

LITTLE GREEN FRIENDS

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS, NEW MEXICO - NIGHT

Stars shimmer brightly over a dimly lit college campus.

PATRICK, 20, a lazy stoner with shaggy hair and light stubble, rubs his eyes as he strolls toward his dormitory building.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Muffled music rumbles through the walls of a dark hallway as Patrick shuffles all the way to his door.

A doorknob rattles along with the pulsing music. Patrick arrives, turns it, and enters.

INT. DORM LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick enters a packed room. Music blasts and bodies rub against each other.

He swims through the crowd to find his roommate, CHAD (21), a self-centered jock with large, puffy arms that barely pass as muscle.

Patrick slides his backpack off his shoulder.

PATRICK
Hey CHAD. CHAD! I brought some
beer!

CHAD
What?!

PATRICK
I said. I--

Chad pays no attention to Patrick. He bends over a beer keg and stabs it repeatedly with a hunting knife.

Beer bleeds out of the keg as Chad hoists it above his head and drinks.

He lets out a primal ROAR as the crowd of students cheer along.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Oh - okay! I'll leave it on the
counter. Good to see you too bro!

Patrick squeezes through the bodies to find RIA (19), African American. A shy, beautiful nerd. She sips a beer from a solo cup while she glances around through her fogged glasses.

Her eyes lock onto Patrick.

He sheepishly looks in her direction, and walks over.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Hey!

RIA

Hey!

PATRICK

I didn't know you were coming--

RIA

WHAT?!

PATRICK

I didn't know--

RIA

I can't hear you!

PATRICK

Oh..

Patrick awkwardly leans in.

RIA

I noticed you were at the galaxy club today!

PATRICK

OH!

RIA

Did you like it?!

PATRICK

Yeah! Ohhh yeah! I loved it!

Ria lets out a giggle and smiles at him. Patrick turns red and freezes, looking for a way out.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Well, it's good to see you!

She smiles and goes back to her drink.

Patrick meanders through the crowd to his favorite couch. A group of students are cramped together.

A golden BONG with various painted aliens and creatures is passed around the couch between the party goers.

Patrick stares blankly.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
HEY! Hey guys. Um, I kinda don't
wanna bother you but, that's my
lucky bong.

They stare up at him from their faded daze.

PARTYGOER
Oh it's chill man, grab a seat!

Patrick sits down and grabs a lighter.

PATRICK
I painted it myself! Each alien is
from a different era of Star Trek!
This one at the bottom is Spock,
and the one just above that...

The students are way too baked to pay attention.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Oh...

Patrick gives up and takes a big hit from his lucky bong. He lets out a horrendous, awkward cough.

The music blares on. Patrick yawns and slowly begins to fade away into a deep sleep.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. DORM LIVING ROOM - LATER

Light snores echo off the walls as the students sleep soundly across the living room floor.

A grungy microwave covered with smudges shows the time:

3:42 AM.

A young girl is sprawled out on a dining table. A snot bubble expands and retreats back into her nose with each breath.

A faded light begins to GLOW through the blinds of the living room window, accompanied by a faint hum.

The light grows. Brighter and brighter.

Patrick is asleep on the couch, cuddling his lucky bong.

He wakes.

Patrick shields his eyes as he rises cautiously from the couch. He tip-toes to the window and pulls down a single blind.

His eyes widen.

Multicolored lights bounce across his face as a loud BUZZ rattles the glass.

Patrick SCREAMS. He falls back from the window and trips over the slumbering students.

Chad BURSTS into the living room in his underwear, letting out an even higher pitched scream than Patrick.

Armed with a toilet plunger, Chad races towards the window.

CHAD
WHAT IS IT?! WHO IS IT? IS IT THE
COPS?

Chad pulls up the blinds with sloppy precision.

Nothing.

CHAD (CONT'D)
DUDE. WHAT THE FUCK?

Patrick looks around the room. The other students are wide awake.

Chad LUNGES toward Patrick.

PATRICK
Ohhhhh shit.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Patrick's limp body flies out of the dorm room and slams into the adjacent wall.

His lucky bong comes next. Patrick DIVES and catches it safely, protecting it like a newborn infant.

The door SLAMS.

I/E. VW BUS - NIGHT

A beat up VW bus sits in the college parking lot, Patrick's silhouette is seen through the side windows.

He curls up with his bong in the passenger seat and stares into the night sky, unable to sleep.

I/E. VW BUS - DAY

Patrick jolts awake. He checks his watch.

PATRICK

Shit.

He squeezes the passenger door handle and uses his shoulder as a battering ram to pry the door open.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Patrick sprints across the college campus. Breathing heavily.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

PROFESSOR STEELE, 46, a rosy cheeked self-anointed comedian leans against a desk looking quite pleased with himself.

PROFESSOR STEELE

Now, obviously, don't let the school board hear this...

He points wryly toward the ceiling as if there are microphones planted everywhere.

PROFESSOR STEELE (CONT'D)

But back in the day when WE studied astronomy, we used to take little field trips after class to go "star gazing." There's a place we used to go up in the mountains. I'll just say, we didn't do a whole lot of star gazing. It's a great way to meet your future ex wife, I highly recommend.

BAM!

Patrick blasts through the classroom door, breathing heavily.

PATRICK

I'm sorry I'm late. I'm so sorry...
 You're not going to believe it.
 There were these lights in the
 window last night and I saw it man.
 I saw fucking aliens man it was
 INSANE. It was this huge, huge
 ship.

Professor Steele stares at Patrick, the blood has completely left his face. His punchline ruined. The classroom snickers, everyone is laughing except Ria.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Patrick flies out of the classroom door, hitting the adjacent wall. His backpack follows, hitting him square in the stomach. The classroom door SLAMS.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Patrick sits at a bench alone, hunched over a sketchbook. He sketches an outline of a spaceship with little green aliens in the cockpit.

RIA

Hey.

Patrick looks up to see Ria, her bright amber eyes piercing through her spectacles.

PATRICK

Oh. Hey.

Unsure what to do next, he quickly returns to his sketchbook, determined to finish his masterpiece.

RIA

Mind if I sit?

PATRICK

Oh. yeah. Sure.

Patrick turns away and shields his drawing. Ria clinches her hands together nervously. A long, awkward silence follows.

RIA

...I saw the lights too.

PATRICK

Wait. Really?

RIA
Yeah. I believe you. When I left
last night from the party I saw
them up in the mountains. Same
colors, just like you said.

PATRICK
Holy shit.

Patrick leaps from the bench.

RIA
Look, don't get all weird, ok? I
think we should go check it out. I
don't want to go alone.

PATRICK
Oh I'm IN. If I do this, I'll
finally be cool.

RIA
You got a ride?

PATRICK
Hell yeah I do. I named her Ellen.
After Ellen Ripley from -

RIA
From Alien.

Their eyes both light up for a moment. Patrick blushes.

PATRICK
Ok then...if we're going to do
this, then we need to be prepared.

RIA
What do you mean?

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Patrick and Ria stand awkwardly in front of a cashier at a
7/11.

A giant mound of munchies sprawl across the counter.
Goldfish, Oreos, Pringles, and Funyons are piled on top of
each other.

CASHIER
Anything else?

Patrick eyes a small Pez dispenser with an alien head on it.
He grabs it and tosses it into the pile.

I/E. VW BUS - AFTERNOON

Patrick and Ria speed down the highway toward the mountains.

"Aliens Exist" by Blink 182 plays as we see a brief montage of Patrick and Ria laughing, jamming out and eating snacks in the car.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

The bus pulls up slowly on a gravel road with its lights flickering dimly in the night.

I/E. VW BUS - NIGHT

Patrick turns off the lights and slows down. He shuts off the engine.

He turns to Ria with a fearful look, while she looks up at the mountainside with determination.

RIA
And now we wait.

Patrick nervously gets out his vape pen and begins smoking. Ria reclines in her seat and shuts her eyes.

RIA (CONT'D)
I'm going to take a nap. You get first watch.

Patrick nervously nods.

I/E. VW BUS - LATER

Patrick and Ria are fast asleep.

A faint light begins to shimmer at the top of the mountain. Ria's eyelids begin to flicker. She opens them to reveal:

A colorful rainbow of dancing lights in the distance.

RIA
(softly)
Hey.

Ria lightly taps Patrick on the shoulder. He snores over her.

RIA (CONT'D)
HEY!

She punches Patrick. He jolts awake.

RIA (CONT'D)

Look.

Patrick looks up to see the lights. It's now or never.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT

Patrick and Ria quietly hike up the mountain. A faint pulsing can be heard as they get closer.

PATRICK

(whispering)

Do you hear that?

They continue up to the top, crouching as low as possible. They peek over the mountaintop to reveal:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A bright, pulsing light dances from an old abandoned warehouse.

Patrick and Ria shield their eyes and adjust to see a crowd of students dancing and jumping to loud bass music as colorful lights reflect off the warehouse windows.

Patrick stares on in disbelief. Ria laughs.

PATRICK

I can't believe it...I know what I saw. I know it was real.

Ria looks over at Patrick with a reassuring look in her eye, almost feeling sorry for him.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT

Ria and Patrick sit underneath the stars on the mountainside. Patrick looks down at the clay beneath him.

PATRICK

I was so sure. I-

RIA

Hey. It's ok.

PATRICK

No. I. I don't know. Maybe this is my fault.

RIA
What do you mean?

PATRICK
Everything I do, I do for them.

RIA
For who?

PATRICK
My roommates. Chad. All of them. I just...I'm tired of trying to stand out. I don't know. I thought if I could just be their roommate...And then I thought if I could just be right about this. If I could just show them! Then-

RIA
Then you'd finally be cool.
(beat)
I know the feeling. Trust me, save yourself the trouble. I've been down that road and it's a dead end.

Patrick looks down at his vape pen. He rises from the ground, channels all of his rage and HURLS it down the mountain.

He paces around the mountainside for a moment. Ria watches patiently until he returns to her side.

Ria pulls out another vape pen from her back pocket.

RIA (CONT'D)
Want mine?

She hands it over. Patrick takes a hit. Ria leans her head on Patrick shoulder. He blushes, then leans his head on top of hers.

RIA (CONT'D)
I always thought you were pretty cool.

They both smile as they look out at the stars together.

Just above them. A faint hum. We pull up to reveal a large flying saucer, buzzing softly. It turns slowly from the mountainside and shoots off into the starry night.

FADE TO BLACK.