

# **PET EARTHLING**

Written by

David Hundsness

Based on

Understanding Your Pet Earthling

by David Hundsness

May 15, 2022

[PetEarthling@gmail.com](mailto:PetEarthling@gmail.com)

Concept art and more at  
[hundsness.com/movie](http://hundsness.com/movie)

FADE IN

**OUTER SPACE**

We see planet Blorx with purplish oceans and dark green continents, orbited by a big pale-green moon, with two mini moons orbiting it. The big moon is colonized with city lights, and tethered to the planet with a space elevator.

SUPERIMPOSE: Planet Blorx

ROLO (V.O.)  
Mission Log, Commander Rolo.

**INT. HOUSE, PLANET BLORX - NIGHT**

ROLO is 24, average looking but fit. He is playing make-believe combat in an alien home several times larger than human scale. But through the perspective of his imagination, it appears like a sci-fi action scene.

He hides in the doorway of a dark room, looking cautiously down the dim hallway for the enemy. He wears an ill-fitting futuristic combat helmet (action figure costume) and carries a large bright green laser rifle (toy slime pistol). He talks into an imaginary recorder on his wrist:

ROLO  
This is my 23rd attempt to escape  
the Blorxian compound. If I can slip  
by the giant guard and crawl under  
the perimeter barricade, I can  
finally reunite with the rebel  
forces.

Suddenly from the other end of the hall, a blob of glowing purple slime shoots past his head and splats on the door behind him. Rolo turns and sees a giant green humanoid alien charging toward him. The alien is ZIRA, 13 feet tall but seems even taller through camera angles. Their face is hidden by a massive helmet, and they carry a purple slime pistol. Rolo runs away down the hall, screaming.

ROLO  
Agggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Zira's thundering feet follow, as blobs of glowing purple slime hit the floor and walls around him. He turns the corner into another chamber (bedroom) and dodges around piles of debris (laundry).

While checking over his shoulder, he runs into the belly of an enormous alien monster (teddy bear). He panics as he peers into the shadowy face of the back-lit creature. It wiggles

slowly with motorized whirring, but then it simply falls backward and goes still as its batteries die.

He sees the door to a warehouse is ajar (closet), so he runs inside and hides behind some machinery (shoe rack).

He hears Zira stomp into the room. He cautiously watches their feet through the door opening. Everything is quiet for a moment, except for his panting.

Suddenly the door is thrust open, and Zira fires a blob of slime that hits him in the shoulder. He screams and runs out, dodging between the alien's legs, and dives under a giant platform (bed).

He crawls deeper as Zira's feet approach. The purple slime on his shoulder fades and evaporates. He sees the alien's leg kneel, then their hand reaches in and swipes side to side. Rolo scrambles out the other side, then doubles back down the hallway.

Zira's thundering feet follow. Rolo fires randomly behind him without looking back. A huge boulder (plush toy) is hurled at him, just missing. Then another one hits him in the back, knocking him over.

He scrambles to get back up as Zira gets closer. A giant round mine hits the floor just past him (ball with suction cups), then the attached cable (string) is pulled taught, tripping him as he tries to run past.

He gets up and runs around the corner into another chamber (family room) matted with weeds (shag carpet). He scrambles up some big shiny blob (beanbag seat) then slides down the side and hides at the base.

As Zira enters the room and tries hopping over the beanbag, Rolo pushes it upward, tripping the alien's foot, causing them to crash down on the floor.

Rolo dashes in front of the downed alien. He leaps sideways in slow-motion, and in mid-air he rapid-fires blobs of glowing green slime at them. We hear the pump motor churning as he yells:

ROLO  
(slow motion)  
R-r-r-a-a-a-a-a-a-g-g-g-g-h-h-h-h-h

He lands shoulder-first on the floor, tucks and rolls under a huge platform (sofa). He crawls deeper under, then looks out through the gap under the sofa skirt, trying to quiet his breath.

We hear Zira get up and plod around. Rolo watches their feet pacing. Zira speaks through a voice filter in their helmet:

ZIRA (O.S.)  
(deep voice effect)  
Come out, come out, wherever you  
are...

Zira's feet plod more, then they're gone. It's eerily quiet. There's a creaking noise. Rolo leans toward the edge to look around.

Suddenly Zira's helmeted head appears looking upside down at him.

ZIRA  
(deep voice effect)  
I seeeee youuuuu...

Zira reaches under the sofa as their helmet starts to slip off. They grab Rolo by his legs and drag him out as he tries to claw the carpet...giggling.

ROLO  
(playfully)  
No, no, no...

ZIRA's helmet has fallen off, and we can see she is actually like 8 years old (if she were human), very cute, and 13 feet tall. She has shiny green skin, big eyes, antennae, and long black hair. She is wearing purple onesie pajamas, splattered with green slime which is evaporating.

We can see more clearly this is a pleasant suburban house, reminiscent of mid-century modern, but with an alien twist, and everything is about 3x too big for humans. Zira is kneeling on the sofa, easily lifting Rolo in the air upside down. His helmet falls off.

ZIRA  
(playfully)  
Gotcha!

She dangles him upside-down in front of her face as he laughs. The pistol falls from his hands and makes a plastic sound as it hits the floor.

ZIRA (cont'd)  
Oh, who's a good boy? You are! Yes,  
you are!

Zira turns Rolo upright and smashes the side of his head against her lips, kissing him.

ZIRA (cont'd)  
Mwah! Mwah! Mwah!

ROLO  
(laughing)  
Stop, your getting your slobber all  
over me!

He wipes his face with his shoulder. She pretends to be  
offended.

ZIRA  
Huh, I don't slobber!

She wets her lips and wiggles them like big fish lips, slowly  
bringing Rolo's face closer and closer. He laughs and tries  
to shield his face.

ROLO  
Nooooo, nooooooooooooo!

She gives him a big wet kiss. Then we hear Zira's mom yell  
from another room.

MOM (O.S.)  
Zira, bedtime! Go brush your teeth.

ZIRA  
Okay, Mom!

Zira stands up, holds Rolo out in both hands and starts  
spinning around.

ZIRA  
(in an exaggerated voice)  
Oh you're just...so...cute!

Rolo giggles, watching the room spin, then he gets nauseous.

#### **OPENING CREDITS - SERIES OF SHOTS**

TITLE: PET EARTHLING

During the opening credits song (~60 seconds?) we see photos  
on the refrigerator and around the house. They show Rolo and  
Zira growing up together, but at different rates: Rolo ages  
from 4 to 44 while Zira ages 6 to 10.

PET SHOP - 6-year-old Zira excitedly chooses 4-year-old Rolo  
from several other earthling children in a pen.

HUG - With a beaming smile, Zira hugs young Rolo tightly.

HORSEY - Young Rolo rides Zira like a horsey.

POTTY TRAINING - Young Rolo looks guilty, wearing a long  
shirt without pants, standing next to his diaper on the  
floor. Zira scolds him with a rolled up newspaper.

COSTUMES - Zira wears a Mandalorian costume for Halloween, holding young Rolo in a baby Yoda costume.

MUD PUDDLE - Young Rolo gleefully rolls in a mud puddle.

BATH - Glum Rolo sits in a tub as Zira hoses him off.

GROWTH CHART - Zira is getting her height penciled on the wall corner by her parent's hand. Young Rolo stands in front of his own height markings.

STALK PREY - Teen Rolo pounces out from under a bush to attack a cute alien mouse.

GIFT KILL - The alien mouse is dead in front of Zira's feet. Rolo proudly offers it to her, like a cat.

LEASH WALK - Teen Rolo walks down the sidewalk with a big smile and a peppy step, wearing a leash harness. Zira's legs are walking behind him.

TANGLED LEASH - Teen Rolo is tangled up in his leash around a sign post and Zira's legs.

BICYCLE RIDE - Zira rides her bike with teen Rolo riding in the front basket, excited with his fists in the air.

In the following photos, Rolo grows increasingly chubby and balding:

TABLE SCRAPS - Under a dining table, we see many Blorxian legs, and Zira's hand giving Rolo some food.

VACUUM CLEANER - Rolo runs away in terror from a humongous, dangerous-looking alien vacuum cleaner.

NAILS TRIMMED - Rolo is in a robe with cucumbers on his eyes, relaxing in Zira's lap as her hand clips his toenails.

CHASE - Rolo runs away terrified from Zira who gleefully chases him with an alien cat toy. From his level she looks huge.

BELLY RUB - Zira rubs Rolo's chubby belly with her finger, making a silly face too close to him. He is uncomfortable.

TEA TALK - Zira and Rolo are drinking tea and chatting. Rolo is slouched in a child's chair too big for him.

DOLLY DRESS - Zira has put Rolo in a ridiculous alien dolly dress. He is annoyed, but limp and resigned.

**INT. HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

SUPERIMPOSE: 20 Earth Years Later

Rolo is now 44, balding, stubbled, and chubby. He is sprawled on his back on the carpet in a sunny spot in the family room, staring up, lazily tossing a large unraveling ball of yarn from hand to hand. The house is silent, just the ticking of a clock. He flutters his lips in boredom:

ROLO

Pppppppppppppp

QUIGGLES is sleeping on a giant cat condo, mouth wide open, tongue out. He is Rolo's pet, an alien animal about 2 feet tall, 1 eye, 2 arms, 3 legs. A dangling drool drop descends delicately.

In an aquarium, alien fish stare blankly at the yarn ball volleying back and forth, like a tennis match.

Rolo fumbles the yarn and it rolls a few feet away. He looks briefly, then tries to slowly pull the ball back by the tail of the yarn. This only makes it roll in place. He tries pulling faster; same result. He tries a sudden yank; the yarn ball hops up spinning, then rolls farther away. He strains to reach it even though it's obviously too far away. He gives up, takes a long breath and exhales in boredom:

ROLO

Pphhhhhhhhhh

He looks at the ticking wall clock. Instead of numbers it has strange math-like symbols, and multiple dials with many hands, and a double-pendulum swinging acrobatically.

We hear a key unlocking the front door. Rolo snaps his attention to it, then he sprints to hide behind a potted plant near the door, pressing himself flat against the wall.

Boredom breaks to bedlam as the door slams opens and Zira calls out:

ZIRA

Rolo, I'm home!

Zira is now like age 10 (if she were human) and 14 feet tall, wearing a purple hoodie. Rolo waits for her to pass by, then he bolts for the open door.

ZIRA

(playfully)

No, no, no, you little sneaker!

Zira scoops up Rolo just as he reaches the threshold.

ROLO

Oof! (laughs) Well, it was worth the try.

ZIRA

Oh, you'll never get away from me, 'cause you're just so cute. Look at dat cute belly!

Zira squeezes him tight and blows a big zerbert on his exposed belly. Rolo laughs, trying to squirm out of her grip. She carries him to the family room.

ZIRA

Have you been a good boy? Have you?

ROLO

Mmmaybee.

ZIRA

Guess whaaaaaat? It's time for take off. Ready?

Rolo groans with dread as she swings him back and forth.

ZIRA (cont'd)

3, 2, 1, weeeeeeee!

She tosses him across the room onto the giant beanbag seat. He looks terrified, then lands face down with a grunt.

ZIRA

Wasn't that fun?

ROLO

(muffled face down)

No.

RIFFA enters and closes the door. She is Zira's older sister, like age 16 (if she were human) and 16 feet tall. Like all Blorxians, she has shiny green skin and antennae, black hair, and big eyes. She has a stylish haircut, and wears a bomber jacket with whimsical patches, a skirt, heavy eyeliner, and a choker. She is in an adolescent phase of aloofness and snark. She walks toward the hall, chewing gum and looking at her phone the whole time.

Zira walks toward Rolo in the beanbag as he struggles unsuccessfully to climb out.

ZIRA

Hey, Riffa, watch Rolo fly again!

Riffa just keeps walking, giving Zira a snarky side-eye. She pops a bubble, looks back at her phone, and disappears into

the hallway. Dejected by Riffa's snub, Zira slumps into the sofa.

Since Blorxians are so much smarter than humans, they underestimate human intelligence and treat them like little kids, not usually engaging in serious conversation with them. Zira pats the sofa cushion.

ZIRA  
C'mere, Rolo Polo. Up up up!

ROLO  
(stalling)  
Wait, gimme a sec.

Rolo rolls his shoulder around, feeling the pains of middle age.

ZIRA  
Oh wait, it's food time! I bet  
you're hungry.

ROLO  
Meh.

Zira springs into the kitchen. We hear kitchen noises and eventually an electric can opener.

On the cat condo, Quiggles wakes up. He sees Rolo in the beanbag below, so he stands at the edge of the cat condo like a competitive diver and does a fancy trick dive into beanbag.

From Rolo's POV, Quiggles is accelerating toward his face.

ROLO  
Quiggles!

Rolo rolls away just in time as Quiggles lands adjacent. Then Quiggles licks Rolo on the face and mouth:

ROLO  
Oh! —tphphp— okay —tphphp—  
that's enough, Quiggles —tphphp—  
that's enou—tphphp.

Quiggles suddenly freezes mid-lick, looking off in the hall like he heard something, tongue still on Rolo. Then he hops to the ground and very casually walks out of the room like an aloof cat. Rolo is amused.

ROLO  
(sarcastically)  
Bye.

ZIRA (O.S.)  
Okay, come and get it!

We hear Zira banging a can with a spoon. Rolo rolls off the beanbag, falls on the floor, then walks to his feeding station: a portable counter and stool on the floor near the kitchen and entry. He sits down as Zira puts a dog bowl and weird spoon on his counter.

She then holds the can high over his bowl, and a cylinder of gray-brown goop slowly emerges, making a slobbery suction sound. Rolo's eyes follow it. Then it stops. She shakes the can up and down with rhythmic slurp sounds as the goop lowers a little more. Then it free-falls into his bowl with a splat. Rolo stares at it jiggling. Then with another slurp sound a smaller glop falls on top.

ZIRA

There you go. I made it myself!

Zira laughs. Rolo braces himself, grabs the spoon, and starts scooping small bites into his mouth.

Riffa reenters from the hallway, holding a long wooly sweater. She doesn't like pets.

RIFFA

Hey, squid squirt! Your earthling was sleeping on my bed again!

ROLO

(with food in his mouth)

I can hear you, you know.

RIFFA

Well, were you?

ROLO

Mmmaybee?

ZIRA

Rolo, why didn't you sleep in your own bed?

ROLO

What, for like every nap? What's the fun in that? I need variety, keep things fresh!

Riffa holds up the sweater to show little pajama bottoms stuck to it by static.

RIFFA

Look, Zira, he left his pants on my sweater!

The pajama pants slowly peel away from the sweater with a crackle of static and fall to the ground.

ROLO  
So that's where they went!

ZIRA  
(to Riffa)  
Oh, you're sooo dramatic! Oh hey, do  
you wanna play Blorgon Pong with me?

RIFFA  
What? Ew.

Riffa goes back into the hall. Zira is dejected again.

RIFFA (O.S.)  
And tell your pet to stay out of my  
room!

ROLO  
I can still hear you!

ZIRA  
Hey Riffa? ... Riffa!

RIFFA (O.S.)  
Whaaat?!

ZIRA  
Rolo has an appointment at the  
V-E-T.

Rolo rolls his eyes and shakes his head.

ROLO  
I can spell, you know.

RIFFA (O.S.)  
So?

ZIRA  
So you need to come with us. You're  
supposed to be the responsible one  
while Mom and Dad are away,  
remember? ... Riffa? ... Riffa!

Riffa reenters, looking at her phone, trudging toward the  
front door.

RIFFA  
(resentfully)  
Finnne.

ZIRA  
Then I wanna go to the earthling  
park after.

RIFFA

Nkay, whatever.

ZIRA

Wait, I'm looking for Rolo's leash.

Riffa leans by the door, looking down at her phone, and pops a bubble. Rolo abandons his unfinished food and trudges toward the door, stretching his shoulders and back. Zira grabs a leash and her backpack.

ZIRA (cont'd)

Found it. Come on, Rolo!

ROLO

Come on, Quiggles!

Quiggles gallops from the hall and jumps on Rolo, riding him piggyback.

ROLO (cont'd)

Oof!

They all exit and slam the door.

A chunk of Rolo's food crumbles off the can-shaped edge and splats in the bowl.

**INT. VET EXAM ROOM - AFTERNOON - LATER**

In a veterinary exam room, Rolo sits shirtless on the exam table. Zira and Riffa stand nearby. Quiggles walks around the counter sniffing and licking the medical equipment. Dr. ZORXABLORG is a male Blorxian, balding with a beard, wearing a white lab coat.

ZORXABLORG

Say "ah".

ROLO

Ahhhhhhggh.

Zorxablorg inserts a tongue depressor. Rolo gags.

ZORXABLORG

How's his diet been?

ZIRA

Good.

RIFFA

She gives him table scraps.

Zira shoots a look at Riffa. Zorxablorg examines Rolo's ears.

ZIRA

No, only on special occasions.

RIFFA

Like, every dinner?

ZORXABLORG

Let's try to keep a limit on that, okay? He's getting pretty heavy.

Rolo sighs with humiliation.

ZORXABLORG (cont'd)

Is he having regular bowel movements? Good consistency?

Rolo drops his face into his hand.

ZIRA

Um, yeah.

Zorxablorg examines Rolo's belly, pressing on it in different places. Rolo giggles with ticklishness. Then a small fart.

ROLO

That was his fault! He made me do it!

Zorxablorg gets a needle from the counter, then he tucks Rolo into his arm to hold him still.

ZORXABLORG

Now we just need to give him his shot to prevent belly worms.

ROLO

No, no! I don't have belly worms!

ZORXABLORG

(chuckles) Exactly, because of these shots.

ZIRA

Rolo, be goood.

While Zorxablorg injects him in the arm, Rolo closes his eyes and groans through gritted teeth before, during, and even after the shot, unaware it's over. Zorxablorg releases him and puts away the needle, and Rolo rubs his arm.

ZORXABLORG

Rolo, you're all done! You've been a very good patient. Do you want a treat?

Zorxablog holds out a treat. Rolo glares at him with resentment, then grabs it.

ROLO

Yes.

ZIRA

Good job, Rolo! Now we get to go to the earthling park!

**EXT. SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON - LATER**

They are walking down a suburban sidewalk. Rolo is finishing the last of his treat from the vet. Zira is holding Rolo's leash attached to his harness; Rolo is holding Quiggles' leash attached to his collar. Zira is rambling to Riffa behind her, but Riffa is ignoring her, looking at her phone.

ZIRA

So then we were making these dioramas for quantum tunneling, and Mrs. Glaxoblat said we could decorate it with dark matter if we wanted, but I ran out because I used all mine yesterday on my report cover for antiquarks — oh, I got an A on that! Anyway, I had neutrino glitter and plasma paste but I didn't have any more dark matter so I asked her if I could borrow some and she said...

During this rambling, we see alien squirrels scampering about the tree branches over the sidewalk. One tosses an acorn on Rolo's head. Rolo wipes his head. Another squirrel tosses another acorn. Rolo looks up.

ROLO

Hey!

Several more squirrels with evil grins all toss acorns on him.

ROLO (cont'd)

Hey! Stop that!

Quiggles looks up and growls at the squirrels.

ZIRA

Rolo, stop yelling.

One tosses another acorn. Rolo halts, and Quiggles barks, straining on his leash.

ROLO  
(to the squirrels)  
Stop that! Stop!

Zira yanks on Rolo's leash.

ZIRA  
Rolo, shush. Now come on.

Zira looks up. Suddenly all the squirrels fluff up their tails, enlarge their eyes, and start nibbling on acorns, looking way too cute.

ROLO  
But they're [throwing things at  
me] —

ZIRA  
Leave the poor little squirlers  
alone. They're harmless.

Zira looks away, and all the squirrels revert back to evil. One tosses one more acorn and they all give him a stink eye.

Rolo grunts and resumes walking, keeping a cautious eye on them. Quiggles does the "I'm watching you" hand gesture.

As they approach the earthling park, Rolo sees animal-rights ACTIVISTS across the street. They are Blorxian hippies with signs like "Earthlings Have Rights Too", "Earthlings are Not Property", "End Speciesism", and "Ban Anal Probes".

ACTIVISTS  
(chanting)  
Cut the leash, set them free.  
Earthlings are like you and me!  
Cut the leash, let them be.  
Earthlings need equality!

Zira and Riffa don't pay any attention, but Rolo quietly watches as they walk by. His curiosity is sparked, thus lighting the fuse of his mid-life existential crisis.

ROLO  
Hey Zira? Where do earthlings come  
from?

ZIRA  
Oh. Well, uh. When a mommy earthling  
and a daddy earthling love each  
other very much —

ROLO  
No, no, no, no! I mean where were  
all earthlings from originally? Like  
Blorfrica? Blurope?

ZIRA

Oh, I never thought of that. Lemme see.

All Blorxians have a cybernetic brain-chip on their forehead. Zira concentrates and her brain-chip starts flashing and glowing more. She looks perplexed, then she taps her chip.

ZIRA

Hmm. That's weird.

ROLO

What's the matter?

ZIRA

I'm searching online all over the nebula, but there's no information.

ROLO

Huh. Is your chip broken?

She taps it more.

ZIRA

No, everything else is fine. I just can't find anything about where earthlings are from. That's really strange.

ROLO

Hm.

**EXT. EARTHLING PARK - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS**

Like a dog park, but for earthlings, with an agility course (like dog shows). Among the crowd, a seeing-eye guide earthling is leading a blind Blorxian.

Zira, Rolo, and Quiggles enter the gated area. She detaches Rolo's leash while Rolo detaches Quiggles' leash. Riffa stays outside, leaning against a lamppost, looking at her phone.

ZIRA

Okay Rolo, wanna play some blizbee?

Zira pulls a flying-saucer-like frisbee from her backpack. In the distance Rolo's earthling friends SMUFFINS and YOOLA wave at him to come over; he waves back.

ROLO

Well, can I [go see my friends first?] —

ZIRA

Oh c'mon. It'll be fun!

Rolo smiles for her, wanting to please.

ROLO

Okay.

Zira fake-throws the frisbee and hides it behind her back, pointing in the distance, smirking. Rolo doesn't fall for it.

ZIRA

Go get it! There it goes!

ROLO

Ha ha. Nice try.

Rolo walks a short distance to get ready to catch.

ZIRA

Riffa, play blizbee with us.

Riffa just rolls her eyes. Zira's smile fades a little. She throws the frisbee to Rolo.

SERIES OF SHOTS: Rapid clips of Rolo playing frisbee.  
— He catches it and throws it back, spinning like a hammer throw.  
— His hands are out to catch it, but it hits his belly.  
— His hands are out to catch it, but he's looking at something to the side. It flies by him.  
— He watches it fly overhead, with Quiggles sitting on it spinning quickly.  
END SERIES

ZIRA (O.S.)

Oops! Too high!

Rolo walks to where the frisbee landed by a tree, which happens to be where his earthling friends are standing.

YOOLA is a short, lively, charismatic woman, late 30s. SMUFFINS is Rolo's loyal best friend, an intimidating but gentle giant, about 40, with a big pink bow in his hair. Like Rolo, Yoola and Smuffins are chubby from the easy life, and wearing harnesses but unleashed.

SMUFFINS

Rolo!

YOOLA (concurrently)

Hey, Rolo!

ROLO

Hey Yoola!

(trying to be funny)

Hoola Yoola. Uvula Yoola.

YOOLA  
(playing along)  
Uvula?!

ROLO  
Sorry, never mind.

They give a big hug.

SMUFFINS  
What up, dawg?

ROLO  
Hey Smuffins, the muffin man!

SMUFFINS  
Alright, that works, that works.

They do that hand-grip-shoulder-hug.

YOOLA  
Is that a new harness?

ROLO  
Yeah, Zira and I went to the pet  
store yesterday.

YOOLA  
Looks good.

ROLO  
Well...

YOOLA  
You don't like it?

ROLO  
I woulda preferred the blue one.

YOOLA  
Why didn't you get it?

ROLO  
I dunno. She really liked this one.

SMUFFINS  
Yo man, you just gotta tell her what  
you want.

ROLO  
This advice coming from a guy with a  
big pink bow?

SMUFFINS

I pick my battles. Besides, I kinda like it, and it makes my girl happy. She's good to me.

Smuffins nods at his Blorxian girl owner in the distance. She waves at him enthusiastically.

Zira jogs up and greets Yoola and Smuffins, patting their heads.

ZIRA

(in a sugary voice)  
Well hello there, earthies! Found your friend, huh?  
Rolo, need to go potty?

ROLO

(embarrassed)  
No.

ZIRA

Okay, well I'm gonna go to the restroom for just a sec.

Zira attaches Rolo's leash and ties it to a tree.

ZIRA (cont'd)

Have fun with your little friends.  
Be good.

She leaves.

YOOLA

(chuckles) You have such a cute owner.

FABLI (*fobbly*) struts to them. He is a show earthling, a fine specimen of an earthling man in his prime, very poised with golden brown skin, long wavy dyed-blond hair, and a high-brow foreign accent.

YOOLA

Yo, Fabli!

FABLI

Hellooo.

ROLO

Hey, Fabli. Bobbly...nobbly...

YOOLA

(teasing Rolo)  
Just...don't.

Yoola gives Fabli a hug.

FABLI

Hey, careful of the hair! I've got a big show tomorrow.

Fabli and Smuffins bump fists, then Rolo.

YOOLA

Oh wow, which show?

FABLI

The Blorxminster Kennel Club.

YOOLA

Oh yeah.

ROLO (concurrently)

Wow, cool.

FABLI

Yeah, I think I've got a good shot at Best in Show this year.

YOOLA

Well, good luck!

FABLI

Thanks.

ROLO

So what have you been up to?

YOOLA

Let's see. On Blensday we went on a walk. And on Blursday we went on a walk. Then on Bliday we went on a walk. Oh and I switched to a new food, which is pretty exciting. So it's been a pretty good week so far!

ROLO

(just being polite)

Nice.

Quiggles has plucked a large flower, eating the petals like food on a stick, leaning on a tree and watching them.

SMUFFINS

And I got a new toy for my birthday. It's one of those hover drones that shoots laser pointers. It's pretty cool.

YOOLA

I dunno about that. It looks dangerous to me. I don't like going near that thing.

SMUFFINS

(smirking)

You jus' jealous.

YOOLA

Ha! You just wish you had my automatic ball launcher!

SMUFFINS

Oh please. That thing's not even close! No contest.

YOOLA

How about you, Fabli, whatch'you been doing?

FABLI

Did some training, getting my agility times down for the show. Went to the groomer. And my owners arranged for me to spend some time on a stud farm next week.

He gives a sniff of pride. They awkwardly nod with approval.

SMUFFINS

Uhh.

YOOLA

Sooo, what about you, Rolo?

ROLO

No one's ever taken me to a stud farm.

YOOLA

No, I mean what's new?

ROLO

Oh, same ol'. Naps, snacks, the usual. I guess I shouldn't complain. But, uh, can I ask you guys something? Like, don't you ever wonder if maybe there's something more?

YOOLA

More what?

ROLO

Like, like more we should be doing?

SMUFFINS

Like...car rides?

ROLO

No, I mean, I dunno, more than just being pampered and entertained?

YOOLA

What's wrong with that?

ROLO

Nothing.

FABLI

Are you on any new medications?

SMUFFINS

What else is there, buddy? We're safe, we're healthy, we're well fed, and we get cool toys, and we can chill all day. Nothing else we need, right?

YOOLA

What's the matter, Rolo. Are you having a mid-life crisis?

ROLO

Don't you ever wonder where we came from?

FABLI

I came from a champion breeder.

ROLO

No, before that, like some place earthlings lived in the wild, where we ran around hunting and taking care of ourselves?

YOOLA

Like those packs of stray street earthlings? Outside?! Ugh.

SMUFFINS

You don't hunt!

ROLO

Well, no. Bad example. But maybe I would if I had the choice.

FABLI

You could go into competitions.  
(gestures to Rolo's belly)  
Well, not anymore.

ROLO

(sarcastically)  
Gee, thanks!

Rolo unbuckles his harness to scratch an itch.

SMUFFINS

Dawg, I don't know what you worrying about. Life has always been this good. We got it made! You should be happy with what you got.

ROLO

I know I should —

Two robots roll up: earthling catchers with "Animal Control Force" military insignias are painted on them, and they have ID plaques: T-L1 is short and squat, T-D3 is tall and thin. They are about the size of adult Blorxians.

T-L1

(menacingly to Rolo)

Civil code 473.7 requires all earthlings to wear a harness or collar at all times in public.

T-D3

(to all)

Identify your owners now.

Yoola and Smuffins point to their owner; Fabli points to his. Rolo, fumbling to re-buckle his harness, looks around for Zira. T-D3 prods him.

T-D3

Where is your owner, earthling?

ROLO

(nervously)

Um, I don't see her —

T-L1

Civil code 314.9 requires earthlings to be under direct supervision of their Blorxian owners or wranglers at all times in public.

T-D3

Show me your pet identification tag.

Rolo nervously pulls his "dog tag" out from his shirt. T-D3 scans it.

T-D3

Scanned. Accessing records...  
Your license is expired. Your owner needed to renew this on Bleepember 40th.

ROLO

I thought she took care of that.

T-D3

And your veterinary records show you were never neutered.

ROLO

Neutered!

T-L1

Civil code 518.1 requires all mature earthlings without breeding permits to be neutered.

T-D3

That is a class 2 violation. We are going to take you in now.

T-L1 opens a hatch in its body — a containment cell to hold Rolo. It reaches to grab Rolo.

Quiggles, always the loyal enabler, pushes Rolo out of the way, then he kicks dirt behind him into the Bot's hatch (the way dogs kick dirt after pooping).

Rolo removes his harness and runs away. The Bots chase Rolo in a circle around the tree.

SMUFFINS

Yo dawg, I got your back!

Smuffins grabs Rolo's harness, still leashed to a tree, and hooks it onto one of the Bots.

Yoola takes her leash out of her pocket and ties the two Bots together. Then she ducks behind a bush.

Fabli stands back and watches.

Quiggles jumps on the Bots, opens their back panels, and cross-wires their cables.

Rolo, Smuffins, and Quiggles run away, dodging the crowd of other earthlings and Blorxians.

The Bots cut the leashes and pursue clumsily, misaligned by the cross-wiring. They stop and correct their cables.

Quiggles throws the frisbee and other earthlings' toys at the Bots.

ROLO

Where's Zira? Do you see her?

SMUFFINS

No. Where we running?

From a long distance, Zira sees Rolo running away and the Bots pursuing.

ZIRA

Rolo!

Rolo doesn't hear her. Zira runs toward Riffa.

ZIRA

Riffa, we have to catch Rolo!

Riffa looks up from her phone, blows a bubble, and looks back down.

As another Blorxian and their pet walk through the gate, Rolo and Smuffins try to escape. The Blorxian tries to block them but they slip out, followed closely by the Bots.

Quiggles senses they'll need help, so he hops onto the fence, leaps toward Riffa and snatches her phone, and runs after Rolo and Smuffins. (The phone is almost as tall as Quiggles, but it shrinks when folded.)

RIFFA

Quiggles! I need that!

Riffa and Zira chase after Quiggles. Quiggles runs past the Bots. Rolo and Smuffins see a SUBWAY station just outside the park.

ROLO

Here. In here!

Rolo and Smuffins run inside the subway station, followed by Quiggles, then the Bots, then Riffa and Zira.

**INT. SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Alien version of a subway station, but instead of trains, a wormhole opens every few minutes. Over the platform a sign shows a countdown like "Next wormhole in 77...76...75..."

Rolo, Smuffins, and Quiggles run into a wormhole, followed by T-D3.

The wormhole closes just before T-L1 can enter, so it finds a different wormhole and jumps in.

Riffa and Zira catch up. They jump into a third wormhole.

**INT. WORMHOLE - CONTINUOUS**

Inside the wormhole it looks like a tube of light, with graffiti that looks like crop circles. Seats float on both sides, arranged like a subway car. A floating sign shows which exit is next, then the tube forks and individual seat-pairs and their passenger move onto that fork. Likewise other seat-pairs and passengers merge where wormholes join. (Basically like entering/exiting a highway, but seat-pairs instead of cars.) The exits have very similar confusing names, like "Blorzinton Station", "Bluxian", "Blazian", "Blorian", etc.

Rolo, Smuffins, and Quiggles quickly take a seat. T-D3 comes up the aisle behind them.

SMUFFINS

Quick, exit here!

They branch onto the next wormhole, and T-D3 follows.

SMUFFINS

It followed us!

They branch again and the Bot follows. They quickly take the next branch and lose the Bot.

ROLO

Wait, where are we?

They try to read the signs but they are too fast and confusing. They take the next branch.

SMUFFINS

I dunno. Was that Bluxian? Blazian?  
Blorian?

T-L1 merges behind them. They shout and take the next exit, losing the Bot. But in the new wormhole they see T-D3 is waiting ahead of them. So they quickly take another exit.

Zira and Riffa merge; their seat is now across the aisle.

ZIRA

Rolo, there you are!

T-L1 merges. Rolo and friends quickly take two different exits. The Bot takes a third exit. (Our POV stays behind on this wormhole which is now empty.)

Rolo, Smuffins, and Quiggles reenter, but upside down.

T-D3 enters (normal upside up).

Rolo & co. exit. As T-D3 tries to follow, T-L1 enters upside down and they crash into each other. Then each Bot takes a separate exit.

Zira and Riffa enter, then exit.

Both bots reenter from different directions, look at each other, turn around and exit.

Rolo & co. enter, then Zira and Riffa enter.

In another **SUBWAY STATION**, we see a wormhole open and all five run out, pursued by T-L1 and T-D3. They run across the platform into another wormhole that was already open. It closes behind them, so each Bot jumps in a different wormhole.

We see a **MAP** of the Blorxian Subway — a 3D holographic globe labeled "PLANET BLORX" with wormholes criss-crossing it, not across the surface but straight through the planet. A glowing dot shows the location of the party bouncing randomly all over the planet, even to the moon and back. Like a mall map, it says "YOU ARE HERE" with the arrow following the moving dot.

Back in a **WORMHOLE** we see all five. They take an exit (our POV follows). Then they crash through a series of barricades and caution tape that say, "Under Construction", "Do Not Enter", "Wormhole Closed", "Wormhole Ends", "Caution". Their seats screech to a halt before the broken end of the wormhole, through which we see a cavern with molten lava below. A caution sign reads "Planet Core is Hot!" with a graphic of a figure burning in lava. They back their seats away from the danger in reverse.

They merge onto a different line, still moving backwards. The Bots speed forward past them in the aisle, then turn around. But each party takes a different exit. The Bots stay behind and just wait.

Then both parties enter, and the Bots charge them. The parties take separate exits with each Bot pursuing.

Then both Bots enter, followed by both parties pursuing. The Bots turn around and charge them.

Quiggles tosses two banana peels in the aisle. The Bots stop before the banana peels, which then leap up hissing with teeth out and stick to the Bots' faces, giving them electric shocks. The Bots scramble to get the banana leeches off.

Our POV follows both parties as they take the next branch together, leaving the Bots behind. It seems safe for a moment.

Then TD-3 enters in front and TL-1 enters from behind, and they close in. Rolo's party quickly exits (our POV follows), leaving Zira, Riffa, and the Bots behind. Rolo and Smuffins watch cautiously.

ROLO

I think we lost them.

SMUFFINS

Where's Zira? You think they're okay?

ROLO

I really hope so.

Quiggles chuckles, looking at Riffa's phone. Rolo sees that Quiggles has posted a selfie making a funny face next to Rolo with a scared face and a Bot behind them.

ROLO

Very funny, Quiggles.

Rolo takes the phone and folds it into his pocket. (It shrinks when folded.)

**EXT. OLD BLORGTON - AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER**

An old run-down part of town, sparsely populated, with graffiti on buildings like crop circles, and broken windows. It feels neglected and dangerous.

A wormhole opens over the sidewalk by a bus-stop bench. Rolo, Smuffins, and Quiggles hop out of the wormhole, then it closes.

They rush into a nearby alley and look to see if the Bots will pop out of another wormhole.

SMUFFINS

Where are we?

ROLO

I have no idea.

They step out of the alley. Quiggles curiously looks around sniffing lampposts. Smuffins visibly does not like being outside his comfort zone.

SMUFFINS

It's so...trashy. Do you think Zira will find us?

ROLO

Uh oh, look, that was the last wormhole today.

By the bus-stop bench, a floating sign is counting down,  
"Next wormhole in 9426...".

ROLO (cont'd)

There won't be another one here  
until tomorrow.

SMUFFINS

What?! How we gonna get home now?!

ROLO

Shhh, shh, shh!

A grungy alien rodent shuffles out of the alley. It growls at  
them as it passes by. Quiggles growls back.

SMUFFINS

Okay, we can do this. Maybe we can  
find another subway station to get  
back home, right?

ROLO

Yeah... Or... what if we don't go  
home?

SMUFFINS

What?!

ROLO

No, I mean, maybe we can find out  
where earthlings come from, and then  
we go home.

SMUFFINS

You crazy?

ROLO

Mmmaybee.

SMUFFINS

Our owners are gonna be so worried  
about us!

ROLO

(sincerely)

Yeah, poor Zira.

SMUFFINS

I'm worried about us. And dinner is  
in two hours, dawg!

ROLO

Okay, but it won't take long. C'mon,  
when have we ever got to just walk  
around wherever we want all on our

own? It's kind of exciting, isn't it?

An alien garbage truck hovers down the street sputtering.

SMUFFINS

That's not the word I'd use.

**EXT. OLD BLORGTON - SAME TIME**

A few blocks way at a different bus stop, another wormhole opens. Zira and Riffa hop out, then it closes. They look around.

ZIRA

Do you see them?

RIFFA

No.

Riffa looks at the floating sign counting down.

RIFFA

Wait, that was the last wormhole!  
Ugh, thanks a lot, squid squirt!

ZIRA

What are you mad at me for?!

RIFFA

Because now we're stuck here because of you and your earthling!

ZIRA

It's not my fault! They were gonna take him away!

RIFFA

You're the one who forgot to renew his license! And now his stupid pet took my phone. Uggh!

ZIRA

C'mon, Riffa, you need to help me find him! He's lost, and probably so scared. If we don't find him soon the bots will catch him and take him away!

RIFFA

How is that my problem?

ZIRA

(sadly)  
Lazro would've helped me.

RIFFA  
(sharply)  
Yeah, well Lazro's gone!

This hurts Zira.

ZIRA  
Why are you so mean, Riffa? Please,  
we need to find Rolo. Please?

Riffa takes a breath and simmers down.

RIFFA  
Fine. We know they got off at one of  
these wormhole stops, so they can't  
be far.

ZIRA  
Oh wait, I have an idea.

Zira takes hi-tech label-maker from her backpack and presses a few buttons, then points it at a lamppost. A holographic "LOST" poster appears with Rolo's picture.

They start walking down the sidewalk. Zira yells into an alley:

ZIRA  
Rolo!!!

**INT. COMMAND CENTER - LATER**

The Animal Control Force Command Center looks like a high-tech military operation: a large dark room with big monitors and consoles everywhere, and a buzz of activity. Rolo's photo is on one of the monitors. The entire staff are robots, including Privates T-L1 and T-D3, a CORPORAL, SERGEANT, LIEUTENANT, and many other bots. The COLONEL has an appendage resembling a cigar at the side of his mouth, and his head is shaped like an army hat.

SUPERIMPOSE: Animal Control Force, Command Center

COLONEL  
(yelling at T-L1 & T-D3)  
Now do you two bolt buckets want to  
tell me how you managed to lose an  
unneutered mutt in a subway?!

CORPORAL  
Colonel, we are getting reports of a  
possible match, a feral adult male  
shorthair earthling in Old Blorgton,  
heading east.

COLONEL

Sergeant, get me satellite surveillance on the eastern seaboard, sector B41.

SERGEANT

Yes sir.

COLONEL

Corporal, put the surveillance camera feeds onscreen for all blocks north of Bluxenblorg.

CORPORAL

Yes sir.

COLONEL

Lieutenant, scramble the 5th drone squadron. How long till they can intercept?

LIEUTENANT

Sir, the 5th drone squadron is already engaged in sector S95, for the hippo stampede, sir.

COLONEL

Then who do we have available?

LIEUTENANT

Sir, squadron 14 is available, base sector G51, sir.

COLONEL

G51? Well, that'll have to do. Get them airborne ASAP!

LIEUTENANT

Yes sir.

COLONEL

We need boots on the ground. Who have we got in that region?

SEARGENT

The 2nd platoon is ready in sector C15, sir.

COLONEL

2nd platoon? That the best we got? What about the 7th platoon?

SEARGENT

They're deployed to the lemming flood in E17.

COLONEL  
9th platoon?

SEARGENT  
Toilet gators.

COLONEL  
1st platoon?

SEARGENT  
Sharknado containment.

COLONEL  
Okay, then, we'll have to settle for  
the 2nd platoon. Deploy them.

SEARGENT  
Yes sir.

COLONEL  
(aside, gloating)  
I love the smell of silicon in the  
morning.

**EXT. OLD BLORGTON - AFTERNOON - LATER**

Rolo and Smuffins are walking down a sidewalk, with Quiggles walking ahead curiously sniffing everything.

A Blorxian walking the opposite direction looks at them suspiciously. They lower their heads and keep walking.

They approach a PET STORE.

ROLO  
Hey Smuffins, look, a pet store!

SMUFFINS  
So? You need something?

ROLO  
They know about pets, so they'd  
probably know where earthlings come  
from, right?

SMUFFINS  
Oh, alright.

Rolo reaches for the door handle but he is too short.

SMUFFINS  
Here, hop up.

Smuffins lifts Rolo on his shoulders and they pull open the door and slip inside.

**INT. PET STORE - CONTINUOUS**

Inside the pet store we hear various alien animal noises.

They cautiously stroll down an aisle of pets. Quiggles makes faces at the animals as they pass several enclosures of alien reptiles, birds, rodents, rabbits, cats, and then... earthlings.

In the first earthling enclosure, a woman is sitting on a couch with a bowl of crunchy kibble, eating it like popcorn. She looks up and nods at Rolo.

PET WOMAN

Hey.

ROLO

Hey.

The next enclosure has twin boys sleeping on a couch. One boy's foot is on the other's face. He starts twitching like he's dreaming he's running, kicking the other boy's face. Rolo continues past them.

A Blorxian CLERK approaches them, heavysset with glasses, like a Midwestern mom, wearing a smock. She starts to reach down for Rolo and Smuffins.

CLERK

Whoa, now how did you two get out?

Rolo and Smuffins step back out of reach. Smuffins nervously hides behind a display.

ROLO

No, no, no. We're, uh, we're here with our owner. She just went over there.

He vaguely gestures toward the back of the store.

CLERK

Oh, well aren't you a cute one!

She kneels and rubs Rolo's belly.

ROLO

Hey, can I ask you a question?

CLERK

You wanna ask me a question?

ROLO

(nervously)

Yeah, we were wondering, do you know where we came from? I mean

earthlings. Where earthlings came from?

CLERK

Oh, I did my 3rd grade dissertation on this! Actually, we don't know where you're from. We just know that you're not native.

ROLO

What do you mean?

CLERK

I mean you're not Blorxian. Earthlings have a completely different genetic structure, just a double helix.

ROLO

So we were...engineered?

CLERK

No, no, I mean earthlings aren't originally from this planet.

ROLO

Wait, what? You mean I'm...an alien?!

CLERK

Well, yeah, you all are.

ROLO

Whoa.

Smuffins leans out from behind the display.

SMUFFINS (concurrently)

Whaaa'?

CLERK

Actually, earthlings are considered an invasive species.

Rolo is stunned.

SMUFFINS

(in a hushed voice)

Ask her which planet.

ROLO

Which planet?

She shrugs.

CLERK

Not even from our solar system. We don't know where you came from.

ROLO

Oh. Why doesn't anyone know?

CLERK

Well that's the mystery. There's just no records. But maybe your owner can find out at that science museum just a couple blocks over that way.

She stands and points toward a cross-street. Then she looks around the store.

CLERK (cont'd)

Now where is your owner? You really shouldn't be wandering around off leash.

Rolo, Smuffins, and Quiggles sneak off to another aisle while the Clerk is looking away. They hurry toward the door.

Quiggles sees bags of pet treats on a display. He points at them, jumping up and down excitedly. Rolo looks around, then grabs a bag. The Clerk turns the corner, sees them, and hobbles after them.

CLERK

Now where do you think you little rascals are going?

Rolo, Smuffins, and Quiggles dash out the door, dodging around an alien who is entering. The Clerk stops at the door and watches them run.

CLERK (cont'd)

My goodness!

**EXT. OLD BLORGTON - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS**

They dash up the sidewalk.

SMUFFINS

So now you're stealing too? Aren't we already in enough trouble?

ROLO

C'mon, this way!

More determined than ever, Rolo trots across the street to where the Clerk had pointed. Quiggles trots ahead and Smuffins follows.

SMUFFINS

Now where you going?

ROLO

To find that museum!

Rolo opens the bag of pet treats and tosses one to Quiggles. He pulls out two more and offers one to Smuffins.

ROLO

Want one?

Smuffins squints indecisively, then he grabs both treats and start eating. Rolo smirks and takes another one from the bag to eat. Smuffins brushes against a dirty stoop. Annoyed, he tries to brush off the dirt.

SMUFFINS

Aw, man!

ROLO

So we're actually aliens? Isn't that weird? Like, "Take me to your leader."

Smuffins begrudgingly chuckles.

SMUFFINS

"We come in peace."

Quiggles impersonates an alien and makes noises.

ROLO

"Resistance is futile."

They laugh.

ROLO

What do you think our planet is like? Do you think earthlings are still there?

SMUFFINS

That would be weird. Like living in their own little houses, going to little schools, going on walks whenever they want, taking themselves on car rides.

ROLO

(chuckles) Yeah. That kinda sounds nice, actually.

SMUFFINS

Talking in some crazy alien language, probably running around

naked and dirty, covered with  
parasites, and hunted by wild  
animals.

ROLO

Hm.

**EXT. OLD BLORGTON - CONTINUOUS**

A block away, Zira and Riffa are walking, looking around.

ZIRA

Rolooo.

Zira points her label-maker at a lamppost and posts another  
holographic Lost poster. She sings to the tune of "Do You  
Want to Build a Snowman":

ZIRA

(singing)

"Do you wanna build a wormhole?  
Folding space between the stars."  
Riffa, sing with me.

Riffa shrugs her off. Zira skips around her, tugging on her  
jacket, trying to engage her.

ZIRA (cont'd)

"We could link our quantum states,  
particles or waves, a time that's  
only ours."

Zira points her label-maker at Riffa and zaps a poster onto  
her chest, laughing. Riffa is annoyed.

RIFFA

Don't!

Zira skips around Riffa, zapping several more posters on her,  
laughing more. Riffa tears off some of them.

RIFFA (cont'd)

Zira, stop it!

Zira zaps a poster onto Riffa's face. Riffa yanks it, but it  
tears in half, so we see the top half of Rolo's face with the  
bottom half of Riffa's face talking:

RIFFA (cont'd)

Stop it, squid squirt!

Zira laughs. Riffa tears the rest of it off her face. Zira  
points the label-maker at her again, but Riffa slaps away her  
hand, knocking the label-maker onto the sidewalk.

ZIRA

Ow, you hurt me!

Riffa tears the rest of the posters off her body. Zira holds out her "wounded" hand, waiting for an apology.

ZIRA (cont'd)

Well?

RIFFA

(sarcastically)

Sorry!

ZIRA

(dejected)

No you're not.

Zira picks up her label-maker. Then she sees Rolo and Smuffins a block ahead and points.

ZIRA

There they are!

Rolo!

They run toward him. We see Riffa still has one poster on her back.

**EXT. OLD BLORGTON - CONTINUOUS**

Rolo sees Zira and Riffa running toward them a block away.

ROLO

Uh oh, it's Zira.

Rolo starts running away, but Smuffins stands still. Quiggles tugs on Smuffins to run.

SMUFFINS

Perfect! They can take us home!

ROLO

No, I don't wanna go home yet!

SMUFFINS

Rolo, c'mon. Think this through, man. Why's this so important?

ROLO

I just, I dunno, I just need to find out where we came from. And then we can go home, okay? Please?

Smuffins contemplates, then chuckles.

SMUFFINS

I can't believe I'm doing this!

They run away, chased by Zira and Riffa down alleys, dodging dumpsters and debris. Quiggles leads the way, doing parkour stunts, with Smuffins huffing behind. They turn a corner and hide in an abandoned WAREHOUSE.

Zira and Riffa run past.

ZIRA

Rolo! Rolo!

(frustrated)

Where did they go?! Do you see them?

Riffa shrugs no. They continue walking away.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

The abandoned warehouse is mostly empty, dirty and dilapidated, with graffiti that looks like crop circles, broken windows, and missing doors. There is a small pile of palettes against a column. But it is calm and serene, with sunbeams shining through the windows in the dusty air, giving it a slight charm. Rolo and Quiggles peek outside.

ROLO

(panting)

Okay, they're gone.

SMUFFINS

(panting)

I've never run so much my whole life!

Smuffins sits on the palettes. Quiggles joins him and sprawls out.

SMUFFINS (cont'd)

You have any more of those snacks?

Rolo tosses him the bag of treats. Smuffins opens it, then Quiggles' tongue shoots out and pulls a treat from the bag and he chomps it. Smuffins sneers at Quiggles.

SMUFFINS

Let's just rest here a bit, 'kay?

ROLO

Okay. I'll try to see where the museum is.

Rolo goes to a back doorway and slowly steps out.

**EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

The alley behind the warehouse has dumpsters, garbage, boxes, and a curled up old mattress. Rolo steps out cautiously and goes a short distance to find the museum.

Suddenly we hear the gruff male earthling voice of ZEFFRO:

ZEFFRO (O.S.)  
Freeze! Don't...move...a muscle.

Rolo freezes, afraid of being attacked by the unseen man.

Then we see several monstrous, carnivorous alien RODENTS behind him, sightless like moles, sniffing and listening, slowly closing in on him.

Suddenly one lunges toward Rolo, teeth out — but it is struck by an arrow and falls to the side.

ZEFFRO (O.S.)  
Run!

Rolo now sees the rodents, and he runs down the alley.

Now we see ZEFFRO running behind Rolo, jumping across dumpsters and boxes, shooting rodents with a makeshift bow. His hair and beard are long, messy, and streaked grey. His face is weathered and tanned, and his clothes are dirty and tattered. He's a stray street earthling, a survivalist of the urban jungle.

Zeffro grabs a rope and swings past Rolo, shooting another rodent. He lands on top of a dumpster, and tosses the end of the rope down to Rolo.

ZEFFRO  
Here, grab on!

Rolo grabs the rope and climbs onto the dumpster with Zeffro's help. Then Zeffro yanks a dangling rope and a fire escape ladder slides down.

ZEFFRO  
Climb!

Zeffro shoots more rodents that are climbing the dumpster.

ZEFFRO (cont'd)  
Faster!

Zeffro follows behind Rolo as they scramble up the fire escape. Rodents pursue as Zeffro shoots more of them.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS**

Rolo reaches the top of the ladder and steps onto the roof of the warehouse, panting.

Nothing happens for a while, so he peers down the ladder.

A rodent pops up! Rolo jumps back. Then he sees it's actually dead.

ZEFFRO (O.S.)  
(straining)  
Here, grab this.

Rolo hesitates. We see Zeffro beneath the rodent's heavy body, pushing it up the ladder.

ZEFFRO  
Come on! It can't bite you now.

Rolo cautiously grabs the rodent's front claw with disgust and drags it onto the roof with all his strength. Zeffro climbs onto the roof and looks over the edge.

ZEFFRO  
They won't be back.

ROLO  
(still panting)  
Thanks!

Zeffro nods, grabs the tail, and easily drags the rodent across the roof.

ZEFFRO  
This way.

Rolo follows him to an open lean-to: a roof made of scrap materials supported by poles, up against a wall. It looks like a bar, with a counter, upside-down buckets as stools, and shelves on the back wall. Somehow it has an exotic, romantic quality, with a beautiful view of the sky and city.

Zeffro goes behind the counter and heaves the rodent onto the counter.

ZEFFRO  
You hungry?

ROLO  
(disgusted)  
Uhhh.

Zeffro lifts an oversize cleaver and starts butchering the carcass. Rolo gags and turns away.

ROLO

Oh! Ugh. What are you doing?! (gags)

ZEFFRO

Haven't you ever had granger meat before?

ROLO

Well, granger flavor earthling chow.

ZEFFRO

Where do you think that comes from?

ROLO

I know, but...I've never seen it before!

He tries looking but winces away.

ZEFFRO

Have a seat.

Rolo sits on a bucket in front of the counter. He turns away from the carcass, only to see its severed head on the floor staring at him. He turns the other way.

Behind the counter is a griddle, which is actually an alien clothes iron turned upside down, plugged into an extension cord from inside the building. Zeffro slaps a couple steaks on the hot iron and presses it with a knife as it sizzles.

Rolo notices the museum a block away.

As Rolo asks questions, Zeffro pulls crushed leaves, salt, seeds, and berries from the shelves. He seasons and flips the meat, and prepares a sauce in a pan.

ROLO

You live up here?

ZEFFRO

Yep.

ROLO

Like, all the time?

Zeffro gives him a look.

ROLO (cont'd)

You don't have an owner?

ZEFFRO

I did.

ROLO

Don't you miss living inside?

ZEFFRO

Nope.

ROLO

Where do you sleep?

ZEFFRO

Here. Under the stars.

ROLO

Doesn't it rain sometimes?

ZEFFRO

So?

ROLO

Hm. You know, I've never been to this area before.

ZEFFRO

No kiddin'.

ROLO

Actually we're kinda lost.

ZEFFRO

Yeah, I can see that.

ROLO

I've never even been off-leash this long outside before.

Zeffro puts the steaks on saucers, and like a chef he drizzles sauce on both steaks, sprinkles some spice, places a small sprig on each, and wipes the corner of the plate with a cloth. He places a saucer in front of Rolo.

ZEFFRO

Here.

ROLO

Wow, this smells amazing! Uhh, do you have any silverware?

Zeffro grabs his own steak with one hand and bites off a huge mouthful, staring at Rolo the whole time.

So Rolo picks up his steak with two hands and takes a tentative bite. Way better than his canned food or table scraps, Rolo gets a "taste" of independence.

ROLO

Oh! Oh! This is delicious! Mm!

ZEFFRO  
(with food in his mouth)  
It's fresh.

Rolo ravenously takes a huge bite. Then another.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Smuffins and Quiggles are looking around the large warehouse. Quiggles sniffs upward toward a broken skylight.

SMUFFINS  
Rolo! ... Rolo!

**EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS**

Rolo hears Smuffins through the broken skylight.

SMUFFINS (O.S.)  
Rolo-rolo-rolo! ... Rolo!

ROLO  
Oops! I better take this to go.

He heads back to the fire escape, holding his steak and taking another bite. He turns again to Zeffro and gives a thumbs up.

ROLO (cont'd)  
Mm!! Five star!

**INT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Smuffins yells out the door they had first entered.

SMUFFINS  
Rolo!

Rolo enters the back doorway, holding what's left of his steak, with sauce all over his face and hands.

ROLO  
Smuffins, here! Sorry! I'm here.

SMUFFINS  
Yo man, where did you go?! And what are you eating?

Quiggles gallops up to Rolo, hops on his shoulder and licks his face clean.

ROLO  
(with his mouth full)  
It's granger meat.

SMUFFINS  
That's what granger looks like?!  
Ich, gross!

ROLO  
(mouth still full)  
Don't knock it till you try it.

Delighted by the taste, Quiggles licks the steak in Rolo's hand.

ROLO  
Well, I guess this is yours now.

Quiggles gulps down the rest of the steak.

**EXT. OLD BLORGTON - MOMENTS LATER**

Rolo, Smuffins, and Quiggles cautiously look outside the warehouse, then walk down the sidewalk. This neighborhood is a little more populated and better maintained. (Each scene looks more pleasant as Rolo's ambition grows.) We see another SUBWAY station ahead, and the MUSEUM beyond that.

ROLO  
The museum is at that next corner.

Quiggles is skipping ahead, swinging around lampposts, etc.

An Animal Control tank slowly hovers up the street behind them, scanning both sides of the street with beams of light. Smuffins sees it.

SMUFFINS  
Look out!

He pulls Rolo into a doorway, and Quiggles presses himself flat against a wall. One of Zira's Lost posters is on a lamppost. Covering that is another poster in a different color, with Rolo's picture, and the text: "LOST. Considered Unneutered and Dangerous", with an Animal Control Force logo.

Smuffins sees the SUBWAY station across the street.

SMUFFINS  
This is too risky, man. Look, there's a subway station. We can make a break for it and get back home!

ROLO

Don't you want to find out where we  
come from?

SMUFFINS

Naw, I just wanna go home. There's  
gotta be another way you can find  
out later.

ROLO

No, Zira never lets me out on my  
own. This is my only chance.

The Animal Control tank slows down as it nears their  
position.

SMUFFINS

But why does it matter where we're  
from. It doesn't make any  
difference, right?

ROLO

I jus... I dunno. It just matters to  
me, okay?

SMUFFINS

Okay dawg. I got your back.

He winks at Rolo, then dashes out in the street in front of  
the Animal Control tank. He waves and yells at the tank.

SMUFFINS

Hey! Hey! Oh no, don't catch me!

He runs around the tank then down the street away from Rolo.  
The tank lights up its sirens, turns 180 and pursues him.

ROLO

Wow! Well, it's you and me now,  
Quiggles.

Further down the street Smuffins is running away. The tank  
soon catches him in a large net — a long articulated pole  
hoop with a net of glowing energy strings. Smuffins  
immediately yields. He looks back to see Rolo running away to  
the museum, and smiles.

SMUFFINS

Good boy.

**EXT. MUSEUM - MOMENTS LATER**

A large building with a sign: "Old Blorgton Museum of  
Science". Broad steps at the street corner lead to the front  
doors.

Rolo and Quiggles jog to the corner and climb the steps.

A Blorxian male BUSKER (street musician) is sitting atop the steps playing a harmonica. He has a large pet animal that looks like an alien TIGER, resting on the ground, wearing a studded collar and leash.

As they reach the top, Quiggles growls at the Tiger. It growls back. Then Quiggles charges at it. The Tiger suddenly drops its jaw open as Quiggles runs straight inside, then it snaps its jaw shut.

ROLO

Quiggles!!

BUSKER

Krilly! Drop iiiit. Draaaaawp iiiit!

With a reluctant look, the Tiger sits up and very slowly opens its mouth as Quiggles wiggles out, limb by limb, then falls to the ground. Quiggles brushes the slobber off himself and stomps away, but slowly starts circling around back to the Tiger, speeding up, and jumps onto it and tries biting the top of its head. The Tiger rolls its eyes.

BUSKER

Whoa there, little fella.

ROLO (concurrently)

Quigglllllles!

The Busker gently pushes Quiggles off as Rolo pulls him down.

ROLO

So sorry about that, sir.

Quiggles gives a final growl at the Tiger, then walks away with a smug sense of accomplishment, dusting off his hands.

ROLO

Quiggles, I think you're my role model.

Rolo gives a wry smile. They continue toward the entrance but a stocky Blorxian security GUARD stops them.

GUARD

Whoa, earthy, where do you think you're going? No strays allowed.

ZIRA (O.S.)

Rolo!

Rolo sees Zira and Riffa half a block away, running toward him.

ZIRA (cont'd)

Rolo!

ROLO

Uh oh.

Quiggles is behind the Guard with his mouth open wide to bite their leg.

ROLO

Quiggles, no! I've got another idea.  
We're going to need Zira's help for  
this.

Rolo jumps up and down, waving his arms.

ROLO

Zira! Zira!

Zira and Riffa reach the top of the steps.

ZIRA

(sweetly)  
Rolo, there you are, you bad boy!

ROLO

(to guard)  
We're with them.

Rolo and Quiggles dash inside the museum. Flummoxed, Zira and Riffa run after them.

**INT. MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS**

The Old Blorgton Museum of Science is grand with sunbeams shining through the skylights.

Once they are well inside, Rolo turns around, runs to Zira and jumps in her arms.

ROLO

Zira! You found me!

ZIRA

Rolo, you poor thing. Were you  
scared?

ROLO

No. Here, Riffa.

He takes Riffa's phone out of his pocket and hands it to her. Riffa lights up.

RIFFA

Finally!

Rolo wiggles out of Zira's arms.

ROLO  
Betcha can't catch me!

Rolo runs into the exhibit hall followed by Quiggles.

RIFFA  
Ugh!

BEGIN MUSICAL MONTAGE: (~60 seconds?)

Zira chases Rolo and Quiggles around the museum, which soon turns into play. Riffa is often in the background looking at her phone or rolling her eyes at them.

ZIGZAG - Quiggles jumps onto Rolo's shoulders. They zigzag around several statues as Zira pursues.

ELEVATOR - There are two elevators to the upper level, both waiting with doors open. Rolo and Quiggles go in one, Zira goes in the other.

WALKWAY - There is an elevated walkway going through a rainforest atrium. Rolo and Quiggles walk briskly, followed by Zira.

SLIDE - All three slide down a spiral-shaped tree trunk in the rainforest atrium.

PENGUINS - All three walk like penguins in front an enclosure of live alien penguins.

FLYING MACHINES - Rolo flies in a primitive spiral-copter. Quiggles flies in a pedal-powered flapping-wing plane.

WEAPONS - Rolo chases Zira left with a caveman club. Then she chases him right with a stone axe. Then he chases left with a sling, she with spear, he with arrow, she with sword, then he chases her wearing an alien suit of armor with a sword. He loses balance and falls backwards, arms and legs flailing.

PLANETS - All three sit on large mobile of their star system, with multiple planets in criss-cross orbits, double planets, and moons around moons. They are each sitting and spinning on a different planet or moon.

DINOSAURS - Zira holds Rolo as they ride an animatronic alien triceratops skeleton. Quiggles rides a t-rex.

SURVEILLANCE ROOM - In a room of many video feeds, we see the back of Madame ZANANA watching. All we know now is that she is an old Blorxian, dressed professionally. She looks at a video feed of Zira, Rolo, and Quiggles playing. Then she zooms in on Riffa, who is disengaged. We see Zanana's face watching thoughtfully, but pokerfaced.

JAWS - Quiggles stands inside alien shark jaws holding his mouth wide open. Then Rolo does the same. Then Zira does; her mouth opens unexpectedly large, surprising Rolo and Quiggles.

FLOWER - Rolo leans over to smell a large flower. The flower snaps shut on his head and upper body, lifting him upside down. Zira springs to rescue him.

BUTTERFLIES - Zira and Rolo are looking at live alien butterflies. Quiggles shoots his tongue out to catch one floating by but accidentally hits Rolo in the head.

MAMMOTH - Zira holds Rolo as they ride an animatronic alien woolly mammoth. Quiggles sits on a tusk.

BUGS - Rolo holds Quiggles' mouth open and pulls out large insects one at a time, as Zira puts them back on an insect pin-board display.

EVOLUTION - They look at series of life-size figures of the evolutionary stages of Blorxians evolving from salamander-like creatures. Quiggles opens his mouth to eat the smallest one; Rolo shakes his head no.

JELLYFISH - Quiggles is inside a tank of alien jellyfish, swimming like them.

CATAPULT - Quiggles sits in a catapult. Rolo is about to pull the lever to launch him.

END MUSICAL MONTAGE

The security GUARD looks sternly at Rolo with their arms crossed. Rolo freezes. The guard gestures with their finger to come with them.

#### **INT. CURATOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

In a dark-wood-paneled office with many bookcases and artifacts, there is a large wooden desk with four chairs facing it. Zira, Rolo, and Quiggles are each sitting in a chair, looking guilty. The chairs are way too big for Rolo and Quiggles. Riffa sits in the fourth chair, glaring at Zira.

Awkward silence.

The door opens and Madame ZANANA enters (rhymes with a *nana*). She is the museum curator, the Blorxian who was watching the video feeds. She sits at her desk, which has a name plaque: "Madame Zanana, Curator". She somberly studies each their faces, and senses Riffa's resentment toward Zira. Like a wise elder, she contemplates before each question. She starts with Riffa:

ZANANA

Are you responsible for her?

RIFFA

No!

ZANANA

Is she your sister?

RIFFA

Yes.

ZANANA

Why are you angry?

RIFFA

I'm not!

ZANANA

You're not?

Riffa tries to hold her tongue, then blurts:

RIFFA

She keeps getting us in trouble!  
She's such a child!

ZANANA

(to Zira)

How old are you, dear?

ZIRA

72.

(Blorxians years are shorter, and they live longer.)

ZANANA

Is that all? Why, you're almost my  
granddaughter's age.

(to Riffa)

Such a child? What is it you expect  
her to be?

Riffa stews for a moment, then just mumbles:

RIFFA

I dunno.

ZANANA

Hm.

(to Zira)

Is this your earthling?

ZIRA

Yes.

ZANANA

Why isn't he on a leash?

ZIRA

Sorry. We lost it.

ZANANA

You lost it?

ZIRA

Well, we were in the park, and the earthling catchers were trying to take him and he ran away.

ZANANA

I see.

She leans forward and says wryly in a hushed voice:

ZANANA (cont'd)

Those bots are just power-hungry.  
They should be put on leashes.

Zira smirks.

RIFFA

Are we in trouble? Did they break anything?

ZANANA

Oh nothing is broken out there. You two just looked a little...lost. As long as nothing is missing, you're fine.

(looking at Zira)

Is anything missing?

Zira doesn't understand the depth of her question. Quiggles shifts his eye back and forth, then takes a large insect out of his mouth (a dead one from the display) and puts it on his armrest.

Zanana looks at it, then at Quiggles, then she smirks.

ZANANA

(to Zira)

What's your earthling's name?

Rolo feels the courage to speak for himself.

ROLO

Rolo.

ZANANA

Well, aren't you adorable, Rolo! You remind me of my dear Groogy, right over there.

She looks in the corner, where they see a taxidermy earthling man with fake looking eyes, somewhat like Rolo, in a glass case sitting on a large cushion.

ZANANA (cont'd)

He was just a chubby ball of dreams, like you.

Rolo looks embarrassed for a moment. Then he sees his opportunity:

ROLO

Can I ask you, do you know what planet earthlings come from?

ZANANA

Your planet?

ZIRA

Oh yeah, I tried looking online but I couldn't find anything.

ZANANA

No, of course not. That is because it was deleted.

ZIRA & ROLO

Deleted?

ZANANA

Come with me.

**INT. MUSEUM HALL - MOMENTS LATER**

Zanana explains as they walk down a dim hall toward the back wing:

ZANANA

The Big Delete of 8449. Planet Blorx had accumulated so much knowledge that we were running out of data storage in the nebula. This was quite the global crisis, and no one could agree on what to do. So one day a data clerk hacked into the core and simply deleted all the old useless information. Most of it was cat videos. But sadly, all the earthling history was lost too.

ROLO

Oh no.

ZIRA

Didn't anyone remember anything?

ZANANA

Most people had offloaded their memories to the nebula, so their memories were lost too.

She taps her brain-chip.

ZANANA (cont'd)

But...

**INT. MUSEUM GALLERY - CONTINUOUS**

They enter a small gallery with ancient Blorxian hieroglyph murals. One shows a large UFO saucer with several humanoids levitating up to it. Below them it looks like grazing cows. Zanana points to it.

ZANANA (cont'd)

We do have clues in these ancient hieroglyphs. This mural here shows earthlings being abducted from their planet by spacecraft.

ROLO

What planet is it?

ZANANA

The ancients named it: Planet Earth.

ROLO

Earth? Earthlings from Earth? Not very creative, but easy to remember, I guess. Where is it?

ZANANA

They said it's the third planet around a star named Sol, but none of the artifacts say where that is.

ZIRA

So there's no other information?

Zanana pulls a large book from a bookshelf.

ZANANA

Well, there is one other source here that says something.

She lays the old book on a table. She turns the pages looking for the entry.

ZANANA

Let's see...it's right...here it is.  
"Earth: mostly harmless."

ROLO

(waiting for more)  
That's it?

ZANANA

Yes, I'm afraid so, dear.

ROLO

Hm.

ZANANA

But there is someone else who might know more, tales of Earth not found in any book here. His name is Captain Blarzenhook. You can probably find him at The Black Hole Tavern. Tell him Zanana sent you.

**EXT. OLD BLORGTON - SUNSET - MOMENTS LATER**

They exit the museum and walk along a sidewalk. Rolo is ridding piggyback on Zira. The neighborhood is increasingly residential and well maintained (parallel to Rolo's growing ambition). Riffa points ahead.

RIFFA

Okay, there's a subway station this way, near the boardwalk. That'll get us home.

During this scene, the sun is gradually eclipsed by a huge planet. We see the planet's edge as the sky fades to dusk. Zira looks at the "sunset" overhead.

ZIRA

Ooh, the evening eclipse is starting. This is always my favorite time.

ROLO

Mine too.... Hey Zira, how did you get me?

ZIRA

What do you mean?

ROLO

I mean when you first got me from  
the pet store.

ZIRA

Oh yeah, you were just a little kid.  
I guess we both were. What made you  
think of that?

ROLO

I dunno. I've just been thinking  
about things. All I can remember my  
whole life is being with you. But I  
never thought to ask before, why did  
you pick me?

ZIRA

Well, I always wanted to get my own  
pet earthie for as long as I could  
remember. I begged Mom and Dad all  
the time for years, but they always  
said I was "too young" to handle  
such a "big responsibility". But  
then on my 40th birthday, as a  
surprise, they took me to the pet  
store and they said I could pick any  
pet. There was this pen thing with a  
bunch of little earthies, and you  
just looked up at me with this  
smile, and I knew you were the one,  
my little Rolo Polo.

ROLO

Hmm.

Rolo is moved and hugs her a little tighter.

An Animal Control tank slowly comes hovering up the street  
behind them, scanning both sides of the street with beams of  
light. Zira sees it and pushes Riffa through some bushes.

ZIRA

Hide!

RIFFA

Why?

ZIRA

It's the earthling catchers!

They fall to the ground and hold still.

Peering through the bushes, they see the tank slowly pass.  
Then it stops and backs up a bit, scanning nearby. Then it  
continues forward out of sight.

ZIRA

Okay, they're gone.

Zira's backpack is on the ground. Riffa sees something inside the backpack and grabs it.

RIFFA

Wait a minute!

Riffa pulls out a small palm-sized model ROCKET. She stands up and holds it out toward Zira.

RIFFA (cont'd)

(angry)

Where did you get this? Is this Lazro's rocket? Did you take this from the attic?

Zira remains sitting, defensive.

RIFFA (cont'd)

Zira, answer me! You can't take this. You're not allowed to touch Lazro's stuff!

ZIRA

Yes I am! He was my brother too!

(a beat)

Give it to me!

Zira grabs the rocket and holds it close.

RIFFA

Zira, you're going to break it! —

ZIRA

No I'm not!

RIFFA

You're going to get into sooo much trouble with Mom and Dad. We need to save all of Lazro's things. Why do you even have it in your backpack?!

Zira looks at the rocket sadly, slowly turning it in her hands. After a moment:

ZIRA

I like to hold it. It reminds me of him. He always used to take me with him stargazing, and we'd go crater sledding and watch the rockets flying. He made this for his science fair project, and he let me help him with it. That was right before we

lost him, that night he was abducted  
by aliens.

RIFFA

Well he wouldn't have been taken if  
you didn't make him take you to that  
swamp!

Zira looks up at Riffa sharply.

ZIRA

(angry)

It wasn't my fault, Riffa!

They glare at each other confrontationally, till Riffa  
eventually backs down.

RIFFA

Pffffh. Just...don't break it. And  
put it back when we get home!

Zira looks back at the rocket. A moment passes.

ROLO

Um, I don't know if this is a good  
time to mention this, but I haven't  
snacked in like two hours.

Zira stands up and puts on her backpack, and they go back to  
the sidewalk and continue walking. Zira and Riffa have a  
silent tension.

Rolo sees a sign ahead for The Black Hole Tavern, with an  
arrow pointing down a side road by a HARBOR.

ROLO

(hushed, to Quiggles)

Hey, The Black Hole Tavern. That's  
where that captain knows about  
Earth. Can you distract them for a  
bit?

Quiggles gives a thumbs up. He walks in front of Zira and  
Riffa and starts doing a mime routine. They look puzzled.  
Rolo falls back, then jogs down the side road.

From overhead we see the POV from a surveillance camera  
watching them. It zooms in on Rolo, flashing the words  
"Suspect Identified".

**INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT - SAME TIME**

We see that same video feed on one of the large wall  
monitors. Other monitors show maps and the positions of bot  
forces and camera feeds. The bots chatter intensely.

CORPORAL

Colonel, we've got a location on the target, on Blearial Avenue heading north.

SERGEANT

Sir, the 2nd platoon is delayed in sector C30.

COLONEL

What's the hold up?

SERGEANT

Their wormhole transport slipped into Möbius time-loop, sir.

COLONEL

Why, that platoon couldn't navigate their way out of a paper bag with a compass! Now where is that drone squadron?

LIEUTENANT

They are airborne and en route, sir.

COLONEL

Still? We're going to need more. Lieutenant, let's get an attack sub out there in case they try to flee by water.

LIEUTENANT

Yes sir.

Colonel looks intently at Rolo's photo on the wall display.

COLONEL

Go ahead, you mangey mongrel, make my day!

**EXT. HARBOR ROAD - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

A small rustic road alongside a harbor, with dim street lamps, no traffic. The moons are large and beautiful. We hear the water lapping against the docks, creaking wood, a distant buoy bell, and night insects. An alien seal on barks on a dock.

Instead of boats, the harbor has tall spaceships of various designs, standing on floating launchpads with gangways to the docks. The spaceships sway gently with the water.

Rolo is running down the road to the TAVERN, with Quiggles close behind. Then we see Zira running after them.

ZIRA

Rolooo!

**EXT. TAVERN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Zira catches up with Rolo in front of the tavern — a rustic drinking hole overlooking the harbor. The sign flickers "The Black Hole Tavern". We hear muffled activity from within. Rolo runs around a bench can so that she cannot reach him.

ZIRA

Rolo, why do you keep running away?!  
Don't you wanna go home?

ROLO

Don't get mad, Zira.

ZIRA

Why?

ROLO

This is where Zanana said we could  
find Captain Blarzenhook, and he  
knows where Earth is!

ZIRA

She said he might know.

ROLO

Well I really wanna find out. Aren't  
you curious?

ZIRA

Kinda, but we need to get home.

ROLO

What's the rush? We're already here.  
Can't we just go in and check,  
please?

Rolo gives his best sad-eye face.

ZIRA

This isn't fair, Rolo. You know I  
can't say no to that face.

Rolo hugs Zira's legs, then he runs to tavern door. Zira waves to Riffa in the distance, then she pushes through the heavy, creaky door, followed by Rolo and Quiggles.

**INT. TAVERN - CONTINUOUS**

The tavern interior is dark and cozy with astro-nautical decor. Plasma candles flicker at each table and from sconces.

The BAR PATRONS are rugged, haggard Blorxian star sailors, quietly drinking and murmuring. In the corner someone is playing a languid tune on an alien CONCERTINA (accordion).

Captain BLARZENHOOK is sitting alone at a table, sipping a large mug of ale. He's a Blorxian archetype of an old sea captain pirate: beard, pipe, eye patch, weathered face, dark peacoat, and a grumbly pirate accent. He is always thirsty for a willing ear to hear his tales of misfortune.

ROLO

Which one is Captain Blarzenhook?

Zira points blatantly at Blarzenhook.

ZIRA

He looks like a captain.

ROLO

Do you really think it's that obvious?

Zira approaches Blarzenhook.

ZIRA

Sir, are you Captain Blarzenhook?

Blarzenhook sharpens his gaze and scrutinizes them.

BLARZENHOOK

If you be askin', I am.

Rolo is impressed it was that easy.

ROLO

Huh.

BLARZENHOOK

Blarzenhook do be my name, but I haven't been called by that rank since my fated ship was torn asunder by the curs-ed kraken's tentacles coiling out from under the Scalorrean stratosphere, with death in its wake and wave, my hapless vessel's crush-ed corpse, sunk into a gas-e-ous grave.

ROLO

Oookaay.

BLARZENHOOK

Now how is it the likes of you be knowin' my name, and where I dwell to imbibe my bitter ends?

He sips his ale.

ZIRA

Zanana from the museum said you  
might be able to help us.

ROLO

Sir, have you ever heard of the  
planet...Earth?

Blarzenhook raises his eyebrow.

BLARZENHOOK

Earth, eh?

To build dramatic suspense he slowly lights his plasma pipe,  
leans back, and exhales a long, wafting swirl of fire sparks.

BLARZENHOOK

I've heard many a yarn, stories spun  
by salty star farers o'er  
generations of ages and eons of  
yore. Legends of wayward worlds and  
exotic beasts, chronicles of lore  
from every corner of the ever-  
capricious cosmos. Whether these  
apocryphal tales be true or not, I  
cannot accredit nor counter. So,  
with that bein' said, and with my  
ration of ale —

He raises his mug, and gestures for them to sit. The  
CONCERTINA segues to the chords of the Gilligan's Island  
theme song as Blarzenhook speaks.

BLARZENHOOK

— just sit right back, and you'll  
hear this tale, a tale of a fateful  
trip —

**EXT. DOCK - DAY - (FANTASY)**

A small spaceship named Minnow is sitting at the dock. Then  
we see the first mate, then the skipper, both Blorxian  
versions of the Gilligan's Island characters. Then we see  
five more Blorxians boarding the ship.

BLARZENHOOK (V.O.)

— that started from this lonely  
port, aboard a humble ship. The mate  
was a mighty farin' man, the skipper  
brave and sure. Five passengers set  
aloft that day for a three hour  
tour.

**END FANTASY**

The Bar Patrons, having heard Blarzenhook's story countless times, mock him:

BAR PATRONS  
(singing, laughing)  
A three hour tour!

Blarzenhook aims an icy stare at the Bar Patrons, waiting until they are quiet, then he grunts.

As Blarzenhook resumes his story, the CONCERTINA accompanies again and the Bar Patrons resume murmuring.

**OUTER SPACE - (FANTASY)**

We see a star with large solar flares blowing asteroids off their orbits, and the space ship Minnow flying away, battered by the flares and asteroids. The stellar dust swirls into a wormhole vortex, sucking the ship inside.

BLARZENHOOK (V.O.)  
The stellar winds were flarin' up;  
the tiny ship was tossed. If not for  
the courage of the fearless crew the  
Minnow would be lost.

**END FANTASY**

Quiggles has joined the Bar Patrons and "sings"/squawks with them.

BAR PATRONS & QUIGGLES  
(singing, laughing louder)  
The Minnow would be lost!

Angered, Blarzenhook throws his mug at the feet of the Bar Patrons. The CONCERTINA deflates abruptly and they shut up.

After a stern stare, Blarzenhook resumes his story, and the CONCERTINA accompanies.

**FANTASY SERIES OF SHOTS - EXT. EARTH - DAY**

We see planet Earth and zoom in to a shore of San Salvador (where Columbus first landed) where the Minnow is battered and broken, with the crew standing on the beach.

BLARZENHOOK (V.O.)  
The ship set ground on the shore of  
this uncharted blue-green isle, with  
seven stranded castaways, now livin'  
in exile.

A Blorxian holds up their cell phone trying to get a signal. Another Blorxian holds their tablet and cord looking for an outlet to charge it.

No cell phone bars, no motorcars,  
not a single luxury. No place to  
charge their tablets. T'was  
primitive as can be.

Primitive humans curiously approach the Blorxians and offer  
them corn.

The next day the natives welcomed  
them, with curiosity. These simple  
docile bipeds, not unlike our  
domestic breed.

The Blorxians look skeptically at the little corncobs in  
their much larger hands, then they give each other a knowing  
look.

But this hungerin' crew had rumblin'  
bellies needin' of some meat.

Blorxians are roasting a human on a spit.

The natives were so plentiful, and  
such easy catch to eat.

Blorxians are eating cooked humans. They are chewy and taste  
awful.

But their flesh had such a gamy  
taste, and gristly to chew.

Blorxians are hunting dinosaurs violently, then barbecuing a  
huge dinosaur leg.

So they turned their teeth to giant  
beasts as slaughtered bar-becue.

Generations later in an ice age, humans are keeping company  
with Blorxians around a campfire.

Now as time went by the natives came  
to warm up by their side, and all  
grew fond of the companionship those  
critters did provide.

A Blorxian shepherd watches over a flock of primitive humans.

So they raised them and protected  
them.

A Blorxian who looks like a shop teacher shows humans to how  
to use stone-cutting tools.

And taught them some new tricks.

We see Stonehenge, then Maya pyramids, then Egyptian pyramids  
and the Sphinx with a Blorxian face.

Then as tribute they, with  
gratitude, built great shapes with  
giant bricks.

In the black night sky something large comes burning brightly  
through the atmosphere like a meteor.

Then one new moon, 'twas from the  
sky, a galleon cut the dark.

From the fireball emerges an ark-like spaceship, with a wake  
of aurora lights.

Three hundred cubits bow to stern,  
i'twas the Blorxian Ark.

The Blorxians are joyous.

It rained on them deliverance and  
tears of joyful mirth.

The spaceship uses tractor beams to lift dozens of humans  
into the ship.

So with two of every human pet, they  
left...the planet...Earth.

The spaceship zooms away from Earth.

**END FANTASY**

Rolo, shocked and horrified, stares at Blarzenhook.

Awkward silence.

Blarzenhook nonchalantly slurps the last drop of ale from his  
(new) mug and exhales with satisfaction.

ROLO

That...was not...the story I was  
expecting.

BLARZENHOOK

Then careful what ya' be wishin'  
for.

ROLO

How do we get there?

Raising his pipe to his mouth, Blarzenhook halts midway and  
raises an eyebrow.

BLARZENHOOK

Ho, you think it's all real, do ya'?

Blarzenhook sips a couple puffs from his pipe. Rolo reflects.

ROLO

I need to find out.

Blarzenhook nods and exhales fire sparks. They swirl into star constellations with illustrations of alien figures. With the stem of his pipe he points to the tail end of a constellation shaped like a creature.

BLARZENHOOK

They say the planet Earth roams  
about these here parts, orbitin' the  
last star of the constellation  
Kronarnious —

He points to a fist-shaped constellation next to it.

BLARZENHOOK

— just past the Cold Grip of  
Despair.

ROLO

(frightened)

What?!

BLARZENHOOK

It's just a name, matey, born from  
the idle minds of souls lost  
adrift...in the vast expanse of  
one's emptiness and meaningless  
existence —

**EXT. HARBOR ROAD - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

Zira, Rolo, and Quiggles exit the tavern. Riffa is waiting outside, looking at her phone. They all walk back on the road out of the harbor.

RIFFA

Finally! What took you so long?

ROLO

(chuckling)

I thought he would never stop  
talking!

ZIRA

He was funny. I like him!

Quiggles is zigzagging about, trying to catch flying bugs in his mouth.

RIFFA

Okay, so if we hurry up we can make it home before 29 o'clock.

Rolo's smile drops. He halts as the others continue.

ZIRA

Ooh, can we stop for frozen quig-pops at the subway station? Remember we used to eat those after visiting the zoo?

She notices Rolo is far behind.

ZIRA

Rolo, c'mon.

ROLO

(heavy sigh) Zira, I—

Zira walks back toward Rolo.

ZIRA

C'mon, be good. Do you want me to carry you?

ROLO

No. It's not that. I just...I don't want to go home.

ZIRA

What do you mean?

Rolo's journey home has taken a new meaning. He looks at Zira sympathetically, then he works up his courage, but stammers:

ROLO

I want to...to find Earth.

ZIRA

What? Don't be silly!

ROLO

I'm serious, Zira. Please don't be mad, but I really want this.

ZIRA

No, that's ridiculous! Let's go home.

ROLO

Zira —

ZIRA

Rolo, I said no. C'mon!

She reaches her hand out. Rolo loses his temper and lashes out like a teenager against his mom.

ROLO

You just don't understand me! You never even tried to understand me!

He marches toward the harbor. Zira chases him so he runs. Quiggles follows.

ZIRA

Rolo!

RIFFA

(yelling the distance)

See? This is why you're supposed to keep his leash on!

ZIRA

Rolo!

Rolo slips between the fence bars outside the harbor, followed by Quiggles, and they keep running. Zira grabs onto the fence; she cannot fit through.

ZIRA

Rolo! Come back here! ... Rolo!

Riffa tilts her head back and groans:

RIFFA

Ugggggh

**EXT. DOCK - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

In the starry sky we see a large moon over the mouth of the harbor. The moon is colonized so it has vast city lights across its surface. A space elevator tether connects the moon to the planet, with lights traveling up and down it. Two small moons orbit the large moon.

Rolo is sitting on a dock with his feet dangling over the water. He gazes up at a bright star, imagining it is Earth. His ambition has never been more clear, and the scene has never been more beautiful.

We hear water lapping, the dock creaking, and alien crickets, frogs, flying insects, and a seal barking. The ocean glows blue with every ripple and wave, like an underwater aurora, crashing brightly against the breakers in the distance. It casts a rippled light on Rolo and the dock pylons.

Quiggles is swimming a backstroke, squirting water out of his mouth, and doing synchronized-swimming tricks with glowing splashes.

Zira reaches the dock, slightly winded.

ZIRA

There you are!

She leans down to pat his head. Rolo huffs through his nose and leans away. Hurt, Zira pauses, then sits beside him a few feet away.

ZIRA (con't)

(choking up)

What's the matter Rolo? Why are you mad at me?

ROLO

You just don't understand. I just... I want to find something...more. I want to go find Earth.

ZIRA

But why? This is your home. This is your home, with me.

ROLO

I know, but —

ZIRA

Don't you like me anymore?

ROLO

Of course I do! I love you, Zira. But something just feels...empty. I feel like there's something more for me out there.

ZIRA

(teary)

But why? You have me! And Quiggles and Riffa. Aren't we enough, Rolo? You're my pet. Isn't that enough?

ROLO

I thought it was. I love being your pet. But...it's always the same thing, everyday. I eat, I take naps, we play.

ZIRA

But you love playing. Belly rubs, and playing chase, and flying into the beanbag.

ROLO

No. I don't really like that.

ZIRA

Yes you do.

ROLO

I wanna make you happy, Zira, but sometimes...it's just too much.

ZIRA

But what about today? That was different. That was fun, wasn't it?

ROLO

Yeah, actually it was. It was a lot of fun. But still...I want more than fun. I want to, like, make something, or do something important. I dunno.

ZIRA

Then I'll get you more toys! And we can get you another pet!

ROLO

No —

ZIRA

(crying)

But why! Why?!

ROLO

Zira —

ZIRA

No! You're my pet! You're mine! And we're going home!

She reaches over to grab him.

ROLO

No!

He dodges her and stands back a distance. She gets up.

ROLO (cont'd)

Zira, if you love me, then please understand! This is important to me. I want to find Earth!

ZIRA

You can't go to Earth! It's, it's not even real! And you couldn't even get there! Who would feed you? And keep you warm? And where would you sleep? You'd be lost, Rolo! Who would take care of you?

ROLO

(angry)

Maybe I don't need anyone to take care of me!

ZIRA

Yes you do! You're just a little earthling. You need me!

ROLO

(choking up)

Maybe if you didn't take care of me I could be more! You never let me just do my own thing. You never let me try anything or go anywhere on my own. Maybe I can do more, I want to, but I'll never know if you keep holding me back! Zira, please understand —

ZIRA

There's nothing to understand! You're my pet and we're going home! Now!

She stands firm and points at her feet, commanding him to heel. He takes a ragged breath.

ROLO

I'm sorry.

He looks at her sympathetically. Then turns and walks away.

ZIRA

Roloooo!

Zira stomps. Quiggles jumps out of the water and follows Rolo.

At a distance we see a robotic periscope rise up from the water. From the periscope POV we see it pan left and right, then zoom in on Rolo, flashing crosshairs with the words "Target Identified".

**INT. COMMAND CENTER - SAME TIME**

We see that same periscope video feed on one of the large wall monitors.

CORPORAL

Colonel, we've identified the target at the harbor!

COLONEL

Good! Sergeant, how long till ground troops intercept?

SERGEANT

Sir, no ETA yet. Now their transport slipped into a time dilation drain-hole.

COLONEL

Those brainless bots would lose their heads if it wasn't bolted on!

(to T-L1 & T-D3)

Privates, I can't believe I'm about to do this, but I'm sending you out to the field again. Do you think two bolt buckets can manage to keep your nuts screwed on this time?!

T-L1 & T-D3

Sir, yes, sir!

They exit. The Colonel turns and rolls toward an office door labeled "General Glirk" on an elevated level overlooking the bullpen.

COLONEL

(aside)

I've got about as much confidence in those two as a plastic worm gear! We're going to need backup.

**INT. GENERAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

From inside the office we see the door open and the Colonel enter.

COLONEL

General Glirk, Sir!

From the Colonel's POV we see the office. Unlike the command center, this is an outdated bureaucratic office, with an old desk, old wall paneling, filing cabinets, stacks of papers, a potted plant that's wilting, a dirty coffee maker, a mug on the desk, an alien wall calendar, and a poster of an alien kitten that says "Hang in There Krilly".

GLIRK is a Blorxian, not a robot. All we see is her feet on the desk and her hands holding a large holographic newspaper blocking the rest of her. Glirk is apathetic; animal control is just a civil desk job to her. She is wearing a typical animal-control uniform and cap, ill-fitting.

She lowers one corner of the newspaper and peers around.

GLIRK

(sighs) What is it now, Colonel?

COLONEL

General, we have an unlicensed earthling running feral in sector B41, considered unneutered and dangerous, abetted by two minors traveling north. The 2nd platoon has been delayed. Requesting backups.

GLIRK

(consenting)

Whatever.

COLONEL

General, should we deploy the 1st Cavalry or the Special Strike Force?

GLIRK

For one earthling?

COLONEL

Yes, General.

GLIRK

(sighs) I don't care. Surprise me.

She raises her newspaper back up and resumes reading.

The Colonel stands motionless, staring at her.

She lowers the corner of her paper again and peers at the Colonel with a head-shake and shoulder-shrug as if to say what are you still doing here.

COLONEL

Boo!

Glirk rolls her eyes.

GLIRK

No, I mean...just...do the first one, okay? And get out of my office!

COLONEL

Yes, General!

The Colonel turns 180 and exits.

**INT. COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS**

The Colonel rolls out the office door a few feet and announces loudly:

COLONEL

Code Red! Sector B41. Code Red! This  
is not a drill!

Alarms sound and flash, as the robots run to their consoles  
and work faster.

**EXT. HARBOR ROAD - NIGHT - LATER**

Riffa is sitting on a roadside bench, slowly scrolling  
through photos on her phone — pictures of herself and Zira  
together with their brother Lazro from years ago — fishing,  
smiling, laughing.

We see the glowing photos reflect in Riffa's glossy eyes.

Zira returns from the harbor, upset, and plops down in an old  
weathered rowboat resting on the ground between the road and  
harbor under a street lamp. She is on the front seat facing  
the stern, turning Lazro's model rocket slowly in her hands,  
staring at it.

Riffa sees her, puts away her phone, and walks to Zira.

RIFFA

Where's Rolo?

Zira takes a ragged breath.

ZIRA

He ran away...to go find Earth. He  
left me.

RIFFA

Oh.

Trying to be comforting, Riffa steps into the rowboat and  
sits on the rear seat.

RIFFA (cont'd)

(trying to sound cheery)  
Well, we can get you another pet.

ZIRA

You know you really suck at this!

RIFFA

(agreeing)  
Okay.... But why are you always so  
clingy with Rolo?

ZIRA

What does it matter? He's my pet,  
not yours!

RIFFA

I know. But you hardly ever let him out of your sight. Why can't you just let him go?

ZIRA

(a beat)

Because Lazro is gone. And you're always mopey and you just ignore me. Rolo is the only one who loves me.

Zira starts to weep. Riffa is surprised she thinks that.

RIFFA

I love you.

ZIRA

(angry)

No you don't! You're always mean to me! And you never wanna play or hang out with me. And you never lemme borrow your clothes or come in your room. (a beat)

We used to be a family, you, me and Lazro. We used to watch movies together under the blanket, and we'd put on costumes and make silly skits together, and we'd have splash fights in the swimming pool and whack each other with pool noodles. But not anymore. And now Rolo left and I'm gonna be all alone!

Zira cries. Riffa is moved, but she doesn't know what to say. Then she has an idea.

RIFFA

Hang on.

Riffa walks to a vending machine down the road.

Across the street, Rolo and Quiggles are walking out of the harbor. He sees Riffa so he stops, trying to hide in the dark.

Riffa gets two ice cream treats from the vending machine. As she turns she sees Rolo hiding, so she walks toward him.

RIFFA

Rolo, I see you there.

He steps out of hiding.

ROLO

Hey.

RIFFA

You're not coming home with us?

ROLO

No.

RIFFA

She really loves you, you know.

ROLO

I know.

RIFFA

Where are you going to stay tonight?

ROLO

I don't know.

RIFFA

How are you going to find Earth?

Overwhelmed, he sighs and shakes his head.

ROLO

I don't know.

RIFFA

Well, if you change your mind —

She gestures in Zira's direction. Then she walks back to Zira.

Rolo watches her leave. His ambition has collapsed under its own weight. He looks at Quiggles, who gestures back toward the tavern.

Riffa reaches Zira and hands her an ice cream treat.

RIFFA

Here.

Zira looks up, smiles a little, and takes the ice cream.  
After a moment:

ROLO (O.S.)

Do you have any more of those  
treats?

Rolo and Quiggles have returned, standing behind Zira's view.

Riffa smirks. Without turning, Zira smiles bigger.

**INT. COMMAND CENTER - LATER**

The monitors show surveillance and satellite video feeds of Rolo and company walking. Other maps show positions of bot forces. The bots chatter intensely.

CORPORAL

Sir, Privates T-L1 and T-D3 are closing in.

SERGEANT

Squadron 14 is about to intercept, sir.

CORPORAL

Sir, 2nd Platoon has now fallen into a temporal cause-effect loop.

COLONEL

Gah!

LIEUTENANT

1st Cavalry is almost in position, sir.

CORPORAL

Sir, the targets are entering the boardwalk recreational district. High civilian density, sir.

COLONEL

What are the weather conditions there? Get me a report ASAP!

LIEUTENANT

Colonel, should we recall the attack sub?

During this dialog, General Glirk leaves her office with her coat over her arm. She trudges to the elevators, presses a button and waits, watching the busy bots below. The elevator dings and doors open.

GLIRK

Okay, g'night everyone.

She gives a lazy wave. No one notices her. She enters the elevator and the doors close.

SERGEANT

(reading)

Sir, the weather is "calm and balmy, perfect for an idyllic stroll on the beach with the sand between your toes in the ethereal moonlight".

**EXT. BOARDWALK - NIGHT - LATER**

A beachside amusement park with rides, carnival games, concession stands, arcades, etc.

Zira, Riffa, Rolo, and Quiggles are walking on the sidewalk outside the boardwalk. They are silent. Zira and Riffa are finishing their ice creams. Zira is ahead of Riffa, looking down at a small stone she keeps kicking ahead every few steps. Rolo is carrying Quiggles piggyback, and they are taking turns licking Rolo's oversized ice cream.

Rolo notices a big ride shaped like an upright rocket. He gazes above it at a bright star and sighs wistfully.

ZIRA

Rolo, did you really mean what you said?

ROLO

Hm?

ZIRA

About playing chase, and me tossing you into the beanbag? You really don't like that?

ROLO

No. It's kinda scary.

ZIRA

Sorry... I'll try to be more gentle. I promise, okay?

Rolo smiles.

ROLO

Thanks.

RIFFA

The subway station is just past the boardwalk here, then we'll be home soon.

ZIRA

Hey Riffa, remember we used to come here every summer for Blormorial Day? And we had contests to see who could eat the most cornblogs?

RIFFA

That's not the way I remember it.

ZIRA

What do you mean?

RIFFA

I remember you eating too many  
cornblogs and candy and soda, and  
you got sick and threw up all over  
my white pants.

ZIRA

(still looking down)  
(laughs) Oh yeah. And I remember you  
took me to the bathroom to puke it  
all out.... But you made me feel  
better.

This hits Riffa in the heart. She stops and looks at Zira.

They are passing in front of an ARCADE which has a karaoke  
machine in the center. Zira stops and turns to Riffa.

ZIRA

(excited)  
Oh, Riffa, you remember this arcade?  
This was always my favorite. And  
look, they still have that song  
machine! Can we go?

RIFFA

(a little whiny)  
Zira, we're almost home.

ZIRA

Pleeeeeease, Riffa?

RIFFA

(almost warm)  
Okay.

Zira runs ahead to the arcade. The rest follow.

**INT. ARCADE - CONTINUOUS**

Alien versions of video games, air hockey, a claw machine,  
etc., and the karaoke machine in the middle. Prize toys hang  
on the wall. The backside of the arcade is open to the  
street, and the front side is open to the boardwalk. No one  
is inside.

Zira runs in, starts the karaoke machine, and sings into the  
mic.

SONG: YOU FILL THE VOID (under 3 minutes)  
Ballad intro:

ZIRA

When the weight of the world  
is filled with insincerity,

it crushes me down  
a black hole singularity.  
When I'm out of luck,  
and trouble's irreversible,  
the answer's unclear,  
uncertainty's a principle.

Riffa picks up a mic and joins her in harmony. Zira smiles big. We see the lyrics on the karaoke monitor behind them.

ZIRA & RIFFA

When loneliness intrudes,  
a collision of seclusion,  
alone with my thoughts,  
a fission of confusion.  
And fate will collide,  
like a globalcidal asteroid.  
It craters my world,  
sinking me into a darkened void.

Dance beat:

ZIRA

But you shine in my heart,  
like photons in my arteries.  
I feel more alive,  
like licking 9-volt batteries.

Quiggles is sitting on the air-hockey table spinning. Rolo does dorky backup dancing.

ZIRA

You lighten my load,  
giving me such levity,  
and raise up my hope  
with your anti-gravity.

ZIRA & RIFFA

You fill the void.  
You fill the void.

ZIRA

The dark matter clears, yeah 'cause

ZIRA & RIFFA

You fill the void.  
You fill the void.  
You fill the void.

ZIRA

(holds her heart)  
This space is never empty 'cause

ZIRA & RIFFA

You fill the void.

ZIRA

When I'm stuck in the mud,  
and I leave it unresolved,  
you helped me grow a spine,  
'cause it's time to evolve.

RIFFA

When my patience explodes,  
a Big Banging of frustration,  
you help me cool my temper  
and find my constellation.

Quiggles is somehow inside the claw machine, acting out mime-in-a-box. Rolo is wearing silly costuming he found.

ZIRA & RIFFA

Life is a struggle,  
I'm inert and unprepared, but  
you charge me with your energy —

ZIRA & RIFFA & ROLO

(Rolo raps)  
like MC squared.

ZIRA & RIFFA

The matter is real,  
but time's an illusion. You  
help me think things back and forth  
to start the right conclusion.

Rolo gestures blow-my-mind.

ZIRA & RIFFA

(giggling)  
You fill the void.  
You fill the void.

RIFFA

The dark matter clears, yeah 'cause

ALL

(Rolo sings off pitch. Quiggles squawks.)  
You fill the void.

ZIRA & RIFFA

You fill the void.  
You fill the void.

RIFFA

This space is never empty 'cause

ZIRA & RIFFA

You fill the void.

Quiggles lip-syncs the rap-break. He's dressed like an 80's rapper with sunglasses.

QUIGGLES

Life can be unpredictably  
a nebulous pressure of intensity,  
a paradoxical cosmic entropy,  
a murky Milky Way of instability.

Alone is a singularity,  
a hole that's black and boringly  
an emptiness, inescapably,  
a vacuum nature fills abhorringly.

Atomically the bond that we  
connect is no anomaly.  
Elementally, with empathy,  
it's the nucleus of family.

Extended cut - not in movie:

We're falling through time  
deterministically,  
a perspective of relativity,  
effecting a loop of causality.  
It's gravely in our gravity.

Kinetically, momentarily, you're  
building up a sense of identity,  
potentially the energy of  
who it is that you're meant to be.

Quiggles does a mic drop.

GUITAR SOLO: Rolo plays air guitar on a toy broom. Zira and Riffa do synchronized dance moves. Quiggles does amazing hip hop dancing through the rest of the song.

ZIRA & RIFFA

When my mind is entangled  
with every possibility,  
you help me see it clear  
from a different locality.  
I can't make up my mind,  
I'm trapped in a duality,  
like Schrödinger's cat,  
you settle my reality.  
When I think I've no choice  
and I box myself in —

Rolo wears a masquerade mask like evil Spock.

ZIRA & RIFFA & ROLO

You push me through the multiverse  
to beat my evil twin.  
Yeah! (giggling)

ZIRA & RIFFA

You fill the void.  
You fill the void.  
The dark matter clears, yeah 'cause

ALL

You fill the void.

ZIRA & RIFFA

You fill the void.  
You fill the void.  
This space is never empty 'cause

ALL

You —

The T-L1 and T-D3 Bots crash in to grab Rolo.

Quiggles jumps up and slides across the air-hockey table in a slide-across-car-hood fashion. He grabs prizes from the prize wall and throws them at the Bots.

Riffa picks up Rolo and with Zira they run out to the boardwalk, followed by Quiggles and the Bots.

**EXT. BOARDWALK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

They run through the thin crowd and by the water-gun game. Quiggles wraps his arms around two water-guns (almost as big as he is) and squirts the Bots' faces.

Then Quiggles tips over the duck-fishing game, spilling water and rubber alien-ducks at the Bots' feet. Their wheels slip on the squeaky ducks.

They run through a fun-house maze of spatial distortions.

When the Bots come out of the maze, they do not see Rolo or the others. We see Rolo in the background, holding still hiding among a prize display of life-size plush-toy earthlings. He runs out when they are not looking, then they pursue.

Rolo jumps across a ring-the-bell game just as a Blorxian swings the mallet right behind him.

Quiggles grabs a bunch of helium balloons and releases them in front of the Bots.

Rolo dives into a ball pit and hides. The Bots circle around looking for him. Rolo jumps out and runs the opposite direction.

The Bots pursue and bump into the milk bottle game. A pyramid of milk bottles wobble and almost topple, but somehow right themselves into a perfect pyramid.

At the balloon dart game, Quiggles grabs three darts with both hands and chucks them, popping three balloons. He jumps up and grabs a prize bag of FIREWORKS. (He can carry many-times his own weight.)

As they run by an AIRBOARD rental stand (flying boogie-boards), Riffa, Zira, and Quiggles each grab one and start flying. Rolo rides with Riffa.

The Bots stop and watch them escape. Then T-L1 launches a flying NET from its body: a rocket-propelled hoop with a net of glowing strings of energy.

They all fly around the boardwalk to evade the Net, doing acrobatic twists and turns through the ferris wheel and under the roller coaster. Quiggles does amazing surfboard tricks. We see the ocean in the background, beneath the moons and stars.

As the Net closes in on Rolo and Riffa, Quiggles gets between them and moons the Net's camera eye. We see the camera view of Quiggles' three-cheek butt close up, and T-L1 reacts with disgust.

The Net catches up again, but Riffa tosses Rolo to Zira midair. They toss him back and forth as they dodge signs and towers. Rolo is terrified.

They fly low around the games. After several quick dodges, the Net seems to catch Rolo. From the Bots' POV the monitor says "Target Captured". Then we see it is actually a plush toy earthling in the Net. It ejects the plush toy, launching it high into the sky.

Quiggles throws fireworks and smoke-bombs from his prize bag at the Net.

The Net bumps Zira's airboard, knocking her toward a large sign for the ride "SKY WALKER" arching over the boardwalk. From her airboard above, Riffa sees Zira is about to crash into the sign.

RIFFA

Zira!

Riffa dives off her airboard, landing on Zira's airboard. Her momentum knocks them safely under the sign, but she slips off the airboard and hangs onto the edge.

The Net crashes into the sign, and falls to the ground damaged. Zira sees the crash behind them.

Riffa's weight causes the airboard to flip over, knocking Zira off. Zira screams, but she grabs onto Riffa's waist. Riffa climbs back onto the airboard with Zira.

ZIRA

You saved me!

RIFFA

Of course, Squid Squirt. You're my sister.

Riffa holds Zira in front of her endearingly, as they kneel on their airboard. Rolo rides solo on his airboard unsteadily. Quiggles joins them. They see the subway station ahead and all seems safe.

Then the squadron of airborne DRONES arrive. They are small, but numerous. They swarm around everyone.

The four weave their way through the Drones, swatting them away. Squiggles hops from drone to drone, kicking and throwing them into each other.

They jump off their airboards in front of the subway station and run inside. The Drones halt outside.

**EXT. EARTHLING PARK - NIGHT - LATER**

Riffa, Zira, Rolo, and Quiggles exit the subway station outside the earthling park. It is quiet.

Zira stops and takes Lazro's ROCKET out of her backpack and offers it to Riffa.

ZIRA

Here, Riffa. I'm sorry I took Lazro's rocket.

Riffa looks at the rocket, then she closes Zira's hand around it.

RIFFA

No. You keep it. I miss him too.

They have a moment.

ROLO

Um, I don't know if this is a good time to mention this, but we're not alone.

They look up and see the 1st Cavalry waiting there: 5 huge Bots, 50-feet tall, surrounding the subway station.

Bot #1 swings a large hoop down with a net of glowing energy strings. Zira rushes to push Rolo out of the way, but the net traps them both.

Riffa grabs the net handle and tries lifting it in vein.

RIFFA

Let them go! You can't do this!  
That's my sister! Let them go!

Quiggles has one large firework left. He throws it at the CAPTAIN Bot in the center. It hits the Captain's face with a ding, and falls to the ground. Then it goes off with a pathetic amount of sparks and smoke. The Bots are unfazed.

Bot #2 opens a hatch in its body — a containment cell.

Quiggles tips over a nearby garbage can. He sees a banana peel and throws it at the Captain Bot's face. It sticks for a moment, then flops to the ground.

Across the street from the park, Smuffins and Yoola are at home sitting on their front porch. They see the Bots (but not Rolo yet).

YOOLA

(teasing)

Oh look, it's your buddies the  
earthling catchers! Better not run  
away again.

She points to a large blinking tracking device strapped around Smuffins' neck.

SMUFFINS

(sarcastically)

Ha ha.

They now see Rolo and Zira in the net.

YOOLA

That's Rolo! We need to help him!

Close up on Smuffins' face, intense expression.

SMUFFINS

Let's get...the toys!

Yoola holds her ball launcher, which looks like a bazooka. She cocks it like a shotgun.

Smuffins wears a heads-up display and powers up his hover drone. It makes an ominous hum as the laser pointers converge on the same spot.

The Bot lifts Rolo and Zira off the ground in the net.

Smuffins and Yoola run in front of Fabli's home. Smuffins' tracking device is flashing red. Fabli is inside looking out the window.

YOOLA

Fabli, come help us. We need to save Rolo!

FABLI

But my show is tomorrow!

Bot #1 slowly moves the net with Rolo and Zira toward the containment cell in Bot #2.

Quiggles is throwing garbage from the trash can at the Bots, one piece at a time: paper cups, soda cans, water bottles, a chewed up frisbee, a bag of fast food, etc.

The net starts to enter the containment cell.

Smuffins' drone suddenly flies around the Bots, pointing red lasers at the eyes of all five Bots. From the Bots' POV we see the lasers flaring in their vision.

We see Smuffins nearby piloting the drone.

SMUFFINS

(intensely)

Now let's see if you can catch the red dot!

Bot #3 swats the laser dot on Bot #1's face. Bot #1 looks back derisively. Bot #3 realizes its mistake and tries to pretend like nothing happened.

Yoola charges in with her ball launcher, firing at the Bots' heads. Some balls go inside holes on the sides of the Bots' heads, like ear holes. With each ball she yells:

YOOLA

Fetch this! Fetch! Fetch! Fetch!

The Bots are frazzled. They turn and knock into each other, dropping the net. Rolo and Zira escape. With Riffa and Quiggles, they run under the Bots and into the park.

The Bots turn and pursue, but then they stop and shake the balls out, turning their head sideways and bouncing up and down, like getting water out of their ears.

Smuffins and Yoola join Rolo & co., running across the park. The Bots resume their pursuit.

Then Fabli hurdles over the fence and dashes in like a speed runner.

FABLI

Split up!

Everyone runs in different directions. The Bots' have lost track of which earthling is which, so they each pursue a different earthling, with two following Fabli.

As the two Bots close in on Fabli, he reaches the agility course and runs through the tunnel, hoop, ramp, and high jump. He's so focused on the course, he follows it back toward the Bots, weaving around the poles. The Bots look at him puzzled.

Smuffins and Yoola run by.

YOOLA

Fabli, focus!

Fabli looks up at the Bots watching him.

FABLI

Oh yeah.

Fabli runs off. Everyone crosses paths. Mud splashes on Fabli.

FABLI

My hair!

Riffa, Zira, Rolo, and Quiggles are running out of the park.

ZIRA

We can make it home!

RIFFA

No, this way!

Riffa leads them in a different direction.

ZIRA

Riffa, where are we going?!

RIFFA

You'll see.

All five Bots pursue and close in, leaving Smuffins, Yoola, and Fabli behind. Riffa picks up Rolo and hops the human-sized fence. Zira and Quiggles follow, and they all run into the FOREST bordering the park.

The Bots float over the fence and halt at the trees. Since they are 50-feet tall, they cannot pass through the tall, dense trees. They talk in deep voices:

BOT

Captain, what do we do now?

CAPTAIN

What we've got here is...failure to anticipate.

**INT. COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS**

Monitors show the action from the cavalry's POV. The Colonel smashes his fist down on the console.

COLONEL

Scrap metal!

But then he's impressed to be outwitted. With a slight chuckle:

COLONEL (cont'd)

Hm. You magnificent mongrel.

**EXT. FOREST - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Zira and the others stand several yards into the forest. They see the Bots have stopped and are watching them with menacing eyes, shining lights through the trees. Riffa puts Rolo down.

RIFFA

See, they can't get us here.

ZIRA

Pretty sneaky, Sis.

ROLO

What are we going to do? They're just going to wait there and catch me when we finally go home.

RIFFA

About that...Zira...

Riffa has accepted the mantle of being a big sister. She sits on a log and pats the space next to her. Zira sits with her.

RIFFA (cont'd)

Every night since those aliens took Lazro, we've been hoping he's still alive, and wishing they'll let him come back to us, home. That's what Rolo wants, to go home.

ZIRA

We are going home.

RIFFA

Not our home...his home.

ZIRA  
(realizing, sad)  
Oh. Ohhh.

RIFFA  
Do you understand?

Zira say nothing. Her eyes turn misty.

RIFFA (cont'd)  
Zira?

She sniffles.

ZIRA  
Okay.

She stands up and wipes her nose.

ZIRA (cont'd)  
I know what to do. Follow me.

Zira leads the others on an uphill path through the forest. It is quiet and still. Glowing seeds occasionally drop from the trees, spinning like helicopter seeds.

ROLO  
I don't understand. What do you mean, my home?

ZIRA  
You'll see.

ROLO  
Wait, tell me now. I wanna know.

Zira stops and looks at Rolo.

ZIRA  
I know how you can go find Earth.

ROLO  
Earth? Really? How?

She smiles.

ZIRA  
You'll see.

**EXT. FOREST PEAK - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

They follow the path to a clearing at a peak in the middle of the forest. The stars and moons shine brightly in the clear sky, illuminating the trees.

Zira takes off her backpack, pulls out the model ROCKET, and hands it to Rolo.

ZIRA

Here.

ROLO

Lazro's rocket?

ZIRA

You can take this to find Earth.

Rolo looks at the rocket in his hand, then he gives her a confused look, then to Riffa:

ROLO

Did she get enough snacks to eat?

ZIRA

No, silly. It gets bigger. Just soak it in water.

Rolo looks around.

ROLO

Oh. But we don't have any water.

Quiggles struts by confidently, humming, grabs the rocket from Rolo's hand and tosses it in his mouth.

ROLO

Quiggles, no!

Quiggles swishes the rocket around in his mouth, then spits it in his palm and places it on the ground. From ground level we see the rocket grow huge, towering into the night sky.

Then we see Rolo towering above like a giant, leaning closer to look at the rocket. From eye level we see the rocket is actually only seven feet tall.

ROLO

Uh. I still don't see how this helps.

ZIRA

Look inside.

The hatch door opens. Rolo steps up and leans in. His voice echos inside:

ROLO

Whoa! It's huge in here! Is that a foosball table? And a hot tub?!

ZIRA

Yeah, Lazro let me help him make it.  
But I want you to have it.

ROLO

Zira, I don't... I... Really?

Zira smiles and nods.

ZIRA

It's got everything you'll need.

ROLO

Wow. I...

Rolo looks back and forth between the rocket and Zira,  
overwhelmed and sad, shaking his head.

ROLO (cont'd)

I don't think I can do this.

ZIRA

Yes you can, Rolo Polo.

She sits on her knees, tearing up.

ZIRA (cont'd)

You're the bestest pet ever, Rolo.  
We kinda grew up together, and you  
were always there for me, as long as  
I can remember. You played with me,  
and you stayed with me when I was  
sick, and when it was stormy and I  
was afraid of the thunder. But  
you're more than just my pet. And I  
want you to be happy...even if  
that's without me.

They hug. We see each of their faces as they embrace.

### **BEGIN FLASHBACKS**

FIRST HUG - In a Pet Store, 6-year old Zira sees 4-year old Rolo in a pen of other children. He looks up at her and smiles. She picks him up, then hugs him tight with a huge grin. Rolo nestles under her chin.

SLEEPING HUG - At Home at night, 8-year old Rolo is asleep, curled up in a sofa chair. 6½-year old Zira gently lifts him like a baby to her chest. Still asleep, he wraps his arms around her neck and shoulder.

HOME FROM SCHOOL HUG - On a Sidewalk in front of her home, 7-year old Zira steps out of a school bus. 12-year old Rolo comes running toward her. She lifts him up and they hug.

MOURNING HUG - 9-year old Zira is curled up on her bed at night, crying (about Lazro missing). 30-year old Rolo leans on her and hugs her. She puts her arm over him.

**END FLASHBACKS**

They finish their hug and hold hands.

ROLO

Are you going to be alright?

Zira looks up at Riffa, and back to Rolo. She knows she is not alone anymore.

ZIRA

Yeah, I'll be okay. (a beat)  
I hope you find what you're looking  
for.

Quiggles, the loyal enabler, struts up to the rocket and hops in. He grabs a captain's hat from inside and puts it on.

Rolo takes off his "dog tag" and hands it to Zira.

ROLO

I guess I won't be needing this  
anymore.

She smiles and grips it tightly. Rolo goes to the rocket and climbs inside. Zira stands up, and Riffa puts her hands on Zira's shoulders.

ROLO

Thank you, too, Riffa.

Riffa smiles and nods.

RIFFA

(to Zira)

What are we going to tell Mom and  
Dad?

ROLO

(smiling)

Just tell them I went to a nice farm  
upstate where I could run around and  
chase squirlers.

A laugh escapes from Zira and Riffa. Rolo waves goodbye.

ROLO

(to Zira)

Be good.

The hatch slowly closes as Rolo descends inside.

The engine ignites, and the rocket gently ascends into the night sky. The thrust blows glowing tree seeds swirling in air.

Smiling tearfully, Zira watches the rocket rise, with the glowing light reflecting in her eyes. She holds her hand over Riffa's hand on her chest.

The rocket and her dear Rolo disappear into the stars.

FADE OUT

### **MID-CREDITS MONTAGE**

Interspersed into the credits:

GAME - Zira and Riffa play Blorgon Pong video game very competitively.

DRIVE THRU - Rolo and Quiggles are in their rocket, ordering food at a space drive-thru.

MAKEUP - Riffa is letting Zira put makeup on her...badly. Riffa looks in the mirror, shocked, not sure if Zira was serious or not. Zira snickers.

HIGHWAY - Rolo and Quiggles approach the entrance to three wormholes with signs that look like highway signs: I405 to Betelgeuse, T70 to Degobah System, and DS9 to Vulcan.

CALL - Rolo and Zira talk to each other over a video call, happy to see each other.

FOOSBALL - Rolo and Quiggles play foosball in the ship. Quiggles plays expertly using both hands and all three feet.

HOSE - Riffa and Zira are washing the car in their driveway. Riffa squirts Zira with a hose, laughing.

TOURIST TRAP - Rolo and Quiggles see a space billboard saying "Galaxy's Largest Ball of Superstring - 12 parsecs". Excited, Rolo points it out to Quiggles.

PRANK - At home, Riffa walks through a doorway and hits her face on cellophane. Zira is nearby, laughing hysterically.

GREEN HAND - Rolo and Quiggles see a giant glowing green hand in space trying to grab their rocket. (Star Trek TOS ref)

SELFIE - Riffa holds her phone to take a selfie with Zira as they make duck lips.

**MID-CREDITS SCENE - INT. ROCKET**

Rolo is sitting in the captain's chair, and Quiggles at the helm. They are both staring forward, awe-struck, mouths open. Still staring forward, Rolo leans over and presses a button on his armrest to talk:

ROLO

Mission Log, Commander Rolo, Day 93.  
I think...I think we found it!

We see Earth shining brightly in front of them.

Then the radio starts to crackle.

CUT TO BLACK

**TRAILER**

*(Rough idea for inspiration)*

In a parody of sci-fi action movies, we see an amateurish comic-book style drawing of Rolo, very muscular and heroic. He looks up at a gargantuan evil Blorxian with an army of robots at her feet, and he raises his glowing sword. The real Rolo narrates, imitating a movie trailer voice:

ROLO (V.O.)

In a world where earthlings are  
locked up as pets, one hero will  
rise up to defy the evil empress  
Glaxablort and lead all of  
earthling-kind to a new... a new...

44-year-old Rolo is on the floor at home, leaning on his elbows, sketching this scene with an oversize pencil on oversize papers. He switches to his regular voice.

ROLO

To a new world of freedom? Freedom  
from the... no...

ZIRA (O.S.)

Rolo...

ROLO

*(movie trailer voice)*

...to a new world where earthling-  
kind can be free.

Zira appears in the doorway.

ZIRA

There you are! Wanna go for a walk?

ROLO

Oh, yeah!

Rolo drops the pencil and trots toward Zira enthusiastically.

On a sidewalk we see Rolo walking happily, and Zira walking behind him holding his leash. He's holding Quiggles' leash who is walking in front of him.

ROLO (V.O.)

That's me, Rolo. And that's my  
owner, Zira. She adopted me from the  
pet store when I was just a little  
kid. And this is my pet Quiggles.  
He's a...well, I don't know what he  
is.

Quiggles shoots his tongue out and eats a bug.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- At the earthling park Rolo plays blizbee with Zira.
- Under the dining table, Zira gives Rolo table scraps.
- Rolo is eating an ice cream treat. Quiggles is riding piggyback, also licking Rolo's ice cream.

ROLO (V.O.)

Life is pretty good. Lots of play.  
Lots of treats.

- Several shots of canned food splatting in Rolo's bowl, with Rolo looking unenthusiastic.

ROLO (V.O.)

Although it does get a  
little...routine.

- Zira clips Rolo's toenails as he lays in her lap wearing a robe and cucumbers on his eyes.
- Rolo is napping and drooling.

ROLO (V.O.)

But life is easy. Maybe too easy.

- Rolo talks to Smuffins and friends in the park.

ROLO

Don't you ever want to do more than  
just go on walks and play?

SMUFFINS

More? Like...car rides?

- Rolo is sitting on the dock, looking up at the moon and stars over the ocean.

ROLO (V.O.)

Sometimes I just wonder if there's  
something more for me out there.

- Zira is walking Rolo on a leash down a sidewalk.

ROLO

Hey Zira? Where do earthlings come  
from?

ZIRA

Oh. Well, uh. When a mommy earthling  
and a daddy earthling love each  
other very much —

ROLO

No, no, no, no!

- Zira has put Rolo in a ridiculous alien dolly dress. He is annoyed, but limp and resigned.
- Rolo winces as the vet gives him a shot.
- Rolo is running away from Zira as she yells "Rolo!"
- Bots chase Rolo and Smuffins in the subway wormholes.
- A "Lost" poster of Rolo. Zira says to Riffa, "You need to help me find Rolo! He's lost, and probably so scared."
- Rolo runs from the giant alien rodents in the alley.
- Rolo smells a large flower in the museum, but it snaps shut on him and lifts him upside down.
- An Animal Control tank hovers down the street, scanning the sidewalks. Rolo and Smuffins hide.
- A monitor at Animal Control shows surveillance of Rolo.
- The Animal Control Colonel slams his fist into the console.
- Rolo asks Smuffins, "What do you think our planet is like? Do you think earthlings are still there?"
- The Blorxian Ark flies away from planet Earth.
- The pet store clerk says, "Actually earthlings are considered an invasive species."
- The giant bots trap Rolo and Zira in a net.
- Yoola fires her automatic ball launcher at the giant bots, yelling, "Fetch this! Fetch! Fetch! Fetch!"
- Zira, Rolo, Quiggles, and Riffa ride airboards around the boardwalk.
- Rolo does dorky dancing in the arcade.
- Quiggles licks Rolo's face.
- Rolo rides piggyback on Zira's shoulders and hugs her.
- Zira and Rolo ride an animatronic dinosaur in the museum.
- Fabli runs through the agility course at the park.

Blorxian hippie activists are protesting and chanting:

ACTIVISTS

Cut the leash, set them free.  
Earthlings need equality!

Rolo looks up at Zira curiously.