

EXCHANGE STUDENT

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"EXCHANGE STUDENT"

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODED FIELD - NIGHT

A beautiful, STARRY night. Crickets CHIRP in the bushes, wind WHISTLES through the trees. After an idyllic moment the crickets fall silent, wind kicking into a gale as one of the STARS seems to DESCEND from the sky. As it LOOMS larger and larger overhead, all bright lights and chrome surfaces, we see that it is a UFO. The alien craft TOUCHES DOWN in the thick underbrush, a RAMP sliding to the ground. Partially OBSCURED from view, an alien CREATURE slithers down the ramp. The bushes rustle as the creature moves about - gathering samples? The creature steps to a tree... where we hear the unmistakable sound of a ZIPPER. Followed by the unmistakable sound of URINATION. Which continues... and continues... and continues - until another ALIEN is silhouetted in the ships hatch, jabbering in some alien tongue.

ALIEN #1
(subtitled)
Hurry up already...

The URINATING ALIEN calls back irritably.

URINATING ALIEN
(subtitled)
Just a minute - I've been holding
it since Mars.

ALIEN #1
(subtitled)
I told you to go before we left...

The Urinating Alien finishes with a shudder, SLITHERING back up the ramp, which withdraws behind it. The UFO lifts off, DISAPPEARING into the sky as the first orange streaks of sunlight appear on the horizon. PAN to a nearby middle-class housing tract filling the valley below the woods.

CUT TO:

INT. GARDNER HOUSE - EUGENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

A TV plays an episode of 'Gumby', in which Gumby and Pokey travel to another planet, whose only inhabitant is a demonic, piano playing brat. A man's hand reaches INTO FRAME, turning off the TV. We FOLLOW the man as he wanders around the darkened room. STAY TIGHT on his HAND as he plays with various items scattered on the dresser - loose change, a squirt gun, a pile of comic books.

There are a number of photos of a teenage boy (EUGENE) standing with a pretty girl (VICKY). In each photo Vicky has her arms around a different, handsome guy, while Eugene looks on sullenly. Moving on, the man's HANDS OPEN an algebra textbook, its spine creaking like new. The man FINGERS the leaves of a dead plant on a shelf. A dusty, untouched guitar stands in the corner - one hand STRUMS the strings, producing a discordant twang. Another step and the man REACHES DOWN to remove a dirty plate stuck to his shoe, the floor covered with crumpled clothes. Stepping to a window, the man PULLS the cord raising a set of vertical blinds, sunlight streaming into the room.

PULL BACK to see MR. GARDNER, a small, slightly flustered looking man in his early forties, step to the rumpled bed where his son EUGENE is curled in a fetal position. Reaching down, Mr. Gardner shakes the mattress.

MR. GARDNER

Let's go - wake up, Sleeping
Beauty. It's a new day. People to
meet, cancers to cure, planets to
save...

EUGENE

(groaning)
Parents to kill...

Mr. Gardner grins, stepping out of the room as Eugene sits up. A high school senior, Eugene looks like a normal kid - not a jock, not a sosh, not a nerd. Blinking in the sunlight, he stretches, grinning mischievously.

EUGENE

Another day - another detention.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A typical Orange County high school. The mascot, a happy lemming, is painted on the side of the gymnasium, smiling down on the campus.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL BATHROOM

Normal morning traffic in the halls as kids mill about idly. There is a muffled BANG from inside the bathroom, kids running out coughing as a cloud of smoke drifts out the door. A HALL MONITOR races up, shaking his head and muttering.

HALL MONITOR

Eugene...

CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The cheerleading squad dress for practice, one girl climbing into her MASCOT costume. As she slips it on we notice that the happy lemming is anatomically accurate - in every sense. The cheerleaders notice, squealing and pointing at the Mascot's new appendage.

MASCOT GIRL

(frowning)

Eugene...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL SWIMMING POOL - DAY

As the water polo team practices, a bright yellow tide rises into the water from the drains. Noticing the yellow water around them, the swimmers scream, scrambling out of the pool. The WATER POLO COACH throws down his clipboard.

WATER POLO COACH

Eugene!

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - QUAD - DAY

Eugene walks confidently across campus, carrying a large, covered posterboard. The kids all know him, calling his name. He waves and nods in response. A KID steps up, walking with him a moment.

KID #1

Hey, Eugene - that was a crack-up when you brought that stripper to the 'Moonlight Magic' dance. I wish my date could do that with tassels.

EUGENE

Yeah - the cool part is I got to split the tips with her.

He laughs as another Kid hurries over, speaking to Eugene desperately.

KID #2

Hey, Eugene - you got any hall passes? I've got a history test today I've got to get out of.

Eugene nods, reaching into his notebook and pulling out a handful of forged hall passes. He fans them out like a poker hand.

EUGENE

What do you need? I've got 'dead grandmother', 'nervous breakdown', 'brother in car wreck', and the ever-popular 'unstable bladder'.

KID #2

(thinks)
'Unstable bladder'.

Eugene hands the Kid the hall pass.

EUGENE

Works every time. If they give you any trouble just fidget around and get all red in the face - they'll practically push you out the door.

KID #2

How much?

EUGENE

You work at Jack in the Box, right?
(Kid #2 nods)
Two cheeseburgers, onion rings, and a chocolate shake.

KID #2

Deal.

The Kid scampers off, Eugene smiling contentedly.

EUGENE

I love my work...

EXT. CHEERLEADERS

A group of cheerleaders stand beneath a pep rally sign, watching Eugene with disdain. All of them, that is, except VICKY AIRD - a pretty girl in her white cheerleading outfit, the words 'FIGHTING LEMMINGS' across the front of her sweater. We recognize her as the girl in the photos in Eugene's bedroom. The head cheerleader, MARCIA CAHILL, groans as Eugene approaches.

MARCIA

Here comes that dork Eugene again.
No school spirit...

MASCOT GIRL

No doubt - I had to spend all
morning re-sewing my costume.

Vicky shrugs, sticking up for him.

VICKY

C'mon, give him a break. You'd
probably like him if you gave him a
chance.

MARCIA

Not likely. I've already reported
him six times for school spirit
violations. I don't see how you can
stand him.

VICKY

He's my friend, I grew up with him.
Besides, I think he's funny.

The other cheerleaders move off snobbishly as Eugene steps
up. He acts differently around Vicky. A little less cocky. A
little more dorky. Obviously a man in love.

EUGENE

Hi, Vicky. How's the pep business?

VICKY

Peppy.

EUGENE

You know, you should let me take
you away from all this cheerleading
and popularity and good grades.

VICKY

(laughs)

Yeah, it's been hell. Did I tell
you I'm up for Prom Queen?

Eugene shakes his head in concern. It's as though she told
him she's received a death sentence.

EUGENE

Big mistake. It's the classic
story, Vick. You get all this
adulation in high school, and the
rest of your life is one big
letdown.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

You don't want to peak when you're seventeen - you want to pace yourself, like me.

Vicky grins at Eugene, amused.

VICKY

Right. If you pace yourself any more you'll end up in a coma.

EUGENE

Suit yourself. But when I'm elected King of the Universe, don't say you never had your chance.

Vicky laughs - she and Eugene turning as a JOCK calls to her.

JOCK

Hey Vicky, you comin'? We're gonna be late.

Vicky turns back to Eugene, who frowns jealously at the Jock.

VICKY

I've got to go. Oh, I almost forgot...

She pulls a manila envelope from her notebook, handing it to Eugene.

VICKY (CONT.)

Here are the photos you wanted from the A.S.B. office. What do you need them for, anyway?

EUGENE

My science homework.

Vicky stares at Eugene, dumbfounded.

VICKY

You did homework? Since when are you interested in science?

Eugene pretends to be insulted.

EUGENE

Hey - science is my life.

Vicky fixes Eugene with a solemn look as she moves off with the Jock.

VICKY

Uh-huh. You should really get more serious about your classes, Eugene...

EUGENE

(scoffs)

Come on, Vick - science? How is science ever going to affect my life? It's not like I'm going to save the world someday.

CUT TO:

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

A geeky teenage boy wearing an 'E.T.' mask stands at a podium, giving his report to a bored classroom full of kids.

SCIENCE GEEK

... Representatives of the United States Government maintain that aliens do not exist. But who are you going to believe - the crooked, lying United States Government... or a nationally distributed newspaper?

The Science Geek holds up a 'National Enquirer' with the headline 'ALIENS IMPREGNATED ME IN A HOLIDAY INN - DISGUISED AS SHRINERS!'. MR. SPECK, the science teacher, steps forward. A balding, stern-looking man, he is neither impressed nor amused by the science project. Vicky sits in the back of the room, holding hands with the Jock, seated beside her. The Science Geek scurries back to his seat next to Marcia. Pulling off his mask, he grins at her, braces flashing. Marcia rolls her eyes as Mr. Speck speaks snidely.

MR. SPECK

Finally - the ironclad proof the world's been waiting for. Who's got our next scientific breakthrough?

Eugene steps through the door with his still-covered science project. Mr. Speck's jaw tightens at the very sight of him.

MR. SPECK

I knew today was going too well...

EUGENE

Sorry I'm late, my liege. I was just putting the finishing touches on my homework.

MR. SPECK
 (suspicious)
 You did homework?

EUGENE
 My science project.

The class lets out a collective gasp. Mr. Speck is amazed.

MR. SPECK
 This is a banner day! Eugene Gardner, the laziest, most annoying nuisance of a student that I've ever taught has actually completed a homework assignment. This once useless clod of dirt has finally decided that he doesn't want to be stupid the rest of his life. I'd say that deserves a round of applause.

Mr. Speck claps his hands, the class joining him uncertainly. Eugene modestly acknowledges the applause, looking at Mr. Speck with big, moist eyes.

EUGENE
 I realize that I've been a distraction, but I'd like to take this opportunity to apologize to you, Mr. Speck, and the rest of the class. I promised my family that I'd start thinking about college and straighten out. And I will.
 (breaking down)
 I want to learn! I want to learn!

MR. SPECK
 Well, as class dunce you have a lot of catching up to do, Gardner - even to reach the level of our airhead cheerleader contingent. So this had better be good.

Vicky and Marcia shoot Mr. Speck hateful looks. Drying his eyes, Eugene steps to the front of the room, hoisting his project onto the podium.

EUGENE
 Mr. Speck, fellow scientists, members of the Academy, my project is a thirty year study measuring the effects of work stress on male pattern baldness...

Casting a hopeful glance at Vicky, Eugene uncovers his project to reveal a posterboard featuring large photographs of Mr. Speck - the first a happy high school graduation photo with a complete head of hair, the other a sullen, mean-looking photo of him now.

EUGENE (CONT.)
(tapping photos with
pointer)

While the difference in hairline is instantly obvious, also note the sallow complexion, the worry lines on the ever increasing forehead, and the desperate eyes. Notice the rodent-like crouch...

The students laugh uproariously - even Marcia tries to cover her laughter with her hand. Grinning, Vicky slumps down in her seat when she sees what Eugene's done with the photos. Mr. Speck hurries forward, angrily ripping the board in half. He hands Eugene a slip of paper.

MR. SPECK
Notice the pass to the principal's office.

He stalks off despite Eugene's protest.

EUGENE
What do you mean? This is a valid scientific theory...
(picks several hairs off
floor where Speck was
standing)
... See? This proves it - you lost five more...

CUT TO:

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Eugene sits on the couch, browsing through 'Jack & Jill' magazine as muzak plays over the intercom.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

The PRINCIPAL, an understanding but tired-looking woman, speaks with Eugene's parents. Mr. and MRS. GARDNER - also a little tired-looking - seem uncomfortable, yet familiar with the process.

PRINCIPAL
I'm sorry to call you in again, Mr. and Mrs. Gardner.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

But our problems with Eugene have built to a critical - almost legendary - status.

MRS. GARDNER

Yes. We're just as concerned as you. We know he's had some trouble with his science teacher...

The Principal drops a thick file onto her desk with a BANG.

PRINCIPAL

It's not just Mr. Speck. Eugene has always shown a pronounced apathy toward school in general. I realize he's had a troubled past. His older brother slaving to graduate Harvard, then committing suicide when he couldn't find a job... his inability to complete any homework assignments his junior year while he cared for his sick grandfather...

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner exchange puzzled looks.

MR. GARDNER

That never happened...

MRS. GARDNER

No - Eugene is just lazy.

Mr. Gardner sits up, speaking plainly.

MR. GARDNER

Look, Eugene is an only child, and we spoiled him terribly. By the time we tried to teach him some responsibility it was too late - he'd already discovered how much more fun it was to avoid it.

The Principal plucks a sheet of paper from Eugene's file.

PRINCIPAL

Believe me, I'm only too aware of how a clever underachiever like Eugene can be shuffled through the system. But I don't want to see it happen here. I have the results of Eugene's career aptitude test, and it's not encouraging.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

It seems he's cut out to be a ditch digger, gas station attendant, or...

(squints at paper, coughs)
... school administrator.

MRS. GARDNER

We've tried to straighten him out, but he just doesn't seem to want to work.

The Principal pulls a yellowed 6th grade report card from Eugene's file. Even then he just squeaked by, his grades all 'satisfactory' or 'needs improvement'. The word 'disruptive' crops up a few times, as well. She frowns.

PRINCIPAL

That's the irony of it all. Eugene puts more effort into getting out of schoolwork than if he'd just do it. He needs motivation. A steadying influence.

MR. GARDNER

Look, we already nixed electroshock therapy with his junior high principal...

PRINCIPAL

I was thinking more along the lines of a good example. Have you ever thought of hosting an exchange student?

MRS. GARDNER

Are you suggesting we trade Eugene to another country?

The Principal pulls out a newspaper clipping - 'HIGH SCHOOL SHOP CLASS SAWN IN HALF'. She shakes her head.

PRINCIPAL

No - that might be taken as an act of war... I mean bring a motivated young man into your house to bond with Eugene and influence him. There is a certain exchange student who kind of... just dropped in on us. I need to place him in a home - this may be a chance to kill two birds with one stone.

Mr. Gardner sighs dubiously.

MR. GARDNER

I don't know. We decided a long time ago that we didn't want another kid - even if it was a smarter one.

PRINCIPAL

I'm going to be blunt - considering his recent behavior, it's the only option left aside from expulsion. I don't know what else we can do...

Eugene's parents exchange concerned looks as we...

CUT TO:

INT. GARDNER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Eugene and his parents sit at the table eating dinner. Mr. Gardner adjusts the volume on a television set on the counter with a remote control. The atmosphere is a little tense, Mr. and Mrs. Gardner exchanging anxious looks. Mr. Gardner finally speaks up.

MR. GARDNER

I think it's time for a serious family discussion. How many serious family discussions have we had this week?

EUGENE

Hang on...

Eugene lifts the tablecloth to reveal a series of notches in the tabletop. He counts quickly.

EUGENE (CONT.)

... 63.

Bored, Eugene picks up another remote from the table, switching the TV from a news show to the beautiful women on 'Body Shaping'. Mrs. Gardner sighs, looking to Eugene seriously.

MRS. GARDNER

We had quite a discussion with your principal today, Eugene.

EUGENE

She's a great gal, isn't she? She always seems tired, though. Maybe she needs a vacation.

MR. GARDNER
 Maybe she needs you to graduate.

Eugene puts down his fork, sighing.

EUGENE
 If that's what you guys are worried about, don't be. It's an American high school, it's impossible to flunk out. Everyone's diploma looks the same.

MR. GARDNER
 It's not just your grades, Eugene - it's your whole attitude. How are you ever going to get into college...

Eugene raises his hand.

MR. GARDNER (CONT'D)
 (sighs)
 Yes?

EUGENE
 Permission to say 'shit', sir?

MR. GARDNER
 Permission granted.

EUGENE
 I don't give a shit about college. Who needs a degree? All the good jobs are taken, everything's been done. You've brought an innocent child into a crumbling, overcrowded society in decline. No offense...

Frustrated by this conversation, Mrs. Gardner grabs yet another remote control, changing the channel to a cooking show. She turns to Eugene tentatively.

MRS. GARDNER
 Dear... um... how would you like to have a brother?

Eugene's fork stops in mid-air, an impaled carrot sticking up obscenely. He stares at his mother, then at his father, who blushes a little.

EUGENE
 You've got to be kidding. I thought you guys were too old for that.

MR. GARDNER

(offended)

We most certainly are not too old
for that!

MRS. GARDNER

That's not what I meant. I meant,
how would you like to have someone
your own age living here with us
for awhile?

EUGENE

You're taking in boarders? Look, if
you need some money...

(checks his pockets)

... Well, I don't have any money -
you should raise my allowance.

Shaking his head, Mr. Gardner looks to the TV, noticing the
channel has been changed.

MR. GARDNER

What's with the TV? I was watching
the news.

MRS. GARDNER

I wanted to see the cooking show.

EUGENE

I was watching 'Body Shaping'.

Eugene's parents give him a knowing look.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

It has nothing to do with the
girls. I've been thinking about
starting to exercise more... firm
up my thighs...

MR. GARDNER

We've got too many remote controls
in this house. One day we're all
going to use them at the same time
and we'll end up with Dan Rather
cooking an omelette in a leotard.

Mrs. Gardner gets back to the subject at hand.

MRS. GARDNER

One of the school's new exchange
students needs a family to stay
with. We thought he could stay
here.

EUGENE
(horrified)
No.

Mrs. Gardner tries to speak cheerfully.

MRS. GARDNER
Think of it as a fresh start. I remember when we all used to go to the zoo, or the park, or the movies. We could do more as a family.

EUGENE
(hurt)
Let me get this straight - you want to be a model family, so you're gonna import a good son?

MRS. GARDNER
No! That's not it at all...

MR. GARDNER
Contrary to what you think, we're not doing this to make you miserable, Eugene.

Eugene frowns unhappily.

EUGENE
That's just a bonus, huh?
(considers)
So when does Mr. Wonderful get here?

Mrs. Gardner smiles excitedly.

MRS. GARDNER
Tomorrow morning. His name is Joe, and he's from Jupiter - that's in Florida, I think...

EUGENE
(sarcastic)
All the way from exotic Florida? I hope he can adapt to our modern California culture.

Mr. Gardner sits up proudly - problem solved.

MR. GARDNER

Well, I'm glad that's settled.
While we're solving problems, I
want all the remotes in front of
me. I'm going to put a stop to this
once and for all.

Eugene and his mother turn over their remote controls, piling them in front of Mr. Gardner.

MR. GARDNER

Okay, now I'll pick one remote, and
that'll be the only one we use.

Grabbing a remote from the top of the pile, Mr. Gardner aims it at the TV. He presses the button, nothing happening.

MR. GARDNER

(annoyed)
What's wrong now?

Eugene glances out the kitchen window.

EUGENE

Nice work, dad. I think you just
opened the Robinsons' garage
door...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GARDNER HOUSE - MORNING

JOE, the exchange student, walks down the street, looking closely at addresses. Dressed in a pressed white shirt and pants, with a black belt, black shoes and horn-rimmed glasses, Joe looks like Ernie Douglas from 'My Three Sons'. Suitcase in one hand, he clutches a lunchpail-sized black box tightly to his chest. Passing the Gardner house, Joe checks the address before stepping to the front door. Taking a deep breath, he rings the doorbell.

INT. EUGENE'S BEDROOM

Hearing the doorbell, Eugene looks down from his window as Joe stands at the front door. He shakes his head knowingly.

EUGENE

I knew it. Creepy...

INT. LIVING ROOM

Stepping out of the kitchen, Mrs. Gardner hurries to the door and opens it. Joe smiles uncertainly.

JOE
Is this the Gardner residence?

MRS. GARDNER
Yes. Are you Joe?

JOE
Yes, ma'am.

MRS. GARDNER
Well come in, come in! Eugene -
your new brother is here! Eugene!

Eugene calls down the stairs sullenly.

EUGENE (O.S.)
I'm busy.

Mrs. Gardner laughs nervously, trying to cover Eugene's rudeness. She leads Joe into the living room - the TV, stereo, lamps and ceiling fan turning on and off as we hear Mr. Gardner cursing from the kitchen.

MRS. GARDNER
(sing-songy)
Ed! Joe is here!

Mr. Gardner stops swearing for a moment, poking his head out of the kitchen and calling out cheerily.

MR. GARDNER
(waves - remote in hand)
Oh! Hi, Joe. Nice to meet you.

JOE
Hello, sir. Nice to meet you.

MR. GARDNER
You wouldn't happen to know
anything about TV remote controls,
would you?

JOE
They operate on the principal that
a modulated infrared light beam is
used to carry the instruction
signal from the remote control unit
to the recipient component...

MR. GARDNER
(shrugs)
Didn't think so. Thanks anyway!

Mr. Gardner pops back into the kitchen, swearing again. Joe seems unfazed. Mrs. Gardner steers him toward the stairs.

MRS. GARDNER

Why don't I show you your room and introduce you to Eugene. Can I take your suitcase, or your...
(gestures to black box)
... that?

Joe clutches the black box more tightly to his chest. A look of distrust flashes quickly across his face.

JOE

No!
(relaxes, smiles)
It's kind of delicate.

Mrs. Gardner nods as she leads Joe up the stairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

They reach Eugene's bedroom, the sound of sawing coming from behind the closed door. Mrs. Gardner knocks, the sawing noises ceasing.

EUGENE (O.S.)

What?

MRS. GARDNER

(exasperated)
Eugene Gardner! Open this door immediately.

She grins uneasily at Joe, who smiles back happily. Several locks click, Eugene opening the door a crack. He wears safety goggles pushed up on his forehead, sawdust in his hair.

MRS. GARDNER

Joe, this is Eugene.

JOE

(extends hand)
Pleased to meet you, Eugene. I'm your new brother, Joe.

Eugene looks at Joe's extended hand for a moment. Sighing hugely, he opens the door, reluctantly shaking Joe's hand.

EUGENE

Hiya.

Mrs. Gardner speaks pointedly - as much to Eugene as to Joe.

MRS. GARDNER

We hear you're quite the scholar,
Joe. Straight A's all through
school.

JOE

Oh yes. I enjoy learning.

Eugene rolls his eyes in disgust.

EUGENE

Neat. You might want to wipe the
brown off your nose there, Joe.

Confused, Joe touches his nose as Eugene slips his goggles
on. He is about to close the door when Mrs. Gardner blocks
him.

MRS. GARDNER

So, Eugene - you and Joe will be
able to get acquainted as you show
him around school today. Right?

EUGENE

Today's bad for me. He can find his
own way around. It'll give him
something to learn...
(insincere smile)
... he'll enjoy that.

He tries to shut the door again, Mrs. Gardner blocking it
once more. Joe rubs his nose, checking his fingers as Mrs.
Gardner gives Eugene a warning glare, speaking sweetly.

MRS. GARDNER

Eugene, do you enjoy eating
here...?

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Joe walks with an obviously pissed off Eugene, who rolls a
large wooden box on wheels down the sidewalk. Joe still
carries his little black box. (NOTE: UNLESS OTHERWISE
MENTIONED, JOE ALWAYS CARRIES HIS BLACK BOX WITH HIM.)

JOE

Your parents seem very nice.

EUGENE

(sulking)
Yeah, you make a nice family.

JOE
What do they do?

EUGENE
They're professors at Caltech.

Impressed, Joe nods to the wooden box.

JOE
What is this?

EUGENE
It's my science project. The principal made me do a new one.

JOE
Really? I'm working on a science project, too. It's in here.

He shows Eugene the black box.

EUGENE
Thrilling. You like science?

JOE
Sure. Biology. Astronomy. I particularly enjoy anatomy. Do you have any cadavers I can work on at home?

Eugene gives Joe a disgusted look, shuddering as he begins to walk faster.

EUGENE
Yup. Definitely creepy.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY- DAY

Eugene and Joe reach the school, stopping in front of the administration building.

EUGENE
They'll show you your classes in here. Now remember - I am not your brother. Don't talk to me, don't wave to me, don't look at me. You're on your own from here on.

JOE
Yes, sir.

Eugene wheels his wooden box away as Joe steps toward the office door - running headfirst into a large boy, books flying everywhere.

JOE

Excuse me.

BULLY #1

(pushes Joe roughly)

Why don't you watch where you're going, you little dork? You messed up all my stuff. I'll see you in the parking lot after school, pal.

JOE

(nervous)

Yes, sir...

CUT TO:

EXT. QUAD - DAY

Eugene sits on a low wall, enjoying a cinnamon roll and a Coke. Vicky spots him, hurrying over.

VICKY

Eugene! I heard you're sponsoring an exchange student. That's so nice of you.

EUGENE

You know me - always trying to help those less fortunate than I am. I just give and give and then give some more.

Vicky smiles, touching his arm lightly.

VICKY

It's a side of you I haven't seen before. I'm impressed.

Encouraged, Eugene tries to sound nonchalant.

EUGENE

So - who're you going to the dance with tonight?

VICKY

Roger Warden asked me. The cutest guy on the football team, can you believe it?

Eugene slumps, disappointed.

EUGENE

Yeah, he's adorable...

VICKY

Anyway, I can't wait to meet your exchange student. I think it's really great.

She moves off, Eugene standing and calling after her.

EUGENE

We're very close - I'm even going to help him with his anatomy homework. What's Roger Warden's address again?

Sitting, Eugene looks at the spot on his arm where she touched him. He takes a bite of cinnamon roll, chewing thoughtfully.

CUT TO:

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Joe stands before the Principal, who hands him his class schedule. She speaks loud and slow, as if Joe were from a non-English speaking country.

PRINCIPAL

Welcome to our school, Joe. We're honored to have you here.

Puzzled by the Principal's speech patterns, Joe also speaks loud and slow.

JOE

Thank you very much.

PRINCIPAL

(concerned)

How is Eugene treating you?

JOE

He is treating me fine.

Joe glances at his class schedule, confused.

JOE

(speaking normally)

Excuse me, ma'am, but these aren't the classes I signed up for...

The Principal takes the schedule from Joe's hand, looking it over.

PRINCIPAL

Well, we weren't able to get you all the classes you wanted. It is the middle of the semester, after all. Instead of algebra we put you into 'Advanced Mountaineering', and rather than speech you'll be taking 'Second Year Steel Welding'.

JOE

But why am I taking 'English as a Second Language'?

PRINCIPAL

It's all we have open during that period. Besides, it's a very popular class - it'll probably help you get a job in this country.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY

Joe steps out of the office. Examining his class schedule, he doesn't look where he's walking, bumping into another student, whose books go flying. Joe bends to pick them up, the Bully glaring at him.

BULLY #2

Nice going. I'll see you in the parking lot after school, dorkface...

The Bully snatches his books back, Joe gulping nervously as we...

CUT TO:

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

Styrofoam coffee cup in hand, a tired-looking Mr. Speck addresses the class sourly. Eugene stands beside him, grinning smugly.

MR. SPECK

Attention class - in order to avoid yet another suspension, Eugene Gardner will now present a new science project.

(glowers)

Let this be a lesson to anyone who thinks they can screw around in my class and get away with it. I am in charge here, people.

MR.SPECK (CONT'D)

Anyone who doubts that fact will
feel my wrath.

Crushing the styrofoam cup in his hand, Mr. Speck glares at the class, who sit quietly, intimidated. Satisfied, Mr. Speck steps to the back of the room as Eugene wheels his box forward.

EUGENE

You really know how to warm up an audience, sir. There are many great mysteries in science - E.S.P., UFO's, Stonehenge, flying squirrels and mooses pulling rabbits out of their hats. Today I propose to recreate one of the great unexplained phenomena in human history...

(holds up a saw)

... I will saw a member of this class in half! May I have a volunteer from the audience?

Mr. Speck rolls his eyes wearily as a few students raise their hands. Vicky slides down, ducking under her desk as Eugene points to the Science Geek sitting next to Marcia.

EUGENE

The man with the silvery teeth.
Let's give him a big round of
applause.

The class applauds as the Science Geek steps up, Eugene helping him into the box. Clamping him into place, Eugene calls out grandly.

EUGENE

Drumroll, please.

The students pound on their desks. Mr. Speck rubbing his temples in pain. Eugene begins to saw through the box, grinning at Vicky as the kids continue to drum. Suddenly the Science Geek calls out, surprised.

SCIENCE GEEK

Ow! Hey!

EUGENE

Ooops...

Eugene opens the box, looking inside.

EUGENE

Don't worry, it's just a scratch.
One of the hazards of advanced
scientific research...

MR. SPECK

That's it, Gardner! You can forget
suspension - I'm going to recommend
expulsion. I'd recommend a death
penalty if we had one!

EUGENE

Hey, it's not my fault he doesn't
know the trick.

There is a KNOCK on the door, everyone turning to see Joe
step meekly into the room, black box in hand. Eugene groans.

MR. SPECK

Can I help you?

JOE

Yes, sir. I think I'm in this
class.

Joe hands Mr. Speck a note, which he scans.

MR. SPECK

Sit down, Gardner. I'll deal with
you later.

(to class)

Everyone, I'd like you to meet Joe.
Joe is an exchange student and will
be joining our class. I want you to
show him the courtesy you would
expect if you were in a foreign
country.

(thinks)

Except be nice to him.

JOE

Hello.

MR. SPECK

(speaks loud and slow)

Welcome to our country, Joe. Take a
seat wherever you can find one.

Eugene scowls unhappily as Joe sits down next to him.

JOE

Hello, Eugene...

(remembers)

I mean, stranger.

Eugene buries his head in his hands as Vicky leans over, whispering to Joe.

VICKY

So you're Eugene's exchange student?

JOE

Yes.

(looks to Eugene)

No.

(back to Vicky)

Possibly.

Mr. Speck steps to a lab table, snapping on a pair of rubber gloves.

MR. SPECK

Today, class, we'll be dissecting a squid. I'll need a student to assist me...

(glances around)

... Our friend from another land - Joe. How about you?

JOE

Yes, sir.

Joe steps to the table as Mr. Speck opens a jar with a treated squid inside. He plops the squid into a metal tray, Joe wincing, disturbed by the sight. Joe looks a little queasy, trying to look anywhere but at the squid as Mr. Speck begins the dissection.

INT. JOE'S POV

The CAMERA PANS as Joe looks at the clock, the floor, the ceiling - anything to avoid looking at what's in the dish as Mr. Speck talks him through each step.

MR. SPECK

Okay, you'll notice as I make the incision... Look over here, Joe... We want to be careful not to cut too deeply... Joe, are you watching... The skin pulls back to reveal... Be ready, Joe - the smell can be a little overwhelming...

The CAMERA starts to wobble slightly, suddenly toppling over backwards as we...

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN ON:

EXT. NURSE'S OFFICE - DAY

Joe steps out of the office, still clutching his black box. He looks a little pale - this hasn't been his best day. Eugene waits for him in the hallway.

EUGENE

Are you okay? What happened? I thought you liked carving up dead things.

JOE

I'm fine. The squid just reminded me of somebody I know.

Eugene is puzzled, but doesn't push it.

EUGENE

What did the nurse say?

JOE

She said I'm suffering from nausea, that I should watch for any signs of dizziness, and that she wants to meet me in the parking lot after school.

EUGENE

Be careful. She's beat up three other guys already this month.

Joe looks to Eugene sheepishly.

JOE

I didn't know I'd have the same class as you. I apologize.

EUGENE

It's not your fault. What do you have next?

JOE

(checks schedule)
Well, I wanted history, but they gave me 'Introduction to Manual Labor' instead...

EUGENE

Gee, somehow I missed that one. I'll see you later.

Eugene starts to move off, Joe calling after him unhappily.

JOE

Do I get to talk to you? I haven't
made many friends yet.

Eugene stops, giving in. He actually feels sorry for this
guy.

EUGENE

Okay. I'll meet you by the flagpole
after school...

(thinks)

But I'm still not your brother!

JOE

(grins)

Yes, sir.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

The last bell rings, kids swarming out of the school, headed
for home. The parking lot is packed with kids, cars and
busses. Joe steps tentatively into the lot, where at least
half a dozen Bullies - and a burly woman in a nurse's outfit -
wait for him, angry and impatient.

BULLY #1

There he is...

BULLY #2

Let's pound him!

Clutching his black box tightly, Joe retreats behind a school
bus. The Bullies give chase.

BULLY #1

Get the little creep!

BULLY #2

Swarthy foreigner!

EXT. EUGENE

leans against the flagpole in front of the school. Behind him
we see Joe and the Bullies disappear behind the school bus. A
beat. Suddenly the Bullies flee from behind the bus in
terror, screaming. Eugene turns as Joe steps out from behind
the bus as if nothing happened.

EUGENE

About time. Are you ready to go?

JOE
Yes, sir...

CUT TO:

INT. GARDNER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Joe sits with Eugene and his parents at the dinner table. We notice a hole has been kicked in the TV screen behind them. They eat in silence.

MR. GARDNER
So how was your first day of school, Joe?

JOE
Fine, sir! I only passed out once.

Mr. Gardner gives Mrs. Gardner a concerned look. She smiles at Joe.

MRS. GARDNER
How is your room? I realize it's a little cramped...

JOE
(brightly)
Yes, you're right - it's extremely cramped!

Joe smiles at his new family eagerly. More silence. Eugene ignores them, playing with his food.

MR. GARDNER
Eugene, why don't you take Joe with you to the dance tonight?

EUGENE
I can't tonight. If I bring another guy the stripper will charge double.

JOE
Could someone please pass the salt?

Mr. Gardner turns to Eugene angrily.

MR. GARDNER
While he is staying here Joe is part of this family. It's your responsibility to introduce him around school. To make him feel more at home.

Eugene scoffs.

EUGENE

Wait a sec - what happened to all the 'doing things together as a family' stuff?

JOE

May I have the salt, please?

Eugene and his parents don't hear Joe - they're too busy bickering.

MR. GARDNER

We are doing things together as a family. I'm the dad, and you're the son. I'm asking you to do something, and you're giving me a dose of attitude. Isn't that how a family works?

EUGENE

How come whenever someone tries to enjoy life everyone else complains about their attitude?

MR. GARDNER

I'm not complaining, I'm telling. You're taking him to the dance...

As Eugene and his parents argue, a GREEN, TENTACLED ARM slides unnoticed from Joe's end of the table. Reaching out, it grabs the salt shaker, ZIPPING back across the tabletop. Puzzled, Eugene and his parents stop arguing, looking at the table uncertainly. They turn to Joe, who smiles back innocently, salt shaker in hand.

JOE

Never mind.

They look to each other, shaking their heads before returning to their meals.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHOOL GYM - NIGHT

Colored lights illuminate the gym, rock music blaring as kids file in. A sign above the door reads 'ROMANCE UNDER THE STARS'.

INT. SCHOOL GYM

The gym has been decorated with fake moons and stars dangling from the ceiling. While music plays and couples dance Eugene and Joe stand in a corner near the refreshment table. Still carrying his black box, Joe seems to be watching Eugene to see how to act. Eugene gestures to an older man dancing with a scantily clad woman.

EUGENE

Can you believe it? One week I get detention for bringing a stripper to the dance, and the next week she's dating the vice-principal.

JOE

Why aren't we dancing with any girls?

EUGENE

It's more fun just standing here.

JOE

I see.

Eugene grabs a glass of punch, drinking. Joe imitates him.

EUGENE

Actually, it's been my experience that girls don't like to dance or get romantic with class clowns. They just like to laugh at their jokes and, you know, be friends.

Marcia steps up in her cheerleading outfit.

EUGENE

Hi, Marcia.

MARCIA

Eat shit.

She takes a glass of punch, walking away.

JOE

I see.

They take another drink of punch. Joe makes a face.

JOE

This punch is rotten.

EUGENE
 (correcting him)
 Fermented.

JOE
 Pardon me?

EUGENE
 Fermented is another word for
 rotten. I think somebody spiked the
 punch.

Joe takes another sip, grimacing.

JOE
 I'm feeling fermented, too.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL GYM - LATER

The dance has degenerated somewhat, many people seeming to be drunk. One of the teachers sniffs the punch suspiciously. Eugene and Joe are standing exactly where they were before, weaving slightly as they drink more punch. Eugene spills punch all over the gym floor, Joe imitating him flawlessly.

JOE
 (grinning)
 I'm having a very fine time now.
 Ver-ry fine.

EUGENE
 Uh-huh.
 (beat)
 I'm going to tell you a secret, my
 pest-like friend...

Eugene points to Vicky, who stands talking with a couple of friends across the dance floor.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
 I've been in love with that girl
 over there since third grade.

JOE
 Have you ever dated her?

Eugene scoffs - this Joe guy doesn't understand anything.

EUGENE
 Are you nuts? There's millions of
 years of biology at work here. It's
 called survival of the fittest.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Girls like her want a hunter-gatherer. I'm more of a whiner-complainer.

JOE

You should ask her, Eugene. You're not just a class clown - plenty of people don't think you're funny.

Eugene looks at Joe distrustfully.

EUGENE

I get it - you want me to ask her out because you think she'll say 'no' and then I'll be humiliated and an entire lifetime of unrequited love will come crashing down on my head like an anvil in an old cartoon and I won't even be left with my dreams and fantasies.

JOE

(blinks drunkenly)
I do? Gee, I'm sorry.

EUGENE

(deep breath)
It's too late for apologies. I'm going to show you a thing or two. Sicko.

Eugene starts across the dance floor, weaving unsteadily through the crowd. Joe watches him, interested.

INT. VICKY

looks up as Eugene approaches. She smiles, waving.

VICKY

Hi, Eugene.
(nods to stripper and vice-principal)
Sorry about the stripper - you made such a nice couple.

EUGENE

It's okay, she reminded me too much of my mom. Would you like to go out on a date with me?

Vicky's friends all burst out laughing.

VICKY
Very funny, Eugene.

EUGENE
No - I'm serious...

INT. JOE

watches Eugene speak with Vicky, pulling for his new friend. He is surprised when the Mascot Girl steps up, in full lemming garb. Joe clutches his black box worriedly.

MASCOT GIRL
Hi, I'm Kelly. Want to dance?

JOE
No thank you. It's more fun just standing here.

Grabbing his hand, she yanks him onto the dance floor. The band plays a slow number, the Mascot Girl showing Joe what to do.

MASCOT GIRL
Here, put your arms around me...

Frowning uncertainly, Joe does - still clinging to his black box behind her back. She leads, Joe cocking his head intently.

JOE
I get it. We're moving to the rhythm of that calibrated tone...
(looks at her)
Say, you're quite interesting. I wasn't aware humans could cross-breed with other species.

She slugs him on the arm playfully.

MASCOT GIRL
Don't tease. They make me wear this thing to all school functions.

Joe begins to relax, loosening up and moving to the rhythm. A smile forms.

JOE
This feels quite pleasant... it's much better than just standing. I'll have to tell Eugene...

As they sway to the music, Joe's complexion begins to change. GREEN WARTS pop out on his face.

He reaches up to adjust his glasses, revealing a TENTACLED ARM extending from his sleeve where his hand should be. The Mascot Girl, head resting on his shoulder, is blissfully unaware.

JOE

Oh my! Excuse me...

Breaking free, Joe rushes off the dance floor, hiding his face and hand with his coat.

INT. EUGENE

still tries to convince Vicky that he's serious about dating her. Vicky and her friends laugh, certain that he's joking.

EUGENE

... No, there is not a hidden camera filming you. I'm serious...

VICKY

Eugene, you crack me up sometimes. You really do...

EUGENE

I mean it, I want a date with you. I've had a crush on you since third grade...

Vicky laughs even harder. Joe rushes past, a blur, knocking Eugene aside.

JOE

Excuse me, Eugene...

EUGENE

Hey, Joe - come back! Tell them I'm serious...

Joe never breaks stride, bursting out the gym doors. Puzzled, Eugene leaves the laughing girls and follows Joe outside.

EXT. SCHOOL GYM - NIGHT

Eugene steps outside, looking for Joe. He spots Joe's coat, shirt, pants and shoes lying on the ground. Picking them up, he follows the trail of clothes around the side of the building. Finding himself standing before a thick clump of bushes, Eugene calls out, concerned and a little scared.

EUGENE

Joe?

JOE (O.S.)
 (from the bushes)
 Hi, Eugene. Sorry I had to leave
 the dance.

Eugene squints into the bushes, straining to see.

EUGENE
 That's okay - I was about through
 being emotionally slaughtered
 anyway. Are you all right?

JOE (O.S.)
 Fine! I just got a little too
 fermented.

Eugene holds out Joe's clothes.

EUGENE
 Hey, no problem. You never know
 what's gonna get dumped in the
 punch at these things. The worst
 was when someone dumped a half
 bottle of Windex in there. Sure got
 your teeth white, though. Here, put
 your clothes back on.

JOE (O.S.)
 I can't.

EUGENE
 You can't? Why not?

Eugene watches in drunken amazement as two slimy GREEN
 TENTACLED ARMS reach out of the bushes. He steps back in
 wonder, voice cracking.

EUGENE
 Joe... you're not really from
 Florida, are you?

The bushes part, and the real Joe is revealed. He has
 METAMORPHOSED into a SQUAT, AMPHIBIAN-LIKE CREATURE - sort of
 a cross between a squid and a frog, but still recognizable as
 Joe. And he's still clutching the black box.

JOE
 Actually, I'm from Jupiter.

EUGENE
 (uncomprehending)
 Jupiter.

JOE

The planet? You can't be that bad a student.

EUGENE

I can't believe this.

JOE

It's true. Check my wallet.

Eugene takes Joe's wallet from his pants. He removes a laminated card featuring a photo of the amphibian Joe. It reads 'JUPITER PUBLIC LIBRARY'.

EUGENE

Jesus, you are from Jupiter! This is great - extraterrestrial life finally arrives, and they contact me! Boy is Mr. Speck gonna be pissed!

JOE

You're taking this very well.

EUGENE

What are you doing here on our planet?

(sudden disturbing
thought)

You aren't going to eat us, are you?

JOE

I don't think so. What do you taste like?

EUGENE

Terrible.

JOE

Then forget it. I'm feeling better, I'll change back now...

Joe begins to MORPH back into human form. Eugene watches, astounded.

EUGENE

This is so bitchin'. It's like 'Close Encounters'... except not so cool looking. It's like 'E.T.'... except not so cute. It's like 'Alien'... except you didn't burst through anyone's chest...

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Actually it's not as bitchin' as I thought it was.

(shrugs)

So what happened in there? Why did you change?

JOE

I sort of got distracted. Sometimes if I get flustered or too fermented I lose it.

Eugene begins to laugh, shaking his head.

EUGENE

Man, I'm glad I'm wasted, or this'd just be too nuts. Do you have any other special powers?

JOE

I don't think so. Do you?

EUGENE

No... Wait - I can roll a quarter across my knuckles.

Eugene pulls out a quarter and performs the trick.

JOE

(impressed)

Cool!

Joe finishes MORPHING, grabbing his clothes from Eugene.

JOE

(apologetic)

I hope I didn't scare you.

EUGENE

Scared? Me?

(grins)

This could be the best thing that ever happened...

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSING TRACT - NIGHT

It's late, after midnight. Eugene and Joe walk along the quiet, tree-lined street. They're still a little drunk - both from the punch, and Eugene from Joe's revelation.

EUGENE

So you're serious - Jupiter? That thing in my science class?

JOE

Yup. Look...

(points to sky)

... that's Jupiter right there. There's the famous red spot right in the middle - that's where all the tourists go. And just off to the right... follow my finger... that's my house.

Eugene shakes his head - the more sober he gets the harder this is to believe.

EUGENE

So what's the deal - do lots of aliens come here?

JOE

Sure, all the time. We usually stop here when we're traveling past and have to go to the bathroom.

EUGENE

That's it? We're some sort of intergalactic rest stop?

Joe shrugs.

JOE

Why do you think we only land in the woods?

Eugene nods, considering this.

EUGENE

That would explain all the dead grass. So what are you doing here?

Joe holds up his black box.

JOE

It's for my high school science project. I'm studying the effect of changes in environment on primitive life forms.

EUGENE

(frowns)

I take it I'm the primitive life form.

JOE

No offense. But you are millions of years behind us in evolution.

As Joe speaks a TENTACLE RISES out of the back of his head. It reaches down, casually scratching his nose. Eugene watches in amazement.

JOE (CONT'D)

I enjoy studying unusual life forms. The endless variation of bizarre traits and peculiar physical characteristics is fascinating.

Eugene grins, his mind racing.

EUGENE

You know, we could make a lot of money off you. I can see it now - the National Enquirer, 'A Current Affair', 'Geraldo'. Maybe even 'The CBS Evening News'... nah, that'd be too sleazy.

Joe looks to Eugene seriously, the TENTACLE DISAPPEARING back into his head.

JOE

No, Eugene - you can't tell anyone about me. If word got out it'd really mess up my grade-point average.

EUGENE

Even on Jupiter you have to worry about grades? Is there no place in the universe that's safe?

JOE

Grades are important. You have to set goals for yourself. Don't you have any goals, Eugene?

Eugene thinks a moment. Silence.

JOE (CONT'D)

There's got to be something. Isn't there anything that interests you?

EUGENE

I don't know... Last night I had a cool dream that I was a pirate.

Joe frowns, confused.

JOE
So... you like sailing?

EUGENE
No - sleeping. There's got to be
some way we can take advantage of
this situation. It's not every day
you capture a space guy.

JOE
(grousing)
You didn't exactly capture me.

EUGENE
I know - can you see through
things? Brick walls, women's
clothes...?

Joe perks up, suddenly interested.

JOE
No, but I understand you have a
product on your planet called 'X-
Ray Specs', which...

EUGENE
They don't work.

JOE
(disappointed)
Oh.

They continue on down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. GARDNER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner are asleep in bed. There is a THUDDING
sound outside, Mrs. Gardner stirring. She glances at the
clock, which reads 12:45 a.m. Frowning, she gets up and goes
to the window, where she whispers to Mr. Gardner.

MRS. GARDNER
Ed - come here a minute.

MR. GARDNER
Wha--? You hear a noise downstairs?
(rolls over)
My golf clubs are in the hall
closet - wake me if you find
anyone.

Mrs. Gardner speaks urgently.

MRS. GARDNER

Come here - you've got to see this.

Grumbling, Mr. Gardner climbs out of bed, joining his wife at the window.

EXT. THEIR POV

Eugene and Joe stand in the driveway below, Eugene dribbling a basketball. He speaks to Joe, who hangs on his every word.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Mrs. Gardner turns to her husband, a satisfied smile on her face.

MRS. GARDNER

See? I knew they'd hit it off. All they needed was a little time.

Mr. Gardner grins, putting his arm around her.

MR. GARDNER

I can't believe it. Maybe this means Eugene's finally changing - not always scheming and looking for a new angle.

(beams)

We must be great parents.

They embrace happily.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDNER HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Eugene and Joe stand under the basketball hoop mounted over the garage door. Eugene dribbles the basketball, speaking to Joe patiently.

EUGENE

Remember, I'm your agent - that means I get 95% of everything you make. Now jump up real high and dunk the basketball through the hoop.

JOE

Why? Then I'll just have to pick it up again.

Eugene hands the basketball to Joe, taking his black box.

JOE (CONT'D)
Hey! Be careful with that...

EUGENE
You get two points for each dunk.
I'll charge the basketball coach a
fortune.
(mutters)
Make me take laps...

Joe dribbles the ball awkwardly a few times, driving to the hoop. He jumps about six inches off the ground, the ball bouncing harmlessly against the garage door and rolling away. He turns to Eugene brightly.

JOE
How many points is that?

Eugene rolls his eyes hopelessly.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDNER HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Eugene and Joe stand on the patio, Eugene rummaging through the barbecue while Joe watches, puzzled.

EUGENE
There's got to be some way to cash
in on this. Here...

Eugene takes a charcoal briquette from the barbecue, handing it to Joe.

JOE
What's this?

EUGENE
Squeeze this real hard until it
turns into a diamond.

Joe squeezes, brow furrowing in concentration.

JOE
I don't think it's working. Wait...
something's happening.

EUGENE
(excited)
What?

Joe holds up his palm.

JOE
My hand is turning black.

CUT TO:

INT. GARDNER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Eugene and Joe sit at the kitchen table, having a late-night snack. Eugene stares at Joe, depressed, sullen, thinking. Joe grins back innocently.

EUGENE
(squints at Joe curiously)
Do you have super strength?

JOE
Well, I'm pretty strong.

EUGENE
You are?

JOE
Sure.

EUGENE
Let's arm wrestle.

Eugene assumes the position. Shrugging, Joe takes his hand. They arm wrestle, Eugene winning immediately. Joe rubs his arm.

JOE
Gee - you're pretty strong, too.

EUGENE
(frustrated)
This is ridiculous. You're an alien. From space. That's got to be worth a few bucks...

Joe takes a drink of milk, leaving a small moustache on his upper lip.

JOE
I don't get you humans and money. On Jupiter there is no money. We use mucous - that way everyone's always got a little ready cash.

Eugene brightens, seizing an idea.

EUGENE

Hey... you must be pretty smart, right? Flying here from Jupiter and all.

JOE

Sure. My Earth I.Q. would be 3,000. I would have scored higher, but I missed that one where you connect nine dots with three lines. Did you get that one?

EUGENE

(scheming)

3,000, huh? There's got to be some way to exploit that...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - QUAD - DAY

A long line of kids snakes through the quad, all of them waiting to see Joe, who sits at a card table. Eugene stands at the head of the line, hagglng with a KID.

EUGENE

Okay, you need two weeks worth of math homework. It'll be tough to have that ready by next period - right, Joe?

JOE

No.

EUGENE

Sure it will. That's going to cost you some money... say \$25...

The Kid frowns uncertainly. He grudgingly hands the money to Eugene, who grins at Joe.

EUGENE

Keep this up, Joe, and I'll be the most popular kid in school. How do you know all this Earth stuff, anyway?

Joe shrugs casually.

JOE

I had to learn your planet's entire history before I could come here.

EUGENE
Jeez - how long did that take?

JOE
About twenty minutes.

Vicky steps up behind Eugene, tapping him on the shoulder.

VICKY
Hi, Eugene. How's the joke
business?

Eugene turns, smiling weakly. Still embarrassed by her rejection at the dance.

EUGENE
Jokey.

VICKY
Listen, about the dance. I didn't
mean to hurt your feelings. I
didn't think you were serious about
going out and all...

Eugene perks up hopefully.

EUGENE
Then you want to go out with me?

VICKY
(caught)
Well... no. But I appreciate your
asking.

Eugene hangs his head. Sitting behind a huge stack of books, Joe reads, scoffing derisively.

JOE
Your scientists are still stuck on
the relationship between relativity
and quantum physics?
(cackles)
Primitive life forms are so cute...

Confused by the line of kids, Vicky motions to Joe, who continues to slave away.

VICKY
What are you and Joe doing?

EUGENE
Well, um... I'm just trying to find
ways for him to get to know the
other kids - make some friends...

VICKY

I think it's great how you're helping him. It's not easy being in a strange country. I'm really proud of you.

Eugene perks up again, putting his arm around a puzzled Joe.

EUGENE

Well, you know - anything to help my new brother...

KID #4

(steps up angrily)

Hey, Eugene - I want my money back! My teacher says computers can't be programmed to develop organic intelligence.

Eugene waves at the Kid distractedly.

EUGENE

In a minute, in a minute...

(to Vicky)

Are you really proud of me?

VICKY

Sure. If I can help out in any way, let me know.

EUGENE

I will!

Vicky leaves as yet another Kid stomps up, waving a thick sheaf of papers.

KID #5

I can't turn this in - he spent ninety-seven pages defining pi!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GARDNER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner sit at the table, watching separate small TV's as they eat. Mrs. Gardner looks at her husband, concerned.

MRS. GARDNER

Eugene and Joe didn't come down for dinner. Do you think everything's all right?

MR. GARDNER

Sure. Eugene's probably teaching Joe all he knows - how to short sheet a bed, creative new uses for crazy glue...

They quiet down as Eugene steps into the kitchen. Stepping to the table, he gives them each a big hug.

EUGENE

Hi, mom. Hi, dad.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner sit frozen in shock by Eugene's uncharacteristic display of affection. He stands at the table, dishing up two plates of dinner.

EUGENE

Sorry I'm late. Joe and I were busy doing homework.

His parents both stare at him, stunned - Mrs. Gardner's hairdo flattened on one side from Eugene's hug.

MR. GARDNER

Homework?

EUGENE

Yeah. It's a lot more rewarding than I thought it'd be. You know, when you guys first told me about hosting an exchange student I know I got pretty upset and all, but it's turned out to be really great.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner can only gape at him. Eugene finishes dishing up the plates, speaking seriously.

EUGENE

I know I don't say it too often, but you guys are pretty cool, for parents. Keep up the good work.

Grabbing the plates of food, Eugene grins at his parents before heading upstairs. They watch him go, then turn to one another uncertainly.

MR. GARDNER

That was strange. Eugene hasn't hugged us in years... what do you think he's up to?

MRS. GARDNER
(worried)
I don't want to know.

CUT TO:

INT. GARDNER HOUSE - JOE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Joe sits at a desk, still at work. Books and papers are piled everywhere - the room is otherwise clean, spartan and immaculate. Eugene enters, plates in hand and a 'Sharper Image' catalog under his arm.

EUGENE
Hey! You done yet? Listen, I've got a great idea - we put ads in 'Rolling Stone', 'Details', '16', all the teen magazines. "Homework by mail" - we'll make a mint!

JOE
Eugene, as much as I enjoy helping you and your friends, I can't help but feel I'm neglecting my school project.

Eugene sets Joe's plate on the desk, taking his dinner and plopping down on the bed. He waves the catalog in the air enticingly.

EUGENE
Come on - fifty bucks more and we can each get something out of the 'Sharper Image' catalogue. I'm getting the personal submarine, and you're getting the musical golf tees...
(looks around room)
Take my advice, Joe - you need more junk. Toys, magazines, girlie pictures on the walls...

Picking at his food, Joe shakes his head adamantly.

EUGENE
What's the matter?

JOE
'Girls'. What bizarre creatures. I don't understand their self-mutilation rituals - plucking hairs, shaving their limbs, surgically removing their fat. And the odor!

JOE (CONT'D)

Disguising their smell with some pungent fragrance. Two animals do that in nature - females and skunks.

Eugene grins sagely.

EUGENE

I've got to get you laid.

Joe eyes Eugene suspiciously.

JOE

You mean sex? Have you had sex?

EUGENE

Okay, I've got to get me laid, too. It's not easy. My sense of humor can be kind of abrasive. Certain people don't like it.

JOE

Who?

EUGENE

Well... girls.

JOE

I see.

Eugene puts his plate on the floor, frowning thoughtfully as he stretches out on the bed.

EUGENE

I've got to figure a way to trick Vicky into going out with me...

JOE

You have to trick girls into going out with you?

EUGENE

Sure. It's part of the human mating ritual. Guys and girls don't see things the same, so if they told each other what they were really thinking they'd never get together.

Puzzled, Joe stands, shaking his head.

JOE

The more I learn about human behavior the less I understand.

JOE (CONT'D)
I've got to work on my science
project.

EUGENE
(yawns)
Have fun. I admire your dedication.
I can't condone it...

Grinning, Joe picks up his black box, heading out the door.

JOE
I'll be in the garage.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GARDNER HOUSE - EUGENE'S ROOM - NIGHT

It's late. Eugene is asleep in bed when something SKITTERS across the floor in the dark. He snaps awake, listening groggily as something else SCUTTLES around. Spooked, he whispers tentatively.

EUGENE
Joe? Is that you? We had an
agreement, remember - no eating
humans?

Reaching up, Eugene turns on the light. Looking around, he sees nothing amiss... until he watches a set of keys rattle across the floor and attach themselves to the far wall - where they join other small metal objects such as bottle caps, pens, an ashtray and an old retainer. Confused, Eugene hops out of bed, becoming aware of a low HUMMING sound. Glancing out the window, he looks down at the garage, where he sees a strange glow pulsating from behind the closed doors and windows.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDNER HOUSE - NIGHT

Eugene steps out the front door, heading for the garage. He stops short, stunned to see a half dozen bikes, skateboards, mailboxes - even a backyard swingset - stuck to the garage walls. Stepping in the planter box, Eugene peers through the window.

INT. GARAGE - EUGENE'S POV

Joe stands at the work bench, hunched over the black box, which has altered its shape to look like some sort of transmitter. Around him fluorescent lights glow doubly bright, as though extra power were surging through them.

Small metal tools - pliers, hammers, screwdrivers - FLY IN ORBIT around Joe's head. As Eugene watches, a third, tentacled arm SHOOTs from Joe's back, PLUCKING a screwdriver from mid-air and using it on the box.

EXT. EUGENE

stares at the bizarre sight uneasily. As the bright lights play across his face, it starts to sink in that Joe really is an alien.

EUGENE
(barely a whisper)
Why are you here, Joe...?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

The classroom is calm, students talking quietly amongst themselves while Eugene draws on the chalkboard. Hearing something, Eugene glances out the door. Pulling a roll-up map of the solar system down over the chalkboard, he calls to the kids.

EUGENE
He's coming!

On cue the classroom erupts, students throwing things, fighting, playing loud music on portable CD players. The door bursts open, Mr. Speck arriving.

MR. SPECK
All right, settle down! Quiet, you delinquents.

The kids all laugh, taking their seats. Eugene plops down next to Joe, who has been sitting calmly through the whole event, hands clasped on top of his desk. Mr. Speck walks up and down the rows, passing out papers.

MR. SPECK
I've finished grading yesterdays tests. A task that always fills me with a sense of dread about this planet's future.

He tosses Eugene's test paper on his desk, Eugene gawking at his grade.

EUGENE
A 'D'! And would you believe it, I didn't study for this test at all!

MR. SPECK

Amazing.

EUGENE

Although I figured the caricatures on the back would be worth a little extra credit.

Mr. Speck hands Joe his test paper - an 'A+', of course - before stepping to the front of the room.

MR. SPECK

Enough horseplay. An intriguing scientific event has taken place that you should be aware of. It seems researchers at Mount Palomar reported that yesterday lasted twenty-four hours... and three minutes.

Joe pumps his fist triumphantly.

JOE

Yes!

Mr. Speck frowns at the intrusion, pressing on.

MR. SPECK

The sun rose this morning at 6:07 a.m., rather than 6:04. Nobody can explain why this happened.

JOE

(raises his hand)

I can.

Eugene turns to Joe, a strange feeling of dread rising in his stomach.

MR. SPECK

(skeptically)

You can.

JOE

Yes. You see, the Earth actually slowed in it's rotation, just slightly, over the course of six hours. While not immediately perceivable, the infinitesimal retardation accounted for the extra 180 second time span. I monitored it.

Mr. Speck sighs, sure he's being made fun of again.

MR. SPECK

That's fine. Let's continue our study of the solar system. Open your books to page ninety-one, chapter seven...

The kids all open their books as Mr. Speck turns to the map of the solar system pulled down over the blackboard.

MR. SPECK

Our solar system consists of one central star, and nine revolving planets. There is also an asteroid belt located between Mars and Jupiter, which some scientists speculate may have been a planet at one time. Nobody knows for sure.

JOE

(raises his hand)

I do.

Some kids chuckle, Vicky and Marcia looking at Joe with interest. Eugene just stares at him nervously as Mr. Speck turns, trying to hold his temper.

MR. SPECK

That's fine, Joe.

(pressing on)

Most experts feel it's just a collection of asteroids pulled into the Sun's gravitational field...

JOE

(raises his hand again)

But it was a planet. It was called Biggio, and had a mass roughly equivalent to that of Mercury. It's atmosphere was similar to primordial Earth's, but it exploded in a freak accident.

Mr. Speck grits his teeth in frustration.

MR. SPECK

That's fine, Joe... What accident?

JOE

A guy blew it up as his high school science project.

The class laughs - all except Eugene, who looks at Joe with concern. Vicky giggles at Joe's 'joke', while Marcia seems genuinely perplexed.

MARCIA

Is he joking? How does he know that?

Furious, Mr. Speck glares at Joe.

MR. SPECK

Very humorous, Joe. I was hoping that spending time with Eugene wouldn't corrupt you, but I suppose that was a pipe dream. I'm dropping your test score one grade for insubordination.

Joe is mortified, a tiny appendage POPPING out of his neck. Eugene motions to him, Joe quickly smoothing it back down before anybody notices. Mr. Speck raises the roll-up map before turning to the class, arms folded and red-faced.

MR. SPECK (CONT'D)

I will not tolerate any tomfoolery in this class. This is a school, not a comedy club.

The students begin to giggle when they see Eugene's caricature of Mr. Speck on the chalkboard behind him - arms folded and red-faced as well.

EUGENE

Apparently it's not an art class, either...

The kids laugh as Mr. Speck does a slow burn. Still shaken, Joe drops his pencil on the floor. Marcia stares at him suspiciously as he sits with his hands folded tensely on his desk. Glancing at the pencil on the floor, she gasps when she sees an APPENDAGE reach down between Joe's legs, SNATCHING up the pencil. Looking back up she sees Joe sitting calmly - hands still folded in front of him as the pencil is pushed up onto the desktop. Eyes wide, she stands, hurrying out of the room. Mr. Speck doesn't notice, too busy erasing Eugene's drawing from the blackboard.

MR. SPECK

I'll see you in detention tonight, Eugene. You can satisfy your artistic ambitions by painting the gym.

(glowers menacingly)

Do any of you want to join him?

JOE

(raises hand)

I do...

The class burst out laughing, Mr. Speck groaning miserably as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOUSING TRACT - DUSK

Eugene and Joe walk home, both spattered with paint. Eugene is exhausted, while Joe is as bright and chipper as ever.

JOE

I've never painted an entire gym before. It was fun!

EUGENE

They make me do it about once a year - I guess they figure giving me detention is cheaper than hiring a contractor. Good thing you've got eight arms, or we'd still be there...

They look up to see Marcia approaching. She sees them, stopping dead in her tracks. Joe calls out cheerfully.

JOE

Hi, Marcia!

Marcia screams, turning and running away. Eugene and Joe exchange puzzled looks.

JOE

I think your reputation with women is rubbing off on me.

EUGENE

That woman, anyway. It's probably a good idea to stay away from Marcia Cahill. If she ever saw you do anything weird she'd be the first one to report you. You know, you're lucky you found me - no one else in this town would fully appreciate the wonder and the miracle of contacting an alien life form.

(beat)

By the way, did you finish my homework yet?

Joe nods, staring after Marcia thoughtfully as they straggle up the Gardners' front walk.

CUT TO:

INT. GARDNER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Eugene and Joe enter the house, sidestepping luggage which has been piled in the entryway. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner are taking the living room apart, couch cushions and throw pillows scattered everywhere. Mr. Gardner turns to Eugene, exasperated.

MR. GARDNER

Eugene, have you seen the damn remote? We can't turn off the TV - the home shopping network has been on for six hours.

EUGENE

(nodding to luggage)
What's up? Finally making good on your threat to move out without telling me?

Mrs. Gardner glances up from her hands and knees, where she is searching under the couch.

MRS. GARDNER

We're leaving for a teachers conference in Lake Tahoe. I told you about this a month ago.

Eugene's eyes narrow thoughtfully.

EUGENE

What kind of conference?

MR. GARDNER

There'll be lectures detailing new uses of technology in teaching...

EUGENE

(interrupting)
No. no. I mean what kind of conference - an overnight, a three-day...?

Mr. Gardner nods, understanding.

MR. GARDNER

It's an until-the-end-of-the-week conference.

EUGENE

(grins)
Great! I mean, we'll really miss you.

Mrs. Gardner rifles the magazine rack, looking up curiously.

MRS. GARDNER

Did you boys feel the earthquake
last night? There was stuff strewn
all over the house this morning.

(empties magazine rack)

Where is that remote?

Joe steps forward, pressing a flap under the TV screen. A hatch pops open, revealing the power button. Joe switches the TV off, to Mr. Gardner's shock.

MR. GARDNER

I didn't know you could do that...
a power switch on the TV...

EUGENE

(fakes astonishment)

Modern technology.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner step into the entryway, gathering up their luggage.

MRS. GARDNER

We left you some money on the
kitchen table. Don't spend it all
on bail.

EUGENE

Of course not - there won't be any
left after the drugs and hookers.

Mrs. Gardner hugs Eugene and Joe while Mr. Gardner starts out the door.

MRS. GARDNER

(hugs Eugene)

'Bye, honey. Be good.

(hugs Joe)

'Bye, Joe - don't imitate Eugene
when he isn't being good.

JOE

How can I tell?

MR. GARDNER

(calling back)

If he's got a smile on his face, he
isn't being good.

CUT TO:

INT. GARDNER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Eugene scrapes debris from the inside walls of the microwave onto a plate. Joe sits at the kitchen table, fiddling with the black box.

EUGENE

I think I'm starting to get the hang of this thing. Hungry?

Joe eyes the plate in Eugene's hand uncertainly.

JOE

No thank you.

EUGENE

(sits, eating)

Hey, Joe... did that planet really blow up because of a science project?

JOE

Sure. The guy got suspended and everything.

EUGENE

No make up exams for that one, I'll bet.

(trying to be casual)

So, uh... what's your science project?

Joe makes an adjustment to the box, which opens into another strange shape.

JOE

It's an experiment in light deprivation.

EUGENE

(laughs, relieved)

You mean if things will grow without sunlight? I did that one in sixth grade - you got a plant in that box?

Joe bristles, insulted.

JOE

It's nothing that primitive. This is a transmitter designed to alter a planet's magnetic field and stop its rotation. In this way I'll be able to deprive one side of light.

EUGENE

No way! What planet will it control from here?

JOE

This one.

Joe presses another button, an electrical field forming around the box - Eugene and Joe's HAIR STANDING ON END as they continue their conversation.

EUGENE

Wait a second - you're going to stop the Earth from spinning? Isn't that dangerous?

Joe pauses, as though it's the first time the idea's occurred to him.

JOE

I suppose so. If I do it wrong. There is the slight chance that I'll stop the rotation too quickly and the oceans will wipe out the land mass. Or if I really miscalculate I could break apart the entire planet.

EUGENE

Break apart? You mean like planet...

JOE

... Biggio. Yes. But don't worry, I'm very careful...

The box HUMS, a knife suddenly FLYING off the counter, spinning across the room and IMBEDDING itself in the dinner table. Joe shrugs nonchalantly.

JOE

I've still got a few bugs to work out. It's not due until the end of the week.

Hardly comforted, Eugene watches the knife shimmy, a worried expression on his face.

EUGENE

The end of the week, huh?... Listen! Why don't you take a night off? You've been working too hard, even for a space nerd. You need to loosen up, have some fun.

Joe looks from the box to Eugene, considering.

JOE
Is this the 'not being good' your
parents warned me about?

EUGENE
Absolutely.

JOE
(grins)
Let's go.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

Eugene hustles Joe into the shopping mall, slapping him on the back encouragingly.

EUGENE
First thing we've got to do is
change your image. Trust me - by
the end of the night you'll look,
act, feel, drink, smoke and throw
up like an earthling.

They disappear into the mall as we...

WIPE TO:

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - LATER

Eugene and Joe exit the mall. Joe no longer wears his conservative clothing. He is decked out in a 'MR. ZOGG'S SEX WAX' t-shirt, a baggy pair of Jams shorts, trendy high-top sneakers, and neon Oakley sunglasses. He looks down at himself uncertainly.

JOE
Are you sure this is correct attire
for an evening out?

EUGENE
Sure it is. Don't worry, if we run
into the Queen of England we'll 86
the sex wax shirt.

Eugene reaches down, slapping a 'SKATE OR DIE' sticker on Joe's black box.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

A bored CLERK watches 'Body Shaping' on a mini TV. Eugene enters, slapping his spending money on the counter.

EUGENE

Give me every cigarette, condom,
liquor bottle and dirty magazine
you've got. It's vital to the
survival of this planet that I
create a lazy, unmotivated
delinquent!

CLERK

(blankly)
Uh-huh. Got a fake I.D.?

EUGENE

Of course.

Eugene pulls out his wallet, handing the Clerk a drivers license. The Clerk reads it and sighs.

CLERK

Pleased to meet you, Mr.
Fuckerfaster...

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Eugene and Joe cruise main street in the family station wagon. Another car full of teenagers pulls up alongside, a kid mooning them from the back seat. Joe stares back, his head MORPHING into a human butt. The kids in the next car speed away, screaming.

INT. STATION WAGON

Laughing, Joe turns to Eugene - his head still in the shape of a butt.

JOE

Did you see the looks on their
faces?

EUGENE

Jesus! Change back, willya? That
gives me the creeps...

JOE

Sorry...

Joe MORPHS back into human form, taking a swig from a can of beer.

JOE

This beer tastes good - what kind of beer is that you're drinking?

EUGENE

This is a very potent beer called Pepsi-Cola. I wouldn't recommend it for you.

Joe leans back in his seat. For the first time he actually seems relaxed, looser.

JOE

It was a good idea to get out tonight. I'll tell you a secret - sometimes I feel like I'm under a lot of pressure to get this science project right.

EUGENE

Really? You? The brainiac from another planet feels pressure?

JOE

Yes. It would be very upsetting to destroy this planet. I've never gotten an 'F', you know.

(sighs)

Sometimes I resent having such high expectations placed on me by my parents, my teachers, the other students...

Eugene jumps in, sensing an opening.

EUGENE

So screw 'em! Be irresponsible for once. Sew some wild oats. Sew one oat! You're a teenager away from home - you'll never get a chance to be this stupid again! Enjoy it!

Joe nods his head, thinking with all the alcohol-soaked logic he can muster.

JOE

Yeah! You're right, Eugene. I've been good long enough. Let's be rascals!

EUGENE

Okay! We're wild, we're studs,
we're gonna kick some ass and break
some hearts!

They peel out, both boys howling joyously.

CUT TO:

INT. TEEN DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

The place is packed, lights flashing wildly as couples jam the dance floor. Eugene and Joe stand in a corner, just like the school dance. Joe keeps a beer concealed in the pocket of his baggy shorts, watching as the other kids enjoy themselves.

JOE

You know, when I danced with the rodent girl it was really very nice. Much better than just standing here. I forgot to tell you.

EUGENE

Don't push me, Joe. Selecting a girl to dance with is an exact science. For all I know there isn't a girl here that I match up with, danceability-wise.

Sneaking a sip of beer, Joe nods his head, suddenly understanding.

JOE

When you said you didn't have much experience with girls, did you mean you had... no experience with girls?

(laughs)

Wow! Which one of us is the alien here?

EUGENE

(defensively)

I have plenty of experience. Watch this...

Eugene steps over to the nearest girl, who has stopped dancing to take a breather. Joe follows him. He speaks to the girl, who just stares at him blankly.

EUGENE

Hi. I'm Eugene Gardner. I've been dancing with you from afar all night.

(cocks thumb at Joe)

I even caught a monster from space for you.

JOE

(grumbling)

It's supposed to be a secret.

EUGENE

Well? How about it - want to dance?

The girl looks at him dismissively.

DANCE GIRL

Why don't you catch yourself a space girl?

She heads back onto the dance floor, Eugene calling after her.

EUGENE

I don't have to catch them - they come running to me. The ones with legs do, anyway!

Eugene turns to Joe, trying to retain his dignity.

EUGENE

And that's how you ask a girl to dance.

JOE

It doesn't work, does it?

EUGENE

No.

They stand in silence again, watching the other kids dance. Finally Joe speaks up.

JOE

So... what do you usually do for fun?

CUT TO:

EXT. TRACT HOME - NIGHT

A mailbox with the name 'SPECK' neatly painted on the side stands at the curb.

Standing in the front yard, Eugene tosses a roll of toilet paper over the roof, where it joins another dozen billowing streamers. Toilet paper hangs from every tree, shrub and power line. Beer in hand, Joe giggles uncontrollably.

JOE

What's this called again?

EUGENE

(whispering)

TP'ing. Toilet papering a house.

Joe laughs hysterically, Eugene trying to quiet him.

JOE

And what's the purpose of this?

EUGENE

You throw it all over someone's house, and... well... then they have to take it down, I guess...

Joe falls to his knees, gasping for breath he's laughing so hard. Eugene can't help but laugh, too.

JOE

They have to take it down! That's brilliant!

EUGENE

Thanks. You know, I like you Joe. For a freakish, scary looking alien creature, you're all right.

Joe grins, toasting Eugene.

JOE

Likewise.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. SPECK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Mr. Speck sits in his La-Z-Boy recliner, a bottle of Yoo-Hoo chocolate soda in one hand and a big sloppy sandwich in the other. He watches TV - where a beautiful Hawaiian girl (KIANA) does leg lifts on 'Body Shaping' - blissfully unaware of the activity outside.

MR. SPECK

(worshipfully)

Kiana...

CUT TO:

EXT. TRACT HOME - DRIVEWAY - LATER

Joe blows up condoms while Eugene attaches them to the car.
Joe pauses to take a swig of beer.

JOE

I wondered why you bought twenty
boxes of condoms. I thought they
were supposed to be used for
something else.

EUGENE

Sex is fleeting. Soon forgotten.
But revenge lasts a lifetime.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRACT HOME - ROOFTOP - LATER

Eugene packs garbage down the chimney, while Joe hugs the
smokestack unsteadily.

EUGENE

What's with the sudden interest in
sex, anyway? I thought you were
disgusted by girls.

JOE

It's strange - the more fermented I
get the more... interesting... some
of them become.

Eugene stifles a laugh.

EUGENE

Amazing how that works, isn't it?

CUT TO:

EXT. TRACT HOME BACKYARD - SWIMMING POOL - LATER

Eugene and Joe empty bags of cement into the swimming pool as
they continue to talk casually. Joe can barely stand.

EUGENE

So who's the lucky earthling you
find so 'interesting'?

Joe kicks at the ground, embarrassed.

JOE

Marcia from our science class.

EUGENE

(shocked)

I thought I told you to stay away from Marcia! Every guy in school wants her - she's totally untouchable... not to mention she runs away in terror every time she sees you...

JOE

(shyly)

There's something special about her... the way her veins throb and her eyes bug out when she screams - it reminds me of the girls back home.

(sighs)

Oh, forget it. I shouldn't be thinking about girls, I should be working on my science project.

Eugene frowns determinedly.

EUGENE

Marcia, huh?

CUT TO:

EXT. TRACT HOME - LATER

Eugene and Joe scamper quietly to the station wagon, the house behind them completely decimated.

EUGENE

This is gonna take some effort - I'm not even sure my unique talents can pull this one off.

JOE

She's the only Earth girl I've seen with that certain... va-va-voom.

Eugene rolls his eyes as they climb into the car.

EUGENE

'Va-va-voom'? That's the most descriptive piece of slang you've picked up since you've been here? We're in big trouble.

JOE

'Hot-cha-cha'?

Eugene starts the car, calling out as they pull away.

EUGENE

Goodnight, Mr. Speck! Sleep tight!

They speed off as the porch light goes on at the house next door. The front door opens, Mr. Speck stepping outside. He looks to his neighbor's house, which has been toilet papered, condomed and trashed into oblivion. He shakes his head.

MR. SPECK

Poor bastard. Somebody must really hate him...

He steps back inside as we...

CUT TO:

INT. GARDNER HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Eugene and Joe stagger through the door - Eugene tired and Joe extremely drunk.

EUGENE

I've got to get to bed.

JOE

What do you mean? I'm not tired at all. We were just starting to have fun.

EUGENE

We can still have fun. I'll just have fun sleeping.

Eugene starts up the stairs, Joe calling after him.

JOE

Eugene - thanks for taking me out tonight. It was really great.

Pausing, Eugene grins, a little surprised.

EUGENE

Yeah, it was. I didn't think I'd like you when you first showed up, but you're a pretty good guy...
(teasing)
... for a space geek.

Joe laughs, glancing around the house uncertainly.

JOE

I'm not used to having fun. What should I do now?

EUGENE

I don't know - have some more beer,
listen to some music. Do something
you've always wanted to do...

Eugene straggles up the stairs, while Joe looks around thoughtfully.

CUT TO:

INT. GARDNER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE on the stereo as Joe's hand slips a cassette into the tape deck, then slides up every knob on the equalizer. He hums a familiar melody.

JOE (O.S.)

Nana-nana-na-na-na-nah...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DOORWAY

The opening piano strains of Bob Seger's 'Old Time Rock and Roll' blare from the stereo. Suddenly Joe slides into view METAMORPHOSED into his Jupiterian form and wearing BVD's. As the song kicks in he spins around, dancing into the room. Lip-synching the words to the song, his eight arms flail joyfully while his stubby head bobs in time.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Eugene sits on his parents' bed, phone to his ear. On hold, he casts nervous glances toward the door, the sound of Bob Seger floating upstairs. He jumps a bit when the phone is answered, speaking haltingly.

EUGENE

Uh, yes... is this NASA? The NASA, that deals with space and all that stuff?... Great. Listen, I have a hypothetical question for you. Say a guy captured an alien from another planet, okay? And this alien, he's really kind of a goof, but he's actually a nice guy once you get to know him. But the problem is he's doing some weird experiment that could, I don't know, destroy the Earth or something. If the guy was to turn in this alien, what would you do with him?

Eugene listens for a moment, moving to the door. He peers down the stairs, where he sees alien Joe dance past - playing air guitar with eight arms and four broomsticks.

EUGENE (CONT.)

You'd take him to a secret lab, right... run some tests, uh-huh... ask him questions, that's cool... dissect him, okay... Wait a second - you'd dissect him? Why? I thought you guys practically invented x-rays!... What? My name? Uh, Speck. William P. Speck. And I think you're all dicks - and you can quote me!

Eugene hangs up, a horrified look on his face. Now he's really confused.

EUGENE

Swell - I turn him in and they make him into Jupiter baloney, or he keeps working on his project and blows up the planet. I don't know if I can keep him distracted for an entire week.

(sighs - listening to music)

I hope he's not too drunk. I don't even want to think what alien barf looks like...

EXT. GARDNER HOUSE

Joe's bizarre silhouette hops around the room, his shadow cast on the drawn shades as we...

CUT TO:

INT. NASA BUNKER - NIGHT

An underground bunker-type installation, where a line of jumpsuited men and women sit at rows of computer terminals, speaking into telephone headsets. One of the OPERATORS turns as a SUPERIOR OFFICER steps up.

SUPERIOR OFFICER

What do you have for me, Jennings?

OPERATOR

We may have located a greenie, sir. Just got a call from the same area we monitored that UFO landing a week ago.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)

Caller identified as William P. Speck - high school science teacher in Del Vista, California. No criminal record, no military record. No mental instability recorded since early 1984, when he tried combing his hair over to hide his bald spot.

The Superior Officer nods gravely.

SUPERIOR OFFICER

Show me.

The Operator presses a few buttons on his console, the sullen, mean-looking school photo of Mr. Speck popping up on his terminal screen.

SUPERIOR OFFICER

He looks the type. Note the sallow complexion, the desperate eyes, the rodent-like crouch...

OPERATOR

And sir... ?

(Superior Officer turns)

... He said we were all dicks.

The Superior Officer's eyes go steely. He speaks through clenched jaws.

SUPERIOR OFFICER

Get me Washington...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GARDNER HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

The next morning. Eugene steps into the garage to see Joe once again working on the black box. He looks up in wonder as the family station wagon HOVERS near the ceiling, the black box HUMMING loudly. Moving to where Joe stands at the workbench, Eugene peeks curiously over his shoulder.

EUGENE

How's it going?

Joe jumps in fright, hurriedly closing the black box. The station wagon CRASHES to the floor behind them, Joe clutching his head in agony.

JOE
(moaning)
Ooooh, Eugene... You scared me.

EUGENE
Are you okay? You don't look so
hot.

Joe leans against the workbench, hung over from the night before. He looks at Eugene with bloodshot eyes.

JOE
I don't feel very well. I think I
had an overabundance of fun last
night.

EUGENE
Yeah, you put away three six-packs
of fun at least. You shouldn't be
out here working, you should be
resting. We've got another big
night ahead of us. I want you to
try this great beer called Jack
Daniels...

Joe shakes his head - gingerly but with real determination.

JOE
No thanks - if having fun makes you
feel like this, I'll stick to work.

EUGENE
What do you mean? We're two
teenagers left without adult
supervision for an entire week. If
we don't party every night they'll
take away our membership cards.

JOE
I'm sorry, Eugene. I have to finish
my project. I've managed to slow
the planet's rotation by another
seven minutes.

Joe turns back to the black box. Eugene thinks for a moment, desperate. He finally remembers...

EUGENE
What if Marcia was going to be
there?

Joe pauses, interested.

JOE

Marcia?

EUGENE

You remember Marcia. 'Science class' Marcia... 'interesting' Marcia... 'something special about her' Marcia...

Joe looks to Eugene, excited but skeptical.

JOE

But you said she'd never go out with us. She hates you and she's scared of me.

Eugene grins, the wheels in his head spinning.

EUGENE

So we'll just need a little help...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Kids drift into school as Mr. Speck drives up in his Yugo. He honks at the kids, scattering them as he pulls into his parking space. Climbing out of his car, Speck notices an odd group of construction workers tearing up a patch of asphalt a few spaces away. A white van with a satellite dish mounted on top bears the words 'AL'S CONSTRUCTION' on the side. The workers wear strange zero-gravity radiation suits, hard hats balanced on top of their space helmets. Speck hesitates, as they seem to be watching him - though it's hard to tell through their mirrored faceplates. He calls out nervously.

MR. SPECK

Is everything all right? Is there a gas leak or something?

The space-suited construction workers slowly shake their heads 'no'. A little unnerved, Speck turns, stopping cold when he sees that the gym sports a fresh coat of paint - including a new logo in place of the school mascot: Eugene's extremely unflattering portrait of Mr. Speck. Speck groans miserably as the kids around him snicker and laugh. He hurries onto campus, the 'construction workers' watching him carefully.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Lunchtime. Joe moves down the lunch line, where a series of LUNCH LADIES plop food onto his tray - salad with thick brown dressing, corn with thick brown dressing, and a sandwich. As the last lunchroom worker slops a ladle of thick brown dressing onto his sandwich, Joe looks up to see that the Lunch Lady has been replaced by a man in a zero-gravity radiation suit. The man tries to appear nonchalant, wearing a hairnet over his helmet. Joe is about to say something when Eugene steps up, glancing at the glop on his tray.

EUGENE (O.S.)

Don't drink the chocolate milk -
it's made out of the same stuff...

They head to a nearby table, Eugene carrying a Jack in the Box bag.

JOE

Hey! How did you get that?

EUGENE

I know a guy who works there. He
owed me a favor.

They sit, Eugene unpacking the fast food, while Joe watches him longingly.

JOE

Could you get me some?

EUGENE

(offended)

And take advantage of my friends?

Noticing Joe's sad expression, Eugene gives him a hamburger. Vicky, Marcia and the other cheerleaders enter the cafeteria, Joe nudging Eugene excitedly.

JOE

It's them! It's Vicky and Marcia!
You said you'd ask...

EUGENE

Okay, okay - calm down! Don't act
like a dork. We only have one shot
at this...

Vicky walks past, carrying a lunch tray. Eugene calls to her.

EUGENE

Hey, Vicky...

VICKY

Hi, Eugene!

(to Joe, slowly)

Hello... Joe... How... are...
you... enjoying... your... stay...?

JOE

Just... fine... thanks.

Standing, Eugene takes Vicky by the arm, leading her a few steps away and speaking quietly. Joe watches in nervous anticipation.

EUGENE

Listen, Vick - I was wondering if you could help me out. Joe isn't going to be here much longer, and he still has so much to learn about our strange customs and rituals...

VICKY

You mean like taking the wrapper off a hamburger before you eat it?

Eugene looks at Joe, who spits out a wad of paper, embarrassed.

JOE

Sorry...

Vicky eyes Eugene suspiciously.

VICKY

Before you ask me any favors, let me say that I don't believe in green card marriages.

EUGENE

(scoffs)

Relax! It's nothing that serious. Joe's developed a little crush on a certain female, and he's afraid to ask her out.

VICKY

So why don't you talk to her?

EUGENE

I would, except that this particular female has never forgiven me for a certain harmless prank...

Vicky's eyes go wide.

VICKY

Marcia?

EUGENE

I don't know why she's still mad -
her hair grew back...

Vicky shakes her head doubtfully.

VICKY

I don't know, Eugene. Marcia...

EUGENE

(pointedly)

Trust me, Vick - it's real
important that this guy get his
mind off his schoolwork for a
while... Besides, she's got nothing
to worry about - he's just a normal
guy...

Behind them, Joe's tongue LASHES OUT, snagging a kid's
pudding cup when he isn't looking. Seeing this, Eugene turns
Vicky away, looking at her with the biggest, moistest eyes he
can manage.

EUGENE (CONT.)

... And you'll be doing a good deed
for a confused foreigner. You did
offer to help, remember?

Vicky frowns at Eugene. She looks to Joe, then across the
cafeteria at Marcia, sighing.

CUT TO:

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Eugene and Vicky sit silent and uncomfortable in the front
seat. In the back seat Joe grins happily at Marcia, who sits
as far away from him as she can. After a long silence Joe
speaks cheerfully.

JOE

This is wonderful. Do you think
we'll have sex tonight? I've never
had sex before - with a human, I
mean...

Eugene bursts out laughing, Vicky and Marcia turning to stare
at Joe in shock. Marcia tries to slide farther away from him
as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

A typical modern thirtyplex theatre, marquee listing everything from 'TERMINATOR 3: PAY DAY' to 'ERNEST GOES ON A TEN STATE KILLING SPREE'.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - LOBBY

Eugene and Joe wait in line at the snack bar, while Vicky and Marcia stand in a corner. Marcia hisses at Vicky angrily.

MARCIA

Why didn't you tell me we were going out with these two? That Joe guy gives me the creeps.

VICKY

He just has a little crush on you. I'm sure he's harmless.

Marcia shakes her head, unconvinced.

MARCIA

There's something weird about him. All I know is you owe me one.

Vicky rolls her eyes at Marcia's overreaction as Eugene and Joe step up. Eugene holds a giant tub of popcorn, Joe carrying a large drink.

EUGENE

We now have enough popcorn to insulate an attic.

VICKY

Forget the popcorn, I need a drink.

JOE

(hands her drink)
Sure...

VICKY

Thanks... How'd you do on that algebra test today, Joe?

JOE

A+.

Vicky reacts, impressed.

VICKY

Really? That was the toughest test of the year.

Joe shrugs nonchalantly.

JOE

It was quite simple, once I explained some new theorems to the teacher.

Marcia looks at Joe suspiciously.

MARCIA

What about that pop quiz in astronomy?

JOE

(proudly)

A+.

VICKY

Wow, Joe - you've got to be the smartest person I know...

(pointedly - to Eugene)

It sure is nice to meet someone so motivated and concerned with his future.

EUGENE

Oh, please...

Vicky grins teasingly at Eugene, taking a sip of Joe's drink. She coughs, grimacing and shuddering.

VICKY

Bleah! What is that?

EUGENE

(smirking)

Butter-flavored-popcorn-topping.

JOE

It's really good!

Vicky looks to Marcia, who stares back worriedly.

VICKY

I owe you one.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - AUDITORIUM - LATER

ONSCREEN a sweaty woman with a shaved head wanders through a strange catacomb, flame thrower poised. The catacomb is dark, unearthly, dripping with slime.

In the audience Eugene, Joe and Vicky watch the film intently. Marcia watches Joe uncertainly as he shakes his head in wonder.

JOE

This made a hundred million? It's so unrealistic...

ONSCREEN the woman comes across a line of people sealed in cocoons. They moan sadly as she moves past.

MOVIE WOMAN

Oh my God - Captain Sheldrake...
Corporal Rizzo... Private Booger...
even you, Clyde...

Clyde the orangutan smiles back at her from a cocoon. Suddenly a HIDEOUS ALIEN MONSTER explodes out of the wall, the audience SCREAMING.

JOE

(pointing at screen)
Hey! I think I know that guy!

A MAN behind Joe taps him on the shoulder.

MAN IN THEATRE

Could you keep it down, buddy?
We're trying to be scared back here.

JOE

Sorry.

Joe inconspicuously SPROUTS a third arm, sliding it innocently around Marcia's shoulder. Eugene slips his arm around Vicky's shoulder - hand resting on Joe's tentacle. They both pull away quickly, Eugene giving a stern look as Joe RETRACTS his alien arm. Vicky leans toward Eugene, concerned.

VICKY

(whispers)
I don't think this is going too well.

EUGENE

I know. I hope Joe doesn't get too depressed. That would be bad... for everyone.

VICKY

She just stares at him like he's some kind of alien.

They sneak a look at Joe and Marcia - only to find them engaged in a heated make-out session. Eugene and Vicky's jaws drop in shock.

CUT TO:

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Eugene and Vicky sit silent and uncomfortable in the front seat. Joe and Marcia are nowhere to be seen. Eugene breaks the silence.

EUGENE

So - where to next?

Joe's head pops up from the back seat, lipstick smeared all over his face. He croaks excitedly, Marcia appearing beside him.

JOE

Our place!

MARCIA

(breathless)

Yeah, your place!

They giggle happily, disappearing behind the seat again. Eugene and Vicky exchange uneasy looks, silent once more. Finally:

EUGENE

So... how about those Dodgers?

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDNER HOUSE - NIGHT

Eugene unlocks the front door, opening it. He lets an obviously irritated Vicky past... then Joe and Marcia, still making out heavily. Joe finally pulls away, clearing his throat and looking at Marcia passionately.

JOE

Please excuse me, my sweet. I need to talk to Eugene for a second.

Marcia grins, running her hand along Joe's cheek.

MARCIA

Don't be long.

Marcia steps into the house. Joe turns to Eugene, a TENTACLE popping out of his hair.

JOE

I think we're hitting it off.

EUGENE

Either that or she needed her teeth cleaned.

JOE

What do I do now?

EUGENE

What're you asking me for? You're from another planet and you're doing better than I ever have.

He reaches out, smoothing down Joe's tentacle reassuringly.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

You'll be fine. Just remember - you can't let Marcia find out what you really are. So stay calm and try not to sprout any more appendages than you have to.

Nodding, Joe steps inside. Eugene glances across the street - where he sees two men in zero-gravity suits skateboard past. They wear baggy Jams shorts with little radiation symbols screened on them, and baseball caps perched backward on their helmets. Shrugging, Eugene moves into the house.

INT. GARDNER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Vicky and Marcia are seated on the couch as Eugene and Joe step in. Eugene claps his hands together, speaking cheerfully.

EUGENE

So... how about a tour of the house?

JOE

Yeah! Marcia - would you like to see my bedroom?

MARCIA

Sure!

Joe grabs Marcia by the hand and they rush up the stairs, Eugene and Vicky watching them go. Vicky holds up her hands in amazement.

VICKY

If I'd known she was this loose, I'd have never hung out with her.

EUGENE
 (gazing wistfully
 upstairs)
I would've...

CUT TO:

INT. GARDNER HOUSE - JOE'S ROOM

Joe and Marcia enter his bedroom. They stand stiffly.

JOE
 This is my room.

MARCIA
 Nice.

They look at each other a moment... then hurriedly begin removing their clothes. Joe rambles nervously.

JOE
 I've been reading up on human reproduction, and I think I'm ready...
 (pauses)
 ... But don't you think it's strange to reproduce through the excretory organs? It would seem to take some of the romance out of it.

Marcia is in bed now. She raises the sheet, revealing herself to him.

MARCIA
 Try it first - then decide.

A grin spreads across Joe's face more joyfully wicked than any ever on Eugene's. He dives into bed.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Eugene and Vicky sit cross-legged on the floor, looking through a thick photo album. Vicky is distracted by the loud SCRAPING and THUMPING sounds coming from upstairs. Sighing, she pulls a pack of gum from her purse.

VICKY
 Gum?

EUGENE
 Sure... maybe it'll help drown them out.

They laugh as he takes a piece. Turning the page, he points to the photo album.

EUGENE

Look, this is us in the first grade. There's you, me... and Tommy Stillson, your boyfriend.

(turns page)

Here we are in the second grade. There's you, me... and Bobby Richards, your boyfriend that year.

(turns page)

This is us in the third grade...

Vicky smiles at him fondly, a little surprised.

VICKY

We've been friends a long time, haven't we? I wonder why that is?

Eugene grins shyly, trying to joke.

EUGENE

We can talk. We can kid around. We've never had sex...

Vicky laughs, pushing Eugene over playfully.

VICKY

I didn't have sex with Tommy Stillson in the first grade!

EUGENE

(sitting up)

No, but you traded gum with him. He told me. I was disgusted, but jealous. It's my senior year in high school, and I've never traded gum with anyone.

Vicky looks into his eyes, grinning gently. She takes the gum from her mouth, offering it to him. Eugene smiles, trading gum with her. They chew for a moment before tentatively leaning forward to kiss.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Joe and Marcia roll around in Joe's bed. Incredibly excited, Joe is lost in the moment.

INT. VARIOUS SHOTS

The METAMORPHOSIS begins. We see skin turning GREEN... alien arms SPROUTING... TENTACLES touching flesh. Grinning with pleasure, Joe looks down, screaming when he sees...

INT. MARCIA

has metamorphosed into a TENTACLED, FROGLIKE Jupiterian - Joe is still in human form! Joe jumps back, staring at her in disbelief.

JOE

Marcia... you're beautiful!
 (smiles hugely)
 I knew there was something special
 about you...!

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Eugene and Vicky continue to kiss - softly, curiously. Both surprised to find this happening. Eugene pulls back, smiling quizzically.

EUGENE

Amazing. We can kiss, use our
 tongues, exchange all sorts of
 bodily fluids - and trading gum
 still seems gross.

Laughing, Vicky nods as they both spit out their gum. Eugene leans forward for another kiss, Vicky backing off slightly.

VICKY

Uh, I don't know about this,
 Eugene.

EUGENE

It's called kissing. I've heard all
 about it. Trust me.

VICKY

No, really. I don't think we should
 be doing this.

Eugene leans back, flustered. He spots a framed photograph of his smiling parents on the coffee table and turns it away.

EUGENE

It's okay, my parents are gone for
 the week. Not that it'll take that
 long...

Vicky turns the photograph back around.

VICKY

It just doesn't feel right. We've been friends so long, I don't want to mess that up.

EUGENE

I don't get it. Girls always say they don't want to get romantic with guys they like, then they turn around and go out with jerks.

Vicky sighs, speaking honestly.

VICKY

It's not that. We're just not going in the same direction, Eugene.

Eugene turns the photograph of his parents away again.

EUGENE

What, have you taken up walking backwards? Some kind of religious deal...?

Vicky turns the photograph back around and stands, moving around the room restlessly.

VICKY

I'm not kidding around. You're a nice guy, you're really funny and all... but how can someone get serious with you when you're never serious?

Eugene blinks, stung. He stands, following her around the room. As they talk he removes more photos of his parents from the walls and tabletops - on vacation in the Bahamas, skiing in Aspen, a stern oil painting above the mantelpiece.

EUGENE

I'm serious about how I feel about you. I've felt this way since we were kids. If you're worried about a commitment...

VICKY

I don't want a commitment. I'm going to college next year. I've worked really hard so I can get ahead, have a future. No offense, Eugene, but you'll be lucky if you graduate.

Eugene steps forward, taking Vicky's hand.

EUGENE

So I'll graduate. With honors. I'll be valedictorian of the class and deliver a speech at graduation about how we're the future of the country, then everyone will go out and get drunk. C'mon, Vick - you've got to give me a chance.

Vicky shakes her head. She seems frazzled.

VICKY

This is too much, Eugene. I didn't expect any of this tonight. I think I should just go...

She grabs her purse, heading for the door. Eugene calls after her uncertainly.

EUGENE

Do you want a ride? It's pretty late - there's people who never graduated lurking in the shadows...

He grimaces - that was a stupid thing to say. Vicky steps outside, a little hurt.

VICKY

It's only a couple blocks. Tell Marcia I'll see her at school tomorrow. Thanks for the movie, Eugene.

She closes the door behind her. Eugene stares after her unhappily, standing beside a framed photo of his parents posing with Clarence Thomas.

EUGENE

(sighs)
Anytime...

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Joe and Marcia, both still in their alien form, recline in bed smoking cigarettes. Relaxed, they speak easily - both happy to have found another of their kind.

JOE

So how did you figure me out?

MARCIA

It wasn't hard - you're not exactly a typical guy. When I saw you pick up your pencil in science class I started wondering. But it wasn't until you put your arm around me in the movies that I knew for sure.

Joe laughs, slipping one of his arms around her playfully.

JOE

It just sort of... popped out.

MARCIA

(nudges him - giggling)
I noticed. Up until then I was scared - I thought maybe you were here to take me back.

JOE

What are you doing here? How long have you been on this planet? Can we have sex again?

Marcia shrugs - which creates a weird RIPPLE effect with eight arms.

MARCIA

I came here on a field trip when I was ten. I kind of got separated from the class, and they left without me.

JOE

(horrified)
You're kidding! That's awful. Can we have sex again?

MARCIA

It turned out okay. I got adopted by some nice humans. As I got older I picked a body style that lets me get whatever I want with a minimum amount of effort. It's been pretty fun, actually. And yes, we can have sex again.

A huge, toothy, literally ear-to-ear grin spreads across Joe's face.

JOE

So you like it here?

MARCIA
Yeah, I do.

JOE
I'm beginning to, too.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Depressed, Eugene straggles up the stairs, groaning as he passes another photo of his parents smiling back at him.

EUGENE
(snaps at photo)
Nothing happened, all right?

He pauses on the way to his room to listen at Joe's bedroom door. Hearing nothing, he frowns, knocking gently.

EUGENE
Uh... Joe? Is everything okay?

Joe's voice calls out cheerfully from behind the door.

JOE (O.S.)
Eugene! Come on in!

Eugene frowns, surprised. He opens the door to find...

INT. JOE'S ROOM

... In bed, a tangle of tentacled arms and green, warted skin. Eugene gapes at the sight, stunned.

EUGENE
Where's Marcia?

JOE
You'll never guess what happened!

Eugene yells at Joe, panicked.

EUGENE
You ate her! I can't believe it!
What, is it some black widow thing -
you mate with them then eat 'em?

JOE
Relax! She's right here!

EUGENE
Where?

Marcia sticks her alien head up from behind Joe. She waves a couple of arms grudgingly.

MARCIA

Hi, Eugene.

Eugene takes an involuntary step backward, smacking into the doorframe. He rubs the back of his head, staring at the two aliens in shock.

JOE

Eugene? Are you okay?

EUGENE

(smiles weakly)

Yeah - it's just always a shock to see a girl without her make-up...

Marcia gives Eugene a dirty look, Joe trying not to laugh as we...

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN ON:

INT. GARDNER HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Joe stands before the mirror, whistling happily. Wearing some of Eugene's clothes, he combs his hair carefully - then messes it up just as carefully. Eugene steps in, wearing his most conservative outfit. He scowls at Joe.

EUGENE

Have fun last night?

JOE

I'll say! When I first read about human reproduction I thought it was inefficient and frivolous. But now...

EUGENE

'Va-va-voom'?

Joe smiles, nodding enthusiastically.

JOE

Precisely. Va... va... voom.

Joe leans toward the mirror, his face MORPHING into Marcia's as he plays kissy-face with the glass. Brushing his hair, Eugene frowns in disgust.

EUGENE

Would you quit that! It makes my stomach feel funny.

Joe laughs, his face MORPHING back to normal.

JOE

Sorry. It's just that I had a great time.

EUGENE

I know. I heard you all night while I was trying to study.

Joe turns to Eugene, shocked.

JOE

You were studying?

EUGENE

(defensively)

Sure. How can I expect anyone to get serious about me if I'm never serious?

Joe stares at Eugene uncertainly, then shrugs his shoulders.

JOE

Okay. Everything's working out great - I found a wonderful girl, and I'll be ready to set off my science project tonight.

Eugene casts a nervous glance at the black box, which rests on the toilet tank.

EUGENE

That's great, Joe... So everything worked out last night?

JOE

It was amazing! First I did it with Marcia, then she was Cindy Crawford, then Julia Roberts, and then Granny from 'The Beverly Hillbillies'...

Eugene shudders at the thought. He tries to position himself between Joe and the black box.

EUGENE

You've been watching way too much TV. We better get going or we're gonna be late.

Joe nods, taking one last peek at himself in the mirror. Grabbing the black box, Eugene hides it behind his back as Joe starts out the door.

JOE

I borrowed some of your clothes. I hope you don't mind - Marcia didn't like the way I dressed.

EUGENE

No problem! What's mine is yours... and what's yours is mine.

Eugene tries to hide the box under his coat, only to have Joe turn back and see him.

JOE

Oh, thanks! I almost forgot... I guess my mind is on other things...

Frowning, Eugene hands Joe the box as they exit.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

The classroom is calm, students talking amongst themselves. Eugene sits quietly, reading one of the textbooks which are piled on his desk. Sitting nearby, Vicky stares at him, concerned.

VICKY

Eugene, are you okay?

Eugene doesn't answer, absorbed in his copy of 'SCIENCE AND YOU'.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Listen, Eugene - I'm sorry about last night...

Eugene glances up, distracted.

EUGENE

I'm sorry, Vick - I can't talk right now. I'm right in the middle of a fascinating chapter describing the chaos theory of mathematics. It's so interesting I've read it twice...

(under his breath)

... and I still don't get it.

Joe suddenly rushes through the door, calling out to the class.

JOE

He's coming!

On cue the classroom erupts, students once again throwing things, fighting, and playing loud music as Joe hurries to a seat at the back of the room. Eugene watches him, shocked. Mr. Speck steps in, calling out irritably.

MR. SPECK

Okay, everybody sit down and shut up! I don't want any trouble today - a bunch of guys in spacesuits spent all night tearing up the sewers in front of my house.

Mr. Speck moves to the podium, where he sees Eugene sitting studiously at his desk. Speck eyes him suspiciously.

MR. SPECK

All right, Gardner, what's the gag? I'm not in the mood.

EUGENE

No gag, sir. I'm here to learn.
(checks his watch)
Could you get started - I've got to get to college.

Eugene looks hopefully to Vicky, who seems more perplexed than Mr. Speck. With everyone's attention on Eugene, Joe SHOOTs a tentacle toward Marcia, GOOSING her playfully. She slaps it away, giving Joe a frown.

MR. SPECK

Let's get down to work. Today we'll be discussing the inner core of the Earth...

Eugene loudly opens his notebook, finding a blank page amongst all the pages of scribbles and doodles. He clicks his ball point pen, poised and ready to take notes. Mr. Speck watches him in disbelief, slightly unnerved by the sight.

MR. SPECK (CONT'D)

(turns to draw on
blackboard)

... The center of the Earth consists of a molten core, with each successive layer cooling until we reach the outer crust...

While Mr. Speck lectures, Joe quietly pulls out the black box, a beacon rising from it. He AIMS it at Speck, pressing a button which causes everything metal to SHOOT off the teacher and across the room in a FLASH - his pen, keys, loose change, belt buckle, even the glasses resting on top of his head.

They ZIP over the heads of the unsuspecting students toward the back of the room, where Joe CATCHES every item with his tentacled arms, RETRACTING them before anyone can see. Not sure what's happened, Speck whips around, surprised.

MR. SPECK

What was that?

Having seen Joe's trick, Marcia sternly gestures for him to knock it off. Giggling, Joe blows her a kiss, enjoying himself. Mr. Speck glares at Eugene, who stares back, unaware.

MR. SPECK

Knock it off, Gardner.

EUGENE

Knock what off?

MR. SPECK

You know what...

Confused, Eugene gives Vicky an 'I didn't do anything' shrug. Speck scans the room, Joe smiling back at him innocently. Jaw clenched, Speck presses on.

MR. SPECK

In any event... Occasionally we can witness the Earth's fiery interior - when we see lava flow from volcanoes or hot magma spewing through cracks in the ocean floor.

Mr. Speck looks to Joe - whose face has MORPHED into an exact likeness of Eugene's caricature of Speck! The teacher's mouth drops in shock. Reaching for the glasses on top of his head, he realizes they're gone. Squinting, he looks back at Joe, who has now returned to normal. Speck rubs his eyes tiredly.

MR. SPECK

I'm not feeling well today...

Belt buckle gone, Speck's pants drop to the floor. The class laughs, Speck yelling at Eugene.

MR. SPECK

That's it, Gardner! You're expelled!

EUGENE

What did I do? 'Hot magma spewing through the ocean floor' - I got that...

Mr. Speck advances angrily on Eugene - pausing when he notices Joe laughing uncontrollably. Speck stomps over to him, holding up his pants.

MR. SPECK

And what do you find so amusing,
Joe? People in this country don't
laugh at other people's
misfortunes...

Snickering, Joe gestures to the other students, who continue to laugh.

JOE

Apparently they do, sir.

Veins bulging in his neck, Mr. Speck towers over Joe's desk, red faced and menacing.

MR. SPECK

In that case I'm going to heap so
much misfortune on you you'll never
stop laughing. Get up here!

Joe stops giggling, feeling the full attention of the class on him. Stepping to the front of the room, he begins to sweat.

MR. SPECK (CONT'D)

You certainly have changed from
that nice, decent young man who
enrolled in this class. I imagine
your real parents and teachers
would be ashamed to see you acting
this way.

Eugene and Marcia watch nervously as Joe begins to tremble. Seeing his chance, Eugene grabs the black box off Joe's desk, sliding it across the floor where it comes to rest under another desk. As Speck leans in closer, a TENTACLE SPROUTS from the back of Joe's head. Eugene and Marcia groan, while Vicky and the rest of the class look on in shock.

MR. SPECK (CONT'D)

(too angry to notice - on
a roll)

You kids think it's cool to torment
the teacher! Well it's you that
looks stupid, not me!

Joe completely loses it. His skin turns WARTY and GREEN, appendages SPROUTING from everywhere, TEARING through his clothes. The students scream, Speck backing off, uncomprehending.

MR. SPECK

What kind of joke is this? Put away
that mask...!

FULLY TRANSFORMED, Joe stands before the class - green, ugly,
eight arms flailing wildly.

JOE

Quit picking on me, you pathetic
earthling!

The students bolt out the door in terror - Vicky grabbing a
hesitant Marcia by the arm and dragging her outside. Mr.
Speck backpedals, babbling incoherently as he trips over rows
of desks before fleeing. Eugene remains in his seat, head in
his hands. Alien Joe looks around the empty classroom, where
desks are overturned, books and papers scattered everywhere.
He turns to Eugene sheepishly.

JOE

Oops.

EUGENE

(sighs)

Vicky's never gonna go out with me
now...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Other students from his class rushing about in a panic, Mr.
Speck hurries down the hallway, muttering to himself in
shock.

MR. SPECK

An alien... I have an alien in my
class... Alien life has contacted
us...

(thinks - angrily)

...and it's hanging out with
Gardner!

He steps to a pay phone, grabbing the receiver and dialing
411.

MR. SPECK

Hello? Yes - give me the number for
NASA. This is an emergency...

A mechanical VOICE speaks, odd clicking sounds before and
after each sentence.

NASA GUY #1 (O.S.)
This is NASA.

MR. SPECK
(into phone)
NASA? That was quick. My name is
William P. Speck, and I think I've
discovered an alien life form...

A SHADOW looms over Mr. Speck. He turns, jumping when he sees
two men in zero-gravity radiation suits standing behind him.

NASA GUY #1
We know, Mr. Speck.

Speck stares up into their mirrored visors, his own face
staring back helplessly as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - QUAD - DAY

As news spreads around school, students rush from their
classrooms, terrified.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - BUSHES

Fleeing from the classroom, Vicky and Marcia pause near some
bushes to catch their breath. They survey the chaos, fear in
Marcia's eyes as Vicky rambles in disbelief.

VICKY
Joe's an alien! Can you believe it?
(watches NASA Guy pass)
What do you think they do to
aliens, exactly?

Marcia glances around nervously, beginning to sweat.

MARCIA
I don't want to know...

VICKY
I bet it's awful. There's probably
some weird underground bunker place
where they take them and never let
them out, then they do all sorts of
medical tests, like taking skin and
blood samples and stuff, until they
finally just cut them up and
dissect them...

Rattled, Marcia begins to MORPH. Green WARTS appear on her
face, a TENTACLE shooting out of her forehead.

Panicking, she steps back, disappearing into the bushes. Vicky turns, surprised that Marcia's no longer behind her.

VICKY

Marcia? Marcia, where are you?

There is a rustling in the bushes, Vicky stepping into the underbrush curiously.

VICKY

Marcia... ?

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - WALKWAY - DAY

Eugene and Joe rush down the walkway. Having returned to human form, Joe struggles to put on his torn clothing.

JOE

It's time for me to go. I've got to set off my science project, find Marcia, and get out of here.

EUGENE

I say we find Marcia first. I wonder where she is... ?

They both jump at the sound of a BLOODCURDLING SCREAM, turning to see Vicky stagger out of the bushes.

JOE

Found her...

They calmly step over to where Vicky stands, staring wide-eyed into the bushes. Joe taps her on the shoulder.

JOE

Hi, Vicky. Can I talk to Marcia?

Vicky turns, SCREAMING when she sees Joe. She turns back, SCREAMING LOUDER when she sees Marcia step from the bushes, smoothing down a tentacle. Eugene moves forward, only to have Vicky turn again, elbowing him in the face. He falls into the bushes, clutching his nose.

EUGENE

Ow! I think my nose is bleeding...

He takes his hands away - Vicky, Joe and Marcia ALL SCREAMING at the sight of his bloody nose.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Eugene, Joe, Vicky and Marcia sneak through the parking lot, ducking behind cars. Eugene shoves kleenex up his nose, while Vicky seems dazed, trying not to hyperventilate. Joe speaks urgently with Marcia.

JOE

I've got to pack, stop the Earth's rotation, then call my parents to take us back to Jupiter...

MARCIA

'Us' back to Jupiter? Are you kidding?

JOE

No - it'll be great. We can be together, and you can see your family again...

Marcia stops him.

MARCIA

My family is here. And what's this stuff about stopping the Earth's rotation?

JOE

It's my senior class science project.

Marcia looks at him like he's crazy.

MARCIA

You're gonna stop the Earth and screw things up for a stupid homework assignment? What if I end up on the dark side - how am I supposed to get a tan?

EXT. EUGENE AND VICKY

squat-walk behind Joe and Marcia. Vicky would still be hysterical if she wasn't in such a state of shock. Eugene pats her on the back comfortingly.

VICKY

My God - there are aliens everywhere.

EUGENE

It's okay, they're our friends. If we don't help, NASA will slice them up into alien loaf.

The shock is subsiding, and Vicky's starting to get hysterical again.

VICKY

Why did I ever hang out with you? You're lazy, unmotivated...
 (gestures to Joe & Marcia)
 ... you hang out with unsavory characters. You're even flunking out of school...

Eugene spreads his arms, speaking enthusiastically.

EUGENE

You've got me all wrong! I'm a hard-working, good-grade-getting, responsible-people-type-person now... and I'm not going to flunk out of school - I'm even going to college!

Vicky sighs, rolling her eyes.

VICKY

Eugene - you can't even pass your high school classes...

EUGENE

I'll pass - I promise...

EXT. JOE AND MARCIA

Joe scurries to keep up with an angry Marcia, who crouches behind a car.

JOE

I'll fail - I promise! I swear I won't stop the Earth's rotation.
 (mutters sullenly)
 I don't even know where the stupid box is, anyway...

Sighing, Joe SPROUTS a THIRD EYE from the top of his head, raising it over the hood of a car like a periscope. Eugene claps his hand over Vicky's mouth before she can scream.

JOE (CONT'D)

The coast is clear - let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

A group of spacesuited NASA Guys surround Mr. Speck, whose hair and clothing are disheveled, as though he's been pushed around a little. The Superior Officer from the NASA bunker sits on the teacher's desk, lighting a cigar as Speck pleads impotently.

MR. SPECK

I never called you guys dicks - I swear! What are you grilling me for, anyway? Joe is the alien!

The Superior Officer steps toward Speck, speaking with cool menace.

SUPERIOR OFFICER

Tell me about this 'Joe'...

MR. SPECK

He's thin and quiet, with brown hair... and he's fat and green and has twenty arms. Don't ask me, ask the kid he lives with - Eugene Gardner! The way he acts, I wouldn't be surprised if he was an alien, too.

(nasty grin)

In fact, you might want to dissect him, too. Just to be sure...

The Superior Officer turns to the NASA Guys.

SUPERIOR OFFICER

Eugene Gardner. We'll get the address en route.

Mr. Speck watches eagerly as the Superior Officer and his men pack up to leave.

MR. SPECK

Can I go with you? I'm part of this, too...

SUPERIOR OFFICER

No civilians allowed. Someone will be by later to debrief you, as well as administer the usual blood, tissue and rectal examinations.

The NASA Guys follow the Superior Officer out the door. Speck watches them go, disappointed.

MR. SPECK
That's no fair! This was my
discovery!
(yells out door)
You guys are dicks!

Turning, Mr. Speck surveys the classroom - desks toppled, books and papers scattered... and the black box sitting amidst the clutter, the words 'PROPERTY OF JOE' written on the side. Staring at it, a smile spreads across his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDNER HOUSE - DAY

Eugene, Joe, Vicky and Marcia stand on the sidewalk in front of Eugene's house. They're in the middle of a serious conversation.

VICKY
You promise you're not here to eat
us?

JOE & MARCIA
Promise.

Vicky sighs resignedly.

VICKY
Okay, I'll help. What do I have to
do?

JOE
I need you and Marcia to call my
parents.

EUGENE
Not on my phone. My parents would
never stop bitching about the bill.

Joe shakes his head, explaining.

JOE
No - from the woods outside of
town. There's a clearing there,
near a playground...

VICKY
How are we supposed to call them?

Joe pulls the remote control for the Gardner's TV set from his pocket.

JOE

With this.

EUGENE

Hey! No wonder my parents couldn't find it. My dad about went nuts - way to go, Joe!

JOE

I had to make a few modifications. Point this at Jupiter and press the 'power' button. That'll signal my parents to come pick me up.

(shrugs to Marcia,
embarrassed)

I get my license in six months...

Kissing Joe on the cheek, Marcia takes the TV remote, the girls hurrying off. Eugene and Joe head up the front walk.

JOE

Let's hurry - I have to find my science project.

EUGENE

You took it to school...

JOE

No I didn't... Are you sure?

EUGENE

Positive.

(groans)

I hope my parents aren't home...

Eugene opens the front door to reveal a NASA Guy in a zero-gravity suit towering over them.

EUGENE

(gulps)

Mom?

CUT TO:

INT. GARDNER HOUSE - EUGENE'S ROOM - DAY

Two NASA Guys take apart Eugene's room, going through his closet and dresser drawers. One of the men turns to the other, pulling a 'Playboy' out from under the mattress.

INT. GARDNER HOUSE - JOE'S ROOM

Two different NASA Guys do the same to Joe's room - this time pulling a copy of 'Amphibian Monthly' from beneath Joe's mattress.

INT. GARDNER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Eugene and Joe sit on the couch while NASA Guys in zero-gravity suits check them out with various bizarre instruments.

EUGENE

Everybody give up? Her last words were, "What's this button?".

Eugene laughs heartily as the NASA Guys groan. One of them whispers to the other out of Eugene's earshot.

NASA GUY #2

If he's the alien, I get to dissect him.

The other NASA Guy nods as the Superior Officer strides into the room.

SUPERIOR OFFICER

Any progress?

NASA GUY #2

No, sir. They won't tell us which one is which.

The Superior Officer steps over to Eugene and Joe, sizing them up.

SUPERIOR OFFICER

I'm going to ask you boys one time - has either of you seen the other do anything out of the ordinary?

A beat. Joe finally raises his hand.

SUPERIOR OFFICER

Yes, son?

JOE

(cocks thumb at Eugene)
He can roll a quarter across his knuckles.

Eugene takes a quarter from his pocket and demonstrates. Unimpressed, the Superior Officer thinks a moment, lighting up a cigar. He turns to the NASA Guys.

SUPERIOR OFFICER

All right, then - if they won't cooperate let's just cut them both open and see what we can find...

EUGENE

What? No way! I had my appendix removed last year - you can have that...

As the NASA Guys advance on the two boys, Joe tenses, beginning to MORPH. The NASA Guys back off as Joe's skin turns GREEN and SCALY. He glares at them hatefully, his voice a guttural growl.

JOE

That's enough. I've had it with you fuckers.

Even Eugene is shocked as he watches Joe TRANSFORM - not into his usual, tentacled self, but into the HIDEOUS ALIEN MONSTER from the movie they saw on the double date. The change complete, he rises, all SNAPPING TEETH and RAZOR-SHARP TALONS. The NASA Guys stand frozen in terror, while the Superior Officer steps forward confidently.

SUPERIOR OFFICER

Let me handle this, boys.

He holds up his right hand, giving the familiar five-tone hand gesture from 'Close Encounters of the Third Kind'. Grinning menacingly, Joe EXTENDS a clawed hand - FLIPPING the Superior Officer the bird. Before he can turn and run, Joe grabs the Superior Officer, who screams in terror as he is raised above the alien's head. Suddenly everyone STOPS, turning as the front door is thrown open and Eugene's parents step in.

MRS. GARDNER

(sing-songy)

We're home! Anything happen while we were gone?

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner freeze, staring at the scene in the living room in disbelief. Eugene waves, smiling weakly.

EUGENE

Hi, mom. Hi, dad.

JOE/ALIEN MONSTER

Hi, Mr. and Mrs. Gardner. How was your trip?

Taking advantage of the distraction, Joe THROWS the Superior Officer at the NASA Guys, KNOCKING them to the floor as he and Eugene bolt out the sliding glass door. Mr. Gardner turns to his wife, dazed.

MR. GARDNER

It's always such a relief to finally get home...

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDNER HOUSE - DAY

Eugene and Joe race around to the front of the house. Joe finishes MORPHING back into his human form as Eugene laughs.

EUGENE

That was so cool... But why'd you change into the alien from that movie? You could've scared them as yourself.

Joe frowns, offended.

JOE

I'll have you know I'm considered very attractive on my planet.

Both boys look up as a police car turns the corner, heading toward them.

EUGENE

Uh-oh...Do something, Joe.

The police car cruises slowly down the street, the officer glancing at Eugene, who moves casually down the sidewalk, walking a dog. A dog with Joe's voice.

JOE/DOG

Woof woof! Bark! Ruff ruff... What else do dogs say?

EUGENE

Ssssssh!

The police car passes, Joe the dog speaking smugly as he and Eugene continue down the street.

JOE/DOG

Am I good, or what?

EUGENE

Yeah - except most dogs don't wear glasses.

JOE/DOG

Nit picker.

EUGENE

So how are we going to get the
black box back?

JOE/DOG

Beats me - I don't even know where
I left it. I just hope no one tries
to activate it...

Eugene looks down at Joe the dog worriedly.

EUGENE

Why? What would happen?

JOE/DOG

If the planet stops too fast it'll
break apart. There'll be
earthquakes and tidal waves and
then it'll kind of disintegrate.
But I don't think we have anything
to worry about...

They look up as a CRACKLING fills the air. Turning, they
watch as several riderless bikes, mailboxes and major
appliances ROLL PAST them down the street. Eugene and Joe
exchange concerned glances.

EUGENE

Wrong again, Fido.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODED FIELD - DAY

Vicky and Marcia stand in a clearing, Marcia pointing the TV
remote to the sky, repeatedly pressing the 'power' button.
She looks to Vicky, bored.

MARCIA

How long did Joe say I had to do
this? My arm's getting tired.

Vicky scans the horizon hopefully.

VICKY

Not much longer. They should be
here any time... unless there's a
snag.

The wind suddenly KICKS UP, a RUMBLING sound surrounding them
as the Earth begins to QUIVER under their feet.

The swings on a nearby swingset RISE, until they are parallel to the ground, chains RIGID and MAGNETIZED.

MARCIA

Let me guess - there's been a snag...

CUT TO:

INT. NASA VAN - DAY

The Superior Officer and two NASA Guys pile into the back of the van.

SUPERIOR OFFICER

(defensively)

I could have taken him - he just caught me off guard, that's all.

The sarcasm in the NASA Guys' voices is evident, even filtered through their helmets.

NASA GUYS #1 & 2

Yes, sir.

The Superior Officer sneers at them, reading from a computer screen.

SUPERIOR OFFICER

The planet's rotation has slowed by another three percent - and continues to drop. There's also a major magnetic disturbance, very close by.

The van JOLTS, hitting a pothole. The Superior Officer looks up angrily.

SUPERIOR OFFICER

Damn it! Tell the driver to take it easy!

NASA GUY #2

(confused)

I'm the driver...

All three men turn to find there is no one in the drivers seat. They look out the windshield to see that they're rolling down the street with other unmanned cars, all being pulled toward some powerful magnetic force.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Eugene and Joe the dog dodge various magnetized metal objects as they zip past, following them to their destination. MORPHING back into human form, Joe grins happily as they move along the corridor.

JOE

This is so great! It seems that all my calculations are correct.

(frowns)

There's just one thing I never quite figured out...

Eugene winces, sensing more trouble.

EUGENE

What's that?

JOE

When the planet slows and stops, will the thin layer of atmosphere remain in place, or will it dissipate into space?

Eugene ducks as a mailbox flies past his head.

EUGENE

You never figured that out? Doesn't that seem kind of important? I thought you had a 3,000 I.Q.!

JOE

(defensively)

So? It's not like I'm a genius or anything...

EUGENE

Great! You never told me on Jupiter a 3,000 I.Q. means they hold a telethon for you!

They hurry to a classroom, where all the metal objects stick to the walls and door. Prying things away from the door, Eugene and Joe peer through the tiny window to see...

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - THEIR POV

Mr. Speck stands at his desk, BANGING on the black box with a hammer. He barely notices that the air around him is MAGNETIZED, what little hair he has standing on end.

EXT. EUGENE AND JOE

look to one another grimly.

EUGENE
It's Speck!

JOE
How did he get it?

Eugene stammers sheepishly.

EUGENE
Uh, I kind of hid it under a desk
when you weren't looking.

JOE
(irritated)
What'd you do that for?

EUGENE
(equally irritated)
Oh, I don't know - maybe I didn't
want to see the Earth destroyed.
Silly me!

Joe gives him an angry look as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE CITY - SAME TIME

An EARTHQUAKE hits a large metropolitan area - people racing into the streets as windows SHATTER, bricks and stucco CRUMBLING from buildings.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - SAME TIME

Eugene and Joe continue to talk, each getting angrier by the minute.

JOE
All you think about is yourself,
Eugene. You don't even care if I
fail! You're the most selfish human
I've met.

EUGENE
You're gonna destroy the planet and
I'm selfish? Didn't you say spit
was money on your planet?

JOE

Yeah...

EUGENE

Here's a hundred dollars!

Eugene spits at Joe, who is repulsed.

JOE

Aaaaugh! You boner! Here's your change!

Joe spits back as Eugene tries to dodge it.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - SAME TIME

As the planet continues to slow, a TIDAL WAVE looms up in the ocean, heading for land.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - SAME TIME

The spit fight escalates.

EUGENE

Here's for always asking stupid questions - Ptew!

JOE

(ducking)

Here's for always giving stupid answers - Tooey!

EUGENE

I'm hit! Ooooh, you're gonna get it now!

Eugene makes a hawking sound, loosening one up.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - SAME TIME

The ground RUMBLING, cracks and FISSURES open in the street, swallowing cars and uprooting trees and lampposts as people run in terror.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - SAME TIME

Eugene and Joe circle one another warily, both making hawking sounds.

EUGENE
You're mine, now...

JOE
Oh yeah?

Joe stops, a huge lump RISING up through his chest and EXPANDING his throat like a frog. Eugene winces, trying to shield himself with his hands.

EUGENE
Give! Give!

The Earth begins to TREMBLE, bricks falling from the school buildings. They stop fighting, Joe swallowing with a loud GULP. Remembering why they're here, Joe looks to Eugene urgently.

JOE
Wait a sec - we still have to get the box back! Truce?

EUGENE
(nods tentatively)
Truce.

JOE
So what do we do? Should I change into the monster again?

EUGENE
No. Speck's not going to miss his second shot at an actual alien. He'd try to get you to write a book with him or something. We've got to think - what's the one thing a science geek like Speck would be most afraid of?

CUT TO:

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

Mr. Speck has abandoned the hammer, now trying to open the black box with a can opener. He doesn't look up as he hears the door opening, calling out irritably.

MR. SPECK

Classes are canceled. Go home
and...

He glances up, voice trailing off when he sees a beautiful, well-toned Hawaiian girl wearing a tight leotard standing in the doorway. Mr. Speck freezes, an expression of terror and uncertainty on his face.

MR. SPECK

(voice cracking)

Oh my God - you're Kiana from 'Body
Shaping'...

The woman steps toward Speck, all pouty lips and helpless looks. Everything is perfect until she opens her mouth - when we hear Joe speaking in a high-pitched voice.

JOE/KIANA

Why yes, I am. I was on my way to
the local gym, but I seem to have
gotten lost.

Panicked at the sight of this beautiful woman, Speck steps back, losing his balance and falling into his chair. Clearing his throat, he tries to speak casually.

MR. SPECK

Uh, sorry, I can't help you. I
don't usually hang out at gyms...

Joe/Kiana continues to advance on Mr. Speck, who rolls backward in his chair. Completely intimidated, Speck doesn't notice as Eugene slips quietly into the room.

JOE/KIANA

You could've fooled me. You seem so
fit...

(traps him against wall)

... with your sallow complexion,
your desperate eyes, your rodent-
like crouch...

Joe/Kiana slips onto Mr. Speck's lap, motioning behind his back for Eugene to hurry up. Eugene nods, crawling across the floor to the desk, where the black box rests.

MR. SPECK

I watch you every day, Kiana. The
way you stretch your thighs, work
your buttocks...

(gulps)

... leg lifts...

Speck embraces Joe/Kiana desperately, trying to give him a huge, sloppy kiss. Eugene rises up, about to grab the black box - when he sees Speck grappling with Joe/Kiana. Distracted, he knocks over a pencil holder, diving back behind the desk as Speck pauses, looking up curiously.

MR. SPECK

What was that?

Desperate, Joe/Kiana grabs Speck's head in both hands, giving him a hot, passionate kiss. Taking advantage of the distraction, Eugene snatches the black box off the desk and bolts out the door.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY

Eugene exits the science classroom, black box in hand. He grins triumphantly - until he sees every metal object in the area flying toward him. Yelping, he tosses the box aside, the magnetized items following it as it tumbles away. Eugene turns as Joe/Kiana steps out of the classroom, spitting unhappily.

JOE/KIANA

(Joe's normal voice)

Wait up...

EUGENE

Hey! You're supposed to be distracting him!

JOE/KIANA

I did... I think he's dead.

EUGENE

(thinks it over)

Oh, okay... good work.

CUT TO:

EXT. VARIOUS SHOTS - SAME TIME

As the rotation of the Earth returns to normal, we watch as the EARTHQUAKES stop... the TIDAL WAVE recedes harmlessly... the FISSURES close themselves.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DUSK

Making their way through all the metal objects that litter the schoolyard, Eugene watches as Joe/Kiana closes up the black box.

JOE/KIANA

There, it's disabled - and so's my
grade-point average.

Eugene can't help but stare at Joe/Kiana's body, groaning as
Joe's HEAD MORPHS back to his own.

EUGENE

Jeez, why didn't you come to Earth
as Kiana in the first place?

JOE

Are you kidding? I'd never get any
work done - I'd spend all day
fondling myself.

(grimacing - spits again)

Mr. Speck should run some mouthwash
experiments. Do I have time to be
sick?

Hearing the sound of a motor starting, Eugene and Joe look
up, just as a pair of bright headlights blind them. Shading
their eyes, they see the NASA van, the Superior Officer
inside.

EUGENE

About five seconds.

JOE

I'll do it later.

The NASA van starts toward them. Glancing around desperately,
Eugene grabs a bicycle lying amongst the other metal debris.

EUGENE

Climb on!

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DUSK

Eugene and Joe tear out of the schoolyard on the bike, Eugene
pedaling like mad while Joe teeters on the seat behind him.
Still his head on Kiana's body, Joe clutches Eugene with one
arm and the black box with the other. The NASA van squeals
around a corner in hot pursuit.

EUGENE

This was brilliant - like we're
really gonna outrun a car on a
bike.

JOE
 (glancing back)
 Is there anything I can do to help?

EUGENE
 Yeah - quit grinding those breasts
 against my back. It's really
 distracting...

Realizing he's still got Kiana's body, Joe completes the MORPH into his own human form. Eugene steers the bike down a sidestreet and toward the woods - the NASA van close behind.

JOE
 I hope the girls got ahold of my
 parents.

Eugene looks up to see a dead end blocking their path.

EUGENE
 It's not gonna matter...

Moving quickly, Joe opens the black box, pressing a few buttons. The bike lifts off the ground, Eugene's eyes bulging.

EUGENE
 Wait a minute... you can FLY? We
 could've made money off that!

They glide over the dead end as the NASA van slams into the barrier. The Superior Officer staggers out of the van, glaring after them as they disappear into the evening sky.

EXT. EUGENE AND JOE

continue to levitate, gaining altitude. Eugene looks down, frightened.

EUGENE
 Uh, Joe - aren't we a little high?

Joe holds onto Eugene with one hand, trying to operate the black box with the other.

JOE
 I can't control altitude. I don't
 know how...

Joe finally SPROUTS two tentacled arms, wrapping them around Eugene's waist while he uses both hands to adjust the black box.

EUGENE

Yaugh! Those are slimy! I'd like to go down now, Joe.

JOE

(pressing buttons)
Okay, I've got it...

Their heads snap back as the bike suddenly gains speed, shooting forward. They rocket past the MOON in SILHOUETTE, screaming in terror the whole way. The bike arcs down, heading for...

EXT. THE WOODS

... where it lands with a SPLAT, sending Eugene and Joe flying through the underbrush. Groaning, Eugene and Joe sit up, bruised and dirty. They exchange glances.

EUGENE

E.T. ... go home.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODED FIELD - NIGHT

Vicky and Marcia are still in the clearing, Marcia continuing to point the TV remote at the sky. Bored, Vicky speaks idly.

VICKY

Maybe Eugene's not so bad. He's cute, he's funny...
(looks uncertainly at Marcia)
... he's human...

There is a rustling in the underbrush, both girls turning as Eugene and Joe step into the clearing. They look terrible - sticks and twigs in their hair, dirt on their clothes. The girls hurry toward them, concerned.

VICKY

Are you guys okay? What happened?

EUGENE

Not much. We saved the Earth, flew on a bike, Joe kissed Mr. Speck.

MARCIA

You kissed Mr. Speck?

Joe frowns, embarrassed.

JOE

He came on to me first... Did you call my parents?

VICKY

Yeah, but we don't think it worked.

The wind begins to blow, rustling through the trees. Eugene looks up, speaking calmly.

EUGENE

It worked...

They all turn to see the spaceship from the opening scene LOOM UP over the treetops. Bright colored lights play over their faces as they watch the ship TOUCH DOWN.

EUGENE

(in awe)

Wow! I guess your parents are pretty rich, huh?

Joe looks to Marcia hopefully.

JOE

Are you sure you won't come with me?

Marcia shakes her head regretfully.

MARCIA

I can't leave my family. I've been here so long I'm more human now.

JOE

(nods unhappily)

Then I'll come back. Maybe my parents will let me borrow the spacecraft when I get my license.

Joe and Marcia embrace, MORPHING into their ALIEN forms as they kiss goodbye. Moved, Vicky smiles - Eugene grimacing.

EUGENE

It'd be touching if it wasn't so gross.

Joe and Marcia separate, Marcia MORPHING back to human form. Joe picks up the black box, opening it to reveal a simple keypad before handing it to Eugene.

JOE

Give this to your parents - it'll work better than any remote control they've ever had.

(grins)

So I guess I'm going to get my first 'F'.

EUGENE

Take it from me - it's not the end of the world.

Joe laughs, smiling at Eugene sadly.

JOE

Thanks for being my friend, Eugene.

Eugene flashes a grin - trying to hide his emotions.

EUGENE

Are you kidding? How many guys can say they've got a brother from Jupiter?

JOE

Brother?

EUGENE

Yeah. But if anyone ever says there's a family resemblance I'm gonna be pissed.

JOE

Sorry about trying to destroy the planet, Eugene.

EUGENE

Sorry about hawking a logey on you.

They hug awkwardly, Joe squeezing Eugene with all eight arms. Vicky and Marcia make 'Awww...' sounds, Eugene and Joe separating self-consciously as a voice calls out angrily.

MR. SPECK (O.S.)

Hold it right there!

They turn as Mr. Speck emerges from the woods, leaves in his hair and lipstick smeared across his face. He advances on them, a wild look in his eyes.

MR. SPECK

I've wasted my life babysitting you brain-dead little drones.

MR. SPECK (CONT'D)

You've mocked me, ridiculed me,
made my life a living hell. And now
you're sitting on the scientific
discovery of the century - a
discovery that should have been
mine!

He steps up to Eugene, growling crazily.

MR. SPECK (CONT'D)

After all you've put me through,
you owe me, Gardner. Imagine how
the world will react when I unveil
the first genuine creature from
space!

EUGENE

Imagine how they'll react when they
hear you tongue kissed it.

VOICES are heard in the distance, flashlights visible through
the trees. Speck grins smugly.

MR. SPECK

Here come the reinforcements. Looks
like I have the last laugh, Gardner
- there's no way I'm leaving
without this alien.

Eugene and Joe turn to one another, exchanging devious grins
as the same idea crosses their minds.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - SAME TIME

The Superior Officer, NASA Guys and POLICEMEN stumble through
the brush, flashlights in hand. The woods ahead of them
suddenly EXPLODE with a BRIGHT GREEN light. The trees are
WHIPPED by an incredible force as the light SHOOTS up into
the night sky and disappears.

SUPERIOR OFFICER

It's the spacecraft! Hurry!

The men race forward excitedly.

EXT. WOODED FIELD

The Superior Officer, NASA Guys and Policemen burst into the
clearing, where Eugene, Vicky and Marcia sit around a circle
of flames left from the spacecraft's take off. Eyes closed,
they sing softly.

EUGENE, VICKY & MARCIA
 Kumbaya, my Lord, kumbaya...
 Kumbaya, my Lord, kumbaya...
 Kumbaya, my Lord, kumbaya...
 Oh Lo-ord, kumbaya...

The Policemen turn back to the others, irritated.

POLICEMAN
 It's just some kids camping. You know, I don't care if you guys are from NASA, you've got a lot of explaining to do. The whole town's falling apart and you drag us out here to look for UFO's?

SUPERIOR OFFICER
 (points to Eugene)
 But that's one of them! Didn't you see the spaceship? It was big and shiny and had lots of colored lights...

The Policeman shoves the Superior Officer back into the woods, unbelieving.

POLICEMAN
 Later, pal. Let's get out of here before they start the second verse...

The Policemen prod the Superior Officer and the NASA Guys back into the woods, Eugene, Vicky and Marcia opening their eyes as the flashlight beams recede back into the trees. They look to one another, exchanging triumphant grins.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GARDNER HOUSE - NIGHT

Homeowners are in the street, cleaning up broken glass and debris as Eugene and Vicky walk down the sidewalk, hand in hand. Eugene now carries the black box as they stop in front of his house.

VICKY
 Well! Thanks for a lovely evening.

EUGENE
 Thanks for helping. You want to go out this Friday? I hear Mars is attacking.

Vicky laughs, eyeing Eugene curiously.

VICKY

Are you serious about graduating
and going to college?

EUGENE

Yeah. I think I want to study
astronomy. Maybe I'll go to Jupiter
some day. Or at least figure out
where it is...

VICKY

You're going to miss Joe, aren't
you?

Eugene nods, a sheepish grin on his face.

EUGENE

A little. Even though he was an
incredible space dork, he turned
out to be a pretty good friend. I
just hope he learned as much from
me as I learned from him.

Vicky leans forward, giving Eugene a kiss. He looks at her,
startled.

EUGENE

What was that for?

VICKY

You were serious for a minute. You
actually talked to me like a real
human being.

Smiling, she slowly saunters off down the sidewalk. Eugene
calls after her hopefully.

EUGENE

Serious, huh? So does that mean if
I'm serious someone could get
serious about me?

VICKY

Could be. See you at school
tomorrow.

EUGENE

Bright and early!

Vicky waves as she moves off, Eugene watching her go. He
smiles from ear to ear as he trots up the pathway to his
house.

CUT TO:

INT. GARDNER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The house is a mess. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner clean up after the fight with NASA and the various natural disasters as Eugene enters, calling out cheerfully.

EUGENE

Hi, mom. Hi, dad. What a mess. I suppose you're gonna want an explanation about earlier...

Mr. Gardner speaks calmly.

MR. GARDNER

Actually, your mother and I have discussed it, Eugene, and we decided it might be best if you didn't even try.

EUGENE

(nods)

I'm proud of you. You've made a mature decision.

Eugene steps forward, putting his arms around his parents.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

You know, we've got to do more as a family. I mean, I'm not going to live here forever. I've got college, marriage, a career - we've got to cherish these moments together.

He gives his mother a kiss on the cheek before starting upstairs. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner exchange frightened looks.

MRS. GARDNER

Ed - I'm very scared...

Pausing, Eugene turns back, handing his father the black box.

EUGENE

I almost forgot - Joe wanted me to give you this as a goodbye present. His parents came and picked him up tonight.

MR. GARDNER

What is it?

EUGENE

It's a new remote control. Joe said it's the very best.

MR. GARDNER
 I'll miss that kid. He was...
 (dreamily)
 ... quiet.

Eugene heads back upstairs.

EUGENE
 See you guys in the morning. I want
 to get a little studying done for
 tomorrow. You have been putting
 money away for college, right? I
 hear Harvard can be a little
 pricey.

Mr. Gardner turns to his wife uncertainly.

MR. GARDNER
 I think I liked it better when he
 was lazy.

MRS. GARDNER
 Don't be silly. The exchange
 student idea worked perfectly. It
 sounds like Joe had a very positive
 effect on Eugene.
 (thinks, frowns)
 I wonder what sort of effect Eugene
 had on Joe?

Mr. Gardner sits in his chair, examining the black box like a
 kid with a new toy.

MR. GARDNER
 Let's give this puppy a try...
 (points and fires - TV
 turns on)
 Hey! It works!

Mrs. Gardner applauds, Mr. Gardner studying the keypad on the
 box.

MR. GARDNER (CONT'D)
 I wonder what this button does... ?

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSING TRACT - NIGHT

Every light in the neighborhood suddenly goes out.

CUT TO:

EXT. VARIOUS SHOTS - NIGHT

as lights go off around the world - Del Vista... Hollywood... Las Vegas... Times Square. PULL BACK from the Earth as lights blink off on every continent. CONTINUE TO PULL BACK through space, until we catch up with Joe's spacecraft on it's way back to Jupiter.

INT. SPACESHIP

The interior of the ship is a cross between a sleek futuristic spacecraft and a family station wagon near the end of a three week car trip. We see JOE'S MOTHER, a squat Jupiterian, prepare a plate of 'food'. Moving across the floor, she slides the plate into a cage... where Mr. Speck stands with various other bizarre creatures. Speck grabs the plate, struggling to keep it away from the others - particularly a large, OOZING BEAST who cuddles up to him fondly. As Joe's Mother watches, JOE'S FATHER slides up, putting a tentacled arm around her.

JOE'S MOTHER

(subtitled)

Those smelly Grenatoyans will mate with anything. I hope it doesn't damage Joe's science project.

JOE'S FATHER

(subtitled)

I thought Joe was supposed to take care of his pets. Where is that boy?

INT. SPACESHIP - JOE'S ROOM

A TV plays a broadcast of 'Body Shaping' from Earth. In alien form, Joe slips a cassette into a walkman, Bob Seger's 'Old Time Rock and Roll' blaring over the headphones. He dances joyfully around the room - his parents appearing in the doorway. They watch him, turning to one another, concerned.

JOE'S MOTHER

(subtitled)

Ward - I'm worried about the Beaver...

Joe's Father nods, the music blasting out as the spacecraft cuts through space.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END

