

Our Guests

written by

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**INT. COMMAND ROOM, SPACE SHIP - DAY**

A cheerful tune plays, creating a lighthearted ambiance.

We see a large room the size of a small grocery store, with a high dome ceiling. It has an archaic, futuristic vibe--think Flintstones crossed with the Jetson's type design. A large screen takes up a sizable amount of wall.

Then, several ALIENS glide through a doorway.

They look like the offspring of a lizard, gargoyle, and a tall, spindly anthropomorphic tree. Horrifying in appearance, this tall bodies wrapped in cloaks. Their sickly gray skin highlights their eerie grimaces.

STIN, leader of the pack, gathers the group around the monitor.

BREEK, crazy-eyed, sleeves rolled up, but less composed than their comrades, operates the control panel buttons and knobs with determined ferocity.

STIN

Today shall be monumental.

AGG, big and sluggish, shoots a skeptical look.

BREEK

We're almost ready to  
initiate contact.

GAR, the cutest, bursting at the seams with excitement.

GAR

I can't wait! What a treat.

BREEK

Ready?

**EXT. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA - DAY**

The streets bustle with cars and people walking about. PAN UP to a bright blue sky, only a few clouds in sight.

A large, menacing UFO appears in the sky.

Traffic halts. Some people book it, the rest either stare or pull out their phones. It's a standstill between the people and the space craft.

SILENCE.

**INT. COMMAND ROOM, SPACE SHIP - CONTINUOUS**

They all watch the monitor showing the people below.

STIN  
Send them the gift.

Breek launches a funnel that shoots out purple goop.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA - CONTINUOUS**

Mounds of purple goop cover the streets. Some people are caught in it screaming bloody murder.

Everyone else runs away.

A FAMILY abandoning their car takes off down the street. SPLAT. They're covered in the goop, stuck.

A PANICKED DUDE avoids being shot at, only to step ankle deep into a small pile of goop. Clawing at the ground, he tries with all his might to pull himself out of it. No dice.

A car takes off making its own path, only to get captured by the goop.

A CHILD digs their way through the sticky slime, but the goop just morphs back into itself. An endless cycle.

**INT. COMMAND ROOM, SPACE SHIP - CONTINUOUS**

The aliens observe the bizarre actions of the humans.

GAR  
Why aren't they eating it? It's soooo good.

STIN  
I don't know, they aren't even trying. It's such a beloved delicacy, I don't understand.

AGG  
They're so goddamn stupid.

GAR  
No they aren't. Maybe... they're waiting for us?

AGG  
As I've said, interacting with these imbeciles is a huge mistake.  
(MORE)

AGG (CONT'D)  
Just look at them.

On the screen, the humans not stuck in alien goop run around like chickens with their heads cut off. Helicopters appear on the horizon.

Breek stuffs handfuls of purple goop into his mouth while watching the screen like it's a movie. He's having a ball.

BREEK  
(mouth full)  
I think they're hilarious

STIN stares puzzled at the screen.

STIN  
Let's just invite them up already.  
That's what we've been waiting for  
anyways.

GAR  
I hope they love us.

Breek has a mischievous look. About to slam his hand down on a huge button, Stin interrupts.

STIN  
They need to be sterilized before  
we let them in; we must take  
caution.

Breek maneuvers a different set of controls.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA - CONTINUOUS**

A mist sprays out from around the space craft.

MAN (O.S.)  
Don't breath it in!

The air turns hazy.

The family still stuck in the goop react like they're choking on air.

A group of tourists stuck in a car they to roll up their windows.

**INT. COMMAND ROOM, SPACE SHIP - CONTINUOUS**

AGG  
 (hands pressed to temple)  
 They're absolute idiots.

STIN  
 Now bring them up.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA - MOMENTS LATER**

A long robotic arm with a claw extends from the ship.

It grabs Panicked Dude still stuck in the goop, and yanks him out. The claw retreats to the ship, but is right back again, empty handed this time.

The claw darts towards more people. People hide in alleys, under cars, and several stories up in buildings.

Those not trapped by the goop run for their lives.

**INT. COMMAND ROOM, SPACE SHIP - CONTINUOUS**

Agg and now Stin shake their heads in disillusionment while watching the screen.

Breek operates a joystick as Gar directs. It looks like they're playing a claw machine game.

GAR  
 (pointing)  
 Oh, get that one. No, I want that one.

BREEK  
 I'm trying. They're kind of tricky when they move.

A slight movement on the screen catches their eyes. A CAUTIOUS WOMAN makes sloth like movements, crawling across the pavement, head down.

Breek slams the claw arm down and snatches her up as she freaks out.

BREEK  
 Finally.

STIN  
 You're taking too long, just grab some more that are stuck.  
 (MORE)

STIN (CONT'D)  
Gar, Agg-go grab them from the  
loading dock.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA - CONTINUOUS**

The claw snatches several more people stuck in the goop clusters, leaving the rest watching in horror.

**INT. COMMAND ROOM, SPACE SHIP - LATER**

Agg drags a few humans in, resisting with all their might. Gar brings in a couple more embraced tight in its arms.

GAR  
Aw, can I keep these ones.

Composed, Stin approaches the humans, face to face.  
CLOSE ON, the humans' horrified faces.

STIN (O.S.)  
Welcome. It is an honor to meet  
with you at last. We hope this  
encounter will be historic for  
both our futures...

CUT TO:

Cautious Woman screams her lungs out at Stin's face.  
Panicked Dude crying, has pissed himself, still held by Gar.  
Agg looks more annoyed than ever.

All the while we hear Stin still going on with his speech,  
but this time we hear what the humans hear. It's all bunch  
of jumbled incoherent jargon.

STIN  
...blarg ner jor blor dah aghh.