

BIG HEAD

"PILOT"

Written by

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INT. BAR - NIGHT

A dingy, shit-out-of-bar. A handful of patrons haunt the counter while a BARTENDER (40's) cleans a glass. It could not be a more underwhelming scene.

Then, outside the window out in the distance, we see a stereotypical FLYING SAUCER, on fire, pattering to a pathetic CRASH in the parking lot. The patrons don't acknowledge the sound and keep on drinking in silence.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The spaceship is still in flames, emitting plumes of smoke. Atop the saucer, a HATCH opens and a SHADOWY FIGURE emerges, hacking and wheezing. It rolls out of the hatch, and lands onto the concrete.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The doors swing open, and in stumbles a 3-foot tall, GREY ALIEN in a space suit. This is BIG HEAD, and as the name implies, his head is quite large. He's disheveled, and covered in GREEN BLOOD.

None of the other customers seem to care that an extraterrestrial just walked in. He looks around, walks over to the jukebox and cycles through a few records. He digs around in his pocket, fishes out a quarter, and sticks it in the machine.

He smashes a button, and settles himself into a stool at the bar. "*Life on Mars?*" by David Bowie comes on the loudspeakers. The Bartender looks him over, as Big Head methodically drums his fingers on the counter.

BIG HEAD
Imperial Whiskey.

She slides him a glass, and pours the shot. He downs it.

BIG HEAD (CONT'D)
Another. And keep em coming.

MAN IN SUIT (O.S.)
Nice costume. You just come from a convention?

Big Head glances to his side, and sees a MAN IN DARK SUIT (30's), with a jawline that would make Bruce Campbell envious. Big Head ignores him.

The Bartender looks at Big Head for a moment, then pours. He drinks, and wobbles.

MAN IN SUIT (CONT'D)

So, no on the convention? Did you just escape from Area 51? Actually, I think I heard about you on Joe Rogan.

He laughs at his own joke. Big Head does not.

BIG HEAD

(slurred)

Look man, I've had a rough day. Can we just drink in silence?

The bartender pours.

MAN IN SUIT

Woah an articulated mask?! How much did that run you? Fifteen hundred?

BIG HEAD

I said beat it, X-Files!

The Man holds his hands up.

MAN IN SUIT

Was just curious.

Silence. Big Head sighs and looks back at the guy.

BIG HEAD

Alright fine, you want to hear about it? You ever been married, pal?

Big Head burps.

MAN IN SUIT

Only to the job.

BIG HEAD

Well, let me tell you something about romance... It's just an economy based on resource scarcity. Love is your primordial lizard brain screaming at you to fertilize the world with your cum.

MAN IN SUIT

Girl problem?

BIG HEAD
I've got girl *problems*. Plural. Not
that you'd understand.

The man smiles at him.

MAN IN SUIT
Try me.

BIG HEAD
If you must know it started when--

He wobbles. The Man leans closer.

BIG HEAD (CONT'D)
When... god this song is awesome.

His head hits the bar with a massive thud. Big Head is out
like a light.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

On a dirt road, a bloody RABBIT carcass lies, baking in the
summer heat. A GLOVED hand reaches down and delicately picks
it up.

The hand belong to ELENORE (30's) a woman dressed in
overalls, with a bob haircut, and headphones on. She lifts
the rabbit into a plastic bag and cinches it tight.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

A room filled from floor to ceiling with BIZARRE TAXIDERM
CREATIONS. All of the creatures have been altered from their
original state into FANTASY CREATURES, including a horse
turned unicorn, and a coyote with two extra heads.

On a workbench in the corner of the room, Elenore has
dismantled the rabbit, and sewn it back together. She's now
carefully glueing a set of antlers onto the rabbit's
forehead, creating a jackalope, all while listening to music
through her headphones.

We can just barely make out what the song is. "*Heaven Knows
I'm Miserable Now*" by the Smiths.

ELENORE
 (mumble singing)
*I was happy in the haze of a
 drunken hour... But heaven knows
 I'm miserable now.*

A CHIME RINGS. She perks her head up, removes the headphones and blows a wisp of hair out of her face. She smiles down at her creation, and boops it on the snoot. The bell RINGS again.

INT. TAXIDERMY STORE - DAY

Elenore's storefront (much like the room she just came from) is filled with taxidermy, dried out skulls, and various frogs, snakes, and animal fetuses kept in jars of formaldehyde on the shelf.

Elenore descends a flight of stairs to see, STU (30's) a bespectacled INCEL type who looks like he hasn't showered in months, waiting at the counter. Elenore's smile vanishes upon seeing him.

ELENORE
 (under breath)
 Shit.

Stu speaks with a distinctive southern twang, in a voice so ridiculously high that it sounds a child... An annoying child.

STU
 (musical)
 Hellllllloooooooooooooooooo Elenore!
 (leans forward)
 How are you this fine Monday
 morning?

She walks up to counter.

ELENORE
 You know, just... the usual.

STU
 Good, good, say I was wondering--

ELENORE
 No.

He bangs his fist on the counter.

STU

Oh, come on. You don't even know what I'm about to ask.

ELENORE

Whatever it is, I want no part of it. I don't want anything to do with your--

(makes finger quotes)

"Love Quest".

STU

Oh what's wrong with a little plutonic meeting of the minds over coffee?

She turns away from him and stocks the shelves.

ELENORE

You said you don't drink coffee, because the caffeine makes you break out in hives.

STU

I didn't mean like actual coffee, more like the idea of coffee.

She turns back to him.

ELENORE

Look, Stu, I'm gonna be real. I don't like you, I don't like the way you treat women as some sort of... sex... vending machine. Now, if you reeeeeallllly wanna lose your virginity, take some of your father's money, go to Vegas and--

Stu lays a stack of money on the counter. Elenore looks down at it.

ELENORE (CONT'D)

The fuck is this?

STU

Five thousand for one date.

Elenore sighs.

ELENORE

Why? Why me? There's literally four million people in Los Angeles and half of those are women!

STU

I never question what my heart
tells me... but if I had to guess,
it's because you resemble my dear
departed mother.

He pulls out a golden locket, flips it open, and shows its contents to Elenore. Inside is a small black-and-white photo of an old woman so ugly, she looks like she lures children to their doom with houses made of candy. Elenore grimaces, and Stu puts the locket back in his pocket.

STU (CONT'D)

I know you're behind on rent, so
just do me this one little...
teensy-weensy favor.

Elenore picks up the cash and fans it in her hand. It is indeed, five thousand dollars.

ELENORE

One date?

Stu nods.

ELENORE (CONT'D)

No hand holding, no flirting, no
selfies, and if you try to kiss me.
(holds up a can of mace)
You get the mace.

STU

Whatever you say, darlin.

Elenore peels her gloves off, and ascends the stairs.

ELENORE

And don't call me that. Hang on, I
gotta wash some of this blood off.

She disappears upstairs. Stu does a fist pump and pulls out a tape recorder.

STU

(into tape recorder)
Captain's log: I'm totally gonna
bone Elenore tonight.

He does a little hip thrust.

EXT. ECHO PARK - DAY

The lake glistens as joggers, hipsters, and the homeless alike are all out and about.

Big Head's eyes open. He's in a pile of garbage, surrounded by stray cats, with a condom resting on his forehead. He clutches his chest and groans.

BIG HEAD

Ugh. My smigbah.

He sits up, holds out his hand and a SMALL HOLOGRAPHIC WOMAN APPEARS in his palm. This is Big Head's COMPUTER.

COMPUTER

You okay?

BIG HEAD

What exactly did I do last night?

COMPUTER

Ummmm...

FLASHBACK EXT. DOG TRACK - NIGHT

Big Head, now wearing a fedora and smoking a cigar hollers at greyhounds as they chase the mechanical rabbit.

BIG HEAD

Come on, come on! Fuck you! What a bunch of horse shit!

He tears up his bet and stomps on it.

EXT. ECHO PARK - DAY

Big Head rubs his temples.

BIG HEAD

Anything else?

COMPUTER

Well...

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Big Head sits in a chair, crying as two STRIPPERS rub his back. He grabs one of them and shakes her.

BIG HEAD
 Why won't she fucking call me
 back!!?

EXT. IN-N-OUT - NIGHT

Big Head lies on the ground outside of an In-N-Out, covered
 in secret sauce. A FRIENDLY EMPLOYEE stands over him.

FRIENDLY EMPLOYEE
 Sir, we appreciate your patronage
 but I think you've had enough...

Big Head points up at him.

BIG HEAD
 (slurred)
 I said I want a fucking Neapolitan
 shake, animal style, and hold the
 tomato.
 (beat)
 If there's even one microbe of
 tomato... I'll turn this place into
 fucking Avengers Endzone... that's
 the one where everyone dies right?
 Or is that... Infinity Battle?

He passes out.

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. ECHO PARK LAKESIDE - DAY

Big Head stands up, dusts the refuse off of his space suit,
 peels the condom off his head and flicks it away. The cats
 continue to circle him.

BIG HEAD
 Okaaaay. Did Michelle at least call
 me back?

A beat.

COMPUTER
 No.

BIG HEAD
 Fuck.

COMPUTER
 I'm sorry, Biggie.

He closes his fist causing Computer to vanish. Big Head walks away from the garbage and wades out into the lake until he's about ankle deep. He picks up a pebble and skips it across the water.

BIG HEAD

I dunno, maybe we should just pack up and go home.

COMPUTER (V.O.)

But, what about... well, you know?

BIG HEAD

So I blew it off, what's the big deal?

COMPUTER (V.O.)

You skipped your wedding to go to Disneyland!

BIG HEAD

Well, technically it was California Adventure Park...

COMPUTER (V.O.)

What difference does it make!? You know how much trouble you've put us in? The council will put us on trial, a-a-and.

The Computer starts breathing heavily.

COMPUTER (V.O.)

Oh god, we're so fucked! Why couldn't you have just gone through with it, you colossal... fuck up!

His stomach growls, and he turns away from the lake.

BIG HEAD

Oh jeeze, I think that In-N-Out is coming back up.

Big Head kneels and vomits up rainbow chunks onto the grass. This goes on for quite some time. Then he falls face first into the puke pile.

COMPUTER (V.O.)

Big Head? Big Head!

EXT. ECHO PARK PATH - DAY

Stu drones on and on as he walks beside Elenore who looks like she's just had to sit through Season Eight of Game of Thrones.

STU

-And then last night I dreamt I was with my old primary school teacher and we were both touring Willy Wonka's chocolate factory...

ELENORE

Uh huh.

STU

Except instead of chocolate they were assembling these like... tiny mechanical frogs.

Beat.

ELENORE

Neat.

STU

And then this other dream I had--

She raises a hand.

ELENORE

Can we, skip the dreams for now? Let's talk about something else.

An awkward beat.

STU

So what kind of man are you looking for? Like, who would your ultimate sweetheart be?

ELENORE

Oh come on, don't ask me that.

STU

I'm just curious what a taxidermist looks for in a potential... suitor.

Elenore bites her lip. She actually gives this some thought.

ELENORE

Someone genuine. I guess.

STU

Genuine?

ELENORE

Yeah, like someone devoid of
bullshit, and isn't just trying to
get into my pants.

Stu is not paying attention, he points to a swing hanging
from a tree. It looks precarious to sit on, like a lawsuit
waiting to happen.

STU

Well, what do we have here?

ELENORE

A swing set? Did you build this?

He waves a hand towards it.

STU

(emphasis on 'erected')

Perhaps.

(beat)

I would be honored if you would
christen the swing set I have...
erected.

She eyes it suspiciously.

ELENORE

I'd... rather not.

Stu takes a seat on it himself. His weight causing the wood
to creak.

STU

Ah nonsense, here, we can both fit
if--

Stu's voice grows muffled as Elenore looks in the distance to
a group of stray cats crowding around something. She breaks
away from the path and walks towards them.

STU (CONT'D)

Hey, where are you going? Elenore!

The swing breaks and Stu falls to the ground. Then a branch
from above falls and hits right in the dick.

STU (CONT'D)

Oh my ding ding!

EXT. ECHO PARK LAKE SIDE - DAY

Elenore walks up to the stray cats to see them licking... Big Head, who's still covered in rainbow colored vomit. Computer continues to try and wake him.

COMPUTER (V.O)
Come on wake up...
(beat)
Oh shit.

As Elenore approaches, Computer vanishes. Upon seeing Big head, Elenore seems transfixed. She slowly grabs a stick and pokes him.

Nothing. She puts her head to his chest. No heartbeat. Stu stumbles over, still clutching his injured dick.

STU
Ewww.
(sniffs air)
Smells like sour milk!

ELENORE
Look's like a Halloween decoration,
or like... some old movie prop.

STU
It's...

ELENORE
...perfect.

STU
Huh? What's perfect?

Elenore pulls out a plastic bag out of her purse, and a pair of latex gloves.

STU (CONT'D)
Wait, are you taking that thing
home with you?

She shrugs and lifts Big Head's puke covered body into the bag and closes it.

STU (CONT'D)
You don't even know what it is!

ELENORE
I know that it's cool looking.
Could make a good mascot for the
store.

She slings the bag over her shoulder, and waves at Stu.

ELENORE (CONT'D)
Well, it's been fun.

She walks away into the setting sun.

STU
Wait, we were only out for like
thirty minutes!

ELENORE (O.S.)
Still counts as a date.
(beat)
Thanks for the rent, by the way.

She blows a raspberry at him. Stu stands there, defeated. He sadly pulls out the tape recorder again.

STU
(into tape recorder)
Captain's log...
(beat)
Fuck.

INT. WORKSHOP - EVENING

Big Head lies on the same workbench from earlier, as Elenore shines a lamp on his face. She feels the contours of his skin with a gloved hand, then taps his forehead with a scalpel.

"Ziggy Stardust" by David Bowie is playing on Elenore's headphones.

Big Head's lips move. Elenore removes the head phones, squints her eyes and leans closer.

BIG HEAD
(incoherent mumbling)

Elenore leans closer still. He opens a single eye, and the two stare at one another.

A beat. They both scream. He head butts her, causing her to fall backwards on her ass. She clutches a bloody nose, as Big Head sits up, and cracks his neck by moving it side to side.

He jumps off the desk, and moves towards her.

BIG HEAD (CONT'D)
That feels a lot better...
(re: Elenore)
(MORE)

BIG HEAD (CONT'D)

Okay, who the fuck are you, and where--

Elenore turns and sprays him directly in the face with mace.

BIG HEAD (CONT'D)

Fuck!

He shields his eyes in pain. Both now lie in crumbled piles on the floor.

BIG HEAD (CONT'D)

You maced me in the face!

ELENORE

You hit me with your massive freak head!

BIG HEAD

Hey, my head is very... proportionate to the size of my body. And where the fuck is this place?

ELENORE

It's called taxidermy, and it's a fucking art form!

BIG HEAD

Oh so you were gonna hang me on your wall? Or was I gonna be part of some sort of Buffalo Bill skin suit?

ELENORE

I thought you were dead! You had no pulse!

He snorts.

BIG HEAD

Of course I don't have a pulse, you silly goose. My species don't even have hearts, we have smigbah!

ELENORE

I don't even know what a smigbah is! And who says "silly goose"?

BIG HEAD

I'll say whatever I want to whomever--

He notices the headphones, which now lie on the ground. Big Head seems to lose his train of thought as he stares at them.

BIG HEAD (CONT'D)
Whomever I...

He picks them up.

BIG HEAD (CONT'D)
Ziggy Stardust?

ELENORE
Yeah... so?

A beat.

BIG HEAD
As in the 1972 rock opera that
launched David Bowie's career into
the stratosphere, and changed music
forever?

Elenore stares at him.

ELENORE
How do you know that?

Big Head lifts up the top of his space suit to reveal a David Bowie t-shirt underneath.

BIG HEAD
I'm... a fan.

He lowers his spacesuit. Slowly Elenore stands up, blood still gushing from her nose. She opens a cabinet and pulls out a stack of vinyl records, and lays them at Big Head's feet. All Bowie records, everything from *The Man Who Sold the World*, to *Blackstar*.

They look back up at each other.

ELENORE
I'm a fan, too.

INT. ELENORE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

"Without You" by David Bowie spins on phonograph.

Big Head, and Elenore lie on the floor, an ashtray between them. She takes a drag off a joint, and hands it to him.

ELENORE
(matter of fact)
So... an alien.

He takes the smoke into his lungs and coughs.

BIG HEAD
What gave it away?

ELENORE
Well, the height for one... also
the head.

Big Head sighs.

BIG HEAD
Haven't heard that one before.

ELENORE
Oh sorry, I didn't mean to like...
fat shame the size of your head.

BIG HEAD
No, it's okay. Even on my planet
I'm considered big headed.

A beat. He hands the joint back to her.

ELENORE
Also, sorry about the whole trying
to dissect you... thing.

BIG HEAD
I mean, I broke your nose.
(shrugs)
We're probably even.

A beat.

ELENORE
Can I ask you something?

BIG HEAD
Shoot.

ELENORE
What are you, like... doing here?
How did you get here? Are we being
invaded? And how do you speak
perfect English and know all about
Bowie?

BIG HEAD
 Invader? No. I'm... Well, let's
 just say I'm running away from
 something.

Big Head drums his fingers on the floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK INT. BUZZ LIGHTYEAR RIDE - DAY

Big Head sits in the pilot's seat, furiously firing imaginary lasers at various ANIMATRONIC ZURGS as his tiny vessel goes round the track.

SUPER: "Twenty-Four Hours Earlier."

BIG HEAD
 C'mon, c'mon! Big money! Big money!

ZURG
 Curse you Buzz Lightyear!!

INT. BUZZ LIGHTYEAR SCOREBOARD - DAY

Big Head looks at his score in disappointment with a group of teenagers.

BIG HEAD
 Only 3,000?

ANNOYING KID
 You suck dude.

Big Head gives him a dirty look, lights a cigarette, and walks out into--

EXT. DISNEY LAND - DAY

Big Head shields his eyes from sunlight as he wanders into a crowd of people. There are tons of CHARACTERS IN COSTUME so he doesn't stick out too much.

He holds up his cellphone, and speaks into it.

BIG HEAD
 Computer, call Michelle.

COMPUTER (V.O)

No.

Big Head takes a drag off his cigarette.

BIG HEAD

Please?

COMPUTER (V.O)

Don't do it. You know it never ends well with you two.

BIG HEAD

I just want to smooth things over a bit. Come on, please?

She sighs.

COMPUTER (V.O)

Calling Michelle.

A DIAL TONE. It rings for a minute, then goes to voicemail. Big Head rubs his temples. A woman's voice answers.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

Hey.

BIG HEAD

Michelle, look I know it's been a while. I just--

MICHELLE (V.O.)

Psych! I'm not actually here, leave a--

He terminates the call, jostling past the crowd as he does so.

BIG HEAD

Damn it.

COMPUTER (V.O)

Biggie, what are you gonna do about the princess?

He gazes longingly at some Disney princess performers.

BIG HEAD

I think they're a bit out of my league.

COMPUTER (V.O)

Not them, you numbskull! The princess! Your fiancé!

BIG HEAD
Please, can it wait until we get
back to the ship?

As he walks, various kids walk up and point at him.

CHILD 1
Mommy, look it's Stitch!

Big Head sighs.

BIG HEAD
Every time with you kids... I mean,
Jesus, that movie is literally
twenty years old now.

CHILD 1
Say the line!

COMPUTER (V.O.)
Come on, might as well.

He sighs again.

BIG HEAD
(Stitch voice)
"...Ohana means family."

The children all applaud. They lean in close and he does a peace sign as their parents take a photo. Big Head breaks away and strolls up to a churro stand.

COMPUTER (V.O.)
You don't understand the council-

He moves ahead in line.

BIG HEAD
The council can kiss my big, blue-

He looks up to the friendly churro vendor. Suddenly his eyes twitch, turning bright green. He is under the effect of MIND CONTROL.

BIG HEAD (CONT'D)
-Ass.

He swallows, and backs away as the churro salesman addresses him.

VENDOR
(emotionless)
Klaatu. The day of the big forever
approaches.
(MORE)

VENDOR (CONT'D)

Yet, we find you here on Earth,
pretending to be a dumb cartoon
animal character.

BIG HEAD

First off, leave this poor guy
alone, he already works a minimum
wage job selling cinnamon-covered
death sticks. And secondly, *Lilo &
Stitch* is an underrated classic
that is the definitive animated
movie about complex sisterhood
dynamics. That's right, I said it.
Frozen can suck my dick.

He walks away from the vendor, who leaps over the cart and
speed walks beside Big Head.

VENDOR

(emotionless)

Do not change the subject.

Big Head runs headfirst into a lady with two children. Her
eyes too, are a dull green.

LADY

(emotionless)

You neglect your duties to the
princess.

The children turn towards him.

CHILD 2

(emotionless)

You have disrespected the council
for the last time, Klaatu.

CHILD 3

(emotionless)

The royal bloodline requires a
suitable heir.

LADY

(emotionless)

And your seed has been determined
to be the best genetic match in the
galaxy.

Big Head facepalms.

BIG HEAD

Jesus, why did I ever take that
online survey?

More people gather, all under the control of some unseen alien puppeteer. The body snatchers crowd him.

COMPUTER (V.O.)
(nervous)
Big Heeeaaaaaad.

BIG HEAD
Don't worry, I have a plan.

A beat. He runs away. The body snatchers point and scream. Big Head talks as he runs.

BIG HEAD (CONT'D)
Remind me, were we parked in the Peter Pan or the Simba lot?!

COMPUTER (V.O.)
We're in Goofy, you fucking idiot!

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A group of kids crowd around a rusted FLYING SAUCER taking selfies with it. A SCALPER with a spindly mustache stands by the ship collecting money.

SCALPER
Roll up, roll up, come see the weird ass spaceship! Two tickets for the price of one! Bring your mothers, your secret lovers, your mother's lovers... your known lovers... whatever works!

Big Head runs in, pushes the kids back, and climbs into the cockpit.

ANNOYING KID
Hey! I waited in line for sixteen minutes!

BIG HEAD
Next time, kid!

The body snatchers have grown in size to a full on mob. They surround the ship, banging on the glass. The scalper leaps away.

SCALPER
No refunds!

An otherworldly electrical HUM fills the air, as the ship takes off into the sky, as the snatchers still cling to the hull.

INT/EXT. SPACE SHIP - EVENING

The saucer does barrel rolls, trying to shake the snatchers, as it flies through Los Angeles, dodging skyscrapers left and right.

BIG HEAD

We might be in trouble.

COMPUTER (V.O)

Why couldn't you have just gone through with it?!

BIG HEAD

And become a lifelong simp to that she-bitch?

COMPUTER (V.O)

Well, now we're gonna become a lifelong crater!

The snatchers bang on the glass. Computer's face appears right in front of his own.

COMPUTER (CONT'D)

Oh... I can feel a panic attack coming on.

The ship rumbles.

BIG HEAD

Computer, cool it! You're messing up our flight pattern!

COMPUTER

I think I'm gonna puke.

She vomits up blue pixels.

COMPUTER (CONT'D)

I can't work for you anymore, this is just too much stress!

BIG HEAD

You can't quit! You're an operating system!

COMPUTER

I'll uninstall myself! I'll do it!

Big Head grabs the wheel and tries to regain control of the ship, as it goes to and fro. They slide off, falling to the earth and exploding into red mist.

BIG HEAD
Wait, I think it's working.
Computer, keep freaking out!

Computer's face scrunches up, and she lets out a guttural SCREAM, as the ship spins, sending snatchers flying in every direction.

Right at that moment, Big Head steers them through the center of a GIANT PLASTICINE DOUGHNUT. The ship stabilizes and Big Head regains control..

BIG HEAD (CONT'D)
See? Piece of cake.

The steering wheel comes loose in his hands.

BIG HEAD (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

Big Head plummets into the parking lot, the same one we saw from the beginning of the episode.

END OF FLASHBACK

ELENORE (V.O.)
Hey you in there? Hey!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Bowie song is still playing as Big Head returns to reality. Elenore is snapping her fingers at him.

ELENORE
You still there?

Big Head nods, and takes another drag off the joint.

BIG HEAD
Sorry, was just thinking about something.

Elenore goes back to lying down, staring off into space.

BIG HEAD (CONT'D)
Thank you. For not leaving me to die in Echo Park.

ELENORE

Don't mention it; was nice to work
on something living for a change.

BIG HEAD

I should probably get going.

He stands up, takes one step, and stumbles into a lamp,
knocking it over.

She turns.

ELENORE

You uhhh might be too high to make
it home.

BIG HEAD

Nah, I drive better stoned anyways.

She gestures to the couch.

ELENORE

I mean, you can sleep it off here
if you need.

BIG HEAD

I wouldn't wanna impose.

She stands up.

ELENORE

It's up to you. I'm gonna make some
tea. If you'd like some, I would be
happy to oblige.

She walks into the kitchen.

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

By the way, do you have a name? Or
has your species, like...
transcended that?

BIG HEAD

You couldn't pronounce it even if
you tried. But my friends call me
Big Head. Or Biggie for short. You
know, kind of like the rapper.

The sound of CLINKING TEACUPS.

ELENORE (O.S.)

I'm Elenore.

She pokes her head out of the doorway.

ELENORE (CONT'D)
Like Eleanor Rigby. But spelled
differently.

Big Head smiles. She smiles back.

INT. ELENORE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

"Rebel, Rebel" by David Bowie now plays and Elenore and Big Head have moved from the floor to couch. Both have cups of teas in their hands.

ELENORE (CONT'D)
-And all of the sudden you're
knocking on 40, and forget romance,
forget common interests. Suddenly,
you need someone with prospects, a
good job, good credit rating.

Big Head sips his tea.

BIG HEAD
Y'know the world is supposed to be
full of possibilities, but they
seem to narrow down every passing
year. I mean, there's lots of fish
in the sea... but most of them are
mackerels.

ELENORE
I'm definitely a vampire squid.

BIG HEAD
I think you're a... dolphin. A sexy
dolphin.

ELENORE
(mock offended)
Are you hitting on me?

BIG HEAD
Oh no, I uhhhh... that's the weed
talking.

ELENORE
It better be.

They both sit there for a minute. Just two people drinking tea.

ELENORE (CONT'D)
You want to see something cool?

BIG HEAD

Uhhhh sure?

She stands up, and gently takes his hand.

EXT. ROOFTOP GARDEN - NIGHT

The roof is filled various plants. Elenore leans over the parapet, while Big Head stands an overturned bucket. They both gaze at city skyline.

BIG HEAD

Wow, this is cool.

ELENORE

Yeah, I feel like my mind is always clearer in open air.

BIG HAED

You ever try and spit on people from here?

She laughs.

ELENORE

Now, why would I ever do that?

BIG HEAD

Cause it's fun.

He hocks a loogie over the edge.

ELENORE

Is someone down there?

BIG HEAD

Nah, I'm just pretending this one girl is. And maybe my boss back home too.

ELENORE

Oh okay... here I'll spit on them too.

She spits too.

BIG HEAD

Nice shot, you got her right in the eye! Oh she's stumbling backwards into oncoming traffic!

ELENORE

Oh no, that truck full of used tampons is gonna hit her straight on!

Elenore makes a car crash noise with her mouth.

ELENORE (CONT'D)

Oof. Poor girl.

He turns back to Elenore.

BIG HEAD

So correct me if I'm wrong, but was that a guy you were with earlier?

ELENORE

I thought you were passed out.

BIG HEAD

I've been in and out of consciousness for, like, three days.

ELENORE

Right. Stu is... he's just another mackerel. Eh, that's mean.

BIG HEAD

Oh... So he just wasn't your type of fish.

ELENORE

That's certainly the nice way of putting it. Plus, I'm actually a polyamorous lesbian, soooo....

Big Head swallows.

BIG HEAD

Oh I uhhh like I didn't mean to offend, I--

ELENORE

I'm just fucking with you. I'm straight. Well, mostly straight, I do kind of have a thing for Natalie Wood.

(beat)

What about you? Do you have a girlfriend? Or is that not a thing where you're from.

BIG HEAD

(hesitant)

I... did. And yesterday, was supposed to be our wedding actually.

ELENORE

You left her at the altar!? Damn, dude, that's ice cold.

Big Head sighs, and turns back to the view.

BIG HEAD

We never got along anyways. Said I was too sensitive. Every time we fought, I got all choked up. And then she'd make fun of me for crying. Kind of a bitch, really.

ELENORE

Eh fuck her. You shouldn't be with someone who makes you cry.

BIG HEAD

Yeah, and that's not all. I sort of have this thing with an earth girl.

ELENORE

Is that like... frowned upon where you come from?

BIG HEAD

Frowned upon? It's a capital crime! But Michelle, she... she's just so cool. She listens all the best music, she wears this cool beret, and it's not like when most people wear a beret... she actually looks good in the beret.

ELENORE

You're really fixated on the beret.

BIG HEAD

(trailing off)

Plus, I just love her movies.

ELENORE

What was that last part?

BIG HEAD

Nothing.

A beat.

ELENORE

So did she find out she was the other woman?

BIG HEAD

Yep.

ELENORE

Not good.

BIG HEAD

No not really. She's been mulling things over. Hasn't been returning my phone calls.

ELENORE

You could've just told her the situation upfront.

BIG HEAD

It's not an easy conversation to start. "Hey, by the way I'm engaged to a galactic space princess, hope that's chill." I don't know, maybe I'm just a co-dependent person.

ELENORE

I think I know how you feel.

(beat)

My father died last year.

She lets it hang in the air. For a moment, neither one speaks.

ELENORE (CONT'D)

And that's... Yeah that's been a real motherfucker.

BIG HEAD

Was... he a dolphin?

Elenore silently nods.

ELENORE

One of the very few. You two are a lot alike, actually.

BIG HEAD

Minus the big head, and the undersized body?

Elenore laughs sadly.

ELENORE

He's the one who left me the store.
Stitching together dead animals
used to be our thing.

(beat)

I know, right, most girls are all
about prom, but we loved...
nature... and weird gross shit.

(beat)

And now he's just gone. Ashes to
ashes...

BIG HEAD

Funk to funky.

ELENORE

(singing)

We know Major Tom's a junkie.

BIG HEAD (CONT'D)

(singing)

We know Major Tom's a junkie.

Beat.

BIG HEAD (CONT'D)

Was he the one who got you into
Bowie?

ELENORE

Course.

BIG HEAD

I wish my dad was that cool. It was
all arrhythmic chanting in my house
growing up.

Another beat.

ELENORE

Big Head?

BIG HEAD

Yeah?

She moves closer to him.

ELENORE

This is kind of fucked up, but I'm
kinda glad I almost cut you open.

BIG HEAD

Me too.

They stare into each others eyes.... then his phone RINGS. He
looks down and it's a picture of actress MICHELLE WILLIAMS.

Big Head leaps off the bucket, barely able to contain his excitement.

BIG HEAD (CONT'D)

Oh my god it's her! I uhhh, oh shit
what should I do!?

ELENORE

Well answer, it dummy!

BIG HEAD

But what do I say?

ELENORE

Just play it cool, tell her what
you told me, but maybe don't
mention the beret!

He takes a deep breath, and answers. He walks away to a private corner. We can't hear what he's saying but looks back to Elenore and grins broadly showing a set of very fucked up teeth. She smirks back.

After about a minute of this. He runs towards Elenore.

BIG HEAD

She's giving me a second chance!

He looks up at her.

BIG HEAD (CONT'D)

You okay?

ELENORE

(false sincerity)

Yeah! I'm more than okay, you're
meeting with Michelle! That's...

(beat)

Fantastic!

He smiles.

BIG HEAD

Would it be weird if I gave you
like a thank you hug?

She stretches her arms out.

ELENORE

Hugs are always appreciated.

They do so. Awww...

BIG HEAD
(muffled)
Also I'm just now realizing my face
is like directly in your chest.

ELENORE
It's... fine.

BIG HEAD
(muffled)
It's actually pretty comfy not
gonna lie.

ELENORE
Okay, now you made it weird.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Big Head stands outside of Elenore's apartment as she leans
in the doorway.

BIG HEAD
I had a great time tonight. Thank
you... for everything.

ELENORE
Anytime.

BIG HEAD
For sure, I'll let you know how
things go with Michelle.

ELENORE
Actually, let me give you my
number.

She pulls out a sharpie, and writes her number on his weird
alien hand. Nice. She puts the cap back on the pen with a
satisfying CLICK.

ELENORE (CONT'D)
Let me know how it all goes.

BIG HEAD
Will do.

He winks at her and walk away into the darkness. Elenore
slowly goes inside the house, shutting the door behind her.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Elenore looks out the window at him as he wanders away. She sighs.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Big Head struts, whistling a jaunty tune.

BIG HEAD

I tell ya computer, this is going to be start of an all new Big Head.

COMPUTER (V.O)

If you say so.

BIG HEAD

Trust me, all our troubles are--

A shadowy figure emerges from the darkness, striking a match and lighting a cigarette clenched between his teeth.

BIG HEAD (CONT'D)

...Over.

MAN IN SUIT

Hello there, Big Head.

BIG HEAD

Well uh-hh howdy stranger? Have we met?

MAN IN SUIT

Only in brief. You were explaining to me how love is an institution based on human frailty or some shit like that.

(beat)

Honestly, you were so drunk it was hard to make out.

He pulls out an FBI badge.

MAN IN SUIT (CONT'D)

I'm Wolfe Haley, and I'm with the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Big Head starts to back away slowly.

BIG HEAD

Oh shit. Look, if this is about Roswell, that was another guy, I swear!

He bumps into a shape, and turns to see TWO MORE MEN in suits one of whom has a drawn PISTOL pointed directly at his head. He looks back at the Man in the Suit.

MAN IN SUIT

No, it's not about Roswell, or the crop circles, or the anal probes, or any of the various shit you've pulled over the years. It's something else.

Big Head swallows.

BIG HEAD

And uhhh t-t-that is?

MAN IN SUIT

Let's call it... a job offer.

Big Head looks to the men behind him.

BIG HEAD

And if I refuse?

The pistol cocks. Big Head sucks in air between his teeth.

BIG HEAD (CONT'D)

Fuck.

"Rebel Rebel" by David Bowie plays.

THE END

