

"ALIEN TALK SHOW"

Original short script by:

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FADE IN:

A talk show host, MARGO FARGO, sits at a table. To her left are two inventors, JOE GORDON and STEVE WEISS, dressed in lab coats. To her right are two space aliens, ARGON and RADON.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Welcome to Future Talk - with
your host, Margo Fargo!

The audience applauds.

Margo leans forward.

MARGO
Good afternoon and welcome to
Future Talk, where the future
is here and now. Today's
topic: microchips that are
implanted in people for
identification. Here to
explain this exciting new
development are Joe Gordon and
Steve Weiss from
Biotracknetics.

STEVE
Thank you, Margo.

MARGO
Tell us about your new
invention.

STEVE
Here it is.
(holds up a small capsule)
It's this small, but it
contains your whole life
history.

JOE

With this little thing
implanted in a person, you can
track them anywhere in the
world.

MARGO

Joe, where is this thing
usually implanted?

JOE

Oh, in the arm. Right below
the shoulder.

MARGO

Can it be implanted in your
butt?

JOE

Excuse me?

MARGO

You know, the buttocks.
Gluteus maximus. Booty.

STEVE

Not usually, no.

MARGO

Well, we have two visitors who
have filed a lawsuit claiming
patent infringement. They also
claim that they have had
success in implanting similar
devices in the tushie.
(gestures to her right)
Please welcome Argon and Radon
from the planet Halogen!

Applause.

ARGON

Greetings, earth televiewers.

MARGO

Welcome to you two.

RADON
(looking through book)
Thank...you...babe.

MARGO
Babe?

ARGON
He has not studied your
language sufficiently. Radon,
put down the translation book!

RADON
Yes, furless leader.

Argon shakes his head.

MARGO
You are suing the
Biotracknetics company for
copying your implant?

ARGON
Affirmative. This is a clear
example of intergalactic patent
infringement. We seek damages
of one million credits,
exclusive probing and
implanting rights for 100
timeframes, and a future draft
choice to be abducted later.

MARGO
Wow. Do you normally implant
these in the keister?

ARGON
Keister?

Argon looks at Radon, who looks through the book.

RADON
Keister.
Cushion...for...pushin'.

ARGON
Radon, you nizmosquat!

RADON
Sorry, oh lit one.

ARGON
GREAT one!

RADON
Gay one?

ARGON
Never mind!

MARGO
You two are SOOOO funny! And I
just love your crop circles.

ARGON
We do not crop in circles! We
utilize toilets.

MARGO
Excuse me! Don't want to start
an interplanetary war over it!
(giggles)

There is a commotion backstage. Two protesters dressed in
60s clothes enter holding signs.

MARGO
And who are you?

MALE PROTESTER
I am a child of the earth.

MARGO
Oooo-kay.

FEMALE PROTESTER
And we must protect our mother
Earth.

MARGO
Oops! Call our booking agent.
You belong on the Mother's Day
show.

MALE PROTESTER
Aliens must go!

FEMALE PROTESTER
Aliens mutilate cattle!

MALE PROTESTER
Aliens ruin the environment!

FEMALE PROTESTER
Fur is murder!

Silence. Everyone stares at the female protester.

MARGO
Um...cows don't have fur.

MALE PROTESTER
Well...I'd rather be abducted
by aliens and given an anal
probe than wear fur!

FEMALE PROTESTER
Yeah! Animals are people too!

Everyone stares again.

ARGON
We do not molest your cows.

RADON
Do not give us this bullshit.

MALE PROTESTER
What?

FEMALE PROTESTER
Bullshirt?

MALE PROTESTER
Someone made a shirt from a
bull?

MARGO
Yes. Studio 3 - down the hall.

The protesters run offstage.

ARGON

We could have abducted them for you.

RADON

No. Too dense for implants.

ARGON

This makes sense! You now understand their language?

RADON

I stand under their...leggage?

Radon has a big smile, turning toward Margo.

MARGO

Well, that's about all the time we have...

RADON

I have time to demonstrate implant. You have...
(looks through book)
...bootylicious implantable zone.

MARGO

I'm Margo Fargo. Have a nice day, and COVER YOUR ASS!

To the sound of applause, Margo backs off the stage.

FADE OUT