

**Buttermilk**

Written by: Crissy Corvette

A comedy based on a real nightmare.



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EXT. PLANET ANTHRAX - NIGHT

A loud BUZZ, like a swarm of flies. Thunder cracks. Heavy rain.

Three moons hang in a red sky. Lightning illuminates a castle atop a jagged mountain, a grimy futuristic city below.

ON SCREEN TEXT: Planet Anthrax. 1984.

INT. CASTLE ANTHRAX - CONTINUOUS

Queen ELVIRA - fair skin, face hidden by a black veil, elegant plunging spiderweb gown, hefty naturals - sits on a throne.

CEE-CEE - 16, sad eyes, unruly hair, ratty gown, a BLACK STAR mark on each side of her upper chest - weakly whistles on the floor, trapped inside a jar too small to stand in.

Cee-cee stares intently at YOU. Her eyes roll back. The buzz intensifies. Her gentle voice echos. Her mouth doesn't move.

CEE-CEE (V.O.)

**You need to pay attention or you'll  
be lost forever.**

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

An alarm BUZZES. CRISSY - 30s, freckles, dark pixie cut - sleeps fitfully, gripping her stomach. A collection of HALLOWEEN masks hang on the pink wall above her. SNL DVDS on a shelf. 1975-2013.

A FLY zips out of the eye of a PEE-WEE HERMAN mask, lands on Crissy's cheek. She SCREAMS, springs up like Dracula. She glances around, dazed. She eyes the clock, scrambles out of bed.

CRISSY

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

EXT. DOWNTOWN PORTLAND - EVENING

NEEDLE DROP: "Human Fly" by The Cramps.

TRICK-OR-TREATERS run past a dark alleyway. An alley door creaks open. RED LIGHT spills out. UNSEEN VOICES emanate from within, NINJA TURTLE vibes.

ANDY (V.O.)

**Good luck!**

CHRIS (V.O.)

**Be careful, okay?**

TOMMY (V.O.)

**Smell you later, ALF! Ha-ha!**

The red light disappears with a SLAM of the alley door. ALF - a bulky silhouette in a hockey mask, gloves, trench coat - slides headphones on, bows out onto the sidewalk.

The wind blows candy wrappers his way. He picks them up.

ALF (V.O.)  
(to self)  
**Dang litter bugs.**

Alf whistles playfully, struts away among people in costume.

INT. FRED MEYER - SAME TIME

Crissy pulls a tray of pie shells from the oven. CARLY - 30's, curvy, brunette - strolls into the KITCHEN.

CARLY  
Break time, Cris.

Crissy places the tray on a counter, deeply sighs.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
You okay?

CRISSY  
My life's like this pie crust.

CARLY  
What, dry? Bland? Boring? Flaky?

CRISSY  
I was just gonna say empty...

CARLY  
See girl? I keep tellin' you! You just need to get FILLED!

Crissy sulks to the door.

CRISSY  
I'm not a social butterfly like you, Carly.

EXT. FRED MEYER - MOMENTS LATER

Alf stops, silhouetted in the lit STOREFRONT. He folds candy wrappers into the shape of a flower.

ALF'S POV: "Human Fly" blasts on his headphones. A door JINGLES open beside him. He turns. Crissy darts out, a phone held to her ear. A soft BUZZ.

Crissy dashes to her car. A rear window decal reads "IN PUNK WE TRUST." Alf swoons. She grabs a laptop from inside.

CRISSY

(into phone)

No, Mom, I don't need to wear more makeup. Ugh. I gotta go. Why? 'Cause I wanna write. It's a story based on this Mary Shelly kinda nightmare I--  
(rolls eyes)

Ever heard of Frankenstein? She wrote it.

(sighs)

No, I don't wanna hear what Dad has to say about my writing.

She rushes back into the store. Alf pulls a cassette Walkman from his pocket, flips the tape. "Punk Rock Girl" by The Dead Milkmen plays. He bows to Crissy through the front window.

ALF (V.O.)

**Sayonara, dream woman!**

INT. FRED MEYER - EVENING

Crissy freezes at the BREAK ROOM door. She spins. Nobody.

CRISSY

Great. I'm hearing things now.

INT. CASTLE ANTHRAX - DAY

Elvira's eyes glow bright red through her veil. Her chest sways rhythmically.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - SAME TIME

Earth Satellites RATTLE and BLINK.

MONTAGE: People around the globe zone out to sexist, racist ads on screens. Men eye women lustfully. Women are fearful.

INT. CASTLE ANTHRAX - CONTINUOUS

Cee-Cee lies on the floor, drawing. She whistles weakly. Elvira sneers from her throne.

ELVIRA

What nonsense are you drawing now?

Elvira snaps. The paper vanishes, reappears in her hand. A drawing of a couple embracing in front of a WATERFALL.

CEE-CEE

I saw it in a dream. It's near Portal-land, I think. I hope to go someday.

ELVIRA

Stupid girl. I caught you. You'll never leave. You bear the marks of the chaotic creature. You'll ruin the life of anyone dumb enough to come close to you. You cannot be loved.

Elvira crumbles the drawing in her fist. The paper burns.

ELVIRA (CONT'D)

You're my prisoner for all of eternity.

She gestures to a wall of surveillance screens. SEXIST ads. VIOLENT news footage from Earth.

ELVIRA (CONT'D)

Humans are weak, driven by sex and violence. Once I have all of 'em under my control, there's no limit to what I can achieve...

INT. FRED MEYER - EVENING

Crissy types vigorously.

ELVIRA (V.O.)

Or who I can conquer next...

The break room door SLAMS open. Crissy screams, tumbles out of the chair. PEG - 40s, buff, mullet - barges in.

PEG

Hey! Your break was over long, long ago! Strike two. Go home.

CRISSY

I'm sorry! I guess I spaced out. Please, I need the hours. I'm already stressed about rent and--

PEG

Not my problem. I'm not paying ya to write... You're crazy if you think anyone ever will.

Crissy looks down, nods. Peg exits. Crissy tears up, STOMPS.

CRISSY

Shit!

EXT. HIGH RISE - NIGHT

Crissy's car smokes, coasts into a spot.

CRISSY (V.O.)

Shit.

She snuffles out, slams the door. Men close by CATCALL her. She races fearfully into the building.

CRISSY

Shit! Shit! Shit!

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - LATER

The front door swings open. Crissy stands in the doorway, out of sorts.

CRISSY

Honey, I'm home!

Crissy winces, clutches her stomach, staggers inside.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

Oh, right... I'm alone.

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A radio plays sexist ads. Crissy stands at the BATHROOM sink, stares somberly into a bottle of pain relief pills.

The phone RINGS. Crissy sighs, puts the pills away, sulks into the BEDROOM. She turns the radio off, answers the phone.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

Hey. I can't. My car died! No, I don't feel safe walking at night.

Crissy picks up a framed photo from the bedside table. It's Crissy and Carly as WAYNE and GARTH from "Wayne's World".

CRISSY (CONT'D)

I know it's tradition. How close?  
FINE. I'll ride my bike, Ok? Bye.

She hangs up the phone, puts the photo down, eyes the clock. 7:58. She wipes tears away, sits in bed, opens her laptop.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

Just two more hours... I'll go out...  
Everything will be fine.

INT. CASTLE ANTHRAX - NIGHT

Cee-cee sleeps in her jar, alone in the THRONE ROOM. Her eyes pop open, glow white. Her star marks glow. She presses a palm on the floor. A BLACK HOLE spirals open under her hand. She smirks.

Cee-cee's SPIRIT, like a glitchy hologram, slips from her body, disappears into the hole. Her body slumps to the floor.

EXT. DOWNTOWN RED SKY CITY - CONTINUOUS

Cee-cee's spirit sprints through the grimy alleyway. She spots her BOYFRIEND - 17, in a McDonald's GRIMACE costume - dancing with a red CASSETTE WALKMAN. Cee-Cee chuckles, slides into his costume, vanishes inside. "Death or Glory" by The Clash plays.

CEE-CEE (O.S.)

Ooo... The Clash! My favorite.

Cee-cee and her boyfriend sing along. Giggling. Kissing sounds.

BOYFRIEND (V.O.)

**Boy, oh boy. This would be so much cooler if you had your body.**

CEE-CEE (O.S.)

C'mon, Halloweiner. We don't have much time.

The boyfriend opens an alley door. "THE MONSTER MASH" blasts in a bookstore full of costumed shoppers. He trudges inside.

INT. POWELL'S BOOKS - NIGHT

A zombie CASHIER bags punk rock cassette tapes and a souvenir coffee MUG, passes it to Cee-cee's boyfriend.

EXT. PORTLAND - NIGHT

Lights twinkle. Cee-cee nuzzles her boyfriend, silhouetted on a bench overlooking the city.

CEE-CEE

Are you sure we should do this?

BOYFRIEND (V.O.)

**If we don't, the queen will destroy this magical place. My family will stay in her mind prison, and your body will be trapped in her castle forever.**

CEE-CEE

You're right. No one should live in fear or tolerate abuse. We have to stop her now before it's too late. People's minds... their very souls are at stake... But I'm scared of you getting hurt. I'd blame myself. I'm the chaotic creature, remember? I'm cursed to--

BOYFRIEND (V.O.)

**Hey! You're not cursed, Cee-cee. The others say you're the savior.**  
(MORE)

BOYFRIEND (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
**I have to set you free. How else am  
 I gonna serve you coffee in the mug  
 I got you? We're gonna be happy  
 together... Right after we stomp  
 out the queen. Fuck the patriarchy!**

Cee-cee blinks back tears, takes his hand.

CEE-CEE  
 Promise?

He firmly nods, stands, shoulders a baseball bat.

BOYFRIEND (V.O.)  
**Let's get on with it.**

INT. CASTLE ANTHRAX - LATER

Cee-cee, back in her body, braces herself on the floor of her jar. Her boyfriend, still GRIMACE, swings the bat, SMASHES the jar. SIRENS WAIL. RED LIGHTS FLASH. Cee-cee struggles to stand.

CEE-CEE  
 Oh no. I'm too weak...

He scoops her up, leaps out a broken window. The throne room doors SLAM open. Elvira bursts in, rushes to the window. The grimace costume lies in a heap below.

A shadowy figure runs Cee-Cee into the dark woods.

EXT. CASTLE ANTHRAX - CONTINUOUS

Elvira springs from the window with the body of a SPIDER. She scurries down the castle wall. She disappears into the woods.

ELVIRA (O.S.)  
 Say goodbye to your sweetheart.

CEE-CEE (O.S.)  
 NO! PLEASE! Don't hurt him!

Cee-cee screams. Elvira laughs. A distant phone RINGS. Elvira emerges from the forest, splattered in blood.

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A phone RINGS. Crissy intently types. BEEP! The call connects to an answering machine. It's Carly. She's tipsy.

CARLY (V.O.)  
 Crissy! WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?!

Crissy looks at the clock. 11:02. She curses out of bed.



INT. ALBERTA STREET PUB - LATER

Colorful lights flash. An 80s punk tribute band rocks on stage. Crissy - in a Pee-wee Herman costume, and Carly - as Pee-wee's Playhouse friend, MISS YVONNE - shake it on the busy dance floor. Crissy stops dancing, wafts her face. The room spins.

CARLY

Hey, Cris. You okay?

Crissy turns her head, gives Carly a lost, confused look.

CRISSY

(quietly, to herself)

Carly?

(looks side to side)

How did I get here?

Crissy winces, doubles over. Carly places a hand on her back.

CARLY

Damn! Still have that stomach bug?

CRISSY

Yeah... This is why I don't go out anymore. I should go home now.

CARLY

Damn. I'd give you a ride but I'm buzzed.

CRISSY

I'll be okay on my bike.

Carly frowns, hugs Crissy. Crissy waves, staggers away.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PORTLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Rain trickles. Street lights flicker, BUZZ. Crissy cycles down a quiet street. The world blurs around her. She rubs her eyes. Someone whistles a playful tune. She looks up.

ALF whistles, dances in the street ahead, stuffed trick-or-treat bags in his hands. Crissy weakly RINGS her bike bell.

Alf stops, tilts his head, turns...

ALF'S POV: Muffled punk music plays. He looks back at Crissy. She wobbles, slumps off the bike, slams her head with a SICKENING THUD. She rolls into the street, unconscious.

Her eyes are open, rolled back, creepy as hell. UNSEEN, Alf speaks to Crissy. He sounds close.

ALF (V.O.)

*Hey! Uhhhhh, you alright, Pee-wee?!*

Crissy clenches her eyes closed, groans.

ALF (V.O.)  
**PAGING MISTER HERMAN!**

Crissy furrows her brow.

CRISSY (V.O.)  
 (to self)  
*Oh, good. I think I recognize this  
 guy's voice.*

ALF (V.O.)  
**Oh, we definitely DO NOT know each  
 other. Hey, wait a second! How can  
 you hear me?! Geez, Louise! You must  
 have hit your head preeeeeeetty hard!**

Crissy's eyes pop open, dart around. Nobody.

CRISSY  
*W-where are you? I don't see you.*

ALF (V.O.)  
**I'm uhhhhhhhhhhh... Close... Ish...**

Crissy cries, panicked.

CRISSY  
 WHO ARE YOU? How can I *hear* you but  
 not *see* you?! Are you invisible or--  
 (gasps)  
 Am I dying? Fuck. ARE YOU GOD?! I'm  
 sorry I didn't believe you were real!

ALF (V.O.)  
**I'm not god! My friends call me Alf.**

CRISSY  
 ALF?! Like the 80's sitcom starring a  
 furry, cat-eating... Shit! Who am I  
 talking to?

ALF (V.O.)  
**Pfft. Do you think you made me up...  
 So you don't feel lonely when you die  
 alone, in the street, like a loser?**

CRISSY  
 You're right! But, it's okay. I don't  
 wanna be alive anymore. I AM a loser.

ALF (V.O.)  
**WHOA, WHOA, WHOA! Hold on...**

Crissy  
 I'm glad I made you up, Alf. I don't  
 feel alone anymore.  
 (MORE)

Crissy (CONT'D)

It's the nicest thing my asshole brain has ever done for me. I feel at peace, ready to go.

ALF (V.O.)

**Hey! You're wrong, ding-dong! You're not alone... 'Cause I'm here and I'm real... And you're not gonna die... You're not a loser either!**

(lowers voice)

**You're a loner. A rebel.**

Crissy laughs, winces, lightly taps the back of her head.

POV: Crissy eyes the BLOOD on her fingertips.

ALF (V.O.)

**OH NO! Hold on! I'm coming to help. Talk to me. What's your name?**

CRISSY

Crissy Corvette.

ALF (V.O.)

**CRISSY CORVETTE? Hm. Sounds made up. I like it though. Reminds me of that commercial for the doll. How's it go?**

(sings)

**BEAUTIFUL CRISSY HAS MAGICAL HAIR THAT GROWS!**

(clears throat)

**Before your time, I guess. They were a hit in the 70s. Uh, Crissy? Shit!**

Crissy's eyes roll back. The world spirals into darkness.

CUT TO:

BLACK

A loud BUZZ, like a swarm of flies. "Why Can't I Touch It" by the Buzzcocks plays.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Crissy lies beside her bike in front of the EMERGENCY ROOM. A candy wrapper flower is tucked into her jacket pocket.

ALF'S POV: "Why Can't I Touch It" plays muffled on headphones. Alf watches from a distance through branches.

The ER doors slide open. Nurses rush out, lift Crissy onto a stretcher, race her inside.

ALF (V.O.)

**Please be okay, Beautiful Crissy.**

INT. LOS MARBLES APARTMENTS - DAY

Crissy - soiled Pee-wee suit, bandaged head - strolls her bike through the busy lobby. She pulls the candy wrapper flower from her pocket, eyes it curiously.

ALF (V.O.)

**HEY! You're awake!**

Crissy screams, fumbles with the flower, drops her bike. CRASH! The room goes quiet. People look her way. She cringes.

ALF (V.O.)

**The flowers from me. Made it myself.  
I like to twist garbage into art.**

Crissy spins, wide-eyed.

ALF (V.O.)

**Uh, lookin' for me? I'm not there,  
silly goose. Oh no! Does this mean  
you forgot about your new best pal,  
Alfie? I dropped you off at the ER...  
We spoke on and off all last night!  
You confessed your love to me. Well,  
that was after they zonked you up  
with all those drugs.**

Crissy picks up her bike, darts to the elevator.

CRISSY (V.O.)

**ALF?!**

ALF (V.O.)

**That's my name, don't wear it out!**

Crissy stops at the ELEVATOR, pushes the up button. She looks around. The coast is clear. She whispers to Alf.

CRISSY

This is crazy. I thought I made you up. I don't get it... How can we hear each other?

ALF (V.O.)

**Remember, I can also see what you  
see... When you consent to it. I  
don't know how or why this is  
happening... But it's amazing.**

CRISSY

Can we meet? Can I get you a "thanks-for-saving-my-life" burger?

ALF (V.O.)

**Aw. I wish I could. I LOVE burgers!  
(sighs sadly)  
But, I can't. I took off last night.  
(MORE)**

ALF (V.O.) (CONT'D)

**I was only in town for the day. I'm far, back home now.**

CRISSY

Damn. How far are we talkin'? Like out of city far? Out of state far?

ALF (V.O.)

**Off pl -- Uhhhhh... Country. I'm out of the country.**

CRISSY

WHAT?!

Crissy winces, holds her head.

ALF (V.O.)

**I'm still shocked the doctor said the stomach thing from last night was just NERVES! That's a bunch-a BILLY BOLONEY! Right, Pee-wee?**

DING! The elevator opens. Crissy's neighbor, MR. SAMPLE - 60s, tall, amusingly awkward - waits inside.

CRISSY

Good morning, Mr. Sample.

Mr. Sample gawks at a large ink stain on his shirt pocket.

MR. SAMPLE

Hey, Christy. Well, you know that new pocket protector I got? It's garbage! I have to go back up... You coming?

Crissy nods, steps inside. The doors close.

ALF (V.O.)

**Did he just call you "Christy"?**

Mr. Sample notices Crissy's costume and bandaged head.

MR. SAMPLE

Whoa-ho-ho-ho! Party a little too hard last night, *Mr. Herman?*

CRISSY

Nope. Bike accident. Hit my head.

MR. SAMPLE

Where was your cool helmet, Pee-wee?!

ALF (V.O.)

**Yeah! Hit your noodle hard enough, you may start hearing a hilarious, super sexy man's voice in your head!**

Crissy snorts, rolls her eyes. Mr. Sample glares at her.

MR. SAMPLE  
*Gosh-dang-darn-it*, Christy! Head  
 trauma's not something to laugh at!

Crissy looks at Mr. Sample, oblivious. Alf laughs. DING! The elevator stops, opens. Crissy waves to Mr. Sample, rushes out.

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Crissy giggles into her apartment, parks her bike under a framed CLASH poster.

ALF (V.O.)  
**No way! The Clash? I play drums in a  
 Clash tribute band!**

CRISSY  
 Ooh! You're a punk rocker, too?

Crissy swoons. Alf laughs. Crissy meanders into her bedroom.

ALF (V.O.)  
**Wow. Your place is so cool! Tidy too.**

CRISSY  
 I'm a stress cleaner.

ALF (V.O.)  
**Dang. I take bubble baths and get  
 drunk when I'm stressed.**

Crissy smiles into the BATHROOM, flips on the light.

ALF (V.O.)  
**So, what do you do for fun?**

CRISSY  
 I uh... write screenplays.

Crissy starts the shower.

ALF (V.O.)  
**Ooo, a screenwriter! I've never met a  
 celebrity before!**

Crissy shakes her head no.

CRISSY  
 Nobody cares about my work. I feel  
 dumb. I shouldn't have told you.

ALF (V.O.)  
**Why do you say that?**

CRISSY

Wanna know the quickest way to make anyone stop talking to you? Tell 'em you're a writer.

ALF (V.O.)

**Ha-ha. Well, your mind fascinates me... I can't imagine how amazing your imagination must be!**

Crissy blushes.

CRISSY

I think that's the nicest thing someone has ever said to me.

Crissy removes her Pee-wee jacket.

ALF (V.O.)

**Uh, should I go? I'm gonna be blunt. If we keep talking, I'm gonna end up flirting shamelessly with you.**

Crissy laughs.

CRISSY

WHOA! Flirt alert!

ALF (V.O.)

**Heh. Is that okay? I don't think I can control it much longer. I'm feeling some serious butterflies.**

CRISSY

So, are you saying you wanna be starting something?

ALF (V.O.)

It's not everyday you meet someone this way... I think we gotta be starting something, right?

CRISSY

I dig your upfront approach... It's efficient. But before I answer, I have to ask; What's your favorite movie? I feel like I can learn a lot about a person that way.

ALF (V.O.)

(sings)

*Wayne's World! Wayne's World! Party time! Excellent!* Final answer.

CRISSY

Great choice. I think I can trust a Wayne's World fan. I love all things SNL. Stay. Flirt away.

ALF (V.O.)

**YES!**

(sadly sighs)

**I have be honest with you. You're way out of my league. Out of my orbit, even. You'd run from me. I'm old and uh... Bulky. I eat trash. My body makes funny noises, too.**

Crissy shrugs.

CRISSY

I guess I'm into old-n-bulky now. Looks can change... But funny is forever. Besides...

Crissy strips in front of a too-foggy-to-see-shit mirror.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

I've never had a kind voice in my head before. It's nice.

Alf gulps. She hops into the tub, disappears behind the curtain.

ALF (V.O.)

**WHOA! Just when I think I couldn't be more impressed by you... You give me two more reasons why!**

Crissy snorts.

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Crissy cackles into bed, lies down, smiles at the ceiling.

ALF (V.O.)

**I know this is weird, since I can't actually be there, but can we go out together? To the park or something?**

Crissy tenses up, curls onto her side.

CRISSY

I don't know... I'm in the middle of several writing projects. I need to stay home until I finish something. Plus I'm scared to go out alone.

ALF (V.O.)

**But you won't be alone! I'll be your date! It's not right for you to be cooped up all the time. No one should live their life in fear. Please!**

Crissy smiles down to her hands.



CRISSY

Okay.

Alf cheers. Crissy laughs, wipes tears away.

MONTAGE:

"Perfect Day" by Lou Reed plays.

- Crissy wakes, smiles up to her BEDROOM ceiling. She speaks, giggles alone.

- Crissy buys flowers at the PORTLAND SATURDAY MARKET. She laughs, strolls through the crowd, has a lively chat with thin air. People stare.

- Crissy - mid-length curly hair with "Bettie" bangs - finds a CLASH t-shirt at a THRIFT STORE. She squeals. A bystander looks up, watches Crissy talk to herself, high-five thin air.

- Crissy bakes pies, giggles to herself in the bakery KITCHEN. Carly ices a cake, stares at Crissy, eyebrow raised.

- Rain taps the window in the TV-lit LIVING ROOM. Portlandia plays on TV. Crissy busily writes on her laptop. She looks up, speaks, chuckles. She stands, sways to her RECORD PLAYER.

She puts on Lou Reed. Her eyes sparkle. She cradles an imaginary partner, twirls, dips, waltzes with thin air.

EXT. LOS MARBLES APARTMENTS - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Sample steps out of his car, spots Crissy through her window, dancing. Hot and heavy. Alone. He raises an eyebrow.

MR. SAMPLE

Dang! Christy's lost her marbles!

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A loud BUZZ. Crissy squirms in the sheets beside an open laptop.

LOU REED (V.O.)

*YOU'RE GOING TO REAP JUST WHAT YOU  
SOW..*

INT. HOLY BEANZ COFFEE - MORNING

Crissy yawns, stands in front of a BARISTA in a busy cafe. The world is fuzzy, quiet around them. "Perfect Day" ends.

BARISTA

Name for the order?

Alf interjects.

ALF (V.O.)

**Crunchy.**

Crissy sleepily repeats.

CRISSY

Crunchy.

BARISTA

CRUNCHY?

Crissy blinks, LAUGHS in the barista's face. The barista stares. Crissy throws her palms up.

CRISSY

Oh, sorry, I wasn't laughing at you.

(points to head, smirks)

This guy's a real comedian!

Crissy glances around. Bystanders stare.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

(shyly, to barista)

It's Crissy. No H.

Crissy squirms to an empty table, spots a photo booth in the corner. Lights flash behind the curtains. A couple giggles inside. Crissy sighs.

CRISSY (V.O.)

**I've always wanted to do that with somebody.**

Crissy stares somberly at the empty seat beside her.

BARISTA (O.S.)

ORDER FOR CRISPY No H! CRISPY!?

Alf laughs. Crissy rolls her eyes, gets up, nabs her coffee. She scoffs at the name "Crispy No H" on the cup.

EXT. HOLY BEANZ COFFEE - CONTINUOUS

Crissy groans out of the shop onto the busy sidewalk. A businessman TAPS on his phone, shoulders Crissy hard as he passes. She screams, spins, splashes coffee onto herself.

ALF (V.O.)

(to businessman)

**HEY, MAN! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!**

The businessman stops, eyes Crissy in disgust. He scoffs, struts away on his phone. Crissy whines at her soaked clothes.

ALF (V.O.)  
**I'M MAD AS A... AS A HORNET!**

Crissy pouts to her car.

ALF (V.O.)  
**Why'd you let him get away with that?  
 If I was there... I'd give him a  
 piece of my mind, like...**  
 (sassy tone)  
**"HEY, PAL. That was really rude! Come  
 back and apologize to Crispy right  
 now. RIGHT... NOW!"**

INT. CRISSY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Crissy climbs inside, SLAMS the door, cries into her palms.

ALF (V.O.)  
**Look, I know you don't like  
 confrontation, but it's our duty as  
 punk rockers to call jerks out.  
 Nobody should tolerate abuse.**

CRISSY  
 People look at me like I'm crazy.

ALF (V.O.)  
**You're not crazy.**

CRISSY  
 Pfft... Says my boyfriend that I  
 met telepathically. Ugh, it sounds  
 crazier when I say that out loud.

ALF (V.O.)  
**Okay, okay, okay. It was gonna be a  
 surprise, but uh... I'm gonna be in  
 town tomorrow for work. I was  
 thinking I'd swing by...**

Crissy  
 What? Really?!

Crissy smiles, wipes tears away.

ALF (V.O.)  
**It's Halloween. Kinda our  
 anniversary, isn't it?**

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Crissy walks a buttermilk pie to the open bedroom window.

CRISSY  
 Surprise! I made you my specialty.

ALF (V.O.)  
**Wow, thanks! Uh, what is it?**

CRISSY  
 Buttermilk pie! My own secret  
 recipe. It's...  
 (Tina Turner impression)  
*SIMPLY THE BEST!...*

She places the pie on the window sill.

ALF (V.O.)  
**I'd love to taste your pie.**

Crissy blushes.

CRISSY  
 Are you really out there?

She reaches a hand out the window.

CRISSY (CONT'D)  
 This is gonna sound crazy, but I  
 think I can feel when you're close.

A tree shakes in the dark park across the street.

ALF (V.O.)  
**Here I am! See?**

Crissy gasps, waves Alf over.

CRISSY  
 This is silly, let me buzz you in!

ALF (V.O.)  
**Nope. I only agreed to prove to you  
 that I'm real. I love you, but I'm  
 buggin' out, can't do it. I don't  
 want anyone to see me. I'm gross.**

CRISSY  
 But... DUDE, I love you and want to  
 get gross with you. Really gross.  
 (playful fit)  
 C'mon! Do me a solid. I need it!

ALF (V.O.)  
**Ha! Aw, Crissy cakes! That's the most  
 romantic thing someone has ever said  
 to me. I wanna get gross with you,  
 too... But I'd be way too insecure  
 to, uhhhhh, perform. I'd be limp as a  
 noodle in a hot tub!**

Crissy deflates. She rubs her chin. She perks up, snaps.

CRISSY  
Oh! Oh! Oh! I know!

She pulls a vintage train case from under her bed.

ALF (V.O.)  
**Eh... What's that for?**

Crissy smirks, unlatches the case.

CRISSY  
Usually, I require P.O.M to proceed.

ALF (V.O.)  
**A what?**

She digs around inside.

CRISSY  
Proof of mohawk. Photo evidence that  
you've had one, at some point. Can't  
do that? MOVE ALONG!  
(sassy, wags finger)  
I have BETTER THINGS TO DO!

ALF (V.O.)  
**Heh. I actually do have a mohawk  
photo. I was a teenager.**

CRISSY  
I trust you.

Crissy pulls out a blindfold, slips it over her eyes.

ALF (V.O.)  
**Wait. What are you doing?!**

CRISSY  
There. Problem solved. Climb in from  
the fire escape. I won't peek!

Crissy smirks, lifts her nightgown over her head. Alf gasps.

EXT. LOS MARBLES APARTMENTS - CONTINUOUS

POV: Muffled punk plays. Alf peers through TREE BRANCHES into  
Crissy's window. She's in pinup-style undies.

(V.O.)  
**SCHWING!**

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Crissy shimmies in bed.

CRISSY  
 You really going to turn down *this*?  
                   (bounces)  
 And *this*...  
                   (kicks up leg)  
 And *this*?

                  ALF (V.O.)  
**OO-DE-LALLY! Damn it. Fine. You've  
 won me over with your jiggly powers  
 of persuasion. I didn't know you were  
 a snake charmer, girl!**

Crissy swoons blissfully back onto the bed.

                  ALF (V.O.)  
**One more thing. I don't want you to  
 touch me. That might scare you.**

                  CRISSY  
 Okay. Sounds fun. Let's go!

                  ALF (V.O.)  
**Haha! WOW. This is like, the  
 coolest thing that's ever happened  
 to me! I'm flying up the stairs  
 now! Be there in a second!**

Crissy wiggles excitedly. A clatter at the window. A shadow of a slim man stretches over her.

                  ALF (V.O.)  
**Hey. It's me. Should I eat this pie  
 later... Or...?**

                  CRISSY  
 I want you to eat it now.

                  ALF (V.O.)  
**Uhhhhhhhhh... I'm not so sure we're  
 talking about the same thing...**

ALF - a monstrous, spiny-haired dark figure - crosses the window. The curtains whoosh closed. Crissy is enveloped in darkness. Scarfing sounds. Heavy footsteps.

                  ALF (V.O.)  
**Yum! I'm gonna turn on music, okay?**

Click. A dim red glow. "Two Tickets to Paradise" by Eddie Money. Crissy dances, beckons to Alf with a finger. He giggles. A creak at the foot of the bed.

                  ALF (V.O.)  
**Are you sure you want to do this?  
 You're not uncomfortable at all?**

CRISSY

You kidding? I think this is the healthiest relationship I've been in! I've never felt this safe with anyone. I consent, okay?

ALF (V.O.)

**We should have a safe word.**

Crissy impatiently snaps, waves him over.

CRISSY

It's "Houston, we have a problem".

Alf laughs.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

Alright, Mister... These are for you!

She mimes pulling something out of her pocket, holds it up.

ALF (V.O.)

**Uhh. What's that?**

Crissy sings, waves JAZZ HANDS over her chest and crotch.

CRISSY

*I'VE GOT-- TWO TICKETS TO PARADISE!*

Alf laughs. A belt unbuckles. A loud BUZZ. Two bubbled, blistered, oozing HANDS grab Crissy's ankles, tug her down in bed. She gasps, giggles, squeals!

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - LATER

80s radio plays. The shower creaks off in the DARK bathroom.

Crissy - blindfolded, giant hair like she's been electrocuted, black SMUDGES on her body like she's been through a messy battle - smiles satisfied under the blankets.

The bathroom door creaks open.

ALF (V.O.)

**Bulb's out in there. That was the weirdest, darkest shower of my life! I was a real mess after, heh. I left some of my uhhhhh, mess on you. I tried to wipe it off--**

CRISSY

Don't worry about it. I did tell you to hit me with your best shot!

ALF (V.O.)

**Heh. Yep, and I fired away!**

A slim, shadowy silhouette - ALF - leans over Crissy.

ALF (V.O.)  
**Alright, dandelion. I'm taking off.**

CRISSY  
 Goodnight you *big, bad, boss daddy*.

ALF (V.O.)  
**What did you just call me?!**

Alf kisses her. He pulls away. Crissy pouts.

CRISSY  
 I miss you already. Sure you can't stay for thirds, fourths, fifths?

ALF (V.O.)  
**I wish I could...**

CRISSY  
 I wish you could stay forever. I want to be with you, Alf.

ALF (V.O.)  
**I want that, too. It kills me to leave, but I can't do sleepovers... It's my uh, health condition. You understand, right?**

Alf whistles "OO-DE-LALLY" by ROGER MILLER as his FOOTSTEPS move away. The front door clicks open. Crissy peeks under the blindfold. A RED GLOW fills the doorway.

Alf - slim, back turned, silhouetted in a trench coat, slides on headphones. Crissy spots THREE MOONS hanging in a red sky. She furrows her brow, rubs her eyes. Alf steps out, stops.

ALF (V.O.)  
**I don't know when or how... But we're going to be together. I PROMISE. I need more time to work on myself. Well, goodnight, sleep tight, don't let the bed bugs bite. I'll talk to you in the morning, okay?**

The door closes. Crissy rips off the blindfold, WOOS!

EXT. DOWNTOWN RED SKY CITY - NIGHT

Alf spins out of a building under a red sky, WOOS! He sambas down a sidewalk. He prances into a pub, *BUTTERFLY TAVERN*. Terrified SCREAMS within. Alf races out, wide-eyed.

He spots his reflection in a storefront window. He looks exactly like goofball actor FRED ARMISEN. He SCREAMS.



INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Crissy tosses in her sleep.

EXT. DOWNTOWN RED SKY CITY - SAME TIME

Red lights flash. Sirens wail. A blue 77' AMC Pacer - the MIRTHMOBILE from Wayne's World - skids to a stop in front of Alf. He bangs on the windows, begs to be let in.

INT. MIRTHMOBILE - SAME TIME

Alf beats on the windshield. Three shadowy figures inside.

TOMMY (V.O.)

**What is that THING?!**

ALF

OH... Come on guys, LET ME IN!

Alf jiggles the door handles. Locked.

ANDY (V.O.)

**Is that... Is that ALF?**

Alf bangs on the windows.

CHRIS (V.O.)

**Sounds like him! Holy shit. HE DID IT, GUYS!**

TOMMY (V.O.)

**He looks ridiculous!**

ANDY (V.O.)

**DUDE, SHUT UP and LET HIM IN!**

A blinding spotlight hits Alf. The shadow of a MONSTROUS BUG is cast on the brick building behind him.

CHRIS (V.O.)

**Oh no. He's in trouble!**

ALF

(to friends in the car)

GO! YOU GUYS GET OUT OF HERE NOW!

The car speeds away. Alf squints toward the light. A silhouette of a SPIDER drops from the sky. Alf SCREAMS.

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Crissy SCREAMS awake. She eyes the smudges on her body, confused. She spots a bundle of dandelions on the windowsill next to the empty pie pan.

CRISSY

Aw! You're the sweetest, Alfie. Man,  
I just had the worst nightmare...

No response.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

Hello?! Earth to Alf! You there?

INT. LOS MARBLES APARTMENTS - LATER

Crissy stands alone in the elevator, smirks, wags her chest.

CRISSY

Are you really gonna ignore THIS?!

(distressed)

UGH! Hey, ALF! WHAT'S GOING ON? Are  
you upset about last night? Was it  
too freaky? Too fast? Was the...

*Situation...* Too hairy for ya? Ha-ha-  
ha... OH, COME ON! TALK TO ME!

No response. Crissy's lip quivers. She looks down, sobs.

MONTAGE:

"Blue" from "Raggedy Ann & Andy, A Musical Adventure" plays.

- Crissy cries alone in the break room at FRED MEYER.

- Crissy - MID-LENGTH dark, curly hair - sobs, frantically  
cleans her spotless APARTMENT.

- Crissy weeps on her sofa. Big Mouth plays on TV. She gasps,  
curls up in pain.

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Crissy - LONG curly hair, in CANDY PRINT PAJAMAS - snuffles in  
bed, stares at her laptop. Her hands hover over the keyboard.

CRISSY

Come on... Write something! Anything!

(rages)

God dammit... FUCK!

She pushes her laptop away. It slides off the bed, SMASHES  
onto the floor.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

Oh no. Shit, shit, shit!

Crissy eyes her laptop. It sparks.

CRISSY (CONT'D)  
EVERYTHING FUCKING SUCKS NOW.

She collapses onto the bed, stares at the ceiling.

CRISSY (CONT'D)  
Why'd you stop talking to me? Did I  
do something wrong?  
(bitterly)  
Please talk to me. Say ANYTHING!  
PLEASE! LET ME KNOW YOU'RE OKAY!

Silence. Her eyes swell with tears.

CRISSY (CONT'D)  
Could you be... *Dead?*

Crissy turns, cries hysterically into her pillow.

CUT TO:

BLACK

Crissy cries. Alf whistles a playful tune. Flies BUZZ.

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Crissy tosses in her sleep.

INT. ENDLESS HALLWAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Crissy - in candy print pajamas - races, terrified, through an endless labyrinth of checkered-floor hallways. Neon lights flicker and BUZZ. She skids to a stop, buckles in pain. Someone whistles a playful tune. Crissy looks up.

ALF - back turned, salt and pepper hair, in a hospital gown - hurries away in a hallway, arms laden with pages of artwork. A page slips out, wafts into the air, lands at Crissy's feet.

She picks it up. A pin-up sketch of Crissy - Wayne's World cap, sexy spiderweb teddy, fishnets, hefty naturals.

Crissy raises an eyebrow, squints at Alf.

CRISSY  
Alf?!

He stops.

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (END DREAM SEQUENCE)

The BUZZ intensifies. Crissy's eyelids blink rapidly over ROLLED BACK eyes.

INT. ENDLESS HALLWAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Crissy catches up to Alf, grabs his shoulder.

INT. THE SPIDERS INN MOTEL - NIGHT (END DREAM SEQUENCE)

RED LIGHTS FLASH. SIRENS WAIL. A familiar bulky form, Alf - covered head to toe in a sheet, pinned to a bed by SPIDERWEBS - jerks awake, strains against the webs.

ALFRED (V.O.)

**Crissy?!**

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's quiet. Crissy sleeps with her eyes open, rolled back. She jerks awake. Her eyes dart around the empty room. "Love Like Anthrax" by Gang of Four plays. Crissy sobs out of bed.

INT. THE SPIDERS INN MOTEL - SAME TIME

A group of menacing, man-sized BUG ALIENS swarm into the LOBBY. They pause in the same expectant pose.

UNSEEN WOMAN (V.O.)

**Hurry! Get him before he escapes!**

The bug aliens scurry off in different directions.

INT. THE SPIDERS INN MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Alf - hidden under the sheet like a ghost - weakly whistles. He jerks the door open. Pounding footsteps echo in a grimy motel HALLWAY. He quickly shuts the door.

ALF (V.O.)

**Marco? Crissy? Dammit. Too weak to reach her. I must go to her.**

He opens the door again. A dark, deserted FRED MEYER. Alf gulps, leaps through the portal.

ALF (V.O.)

**Yabba-Dabba-Doo!**

He SLAMS the door behind him. Bug-alien henchman crash through the same door into a now EMPTY ROOM.

INT. FRED MEYER - NIGHT

Alf crashes into a table full of BUTTERMILK pies.

ALF(V.O.)

**Score!**

Alf pulls a pie under the sheet, stands, SCARFS his way to the men's clothing section. He leaves a trail of SLUDGE.

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

The shower RUNS. Crissy tips a bottle of PAIN RELIEF pills over her palm at the BATHROOM counter. The pills pour out all at once, spill onto the floor. Crissy picks them up, cries.

The room fills with STEAM.

INT. FRED MEYER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peg and Carly wafts SMOKE. Crissy pulls burned pies from the oven.

PEG

How many pies have ya burned now,  
SPACE QUEEN?

Crissy recoils in pain, drops the tray. Pies SPLATTER.

CARLY

C'mon Peg, don't call her that.

PEG

She has the attention span of a gnat!

Crissy hyperventilates on the floor.

CARLY

She's obviously sick.

PEG

Show me a doctor's note! I say it's  
all in her head!

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - LATER

Crissy sits at a desk in an outdated office. A DOCTOR - 60's, crotchety, southern accent - examines an image of her brain clipped to a light-box. A loud CRASH overhead. Crissy and the doctor look up at a ceiling vent.

DOCTOR

Damn raccoons are back...

The doctor turns to Crissy, gestures to the brain image.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Everything looks okay, structurally.  
(reads from clipboard)  
(MORE)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Would you say you're actively suicidal or passively suicidal?

CRISSY

I live in Portland, I'm passive-aggressively suicidal.

DOCTOR

(exasperated)

To be honest, Cristina, the voices being gone is a GOOD thing. It means your health is improving!

CRISSY

A voice. Not voices. Anyway, what about my stomach pain? It feels like I'm being eaten alive!

DOCTOR

Anxiety... Very common with women.

Crissy scoffs. The doctor sits, writes a prescription.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

You should learn to walk away from things that stress you out.

CRISSY

Pfft, like reality?

The doctor rolls his eyes, hands her the slip, walks out. Crissy frowns at the prescription.

INT. PHARMACY - LATER

A PHARMACIST smacks gum, swipes a card. Declined.

PHARMACIST

Do you have another form of payment?

Crissy shakes her head, sulks away.

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Crissy sits in bed on the phone, weeps into her palm.

CRISSY'S MOM (V.O.)

Dad says you don't need those crazy pills anyway. I wish I could help, honey, but Dad's the boss.

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (END FLASHBACK)

Crissy manically cries, stares into the bathroom mirror.

CRISSY

Sorry, Alf. I can't do this anymore.

Crissy gulps the pills, smiles triumphantly at the mirror. The door pops open behind her. She hears a SOMBER WOMAN's voice.

SOMBER WOMAN (O.S.)

He's coming back...

The door gently closes. Crissy spins, rushes to the door, peeks into her bedroom. Nobody.

CRISSY

Alf...?

INT. LOS MARBLES APARTMENTS - MOMENTS LATER

Crissy bawls, quickly taps the down button on the elevator. Her eyes roll back. She drops, convulses on the floor.

INT. LOS MARBLES APARTMENTS - SAME TIME

Cheerful ELEVATOR music plays. Alf - salt and pepper hair, scruffy beard, black frame glasses, earbuds, white jacket, dandelion tucked in a pocket - chats on his phone.

ALF

Of course I'm not going to tell her, dummy! Why open that can of worms? It'd scare her off!

(rolls eyes)

Mind your own beeswax. I wanna start over, clean slate. I even changed my name. She'll never guess it's me! Hey, gotta go. I'm here.

He hangs up. Muffled music plays on his earbuds. He boogies. The elevator dings open, a shadow of a GIANT WINGED BUG stretches over Crissy, unconscious on the floor.

Alf twirls out of the elevator, trips over Crissy. He gasps, crashes to the floor. His phone flings from his hand. His earbuds disconnect. "I Fought the Law" by The Clash blasts.

THE CLASH

(on phone)

*I LEFT MY BABY AND IT FEELS SO BAD.  
GUESS MY RACE IS RUN. SHE'S THE BEST  
GIRL THAT I EVER HAD...*

Alf winces, looks back, spots Crissy.

ALF!

OH NO-NO-NO!

Alf hops up. The dandelion falls from his pocket as he scrambles to her side. He gently shakes her, taps her cheeks.

ALF

Crissy, wake up! I don't like this!

No response. He checks her pulse. He gasps, begins CPR. Mr. Sample steps out of his apartment, eyes Crissy on the floor.

MR. SAMPLE

Oh no... W-what's wrong with Christy?

ALF

Please! Call for help!

Mr. Sample nods, dials his phone. Crissy, gags, pukes pills.

ALF (V.O) (CONT'D)

**I'm sorry. This is my fault. I should have stayed away. I'm cursed.**

Crissy weakly opens her eyes. A blurred Alf hovers over her, panicked. She smiles, reaches up, plays with his hair. Surprised, Alf blushes. A soft BUZZ.

CRISSY

Alf? Is it really you?

Her arm drops. Her eyes roll back. Alf cries, cradles her tightly. A distant ambulance WAILS. WEE-WOO! WEE-WOO! WEE-WOO!

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A NURSE pushes Crissy in a wheelchair up to a waiting car. Carly hops out, hugs Crissy.

CARLY

Girl! You won't believe the week I've had at work. Someone broke in and trashed the store. They left the employee shower running!

Carly helps Crissy into the car.

CRISSY

Wow. Must'a been the wet bandits.

Carly laughs into the car.

CARLY

So, what the heck happened?!

INT. LOS MARBLES APARTMENTS - LATER

Carly scowls at Crissy in the ELEVATOR.



CARLY

YOU WERE RIGHT! I would have told you it was a bad idea. You can't maintain a relationship OVER THE PHONE!

CRISSY

Yeah... Over the phone. What can I say? He saved my life...  
(clasps hands, bats eyes)  
And he had the most beautiful voice!

CARLY

My advice? Move on. Wanna know the fastest way to get over ex-boyfriend dick? New dick! We need to find you a boy-toy, girl.

Crissy rolls her eyes. DING! The elevator opens. Crissy and Carly stroll out. Crissy spots a wilted dandelion on the floor. Someone whistles a playful tune.

Crissy and Carly turn their heads. Alf whistles, carries instruments into an apartment, closes the door.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Hey, that's PIE GUY!

Crissy looks at Carly, confused. Carly chuckles.

CARLY (CONT'D)

He's been in the store every day for the past week.

*EXT. FRED MEYER - DAY (FLASHBACK)*

*Alf sits on the curb, eats a buttermilk pie, watches traffic.*

CARLY (V.O.)

He buys a pie then sits on the curb outside and eats the whole damn thing! He had a hissy fit when I told him he bought the last buttermilk pie for the season.

(mocking tone)

"I can't live without it!".

*INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER*

Crissy closes the door behind Carly.

CARLY

He's really fucking weird.

CRISSY

Don't be mean. I think he's cute.

CARLY

That wasn't mean. You love weird!

Carly gestures widely to Crissy's quirky vintage decor.

CARLY (CONT'D)

He's like... The embodiment of the things you're into... Silly things from the '60s! Haha!

Crissy swoons against the door.

CRISSY

I think... I need to... Lie down now.

Crissy slides down to the floor, smiles goofily. Carly laughs. Crissy pops up. Carly opens the door, steps out.

CARLY

Go over there, he'll invite you in!

Crissy rolls her eyes.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Think! You could wake up tomorrow in your bed or his. You can wake up kissing him or your pillow. Besides--  
(phony southern accent)  
Mama always said the way to a man's heart is through his fly!

CRISSY

Pfft. Look, I don't know the guy. I'm not even thinking about doing THAT...

CARLY

Ha! Yeah, right. I'm curious, how long has it been since you've...?

CRISSY

There's cobwebs.

Carly laughs, turns away, digs in her purse.

CARLY

Oof! I know! Make him a pie. That'll give you an excuse to go over there!

Carly stops, turns, tosses Crissy an EDIBLE.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Take this. It'll help you relax.

Crissy laughs, closes her door, smirks. She eats the edible.

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - LATER

"Uncontrollable Urge" by Devo plays. Crissy wildly dances, pulls two pies from the oven, places them on the stove. She peeks into her undies, speaks in the voice of Gandalf from L.O.T.R.

CRISSY  
AWAKEN, OLD FRIEND!

Crissy wags her knees, makes her crotch speak as the CAVE OF WONDERS sand-tiger from Disney's ALADDIN.

CRISSY (CONT'D)  
Whoooooo disturbs my sluuuumber?!

INT. ALFRED'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Punk music plays. Alfred boogies in a BUBBLEBATH. His skin is bubbled, blistered, oozing. He empties a jug of buttermilk over his head, rubs it into his body.

CRISSY (V.O.)  
**The time has finally come.**

He raises an eyebrow, tosses the jug onto a pile in the corner. He picks up a wine glass, takes a sip.

CRISSY (V.O.)  
**Tonight... We return to POUND-TOWN!**

Alfred spits wine.

INT. LOS MARBLES APARTMENTS - LATER

Crissy walks to Alfred's door, a foil-wrapped pie in hand.

Trash bags stuffed with Buttermilk cartons are heaped around his door. Crissy lifts a brow, knocks, hears a loud cough from inside. The door opens a crack. Pitch black inside.

ALFRED (O.S.)  
(creaks)  
Hello?

Crissy holds up the pie.

CRISSY  
Hi-de-ho, new neighbor! I'm Crissy.  
Surprise! I made you a pie!

A rotted corpse-like hand shoots out, rips the pie from Crissy's hands. She screams. A scarfing sound. A burp.

ALFRED (O.S.)  
Mmm! Delizioso! It's like you read my  
mind! I needed this!

A TOOT. The door slams in Crissy's face.

ALFRED (CONT'D)  
 (through door)  
 Sorry, can't talk! GOODBYE!

Her eyes fill with tears. She rushes back to her apartment.

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

"Window Song" by The Mountain Goats plays. Crissy wakes, finds Alfred asleep beside her in bed. She smiles, rolls over on top of him, kisses him.

CRISSY  
 Thanks for coming over.

He smiles awake, wraps his arms around her, drums on her butt.

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - MORNING (END DREAM SEQUENCE)

An alarm RINGS. Crissy sleeps, passionately holds, kisses a pillow. She giggles awake, scoffs at the pillow, tosses it away.

CRISSY  
 Ugh. I'm such a loser!

INT. FRED MEYER - LATER

Crissy yawns, pushes a cart into the BAKERY. Someone coughs. She looks up. Alfred stands at Carly's register. Crissy gasps, ducks behind the cart, peeks over. He takes a bag from Carly, sulks away. Carly spots Crissy.

CARLY  
 What are you doing over there?

CRISSY  
 Oh... I... Uh... Dropped something.

Crissy awkwardly mimes picking up an imaginary object off the floor. She pretend pockets it, moseys behind the counter.

CARLY  
 You just missed pie guy. I think he bought our entire stock of buttermilk... So 'effin' bizarre.

Crissy turns, spots Alfred through the store window.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
 Take your lunch. Go talk to him.

Crissy nervously squeals. Carly fluffs Crissy's curls.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Peacock it, girl!

EXT. FRED MEYER - CONTINUOUS

Alfred, seated on the curb, chugs a carton of buttermilk. He idly watches traffic. The door jingles open behind him. He turns. Crissy steps out. He chokes, tosses the carton.

They lock eyes. Crissy smiles at him, twitter-pated. Alf cracks a smile, hold out a hand.

ALFRED  
H-hi. I'm Alfred Kramdon. I'm your new neighbor. Remember me? We met before... Kinda.

Crissy's eyes sparkle. She takes his hand, doesn't let go.

CRISSY  
Al... Fred? Hmm, wild guess... I bet your friends call you Alf.

ALFRED  
No! Nobody's ever called me that. I uh, was the one who found you out cold by the elevator. Geez, that was so scary. Are You okay?

Crissy drops Alfred's hand, gives him a puzzled look.

CRISSY  
Oh. I thought I knew you from somewhere else.

Alfred tilts his head. Crissy shrugs.

CRISSY (CONT'D)  
I mean... You remind me of someone I used to know. Anyway. I'm okay...

Alfred notices she is in her thrifted Clash tee.

ALFRED  
You know what? You remind me of someone I used to know, too.

CRISSY  
I hope that's a good thing.

ALFRED  
It is.

He looks away. Crissy spots an unused earbud dangling onto his chest. She snags it, leans over to listen.

CRISSY  
Hey, whatcha' listening to now?

Alfred tenses up. "Love Buzz" by Nirvana plays. Crissy peers up at Alfred. He glances down at her.

NIRVANA  
*Can you feel my love buzz?*

Eyes locked, they blush, smile at each other. He crosses his eyes. She laughs, scoots closer. His body BUZZES. She drops the earbud, baffled. Alfred jumps to his feet.

ALFRED  
Oh, uh, I uhh... Have a condition.  
Sorry, I have to go... RIGHT NOW.

Alfred turns, shoots off like Forrest Gump, disappears around a corner. Crissy laughs as she strolls back inside.

CRISSY  
Dang it!

EXT. DOWNTOWN PORTLAND - CONTINUOUS

Alfred runs.

CRISSY (V.O.)  
**I'm in love!**

Alfred skids to a stop, looks back.

CRISSY (V.O.)  
(sings badly)  
**OOH! DREAM WEAVER!**

Alfred laughs.

CRISSY (V.O.)  
**I BELIEVE YOU CAN GET ME --**  
(awkward falsetto)  
**THROUGH THE NIGHT!**

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

A loud buzz. Crissy reads "Metamorphosis" by Franz Kafka, eats pie from a pan in bed. A KNOCK. She looks up. It's quiet.

Another knock. She holds her stomach, scoots out of bed, hobbles to the peephole. Alfred paces outside. Crissy smiles, opens the door.

CRISSY  
Hey, feeling better?

ALFRED

Oh, yeah. I'm here to return this.

He passes her an empty pie pan.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Has anyone ever told you that your buttermilk pie is...

(sings, dances)

*SIMPLY THE BEST!*

Crissy narrows her eyes. He looks away. She looks him over.

CRISSY

Question. Do you wear the same outfit every day or do you have a closet full of white jackets? I'm dying to know.

ALFRED

I have two that I switch out.

CRISSY

Awe! You're like a cartoon character! Well, it looks good on you. You look like an angel! Or a prince... In a white jacket! I'd pay to watch you eat a chili dog in that thing. Heh...

Awkward silence. Crissy points to the earbud in his ear.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

Do you ever take the earbuds off?

ALFRED

(matter of factly)

Oh. I, uh, have to wear 'em. Music blocks out the voices in my head that want to control my mind and body.

Alfred and Crissy blink, smile at each other, laugh.

CRISSY

I used to hear a voice in my head, ya know. A hilarious, sexy voice.

ALFRED

Oh... Oh yeah?

Crissy peers down, snuffles.

CRISSY

But he left me. I must have scared him off. I'm too weird... Even for imaginary boyfriends, I guess.

Alfred glances at Crissy.

ALFRED

I like weird. Weird's wonderful.  
Besides, maybe the imaginary  
boyfriend never meant to leave you  
but was... Forcibly... Kept away.

Crissy smiles at him, twitter-pated. He gets a nervous look.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

I was wondering... Could you make me  
more pies? I'd pay you for your time  
and ingredients.

CRISSY

Oh! Do you want more now? I have  
another pie made... It's on my bed!

Crissy swings the door open, gestures inside.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

Would you like to come inside and  
eat my pie? I'd love it if you did.

Alfred blinks at Crissy. She gasps, throws her palms up.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

I meant MORE pie! I wouldn't ask you  
to come inside and eat MY...  
(high-pitched laughter)  
I meant MORE pie! MORE.

ALFRED

Sorry, I can't do sleepovers.

He hurries away. Crissy cringes, closes the door, facepalms.

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The Saturday Night Live intro plays on TV. Crissy holds a  
phone to her ear, stares teary-eyed at the screen.

CRISSY

Now he must think I'm some kind of...  
PIE PREDATOR! I'm like the witch from  
Hansel and Gretel!  
(witch impression)  
Come inside, deary and eat my pie!

CARLY (V.O.)

(on phone)  
Nah. He's just a lil' shy, pie guy!

A KNOCK. Crissy perks up, SQUEALS.

CRISSY

I think he's here! Bye.



She hangs up, races to the peephole. Alfred. She opens the door.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

Hey, what brings you here?

He hands Crissy a dandelion. Her eyes sparkle. She takes it.

ALFRED

Look, it's my condition. Buttermilk pie is the ONLY thing that helps. I gotta eat 'em, or I'll uh, get sick.

Crissy listens, puzzled.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

I'm cursed. Every girl I've been close to has ended up hurt... I felt like it was my fault when I found you blacked out. I was scared to get closer to you... But then it hit me!

(playfully hits head)

I like you. A lot. So, why stay away? I want to spend time with you... and eat your, uh, more pie!

CRISSY

Haha! OH! I have something for you! It's my buttermilk pie recipe.

She hands him a note from her pocket.

ALFRED

Whoa. Isn't the recipe secret?

CRISSY

The secret is I don't believe in keeping secrets. I share things that make me happy. You should have the recipe since you like it so much.

ALFRED

Thank you. I've made dozens of pies, but nothing works like yours.

Alfred unfolds the note, looks it over. He furrows his brow.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Heeeeey. Is there something missing? This looks like recipes I've tried. Don't you have a secret ingredient?

Crissy shrugs.

CRISSY

Just my love, I guess.

ALFRED

Oh. Well... Can I have some of that?

Crissy smiles at Alfred, grabs his hand.

CRISSY  
KISS ME ALREADY!

He giggles. Crissy jerks Alfred into the apartment, swings the door closed. An excited BUZZ. Crissy gasps.

CRISSY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(through the door)  
HOLY HOTDOGS!

EXT. LOS MARBLES APARTMENTS - CONTINUOUS

Silhouetted in the glowing third-story window, Crissy and Alfred kiss, strip, tumble into bed. CLICK. The room goes dark. Crissy giggles. "Koka Kola" by The Clash plays. Alfred sings along.

ALFRED  
*ELEVATOR GOIN' UP!*

MONTAGE:

- Crissy and Alfred kiss in the ELEVATOR. The doors close.
- Alfred and Crissy sit on the curb, share earbuds, cuddle outside FRED MEYER. They chat, laugh as he nibbles on a pie.
- In a TATTOO shop, Alfred holds Crissy's hand as she gets "Oo-de-lally" tattooed on her inner thigh.
- Alfred and Crissy nuzzle on the footbridge at MULTNOMAH FALLS. He pulls her close, kisses her forehead.
- LIGHTS FLASH. Alfred and Crissy kiss in a PHOTO BOOTH, laugh at the names "Crusty" and "LL COOL-J " written on their cups.
- PEG eyes a security monitor. On the screen, Crissy pulls Alfred into the break room. Peg erupts from the OFFICE.
- Crissy and Alfred kiss in the BREAK ROOM. He pulls up her dress. Peg bursts in. Crissy and Alfred freeze.

THE CLASH  
(end of song)  
*HIT THE DECK!*

Peg glares at Alfred.

PEG  
GET OUT.

Alfred nods, hurries out. Peg scowls at Crissy.

PEG (CONT'D)  
You too. Go! You're fired!

INT. FRED MEYER - MOMENTS LATER

Crissy cries, pulls her purse from a locker, hears Carly SCREAM. She bursts into the KITCHEN, finds Carly frantically tossing knives at a SPIDER on the floor. Peg storms in.

CARLY  
KILL IT! PLEASE! KILL IT!

PEG  
HOW? YOU'RE GIVING THE SPIDER ALL THE WEAPONS!

Peg removes a shoe, aims at the spider. Crissy gasps, grabs Peg by the arm. Peg's eyes go blank. She drops the shoe.

EXT. FRED MEYER - EVENING - MOMENTS LATER

Alfred sits on the curb, twirls a dandelion, lost in thought. A door jingles behind him. He turns. Crissy sniffles out, a paper-covered jar in hand. He rushes to her.

CRISSY  
Peg fired me! Carly's in there threatening to quit...

Alfred groans. Crissy hurries to a hedge. He peeks over her shoulder. She carefully tips the spider out onto a leaf. She turns. His eyes are full of tears. He hugs her tightly.

ALFRED  
I love you. Very much.

She hugs him back.

CRISSY  
Awe. I love you, too... Ya big... Bad... Boss... Daddy, you!

Alfred laughs.

ALFRED  
Why do you keep calling me that?

He slides the dandelion behind her ear. They kiss. His body softly buzzes. Crissy winces, doubles over.

ALFRED (CONT'D)  
Not again! C'mon, let's get you home.

Crissy gasps as Alfred scoops her up, walks them to his car. Crissy smiles at him.

CRISSY (V.O.)  
**You're too good to be true.**

Alfred smiles down at Crissy.

ALFRED

Do you want to stay with me tonight?

Alfred stops in front of his car. Crissy's face lights up.

CRISSY

You're gonna let me into your place for once? I thought you didn't do sleepovers.

ALFRED

I don't want you to be alone when you're hurting like this.

Crissy weakly cheers. Alfred helps her into his car.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

(matter of factly)

But I have to warn you, I'm a real monster in the morning!

INT. LOS MARBLES APARTMENTS - LATER

Mr. Sample steps out of his apartment. He raises his eyebrows as Alfred passes by with Crissy cradled in his arms.

INT. ALFRED'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Alfred kicks the door open, carries Crissy inside. She glances around the room. A make-shift film set. Piles of music gear. Stacks of moving boxes. Trash bags full of buttermilk jugs.

CRISSY

What's with all the buttermilk?!

ALFRED

Oh, I use it for everything! Soap, toothpaste, cleaning, cooking...

Crissy laughs.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

This is why I was afraid to have you over. It's embarrassing... I have a lot of hobbies.

CRISSY

What's in all the boxes?

ALFRED

Oh... Uh, it's music gear and stuff I've been collecting to donate to underprivileged folks back at home.  
(shrugs)

I need a garage.

CRISSY

Wow. You're the coolest, most  
fascinating fucker I've ever met.

He laughs, carries Crissy into his room. She spots their PHOTO  
BOOTH PICTURES framed on his bedside table next to a RADIO.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

BUT, If we're going to be in a  
relationship... No more secrets. I  
want us to be open and honest, okay?

Crissy notices a tense look on Alfred's face. He gently places  
her on the bed. She narrows her eyes at him.

ALFRED

Oh, uh, sorry about the sweat.  
(rubs nape of neck)  
I guess I'm a little out of shape.  
It's been a while since I've carried  
a lady around... Heh.

Alfred turns on the radio. "Voodoo Lady" by Ween plays. Alfred  
dances provocatively, unbuckles his belt. Crissy's eyes widen  
as his pants drop. He's in tighty whities. She wolf whistles.

Alfred removes his shirt and earbuds, hops into bed, dances  
over Crissy in his undies. She giggles wildly. He bounces onto  
the bed beside her. Crissy pulls off her dress, tosses it.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

OO-DE-FREAKING-LALLY! Wait. Sure we  
should do this? Aren't you in pain?

CRISSY

Yes, and I need a distraction. A  
dic-straction?

Crissy GIGGLES as Alfred rolls over her, kisses her, pulls the  
blanket over their heads. Crissy kicks her legs, squeals!

INT. LOS MARBLES APARTMENTS - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Sample carries groceries, strolls past Alfred's door. He  
hears a loud BUZZ, Crissy giggling, and ruckus inside. He  
stops, stares at Alfred's door, lifts an eyebrow.

MR. SAMPLE

What is he doing to her?!

INT. ALFRED'S APARTMENT - LATER

Crissy cuddles Alfred in bed as he plays "The Legend of Zelda:  
A Link To The Past". She whimpers in pain. Alfred sighs, turns  
off the TV. He cuddles close to Crissy, plays with her curls.

ALFRED

I'm sorry about your job.

CRISSY

It's not your fault. I was on thin ice for being late and zoning out all the time. Peg even had a cute nickname for me... Space Queen!

Alfred freezes, blinks, gazes at Crissy in awe.

ALFRED

Space Queen?

Alfred rolls onto his back, stares up at the ceiling.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

The attacks are getting more frequent. I'm worried about you.

(glances at Crissy)

You know... If we lived together, I could take care of you.

CRISSY

You want to move in together?

Alfred pulls a flyer from his bedside table, passes it to her.

ALFRED

We could get a house.

Crissy stares down at a home listing for a BLUE BUNGALOW in her hands. Her jaw drops. Alfred laughs.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

That's if... I don't scare you off in the morning. I'm telling ya, I'm real nasty when I first wake up.

CRISSY

I think I've already proven I can handle you being nasty, Alfred.

Alfred giggles. Crissy tackles him to the bed, cuddles him.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

That house needs a pink door, right?

Crissy glances at Alfred. He snoozes.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

Aww... All tuckered out, huh?

(kisses Alfred's cheek)

G'night, Alfie. Love you.

Alfred smiles in his sleep. Crissy picks up his radio.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

I hope you don't mind... I'll never  
fall asleep with this thing on.

Crissy turns the radio off, the room is SILENT. Crissy cuddles close to Alfred, falls asleep with a smile.

INT. ALFRED'S APARTMENT - MORNING (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Alfred whistles a playful tune. He trots into the bedroom, a mug and a plate of funny-face waffles in hand. Crissy snoozes. He sits beside her, kisses her forehead.

ALFRED

Good morning, sweet cheeks!

He places the plate and mug on the bedside table beside her. Crissy groans, rolls onto her stomach. Alfred hops on top of her, drums on her butt like bongos. She giggles awake.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Did you know your butt jiggles when  
you laugh? It's so cute!

He hops off the bed. Crissy laughs, sits up, notices she's in a sexy black velvet spiderweb teddy and fishnets.

CRISSY

Whoa! Where did THIS come from?!

He shrugs, passes Crissy the plate, makes the waffle speak.

ALFRED

(proudly)

I'm Sir Buttermilk Buttersworth!

Crissy chuckles, takes a bite.

CRISSY

WOW. So good. Why aren't you eating?

ALFRED

I'm good. I ate a lot of pie last  
night.

He smirks, wags his eyebrows at her. She laughs, playfully pushes him. Alfred rubs the nape of his neck.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

I was thinking... We should just get  
married already, right?

A STUDIO AUDIENCE cheers. Crissy chokes. The audience laughs.

CRISSY

What?

She places the plate down.

ALFRED  
Well, why not? I don't know how you  
feel about it but...  
(points between them)  
This feels pretty serious.

Crissy slips on a Wayne's World cap.

CRISSY  
But Alfred, marriage is punishment  
for shoplifting in some countries!

Alfred deflates. Crissy takes his hand.

CRISSY (CONT'D)  
Hey... I'm in. Let's do it!

The audience cheers. Alfred SQUEALS, kisses Crissy. The studio audience "WOOS!".

CRISSY (CONT'D)  
So, when did you want to do this?

ALFRED  
Well, I was thinking... Now!

INT. COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bride Crissy and Groom Alfred stand in an empty courthouse.

CRISSY  
Now?

Crissy glances around, puzzled.

ALFRED  
Wow. You look great, honey biscuit!

She looks down at her dress, stunned. Alfred takes her hands.

ALFRED (CONT'D)  
I think we've wasted enough time  
being apart. I'm ready for us to  
start our lives together. Right now.

Crissy nods, hugs Alfred. He chokes up.

ALFRED (CONT'D)  
I'm so happy this is finally  
happening! It's a dream come--

A loud CHATTER. They look up. The aisles full. Alfred's side is filled with SNOOTY PEOPLE. On Crissy's side are CHARACTERS, MONSTERS, and CARTOONS, like the masks above her bed. Crissy waves excitedly to classic SNL characters. Alfred frowns.



ALFRED (CONT'D)

This is just a dream.

CRISSY

What makes you think that?

He points to the cast of PEE-WEE'S PLAYHOUSE.

ALFRED

Well, first off, why are THEY here?

Crissy gives Alfred a bewildered look.

CRISSY

What do you mean?

(gestures to characters)

These guys practically raised me!

Alfred rubs his chin, paces.

ALFRED

It all makes sense now! You say spacing out is a flaw, but...

(laughs crazily)

It's your power! You can travel into other dimensions... You're bridging yourself into my dream right now!

Alfred gestures to Crissy's side of the aisle.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

I didn't bring them here! YOU did.

He turns to the snooty people on his side, scratches his head.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

But I don't know who these people are... I didn't invite 'em!

He turns to Crissy. She beams at him with big, sparkly anime-girl eyes.

CRISSY

You dream about us getting married?

Someone COUGHS loudly behind them. They spin around. It's actor BILL HADER as a pompous VICTORIAN JUDGE.

JUDGE HADER

Should anyone have a reason these two should not be wed, speak now...

(aggressively)

OR FOREVER SHUT YOUR PIE HOLES!

Silence. Crissy and Alfred hold hands, smile at each other. A SNOOTY WOMAN pops up on Alfred's side.

SNOOTY WOMAN

I gotta problem with it! Does she  
even know who you really are, Alfred?

Crissy drops Alfred's hands, gives him a puzzled look.

CRISSY

What's she talking about?

ALFRED

(looks down)

There's something I haven't told you.  
(shrugs, nervously laughs)  
I guess it's time to spill the beans!

CRISSY

What? You're dumpin' beans on me in  
front of everyone?! In THIS dress?

She glares at him. Alfred slaps himself silly in the face.  
WHACK! He stares at Crissy with wide eyes, rubs his cheek.

ALFRED

Crissy... You slapped me! Wow-wee,  
girl! You're like, really strong!

CRISSY

What? No... I didn't touch you.

ALFRED

It's okay. I deserved it. I should  
have told you this a long time ago.

Alfred takes Crissy's hand, stares into her eyes.

ALFRED (V.O.)

**My kind communicates telepathically.**

CRISSY

Your... kind?

ALFRED (V.O.)

**Please, try not to freak out.**

Alfred takes a step back. His flesh bubbles, melts off. His  
eyeballs pop out. They roll to Crissy's feet. She screams.  
Alfred slings chunks of flesh off like it's cake, revealing a  
fly-like bug-alien. BUG ALFRED buzzes softly.

Crissy backs away, hears A loud BUZZ behind her. She spins,  
screams. Alfred's side of the aisle is full of BUG-ALIENS.

JUDGE HADER (O.S.)

We still doing this? Or can I go?

Crissy turns. Judge Bill Hader is a fat, WORM-ALIEN. Crissy  
screams. Worm Judge Hader scoffs. Bug Alfred lifts his palms.

BUG ALFRED (V.O.)  
**Don't be afraid! Babe. It's me, Alf!**

Crissy gazes into Bug Alfred's big, doughy eyes. She relaxes.

BUG ALFRED (V.O.)  
**The truth is I'm not human. I'm from  
the hive-planet Anthrax. Buttermilk  
pie is the only thing on Earth that  
nourishes me and...**  
(excitedly)  
**Bonus, it turns me human! I mean,  
I've heard myths that we used to be  
human before the queen invaded the  
planet, but...**

Crissy looks away. A tear rolls down her cheek.

CRISSY  
Why didn't you just tell me?

BUG ALFRED (V.O.)  
**I was hoping you'd never find out.**

CRISSY  
What? You were okay with starting our  
lives together with a secret?!

BUG ALFRED (V.O.)  
**I thought if I told you... I'd lose  
you. I'm sorry! It's the last secret,  
I swear! I'll understand if you don't  
want to be with me. I'm a monster.  
I'm sorry, Crissy.**

He turns away. Crissy takes his hand.

CRISSY  
Please, don't go. I love you, Alfie.

On Crissy's side of the aisle, PEE-WEE HERMAN stands.

PEE-WEE  
THEN WHY DON'T YOU MARRY HIM? Ha-ha!

Crissy laughs, smiles at Bug Alfred.

CRISSY  
I want to.  
(shrugs)  
I guess I'm into bug-aliens now.

Bug Alfred waddles to Crissy, hugs her tightly.

BUG ALFRED (V.O.)  
**Aww! You're my noodle!**

CRISSY  
 You're my Alfredo sauce!  
 (studies his face)  
 I'd kiss you... But I'm not sure  
 where your mouth is.  
 (pats his back)  
 Let's find you some pie, honey...

Crissy's UNCLE - a weathered hillbilly - springs up.

UNCLE  
 (to bug Alfred)  
 GIT YOUR HANDS OFF 'ER, MONSTER!

Crissy squints at her uncle.

CRISSY  
 Hey, who invited my shit-head uncle?

A SNOOTY BUG WOMAN jumps to her feet on Alfred's side.

SNOOTY BUG-WOMAN (V.O.)  
**I will not allow you to dumb down our  
 species with a human, Alfred!**

UNCLE  
 (to snooty bug-woman)  
*She isn't good enough for him?* Ya  
 gotta be kiddin' me, ya filthy bug!

The snooty bug-woman buzzes with rage. She flies across, attacks the uncle. A fight breaks out between all the guests. Crissy loudly claps. The guests freeze, mid-brawl.

CRISSY  
 Listen! We don't need your approval!

Bug Alfred's eyes sparkle as Crissy confidently addresses the crowd. Crissy gestures at Bug Alfred.

CRISSY (CONT'D)  
 I love this lil-shy-alien-fly-pie-  
 guy! We're happy together! Got a  
 problem with that? PISS OFF!

Crissy's uncle aims a gun at Bug Alfred. The room GASPS.

UNCLE DOUG  
 That alien has ya brainwashed!

CLICK. BANG! Bug Alfred is hit. His eyes fill with tears. He glimpses at Crissy, collapses. Crissy SCREAMS, races to his side. She cradles him, cries hysterically.

A BUG-ALIEN punts her uncle's WATERMELON HEAD across the room, it SPLATTERS into a wall. AN AUDIENCE laughs. The guests resume brawling. Crissy eyes Alfred's blood on her hands. She drops, her stomach bursts open. A MAGGOT ALIEN SNARLS OUT!

INT. ALFRED'S APARTMENT - MORNING (END DREAM SEQUENCE)

A loud chatter fills the BEDROOM. Crissy screams awake in bed beside an Alfred-shaped mound of flesh-colored cake mush.

CRISSY  
ALFRED?! No... No... No...

Crissy leaps from the bed, slips, slides, crashes to the floor. Viscera and SMASHED EYEBALLS cling to her feet. She screams, frantically kicks the mess off.

UNSEEN WOMAN (V.O.)  
**WHERE ARE YOU?!**

Crissy freezes, blinks.

EXT. LOS MARBLES APARTMENTS (FLASHBACK)

*A flash image of Crissy and Alfred's apartment building.*

*CLOSE UP ON SIGN: the sign reads "Los Marbles" with a crucifix symbol between the two words.*

UNSEEN WOMAN (V.O.)  
**I see...**

INT. ALFRED'S APARTMENT (END FLASHBACK)

Crissy scrambles to her feet.

CRISSY  
What-the-fuck-what-the-fuck?!

A loud SNORE. Crissy peers up. BUG ALFRED sleeps on the ceiling. He buzzes, TOOTS. Crissy screams.

Bug Alfred screams awake, drops onto the bed, writhes on his back with a frenzied buzz. Crissy races out of the room. Bug Alfred tumbles off the bed.

BUG ALFRED (V.O.)  
**OH NO! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MUSIC?**  
**Crissy, WAIT! Please! Don't go!**

Crissy freezes, turns. A shadow of a man spills out of the bedroom. Bug Alfred - wearing earbuds - peeks out.

BUG ALFRED (V.O.)  
**Don't be scared! It's me, Alfie!**

Crissy stares in disbelief. He steps out of the room with a guitar strapped over his chest. He plays a verse of "Another Girl, Another Planet" by The Only Ones. Crissy relaxes.

BUG ALFRED (V.O.)

**This is SO embarrassing but could you  
bring me a pie from the fridge, hon?**

Crissy nods. Bug Alfred scurries awkwardly into the bedroom.

BUG ALFRED (V.O.)

**Thanks, babe!**

Crissy rushes to the fridge, swings the door open. She stares inside, baffled. It's packed to the brim with buttermilk pies.

BUG ALFRED (V.O.)

**Please hurry! Bring it to the  
bathroom but don't look at me!**

Crissy snatches a pie, rushes to the bathroom. The door opens a crack. Bug Alfred's hand shoots out, beckons to Crissy.

BUG ALFRED (V.O.)

**PIE ME.**

Crissy chuckles, passes him the pie. He takes it, snaps the door closed. A scarfing sound. The shower RUNS. Crissy shouts through the door.

CRISSY

So, what's the deal with the music?

ALFRED (O.S.)

(shouts from the shower)

I told you! Music blocks out the  
voices, so they can't control me!

The shower CREAKS off. Crissy sits on the bed, stunned. HUMAN ALFRED steps out, an earbud in his ear. He sits beside Crissy.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

The music allows me to block out all  
the voices... Except for yours.

Alfred takes Crissy's hand, gazes lovingly into her eyes.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

You have the strongest voice of  
anyone I've ever met.

Crissy blushes, throws her arms around Alfred, kisses him.

UNSEEN WOMAN (V.O.)

**Aww. What a sweet moment!**

Crissy pulls away from Alfred, looks around the room, shocked.

ALFRED

What is it?! Do you hear something?

CRISSY  
Some creepy-ass woman!

Alfred's eyes widen. He pops up, races to his dresser.

UNSEEN WOMAN (V.O.)  
**Tell me, which room are you in?**

Crissy looks around the room, answers absent-mindedly.

CRISSY (V.O.)  
**Alfred's apartment.**

ALFRED  
Don't answer any questions! Whistle,  
Crissy! It'll help block her out!

He frantically digs in the drawers.

UNSEEN WOMAN (V.O.)  
**Oh, Alf! It's so nice to hear his  
voice again. I've missed it.**

CRISSY  
Alfred, who's this woman?

UNSEEN WOMAN (V.O.)  
**Aww. He didn't tell you about me?  
That kind of hurts my feelings, but  
Alfie has always been the kind of guy  
who likes to keep secrets.**

Crissy gives Alfred a troubled look.

ALFRED  
Don't listen to her, Crissy! She's  
manipulating you! Block her out! I  
know you can do it!

He grabs a RED CASSETTE WALKMAN from the drawer.

UNSEEN WOMAN (V.O.)  
**He came here to kill you, Crissy.**

Alfred quickly slides the headphones over Crissy's ears.

CRISSY  
Hey! What are you doing!?

The UNSEEN WOMAN laughs. Alfred hits play. "Death or Glory" by  
The Clash plays. The laughing stops.

ALFRED  
Is she gone?

Crissy nods.

ALFRED (CONT'D)  
We should get out of here.

CRISSY  
What's going on?!

Alfred gestures to his earbuds.

ALFRED  
This is how I was able to stay here undetected. The queen can't hear me through the noise. She knows where I am now. She'll come after me.  
(moment of realization)  
Shit. She knows about YOU now, too!  
(pops up, panicked)  
We have to leave... Right now!

CRISSY  
What are you talking about? Who is this queen? Why did she say you were here to kill me?

Alfred takes her hand, cradles it against his heart.

ALFRED  
I would never... I couldn't. I've lost you once, I'd be devastated if I lost you again. Just the thought...

He chokes up, hugs Crissy tightly. She shoves him off.

CRISSY  
I knew it was you, ALF!  
(crosses arms)  
Nobody calls you that, huh? Why'd you leave?! You crushed my soul, man!

ALFRED  
I never meant to leave... I was in prison... But I escaped to find you!

CRISSY  
Prison?! What the fuck?!

A WINDOW BREAKS in the next room.

ALFRED  
Crap! She's already here!

CRISSY  
WHAT? How?

ALFRED  
Without the music on, you weren't the only one who got into my mind last night. The bug guests were spies, sent by the queen to find me!



He grabs Crissy by the shoulders.

ALFRED (CONT'D)  
Quick, you have to hide!

He shoves her into the bathroom.

ALFRED (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(through door)  
Lock the door!

Crissy  
NO! Not until you come in here too!

ALFRED (O.S.)  
I can't! I have to lead her away from  
you! She's evil, Crissy! She'll  
torture you if she finds you!  
(lowers voice)  
Please stay safe, darling.

He blesses the door with a quick kiss, sprints away. Crissy  
stares at a pile of empty buttermilk jugs in the corner of the  
BATHROOM, hears Alfred SCREAM. She rips the headphones off.

CRISSY  
Alfred?! Are you okay?!

Silence.

CRISSY (CONT'D)  
Fuck this.

Crissy burst out of the bathroom, races to the living room.  
Alfred convulses on the floor.

CRISSY (CONT'D)  
Alfred!

She scrambles to his side, nudges him. His mouth foams.

CRISSY (CONT'D)  
Please, wake up! Please!

A loud BUZZ, like a swarm of flies. Crissy hears screams of  
panic outside. The living room TV clicks on, flips channels,  
stops on a laughing BLACK-VEILED WOMAN news anchor.

The news cuts to live footage of a bug-alien attack on Earth.  
A LOUD WHOOSH. Crissy's body jerks, struck from behind.

She winces, frantically clutches at her back, drops over  
Alfred. A syringe with black fluid is stabbed into her back.

CUT TO:

BLACK

"Love will tear us apart" by Joy Division echos. A swarm of flies BUZZ. Thunder cracks. Heavy rain.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A RED stormy sky through barred windows. Crissy sleeps fitfully in a dated mental hospital room. She has white streaked hair.

INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

A distant TV hisses SEXIST ADS. A light flickers over Alfred, unconscious on the ground. He stirs, pops up, frantic.

ALFRED  
Oh no... CRISSY!

INT. HOSPITAL (END DREAM SEQUENCE)

Crissy jolts awake. A hospital bracelet on her wrist reads, "Cristina L. Corbett. High Risk.". She eyes her hair, stunned.

Someone whistles a playful tune outside the door. Crissy looks up. KEYS JINGLE. The door swings open.

NURSE DUVALL - 70s, bubbly personality - whistles into the room with a wheelchair. Her name tag reads "S. DUVALL, RN".

NURSE DUVALL  
Afternoon, Miss Corbett! Good nap?

Nurse Duvall escorts a bewildered Crissy out of bed. She helps Crissy into the wheelchair, pats her back gently.

CRISSY  
Somethings wrong. That's not my name. I'm Crissy Corvette.

NURSE DUVALL  
No, that's your pen name, honey. Your parents said you drove them crazy insisting that was your name when you were a kid, too! So, ready to get some writing done today?

Crissy glares at Nurse Duvall. Nurse Duvall laughs, guides the wheelchair from the room.

NURSE DUVALL (CONT'D)  
Sorry for laughing. It's just you give me that same look, every day!

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Nurse Duvall wheels Crissy down a long checkered floor hallway. The lights flicker and BUZZ. They stop at a set of doors. "Multi-Purpose Room".

The nurse swipes a card. The doors open. Inside, PATIENTS watch TV, work puzzles, aimlessly wander. Nurse Duvall parks Crissy at a computer.

NURSE DUVALL

I hope your writer's block is gone...

The nurse leans over the keyboard, types in a password.

NURSE DUVALL (CONT'D)

Because I can't wait to read what happens next in your story!

The nurse clicks on a file titled, "Buttermilk". A document opens. Crissy leans in, mutters as she reads.

CRISSY

"Interior. Alberta Street Pub. Later. Colorful lights flash. An 80s punk tribute band rocks on stage."

INT. ALBERTA STREET PUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Crissy - dressed as Pee-wee Herman - and Carly - as MISS YVONNE - shake it on the busy dance floor. Crissy stops, wafts her face.

CARLY

Hey, Cris. Are you okay?

Crissy turns her head, gives Carly a lost, confused look.

CRISSY

(quietly, to herself)  
Carly?  
(looks side to side)  
How did I get here?

Crissy winces, doubles over.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Crissy doubles over in pain. She peers up, reads more.

CRISSY

"CARLY: Aw! Still have that stomach bug?"

Crissy stares at the words "Buttermilk. Written by: Crissy Corvette" on the screen. Nurse Duvall pats Crissy's back.

NURSE DUVALL

I'll leave you to it. I know don't  
wanna be bugged. Be back in an hour.

Crissy nods. The nurse turns away. Crissy reads out loud.

CRISSY

"ALF, VOICE OVER. Please be okay,  
Beautiful Crissy."

Crissy's eyes widen. She twists wildly in her seat.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

ALF!

Nurse Duvall stops at the door, turns to Crissy.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

WHERE'S ALFRED?!

The nurse heaves a long sigh, strolls back to Crissy.

NURSE DUVALL

This is the hardest part of my job.  
You know that, right?

CRISSY

(trembles)  
I don't understand.

NURSE DUVALL

(gently)  
I know you don't, honey.

She points to the screen.

NURSE DUVALL (CONT'D)

There he is.

Crissy gives her a puzzled look. Nurse Duvall chuckles.

NURSE DUVALL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for laughing again! I just  
can't, with that look! Anyway.

(taps screen)  
There he is... In your writing!

CRISSY

(shakes head wildly)  
NO! I want to see the REAL him!

NURSE DUVALL

(pats Crissy's shoulder)  
The real him doesn't exist.

CRISSY

What?... Ask Carly! She knows him!

NURSE DUVALL

We spoke to your friend. She told us she hasn't seen you in years!

Nurse Duvall sighs, pulls up a chair beside Crissy, sits.

NURSE DUVALL

(pats Crissy's shoulder)

I wish your sweetheart existed. He's so dreamy! When he said, "You have the strongest voice..." I melted!

(wafts face)

Your brain fascinates me!

Crissy breaks into tears. The nurse wheels Crissy away.

NURSE DUVALL

C'mon, let's get you back to your room. I don't think you're going to get much writing done today.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Crissy sobs, curled up in bed.

*INT. COURTHOUSE (DREAM FLASHBACK)*

*Bride Crissy lies over Alfred's dead body, cries hysterically. She sits up, Alfred's blood on her trembling hands.*

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL (END DREAM FLASHBACK)

Crissy rocks herself in bed. Nurse Duvall steps into the room, a remote control in hand.

NURSE DUVALL

Alright, Miss Corbett, wanna watch TV before bed? You've had a hard day.

Crissy sits up. The nurse CLICKS on a dusty, wall-mounted TV.

NURSE DUVALL (CONT'D)

Just tell me when to stop.

Crissy stares intently at the screen. The channels change rapidly. News anchor, lion chase, Alfred, Adventure Time.

CRISSY

Stop, stop, STOP!

Nurse Duvall turns toward Crissy, groans.

NURSE DUVALL

I know you like this cartoon, but you don't have to yell!

CRISSY

No! Please! Go back one!

Nurse Duvall gives her a puzzled look, changes the channel.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

There he is! That's Alfred!

Crissy leaps up, points to the screen. Alfred waves from a crowded stage.

NURSE DUVALL

That's NOT Alfred.

(points to screen)

That's FRANK ARMSTAIN. An SNL actor!

Crissy shakes her head.

NURSE DUVALL (CONT'D)

You know... Frank's not the guy I had in my mind for Alfred. I was thinking a Jason Momoa type, you know, THICK and BULKY... Or a sweet little country boy Keith Urban type, even.

Crissy scowls. Nurse Duvall laughs, writes on a clipboard. Crissy glances at the screen. Alfred locks eyes with her.

CRISSY

He can see me!

On TV, Alfred turns away, pushes through actors, rushes across the stage. Crissy shouts at the screen.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

Where are you going?!

On-screen Alfred turns to Crissy, beckons her to follow, disappears backstage. She raises a hand toward the screen.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

I can feel him! He's coming for me!

Nurse Duvall groans, turns the TV off.

NURSE DUVALL

That's enough TV for tonight.

She tucks Crissy into bed.

NURSE DUVALL (CONT'D)

There. Snug as a bug in a rug.

Crissy sobs into her pillow. The nurse pats her back.

NURSE DUVALL (CONT'D)

You've been through a lot. Do you know what it means to dream of a fly? They represent problems, like something that's keeping you from enjoying your life, like a pesky fly ruining your picnic!

(sighs)

Poor dear. Your mind is swarming.

Nurse Duvall stands, strolls to the door.

NURSE DUVALL (CONT'D)

Don't worry, hon. The doctors and I will help you shoo the flies away.

She stops at the door, smiles sweetly at Crissy.

NURSE DUVALL (CONT'D)

Sleep tight. Don't let the bedbugs bite.

Crissy's eyes widen. Nurse Duvall steps out, locks the door behind her. Crissy curls up, cries harder.

CUT TO:

BLACK

Crissy bawls.

NURSE DUVALL (O.S.)

Hey, Crissy, what's going on?

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Crissy snuffles. She's in the multi-purpose room at the computer. She looks around disoriented.

NURSE DUVALL

Ready to write today?

Crissy nods, turns to the nurse.

CRISSY

Can I print my script today? I want to read it in my room.

NURSE DUVALL

Sure, hon.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - LATER.

Nurse Duvall steps into her office, finds pages scattered everywhere. The printer rhythmically spits out pages. She groans, unplugs the printer.

She finds a thick manuscript in the print tray. Title, "Buttermilk. Written By Crissy Corvette". She flips through it, stunned. She races from the room, script in hand.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Nurse Duvall darts into the multi-purpose room with Crissy's script tucked under her arm, a cup and pill in hand.

NURSE DUVALL

Hey.

Crissy stops typing, snarls, turns her head slightly.

CRISSY

How many times do I have to tell you?

Crissy spins, glares at Nurse Duvall.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

DON'T BUG ME WHEN I'M WRITING!

Nurse Duvall passes the cup and a pill to Crissy.

NURSE DUVALL

Take this. Take it now. The doctor wants to see you. He wants you calm.

Crissy nods, gulps the pill. The nurse wheels her away from the computer.

CRISSY

Hey! What the heck?! I'm not done!

Crissy drowsily blinks, YAWNS. Her head rolls down. She stares blankly at her bare feet, rambles to herself.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

I'm going to forget if I don't write it down... I don't want to forget... I can't let myself forget.

Nurse Duvall rolls her eyes, hands over the printed script.

NURSE DUVALL

I think you've written enough today.

Nurse Duvall parks Crissy in the crowded TV area.

NURSE DUVALL (CONT'D)

I don't like how you changed it!



Crissy flips the pages, puzzled.

NURSE DUVALL (CONT'D)  
You need to find something else to  
write about.

Crissy peers up. Pee-wee's Playhouse is on TV.

PEE-WEE  
(on TV)  
Hey Conkey, what's today's secret  
word?

Crissy smiles crazily. Nurse Duvall pats Crissy's back.

NURSE DUVALL  
I'll be back when the Doctor's ready.

Nurse Duvall walks away. Pee-wee stares directly at Crissy on  
the screen. Crissy yawns.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Crissy yawns, opens her eyes. She's seated in an office in  
front of a Doctor. She looks around, disoriented.

DOCTOR  
Do you know why you're here, Miss  
Corbett?

Crissy nods.

CRISSY  
I tried to kill myself...

DOCTOR  
No, that's what happened in your  
story.

Crissy's brow furrows.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
But that's the problem.  
(flips through files)  
You don't know the difference between  
what's real and imaginary.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PORTLAND - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

*Rain trickles. Street lights flicker, BUZZ. Crissy - pixie  
cut, dressed as Pee-wee Herman - cycles down a quiet street.*

DOCTOR (V.O.)  
You had an untreated medical  
condition.

*Crissy wobbles, slumps off the bike, slams her head with a SICKENING THUD. She rolls into the street, unconscious.*

DOCTOR (V.O.)  
 You had a seizure... Blacked out...  
 Stopped breathing...

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY (END FLASHBACK)

The doctor stares out the window, heaves a sigh.

DOCTOR  
 We've gone over this dozens of times.  
 You only want to remember some  
 imaginary version of your life.  
 (disapproving look)  
 Probably to cope with how everything  
 fell apart after you became a writer.

Crissy trembles in her seat, looks utterly confused.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
 You're lucky your neighbor showed up!

Confusion slaps Crissy's face. Her eyes fill with tears.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PORTLAND - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

*Crissy lies in the street. Alf, UNSEEN, speaks to her.*

ALF (V.O.)  
**Hey! Uhhhhh, you alright, Pee-wee?!**

CRISSY (V.O.)  
 That's right! He saved me.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL (END FLASHBACK)

A tear rolls down Crissy's cheek. She plays with her hair.

DOCTOR  
 He didn't find you quick enough to  
 avoid brain damage. Lord knows how  
 long you went without oxygen...

Crissy blinks, glances around, confused.

CRISSY  
 Where's Alf?

He shakes his head, flips through her file.

CRISSY (CONT'D)  
 I NEED to speak to him RIGHT NOW!

He hands her a PHOTO BOOTH STRIP. She stares at it, shocked.

DOCTOR  
Your neighbor saved your life and  
this is how you repaid him?

In the photo, Crissy sits alone. Cut-out photos of FRED ARMISEN are taped next to her.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Said he actually regretted rescuing  
you. You hounded him ever since!

Crissy stands, glares at the doctor.

CRISSY  
You're a LIAR! Take me to Alfred!

The overhead lights blink and hiss.

DOCTOR  
I can't, you made him up! Now, SIT!

Crissy covers her ears, scrambles for the door.

CRISSY  
I don't believe you!

DOCTOR  
Come on. Let's not do this again.

She races out of the room. The doctor sighs, grabs the phone.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
(into receiver)  
I need backup. Corbett's having one  
of her classic meltdowns again.

INT. ENDLESS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Crissy holds her head, races down an endless checkered floor hallway. Colorful lights flash. Menacing carnival music plays.

A film reel clicks. Horrifying images are projected onto the walls: Flies crawl on Alfred's pale face. Maggots consume his flesh. His body rots, decomposes like a fox at high speed.

Men shout. Crissy glances back. Three GUARDS chase after her in an ordinary hallway. Someone whistles a playful tune. She spins. A candy-wrapper flower lies in front of a nearby door.

CRISSY  
Alf!

INT. SNL STAGE - SAME TIME

The SNL band jams the intro tune. A spotlight hits a door on a raised platform. The door bursts open.

SNL ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...

Crissy stumbles out onto the platform. A dark STUDIO AUDIENCE in front of her. She freezes.

SNL ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
CRISSY CORVETTE!

The audience cheers. She steps gingerly down onto the stage.

CRISSY  
I don't know how I got here.

The audience laughs. Crissy frantically looks side to side.

CRISSY (CONT'D)  
Where'd Alfred go?

The audience roars. Curtains snap closed behind Crissy. The lights flick off. DAFFY DUCK appears, in a crew member cap.

DAFFY DUCK  
What? Did you space out during rehearsal? You need to move FASTER!

He shoves Crissy backstage. Daffy exits as Crissy tumbles onstage from the OPPOSITE SIDE. The Curtains open. Lights BUZZ on over WAYNE and GARTH, on their basement set.

WAYNE  
Hey Crissy! Come over here!

Garth sweetly pats the empty seat beside him.

GARTH  
Yeah, Come on! We don't bite... Hard.

Wayne paws the air, GROWLS flirtatiously. Crissy sits.

WAYNE  
So, first off--

GARTH  
What's it like to bang an alien, Huh?

WAYNE  
Garth! *Where* are your manners!?

Wayne squirts Garth with a spray bottle.

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
Bad dog! BAD!

Garth throws his palms up.

GARTH

I just wanna know how hung they are!

Garth pulls a pen from his shirt pocket, gingerly flicks it.

GARTH (CONT'D)

Oops... I dropped my pen.

Garth gestures to the audience to follow him. He climbs under the coffee table. It's a blanket fort underneath. Garth looks directly into the camera, rambles frantically.

GARTH (CONT'D)

Pfft! Why'd I get squirted for that?!  
I don't even know what's going on in  
this movie anymore. I've been hung up  
on bug-alien dick since the "holy  
hotdogs" joke. Like, what if women  
don't want Earth's average or...

(shifts nervously)

Slightly under average... Oscar  
Mayers anymore? What if the only way  
we could compete with that is to  
become someone impressive that--

(air quotes)

Respects and inspires her?

(terrified)

We're not programmed to do that!

Wayne clears his throat. Garth flinches, bangs his head on the bottom of the coffee table, squirms out, sits on the sofa.

WAYNE

So! How does it feel to be America's  
demented little sweetheart? And do  
tell us what it's like to pork an  
alien bug. How hung are they?!

CRISSY

Why do you guys care so much?

Wayne and Garth give each other a grim look.

GARTH

That means it's big.

Wayne grabs Garth by the collar.

WAYNE

Garth! Do you realize what this  
means? We'll have to go to war with  
these guys or we'll be EXTINCT!

Someone whistles a playful tune. Crissy looks side to side.

CRISSY  
Do you guys hear that?

Garth cups an ear.

GARTH  
Hear what?

CRISSY  
The whistling!

Crissy spots Alfred in the audience, walking toward the exit.

WAYNE  
You really are bat-shit crazy, huh?

Crissy jumps to her feet, takes off running.

GARTH  
Who cares if she's crazy... I think  
it's kinda funny!

WAYNE  
Where ya' goin'? We just got started!

CRISSY  
I have to go to Alfred!

The audience laughs wildly. Crissy leaps offstage.

GARTH  
Hey, what gives? Come back and tell  
us what alien dongos are like!

The audience WOOS. Crissy sprints up the aisle after Alfred.  
She grabs his shoulder. He turns. It's an EVIL CLOWN DOCTOR.

EVIL CLOWN DOCTOR  
What are you doing outta' your room?

The SNL band plays. Crissy turns. Alfred waves from the stage.  
Crissy shouts. Alfred locks eyes with her. She races to him.

CRISSY  
Alfred!

Alfred spins, pushes through a crowd of actors. He beckons her  
to follow, disappears backstage.

Crissy leaps onstage. TINA FEY, AMY POEHLER, and MAYA RUDOLPH  
circle Crissy, push her around like "Mean Girls".

MAYA RUDOLPH  
Hey... Crissy.

AMY POEHLER  
You're actually a Cristina, RIGHT?

Tina Fey gets in Crissy's face.

TINA FEY  
That means you ARE a Christy! HA!

Crissy shakes her head.

MAYA RUDOLPH  
Or... A TINA! Ha-ha!

Tina goes apeshit, rips off Crissy's gown. She's in her undies.

TINA FEY  
NO! There can be only ONE Tina on  
this stage!

Tina shoves Crissy off the stage. Crissy screams, falls back  
onto a crowd of hands. They hold her aloft. Amy Poehler yells.

AMY POEHLER  
That's right! None of your lady role  
models like you! How ya gonna live  
with that, CHRISTY?!

Crissy fights as the hands carry her away from the stage.

CRISSY  
No! I have to go with Alfred!!

The hands around her form into talking faces. They mock her.

TALKING HANDS 1  
(Labyrinth parody)  
Ha! She wants to go with Alfred!

TALKING HANDS 2  
She wants Alfred! She wants Alfred!

TALKING HANDS 3  
Let's take her to Alfred then! Ha!

The talking hands laugh wildly as they pull her toward a door.  
The door opens, the hands throw Crissy inside.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

The talking hands LAUGH. Crissy crashes onto a checkered  
floor. The door slams closed, disappears behind her. Silence.

Singing CARTOON BIRDS fly around Crissy's head. She spots two  
doors across from each other up the hall.

DOCTOR (O.S.)  
Damn raccoons are back.

Crissy looks down. Through a floor vent, she sees her DOCTOR and ANOTHER CRISSY. The doctor gestures to an image of a CARTOON BRAIN on a light box.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Everything looks okay,  
structurally...

A door slams. Crissy looks up. Alfred darts across from one door into the other.

CRISSY  
Alfred! Hey, wait!

The lights shut off. Carnival music plays. The lights buzz back on. Crissy's in an ENDLESS HALLWAY lined with doors.

CRISSY (CONT'D)  
Shit! Which one did he go through?!

Crissy tries a door. Her own apartment bathroom. At the sink, an OTHER CRISSY, in CANDY-PRINT PAJAMAS, gulps down pills.

CRISSY (CONT'D)  
He's coming back.

The OTHER CRISSY freezes. Crissy gently closes the door, opens the next. Clown nurses fight an OTHER CRISSY onto a stretcher.

Tongs are placed over her temples, a mouth-guard strapped on. A clown doctor twists a knob on a vintage TV remote. A CARTOON BRAIN blinks and buzzes inside the other Crissy's skull.

SEXIST ADS play on an old TV. The other Crissy fights, spots Crissy in the doorway. They lock eyes. Crissy slams the door.

The lights shut off. A light clicks on inside an office ahead. Someone inside whistles a playful tune. Crissy rushes in.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

It's pitch black. Silent. Crissy's CARTOON EYES blink.

CRISSY  
Goddamn it! Fuck-Fuckity-fuck!

Giant, grotesque cartoon eyes blink open all around Crissy, surrounding her. A typewriter noisily clatters. The eyes snap closed. "Moonlight Sonata" by Beethoven plays.

A spotlight shines onto an OTHER CRISSY - back turned in a wheelchair - at a computer. Her hair is unruly. She moves like a mad pianist giving an unhinged performance as she types.

CRISSY (CONT'D)  
Hey.



PIANO STAB. The other Crissy scowls, turns away.

OTHER CRISSY  
How many times do I have to tell you?

She spins. A claymation LARGE MARGE CRISSY springs forward.

LARGE MARGE CRISSY  
DON'T BUG ME WHEN I'M WRITING!

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL

Crissy jerks awake in the multi-purpose room, parked in front of the TV, her script in hand. She flips through it, puzzled.

NURSE DUVALL  
You need to find something else to write about.

Crissy drowsily peers up. Pee-wee's Playhouse is on TV.

PEE-WEE  
(on TV)  
Conkey, what's today's secret word?

Crissy lifts a brow. Nurse Duvall pats Crissy's back.

NURSE DUVALL  
I'll be back when the officer's ready.

Crissy gets a puzzled look. Nurse Duvall laughs, walks away. Pee-wee stares directly at Crissy on the screen, holds up a card with the word "CRAZY" on it. She rubs her eyes.

INT. CROSS-EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Crissy opens her eyes, flinches wildly. She's in an orange jumpsuit in front of a PISSY COP. A fly buzzes around.

PISSY COP  
There you are! You dozed off again!

CRISSY  
How did I get here?  
(looks around)  
I need to find Alfred.

PISSY COP  
When will you get it through your head, Miss Corbett? You can't.

Crissy gives the cop a bewildered look. He hands her a crime-scene photo. Alfred, dead on his living room floor.

INT. ALFRED'S APARTMENT (FLASHBACK)

*A swarm of flies BUZZ. Crissy, drenched in blood, WHISTLES A PLAYFUL TUNE, cuddles Alfred, a rotted corpse on the floor.*

PISSY COP (V.O.)  
 You got fired, snuck into your  
 neighbor's home that night, then  
 MURDERED HIM the next morning!

INT. CROSS-EXAMINATION ROOM - (END FLASHBACK)

Crissy closes her eyes, covers her ears, shakes her head.

PISSY COP  
 You stayed with his body for weeks,  
 writing your lil' buttermilk love  
 story. Pshh. More like bitter milk...

The cop flips through Crissy's script. The line, "Someone whistles a playful tune" repeats over hundreds of pages.

PISSY COP (CONT'D)  
 This is VERY concerning.

The cop waves the fly away. The fly zips to the window.

PISSY COP (CONT'D)  
 The judge is ordering shock therapy.  
 What do you think of that?

The fly bounces off the glass. Crissy points to it.

CRISSY  
 Hey, can you open the window? That  
 lil' guy would be happier outside.

He groans, rolls up Crissy's script, storms to the window.

CRISSY (CONT'D)  
 NO! Please, don't hurt it! LET IT GO!

He slaps the fly with the script. SPLAT. Crissy bawls into her hands. The cop drops the script onto her lap. Crissy stares at the SMASHED FLY on the cover with teary eyes.

CRISSY (CONT'D)  
 I know I didn't kill Alfred...  
 (looks at the fly)  
 I wouldn't even harm a fly...  
 (points)  
 You're a liar!

The cop sighs, picks up the phone, speaks into it.

## PISSY COP

I need backup. Corbett's having one of her classic meltdowns again.

The cop hangs up, rushes Crissy. She pops up, hurls her chair. He dodges, tackles her. She screams, pushes him off.

He rolls to the floor, unconscious. Crissy stands, stares at the cop, confused. Sirens wail. She races out of the room.

## INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

"Psycho Killer" by Talking Heads plays. Sirens wail. Red lights flash. Crissy stumbles into the checkered hallway. Someone whistles. She twists. An elevator DINGS open ahead.

A twisted paper flower rest on the floor inside. A man and a woman shout Crissy's name. She turns. Her eyes widen, horrified.

## CRISSY

Mom? Dad?

Crissy's PARENTS rush toward her, enraged.

## CRISSY'S MOM

This place is a mess! Clean it up, Crissy! You slob! You lazy bum!

Crissy cries, races into the elevator. Her dad snaps a belt.

## CRISSY'S DAD

If you don't clean this place up, I'll whip your hide raw, girl!

Crissy quickly closes the door.

## INT. THE SPIDERS INN MOTEL - NIGHT

Ding! The doors slide open onto a quiet, creepy MOTEL HALLWAY. Crissy bawls, steps out with the paper flower clutched to her chest. Alfred slips into a room beside her. She follows him.

A TV-lit room. Sexist ads play. No Alfred. Two SHEET-COVERED BODIES in the bed. A cough. Crissy turns. Three guards sit on a sofa, stare blankly at the TV. Crissy winces, doubles over.

A body in the bed jerks. The sheets shift. Another CRISSY - long, brown curly hair - sleeps fitfully. Crissy moves closer, baffled. She pokes the OTHER CRISSY. The world glitches.

## ALFRED (O.S.)

**Crissy. My friends will find you.**

Crissy spins. A hologram of Alfred glitches in the doorway.

ALFRED (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
**Love you. Stay strong, doodle-bug.**

Crissy gasps. The paper flower falls from her hand. She drops.

INT. THE SPIDERS INN MOTEL - SAME TIME

Crissy wakes, covered in a sheet, pinned to a bed by SPIDERWEBS. Cords and cables connect her to a giant, BUZZING, main-frame computer. She struggles out of the webs.

She's wearing lingerie. Her hair is brown again. She spots a sheet-covered body beside her. She gasps, jumps out of bed.

SIRENS WAIL. RED LIGHTS FLASH. The TV flips channels. All live coverage of a bug-alien attack on Earth. "Mystery illness has people dropping like flies." A frenzied BUZZ.

Crissy glances at the guards, GASPS. They're now gruesome bug aliens. The TV stops on the BLACK-VEILED WOMAN.

BLACK-VEILED WOMAN  
 (to bug-aliens)  
 Get her. Bring her back!

The bug-aliens spring up from the sofa. Two tackle Crissy, pin her to the bed. The other bug-alien brandishes a syringe filled with a black fluid. He brings it to Crissy's neck.

CRISSY  
 No! LET ME GO!

BLACK-VEILED WOMAN  
 Give up. Your home and boyfriend are gone. You have nothing to fight for.

Crissy huffs. Her eyes roll back, GLOW WHITE. The bug-aliens drop. Crissy pops up, blinks her eyes back to normal. She pulls the sheet off the body in bed. Alfred. He looks dead.

CRISSY  
 No. No. No.

BLACK-VEILED WOMAN  
 Poor thing. I see you're suffering...  
 Lucky for you, I'm merciful. See that syringe in the guard's hand?

Crissy spots the syringe in a bug alien's hand on the floor.

BLACK-VEILED WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 That's my venom. Just a quick poke,  
 and you'll forget everything...

Crissy snuffles, picks up the syringe. Alfred TOOTS a long one. Crissy spins. He lies still, a slight smirk on his face.

BLACK-VEILED WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Ha! Don't fool yourself. He's dead.

CRISSY  
I don't believe you!

Crissy drops the syringe, races to the TV, gives it a solid kick. The TV crashes to the floor. Crissy turns to Alfred.

CRISSY (CONT'D)  
I'm going to find help, okay?

EXT. DOWNTOWN RED SKY CITY - CONTINUOUS

Crissy races from the motel. She's in a grimy FUTURISTIC CITY, all lights and skyscrapers. THREE MOONS hang in the red sky.

CRISSY  
Fuck! Where the hell am I?!

Crissy looks around, spots a light pole plastered with flyers. "A tribute to The Clash. Drummer wanted."

CRISSY (CONT'D)  
YES! Those guys must know Alf!  
(looks around frantically)  
But how do I find them!?

A blue 77' AMC Pacer - the MIRTHMOBILE - skids around a corner, speeds straight toward Crissy. She runs into the street, waves, shouts at the bulky, shadowy figures inside.

CRISSY (CONT'D)  
PLEASE, STOP! HELP!

The car screeches to a stop beside her. She bangs on the window, gestures weakly to the motel.

CRISSY (CONT'D)  
Please! Help me! Please!

The doors fling open. The world BLURS around Crissy. She drowsily blinks, yawns, drops unconscious to the ground.

CUT TO:

BLACK

HEAVY BREATHING. POUNDING FOOTSTEPS.

ANDY (V.O.)  
**Did you grab the syringe?**

CHRIS (V.O.)  
**Yep, got it!**

A car door creaks open. A loud THUD.

ANDY (V.O.)  
**DUDE! Careful with his head!**

Seatbelts snap. Car doors slam closed. Crissy groans.

TOMMY (V.O.)  
**Aw man, is she gonna hurl in my car?**

CRISSY (O.S.)  
 (sleep talks)  
 Let me go...

CHRIS (V.O.)  
**She's drugged. She'll be asleep soon.**

TOMMY (V.O.)  
**AH! WHY ARE HER EYES OPEN LIKE THAT?!  
 It's creeping me out!**

INT. MIRTHMOBILE - LATER

Crissy sleeps, slumped over in the backseat of the speeding car. Her eyes are open, rolled back. The radio blasts "Bohemian Rhapsody" by Queen. Men's voices sing along.

CRISSY  
 (mutters)  
 Let me go...

QUEEN  
*No, no, no, no, no, no, no!*

Crissy furrows her brow, stirs in her sleep.

QUEEN (CONT'D)  
*Oh, Mama Mia, Mama Mia, Mama Mia.*

Crissy blinks awake, sees her sheet-wrapped body.

QUEEN (CONT'D)  
*Beelzebub has a devil put aside for  
 me, for me... FOR ME!*

Crissy looks up. Two BUG-ALIENS head-bang in the front seats. She blinks, looks side to side. She's sat between a head-banging bug-alien and Alfred, wrapped in a sheet. She SCREAMS! The Bug-alien beside her, BUG TOMMY - a stink bug - SCREAMS!

BUG TOMMY (V.O.)  
**AH! WHY IS SHE AWAKE?!**

The front passenger, BUG ANDY - a Boxelder - raises his arms.

BUG ANDY (V.O.)  
**I DON'T KNOW!**

The driver, BUG CHRIS - a Beetle - lowers the music's volume.

BUG CHRIS (V.O.)  
**CHILL, GUYS. Hey, Crissy! It's nice  
 to meet you finally. I'm CHRIS!**

Bug Andy waves to Crissy.

BUG ANDY (V.O.)  
**I'm ANDY! We used to be in a band  
 with Alf...**

Bug Tommy gives Crissy the stink eye.

BUG TOMMY (V.O.)  
**Yeah, before he ditched us for you.**

BUGS CHRIS AND ANDY (V.O.)  
**SHUT UP, TOMMY!**

Crissy stares sadly at Alfred, takes his hand.

CRISSY  
 What's wrong with him?!

The bug men go silent.

BUG TOMMY (V.O.)  
**We're sorry, Crissy. He's gone.**

Crissy freezes, stunned. Bug Andy scoffs, pushes Bug Tommy hard. Bug Tommy's head BANGS into the window.

BUG TOMMY (V.O.)  
**Ow! What the hell was THAT for?!**

BUG ANDY (V.O.)  
**You idiot! You made it sound like  
 he's dead!**

Crissy tearfully eyes Alfred.

CRISSY  
 What?! He's alive?

Bug Tommy crosses his arms.

BUG TOMMY (V.O.)  
**Pfft! Barely... Might as well be  
 dead. The queen stung him twice! You  
 can't recover from that...**

BUG ANDY (V.O.)  
**SHUT UP, TOMMY!**

BUG CHRIS (V.O.)  
**Tommy's right, typically, a double  
 dose is lethal, but Alf's not normal.**

BUG ANDY (V.O.)

**He was the first to free himself  
from the queen's control. He's  
stronger than the rest of us.**

BUG CHRIS (V.O.)

**He's NOT dead, but he IS paralyzed,  
and fighting to stay alive.**

Crissy weeps into her hands.

CRISSY

How could he not tell me about this?

BUG ANDY (V.O.)

**He probably didn't wanna scare you.**

BUG TOMMY (V.O.)

**Or he was just scared you'd dump his  
ugly bug butt! Hah!**

BUGS CHRIS AND ANDY (V.O.)

(in unison)

**SHUT UP, TOMMY!**

CRISSY

He should have warned me. I was  
scared out of my mind waking up  
alone in that hospital.

BUG TOMMY (V.O.)

**Actually, you were scared INSIDE  
your mind!**

BUG ANDY (V.O.)

**You weren't in a hospital, Crissy.  
You were in the queen's mind prison.**

Crissy gives the bug men a bewildered look.

BUG TOMMY (V.O.)

**Once the queen paralyzes your body,  
she imprisons you in your own mind.  
She learns everything about you...  
Your dreams... Your fears...**

BUG ANDY (V.O.)

**She uses them against you! The worst  
part is it feels real... Makes you  
feel crazy... Question everything!**

BUG CHRIS (V.O.)

**You gotta fight like hell to remember  
who you are! If you give up... Allow  
yourself to forget and accept the  
queen's crooked reality... You become  
one of her henchmen.**



BUG TOMMY (V.O.)  
**More like a MINDLESS ZOMBIE!**

Crissy looks at Alfred, teary-eyed.

CRISSY  
 Is he still trapped in there?

BUG CHRIS (V.O.)  
**The queen probably has him hidden deeper than before.**

Bug Chris glances back at Crissy.

BUG CHRIS (V.O.)  
**We're sorry about all of this.**

BUG ANDY (V.O.)  
**Alfred's like the best guy we know. He's a legend around here.**

BUG TOMMY (V.O.)  
**A real Robbin Hood!**

BUG CHRIS (V.O.)  
**He's the ONLY one we know who can travel off the planet!**

BUG TOMMY (V.O.)  
**I didn't know that was possible!**

BUG ANDY (V.O.)  
**He's freed so many minds from the Queen's control... He's a hero...**

BUG TOMMY (V.O.)  
**And PUNK AS FUCK! He introduced us to music. We now think and live freely.**

Crissy smiles at Alfred, yawns, cuddles close to him.

CRISSY  
 You're so cool.

BUG CHRIS (V.O.)  
**Well, this has been an informative car ride, wouldn't you say? Sleep, Crissy. You've been through a lot. You and Alf are safe with us.**

Crissy closes her eyes.

CRISSY  
 Please be okay, Alfie.

INT. ALFRED'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Crissy wakes in Alfred's bed. She stretches her arms. PUNK MUSIC plays in the next room.

CRISSY

Alf?! I had the WILDEST dream...

No response. Crissy - in bootleg "Michael Mouse" pajamas - springs up, eyes wide. Artwork of Crissy hangs on every wall.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

Whoa.

Crissy finds a tangled dandelion in her hair. She slides out of bed, examines the artwork. It's all signed "ALF."

CRISSY (CONT'D)

When did he do all this?

Crissy studies a nude painting of herself, blindfolded. She blushes, wanders out of the room. More art in the LIVING ROOM.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

What the...?

Keys JINGLE outside the front door. Crissy gasps.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

Alf!

She races to the door. It SLAMS open. Bugs Chris and Andy fly in from a RED-SKY alien world. Crissy screams, falls to the floor. A toilet flushes. Bug Tommy steps out of the bathroom.

BUG TOMMY (V.O.)

**Finally! You're awake!**

Crissy screams, backs away. Bug Tommy groans, raises his arms.

BUG TOMMY (V.O.)

**Why are you screaming?! You don't remember us from last night!? Oof!**

BUG ANDY (V.O.)

**Shut up, Tommy!**

BUG CHRIS (V.O.)

**We're Alf's friends! Remember?**

Crissy spots Alfred's sheet-wrapped body on the sofa.

CRISSY

I was hoping it was just a dream...  
So... What do we do now?

BUG TOMMY (V.O.)

**We can't do doodly-squat... You'll have to face the queen alone!**

CRISSY

What? No way! I can't do that!

BUG CHRIS (V.O.)

**You're the only one with the power to bridge your mind prison with Alf's. That's how he was able to lead you to your bodies.**

BUG ANDY (V.O.)

**But don't worry! Alf has a plan!**

BUG TOMMY (V.O.)

**He explains it all in the tapes!**

Crissy gives Bug Chris a confused look.

CRISSY

Tapes?

INT. BUG ALFRED'S ANTHRAX APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Crissy sits on Alfred's bed in front of a TV. Bug Chris hands her a stack of VHS tapes with handwritten labels.

She laughs at the titles. *"HOW DID I GET HERE?"*. *"AM I RIGHT? AM I WRONG?"*. *"MY GOD. WHAT HAVE I DONE?!"*.

She pops in the first tape. On-screen, Alfred - in a lab coat, bow tie, goofy grin - sits a desk, holds up a buttermilk pie.

ALFRED

Hi, Crissy! Boy, I bet you have many questions, like "What's up with all the drawings?". Well, grab some popcorn and call me Clarissa, 'cause I'm going to explain it all!

Bug Tommy leans into Bug Andy, whispers.

BUG TOMMY (V.O.)

**It'd creep me out if I found out someone had art of me everywhere!**

Bug Andy rolls his eyes.

BUG ANDY (V.O.)

**You don't have to worry about that 'cause nobody likes looking at you.**

Bug Tommy scoffs. Crissy smiles at the screen. On TV, a "Bill Nye, The Science Guy" parody intro begins.

SINGERS  
 (on recording)  
*AL-FY, the fly guy! ALF! ALF! ALF!*  
*ALF! AL-FY, the fly guy!*

Bug Alfred dances. His head spins like a globe on screen.

BUG ALFRED  
 (sped up voice)  
 BUGS RULE!

SINGERS  
 (on recording)  
*AL-FY, the fly guy.*

The intro ends.

BUG CHRIS (V.O.)  
*Let us know if you need anything.*

The Bug friends walk out. On TV, Alfred looks out at Crissy.

ALFRED  
 If you're watching this, you must  
 have been captured by the space queen  
 of Anthrax and trapped in mind  
 prison... But you escaped! That's  
 amazing! It confirms my suspicions.  
 Heck, it's why I made these videos in  
 the first place!

*EXT. DOWNTOWN PORTLAND - EVENING (FLASHBACK)*

*Bug Alfred whistles, struts away among people in costume.*

ALFRED (V.O.)  
 (from VHS tape)  
 I came to Earth every Halloween to  
 collect music gear to take back  
 home, to help free more minds...

Alf stops, silhouetted in the lit storefront of *FRED MEYER*. He  
 folds candy wrappers into the shape of a flower.

ALFRED (V.O.)  
 And then I felt something...

*A door JINGLES open beside him. Crissy darts out.*

ALFRED (V.O.)  
 And there you were. I felt drawn to  
 you like a light.

*Bug Alfred buzzes softly, watches Crissy rush to her car.*

ALFRED (V.O.)  
I knew it'd be impossible for us to  
be together, so I kept my distance.

*EXT. DOWNTOWN PORTLAND - LATER*

*Street lights flicker. Bug Alfred carries trick-or-treat bags full of music gear, whistles down an empty street.*

ALFRED (V.O.)  
I couldn't get you off my mind. You  
had me feeling like a teenager!

*A bike bell RINGS from behind. He turns, sees Crissy wobble on her bike. He gasps, hides behind a car, peeks over. She falls, slams her head. THUD. She rolls unconscious onto the street.*

ALFRED (V.O.)  
But then, there you were again...  
This time you were hurt and needed my  
help. I couldn't stay away.

*INT. BUG ALFRED'S ANTHRAX APARTMENT- NIGHT*

*Sparks fly. Bug Alfred busily works at a cluttered workbench.*

ALFRED (V.O.)  
I was obsessed with becoming human.

*INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT*

*Crissy, blindfolded, gasps as she's tugged downward in bed. A loud buzz. Crissy giggles, squeals!*

ALFRED (V.O.)  
Then there was that night. I  
thought maybe this could work out.

*INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - LATER*

*Crissy, blindfolded, slow claps in bed. Bug Alfred laughs. His bug body begins to bubble, melt. His vision blurs.*

BUG ALFRED (V.O.)  
**Hey, mind if I take a shower?**

CRISSY  
No, not at all...

*INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - LATER*

*The shower CREAKS off. Alfred, a human, steps out of the dark bathroom.*

ALFRED (V.O.)  
*The bulb's out in there. That was the  
 weirdest, darkest shower of my life!  
 But I needed it. I was a mess  
 after... Heh...*

INT. BUG ALFRED'S ANTHRAX APARTMENT (END FLASHBACK)

On TV, Alfred tears up.

ALFRED  
 I never meant to leave you, Crissy.

EXT. DOWNTOWN RED SKY CITY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Alfred prances into his local pub, BUTTERFLY TAVERN.

ALFRED (V.O.)  
 I had no idea your buttermilk pie  
 could turn me human.

INT. BUTTERFLY TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Terrified bug-aliens point and scream at human Alfred.

EXT. DOWNTOWN RED SKY CITY - CONTINUOUS

Alfred runs from the pub, spots his reflection in a store window. He screams! Sirens wail. The MIRTHMOBILE pulls up.

INT. MIRTHMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

Bugs Chris, Mike, and Tommy look out the car window at Alfred.

BUG TOMMY (V.O.)  
**WHAT IS THAT THING?!**

EXT. DOWNTOWN RED SKY CITY - MOMENTS LATER

A spotlight shines over Alfred. He looks up, screams.

ALFRED (V.O.)  
 The queen apprehended me. She  
 demanded to know how I turned human--

INT. BUG ALFRED'S ANTHRAX APARTMENT - DAY (END FLASHBACK)

Crissy wipes away tears, eyes glued to the TV.

ALFRED  
 (on TV)  
 But I refused to tell her! I was put  
 in mind prison. I thought I'd never  
 see you again... So, about the art...

Crissy glances around at the art in Bug Alfred's apartment.

*INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL (FLASHBACK)*

*MONTAGE: Alfred, in a hospital gown, busily draws, paints, sketches portraits of Crissy.*

ALFRED (V.O.)  
 Everyone told me you didn't exist. I  
 didn't believe them.

*Int. Alfred's apartment (END FLASHBACK)*

Crissy watches intently. She snacks on tortilla chips.

ALFRED  
 (on TV)  
 Each drawing reminded me of what I  
 was fighting for, to get back to you.

*INT. ENDLESS HALLWAY (FLASHBACK)*

*In a hospital gown, arms laden with artwork, Alfred hurries down a checkered floor hall. Goosebumps rise on his arms. He freezes. Crissy grabs him from behind.*

ALFRED (V.O.)  
 But then you reached out to me. You  
 found me somehow and freed me.

*Alfred flinches upon her touch, turns...*

*INT. THE SPIDERS INN MOTEL - NIGHT*

*Red lights flash. Sirens wail. Bug Alfred - covered head to toe in a sheet, pinned to a bed by spiderwebs - jerks awake, strains against the webs.*

BUG ALFRED (V.O.)  
**Crissy?!**

*He tears the webbing away, squints around, disoriented. He peers down at the artwork of Crissy clutched in his arms. He finds cords and cables connected to him all over his body.*

ALFRED (V.O.)  
 I was weak after being asleep for so long. I tried to make contact with you, but nothing worked.

*INT. LOS MARBLES APARTMENTS - NIGHT*

*Alfred dances inside the elevator. DING! The elevator opens.*

ALFRED (V.O.)  
 I came to you as soon as I could. I couldn't wait to see you! But...

*He twirls out, trips over Crissy, unconscious, on the floor.*

ALFRED (V.O.)  
 Uh, well, you know the rest...

*INT. BUG ALFRED'S ANTHRAX APARTMENT (END FLASHBACK)*

*A tear rolls down Crissy's cheek as she watches the tape.*

ALFRED  
 Do you know why I always give you dandelions? They remind me of you. They're misunderstood, under-appreciated... but vital to the planet's health.  
 (excitedly)  
 Oh! And they go great with a tossed salad!

*Crissy laughs, wipes tears away.*

ALFRED (CONT'D)  
 I figured out how you're able to communicate with me. YOU'RE A SPACE QUEEN, BABY! With your help, we can free the poor souls trapped in mind prison and stop the queen's invasion of Earth. You just need to believe in yourself. I do. Here's the plan...

*INT. BUG ALFRED'S ANTHRAX APARTMENT - LATER*

*Crissy steps out of Alfred's bedroom, eyes wide.*

BUG ANDY (V.O.)  
**Understand what you have to do?**

*Crissy nods, sits beside Alfred's body on the sofa.*

BUG TOMMY (V.O.)  
**Great! Let's get started... Right after we pick up some pizza!**



CRISSY

No. I have to save Alf. Right now.

BUG TOMMY (V.O.)

**Buzz kill.**

INT. BUG ALFRED'S ANTHRAX APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Crissy lies in bed by Alfred, takes his hand, eyes him sadly.

BUG TOMMY (V.O.)

**Remember, the queen is gonna mess  
with your mind.**

BUG ANDY (V.O.)

**Stay calm. Remind yourself you're in  
there to rescue Alf. He may recover  
if his mind and body are reunited.**

Bug Chris holds up a syringe filled with black fluid.

BUG CHRIS (V.O.)

**Ready? This'll put your body to  
sleep, but your mind will wake up in  
mind prison. A second dose is usually  
lethal, but you're a space queen...  
You'll probably survive.**

CRISSY

Probably?

Bug Chris shrugs. Crissy glances sadly at Alfred.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

Do it.

Bug Chris injects her arm.

INT. PRISON - CONTINUOUS

Crissy - grey hair, orange jumpsuit - wakes on a tattered bed in a cell. She jumps up, rattles the bars. Nurse Duval approaches, flanked by guards. They unlock the cell, pounce on Crissy. She fights as they strap her into a straitjacket.

NURSE DUVALL

It has to be this way, Cristy. You  
shouldn't have attacked the doctor!  
(waves to guards, exits)  
Let's go. The doctor is waiting...

Crissy screams as the guards drag her out of the room.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER.

The guards lift Crissy onto a stretcher. She fights as they strap her down. The doctor walks in, trailed by a few nurses.

DOCTOR

Miss Corbett, please try to relax.

The nurses pin Crissy down onto the stretcher. Crissy stops fighting, clenches her eyes, mutters to herself.

CRISSY

Alfred. I need to find Alfred.

Nurse Duvall quiets Crissy with a mouthguard. The doctor places tongs on her temples, twists a knob on a hand-held device. Crissy is BUZZED. She screams. Her body convulses.

Another shock. She fights the nurses. The door pops open. Crissy glances up. Another Crissy peeks into the doorway. The CRISSYS lock eyes, SCREAM. The door slams. The lights go out.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - LATER

Crissy lies asleep on the floor in the padded room, mutters. Her body is bruised. Her lip and eyebrow have stitches.

CRISSY

Need to find... Need to find...

Nurse Duvall walks in, flanked by three guards.

NURSE DUVALL

Careful guys, she's a fighter! And strong as an ox!

(to Crissy)

Back to your cell, you crazy bitch.

Crissy's head droops as two guards lift her to her feet. The third guard readies a straitjacket. Crissy glances around.

CRISSY

Why am I here?... How did I get here?... I was searching for something... What was it? I just remembered, but now it's gone...

A tear rolls down Crissy's cheek. She lowers her head, sobs. The third guard drapes Crissy with the straitjacket.

INT. BUG ALFRED'S ANTHRAX APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Bug Tommy eyes Crissy and Alfred, lifeless in bed.

BUG TOMMY (V.O.)  
**We should draw dicks on their faces  
 or something.**

BUG ANDY (V.O.)  
**Shut up, Tommy.**

BUG TOMMY (V.O.)  
**Come on, guys! Look how still they  
 are! It's the PERFECT opportunity!**

Bugs Chris and Andy shake their heads at Bug Tommy. Bug Tommy scoffs. Bug Andy glances at Crissy and Alfred. Alfred's hand jerks, squeezes Crissy's hand.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - SAME TIME

Crissy's hand clenches. She stops crying, observes her hand.

CRISSY  
 Alfie?

INT. ALFRED'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Alfred firmly holds Crissy's hand. Bug Andy jumps!

BUG ANDY (V.O.)  
**WHOA! You guys see that? He moved!**

Crissy's eyes pop open, GLOW WHITE. Bug Tommy flinches.

BUG TOMMY (V.O.)  
**Aw, man! There she goes with those  
 creepy eyes again!**

BUG CHRIS (V.O.)  
**Yes! She's fighting back!**

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Crissy raises her head. Her eyes narrow, GLOW WHITE. The guards holding her drop, unconscious. Nurse Duvall gasps.

Crissy levitates. Her toes drag the floor as she advances on the nurse. Crissy taps the nurse's shoulder. She drops. Crissy rips the keycard from the nurse's neck.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - SAME TIME

Alfred - dressed as a LUNCH LADY - hums, pushes a meal cart. Crissy darts into the HALLWAY, crashes into him. They land in a heap. Crissy's eyes blink to normal. Alfred's out cold.

CRISSY

Alfred?

Another Alfred approaches, gives Crissy a stern look.

OTHER ALFRED

HEY! What did you do?!

Crissy's eyes widen as she notices another Alfred walk by. An arm grabs onto her from behind. She turns. A DOCTOR ALFRED.

DR. ALFRED

What are you doing out of your room?

Doctor Alfred peeks into the open padded room. Three GUARDS ALFREDS and a NURSE ALFRED ripped apart. A BLOODY MASSACRE.

DR. ALFRED (CONT'D)

Miss Corbett... You're a monster!

Crissy jerks away from Dr. Alfred. She runs, discovers she's surrounded by Alfreds. The receptionist is Alfred. The janitor is Alfred. The nurses are Alfred. The patients are all Alfred.

Alfreds yell from behind. Crissy looks back. Guard Alfreds chase after a trail of bloody footprints behind her. She looks down. She's drenched with blood. She skids to a stop.

CRISSY

My god! What have I done!?

Someone whistles a playful tune beside her. She looks over. The MULTI-PURPOSE ROOM. Crissy swipes the keycard, rushes inside. The room is full of whistling PATIENT ALFREDS.

Some stare at a blank TV, some work a puzzle, some wander aimlessly. They stop whistling, cock their heads toward Crissy. She screams. They circle her, wolf whistle.

THE ALFREDS

(in unison)

OO-DE-LALLY!

Crissy screams, spins toward the exit. The doors are gone. She stands, perplexed, in front of the multi-purpose room.

EVIL QUEEN (V.O.)

**Let's play a game. Find the REAL  
Alfred. Touch him, and you'll both be  
freed. Choose wrong? You all die!**

The Alfreds gaze lovingly at Crissy. She shakes her head.

EVIL QUEEN (V.O.)

**Aw! What's wrong? This should be  
easy. I thought you two shared a  
special connection. Hahaha!**

The Alfreds eye Crissy, rub their bodies lustfully. They rip off their gowns, pose, dance provocatively in 80s cartoon underwear. Crissy looks around, confused.

CRISSY

Am I dead? Is this hell? Or...

(smirks)

Heaven? 'Cause I'm kinda into this...

Crissy blushes, giggles, waves to the Alfreds.

EVIL QUEEN (V.O.)

**Enough! Let's move this along.**

(phony voice)

**Would the real Alfred hug Crissy?**

**Look at her. She needs a hug!**

The Alfreds rush Crissy like loving zombies. She cowers.

CRISSY

NO... DON'T TOUCH ME!

The Alfreds freeze. The lights shut off. The TV BUZZES on. "Sex and Violence" by The Exploited blasts over scenes of sexual violence. Crissy peeks through her fingers.

The Alfreds loom over her, their faces warped, mangled like melted clay. The TV flashes clips of live footage from Earth.

The sky is stormy, red. Shocked humans convulse, bubble and ooze. They transform into hideous bug aliens. They BUZZ.

On TV, Carly is thrown out a window by a bug-alien. Crissy screams. Cut to commercial. A 70s Crissy doll ad.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

Alf?

Crissy creeps through the cluster of monstrous Alfreds toward the TV. They stir behind her as she passes.

The flesh melts from their faces. Hideous bug-aliens underneath. Crissy kneels, turns an ear to the TV. A faint whistling. She knocks on the screen. Solid.

Crissy punches the screen. The EVIL QUEEN laughs. Crissy clenches her fist. Her eyes glow brightly.

Crissy places a hand on the screen. The TV glitches.

MONTAGE:

"Oo-de-lally" by Roger Miller plays.

- Crissy wakes alone in BED, talks, giggles up to the ceiling.

- *Crissy buys flowers from a booth at the PORTLAND SATURDAY MARKET. She laughs, has a lively chat with thin air as she strolls through the crowd.*

ROGER MILLER

Robin Hood and Little John walkin'  
through the forest, laughing back and  
forth at what the other'n has to say.

- *Butt-naked Bug Alfred tugs Crissy, blindfolded, down in BED.*

ROGER MILLER (CONT'D)

*Reminisclin', this-'n'-thattin' Havin'  
such a good time.*

- *Alfred giggles. Crissy jerks him into her APARTMENT.*

ROGER MILLER (CONT'D)

*Oo-de-lally, Oo-de-lally, Golly  
what a day...*

- *Lights flash. Alfred and Crissy kiss in a PHOTO BOOTH.*

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Crissy stares at the TV, teary-eyed. The TV shuts off. She blinks back to normal. The lights turn on. The zombie bug-aliens mock her, trudge toward her. She SCREAMS.

From inside the TV set, Crissy hears Alfred singing "Beautiful Crissy." Her eyes glow. She reaches for the screen. Her hand slips THROUGH. She smirks, climbs inside. The Bug-aliens hiss.

EVIL QUEEN (V.O.)

**STOP HER!**

Crissy vanishes into the TV. The bug aliens tackle each other.

EVIL QUEEN (V.O.)

**NOOOOO!**

INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Crissy drops into a dank cell, thick with spiderwebs. Live wires buzz, spark from a gaping hole in the wall. She spots Alfred curled up like a zapped fly.

CRISSY

Alfred!

She rushes to his side, hugs him tightly. He smiles weakly.

ALFRED

M-my darling. What've you been up to?  
(looks her up and down)  
I have to say...  
(MORE)

ALFRED (CONT'D)

You must get told this *all* the time... But, you make an adorable homicidal maniac, Crissy!

She laughs. He runs his fingers through her white hair, wolf whistles. Crissy straddles him.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Oo-de-lally!

INT. BUG ALFRED'S ANTHRAX APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Crissy kicks a leg over Alfred. They make out, hot and heavy, in their sleep. He plays with her melons. She spansks his butt. Bugs Chris, Tommy, and Andy stare at them, wide-eyed.

BUG CHRIS (V.O.)

**This is awkward.**

BUG TOMMY (V.O.)

**Should I get a broom and poke them apart, or...?**

BUG ANDY (V.O.)

**We should go... Right?**

Crissy and Alfred jerk awake. The bug friends scream. Crissy and Alfred look at each other, burst into laughter. They hug.

ALFRED

Hey! Before I forget... I have something I wanna show you...

He digs in a bedside drawer, pulls out a B&W photograph. Bug Alfred, age 17. With a mohawk. Crissy turns to their friends.

CRISSY

Alright, guys. Go on, GIT!

Alfred giggles. He glances at Crissy's chest. He freezes, wide-eyed. A BLACK STAR adorns each side of her upper chest.

ALFRED

When... Did you... Get those?!

She looks down, puzzled. The bug friends eye the marks.

BUG FRIENDS

(in unison)

Cee-cee?!

Alfred takes Crissy's hands.

ALFRED

It's YOU. It's been you all along!

Crissy stares at him, baffled. A window BREAKS in the next room. Crissy clings to Alfred. The bug men jump up, alert.

BUG CHRIS (V.O.)

**SHIT! She's here! What do we do?!**

The door SLAMS open. The evil queen ELVIRA storms in. She sprays the bug friends with a pesticide. They drop, twitch.

CRISSY

NO! Please, stop!

Crissy grabs her stomach, doubles over in pain.

ELVIRA

Aww. What's eating you, Crissy Corvette? Is that tummy bug giving you trouble? The suffering will end soon... When you're dead!

CRISSY

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!

Alfred takes Crissy's hand, looks into her eyes.

*EXT. CASTLE ANTHRAX - NIGHT - FLASHBACK*

*Teen Bug Alfred sheds the Grimace costume, runs into the woods, Cee-cee in his arms. Branches crack behind them. Elvira nears.*

CEE-CEE

*It's too late, Alfie. She's gonna kill us. I promise I'll never forget you.*

TEEN BUG ALFRED

Hey! Don't talk like that! Remember I promised you I was gonna bring you coffee in that mug I got you?

CEE-CEE

**KISS ME ALREADY!**

*He chuckles, kisses her. Cee-cee sobs. He crosses his eyes at her. She laughs. Elvira appears behind them. The queen flicks her wrist. Sharp branches rise from the ground, fly at TEEN BUG ALFRED. Cee-cee jerks from his arms, shoves him to the ground.*

*Cee-cee is impaled. She drops. Teen Bug Alf sits up, dazed. Elvira kneels, palms Cee-cee's stomach. MAGGOTS slither from her palm into Cee-cee's flesh. Teen Bug Alfred pukes.*

ELVIRA (V.O.)

I fused a parasite to your spirit that kills you by feasting upon your flesh from the inside--



*Cee-cee's spirit - a small glowing orb - rises from her chest. Maggots squirm over the orb, fuse into it. It zips away, like a comet. Teen bug Alfred scrambles to his feet, runs away.*

ELVIRA (V.O.)  
And I'll do it again!

INT. BUG ALFRED'S ANTHRAX APARTMENT (END FLASHBACK)

Elvira sprays the pesticide on Crissy and Alfred. They drop.

ELVIRA  
I think it's cute that you found  
your old boyfriend, Cee-cee.

EXT. CASTLE ANTHRAX (FLASHBACK)

Elvira watches teen bug Alfred disappear into the forest.

ELVIRA  
*This is all your fault! The chaotic  
creature has cursed you! Anyone who  
comes close to you will suffer!  
Anyone you tell will die!*

INT. TEEN BUG ALFRED'S HOME - LATER

Muffled punk plays. In bed, teen bug Alfred flips through punk tapes. He wears headphones, a RED CASSETTE WALKMAN.

CEE-CEE (V.O.)  
*Keep music on at all times. It'll  
free your mind, empower you, and keep  
you safe... And if something happens  
to the music, remember to whistle.  
That will help block out the queen.*

Teen bug Alfred snuffles, pulls a MUG from a Powell's books bag. It reads, "We belong in Portland!".

INT. BUG ALFRED'S ANTHRAX APARTMENT (END FLASHBACK)

Crissy and Alfred stare sadly at each other.

CLOSE UP: The photo of teen bug Alfred with a mohawk.

ALFRED  
My purpose in life from then on was  
to carry out your plan to save the  
planet. I started the tribute band  
in your honor.

Crissy and Alfred smile at each other. Elvira scoffs.

ELVIRA

That's sweet, but it didn't stop him from lying and keeping secrets. He's cursed like all the others on this planet.

Alfred snuffles, looks away from Crissy.

ALFRED

She's right. I'm a monster.

Crissy shakes her head at him.

CRISSY

I understand now. You were cursed... With a terrible secret! She knew it would fill you with shame, keep you sick and destroy you! You're not evil. What you were forced to endure was!

Alfred bursts into tears, hugs Crissy tightly.

ELVIRA

WOW! He's got you brainwashed good! Alright, I'm out! You'll both be dead any moment anyway!

Elvira strolls toward the door. Crissy cradles Alfred.

CRISSY

The mind gets hurt like any other part of the body after trauma. The secret denied you the opportunity to heal and recover.

Alfred plays with Crissy's curls.

ALFRED

I'm sorry for not being honest. I got caught in a self-destructive pattern I couldn't escape. Not everything was a lie. I love you. That was never a lie.

(cries)

You're my sweetie pie. Always.

Crissy kisses him. He smiles. His eyes go blank. Crissy freaks the fuck out. Elvira laughs in the doorway, turns to Crissy.

ELVIRA

Ha! Gaslighting to the very end! He didn't love you. He was only attracted to you because you're filth... Just garbage that attracted a fly! He didn't care about you. He was hungry for you!

CRISSY

What a...  
 (winces)  
 PILE OF SHIT!

Crissy's eyes glow white.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

Alfred's not malicious like you! He fought for others, even when he was in pain himself.

She climbs weakly from the bed, narrows her eyes at Elvira.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

YOU CAUSED THIS! All you do is manipulate others for your own gain!

Crissy winces, drops to her knees.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

The others are not evil. You abused them. They're hurt.

She drops, paralyzed. Elvira laughs. Crissy's star marks glow. Her hand rises, twists a finger. Elvira gasps, spins in midair. Crissy's finger waves. Elvira slaps herself hard.

CRISSY (V.O.)

**I know I'm gonna die, but I'll leave this place better than I found it.**

Crissy's fist clenches. Elvira trembles, sweats. Veins bulge.

ELVIRA

I thought you were against violence!

CLOSE UP: Alfred's lifeless face.

CRISSY (V.O.)

**Someone once told me... No one should tolerate abuse... And that it's MY duty as a punk-rocker to tell jerks like you to PISS OFF!**

Punk rock blasts. A CROWD ROARS outside. Elvira struggles to break free.

ELVIRA

What the hell is THAT?!

*INT. BUG ALFRED'S ANTHRAX APARTMENT - DAY (FLASHBACK)*

*Crissy closes Alfred's bathroom door.*

ALFRED (V.O.)  
 (playing on VHS tape)  
 I need you to open a portal into my  
 Portland apartment...

*Crissy's eyes roll back, glow white. She flings the door open into Alfred's cluttered, box-filled PORTLAND APARTMENT.*

*Alf's friends rush in cheering, "LET'S GET THE GEAR!"*

EXT. DOWNTOWN RED SKY CITY- LATER

*Bugs Tommy, Andy, and Chris stand in the street, pass out flyers, punk rock music and devices to everyone that passes.*

INT. BUG ALFRED'S APARTMENT, PLANET ANTHRAX (END FLASHBACK)

Crissy walks her fingers across the floor. Queen Elvira gasps, forced to slide-step to the window. The streets buzz with sign-wielding bug-alien protestors.

CRISSY (V.O.)  
**We've released their minds from your control. Now they're here to support me kicking your snooty bug butt so you don't hurt anyone else again!**

Crissy slams her hand down. A flash of bright white light. The queen's eyes widen. Electricity buzzes as...

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - SAME TIME

The lights flicker off over patients and staff, buzz back on. Everyone is gone. Empty hallways. Empty doctor's office. The lights go out in the empty multi-purpose room.

INT. BUG ALFRED'S ANTHRAX APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Elvira doubles over in pain. Her body glitches into a black widow spider, then back to normal.

ELVIRA  
 MY POWER! I can feel it drain from me! HOW!?

The red sky fades to a tranquil blue. Elvira drops to her knees beside Crissy, takes her hand.

CRISSY (V.O.)  
**Minds can't thrive under rulers or gods. They deserve compassionate leaders who empower them.**

Elvira cradles Crissy, bursts into tears.

ELVIRA  
I'm so sorry...

CRISSY (V.O.)  
**The best apology is changed behavior.  
Just BE GOOD... Help others thrive.**

Crissy goes limp in Elvira's arms. She frowns, glances at the three bug aliens on the floor.

ELVIRA  
The cycle of abuse ends here. I  
know what I must do.

Elvira lifts Crissy, places her on the bed beside Alfred.

ELVIRA (CONT'D)  
I'll transport you all into another  
reality...

Elvira places Crissy's hand onto Alfred's. Their hands snap firmly together like magnets. Elvira blinks, her eyes glow white. She places her hand on theirs.

ELVIRA (CONT'D)  
You'll meet again, under different  
circumstances...

INT. ALBERTA STREET PUB - NIGHT

A CLASH tribute band rocks on stage. Crissy - dressed as GARTH - and Carly - as WAYNE - shake it on the dance floor. Crissy stops, wafts her face. Carly places a hand on her back.

CARLY  
Hey, Cris. Are you okay?

CRISSY  
Oh, I'm fine! I've just got the hots  
for this guy here!

Crissy gestures to the band's frontman, Alfred - dressed as PEE-WEE HERMAN. Crissy locks eyes with him. He smiles, crosses his eyes at her. Crissy giggles, turns to Carly.

CRISSY (CONT'D)  
Dang it! I think I'm in love!  
(sings Dream Weaver)  
OOH...

INT. THE SPIDERS INN MOTEL - SAME TIME

"DREAM WEAVER" by Gary Wright plays. Sheets are pulled over Crissy and Alfred's bodies in a clean motel bed. They have cords and cables hooked up all over their bodies.

GARY WHITE (V.O.)  
*Dream weaver! I believe you can get  
me through the night!*

EXT. CRISSY AND ALFRED'S HOUSE, PORTLAND - MORNING

A BLUE BUNGALOW with a pink door, Crissy and Alfred's cars in the driveway.

GARY WHITE (V.O.)  
*Ooh, dream weaver. I believe we can  
reach the morning light.*

INT. CRISSY AND ALFRED'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Crissy sleeps fitfully in bed. She screams awake, glances around, disoriented. Alfred sleeps beside her. She nudges him.

CRISSY  
Wake up! I had the craziest dream!

Alfred rubs his eyes, yawns.

ALFRED  
Oh yeah?

CRISSY  
You told me you were a fly-like bug  
alien that lived on buttermilk pie.

Alfred raises an eyebrow.

CRISSY (CONT'D)  
But I didn't care, and then all this  
insane stuff happened... There was  
this evil space queen who controlled  
people's minds and had the power to  
imprison them in bad dreams.

She reaches for her laptop. Alfred grabs her arm, stops her.

ALFRED  
How do we know we're not in a dream  
now?

Crissy gives Alfred a puzzled look. He laughs nervously.

ALFRED (CONT'D)  
Crissy, I have to tell you something.

He looks deep into her eyes, plays with her curls.

ALFRED (CONT'D)  
The truth is... I AM a bug-like alien  
from another planet... But not a fly.

He pushes her down onto the bed. She giggles.

ALFRED (CONT'D)  
I'm a love bug.

Alfred kisses her, pulls the blanket over their heads.

ALFRED (CONT'D)  
Pie me.

Crissy kicks her legs, SQUEALS!

**THE END.**