

Buttermilk

Written by: Crissy
Corvette

A comedy based on a
real nightmare.



EXT. PLANET ANTHRAX - NIGHT

A loud BUZZ, like a swarm of flies. Three moons hang in a stormy red sky. A castle atop a jagged mountain, a grimy city below.

INT. CASTLE ANTHRAX - DAY

THUNDER CRACKS. Queen ELVIRA - ivory skin, face hidden by a black veil, elegant plunging spiderweb gown, HEFTY NATURALS - eyes a wall of surveillance screens of EARTH from her THRONE.

Next to the throne lies C.C - 16, dark unruly hair, sad eyes, ratty gown, a BLACK STAR mark on each side of her upper chest - trapped inside a jar too small to stand in. She whistles softly.

ELVIRA

The sickness is spreading. Human
mind's are easy to program. They're
greedy, driven by sex and violence.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - SAME TIME

Earth Satellites RATTLE and BLINK.

MONTAGE: 80'S ERA news anchors around the world spout fascist propaganda. Humans everywhere zone out to sexist ads and violent news. TOXIC PROGRAMMING.

INT. CASTLE ANTHRAX - CONTINUOUS

Elvira moans, rubs herself seductively. C.C silently weeps.

ELVIRA

You can't save them, stupid girl.
You bear the marks of the CHAOTIC
CREATURE, cursed to ruin the lives
of ALL who meet your gaze. I caught
you. You're mine for all eternity!

C.C turns away, spots YOU. Her gentle VOICE pops into your **mind**.

C.C (V.O.)

Saving humanity is now up to you.

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

An alarm BUZZES. Crissy - 30, freckles, dark pixie cut - sleeps in bed, gripping her stomach. Rows of Vintage HALLOWEEN masks hang on the pink wall above her. SNL DVDS on a shelf, 1975-2013.

A framed photo of Crissy with her co-worker friend CARLY - 30, curvy man magnet - as WAYNE and GARTH from the 90s film "Wayne's World". A SPIDER creeps out of the eye of a PEE-WEE HERMAN mask.

A FLY lands on Crissy's cheek. She SCREAMS, rises, looks around, dazed. She notices the clock, curses, races out of bed.

EXT. PORTLAND - EVENING

NEEDLE DROP: "Human Fly" by The Cramps.

TRICK-OR-TREATERS run past a DARK, foggy alleyway. An alley door creaks open. RED LIGHT spills out. UNSEEN VOICES emanate from within. They each have a NINJA TURTLE vibe. Color coded.

ANDY (V.O.)

Good luck!

CHRIS (V.O.)

Be careful, okay?

TOMMY (V.O.)

Smell you later, ALF! Ha-ha!

A door SLAMS. The red light vanishes. ALF - a bulky punk rocker in a mirrored bootleg DAFT PUNK HELMET, chrome gloves - cha-chas onto the sidewalk. The wind blows candy wrappers to his feet.

ALF (V.O.)

Dang litter bugs!

He gathers them up, struts away, disappears into a thick FOG.

INT. FRED MEYER - SAME TIME

SMOKE plumes from the BAKERY oven. Crissy pulls burned pies out. CARLY face palms. Their boss, PEG - 50s, mullet - fumes.

PEG

How many pies has CRISSY the SPACE QUEEN burned today, Carly?

CARLY

C'mon PEG, stop calling her that.

PEG

SHE HAS THE ATTENTION SPAN OF A GNAT!

EXT. FRED MEYER - CONTINUOUS

"Human Fly" blasts inside Alf's helmet. He stops at the lit STOREFRONT window, folds candy wrappers into a flower. A door JINGLES open beside him. He glances over, sees Crissy and Carly.

CRISSY

I don't feel up to it after getting screamed at all day AND sent home.

CARLY

But it's TRADITION. My costume doesn't make sense without yours!

CRISSY

OKAY. Fine. I'll meet you there.

Carly cheers, hugs Crissy, hurries back into the store. Crissy hops on her bike. Alf spots an "IN PUNK WE TRUST" decal, swoons. Crissy rides away. He pulls a worn red cassette walkman from his pocket, flips the tape. "PUNK ROCK GIRL" by The Dead Milkmen. He waves goodbye, mopes away head down in the opposite direction.

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Crissy lies by her laptop in bed, out of sorts, on the phone.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

No, Mom. I don't need to wear more makeup. Ugh. I gotta go... WHY? I wanna write. I had this Mary Shelly kinda nightmare last night... WHAT? She wrote Frankenstein... I don't care what Dad has to say about my writing. I'm going now. Love ya! BYE.

She hangs up, EXHALES, opens her laptop.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

In two hours... I'll go out, have fun... Everything will be fine!

INT. CASTLE ANTHRAX - NIGHT

THUNDER. C.C sleeps in her THRONE ROOM jar. Her eyes pop open, glow white. Her star marks glow. She smirks, presses a palm on the floor. A BLACK HOLE opens under her. C.C's SPIRIT, like a glitchy hologram, drops into the hole. Her body slumps over.

EXT. RED SKY CITY - CONTINUOUS

C.C's spirit sprints into a grimy, pitch black ALLEYWAY.

C.C (O.S.)

Hey, Halloweiner. Let's go.

An alley door creaks open. HALLOWEEN music blasts. A door SLAMS.

INT. POWELL'S BOOKS - NIGHT

C.C dances at the register beside her BOYFRIEND - 17 - disguised as GRIMACE from McDonalds. A zombie CASHIER bags PUNK ROCK cassette tapes and a souvenir coffee MUG, passes it to C.C's boyfriend, brow raised. He appears to be alone.

EXT. PORTLAND - NIGHT

Lights twinkle. C.C nuzzles her boyfriend on a CITY view bench.

BOYFRIEND (V.O.)

**We have to do it or the queen will
destroy this magical place.**

(MORE)

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

**My family will stay in her mind
prison... And, worst of all, your
body will stay trapped in her
castle, untouchable FOREVER!**

C.C smirks at her boyfriend.

C.C

You're right. No one should live in
fear or tolerate abuse. We have to
stop her... But I'm scared you'll
get hurt. I'd blame myself. I'm the
chaotic creature. I'm cursed to--

BOYFRIEND (V.O.)

**You're not cursed, C.C! The others
say you're the savior. I love you.
I gotta set you free. I WILL serve
you coffee in the mug I got you.**

C.C wipes her tears, nods. He stretches an arm around her.

BOYFRIEND (V.O.)

**We're gonna be happy. We just have
to stomp out the queen first. Easy
as pie with your powers, right?**

He stands, shoulders a BASEBALL BAT.

BOYFRIEND (V.O.)

Let's get on with it.

INT. CASTLE ANTHRAX - LATER

SIRENS WAIL. RED LIGHTS FLASH. C.C, back in her body, braces
herself on the floor of her JAR. Her boyfriend, still Grimace,
beats the glass with the bat.

BOYFRIEND (V.O.)

FUUUUUCK THE PATRIAAAARCY!

The JAR SHATTERS over C.C. She cries, struggles to stand.

C.C

Oh no. I'm too weak...

He CURSES, 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 C.C 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, disappears into the woods.

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

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

C.C screams. Elvira laughs. A distant phone RINGS.

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A phone RINGS. Crissy snoozes, SCREAMS awake. BEEP! The call connects to an answering machine. It's Carly. She's tipsy.

CARLY (V.O.)
Crissy! WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?! I'VE
BEEN WAITING HERE FOR AN HOUR!

Crissy curses out of bed.

EXT. PORTLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Crissy - as PEE-WEE HERMAN - does tricks on her bike, rides toward Carly - as Pee-wee's pal MISS YVONNE - outside a bar.

ALF (V.O.)
No way. It's the punk rock girl!

Crissy looks behind her, brow raised. She scans the costumed crowd, CRASHES into a parked car, flips onto the hood.

CRISSY
Great. I'm hearing things now.

Carly races over, helps Crissy up, walks her into the bar.

CRISSY (CONT'D)
I meant to do that.

INT. ALBERTA STREET PUB - LATER

Colorful lights flash. An 80s punk tribute band rocks on stage. Crissy and Carly shake it on the busy dance floor.

CARLY
This place is swarming with cuties!
Guys have been staring at us all
night! Which one you want?

Crissy glances around, shakes her head no at Carly.

CRISSY
Looks don't do diddly for me.

Crissy gestures to her crotch.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

This thing only wakes for the one
whose worth lies far within. A
diamond in the rough!

A drunk COWBOY fake falls into Crissy, grabs her chest, HONKS. Carly pushes him away. His BROS cheer, high five him. Crissy hurries away. Carly follows. The cowboy yells Crissy's way.

DRUNK COWBOY

It's your fault lookin' like a boy!

EXT. ALBERTA STREET PUB - MOMENTS LATER

Crissy burst out of the bar, followed by Carly.

CARLY

Hey, Cris. You okay?

Crissy clutches her stomach, doubles over. The world spins.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Damn! Still have that stomach bug?

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

CRISSY

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

Crissy heaves. Carly places a hand on her back.

CARLY

Shit. I'd offer you a ride but I'm
too buzzed to drive!

CRISSY

I can make it home. It's close.

Carly nods. They hug. Crissy waves, cycles away.

EXT. PORTLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Rain trickles. Street lights flicker, BUZZ. Crissy cycles down a quiet STREET. The world blurs around her. She curses, rubs her eyes. Someone whistles a punk song. She looks up.

ALF whistles, wildly dances in the street ahead, stuffed trick-or-treat bags in his hands. Crissy weakly laughs to herself. Alf stops, tilts his head, turns...

ALF'S POV: Muffled PUNK MUSIC. Crissy wobbles on her bike.

ALF (V.O.)

**Whoa-ho-ho! Party too hard, Mr.
Herman?**

Crissy's eyes roll back. She slumps off the bike, slams her head into the curb 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, like he's right beside her.

ALF (V.O.)

Hey! Uh, you alright, Pee-wee?!

Crissy groans, clenches her eyes closed.

ALF (V.O.)

PAGING MISTER HERMAN!

Crissy furrows her brow, thinks to herself.

CRISSY (V.O.)

Oh, good. I know his voice. I'm safe.

ALF (V.O.)

Oh, we don't know each other, but you are safe. I'm harmless as a uhh, fly.

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

CRISSY

W-where are you?

ALF (V.O.)

I'm close... Ish... HEY! Wait a second! How can you hear me? I'm mute. Geez, Louise! You must've hit your head pretty hard!

Crissy cries, panicked.

CRISSY

WHO ARE YOU? How can I *hear* you but not *see* you?! Are you invisible, or? FUCK, am I DYING! ARE YOU GOD? I'm sorry I didn't think 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. I'M TALKING MYSELF. I probably made you up so I don't feel lonely when I die alone, in the street, like a loser.

ALF (V.O.)

WHOA, hold on--

CRISSY

IT'S OKAY! I don't wanna be alive. 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'm 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 BLOOD on her fingertips.

ALF (V.O.)

OH NO! I'm coming to help. Talk to me. What's your name? Birth year?

CRISSY

Crissy Corvette...And 1984, like the dystopian novel.

ALF (V.O.)

Heh. CRISSY CORVETTE, huh? Sounds made up. I like it. Reminds me of that 70s commercial for the doll.

(sings)

BEAUTIFUL CRISSY HAS MAGICAL HAIR THAT GROWS!

(clears throat)

Before your time. I had a girlfriend who liked 'em. 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 MUFFLED.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Crissy lies beside her bike in front of the EMERGENCY ROOM. Alf's candy wrapper flower is tucked into her jacket pocket. Nurses rush out, lift Crissy onto a stretcher.

ALF'S POV: "Why Can't I Touch It" plays inside Alf's helmet. He watches nearby, through BRANCHES. The nurses rush Crissy inside.

ALF (V.O.)

Please be okay, Beautiful Crissy.

INT. LOS MARBLES APARTMENTS - MORNING

Crissy - dirty Pee-wee suit, bandaged head - strolls her bike through the busy LOBBY, curiously eyes Alf's flower in her hand.

ALF (V.O.)
HEY! You're awake!

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

ALF (V.O.)
The flowers from me. Made it myself.

Crissy spins, wide-eyed. Confused faces everywhere.

ALF (V.O.)
Uh, lookin' for me? I'm not there, silly goose. Oh no! Does this mean you forgot about your new pal, Alfie?

Crissy picks up her bike, darts to the elevator.

Alf (V.O.)
I took you to the ER, remember? We chatted all night. You confessed your undying love to me after they zonked you up with all those drugs!

CRISSY (V.O.)
ALF?!

ALF (V.O.)
That's my name, don't wear it out!

Crissy stops alone at the ELEVATOR, pushes the up button.

CRISSY
 This's crazy. I thought I dreamed all that up. 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, 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. 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.

CRISSY
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 below a
framed CLASH poster.

ALF (V.O.)
Hey! I'm in a Clash tribute band!

CRISSY
 Ooo! A musician.

Crissy swoons. Alf giggles. 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. The light BUZZES, FLICKERS.

ALF (V.O.)
 Ooo! Spooky!

CRISSY
 My place is haunted...By poverty.

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

CRISSY
 I uh, write screenplays.

She starts the shower.

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

Crissy shakes her head no, gazes sadly into the MIRROR.

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

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

CRISSY
 What's the quickest way to make a guy run away? Tell 'em you're a writer.

ALF (V.O.)
Ha-ha. Well, I think it's cool. 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, throws up her palms.

CRISSY

WHOA! Flirt alert!

ALF (V.O.)

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

Crissy smiles bashfully.

CRISSY

So... Are you saying you wanna be
starting something?

ALF (V.O.)

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

CRISSY

Before I answer, as a writer, 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.)

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

CRISSY

Cool. I think I can trust a Pee-wee
slash Wayne's World fan. Please
stay, flirt away. I've never move
this fast but I like you, too.

ALF (V.O.)

YES!

(sadly sighs)

**I uh, have to 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, unbuttons her top.

CRISSY

I guess I'm into old and bulky now.
I've never had a kind voice in my
head before. It's nice.

Alf gulps. Crissy strips in front of a too-foggy-to-see-shit mirror. Crissy hops into the tub, disappears behind the curtain.

ALF (V.O.)

This is the best day of my life.

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

ALF (V.O.)

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

Crissy tenses up, curls onto her side.

CRISSY

I can't. I have writing projects, my
stomach thing... And, men terrify me.
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 in BED with a smile. She speaks, giggles alone.

- Crissy eyes flowers at the PORTLAND SATURDAY MARKET. She laughs, chats with **thin air**. People stare.

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

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

A bug theme masquerade. Crissy waltzes with a masked partner.

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. HOLY BEANZ COFFEE - MORNING

Crissy yawns, stands in front of a BARISTA in a busy cafe.

LOU REED (V.O.)

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

The world is fuzzy, quiet around them.

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)
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. Lights flash behind the curtains. A couple giggles inside.

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 plays 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 'em 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 and
 teach 'em a lesson they won't forget.
 Nobody should ever 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 night. 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 primps in the BATHROOM. The light BUZZES off. She scoffs. A KNOCK. Crissy squeals, rushes to the front door, peers into the peephole. ALF - a bulky punk rocker in a mirrored helmet-waits nervously outside. Crissy smiles, opens the door.

ALF (V.O.)
Here I am! See? I'm real.

She jerks him inside. He giggles, swings the door closed. She pulls him to a BUTTERMILK PIE on the table, passes it to him.

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!...

ALF (V.O.)
I can't wait to try your pie, but I can't stay. I'm buggin' out. I love ya, I can't let you see me! I'm gross. Really gross. I'd lose you.

Crissy eyes him up and down.

CRISSY

DUDE, I'm into this look! Besides...
I wanna get gross with you. Really
gross. I love you, Alfie.

ALF (V.O.)

**Ha! Aw, Crissy cakes! That's the most
romantic thing someone has ever said
to me. I wanna get gross, too. But...
I'm too insecure about my appearance
to, uhh, 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!

Crissy pulls Alf into her moonlit BEDROOM. She sits in bed,
pulls a vintage train case from underneath.

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.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

There. Problem solved. I won't peek!

Crissy tosses her dress away. She's in pin-up style undies.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

(shimmies)

You really going to turn down *this*?

(bounces)

And *this*...

(MORE)

CRISSY (CONT'D)

(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. Now THIS is the coolest thing that's ever happened to me!

Alf stares at the pie in his hands.

ALF (V.O.)

I'll eat this pie later.

CRISSY

I want you to eat it now.

ALF (V.O.)

Uhhhhhhhhh... I'm not so sure we're talking about the same thing... Okay. Disguise coming off... Heh.

A helmet drops. 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 laughs. 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

Nope. I want this. 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".

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

CRISSY (CONT'D)
 Alright, Mister... These are for you!

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 in bed under the blankets.

The bathroom door cracks 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 of a man - ALF - leans over Crissy.

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

CRISSY
 No! Don't go 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
 wanna be with you.

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

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

Alf - slim, back turned, dark hair - slides his helmet on. Crissy spots THREE MOONS hanging in a red sky. She furrows her brow, rubs her eyes. Alf steps out, stops.

ALF (V.O.)
**Listen. I don't know when or how...
 But we're going to be together. 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 removes his helmet, prances into a pub, BUTTERFLY TAVERN. Terrified SCREAMS within.

Alf races out, wide-eyed. He spots his reflection in his helmet. He looks 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. 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, WHAT'S GOING ON? Are you upset about last night? Was it too freaky? Too fast? Was the...
(MORE)

CRISSY (CONT'D)

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 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 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, Alf?

Did I do something wrong?

(bitterly)

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 - NIGHT

Crissy - LONG curly hair, CANDY PRINT PAJAMAS - 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, tilts his head.

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 - GASPS 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 shivers at the bathroom counter, tips a bottle of PAIN RELIEF pills over her palm. They pour out all at once, spill onto the floor. Crissy cries, picks them up.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - LATER

Crissy sits in an outdated OFFICE. Her crotchety, southern DOCTOR - 70's - examines an image of a brain clipped to a light-box. A 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)

Cristina, would you say you're actively suicidal or passively suicidal?

CRISSY

I live in Portland, I'm passive-aggressively suicidal. It's my stomach. I feel like I'm being eaten alive.

DOCTOR

It's just anxiety... 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 weeps into her palm in bed, on the PHONE.

CRISSY'S MOM (V.O.)

Dad says you don't need those crazy pills, what you need is a boyfriend. I wish I could help, but Dad's the boss!

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

Crissy stares at the pills in her palm at the bathroom sink.

CRISSY

I can't do this anymore.

Crissy gulps the pills, smiles relieved at the MIRROR, sees the DOOR pop open behind her. She hears her VOICE on the other side.

CRISSY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

He's coming back...

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

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.

Ding! The doors open. Crissy sways outside, falls into his arms. The dandelion falls from his pocket, his phone flings from his hand, earbuds unplug. "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!

OH NO-NO-NO!

He lays her down, gently shakes her, taps her cheeks.

ALF

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

Crissy turns her head, pukes pills.

ALF (CONT'D)

Oh no, WHAT DID YOU DO?

He nabs his phone, dials nine-one-one, cradles Crissy in his arms.

ALF (V.O.)

**I'm sorry. This's all my fault. I'm
cursed. I should've stayed away.**

Alf bawls to an OPERATOR. A distant ambulance WAILS.

EXT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

An ambulance WAILS away from the ER. Crissy waits in a wheelchair. A car pulls up. Carly hops out, hugs Crissy, helps her into the car.

CARLY

Girl! It's been a wild week at work. Someone broke in, left a big MESS in the store AND employee shower! 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 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 look over. Alf whistles DRUMS into an apartment, closes the door.

CARLY

Hey, I know him! 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. A new regular.

EXT. FRED MEYER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

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

CARLY (V.O.)

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

(slaps cheeks, mocking tone)

"I can't live without it!".

INT. CRISSY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Crissy closes the front door behind Carly.

CARLY

He's really fucking weird.

CRISSY
C'mon, don't be mean.

CARLY
That wasn't mean. You LOVE weird!

Carly gestures widely to Crissy's quirky vintage decor.

CARLY (CONT'D)
He's the embodiment of what you're
into! Silly vintage, punk junk!

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 say hello. he'll invite you in!
Think! You could wake up tomorrow
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. I don't know the guy. I'm not
even thinking about doing THAT yet...

CARLY
Yeah, right. I know! Make him a pie.
That's your excuse to go over there!

Carly pulls an EDIBLE from her purse, tosses it to Crissy.

CARLY (CONT'D)
Take this. It'll help you relax.

Crissy chuckles, closes her door, nibbles on 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 sluuumber?!

INT. ALFRED'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Punk music plays. Alfred is in a BUBBLEBATH with a glass of wine. He listens, eyes his raw, bubbled, blistered, oozing skin. He empties a jug of buttermilk over his head, rubs it into his body.

CRISSY (V.O.)

A chosen one has been found.

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.)

My neighbor and I are gonna POUND.

Alfred spits wine. A chunk of his forehead PLOPS into the tub.

INT. LOS MARBLES APARTMENTS - LATER

Crissy trots to Alfred's door, pie in hand. Trash bags stuffed with Buttermilk cartons are heaped around his door. Crissy lifts a brow, knocks. The door cracks open. Pitch black inside.

ALF (O.S.)

H-Hello?

CRISSY

Welcome, neighbor. I made you a pie!

Crissy holds up the pie. A rotted corpse-like hand shoots out, rips the pie from her hands. She screams. A scarfing sound.

ALF (O.S.)

Mmm! You read my mind, I needed this!

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

ALF (CONT'D)

(through door)

Sorry, can't talk now! GOODBYE!

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

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

Someone KNOCKS. Crissy yawns to the DOOR, checks the peephole. Alf. She opens the door. They blink, make out, hot and heavy. They stumble to her room. She pushes him on the bed, hops on top. He giggles, 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. INT. FRED MEYER - DAY

Crissy yawns in the kitchen, pushes a cart through double doors. Alf takes his receipt and bags from Carly at her register. Crissy gasps, ducks behind the cart. 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, stands. Alf notices Crissy.

ALF
Crissy?

Crissy gives him a puzzled look.

CRISSY
How do you know my name?

He points to her name tag. Crissy facepalms. Carly eyes her watch.

CARLY
Take your ten, Cris.

Crissy nods. Carly leans into Crissy.

CARLY (CONT'D)
PEACOCK IT, girl.

Carly disappears into the kitchen. Alf holds out a hand.

ALFRED
I'm your neighbor, ALFRED KRAMDON.
Thanks for the pie again. Has
anyone ever told you that your
buttermilk pie is...
(sings, dances)
SIMPLY THE BEST!

Crissy narrows her eyes. He laughs.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
Do you remember me? We've met
before last night, kinda.

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

CRISSY
Do your friends call you ALF?

ALFRED
NO! No one calls me that. I was the
one who found you out cold by the
elevator. That was scary. You okay?

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

CRISSY

Oh. I thought I knew you from somewhere else. You remind me of someone I used to know. I'm okay.

ALFRED

Hey. I'm on break, too. Wanna join me? It's a perfect day out.

Crissy nods, rushes to his side. They smile away together.

EXT. FRED MEYER - CONTINUOUS

Alfred and Crissy takes a seat on the curb. She removes her apron. He notices she's 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. Their eyes lock.

NIRVANA

Can you feel my love buzz?

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

ALFRED

I 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 hurries to the door, checks the peephole. Alfred. She opens the door. He passes her an empty pie pan.

ALFRED
 Hey. I wanted to return this.

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
 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, laugh.

CRISSY
 I used to hear a voice in my head, ya know. A hilarious, sexy man's 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 shrugs 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 for your time --

CRISSY

OH! Do you want more NOW? I have another one 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.

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.

CRISSY
 I think he's here! Bye.

She hangs up, races to the peephole. Alfred. She opens the door. He hands Crissy a dandelion. Her eyes sparkle.

ALFRED
 Look, it's my condition. Buttermilk pie is the ONLY thing that helps. I gotta eat 'em, or I get sick. The truth is--

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, 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, kisses her. She jerks him 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 cuddle on the curb, share earbuds and a buttermilk pie outside FRED MEYER.

- 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.

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 up at him.

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

Alfred smiles down at her.

ALFRED

Do you wanna 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 said no 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)

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

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 embarrassed to have you over. The boxes are music stuff I've been collecting to empower the oppressed mind's back at home. I need a garage.

CRISSY

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

He 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?

Alfred gets a tense look, gently places her on the bed. She narrows her eyes at him. He rubs the nap of his neck.

ALFRED

Oh, sorry about my gross sweat. I'm out of shape. It's been a while since I've carried a lady around. Heh.

Alfred turns the radio on, removes his earbuds. He hops into bed, dances sexily over Crissy. She giggles. He strips down into his underoos, bounces into bed beside her. They make out.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

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

CRISSY

Yes! I need a distraction. A distraction?

Alfred rolls over her, pulls the blanket over their heads.

ALFRED

As you wish!

INT. LOS MARBLES APARTMENTS - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Sample carries groceries, hears a BUZZ, Crissy giggling, and ruckus. He stops, stares at Alfred's DOOR, wide eyed.

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)

I'm worried about you. The attacks are getting frequent. If we lived together, I could take care of you.

CRISSY
You wanna 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)
Aw, tuckered out? G'night, Alfie.

She kisses him. He smiles in his sleep. She grabs his radio.

Sorry. I need silence to sleep. She turns it off. SILENCE.
Crissy cuddles Alfred, dozes off.

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

Crissy snoozes in bed. Alfred whistles a playful tune, trots into the room, a tray with a mug and funny-face waffle in hand. He sits beside Crissy, puts the tray down, kisses her.

ALFRED
Good morning, sweet cheeks!

She 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 get the giggles? 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
I'm Sir Buttermilk Buttersworth!

Crissy chuckles, takes a bite.

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

ALFRED
I'm full, ate lots of pie last night.

He wags his brows. She snorts, playfully pushes him.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
Hey. We should get married, right?

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

CRISSY
What?

ALFRED
Why not? This feels pretty serious.

Crissy puts the plate down, 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 kisses her. The audience "WOOS!".

INT. COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bride Crissy kisses Groom Alfred kiss in an EMPTY courtroom.
She notices at her dress, looks around, puzzled. He eyes her.

ALFRED
Wow. You look great, honey biscuit!

CRISSY
We're doing this RIGHT NOW?

ALFRED
We've wasted enough time apart. I'm
ready to start our lives together.

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 are full. Alfred's side is full of SNOOTY PEOPLE. On Crissy's side are vintage CHARACTERS, MONSTERS, and CARTOONS, like the MASKS above her bed. Crissy gasps, waves to SNL characters. Alfred frowns.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Dammit. This's a dream.

CRISSY

What makes you think that?

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

ALFRED

Well, first off, why are THEY here?

Crissy gives Alfred a bewildered look, gestures to CHARACTERS.

CRISSY

THESE GUYS PRACTICALLY RAISED ME!

Alfred rubs his chin, paces. He stops, laughs crazily.

ALFRED

It all makes sense now! You say spacing out is a flaw, but... It's your power! You can travel into other dimensions... You're bridging yourself into MY dream!

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!

Alfred turns to Crissy. She clasps her hands, 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 gives Alfred a puzzled look. He sighs.

ALFRED

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

Crissy drops his hands, pushes him away.

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 rubs his cheek, stares at Crissy with wide eyes.

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, oozes off. Crissy screams. His eyeballs pop out, roll to Crissy's feet. She jumps away. Alfred slings chunks of flesh off like it's cake, revealing a fly-like bug-alien. Crissy stares, horrified.

A loud BUZZ, like a swarm of flies. Crissy spins. Alfred's side of the aisle is full of BUG-ALIENS. Crissy screams.

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... 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. It's the last secret, I swear! I'll understand if you don't want to be with a monster. I'm sorry, Crissy.

He turns away, sulks toward the exit.

CRISSY

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

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

PEE-WEE

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

Bug Alfred turns Crissy's way. She smiles at him, shrugs.

CRISSY

I guess I'm into bug-aliens now.

Bug Alfred cries, 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 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 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

A 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! She's manipulative!

He grabs worn 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... 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! Nobody calls you that, huh? Why'd you leave?! It crushed my soul, man!

ALFRED

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

CRISSY

PRISON?

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 shoves Crissy into the BATHROOM.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Quick, you have to hide!

He closes her in, yells to her through the door.

ALFRED (O.S.) (CONT'D)

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. Screams of panic OUTSIDE. The room's TV clicks on, flips channels, stops. A BLACK-VEILED WOMAN news anchor 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

Some things 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."

Crissy winces, clutches her stomach.

EXT. PORTLAND - SAME TIME

Crissy - dressed as Pee-wee Herman - doubles over outside the bar beside Carly - as MISS YVONNE.

CARLY

Damn! Still have that stomach bug?

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

CRISSY
 (quietly, to herself)
 Carly?
 (looks side to side)
 How'd I get here?

Crissy heaves.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Nurse Duvall places a hand on 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, stares at the words "Buttermilk. Written by:
 Crissy Corvette" on the screen. 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
 I don't understand.

 NURSE DUVALL
 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 wanna 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
 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! 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 wanna 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 wanna 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 lil 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

Oh no. That means it's big.

Wayne grabs Garth by the collar.

WAYNE

Garth! Do you realize what this means? We have to kill' em all.

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 FEY

(apeshit bananas)

NO! There can be only ONE Tina!

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 didn't kill Alfred. I wouldn't. I
couldn't. 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
I'm gonna 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 (V.O.)
Crissy. My friends will find you.

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

ALFRED (V.O.)
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 - brown hair - 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. 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!

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 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. Crissy wobbles 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.

INT. BUTTERFLY TAVERN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Alfred prances into his local pub. Terrified bug-aliens point and scream at human Alfred.

ALFRED (V.O.)

I had no idea your buttermilk pie could turn me human.

EXT. DOWNTOWN RED SKY CITY - CONTINUOUS

Alfred races from the pub, wide-eyed. He spots his reflection in his helmet. 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. 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.

ALFRED (V.O.)
I came to you as soon as I could. I
couldn't wait to see you! But...

DING! The elevator opens. Crissy sways, falls into his arms.

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. 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!

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 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.

The EVIL QUEEN laughs. Crissy clenches her fist. Her eyes glow. 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... 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 spanks 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)

C.C?!

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, C.C in his arms. Branches crack behind them. Elvira nears.

C.C

*It's too late. She's gonna kill us.
I won't forget you, Alfie. Promise.*

TEEN BUG ALFRED

*Hey! Don't talk like that! Remember
I'm gonna bring you coffee in that
mug I got you?*

C.C

KISS ME ALREADY!

*He chuckles, kisses her. C.C 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. C.C jerks from his arms, shoves him to the ground.*

*C.C is impaled. She drops. Teen Bug Alf sits up, dazed. Elvira
kneels, palms C.C's stomach. MAGGOTS slither from her palm into
C.C'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--*

*C.C'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, C.C.*

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 new RED CASSETTE WALKMAN.*

C.C (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 from then on was to
carry out your plan to save Earth.
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, unconscious. Crissy freaks the fuck out. Elvira laughs in the doorway, turns to Crissy.

ELVIRA

Ha! Gaslighting to the end! He never loved you. You're garbage who 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 fiercely.

CRISSY (CONT'D)

He'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. She

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 feel it drain from me!

The red sky fades to a tranquil blue. Elvira drops to her knees beside Crissy.

CRISSY (V.O.)
Minds can't thrive under rulers or gods. They deserve compassionate leaders who empower them.

Elvira bursts into tears, cradles Crissy into her arms.

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.

ELVIRA
The cycle of abuse ends here. I know what I must do.

She lifts Crissy, places her on the bed beside Alfred. Crissy and Alfred's hands snap together like magnets. Elvira's eyes glow. She places her hand on theirs.

ELVIRA (CONT'D)
You'll meet again in another reality, 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've got the hots for this guy!

Crissy points to the band's frontman, Alfred - dressed as PEE-WEE HERMAN. Crissy locks eyes with him. He smiles, crosses his eyes. Crissy giggles, turns to Carly, sings "DREAM WEAVER".

CRISSY (CONT'D)
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, pink door, two parked cars with punk decals.

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.

CRISSY (CONT'D)
 You were a fly-like bug alien who
 turned human with buttermilk pie.

Alfred raises an eyebrow.

CRISSY (CONT'D)
 But I didn't care. We had to fight an
 evil space queen who had the power to
 control people's minds and imprison
 them in nightmare that feel REAL... I
 gotta write this crazy shit down!

She reaches for her laptop. Alfred grabs her arm, stops her.

ALFRED
 I think we're in a dream RIGHT NOW.

Crissy gives Alfred a puzzled look. He smiles.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
 A dream come true! But, the truth
 is... I AM a bug-like alien from
 another planet... But not a fly.

He pushes her down onto the bed. She smiles.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
 I'm a love bug.

Alfred pulls the blanket over their heads.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Pie me.

Crissy giggles, kicks her legs, SQUEALS. The world glitches.