vote for me is a vote for  
accountability and a vote for your  
prosperous future.

INT. VOID. DAY

A flag with 3 purple bars, 4 orange bars, and a massive eye in the middle billows in the wind against a blue background

ANNOUNCER V.O.  
Follow your Gut. Vote for Gut Kling'Lit!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

An older Wexion, MOZZAC sits at the interview table. He has the standard Wexion tentacles, yet his are peppered with dark blue and grey patches. His skin has many dots that are dark blue and lacking the luster of the skin of his younger counterparts.

SUPER: Dr. Mozzac: Xenohistorian

MOZZAC

One cannot even discuss the human species without talking about the grays.

EXT. WHEAT FIELD. DAY.

An intricate crop circle appears in the middle of the field.

MOZZAC V.O.

Grays have been meddling with this planet for hundreds of thousands of years.

EXT. CAVE. DAY.

A cave painting on the cave wall depicts a likeness of three grays.

MOZZAC V.O.

We think it may have been the grays that tampered with the DNA of the diving ape long ago to produce this species. But for what reason?

EXT. GREAT PYRAMIDS. DAY.

The great pyramids stand out gleaming on a sunny day.

MOZZAC V.O.

Each year, they continue to abduct thousands of humans. We don't know what they do at these abductions, or why they do it.

EXT. FARMERS FIELD. DAY.

A dead cow lies in the grasses with a single round hole in its side. It's a mutilated cattle.

MOZZAC V.O.

Their actions appear to have no scientific basis whatsoever.

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. LAB. DAY.

Gozzle stands before his crew who are working at various controls and monitoring Paul's condition. On the monitor, Paul stares at his computer screen playing solitaire.

GOZZLE

The appearance of the grays is bothersome. They are problematic for other species.

Gozzle screws up his face in disgust.

GOZZLE

(continuing)

They are incessant practical jokers and users of illicit drugs. As Dr. Mozzac explained, their presence is not quite a surprise on this planet, but I did hope to avoid them.

On the monitor, Paul is up and moving. He walks towards a bathroom door.

Gozzle starts to walk towards a door in his lab (the door to the interview room)

GOZZLE

(continuing)

They are notoriously secretive. Nobody knows what their species name or home planet is. But they have agreed to meet us, so maybe we can clear up some of this.

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

Broju sits at the interview table with Chegga and Frej standing behind.

Gozzle enters the room and sits.

GOZZLE

Thank you for meeting us. I am Gozzle Wajimwajim. You may not have known, but we are performing some scientific studies on the human subject you were talking with.

Broju is stone faced while Chegga and Frej look at each other and smile.

GOZZLE

(confused)

It's for or broadcast of Wild Planet, which you may have heard of...

Broju picks his nose and wipes a large purple booger on the table..

Chegga shrugs and turns to Frej.

Frej Shrugs.

GOZZLE

(confused)

...eh...yes...well, I would appreciate it if you didn't interfere with our...

BROJU

(interrupting)

We are just helping the meat sack out, karn.

Chegga gives a fake surprised look and puts his hands up to his cheeks.

GOZZLE

(quietly)

Look, our funding source is under review and tenuous at best...could you see your way clear to...

Broju turns to look a Frej and Chegga.

Frej gives a thumbs down and does an air guitar.

Chegga bounces up and down slowly as if grooving to an unseen melody made by the air guitar. He extends his hand and slowly puts his thumb out downwards.

Broju turns back.

BROJU  
Looks like nats, yagger.

Gozzle sighs.

GOZZLE  
Will you at least answer a few  
questions in the name of science?

Frej continues his air guitar and nods, nearly laughing.

Chegga continues to groove and turns his thumb up.

BROJU  
Karn, science is my yaggin middle  
name.

Frej laughs outloud.

Gozzle flips through his notebook.

GOZZLE  
Ah...here...why do you create those  
crop circles

FREJ  
(while air guitaring)  
Cuz, we nearly span ourselves when  
the meat sacks ask 'why?'

Chegga grooves and points his two index fingers at Frej like guns, nodding.

Gozzle starts writing this down.

Broju grabs his pen.

BROJU  
Lighten up, Karn.

GOZZLE  
(surprised)  
Oh.

Gozzle flips through his notes.

GOZZLE  
Ok...what is the purpose of the pyramids?

Broju snorts.

BROJU  
Gozz, you are gonna love this.

Chegga nods slowly.

BROJU  
We said to them 'Build us a triangle  
building'. It took them like yaggin  
30 years. Then we shook our heads  
and said...

Chegga holds his arms wide (like he was telling a fish  
story)

FREJ  
Bigger!

BROJU  
So they toil for another yaggin 50  
years. It was totally dej, but was it  
good enough?

All three shake their heads.

FREJ  
Mmmmmmm...Bigger!

BROJU  
So the persistent little yaggers  
work for a totally span time and  
build us an even bigger one. Was  
it good enough?

All three shake their heads

FREJ  
Ahh...Bigger!

Gozzle holds out his hands to stop them from continuing.

GOZZLE  
I get the picture

All three shrug.

Gozzle flips pages in his notes again.

GOZZLE  
What species are you?

Broju frowns. Chegga and Frej make silent 'ooooh's.

BROJU  
Don't get personal, Karn.

GOZZLE  
(persistent)  
What species are you?

BROJU  
What...schmecies...are you?

Frej laughs like a hyena. Chegga holds his belly like he was laughing hard.

GOZZLE  
(playing along)  
We are the Wexions, and you?

BROJU  
We are the...Shmexions..., and you?

Gozzle nods for a second then stops.

GOZZLE  
Are you repeating what I say?

Frej tries to hold a straight face, but ends up sputtering.

BROJU  
Are you...shmepeating...what I say?

GOZZLE  
(frustrated)  
Gahhhh!

Broju stands up.

All three grays high five

BROJU	CHEGGA	FREJ
Karn!	Karn!	Karn!

Gozzle flips a page in his notes.

Broju sits back down.

GOZZLE  
(composed)  
Very amusing. Now, no more repeating.  
Ok?

Broju smiles and nods.

Frej goes back to air guitar.

Chegga goes back to grooving and pulls out a tube of meat  
to chew on.

GOZZLE  
What planet are you from?

BROJU  
Uranus.

Frej laughs.

GOZZLE  
(amazed)  
Really? Incredible.

Broju nods.

Gozzle starts madly flipping through his notes.



GOZZLE  
(continuing)  
The same solar system? Or research  
shows that it is uninhabit...

Broju smiles and nods.

Gozzle looks up and catches on to the game.

GOZZLE  
Are you sure you are from Uranus?

Broju grins.

BROJU  
I am directly from you anus!

Broju stands up straight as a pole and puts his hands to  
his sides.

Chegga and Frej do the same.

BROJU  
(continuing)  
And it yagging stuffy in here!

The grays high five.

BROJU	CHEGGA	FREJ
Karn!	Karn!	Karn!

INT. OFFICE BUILDING. HALLWAY. DAY.

Paul walks down the line of cubes at the end of the day  
with his jacket on.

PAUL  
(to everyone)  
See you tomorrow.

As he walks by Derrick's cube, Derrick gives a sarcastic  
'thumbs up'.

INT. FOOD COURT. DAY.

Paul waits in line at a fast food vendor. His neck implant  
bulges and blinks on and off.

People in line either keep their distance or leave the line altogether.

EXT. HOT DOG EATING CONTEST. DAY.

Many people are lined up at a table eating hot dogs as quick as they can.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
Humans are omnivores and eat just  
about everything that they can get  
their hands on.

EXT. GOAT FARM. DAY.

A goat chews on a piece of cloth.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
The only animal that eats more on  
this planet is the goat.

EXT. COW PASTURE. DAY.

Many cows graze, eating the grass.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
Humans eat bovines...

EXT. PIG FARM. DAY.

Many pigs wallow in filth.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
Swine...

EXT. CHICKEN FARM. DAY.

Many chickens meander around while one rooster chases a chicken around trying to get some action.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
Poultry...

INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

Many vegetables are arranged on the table in a cornucopia:  
Corn, Carrots, Beets, etc.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
Along with various fruits and  
vegetables.

INT. SLUMMY KITCHEN. DAY.

A girl empties an aerosol can of whipped cream into her  
mouth.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
And indeed, they seem to eat things...

EXT. PARK. PICNIC TABLE. DAY.

Two people eat fries voraciously, like it was a contest.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
...that have no nutritional value...

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE. NIGHT.

A portly man shoves two Twinkies into his mouth as the goo  
squirts out a little.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
...or that they cannot process at all.

INT. FOOD COURT. DAY.

The customer in front of Paul takes his food and leaves.

Paul steps up to the counter.

The guy working the counter has dreadlocks and a bit of a  
mellow disposition. He is a real surfer type.

FAST FOOD DUDE  
Welcome to Jo Burger, dude. What can  
I get for you this fine day?

The Fast Food Dude glances at Paul's neck and squints.

FAST FOOD DUDE  
Whooooa...Dude, are you alright?

His actions and voice are very similar to the grays.

Paul gives him a weird look.

FAST FOOD DUDE  
Earth to dude, are you on this  
planet?

Paul snaps out of it.

He points at the Fast Food Dude.

PAUL  
Aha!

FAST FOOD DUDE  
Aw crap...

FAST FOOD DUDE  
(into food ordering microphone)  
Dudes wiggin on me.

PAUL  
(quietly)  
Are you one?

The fast food dude look left and right suspiciously.

FAST FOOD DUDE  
I don't think I have ever been more  
than that, dude.

Paul grabs the fast food dudes face and pulls.

It doesn't come off like a mask.

The fast food dude looks at him strangely.

Paul grabs it again and really yanks.

The fast food dude's head slams into the counter.

Paul keeps yanking and his head keeps slamming into the  
counter.

Finally he stops. This dude is no gray.

The fast food dude pulls himself up and rubs his forehead.

PAUL  
(composed)  
I'll have combo #2.

FAST FOOD DUDE  
(sarcastically)  
Would you like to crazy-size that?

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

Gozzle sits at the interview table with an array of model humans in front of him. Directly in front of him is a model of a couple with a baby.

GOZZLE  
One of the areas of interest in  
this species is how they procreate  
and produce offspring.

Gozzle looks down, sadly.

GOZZLE  
(continuing)  
We attempted once before to observe  
the mating ritual, but we had a  
species mix up and it ended.  
(beat)  
Badly.

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. WHITE ROOM. DAY.

A man and a bear lie unconscious at opposite ends of a purely white room.

The man is wearing typical hunter garb: a plaid coat, a wool hat with earflaps, etc.

A CD player sits in between the hunter and the bear.

The man groans and gets to his feet. The bear remains unconscious.

The man squints, taking in his new surroundings.

He nearly falls over when he sees the bear.

He walks quietly to the only door in the room. He tries the handle and it does not budge.

The bear grunts and starts to wake up.

The man turns and sees the bear getting to his feet.

HUNTER

Aaah!

The man begins to pound on the door.

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. OUTSIDE THE WHITE ROOM. DAY.

The door to the white room is visible with a small window in it.

The hunters face appears in the window, eyes bulged wide.

He pounds and pounds on the door.

HUNTER

Let me out! He's gonna kill me!

He pounds some more

HUNTER

Let me out!

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. WHITE ROOM. DAY.

The bears paw glides slowly towards the CD player and presses a button.

Barry White music erupts from the speakers, filling the room with sound.

The man stops pounding and turns around, curious.

He realizes the bears' romantic intentions and redoubles his efforts to pound on the door.

HUNTER

Oh god! Let me out!

Pound! Pound! Pound!

HUNTER  
(frantic)  
He's not gonna kill me!

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. OUTSIDE THE WHITE ROOM. DAY.

The pounding stops.

A ripping sound can be heard.

HUNTER  
(in pain)  
OW!

BEAR  
Oh...

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. LAB. DAY.

Many Wexions work in the background.

On the monitor, Paul walks along a sidewalk.

GOZZLE  
We definitely don't want to have a  
repeat of our last experiment, so  
this time we made sure that both of  
our subjects were human.

GOZZLE  
(to Technician Nax)  
Is subject #2 in range?

Nax turns to Gozzle.

TECHNICIAN NAX  
She will be in range in 10.

Paul walks up to the commuter train platform as a commuter  
train pulls up to the platform.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN. NIGHT.

Paul walks onto the train.

On the opposite side sits a girl with a flashing neck bulge.

Other passengers are squished to either end of the car trying to avoid the girl. They see Paul and give looks of shock. One flashing neck bulge person is apparently enough for them.

Paul is curious, yet takes a seat on the opposite side of the girl.

He eyes her up.

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. LAB. DAY.

TECHNICIAN NAX  
Contact has been made.

Several Wexions clap.

Gozzle paces a bit.

GOZZLE  
Elevate endorphin levels in subjects  
1 and 2.

Technician Nax taps a few keys.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN. NIGHT.

The girl flashes him a look and touches her hair.

Paul gives her a grin and opens his legs and arms.

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. LAB. DAY.

GOZZLE  
Fascinating! Note how the male  
responds to the female touching her  
hair by making himself look bigger  
than he is. Increase levels a little  
more.

Technician Nax complies.

INT. COMMUNTER TRAIN. NIGHT.



The girl removes her lipstick from her purse and begins to sensuously apply it.

Paul responds by standing up and flexing.

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. LAB. DAY.

GOZZLE

Look at that glorious posturing!

Gozzle rubs his chin in contemplation.

GOZZLE

Increase Testosterone in Subject  
1 20% and 5% in Subject 2. Release  
Jainoglobin.

Again Technician Nax hits several keys to comply with his commands.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN. NIGHT.

The girl drops her lipstick and purse.

Paul stares at her wild-eyed.

Then, as if magnetically attracted, they slam into each other on her seat, kissing.

As they make out, their neck bulges flash wildly and make 'microphone too close' noises.

The rest of the passengers on the train are disgusted.

INT. GIRLS APARTMENT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Paul and the girl make out on her bed with their neck bulges flashing wildly like on the train.

Suddenly Paul's neck bulge slows down and flashes at a normal rate.

Paul backs off, confused.

GIRL

What's wrong?

Paul steps off the bed

PAUL  
I'll be right back.

The girl lies in a sultry pose.

GIRL  
See that you are.

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. LAB. DAY.

GOZZLE  
(tense)  
Increase his Jainoglobin!

TECHNICIAN NAX  
He is past his limit, it is too  
dangerous.

Gozzle nods and sighs.

GOZZLE  
We will let nature take it's  
course then.

INT. GIRLS APARTMENT. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

Paul stands looking into the mirror, with his head resting  
in his hands.

PAUL  
(to himself)  
Should he stay or should he go?

Suddenly, the shower curtain pulls back to reveal the  
grays.

BROJU  
Karn, what are you doing?

The grays step out of the tub.

PAUL  
What the  
(beat)  
I wasn't going to take advantage...

Chegga and Frej look at each other and smirk.

BROJU  
(interrupting)  
Sure you were  
(beat)  
but you think too much. Just do it.

PAUL  
But, but, she's not herself  
(beat)  
that thing in her neck.

Broju points to Paul's neck.

BROJU  
Karn, neither are you.

Paul touches his neck, gently.

BROJU  
It's a guiltless yag. What could be  
better?

Paul nods slowly then looks at Broju to be sure

BROJU  
(slowly)  
A guiltless yag.

Chegga nods while Frej does an air guitar.

PAUL  
Yeah...I'll do it...her

Broju turns to the others and gives them the thumbs up.

Frej pulls out a camera and tosses it to Paul.

Paul catches it, nearly dropping it.

FREJ  
Get us some snaps, eh!

Chegga nods vigorously.

PAUL  
(confused)  
Wha...

PAUL  
(realizing)  
oh...

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. LAB. DAY.

GOZZLE  
(amazed)  
For once, they helped us.

INT. GIRLS APARTMENT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

Various copulation noises come from the open bedroom door followed by flashes (from the camera)

INT. GIRLS APARTMENT. BEDROOM. DAY.

Paul and the girl are splayed at odd angles on her bed as the sun trickles into the window.

Her arm covers his torso.

Paul wakes up and sees the girl still asleep.

He carefully moves her arm so he can slide out.

He slowly slides off the bed and puts on his shirt and pants.

He slowly starts to creep out of the room.

GIRL  
(angry)  
Where the hell do you think you  
are going?

Paul stops in his tracks and turns towards her.

PAUL  
Oh...well...

She throws a pillow at him.

He dodges it.

She stands up.

GIRL

You weren't even going to leave you  
name? Where you could be reached?

PAUL

Look, I would have...

She throws a book at him.

It hits him and falls to the ground.

GIRL

Liar! Did we even use protection?  
What if I got pregnant? What then?

PAUL

I don't think...

She throws an alarm clock at him.

It nails him right in the head and he starts to bleed.

He puts his hand immediately on his head.

PAUL

(in pain)

Ow!! That fucking hur...

She interrupts by punching him in the face.

Paul passes out and crumples to the floor.

INT. GIRLS APARTMENT. BEDROOM. DAY.

Paul is unconscious on the floor, but moaning a little bit.

The girl sits beside him.

GIRL

(more calm)

Please wake up. Please.

Paul opens his eyes and scrambles to get away.

GIRL

(nervous)

Look. I am sorry. I panicked and  
freaked out. I got this damned thing  
in my neck  
(beat)  
but you do too...its not fair of me to  
...well...

Paul is silent.

GIRL

(calm)

Friends?

She extends her hand to shake.

Paul nods and extends his hand to shake hers.

PAUL

Paul.

GIRL

Elise.

They drop hands.

The girl picks up the camera off the floor.

ELISE

You sure were taking a lot of  
pictures last night...

She flips the camera over in her hand.

PAUL

Yeah, well the little gray dudes  
wanted...

Paul shuts up.

Elise looks like steam cold erupt from her ears.

Paul snatches the camera and makes for the door.

ELISE  
You asshole!

She throws a piece of clothing at him.

He shrugs it off.

ELISE  
You took pictures for THEM?

She throws the used condom at him.

It nails him in the face and splashes, but he keeps going.

INT. WOMB.

A human fetus floats in the womb

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
The subject is worried that he has  
impregnated the female. And he is  
right to worry as human offspring  
are parasitic in nature. The fetus  
sucks energy from its mothers' system  
for 9 months.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN. DAY.

A mother sits with a baby breast-feeding.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
Once it emerges from her body, it  
continues its parasitic behaviour  
focusing on the mammary glands.  
Strangely the mother seems to support  
this behaviour.

INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

An older couple sits at a dinner table. A third plate is at  
the table but no person is sitting there.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
Human spawn take up to 20 years to  
mature, yet in extreme cases the  
offspring will be dependent for 30  
to 40 years.

A geeky guy wearing a Klingon ridge skullcap emerges from the basement door and sits down.

KLINGON BOY  
Mmmm...Porkchops!!

The man and woman look at each other with sorrow.

INT. GIRLS APARTMENT BUILDING. HALLWAY. DAY.

Paul zips up his pants as he runs down the hall.

ELISE O.S.  
Go ahead and run, asshole! You  
haven't seen the last of me.

The elevator doors are open at the end of the hall and Paul runs right into it.

INT. GIRLS APARTMENT BUILDING. ELEVATOR. DAY.

Paul enters the elevator. There are three other people in it reading newspapers. The other elevator patrons are smoking, so it is quite hazy in there.

Paul presses the door close button repeatedly until it closes.

PAUL  
(out of breath)  
Crazy bitch.

ELEVATOR PATRON 1  
What floor, Karn?

PAUL  
(girly)  
Eee!

Paul turns around.

PAUL  
You guys have to stop doing that.

The grays drop their newspapers.



Chegga is wearing a trench coat. Frej is wearing a touque and a blond wig. Broju is wearing a tie. Nice disguises.

BROJU

Just trying to help you out, Paulio.

Paul gives the camera to Broju.

PAUL

(frustrated)

Here! I am fucking sick of this whole thing.

Broju looks at the screen on the back and nods in approval, handing the camera on to Frej.

Frej is pushing buttons on the camera like mad and nodding.

Paul slumps down in the elevator and sits down, crying.

Broju pulls out a tube of meat.

BROJU

Meat tube?

Paul looks confused and shakes his head no.

BROJU

(insistent)

It's from a yaggin cow man!

Paul is still confused.

BROJU

You know, Bovine!

FREJ

(to Chegga)

Chegga, you gotta peep these snaps.  
Yaggin freestyle!

Frej hands the camera to Chegga.

PAUL

(sniveling)

No thanks.

Chegga looks at a few pictures and has a look of 'Oh!' on his face for one. He nods at Paul and gives him a thumbs up.

BROJU  
It's like jerky, Karn.

Frej does an air guitar.

Paul grabs the meat tube quickly and takes a bite. He instantly relaxes.

PAUL  
Why do you guys do that?

BROJU  
Bleg?

Paul waves the meat tube around as a hand gesture.

PAUL  
You know, the cattle mutilation.

Chegga bounces and grooves to Frej's air guitar.

BROJU  
Ahh, well, there we are shootin  
along in the saucer, smokin and  
jokin. The sauce has no windows  
so it soon becomes a hot box if  
you know what I mean.

Paul nods.

BROJU  
(looking at Frej)  
Well, Frej soon gets the munchies.

Frej nods while air guitaring.

BROJU  
(pointing to Chegga)  
And then this tubby bitch gets  
the munchies.

Chegga nods while grooving.

BROJU

So we dip down to a pasture, find  
a nice bossy...

He makes a motion with his fingers like a gun.

BROJU

One zap with the plasma cutter and...

BROJU

CHEGGA

FREJ

Meat Tubes!

Meat Tubes!

Meat Tubes!

Frej does an air guitar solo. Broju and Chegga groove.

FREJ

Yaggin tubes, Karn!

The elevator stops on the main floor.

Paul goes to leave, but Broju stops him.

Paul turns around.

Broju hands him a flourescent green smoke.

BROJU

Take a prod for the road, Paulio.

INT. VOID. DAY.

The wild planet logo is prominently displayed.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.

Wild Planet will be right back. Coming up next:  
Despair!

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN. DAY

A group of people huddle on the one side of the train  
trying to stay as far away from Paul as possible.

Paul lunges towards a lady at the front of the group.

He points at his neck

PAUL  
(angry)  
What!? Is it this?

She nods quickly, afraid.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

EXT. HOUSE PORCH. DAY.

Several Wexions swing on the porch swing.

EXT. WHEAT FIELD. DAY.

Several bloated red aliens (some children) run through the wheat field, happy.

EXT. POOL. DAY.

A purple alien splashes into the pool.

EXT. LARGE TREE ON HILLTOP. DAY.

Several yellow slimy aliens sit under the tree as dandelion seeds blow through the air.

DRUG ANNOUNCER V.O.  
Ask your doctor if Ugaflon is right  
for you.

EXT. BACKYARD. TRAMPOLINE. DAY.

Several grays bounce on the trampoline.

DRUG ANNOUNCER V.O.  
Side effects include phlem  
projectiles, withered apendage,  
and dry mouth.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

A humanoid looking alien walks funnily along a street.

PRODUCT ANNOUNCER V.O.  
Are you plagued by grays?

The humanoid shakes his fist.

MANY VOICES O.S.  
Grays!

EXT. FARMERS FIELD. DAY.

A mutilated cow lies dead on the ground.

MANY VOICES O.S.  
Grays!

INT. BALLROOM. NIGHT.

Many aliens gather are gathered in a ballroom for a party.

One especially tall multi-armed alien talks to a girl  
beside him.

The grays run by.

His pants explode.

His arms move to cover his naked body.

MANY VOICES O.S.  
Grays!

EXT. PARK. PLAYGROUND. DAY.

An alien stands near the playground.

PRODUCT ANNOUNCER V.O.  
Well, no more.

A gray approaches quietly from behind the alien.

PRODUCT ANNOUNCER V.O.  
(continuing)  
'Gray Away' has a newly patented  
formula designed to keep grays at  
bay.

As the gray approaches, the alien spins and sprays him with the gray away.

The gray immediately covers his face with his hands.

GRAY  
Aaaah! Span! What is with you,  
Karn?

The alien lifts the 'Gray Away' spray again.

The gray turns and runs.

EXT. PARK. PICNIC TABLE. DAY.

A plate sits on the picnic table with a few meat tubes on it.

PRODUCT ANNOUNCER V.O.  
Watch as we coat these 'Shugga' brand  
meat tubes with 'Gray Away'

An alien quickly sprays the meat tubes.

Two Grays walk by smoking.

They spot the meat tubes and look at each other.

They high five.

GRAY #1                      GRAY #2  
Karn!                      Karn!

Gray #1 grabs a meat tube and bites into it.

He immediately spits it out.

GRAY #1  
(disgusted)  
Ahhh! These are totally span! Bleg!

Gray #2 laughs at his misfortune.

INT. COUNTER. DAY.

A can of 'Gray Away' is prominent on the counter

PRODUCT ANNOUNCER V.O.  
So if you don't want to play gray,  
use 'Gray Away'. Order now and receive  
a free tube of 'O-Ring rejuvenator'  
ointment.

Ordering instructions appear onscreen:  
Available at:  
Andromeda Depot  
Planky's Hardware  
The Radio Hutt  
Jebblies Invertebrate Deli

PRODUCT ANNOUNCER V.O.  
'Gray Away' is available at these  
fine stores: Andromeda Depot,  
Planky's Hardware, The Radio Hutt,  
and Jebblies Invertebrate Deli

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING. ENTRANCE. DAY.

Paul exits the apartment building and walks along the  
sidewalk.

It has been raining so the ground is wet and there are  
puddles of water on the street.

Paul pulls out the green smoke that Broju gave him.

He stops walking and lights it.

Before he can put it to his lips a car zooms past, goes  
through a puddle and soaks Paul and washes the green smoke  
away.

PAUL  
(frustrated)  
Fuck!!

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN. DAY.

Paul enters the train, still dripping.

As before, people see his flashing neck bulge and move as far away from Paul as possible.

Paul moves from one side of the train to the other, people move to get away from him as he approaches.

A group of people huddle on the one side of the train trying to stay as far away from Paul as possible.

Paul lunges towards a lady at the front of the group.

He points at his neck

PAUL  
(angry)  
What!? Is it this?

She nods quickly, afraid.

He jumps towards her, cupping his ear?

PAUL  
(Sarcastic)  
Huh?

She jumps back and screams.

Paul backs off.

PAUL  
(confidently)  
Isn't it wrong to treat someone  
rudely because he has a gargantuan  
strobing red sore on his neck?

Nobody says anything.

PAUL  
(yelling)  
Isn't it?

A few people yelp.

A tallish man in the crowd steps up.



MAN  
(quietly)  
Not really.

Paul stares at him for a second.

PAUL  
(confused)  
What?

MAN  
I said 'not really'. I mean, we  
don't know you. Perhaps you have  
some sort of flashing neck wound  
disease. I would rather risk  
rudeness than infection.

Paul looks at the other people, some nod in agreement.

The train pulls up to a stop.

Paul throws his hands up

PAUL  
(frustrated)  
Aaargh!

Paul exits the train.

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. LABORATORY. DAY.

Wexions work dials and controls in the background.

On the monitor, Paul walks slumped over on the sidewalk  
kicking at puddles as he goes.

GOZZLE  
The emotion our subject is  
experiencing here is called 'despair'.  
We do not know much about this emotion  
as we do not experience it ourselves.  
This is a good chance to experiment  
with it.

Gozzle turns towards the monitor.

GOZZLE  
(to Technician Nax)  
Technician Nax, Up his despair.

Technician Nax cranks a dial up and nods.

GOZZLE  
(to camera)  
Let's see where this goes.

INT. PAULS APARTMENT. ENTRY. DAY.

The door to Paul's apartment flies open and Paul stumbles in bawling.

PAUL  
(sobbing)  
It's gotta stop...

He throws his keys across the room and enters the kitchen.

He sees himself in the mirror as he passes and reaches up to touch the bulge on his neck.

PAUL  
Damned neck thing...

Paul bares his teeth like an animal

PAUL  
(angry)  
It's all your fault

He slumps down crying.

Suddenly he stops crying and looks up.

INT. PAULS APARTMENT. KITCHEN. DAY.

Paul rummages through a drawer filled with all sorts of utensils, etc.

PAUL  
(muttering)  
I'll get rid of that blinking bugger.

He finds a knife.

PAUL  
(crazed)  
Ah ha!!!

Paul holds the knife up to the bulge, ready to cut it out.  
He closed his eyes, bracing himself.  
Then he opens his eyes and puts down the knife.

PAUL  
(relieved)  
Fuck. Too scary.

Paul rifles through the utensil drawer again and pulls out a salad fork.

He nods to himself and puts the fork to his neck.

PAUL  
You Alien Assholes take this thing out  
of my neck or so help me god I will  
fork the crap out of it!

Silence.

PAUL  
Ok then. Fine. You asked for it.

Paul holds the fork up and winces, bracing himself.  
He jams the fork as fast as he can into his neck.  
It doesn't even break skin, but it knocks Paul's head back.

PAUL  
Ow!!! Fuck!!!

Paul drops the fork and rubs his neck.

PAUL  
(crying)  
This has to end!

Paul picks up the knife again and holds it to his wrists.

He hesitates, trembling the knife.

He exhales, and eases off with the knife.

PAUL  
(to himself)  
You are such a chicken shit.

He looks around the kitchen and eyes the toaster.

PAUL  
Yes!

INT. PAULS APARTMENT. BATHROOM. DAY.

The faucets are running in the bathtub and it's nearly full.

The toaster is plugged into the wall.

Paul turns off the bathtub and steps back to grab the toaster.

PAUL  
Ride the lightning baby!

Paul runs and jumps into the bathtub holding the toaster.

PAUL  
Aaiiy!!

The plug for the toaster comes undone, as the cord is too short.

Paul splashes down into the tub.

When the water settles he looks around. He grabs the end of the cord and holds it up.

PAUL  
(quietly)  
fuck.

Toast pops out of the toaster.

Paul grabs it.

PAUL  
Oooh, toast!

Paul takes a bite. It's good to have toast.

INT. TRAILER. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

A Man walks in his boxers and undershirt towards the fridge.

The man pulls out a beer.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
The human animal is one that is on  
the verge of sentient tool use.

He tries to open it but cannot.

He looks around and sees some wire cutters and uses those instead. Beer and glass fly everywhere.

EXT. YARD. DAY.

A man cuts his hedge with a hedge trimmer.

He is sweating profusely.

He stops, turns off the hedge trimmer and tries to scratch an itch on his back.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
There are points when it would seem  
that the human is fully aware of the  
tools around him and how to use them.

The man grabs the hedge trimmer and hoists it over his back to scratch his itch for him.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

A woman sits on the couch stabbing olives with a kitchen knife and eating them off the tip of the knife.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.  
And other times, it appears they are  
just going on instinct and any  
appearance of higher brain activity  
is merely coincidental.

INT. PAULS APARTMENT. BATHROOM. DAY.

Paul dumps the toaster out of the bathtub and stands up,  
soaking wet in his clothes.

He steps out and loses his footing.

He falls back hard and cracks his head on the floor.

BROJU O.S.  
Karn, are you OK?

Paul passes out.

INT. PAULS APARTMENT. BEDROOM. MORNING.

Light streams in his window as Paul lays sprawled on the  
bed in his boxers.

Paul moans and starts to move, yet still doesn't open his  
eyes.

His hand drifts up to his neck.

Nothing.

Paul's eyes open. He sits up and smiles.

PAUL  
(to himself)  
It's gone!

He rolls to the side of the bed and stands up.

PAUL  
(in pain)  
Oowww!

Paul grabs his ass.

PAUL

Fuck!

Paul starts to walk but can only waddle along due to the pain in the posterior.

Paul looks into a full length mirror and confirms that the neck bulge is gone.

He turns and lowers his boxers a bit.

In the mirror he sees a tattoo of a crop circle.

Paul smiles.

PAUL

(amused)

Little gray fuckers!

INT. PAULS APARTMENT. KITCHEN. MORNING.

Paul waddles to the fridge and opens it up.

The whole first shelf is full of meat tubes and green smokes.

Paul takes a meat tube and takes a big bite of it.

INT. WILD PLANET SHIP. LAB. DAY.

Gozzle stands in the middle of his lab with his crew of Wexions standing behind him.

GOZZLE

Thank you for joining us for another episode of Wild Planet. We found humans to be a mildly interesting species, but hardly worth a mention in the grand scheme of things. Perhaps if we let them evolve for a millennium or two, we can return to see if they have reached self-awareness yet.

Gozzle paces and turns towards another camera.

GOZZLE

(continuing)

I don't personally see many species visiting this planet as there is not much intelligent life to interact with. And even though the grays interfered with our experiment, it would be difficult to talk about Humans without mentioning Grays anyway. I hope to see you again on 'Wild Planet'!

INT. VOID. DAY.

The wild planet logo is prominently displayed as the credits fly by.

WILD PLANET ANNOUNCER V.O.

Join us next week on 'Wild Planet' as we investigate the planet of the Grays!

A screen within the screen opens up.

EXT. SCREEN WITHIN SCREEN. DESERT. DAY.

Gozzle stands in the middle of a sand dune.

GOZZLE

Here we stand on the planet of the Grays. Today we investigate the meaning of the term: 'Yag'.

EXT. SCREEN WITHIN SCREEN. DESERT. DAY.

Gozzle waddles back to the sand dune, having trouble walking.

He stands up straight and groans in pain.

GOZZLE

(sarcastic)

Enlightening.

INT. SCREEN WITHIN SCREEN. BASEMENT. NIGHT.



Broju Appears center screen sitting at a table (from the point of view of the Camera being at the center of the table)

A mist of smoke dominates the room as Broju smokes a green smoke.

BROJU

Karn, this one time I abducted this  
Human and he was like

BROJU

(southern accent)  
'Wow, totally enlightened aliens'

The Camera turns 90 degrees to the left to show Frej smoking it up as well.

FREJ

(confused)  
And were there some there?

The Camera turns 90 degrees to the left to show Chegga nodding in the smoke.

CHEGGA

What did he say after the probe?

The Camera turns 90 degrees to the left to reveal Gozzle.

Gozzle inhales deeply on a green smoke and coughs.

GOZZLE

Are we all out of meat tubes?

Broju, Frej, and Chegga high five.

BROJU

FREEJ

CHEGGA

Karn!

Karn!

Karn!

INT. ASTRONOMICAL LISTENING POST. SIGNAL ROOM. NIGHT.

The monitor reverts back to static.

The three teenagers look at each other and shrug.

TEENAGER 1

We are not entertained.

They turn to leave the room.

As they turn we see that Teenager 1 has a flashing neck bulge of his own.