

DISCLAIMER

This is an independent, non-profit, screenplay written for a laugh by a bunch of assholes, using some of the characters and themes from the 1982 motion picture E.T. the Extra Terrestrial, which we do not own. Universal Studios, Amblin Entertainemnt, or anyone involved in the making of E.T. was involved in this project, it is not intended to be taken as official story canon and it was not designed to compete with or undermine any official E.T. project.

Trust me, once you've read it, that will become very clear.

It's mental.

E.T. 2 :

Ghosts Can't Play Basketball

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We open on the still, lifeless faces of stuffed toys, stacked together in the dark. Suddenly, a shadow moves over them. Slowly, through the eyes of an unknown intruder, we move through a dark house, down a hallway. We get to a door open at the end of the hallway, and stop. Inside, we can see a man asleep in bed. Then we hear a voice.

ET  
Elliottt.

We see the man in bed, and realise that he is Elliott, from the first E.T., but an adult now. He doesn't stir.

ET  
(louder) Elliottt.

Elliott now blinks his eyes open, looking confused.

ET  
(even louder) Elliottt!

Elliott sits up in bed, startled. He stares at the doorway. We see a faint silhouette, and then a bright light flares up behind it, defining it as E.T. THE EXTRA TERRESTRIAL.

ELLIOTT  
E.T.? Is that you?

ET  
Elliottt! Help me!

E.T.'s voice gets louder as the light grows brighter and brighter. It's a bit scary as well. In fact it's really scary. ET reaches out his hand as he screams Elliott's name, and the light becomes blinding, as a horrific engine noise drowns out his screams.

Elliott sits up straight, coated in sweat. It was a dream. He falls back onto his bed, relieved. He jumps again when his

alarm suddenly starts beeping. Angrily, he shuts it off and rolls out of bed. He walks sluggishly down his hallway, into a HAPPY NEW YEAR 2000 banner hanging down, before tearing it off the wall. The further he gets down the hallway, the more party hats, empty beer bottles and streamers cover the floor, until Elliott is practically wading through trash. His living room is full of sleeping people. The only other person awake is a SURFER, who is making eggs in the kitchen.

SURFER  
Morning sunshine.

ELLIOTT  
Hi.

SURFER  
You're Elliott, right?

ELLIOTT  
Yeah.

SURFER  
Cool new year's party, dude.

ELLIOTT  
Uhh, thanks.

SURFER  
Hey aren't you supposed to be in space or something?

Elliott looks at the calendar on the wall, and we focus on January 1<sup>st</sup>, 2000, where the word MARS is written in red and circled.

ELLIOTT  
Oh... crap!

Elliott runs out of the room, knocking over bottles and cups carelessly, waking up a few guests as he goes.

SURFER  
(calling after him) Happy millennium, bro! my bitch!

The title card explodes onto the screen, and fades into a scene of Elliott in his car, driving erratically on the highway. He's steering with one hand as he eats a piece of toast, veering in and out of traffic to a serenade of blaring horns. A bouncy rock and roll song plays on his car radio as he swerves to and fro, avoiding an old lady and hitting a cart of fresh fruit by the side of the road.

#### FRUIT SELLER

Where you gotta be, Mars or somethin'? (He puts his hands on his hips and shakes his head)

Elliott switches the station over to a news report as he drives over the GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE. I don't care if this movie isn't set in San Francisco, lets see that fucking BRIDGE.

#### RADIO HOST

It's quarter to nine and almost time for the big New Year's Day space shuttle launch! The first manned mission to Mars takes off today, and people all over the world are going crazy for the red planet. Astronauts Ronaldo Frump, Lady Lovely, and small town wonder Elliott [the radio crackles and we don't hear Elliott's surname] travelling the furthest from earth a person has ever been. Jeez, I wish my wife was on board!

Elliott switches back to the rock and roll as he opens some reese's pieces and pours the entire bag into his mouth. Excitedly, he starts doing air guitar with his eyes closed. We see the car approaching from inside a bank, and people start to run and scream. Elliott's car ploughs right through the front of the building.

We cut to an exterior wall, silent for a second, before the car crashes through and skids back onto the road as if nothing happened. Elliott opens his eyes and keeps driving, clueless. Behind him, the bank staff stare through the hole in disbelief, as thousands of hundred dollar bills rain down. People flock to the scene to grab some, shouting 'Free money!'

Elliott drives past a huge billboard of himself in astronaut gear, his surname obscured by a palm tree. He gives it a thumbs up. He begins to do air drums in the same fashion as he had been doing air guitar. This time, the car is headed for a blood bank.

In the same way, Elliott smashes through the building, leaving a hole on the other side, and keeps going as if nothing happened. As blood starts to rain down on the sidewalk, people run over into the downpour, yelling 'Free blood!'

Elliott's car screeches into the NASA parking lot. We see a large space shuttle in the background, as the director's name appears on screen. Hopefully it's STEVEN SPIELBERG, but we'll see.

ELLIOTT approaches the large white door of the NASA building, chuckling to himself despite the lateness of his arrival.

ELLIOTT  
National Ass Space Ass

He continues to laugh at his own joke even as he reaches for the door-knocker, which is shaped like a butt. When he lifts the knocker, the door and the semicircular top doorstep rotate 180 degrees like a bookshelf in a Scooby Doo cartoon, leaving him on the inside facing out.

ELLIOTT  
Whoa

He stops laughing and lifts the door-knocker again as though he were going to knock on the door from the inside, and the structure rotates again, leaving him outside. Elliott resumes laughing, then lifts and lowers the door-knocker several more times before staggering off the platform. [If this is the kind of movie where people can have stars circling around their heads to show that they're dizzy, he has them]

CHERYL, the NASA secretary, looks up from the front desk just as ELLIOTT falls to the ground.

CHERYL  
You're late

ELLIOTT  
Shut up, Shirley

CHERYL  
It's Cheryl. And you're still late

ELLIOTT  
\*Your lol

CHERYL [rolling her eyes]  
You know where to go

ELLIOTT gets up, still chuckling and occasionally muttering "National Ass Space Ass" under his breath as he staggers toward an open doorway.

Enter LADY LOVELY, one of ELLIOTT's co-pilots. She is wearing her full spacesuit sans helmet, holding something tightly in one hand, and running as fast as she can. She glances quickly behind her and crashes into Elliott, sending them both crashing to the floor.

LADY LOVELY  
Move, bitch, get out the way

Enter RONALDO FRUMP, ELLIOTT's other co-pilot, in hot pursuit of LADY LOVELY. He is covering the top of his head with both hands, and every time a hand moves, a big chunk of his Oompa-Loompa-Orange makeup falls to the floor.

RONALDO  
Give it back!

LADY LOVELY stands up, completely ignoring Elliott, and this time runs toward RONALDO. She leaps onto his shoulders and reveals what she was holding: Ronaldo's shiny green toupee. She places it on his head for an instant before snatching it away again, jumping off his shoulders, and running toward the open doorway that she entered from.

RONALDO  
Give it back!

LADY LOVELY  
You'll have to pry it from my cold, severed arm.

RONALDO  
Burn in hell

LADY LOVELY  
My burning, severed arm.

RONALDO and LADY LOVELY bolt down the hallway. ELLIOTT picks himself up and shakes his head a few times to clear it before following them, walking at his normal speed.

ELLIOTT  
Good to see that they've been keeping busy in my absence.

The screen goes black, and there is a stop-motion montage of ELLIOTT suiting up in the equipment room. It is structured like a vacation photo album of ELLIOTT, LADY LOVELY, and RONALDO, except it's entirely in the equipment room and the only things happening are ELLIOTT putting on his spacesuit while LADY LOVELY and RONALDO fight over the green toupee. In the very last photo, ELLIOTT is all suited up except for his helmet, which he is carrying at his side. In the background, LADY LOVELY is holding RONALDO's toupee just out of his reach. RONALDO's tiny, childlike hands are clearly visible.

INTERIOR: PRE-BOARDING ZONE

MIKEY (mechanic)

Mr. Thomas, you have a phone call.

Elliott glances up, brushing off some dust from his spacesuit. Mikey has taken a pause from checking the controls to answer the phone that he now holds out to Elliott.

Elliott reaches out to take the phone.



Mikey pauses, pulling the phone out of Elliott's reach.

MIKEY

You really should be safe out there. People care a lot about you.

Mikey runs his other hand down Elliott's check.

Elliott rolls his eyes, stepping back.

ELLIOTT

Oh Mikey, you know there's only one human I'm interested in.

Elliott looks wistfully to Lady Lovely on the other side of the room, laughing as she continued to shake Ronaldo's toupee just out of his reach.

Mikey sighs dejectedly and hands Elliott the phone, walking away.

ELLIOTT

Hello?

DREW BARRYMORE

Ready to go to Mars?

ELLIOTT

As ready as I'll ever be.

DREW BARRYMORE

Don't joke around Elliott. For real. We need access to Mars to secure the survival of the human race.

ELLIOTT

(Frustrated)

Don't you think I know that? I've given my life to space.

DREW BARRYMORE

You sound stressed. Elliott, maybe this mission is too much for you.

ELLIOTT

God, DREW BARRYMORE, I'm fine.

DREW BARRYMORE sighs.

ELLIOTT

(in a hushed tone)

I just can't help but think about E.T.

DREW BARRYMORE

Hey. E.T. would be proud of who you've become.

Elliott begins to openly weep.

Cut to Ronaldo Frump and Lady Lovely standing across the room watching Elliott. They exchange looks like "what is he doing".

Lady Lovely goes to check the controls.

Ronaldo Frump continues to look disgustedly at Elliott crying.

RONALDO FRUMP

I'm so sick of humans. If an opportunity presents itself I may just betray the entire race.

LADY LOVELY

(from a few feet away)

What

Cut to Elliott on the phone.

Elliott has managed to pull himself together, wiping his tears on the sleeve of his shiny space suit.

ELLIOTT

Thanks sis. It's crazy how we found an alien as kids and now you're president and I'm a super cool astronaut about to board the Marscelsior. And speaking of super cool, I think this trip is when I'll finally score with Lady Lovely.

DREW BARRYMORE

Just focus on the mission Elliott. Lady Lovely would never go for you.

ELLIOTT

Oh, we'll see about that.

Elliott turns at winks dramatically at Lady Lovely, who is too busy messing with the controls to notice. He sees that Ronaldo's back is to him and begins flipping him off and laughing.

Ronaldo Frump turns around and narrows his eyes at Elliott, his hand reaching longingly to the ray gun on his belt. He sighs and rubs his bald ass head.

Elliott chuckles a little more at the green wig then turns his attention back to the phone.

DREW BARRYMORE

Anyway, I just wanted to say good luck.

ELLIOTT

Hey, DREW BARRYMORE, did you ever tell anyone you were one of the kids who found the alien years ago?

DREW BARRYMORE

Of course not. I'll take that to the grave, as should you Elliott.

ELLIOTT

Okay. Never mind.

DREW BARRYMORE

Elliott, don't be an idiot.

ELLIOTT

You sound just like mom.

They're both quiet a moment, remembering their mother, who was alive.

DREW BARRYMORE

Everything should go as planned. If something happens just ask yourself what E.T. would do.

ELLIOTT

DREW BARRYMORE...you like E.T. as just a friend,  
right?

DREW BARRYMORE

(flustered)

What? Of course, Elliott, I'm married, and I mean  
he's...and I'm...just focus on your mission.

ELLIOTT

Speaking of your marriage, have you checked on  
Gunner and the kids yet?

DREW BARRYMORE

What do you mean, check on them?

ELLIOTT

I just mean earth is going kind of haywire. People  
have been dying left and right. Might wanna make sure they're  
okay.

DREW BARRYMORE

Why would you even say that?

ELLIOTT

(sighs)

Sorry. I'll bring you back some space rocks from Mars.

DREW BARRYMORE

Thanks. I know you guys will do great.

ELLIOTT

This is my chance to show the world who Elliott is.  
Not just the President's lame older brother, but a star. A  
world-renowned astronaut who conquered Mars.

DREW BARRYMORE

Come back safely, Elliott. Good luck.

Elliott hangs up the phone, thinking of how proud he is of his  
little sister. This is his chance to make her proud of him.  
And score with Lady Lovely.

INTERIOR: MAIN FLIGHT DECK

Elliott has just finished up the call to his sister, with tears fresh in his eyes. He wipes them away with his hands and brushes them onto his Space Pants.

ELLIOTT

That was a nice phone home I just had with my sister, the President.

ELLIOTT glances over to the controls but is distracted by LADY LOVELY

ELLIOTT

Buh- uh...bug-ugh...wuh- YOWZA!!!

LADY LOVELY

Ahem. We need to do a systems check.

ELLIOTT is still staring at LADY LOVELY and his eyes are doing that cartoon thing where they pop out of his head

ELLIOTT

Everything looks good to me, Elliott, the now-grown boy who rescued E.T. when I was younger. I have never told anyone that before.

RONALDO FRUMP

What.

LADY LOVELY

What.

ELLIOTT

I want to fuck Lady Lovely.

RONALDO FRUMP

I have checked the systems and they are good now.

RONALDO FRUMP's suit begins beeping wildly. He tries to cover it up, but its screeching howl is eternal

ELLIOTT

Why is the Evil-O-Meter™ on your suit beeping wildly?

ELLIOTT is quickly distracted by LADY LOVELY once again, and stops paying attention to RONALDO FRUMP

RONALDO FRUMP

Because I sabotaged the ship.

ELLIOTT is still distracted. Actually, he's even more distracted now. He pulls out a pair of binoculars to look at her, even though she is 5 feet away

RONALDO FRUMP

I cut the lateral thrusters so that if there is an anomaly out there in Outer Space, it will be inescapable. I'm basically dooming us to die in the cold void of Outer Space.

ELLIOTT

Nice. Okay.

ELLIOTT begins noticeably drooling at the sight of LADY LOVELY

ELLIOTT

Hubba-huuh-bAH!!

LADY LOVELY

We should head into the space kitchen and make space breakfast before we launch. It's a cruel world up there in Outer Space and this could be our last meal if I am foreshadowing the upcoming danger correctly.

ELLIOTT

I am incredibly thirsty so I will walk with you to the space kitchen. To get a drink.

ELLIOTT turns to the camera and winks, but he isn't very good at winking, so it looks like he has to sneeze

LADY LOVELY

Gesundheit.

INTERIOR: SPACE KITCHEN

LADY LOVELY

So did you see Rogue One? Can you believe that they used CGI to add Grand Moff Tarkin into the story even though actor Peter Cushing, who played him in the original film, died in 1994?

ELLIOTT

I love your eyes.

LADY LOVELY

I believe that this might set a bizarre precedent in the movie industry. Will all actors soon be replaced with lower-quality versions of themselves? Though art often imitates life, we more often take the life from that art only to synthesize it down into a cheap knockoff, rather than beginning to take that life seriously once more.

ELLIOTT begins to pour milk into his bowl for his cereal. This is a red flag for the audience to show that ELLIOTT is fucked up, as pouring the milk before the cereal is a glaring character flaw

ELLIOTT

I can't believe they only have skim milk on this dang ship, the Zayn Malik II.

LADY LOVELY

Perhaps the quick move to use CGI reflects something even larger, and more pervasive, in our society. The creation of great technologies at such an alarming rate can only last so long before we take too many steps forward without looking down, and we suddenly find ourselves falling off of the metaphorical high-dive, down into the dark, 12 foot depths below.

ELLIOTT

Fuck, we are out of Reese's Puffs.

LADY LOVELY

It reminds me of a quote from Dr. Ian Malcom in Jurassic Park.

"Your scientists were so preoccupied with whether or not they could, that they didn't stop to think if they should."

There goes art imitating life again, I suppose.

LADY LOVELY chuckles to herself and swishes some Space Chardonnay

ELLIOTT

Haha yeah. I loved Jurassic Park. I wish we could bring back dinosaurs for real, though.

LADY LOVELY

On a personal level, Cushing's depiction seems to be an act on par with grave-robbing. You take the image of the deceased without their consent, bastardize it, and sell it for what? The continuation of Disney's billion dollar profits? Is that really more important than a man's representation?

ELLIOTT



Oh wait, I found the Reese's Puffs.

An alarm goes off across the entire ship

ELLIOTT

What could that be, I wonder. Let's go check it out.

INTERIOR: MAIN FLIGHT DECK

RONALDO FRUMP

Guys, we got a retweet from the official NASA  
Twitter account.

ELLIOTT

No way. Holy shit.

LADY LOVELY

Did you check to see if the account was verified or  
not?

RONALDO FRUMP

No, but look at it. It has the logo and everything.

LADY LOVELY

It's just a parody account you dipshit.

ELLIOTT

You stupid motherfucker.

LADY LOVELY

Fuck you.

RONALDO FRUMP becomes visibly red and his Evil-O-Meter™ goes  
up a little bit more

RONALDO FRUMP

I actually knew that it was a fake account. I  
knew it the whole time. And I'm going to  
leave if you guys don't quit teasing me for  
it.

RONALDO FRUMP punches a hole in the TV that was hanging on the wall

LADY LOVELY

Hey everyone. I brought a Nintendo Wii U on board. Maybe we can play that to forget about the dumb Twitter account. I can tell that it's getting a little tense in here.

LADY LOVELY pops a Nintendo Wii U cartridge into the Nintendo Wii U.

ELLIOTT

I call being Player 1.

The TV does not turn on because there is a hole in it

ELLIOTT

What the heck. There must be dust on inside the Nintendo Wii U cartridge.

ELLIOTT takes out the Nintendo Wii U cartridge and blows on it back and forth like a harmonica, but there is still a hole in the TV, so nothing happens

RONALDO FRUMP

Hey guys, can you help me put together this Gründtal I bought from IKEA?

Elliott

What the fuck is a Gründtal?

RONALDO FRUMP

It's a table. Try and keep up. If you keep asking these questions once we get Mars, I'm going to feed you to Bloodwing.

A falcon crashes through the windshield of the ship. Stuck to its plumage is a nametag that reads "Hello, my name is Bloodwing"

BLOODWING  
SQUAWW SQUAWWWW SQUAWWWWWW.

RONALDO FRUMP  
Bloodwing, please hand Daddy that screwdriver so I  
can put together this Grundtal myself.

BLOODWING  
SQUAWW SQUAWWWW SQUAWWWWWW.

Bloodwing sends the screwdriver through the air to RONALDO  
FRUMP, while simultaneously shitting on ELLIOTT's shoulder.

Elliott  
Game recognize game.

Bloodwing crashes into the hole in the TV and gets  
electrocuted

RONALDO FRUMP  
My only friend. Damn it, 2016!

RONALDO FRUMP is red with rage. His Evil-O-Meter™ goes up even  
further and beeps like a New Yorker stuck in traffic

LADY LOVELY  
That must be the space microwave telling me  
that my meatball sub is done cooking.

ELLIOTT  
You know what the funniest thing about Europe is?  
It's the little differences. A lotta the same shit  
we got here, they got there, but there they're a  
little different. You know what they call a meatball  
sub in Paris?

LADY LOVELY  
They don't call it a meatball sub?

ELLIOTT

No, they got the metric system there, they wouldn't know what the fuck a meatball sub is.

LADY LOVELY  
What'd they call it?

ELLIOTT  
They call it a Mange Mon Âne.

LADY LOVELY  
Mange Mon Âne? What'd they call a Big Mac?

ELLIOTT  
Big Mac's a Big Mac, but they call it "Le Big Mac."

LADY LOVELY  
Le big Mac! Ahhaha, what do they call a Whopper?

ELLIOTT  
I dunno, I didn't go into a Burger King. But you know what they put on french fries in Holland instead of ketchup?

LADY LOVELY  
What?

ELLIOTT  
Updog.

RONALDO FRUMP is less red now. The shade resembles a washed out pink Hollister T-shirt that a frat boy would wear. But not too pink. Just light enough so that he still feels tough

RONALDO FRUMP  
What's Updog?

ELLIOTT  
I ate your dumbass falcon.

LADY LOVELY

Fellas, we still need to calm down before we launch. Let's try meditating to some soothing music, and maybe a few breathing exercises as well.

LADY LOVELY lights a few lavender scented candles, and plays Designer's #1 hit single "Panda" on the ship's intercom system.

RONALDO FRUMP

What is this shit? This guy isn't even saying real words. I miss old rap.

ELLIOTT

Oh my god- do not be that guy.

RONALDO FRUMP

I'm not being that guy? I just miss the way hip-hop used to be. What happened to caring about your lyrics? Biggie and 2Pac were my childhood and this is horseshit.

LADY LOVELY

Honestly, Ronaldo, you are being a huge asshole right now. Some people just like to have a good time. Why can't they listen to music they enjoy?

RONALDO FRUMP

You guys are always ganging up on me and I'm sick of it. I'm gonna go check my eBay bid instead.

RONALDO FRUMP exits the room, while Elliott has a mouthful of Bloodwing. By now, "Panda" has ended

ELLIOTT

Lol, more like "Frumpf" ahahaha. That's funny. I might get that on a hat.

LADY LOVELY

Can we turn on the heat in here? My arm is freezing.

ELLIOTT

Yeah, let me find the keys so I can start it.

ELLIOTT and LADY LOVELY spend the next 20 minutes searching for the keys in silence. We show all of it and never pan away. They flip over couch cushions and even open the Space Fridge to try and find them

LADY LOVELY

Wait, there are no keys. It's a push to start.

ELLIOTT

Oh yeah.

ELLIOTT pushes the button and all of the boosters begin to ignite. The Zayn Malik II's sudden shaking causes the TV to fall off of the wall and land on the Nintendo Wii U, shattering it instantly.

LADY LOVELY

My step-brother is going to kill me.

Wind chimes play and the camera gets all wavy looking to indicate a flashback sequence is starting

INTERIOR: LADY LOVELY's step-mother's apartment

LADY LOVELY's STEP-BROTHER

You can take my Nintendo Wii U to Mars, but if a TV falls off of the wall and shatters it, I will kill you.

Wind chimes play and the camera gets all wavy looking to indicate the flashback sequence is over

INTERIOR: MAIN FLIGHT DECK

RONALDO FRUMP

What the hell is going on? This shaking made me lose out on my eBay bid. Wha-woahhhh.

The Zayn Malik II begins to lift off, and all three of the crew, as well as Bloodwing's half-eaten carcass, are thrown about the flight deck.

ELLIOTT

I forgot to throw away my Arby's cup before we launched.

RONALDO FRUMP

Well, the ship only has three cupholders, so you better figure it out. And there's no way you are putting it in mine.

By the time he was finished talking, ELLIOTT had already moved his Arby's cup one spot back into RONALDO FRUMP's designated cupholder.

LADY LOVELY

Hang on, everyone. We are taking off, and we might even jump Boulder Canyon!

The ship flies toward a ramp placed in front of Boulder Canyon. They successfully hit the ramp and soar over the canyon below, then hit a similar ramp on the other side.

EVERYONE

Yeeeeeee-hawww!!!

The ship flies upward to the sky. Along the way they pass a biplane carrying a sign behind it that reads "Bernie would have won." The camera zooms in to show the pilot, Bernie Sanders himself, who gives a thumbs up before doing a barrel roll and crashing into the side of Boulder Canyon.

Bernie Sanders

Ahhh. Damn.

The ship reaches the outer atmosphere and detaches from the boosters. They float in the general direction of Mars for about 8 months. We show this whole sequence as well. Because the Nintendo Wii U broke, they only have a deck of Uno cards to play with. After the first 2 months, they resort to eating

the cards to survive because they had finished all of the Reese's Puffs and the skim milk had soured.

Elliott

Wow. I can't believe Mars is now only a few minutes away. Crew, begin landing sequence immedi-

Suddenly, a wormhole opens like 5 feet in front of the ship or something.

LADY LOVELY

Engage the T-8008s, Ronaldo! Steer right and head on straight. As long as we keep ourselves out of the magneto-electro-gravitational field we should be able to hyperloop our drives, make the P-U dropoff point, and get back on track to Mars quick!

FRUMP

Engaging T-8008s. Hey Elliott, you got that meatball sub? Ha-ha.

ELLIOTTT

(Rolls eyes)

Release the cosmic space astro-emissions, Lady L.

LADY LOVELY

(Pushing up a lever)

Releasing... Releasing... Releasing... Releasing... I can't get it up! It's stuck!

ELLIOTTT heroically unbuckles his seat and runs over to LADY LOVELY, who is sitting to the right of FRUMP. He pulls her delicately out of her seat. FRUMP moves to get up but ELLIOTTT pushes him down with his left hand. A very consistent detail.

ELLIOTTT

We need you to stay in your seat, Ron. This here's a one-man job.

FRUMP looks touched by the nickname. He grabs ELLIOTTT's hand and a moment of doubt crosses over his otherwise unflappable



countenance. He squeezes once. LADY LOVELY is offended and confused in the background.

FRUMP

Okay, El. You got it.

Now ELLIOTTT has trouble with the lever.

ELLIOTTT

Releasing... It is stuck! Lady L, come back, help me get a handle on it.

ELLIOTTT stands up, LADY LOVELY comes back, and together they lock their feet against the chair, then push.

ELLIOTTT and LADY LOVELY

RELEASING... RELEASING...

The lever suddenly pushes up and they fly away.

ELLIOTTT

(Smugly)

Cosmic space astro-emissions released. Not bad for a couple of "nerds."

ELLIOTTT and LADY LOVELY smile at each other from across the cockpit. LADY LOVELY winks.

LADY LOVELY

Just steer clear now and we'll be ready to hyperloop the drives in no time.

She wipes some sweat off her brow and flicks it away sexily. ELLIOTTT does the same. They laugh. Everything has become very calm.

FRUMP

Hey, anybody want to order some pizza and watch the show? Ha-ha. Just kidding. Space joke, you know? Wormhole joke. Hey, Elliottt, take the wheel why don't you, I gotta launch a couple o' rockets into the shitter, if you know what I mean. Ha-ha. I'm kidding, it's A-OK, I'm staying right here in this

seat. I'll keep on steering straight and we'll stay totally clear of the big wormhole.

ELLIOTTT

That's great Ronaldo, but do you mind shutting up for a second and just steering the damn thing?! I mean really!

LADY LOVELY

Yeah, this wormhole's no joke!

FRUMP

(With a snarl that only we can see)

I got a joke for you right here, ha-ha!

He swerves left, towards the wormhole, then swerves immediately back right. LADY LOVELY stumbles and falls into ELLIOTTT's arms, where they exchange a brief glance. ELLIOTTT pushes her off, but not before her hand brushes his thigh. FRUMP notices jealously.

LADY LOVELY

Knock it off, Ronaldo. I said this wormhole's no joke!

FRUMP

No joke? [Muttering] I got a joke for you right here...

He swerves left again. LADY LOVELY falls into his lap. She jumps off, but not before her hand brushes his thigh. She moves over to the opposite side of the cockpit and straps into her seat as FRUMP swerves right again. He shifts his body because he has a boner.

FRUMP

Hey Lady L?

FRUMP swerves left again, but this time apparently accidentally slips and swerves too hard. His face is really inscrutable! An even mixture between a dastardly smile, a hungry grimace, and straight-up fear. Then he licks his lips as he tries to pull right again, which makes the hungry thing stand out. ELLIOTTT runs to his seat and straps in.

ELLIOTTT

Hachi machi, Ronaldo! Quit it! This is no joke anymore!

But it's too late, joke or not. FRUMP looks determined. LADY LOVELY looks scared as she gets back into her seat. The three of them brace themselves as the ship speeds towards the big purple wormhole.

ELLIOTTT

Lady L, engage the shield-rockets! Brace T-18 for maximal JR-8. It's gonna be a bumpy ride!

LADY LOVELY

You'll pay for this one, Ronaldo!

Her head is pushed back to her seat and her mouth is rippling like you see in the movies, with the lips drawn back and all. We cut to FRUMP, who is now laughing, but no one else notices.

ELLIOTTT

The ship's speeding up now. Launch front-rockets!

LADY LOVELY goes for the front-rocket lever.

ELLIOTTT

Uh-oh...

It's a big dick.

LADY LOVELY

Who did this?

FRUMP keeps laughing about his evil plans, but ELLIOTTT and LADY LOVELY assume it's because of the dick-lever. So does the audience.

FRUMP

I got a front-rocket for you to grab! Hahaha!

The ship speeds towards the wormhole. We see it flying through space. Then...

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. White House - The Oval Office

We open on a chair facing towards the window. The door opens and a bumbling idiot with a stack full of papers that he can barely keep in his hand runs in. He's like 20 and his shirt is wrinkled and he's got stubble and he's really squinty and stoney and his tie is kind of loose.

IDIOT

Mr. President! Uh-whoaoa... We got some news for you here... Hang on...

The IDIOT drops some files and as he looks up the chair swivels around.

DREW BARRYMORE

(Smirking... One side of her mouth  
is smiling bigger than the other  
like always)

That's Madam President to you, dumbass.

There's a silence as DREW sits there with the smile. There will be a lot of applause here. I know she was in an earlier scene but then she was SIS BARRYMORE so I think this is different and she will get a LOT of applause.

IDIOT

I'm sorry, Mist- Madam President. I'm sorry I'm so sexist. But there's a bigger issue at hand here!

DREW BARRYMORE

I doubt that.

IDIOT

I th-think, Madam Presid-

Now POWERFUL WOMAN 2 enters.

PW2

Madam President.

She salutes.

DREW BARRYMORE

At ease, NASA Director Sweetbottoms. What's the news?

SWEETBOTTOMS

Madam President... It's the ship. Epsilon-Tau-Hunter. It's... It's gone.

DREW BARRYMORE

GONE? ET-HUNTER IS GONE? What do you mean? Where's my brother, Elliottt?

SWEETBOTTOMS

(To the IDIOT)

Hey fuckbrain, get that bong off your face and get over here.

IDIOT

Yes sir- I mean, ma'am.

SWEETBOTTOMS

Read President Barrymore the information on page 34.

IDIOT drops some papers looking for page 34, bends down and picks it up.

IDIOT

Let me see... Yeah, uh, here it is. Epsilon-Tau-Hunter, AKA the Elliottt Ship, was diverted from its mission to Mars by the electro-magneto-gravitational field of a Sudden Wormhole in G18.

SWEETBOTTOMS

That will be all, lardass. Now get out of here.

She pinches his butt as he leaves. DREW sits down, upset. Her smile is now not there on either side. She slaps herself in the face, straightens up, and puts her hands on the table. We see on the table two photographs: one of ELLIOTTT, and one of ET.

DREW BARRYMORE  
(Whispering)

I'll save you.

She thinks she's talking to ELLIOTTT, but she's really talking to both.

DREW BARRYMORE  
Okay, NASA Director Sweetbottoms. What do we do?

MONTAGE.

ET THEME in background. Flight plans being made. Spaceship being designed with extra thrusters. A man is in front of a big poster describing the physics of wormholes. DREW BARRYMORE and SWEETBOTTOMS are cuddling in bed. DREW BARRYMORE is the big spoon. She kisses SWEETBOTTOMS on the cheek, then pulls out her APPLE MAC LAPTOP, which has a checklist of things that need to be done. A clock moves fast. IDIOT is crossing days off of a calendar. The spaceship is being erected. Finally, we see it taking off.

DREW BARRYMORE  
(Looking up at the rising rocket)  
Godspeed, brave astronauts. Save Lady Lovely. Save Ronaldo Frump. Save my brother.

Instantly, the ship explodes in the sky.

DREW BARRYMORE  
Ahh, fuck

Camera pans down on strange alien world. The skies are a pastel orange, the clouds are green. The moon and sun are both visible, the moon slightly smaller than the sun. A tree line of assorted alien plant life is a rainbow of colors. Peaceful piano noise plays over the sounds of assorted animals. A

shimmer appears from the sky, growing in size from a small dot until it is revealed that it is the ship.

Camera cut to inside the ship. Lady Lovely has a meatball sub in her hands and is about to take a bite when the lighting turns red and a generic siren blasts over the loudspeaker. She immediately drops the sub, splattering over the floor. The camera follows one of the meatballs that has spilled out and is rolling across the floor. The meatball runs into Elliott's foot, who is standing in Lady Lovely's doorway.

ELLIOTT

Lady, something's wrong with the ship.

LADY LOVELY

Well, no shit.

ELLIOTT

I mean, ugh, never mind. I think the wing got ripped open when we went through the wormhole. When we went through the PlanET's atmosphere, we must have been going so fast that it caught on fire. The landing systems are down.

Camera cut to the outside again, flaming ship quickly approaching the PlanET, a smoke tail drifting behind them. Previous animal noises have been replaced with theatric strings.

Cut to Frump, in a different wing of the ship, admiring a bolt, smiling to himself as the alarms blare. A patter of footsteps can be heard approaching down the hall and Frump hurriedly stuffs the bolt in the pocket of his uniform. Lovely and Elliott have just sprinted there.

ELLIOTT

Captain Frump, status update. The ship has been breached, our right wing had a panel loose and in the wormhole it was ripped off. Our turbulent descent through the atmosphere of PlanET ignited a fire in the wing. Our landing systems have been compromised.

THEMATIC MUSIC

FRUMP

Thank you cadet, I now must manually land the ship. Lady Lovely, you go to the starboard bow and see if I will be able to deploy the landing gear. If it's obstructed... well, it won't be pleasant. Cadet Elliott, your orders are to pull the data log from the main computer down in the second deck.

FRUMP SHOULDERS HIS WAY TO THE FRONT OF THE SHIP, WHERE THERE ARE FUTURISTIC SHIP STEERING DEVICES. FRUMP FLIPS ASSORTED SWITCHES ON THE DASH, FLIPS LEVERS, ETC. CADETS ELLIOTT AND LOVELY HAVE DISAPPEARED TO THEIR RESPECTIVE ASSIGNMENTS. FRUMP PULLS ON THE CORNER OF HIS EVIL MOUSTACHE AND REVERSES HIS CAPTAIN HAT, GRIMACING TO SHOW HE MEANS BUSINESS.

FRUMP OVER WALKIE TALKIE

Lovely, what's it look like down there?

CAMERA CUTTING BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN LOVELY AND FRUMP

LADY LOVELY

It's blocked by the fire. We're gonna have to crash.

FRUMP

Find something sturdy then. It's gonna get real bumpy, real quick.

FRUMP PULLS BACK HARD ON THE STEERING DEVICE. CAMERA CUTS AGAIN TO THE OUTSIDE AS THE SHIP IS SPIRALING DOWN BUT BEGINNNING TO PULL UP

ELLIOTT

Hachi Machi, Captain! The systems check said that the wing was missing a bolt, and that's what caused The Ship™ to crash.

FRUMP, CHUCKLING TO SELF

Wow, we must've been tampered with! I'll keep my eyes peeled for a criminal.

ELLIOTT, GLANCING AT FRUMP'S RISING EVIL-METER



Captain, your evil-meter is rising. Is it possible you  
tampered  
with the ship?

FRUMP

Uh

LADELY LOVELY ENTERS, BREAKING TENSION.

Captain, the speaker in the main corridor said we're going  
down  
at any second.

CAMERA CUT TO THE OUTSIDE, THE SHIP™ QUICKLY APPROACHING THE  
TREE LINE, THEN CRASHING INTO THE GROUND. THE CAMERA SHAKES,  
AND  
WILDLIFE IS FELLED. SMOKE RISES FROM THE TREE LINE. SILENCE,  
FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN TO THE SHIP. THE PASSENGERS ARE SHAKEN, BUT OKAY.  
SMOKE  
CLEARS OUT, AND A BOLT IS ON THE FLOOR, RIGHT NEXT TO FRUMP'S  
POCKET, WHO IS LYING ON THE GROUND. HE FLICKS IT AWAY TO A  
CORNER OF THE WRECKED SHIP, WHERE IT SLIDES UNDER THE DROPPED  
MEATBALL SUB FROM EARLIER.

THE PASSENGERS STEP FROM A HOLE IN THE SHIP, VENTURING INTO  
THE ALIEN WORLD. THEY SEE A PLANET FULL OF ET PEOPLE. ONE OF  
THE ETS IS DRESSED IN A COSTUME. HE WEARS A NAMETAG THAT SAYS  
"CLOWN ET". THE CAMERA PANS INTO THE ENDLESS FORESTRY, ETS  
EVERY WHERE. ONE OF THEM IS GRILLING, HIS NAMETAG READS "DAD  
ET". ONE HAS PINK HAIR AND IS NAMED "EMO ET". IT IS A GLIMPSE  
INTO ET'S WORLD.

ELLIOTT

Wow. It's so beautiful here, just like someone on this ship.

FRUMP

Thank you

LADY LOVELY

Let's go explore

FRUMP

Sure thing, investigating how the ship was tampered with would be bad.

ELLIOTT

Yes, you're right. I am in complete agreement.

ELLIOTT'S EYES ARE PANNING TO THE OTHER ETS. HE MAKES EYE CONTACT WITH ONE WEARING A VEST OF FISHING HOOKS AND FISHNET AND REALLY HIGH BOOTS. HER NAMETAG READS "HOOKER ET".

CAMERA CUT TO A PANEL ON FRUMP'S WRIST. A MESSAGE POPS UP FROM "EARTH" AND A SMALL NOISE EMITS.

LADY LOVELY

What was that?

FRUMP

Uh, I just ordered a meatball sub for my wife back on Earth. It's ready to be delivered.

ELLIOTT

That seems suspicious. Also your evil-meter is rising again.

FRUMP

Don't worry, cadet. I would never do anything to sabotage us.

CAMERA PANS UP AND ZOOMS OUT OF THE TRIO WALKING INTO THE FOREST OF VARIOUS ET PEOPLE. THEY ARE A SILHOUETTE. THE SUN IS SETTING, ANIMALS NOISES HAVE RETURNED. THE OUTLINE OF FRUMP CLEARLY REMOVES HIS WRISTLET AND FLINGS IT AWAY. ELLIOTT'S HAND LONGINGLY EXTENDS TOWARD "HOOKER ET". LADY LOVELY KEEPS WALKING, UNFAZED.

SOFT ACOUSTIC GUITAR PLAYS IN THE BACKGROUND.

6:

RONALDO FRUMP:

Alright, squad. Let's head toward that market to get some nourishment.

ELLIOTT:  
What the fuck?

RONALDO FRUMP:  
What?

ELLIOTT:  
Did you just call us "squad"?

RONALDO FRUMP:  
Yeah, what's the big deal?

ELLIOTT:  
I mean, nothing really. It just seems weird. I don't think I've ever heard you use the word "squad" before. It was kind of jarring.

LADY LOVELY:  
It was pretty strange, I'll have to admit.

They begin to argue loudly in the middle of the street for a few hours, until sunset, when suddenly some ghost soldiers walk past

GHOST SOLDIERS (IN UNISON):  
Well, well, well. Look at this squad we have here.

RONALDO FRUMP:  
So it's not jarring when they do it? Fuck you, Elliott.

The ghost soldiers take drag them off of the street and into an underground tunnel

GHOST SOLDIERS (IN UNISON):  
Don't move. Or we'll put a bullet in you before you can say "Reese's Pieces"

RONALDO FRUMP:  
Why the hell would I say Reese's Piec-

At that moment, a GHOST SOLDIER pulled a gun from his jacket and shot RONALDO FRUMP in the foot, but since it was a ghost bullet, it passed through normally. The guards get angry and take the three of them further down the tunnel, and throw them into a prison cell.

LADY LOVELY:

How did their ghost bullets pass through, but they can still grab and throw us?

ELLIOTT:

A planet full of ET's, but I still haven't seen the one that matters most to me, Elliott, the main character.

Just then Elliott and the rest of the crew notice a shadowy figure sitting in the corner of the cell, with a small glow coming from behind it

ELLIOTT:

N-no....it can't be. It can't be...

It isn't. ELLIOTT turns the "figure" around to see it's an amorphous pile of space garbage, and not ET at all

ELLIOTT:

Fuck

ET:

Watch your mouth, young man

Just then, the real ET emerges from the other side of the cell

7:

INT.- SORT OF DARK WITH JUST ENOUGH LIGHT TO SEE

Elliott looks his old buddy up and down for the first time in years

ELLIOTT

E.T. you son of a gun it's been too long!

Elliott laughs heartedly as ET turns so that his back is facing Elliott

ELLIOTT

Well uh, how's it going ET my old friend from years ago?

Flashback to clips from the original ET (preferably just the entire first movie so that viewers are caught up with what has happened)

ET is non-responsive

ELLIOTT

ET? It's me, Elliott we--

E.T.

You know my name isn't E.T. you condescending fuck.

ELLIOTT

(VISIBLY TAKEN ABACK)

Egads! \*gasp\* ET what's gotten into you--

E.T.

God damn it kid I just told you my name isn't E.T. That's just a nickname you gave me because we didn't know how to communicate when you were like 10 years old. You know you'd think that after mind and spirit melding like we did you would know my real fucking name but no. NO. I guess my identity is just solely up to your understanding and interpretation of the world around you. E.T. stands for "Extraterrestrial" because I was an alien to your planet. Well guess what buddy, that means that YOU are actually E.T. now! How does it feel Elliott? Hmm? Being reduced to a mundane title with no identity despite being close friends with someone?

ELLIOTT

Well, gosh E.T.! I didn't know you could talk!

E.T.

Jesus fuck

ELLIOTT

Well , E.T., what are you doing in this here jail?

E.T

Well kid, after I was rescued from Earth, I came back to invent the bike on our planet. Needless to say it was a massive hit. There were 3 things I was swimming in for years there Elliott. You know what they were? Bikes, plimbo, and money. Good lord I had it made, but then--

ELLIOTT

Plimbo? What does that mean in your lang--

E.T.

It means pussy Elliott. I have fucked so many women it's probably not healthy. It's likely that about a 3rd of the population on this planet is directly related to me at this point. But they liked bikes and life was good, for a while. And then we were invaded by the ghost king and his minions. We tried to fight them off but they were just too powerful. To stop me from procreating an entire army against them they locked my in here and now  
(a single tear runs down his face)  
No more plimbo for ol' Jonkus here.

ELLIOTT

Gosh E.T., thats horrible. After you left I made it my mission to go out and find you, and boy were we lucky! My sister, Drew barrymore is the president back on Earth and she gave us a spaceship so we could find you, and then during our mission we were sucked into a wormhole and landed here! How lucky is that?

E.T.

As a matter of fact, it was actually I who brought you here!

\*dun dun dun; Lady Lovely shrieks\*

E.T.

I used the powers of raw, unadulterated friendship that we dually possess to open a tear in the space-time continuum and bring you here to save my people.

\*E.T. suddenly notices Lady Lovely in the corner of the cell\*

E.T.

REEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

\*As E.T. lets out a shrill, supple, and surprisingly seductive wail, his neck extends to the ceiling\*

E.T.

Yowza! What a woman you've got here Elliott!

ELLIOTT

(Blushing)

She's a very beautiful woman who happens to be an astronaut with me.

E.T.

Well it would be a crime to "naut" ride that ass amiright brother?

\*E.T. and Elliott high five so hard that Lady Lovely's clothes fly off. E.T.'s eyes do that cartoon thing where they pop out of his skull\*

ELLIOTT (cont.)

Hubba hubba yoink BaBao we've got a naked lady up in this cell!

\*Elliotts astronaut helmet spins around on his head\*

ELLIOTT

Oh no what is going on with my helmet?!

\*He looks again at Lady Lovelies boobies\* and his helmet starts spinning even faster. As he continues to look at her, his helmet keeps gaining speed until it flies right up into the ceiling and drills a perfect hole, large enough for a person (and possibly an E.T) to get through.\*

E.T.

(trying to reach his tiny arms far enough to touch Lady  
lovelies teet)

Elliott! You're a genius! Now we can bust out of here!

\*A guard E.T. falls through the hole into their cell.  
Immediately without any emotion E.T. stops what he's doing and  
snaps the guards neck while staring directly at Elliott with  
his gigantic eyes\*

E.T.

(quietly) now let's get out of here before I lose my fucking  
cool

INT. SPOOKY SPACE PRISON CELL - NIGHT

LADY LOVELY is wagging a leg through the cell bars to try to  
attract a horny ghost. One of the GHOST GUARDS glances at her,  
then resumes ogling a cheesecake pin-up picture of Blinky from  
Pac-Man.

LADY LOVELY

Well shit, I'm all out of ideas.

ET stands up and goes to the cell door to attract the GHOST  
GUARDS' attention. When he goes to grab them, his hands go  
right through the bars.

ET

Motherfuck, of course. It's a ghost prison.

ET jumps through the bars and runs at the GHOST GUARD night  
watchmen.

CUT TO

INT. SPOOKY SPACE PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT

ELLIOT, ET, LADY LOVELY, & RONALDO FRUMP pressed up against  
the wall. ET has just telekinetically lobotomised a trio of  
ghost guards and is dismantling their dead ghost bodies with  
his mind.

ELLIOT

Goddamn it, ET! We gotta stop shitdicking around in here.  
There's a time and a place for this sort of depravity, and  
fleeing a prison is not it.



ET takes a drag on his cigarette and freezes ELLIOT with an icy stare.

ET

THIS IS EXACTLY THE TIME AND PLACE. Teach these "sheet-heads" who they're up against, send a little message. You wanna play the big boss now, huh, Elliot? Talk me down, whine to me about morality? You ain't gonna do jack. Deep down inside, you're still that same wide-eyed frightened little kid.

ET stubs his Camel out on the wall and flicks it dismissively at ELLIOT.

ELLIOT

You're wrong ET. Life was tough even without a telekinetic space gremlin soulmate to get you in, and ultimately outta, scrapes. The streets are hard, harder than you could ever know.

LADY LOVELY

Elliot, ET, please, that's enough. Look, Elliot-- She pins him up against the wall.

LADY LOVELY

Remember what you told me when we were kids in NASA class? You & ET could do anything because you did it together. That commonality of purpose is something we need right now if we're going to survive this. So maybe you let your buddy take fewer prisoners... But you, ET.

LADY LOVELY brandishes an accusatory finger at ET.

LADY LOVELY

Maybe you need to start remembering a little humanity. ET sparks up another cigarette.

RONALDO FRUMP

Oh jeez, you guys. Guy-o's. Buds. We got company. Another trio of GHOST GUARDS are floating down the hall, whirling their nightsticks and whistling scary calliope music. ET gives Elliot a glance and ELLIOT nods. ELLIOT grasps a ghostly truncheon from one of the dismembered guards and

roars. They run around the corner and rush the GHOST GUARDS, bashing them all up into paste. LADY LOVELY & RONALDO FRUMP scamper around the corner to join them. They all run down the hall.

LADY LOVELY

Keep going you fabulous hunks, & Ronaldo, we're almost at the hangar.

RONALDO bristles, his sweat sloughing orange from his face. ELLIOT is leading the way but triggers a trapdoor and plunges down it. ET's long arm grabs him just before he's out of reach.

ELLIOT

Saving my ass again, huh, buddy?

ET

Don't you know it.

They laugh as ET pulls ELLIOT back up to surface level. LADY LOVELY & RONALDO FRUMP vault over the trapdoor pit and position themselves at either side of the t-junction they have arrived at. A sign on the wall opposite reads:

←HANGER

FLIGHT CONTROL →

RONALDO FRUMP

Oh uh, gee, uh, I guess we gotta split into teams. I'll, uh, go with Lady and ensure nothing happens to her.

ET

I'm with the dame. Elliot, you take Ronny and find us a ride. We'll take care of the clearance codes.

ELLIOT

ET?

ET

Yeah?

ELLIOT

Be careful out there.

ET  
Tight.

They nod at one another, embrace, and then run off in their respective directions.

CUT TO

INT. HANGAR BAY - NIGHT

RONALDO FRUMP & ELLIOT are wandering through a big hangar bay full of spaceships. There is nobody around. They lean against one of the smaller spaceships and sigh. RONALDO leaves a big orange smear over the paintwork from his tiny hand. He tries to rub off with his cuff, but only buffs it brighter.

RONALDO FRUMP

Jeez, things sure got a little crazy back there, little pal, huh?

ELLIOT

We'll never survive unless it does. A wise man said that once. I just... I didn't expect ET to get so violent. When he started drawing stuff with that ghost's dismembered face...

RONALDO FRUMP

Hey, man, we've all been through a lot this afternoon. I lost a toupee.

ELLIOT

Sure. Hey, I like the look of this one.

ELLIOT gestures at a really big red ship.

ELLIOT

I'll text ET and let him know it's the really big red one. He pulls out his phone, which might be a nice opportunity for some product placement, and sends ET a text.

CUT TO

INT. SPACE PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT

LADY LOVELY

Cut the kid some slack, will ya, ET? It's been a long time since he's seen you.

ET

I know, dollface. It's just...

He takes a drag on his cigarette.

ET

These friggin' ghosts can change an extra-terrestrial... They ascend the ramp to the Flight Control room and pause.

ET

Something's wrong.

There's movement behind the opaque door to the Flight Control room. ET puts his finger to LADY LOVELY'S lips to silence her. She smiles & he allows his finger to linger a little too long. Her tongue darts out and licks it. Suddenly his phone beeps. They look at the phone in alarm. There's a grunt from behind the door and a huge ghost guard smashes through it. It's the DAD GHOST of this prison. ET sizes him up.

DAD GHOST

I knew it would be you, ET. Who else would be so bold but the famed "Butcher of Polaris". Well, unlike my sweet boys, you'll find me a little more... robust a challenge.

The DAD GHOST's pecs ripple with intent & ET takes a swig of milk from his hip flask.

ET

Finally, some friggin' action around here.

LADY LOVELY tears a fire axe off the wall. She throws it at the DAD GHOST and hits him right in the groin. He begins gushing viscous ectoplasm, but shows no signs of slowing. ET and the DAD GHOST begin to tussle as she goes for the control panel.

LADY LOVELY

Really big red ship ready to go, ET!

DAD GHOST does a big punch and ET slides backwards across the floor to near the control panel. He pats LADY LOVELY on the thigh.

ET

Get to the hangar, toots. Seizing a spectre is big, tough, man's work.

ET winks at LADY LOVELY. She grins coquettishly in response & then departs down the corridor. ET roars, his arms extending outwards, and grabs the ghost by the throat. As he choke-slams the ghost to the floor he turns to camera, grinning triumphantly.

ET

Against me, Dad Ghost? You didn't even have a **ghost** of a chance.

CUT TO

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT.

LADY LOVELY rushes into the Hanger and gestures at RONALDO FRUMP & ELLIOT to get into the ship.

ELLIOT

Where's ET?

With a crash of glass ET and the DAD GHOST come tumbling through the viewing screen of the flight control room, punching one another, and land on the floor with a thud. ET's finger begins to glow red hot and he runs it across the DAD GHOST's neck, decapitating him. ET runs over to the spaceship as a dozen armed ghosts pour into the room. He & ELLIOT high five.

ELLIOT

You crazy son of a bitch.

ET laughs & takes the controls.

ET

Elliot, my man, you ain't seen nothin' yet.  
ET pulls the triggers on the control stick, and the ship's cannons reduce the ghosts in the hanger to liquid gore. Rather

than open the doors, ET blows a hole in the wall and punches the accelerator. The red ship blasts into hyperspace.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT.

The spaceship banks and turns towards a little grey planet.

STAR WIPE TO

EXT. REBEL ENCLAVE LANDING STRIP - NIGHT.

A dozen scared ETs watch the spaceship land with alarm. In the crowd are: SHE-T, FAT ET, PROFESSOR ET, OLD GRAMPA ET holding an BABY ET in a papoose, a diminutive WEE-T, POSH ET, WAR ET, DAD ET, SPY ET, KARATE ET, a KID ET & A MEATBALL SUB. Several ET extras are puttering around in the background; sharpening swords, buffing grenades, learning semaphore etc.

KID ET

Grampa, is it them? Have the phantoms come for us?

OLD GRAMPA ET

I'd never let them take you. I'd snap your head clean off your neck myself if it came to it.

Two ET extras with laser axes approach the landed ship. The door opens & ET emerges triumphantly, lighting a cigarette.

CROWD IN UNISON

ET!

OLD GRAMPA ET

Ha ha! That crazy motherfucker'll be the death of me.

FAT ET & MEATBALL SUB rush up to ET and embrace him. FAT ET is winded.

FAT ET

Gee... \*huff\* you really... \*huff\* worried us this time... E... T...

ET

Fat ET, it was crazy out there. I saw things that would put even you off your food!

FAT ET, ET, & THE CROWD all laugh.

LADY LOVELY & RONALDO FRUMP begin exiting the big red spaceship. A quiet falls over the crowd.

OLD GRAMPA ET  
Is that him?!

POSH ET  
By jingo! Yon child of destiny's loins, & whatnot?!

DAD ET  
He is certainly orange, like a star might conceivably be.

PROFESSOR ET  
Your orange worm-thing looks pretty whack to me, ET.  
ET bursts into laughter at the misapprehension. Belittled, RONALDO FRUMP makes another failed grab for his toupee, but ends up falling face first into the mud & simultaneously soiling himself.

ET  
No, this here is my strong, strong boy. This is Elliot.  
ET pulls ELLIOT from behind the disembarking passengers to the front of the stage. ELLIOT does a thumbs up at the crowd, and a cheeky wink. We cut to a close-up of SHE-T. Her neck extends and she flutters her eyelashes in automatic response to ELLIOT's visage.

SHE-T  
DAMN, that's a tall drink of spacewater, the space equivalent of water.

ET (to crowd)  
Alright boners, let me catch y'all up.

CUT TO

INT. REBEL ENCLAVE SITTING ROOM - NIGHT.  
The ETs are sat around listening to ET's daring escape story. LADY LOVELY is sat on his right, gazing at him as he charms the crowd. RONALDO FRUMP is conspicuously absent. ET drags on his cigarette.

ET

And then I slashed his skull off with my hot finger, blew a hole in the prison with our spaceship, and hauled ass back here.

FAT ET

That was a pretty baller move, ET. Someday, I wish I could be a baller like you.

ET

Come now, Fat ET, if we're ever attacked by a mean plate of sandwiches I know who I want on my side.

ET, THE CROWD, and FAT ET, who is totally cool with jokes at his expense, ALL laugh.

ELLIOT and SHE-T meekly exchange glances at the back of the room. Something about her reminds him of an old, profound, and shameful sexual fantasy from his youth and this disquiet plays about his horny yet conflicted face.

ET leaves the stage and embraces MEATBALL SUB.

ET

It's good to see you, old friend.

MEATBALL SUB

You could have sent me an email at yeast.

MEATBALL SUB shoots ET a rye smile. FAT ET, ET, MEATBALL SUB, ELLIOT, LADY LOVELY & PROFESSOR ET all embrace. After a moment, and a wink, PROFESSOR ET pulls out a little tin box. He opens it to reveal a half dozen neon space tech decks. ET smiles.

ET

Bro, you remembered.

The gang all begin to play, with the ETs performing the kind of sick air only a being with ET-length fingers could accomplish. After a few minutes of acrobatic skateboard action, WAR ET takes the stage and begins shouting in thick, angry cockney.

WAR ET



Okay, you gaggle of fucks. Get yer lugs set to listen. It's lights aht, ya hear me? We ain't givin those ghost fucks any chance to find us, so we're all on lock-dahn. I want total radio silence, no google or nuthin, no sign we're 'ere. That goes for your lot too, ET, get your stinkin' little arses to bed. Anything could 'appen tomorraah.

CUT TO

EXT. REBEL ENCLAVE - NIGHT

RONALDO FRUMP is sat on a stump, his blotchy orange skin glowing in the pale moonlight. He pulls out his phone, the screen bathing the area in bright white. The camera pans to over his shoulder and we see him typing "Express delivery space wigs." into a search bar. As the ETs all snuggle in their wall-mounted papooses, ominous music swells.

INT. HIDEOUT TAVERN - LATER

Elliott, E.T., SHE.T., Professor et (an E.T. with glasses, a labcoat, and a white mustache), Fat E.T., and a meatball sub, and various other E.T.s quietly drink space beers on disheveled wooden stools. Elliott, sitting at the bar, looks lustfully at SHE.T, who sits at the other end of the bar.

PROFESSOR ET

(in a very sophisticated British accent. John Cleese, if he's available)

Elliott!

Professor et yells into Elliott's dazed face.

ELLIOTT

Wha- what? I wasn't imaging if I could make babies with members of your species.

PROFESSOR ET

I was just explaining to you how the wormhole works. Listen - with enough gravity --

Elliott looks over and sees Fat E.T. lead the meatball sub by

the hand into a back room.

ELLIOTT  
(smiling)  
That lucky dog.

PROFESSOR ET  
Fine. I'll find someone who will  
listen.

Professor et walks away, muttering science to himself.  
Regular E.T. approaches his old friend Elliott.

E.T.  
Have you tried any of the space  
beer?

Elliott takes a sip.

ELLIOTT  
Yeah. I was wondering about that.  
Why do you call it space beer when  
we're not in space right now?  
(MORE)  
I get that we had to travel through  
space to get here, but shouldn't it  
be called, you know, 'this planet'  
beer?

E.T. has fallen asleep. Elliott shakes his head and laughs. He  
looks back up to where SHE.T. was sitting. She is no longer  
there. He gasps.  
A wrinkly brown finger pokes him on the back.

SHE.T.  
Looking for someone?

ELLIOTT  
Ha ha. No. I was just-... Space beer?

SHE.T.

No thank you. I'm a recovering  
space alcoholic.

ELLIOTT

Oh. I'm sorry about that.

SHE.T. literally pushes E.T.'s asleep body off of his stool.  
He does not wake up upon hitting the floor.

SHE.T.

So, how are you finding the place?

ELLIOTT

It's nice. I see Frump and Lovely  
are enjoying themselves.

Ronaldo Frump and Lady Lovely are shooting dice in the corner  
of the tavern with a bunch of E.T.s, waving some foreign space  
currency.

SHE.T.

Yeah... You just seem a little lonely.

A slide whistle sound effect. Elliott looks down at his crotch  
(which we do not see). He reaches across the bar and grabs  
the fedora off of the bartender's head and uses it to cover  
his erection.

ELLIOTT

Well... I wouldn't say that...

Elliott chugs the entirety of his space beer. He then grabs  
the space beer of the person sitting behind him and chugs it  
as well.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

(He lets out a large belch.)

What were you saying?

SHE.T.

I was just thinking that maybe we  
could... hang out some time.

Another slide whistle sound. Elliott pulls the hat away from  
his crotch. There is now a hole in the top of it.

ELLIOTT

Yeah... Um... I would like that a lot.

The front door is kicked down. A team of ghost soldiers enter.

GHOST SOLIDER

GET DOWN! NOBODY MOVE!

(he holds a ghost blaster to Elliott's face)

On the authority of the Ghost King,  
we hereby deem you all under  
arrest.

The Ghost Soldier notices Elliott's erection.

GHOST SOLIDER (CONT'D)

Jesus, man. Walk that off.

EXT. HIDEOUT TAVERN

Everyone inside the tavern is lined up in front. Several  
Ghost Soldiers keep order with ghost blasters drawn. The  
leader reads off of an old-timey scroll.

GHOST LEADER

We have direct orders from the  
Ghost King himself to bring several  
of you to his court for your  
immediate execution. The list is as  
follows.

The gang all makes eye contact with each other hoping it's  
not them.

GHOST LEADER (CONT'D)

E.T.!

E.T. steps forward.

GHOST LEADER (CONT'D)  
SHE.T., Fat E.T., professor et,  
Elliott, Lady Lovely, Ronaldo Frump--

As Frump walks by the Ghost Leader, he gives him a wink.

GHOST LEADER (CONT'D)  
And--  
(he looks at his list puzzled)  
A meatball sub?

The meatball sub steps forward shaking his head.

GHOST LEADER (CONT'D)  
As for everyone else...  
(The Ghost Leader pauses dramatically)  
Shoot them.

The Ghost Soldiers open fire on the others in the bar with their ghost blasters. It's a sad scene.

LADY LOVELY  
You didn't have to kill them!

The Ghost Leader gets very much up in Lovely's face.

GHOST LEADER  
Don't make me hit a woman to show  
the audience that I am an  
irredeemably bad person.  
(to his soldiers)  
To the palace!

INT. GHOST KING'S PALACE - LATER

The Ghost King sits on a glass throne in a massive hall. The hall is adorned with shiny things. A significant amount of the budget will be blown on this set piece.

The gang (Elliott, Lovely, Frump, E.T., fat E.T., SHE.T., the Professor, and the meatball sub) walk before the ghost king.

GHOST KING

KNEEL.

The gang kneels slowly, except for Frump, who does it rather readily.

GHOST KING (CONT'D)

You stand before me guilty of the  
worst crime in the entire galaxy.

FAT E.T..

Sodomy?

The meatball sub shoots Fat E.T. a soul-searing look.

GHOST KING

No. TREASON.

The word treason echoes several times. The room has incredible acoustics.

GHOST KING (CONT'D)

And for that, you shall all be  
punished by dea--

ELLIOTT

Wait!

Elliott stands up. The ghost soldiers in the room gasp.

GHOST KING

Who dares stand before I, the Ghost King?

ELLIOTT

Um. My name is Elliott. You're about  
to put me to death.

GHOST KING

...and?

ELLIOTT

I was wondering if you could maybe,

not, do that.

GHOST KING

But if I do not put you to death,  
won't my subjects see that you can  
defy the will of the Ghost King and  
face no punishments?

ELLIOTT

Of course, of course. But I was  
thinking that instead we could...

E.T. glares at his friend.

E.T.

What are you doing?

ELLIOTT

...play a game of basketball  
instead?

The Ghost Soldiers gasp again. One faints into another's arms.

GHOST KING

HAHA! You cannot be serious.

ELLIOTT

I am serious. If we win, we get to  
live. If you win, you can kill us.  
Deal?

The Ghost King thinks it over. He stands up, and pulls at his  
pants. They tear away revealing basketball shorts.

GHOST KING

DEAL! The game will be held in the  
palace square in two hours. Be  
there or be... square.

He looks to a Ghost Soldier for approval of his joke, but he  
gets none.

GHOST KING (CONT'D)  
BEGONE!

The gang is escorted out of the court by Ghost Soldiers.

ELLIOTT and SHE-T meet up in Elliott's holding chamber to go over some plays. SHE-T is wearing her best bow, her lucky bow. She allegedly got it from a dinosaur she defeated once but SHE-T doesn't remember which one so everyone is pretty sure she murdered a little girl for it.

ELLIOTT:  
SHE-T, there's something I need to tell you.

SHE-T:  
What is it?

ELLIOTT flips his hair and looks off to the side as though someone is taking his photo for instagram.

ELLIOTT:  
I don't think we're gonna win this game. Half the team is 3 fat aliens and a sandwich.

SHE-T:  
Of course we will. We're the good boyS!

ELLIOTT:  
But Are you a good boy, She?

SHE-T:  
Of course I am, and I'm always gonna be your good boy.

Elliott's penis twitches in his JNCO jeans.

SHE-T:  
Babe?



ELLIOTT:

Uhhhhhhh uhhh im sorry its just uhm when you say tha-

She t

When I say im a good boy?

Elliott

Yeaaassss yaaasssss yeh

SHE-T:

Do you want help relaxing before the big game?

ELLIOTT:

Yes ddadddyyyyyyyyyyyyy

SHE-T removes her... shirt? SHE-T doesn't even wear clothes and no one really discussed this, did they? SHE-T removes her bow.

ELLIOTT

Ugh! You look just like ET. I love it. Please spread your rolls and let me butter them.

EELLIOTT pulls his dick out and it looks just like a dog dick peeking out of its casing. It's disgusting. Why does that happen? Every time my dog gets excited that happens and it's awful but SHE-T loves it. SHE-T is ready for his dog dick

SHE T pulls a flap of flesh up from her side.

SHE T

Put it in.

ELLIOTT

I'M TOO SMALL. I'M TOO SMALL A BOY. WE ARE GONNA DIE TOMORROW.

All of a sudden there is a gravitational explosion where ELLIOTT is now attached to SHE-T. he's screaming for someone to help him but SHE-T is swallowing him in her extraordinarily

slippery leather skin. There's goo coming out of every one of her crevices. It smells like orange juice but its smooth, almost syrupy.

ELLIOTT  
ARE YOU JUST A GIANT BREAKFAST SAUSAGE?

SHE-T  
I... im gonna

Right as ELLIOTT is going to cum, three words echo through the room, three words he hasn't said in years.

ELLIOTT  
BACON AND EGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGS!!!

Back in the locker room, ET and FRUMP are training and stretching each other out. They are wearing 4 pairs of sweatpants each. ET's headband is NIKE. FRUMP's, unbranded.

FRUMP:  
I think Elliott is calling for us.

ET:  
Come on, Frump, it's like you're not even trying. This game is a matter of life and death!

ET is spinning a basketball on his finger.

FRUMP:  
Maybe for you.

ET:  
What?

FRUMP:  
I mean... my life is empty. Losing it would mean nothing to me. I am simply here while simultaneously not.

FRUMP pulls the last can of soda out of the plastic cuffs that keeps them together and throws the plastic in the garbage.

ET:

What are you doing? Fucking cut that shit.

ET rushes to the garbage can, tears up every hole, and puts it in the recycling.

ET:

Don't you know when you throw that shit away uncut it goes into the ocean and turtles get stuck in them and their shells grow all fucked up because it grows too slow to break the elastic, only stretch it? And it looks like the shells were squeezed. And when a beautiful dolphin gets it stupid face stuck in it, it starves to death because it can't open it's mouth to eat.

FRUMP:

Thought dolphins were supposed to be smart.

ET is furious. ET had suspicions about the kind of person FRUMP was but this just proves it.

ET:

You know what? I don't think you're a Good Boy at all! I haven't trusted you since we crashed.

FRUMP:

Ok well I haven't trusted you since the 80s when you put the weight and responsibility to take care of you on a fucking 10 year old boy, despite how it affected his life.

MEATBALL SUB is laying on a bench.

ET:

We aren't fighting, Meat.

FRUMP:

Hey it's okay buddy.

MEATBALL SUB:

Slllloouuchmmmmchffffff

ET:

WHAT!? How is it time for the game already!?

MEATBALL SUB:

sllmmmmcccacchhhhhhaaaooooooooooooosqulech

What the wise and attractive MEATBALL SUB realized that our friends did not is time and space is bent in this place. Not as significantly as it would on Glashiria, a distant planet where days last 23 seconds, but here... every hour is just a minute.

ELLIOTT and SHE-T walk in.

ELLIOTT:

Wait, say that again, Meat.

MEATBALL SUB:

Sllmmmmcccacchhhhhhaaaooooooooooooosqulech

ELLIOTT:

Do you know this means?

SHE-T:

What does it mean?

ELLIOTT:

I held my load for like an hour!

ET:

How... could you... do this to us?

ELLIOTT:

Don't worry, E. I made her take off the bow.

The good boys all high five and the rest of the team appears in uniform. SHREK ET appears from behind a light fixture, playing The Boys Are Back In Town.

SHREK ET

Hell yeah they are

EXT. ALIEN ARENA - DAY

Crowds of ET swarm past ELLIOTT, ET, LADY LOVELY, FAT ET and SHE.T. All five look nervous. Fat ET holds meatball sub in his hands.

Elliott turns to ET.

ELLIOTT

I don't know about this, ET.

ET turns painfully and slowly and stretches up a finger to silence his human friend.

ET

I'll be right...here.

FAT ET

Murp!

LADY LOVELY

Fat ET's right, guys. We have to do this. For freedom. Fat ET and ET make noises of agreement and waddle into the crowds. SHE.T follows, and looks back at Elliott. She bites her lip and returns to her march, hips swaying seductively.

ELLIOTT

Hachi machi.

Elliott shudders. Lady Lovely taps him on the shoulder.

ELLIOTT

Huh?

LADY LOVELY

Come on!

They disappear into the crowd. We see their basketball jerseys - purple and gold - and the name of the team..

ANNOUNCER ET

(V.O)

The Good Boys!

The crowd roars.

INT. ALIEN ARENA

A door shoots up. Lights blind our team, and they raise their arms to shield themselves. As they adjust to the light they step out onto the court, where thousands upon thousands of ET cheer their names.

Fat ET raises his meatball sub with both arms triumphantly. The Announcer - a moustached ET with a classic Michael Buffer-esque voice - points down at him from a mile up into the stands.

ANNOUNCER ET

The Meatball Sub and his partner, Fat ET!

FAT ET

Yarf! Arr!

Lady Lovely twirls a basketball on her finger and smirks.

ANNOUNCER ET

(V.O)

The Lush Lady Lovely!

ET does a push up, followed by a lightning bolt pose.

ANNOUNCER ET

I don't believe it folks, it's the original ET,  
The Extra Terrestrial!

Elliott and SHE.T nod at each other. She hops onto his back and Elliott, in a superhuman feat of strength, does a running

start before leaping high into the air. He lands at the halfway point of the court before sliding the rest of the way on his socks.

ANNOUNCER ET  
Elliott and SHE.T!

The crowd fucking loses their god damn shit. Elliott and SHE.T wave at the ET crowd, smiling, ready to fuck and be fucked. Suddenly a door behind them opens up, and the crowd starts to boo. Elliott frowns as some sinister silhouettes appear in the door.

ELLIOTT  
Is that us?

ANNOUNCER  
(V.O)  
Uh oh, folks! It looks like..

LADY LOVELY  
There they are..

FAT ET  
Uh oh!

Zoom in on GHOST BOSS, who crushes a meatball in his hand. Fat ET gulps. Ghost Boss and team smile smugly.

THE ANNOUNCER  
(V.O)  
It's the Bad Dudes!

Cheers can be heard among the boos, because evil teams still get cheered for some reason.

THE ANNOUNCER  
Players...start your engines!  
The two teams line up. The Bad Dudes have twice as many members.  
ET and Ghost Boss stare at each other.

ET

I -

A ghost punches Elliott in the face, causing him to fall over. Lady Lovely and SHE.T rush to help him as the ghosts laugh.

FAT ET

Blargal Hurr!

LADY LOVELY

He's right! You don't have honour!

Ghost Boss continues to laugh when ET grabs him by the collar. The small alien leans in close, and Ghost Boss stops laughing.

ET

I will break you.

REFEREE-T

Alright, break it up!

The Referee separates them, but both continue to glare. This is more than just a basketball game now.

Elliott waves Lady Lovely away and looks at SHE-T. The alien chick raises a finger, puts it on his chest, and trails it gently down towards his waist. Zoom in on Elliott's face, whose eyes suddenly look ready to bulge from their sockets.

REFEREE-T

(V.O)

Are you gonna be alright?

Elliott shifts and gulps, his eyes doing the cartoony thing where they pop out.

ELLIOTT

Oh...I think I'm gonna be fi-YAH! Fine! Let's do this!

Elliott swings up and out of shot.

Ghost Boss and Elliott stand to face each other as the referee holds the ball between them. Ghost Boss looks at ET quickly.

ET

(Mouthing the words)



Motherfucker.

Ghost Boss frowns. The ball whizzes past him into the air, and he jolts to alertness. He and Elliott leap to tip it...

GHOST BOSS

Mine!

Ghost Boss possesses the ball mid-air. His face appears on it, staring down grinning at Elliott.

ELLIOTT

Dios mio...

GHOST BOSS

Har!

The ball slams down into the court, cracking it, before bouncing across into the hoop. Ding!

ANNOUNCER

Point one to Ghost Boss!

Ghost Boss reappears behind ET, startling him. ET looks up, eyes wide.

GHOST BOSS

You're garbage, ET. You always wanted to belong...now we'll make sure you belong. In the SPACE GARBAGE!

ET gasps as Ghost Boss fades away. Ding!

MONTAGE: BASKetBALL

Cue the greatest basketball game in the universe. The possessed ball lands in the hoop repeatedly as ETs and Ghosts alike dodge, duck, dip and dive. Each point to the Bad Guys is a stab to the heart for our Good Boys. Elliott groans in disbelief at their misfortune. ET facepalms. Ding ding ding!

MEATBALL SUB

Hashtag - we're gonna lose!

Lady Lovely looks at the scoreboard. It's lambda to pi, and there's still a lightyear on the clock. She does a dreamworks-esque eyebrow raise.

LADY LOVELY

No we're not. I have an idea.

The group takes their positions as another tip starts. Fat ET stands in front of the basket, guarding it. He nods at the meatball sub, who's standing opposite a ghost in the tip. The whistle blows. Both meatball sub and the ghost leap for the ball, and the ghost gets it. The possessed ball hurtles over the heads of the opposition towards the basket.

LADY LOVELY

(erotically)

Now!

Fat ET's neck stretches to previously unthought of heights, his face now directly in the path of the ball. He opens his mouth.

GHOST

Mamma mia!

Fat ET swallows the ball. His eyes bulge out of their sockets, like the cartoony thing again, before he spits out the ball. It lands directly into the Bad Guy's basket. Ding for the Good Boys!

The crowd roars in appreciation of the play. Fat ET grins and soaks up the attention like the pathetic piece of work that he is.

FAT ET

(Hilariously Italian)

That's a spicy meat-a-ball!

MONTAGE: BASKetBALL

The Good Boys start to catch up. Fat ET eats ghost basketballs and spits them out like there's no tomorrow. Meatball runs with the ball before being tackled by a ghost, who takes the ball and raises it triumphantly - it's a meatball! That tricky

sub made a sub of his own! Meatball sub leaps into the air with the real basketball and scores a hoop. Lady Lovely sticks a leg out seductively from behind a doorway, distracting a pair of ghosts, who drop the ball and run towards her. SHE.T takes it and scores a basket. The Bad Guys wheel a cannon out onto the court. They fire a ball into the basket, scoring a point. Elliott grunts.

ELLIOTT  
(grunting)  
Grunt!

He dials a number on his phone and holds it to his ear.

ELLIOTT  
Professor et, now!

EXT. SPACE - LOW PLANet ORBIT

A satellite is orbiting the planet. We see Professor et in the window, pressing down a button. A massive laser shoots from the bottom of the craft.

INT. ALIEN ARENA

Ghosts dive out of the way as the laser obliterates the cannon, and cracks the floor of the court. Ghost Boss grows two extra arms to hold extra basketballs, and throws six into the basket in quick succession. Six dings follow, obviously. ET choke slams a dude. A ghost throws a Frisbee into the basket. Ding! The scoreboard at halftime is epsilon to mu. The teams retreat to opposite sides of the court, panting. Professor et waddles up to them.

PROFESSOR ET  
It's no use! You'll never make it. They're just too far ahead.

FAT ET  
Hurr?

Elliott and SHE.T are making out in the corner. They're covered in meatballs.

MEATBALL SUB

We have to do something about this!

LADY LOVELY

The fact that they're making out in your blood, the fact that we're losing, or the fact that you're sentient?

ELLIOTT

Hachi machi!

The arena roof opens. Good Boy and Bad Guy alike look up. A giant green saucer descends into the court to the roar of the crowds. As it gets closer it starts to resemble a giant lily pad.

ELLIOTT

Wait a second...

Several dozen humanoid frogs stand atop the pad, waving at everyone in sight. They're clad in basketball jerseys and each has a basketball tucked under one arm.

One of the frogs hops off the pad and walks towards Elliott.

HA HOPS GET IT

SNOOP FROGG

Hi. I'm Snoop Frogg.

ELLIOTT

Sweet

SNOOP FROGG

When you were a child you freed my ancestors from their trays, and saved them from certain death.

ELLIOTT

Yeah

SNOOP FROGG

We are proud to honour the life debt they owe you, by showcasing our super sweet basketball skills.

ELLIOTT

Nice

SNOOP FROGG

Together, the Good Boys and the Globhoppers will free this PlanET from imprisonment!

ELLIOTT  
'Aight

They high five. The RefereET blows the whistle.

ANNOUNCER ET  
Three-team basketball! Let's go!

The court groans and shifts, becoming a triangle. Snoop Frogg looks at Elliott as all teams take positions.

SNOOP FROGG  
Alright, Elliott. We'll cover your basket, you go for gold.

ELLIOTT  
Fuck. Yeah

He looks around and shakes his head.

ELLIOTT  
(muttering)  
Shit, I'm so high.

The whistle blows. SHE.T takes the ball and runs with it, the frogs protecting her every step of the way.

MONTAGE: EXTREME BASKetBALL

Frogs use their tongues to catch the ball and score. Fat ET sits on ghosts. SHE.T and Elliott catch Ghost Boss in a giant net.

MEATBALL SUB  
Plan Delta! Go Fat ET, go!

FAT ET  
Yazooba!

Fat ET sprints for the basket at 25mph. ET and SHE.T guard either side of him. For the first time we see ETs running in unison and it is beautiful. The audience should be aroused at this point.

Fat ET sweeps up Meatball Sub in his arms as he reaches the halfway point. Snoop Frogg roundhouse kicks a ghost. Elliott's

catatonic at this point. Lady Lovely is boxing the referee.  
Shit's just wild.

Ghost Boss breaks free of the net and trips Fat ET up. He goes flying, knocking a tooth out but still gripping tightly to the ball.

Fat ET looks at the chaos around him, struggling to come to his senses. A child is screaming.

MEATBALL SUB

Fat ET!

FAT ET

Uh...

MEATBALL SUB

You can do it! Remember what I told you! Be yourself!

Fat ET nods with difficulty, and climbs to his feet. He runs.  
The Ghost Boss roars.

Elliott cheers.

Fat ET slam dunks the ball.

FAT ET

Kobe!

The crowd cheers. ETs run out onto the court. Man, Frog and ET alike stand in unison, hugging, kissing, just doing all sorts of depraved shit.

ELLIOTT

Booya! You did it Fat ET!

Fat ET fist pumps.

ELLIOTT

Keep it up and you might be known as regular ET.

He swoops in to look at regular ET.

ELLIOTT

You're on thin fucking ice-

SHE.T pats Elliott's arm. He turns to look at where she's pointing, and sees Ghost Boss with the ball in his hands. The Bad Guys look sheepish.

GHOST BOSS

I guess...I guess the real game..

ELLIOTT

(gently)

Was the friendship we made along the way.

Elliott touches his hand gently. They smile at each other, and the camera pans up.

EXT. ALIEN ARENA BALCONY - NIGHT

Ghost Boss is stood looking out over the desert. ET appears in the doorway.

ET

You think it's over?

Ghost Boss looks back at him.

GHOST BOSS

The planet is yours again. I don't like it, but that's the way space basketball goes.

ET

Not that.

ET reveals a gun and points it at Ghost Boss.

ET

Nora. Talk.

Ghost Boss raises his hands.

GHOST BOSS

It wasn't my fault. You have to believe me. I would have saved her if I could...you know I loved her.

ET stares, his hand trembling. He lowers the gun.

ET

It's not over.

ET leaves again. Ghost Boss sighs and continues to stare out into the abyss. He frowns and looks through a nearby pair of binoculars.

EXT. THE ABYSS - THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

Captain Frump rises out of a pile of trash. He points out at Ghost Boss.

FRUMP

You and I have work to do.

ADE IN: EXT. BASKETBALL STADIUM. Frump is leaning against the podium, having walked away from the crowd to enjoy the refreshing taste of a Space Marlboro Spacegarette, with less SpaceTar. He runs a wart covered hand through his greasy green hair.

FRUMP

I do enjoy the taste of Space Marlboros. The Spacegarette that's fun and cool to smoke.

He takes a long drag on the spacegarette, which glows green at the tip. The 6 foot face of the GHOST BOSS appears next to him with a POP. The GHOST KING clearly started talking before he appeared, cutting off the start of his sentence.

GHOST BOSS

-ARE YOU DOING.

FRUMP, startled at the sudden and gigantic appearance of the GHOST KING's massive face inhales and swallows the Spacegarette. He splutters on his hands and knees for a full 9 minutes.

FRUMP

What the hel- WHAT THE HELL. (Beating a fist on his own chest)  
WHAT THE ASTROCRAP WAS THAT FOR??

GHOST BOSS

(Now normal size) I wanted to see what you were doing.

FRUMP



What does it look like? I'm choking to death, thank you for that.

GHOST BOSS

(missing the sarcasm) Yes. It looks like you and your stupid friends have won your freedom, for now...

FRUMP

You may have lost the basketball game, but there's a way that both of us can win.

GHOST BOSS

Are you sure? I don't think you have a GHOST of a chance!

FRUMP

I have a proposition, follow me, quietly...

GHOST BOSS

Okay, but you don't have a GHOST of a chance!

!FADE IN: EXT. WASTELAND - SHIPWRECK

FRUMP

This is where your soldiers, ghost soldiers- space ghost soldiers captured us. I lied to my crew, said the ship was damaged beyond repair but I only need to refuel and I can leave this hell ass planet. In exchange I'll give up my crew and help you defeat ET.

FRUMP gestures at the leaked fuel, it's glowing blue on the ground. The fuel cartons that are taped to the side of the ship have quite obviously been opened and leaked on purpose.

GHOST BOSS

THIS IS NOT A HELL ASS PLANET. YOU SPACEBUTT.

FRUMP

It is. It is a hell ass planet, and I'm offering you a deal here, What do you say?

GHOST BOSS

Suppose I was able to even find fuel for your craft. How would you even give up your crew? You're already stuck here!

FRUMP

Well that's the beauty of it. I KNOW you have fuel for my craft. Our ship runs on ...GHOST PISS.

GHOST BOSS's eyes open widely. Frump looks around expecting an ambush but only the silence of the wasteland and the occasional ad placement litter blows by.

FRUMP

As for t-(a BURGER KING wrapper blows into his face. The camera lingers on it for a few seconds. GHOST KING licks his lips and winks at the camera, just out of focus) As for the crew-

GHOST BOSS

I don't care about that now! Why don't I just piss on your ship and take it back to earth myself?!

GHOST BOSS looks smug as heck, he twangs his braces, which he is now wearing for this scene.

FRUM

Because you're a damn ghost, that's why! You can't polite a ship this complicated! It took my years of training to learn how to open the door!

FRUMP slaps his hand on the ship's door. A stair door descends with HISS, slowly moving to greet the ground with a clown horn noise.

FRUMP

See? You'd never be able to get in.

GHOST BOSS

Oh I can get in alright. I'm INSIDE YOU RIGHT NOW

FRUMP's eyes glow green. The GHOST BOSS disappears and FRUMP walks up the stairs into the ship. We hear the sound of A MAN

PISSING followed by the combined laugh of GHOST KING and FRUMP.

As the ship starts up and pulls itself off the planet a small figure stands in the wake of the fuel steam, looking up and trembling as the ship blasts away. The steam settles to reveal it is none other than well known character 'ASTHMATIC E.T'

ASTHMATIC E.T

Oh ... (panting) ... no! (more panting) - I have to tell the ...  
(panting) ... others ...!

CUT TO:

EXT: Basketball stadium

Everyone is celebrating and slapping each other on the back, when suddenly there is a sound of engines. The ship rises up behind the hills, flies high above the gang and zooms off, high into space. GIRL ET looks up.

GIRL ET

Wait- is that the ship?

ELLIOTT

... What?

ALL are amazed and confused

ELLIOTT:

Frump betrayed us... It was him that said the ship was broken. It was him that said the comms were broken. The ship must have been fine all along. He's sold us out... It's over... We're fucked guys. Even though we absolutely smashed that basketball game that should have solved everything because that's how interplanetary diplomacy apparently works, we're absolutely fucked! The earth... it's over. It's all over.

All are dismayed at the realisation that Frump has been a total snake in the grass (same level as Taylor Swift) since literally minute one of this epic adventure.

ELLIOTT:

[angrily & tearfully] Bye... Frump.

(Note this reference to the classic moment in the original film, but here, it is symbolic of Elliott's loss of innocence). ELLIOTT collapses into GIRL in a broken wreck.

GIRL ET:

It's ok we'll manage. It'll be ok.

FAT ET:

How? How will it be ok? Why would he do this? Why did he do this to us?

LADY LOVELY:

I... .. I ...

FAT ET:

What is it LL?

LADY LOVELY:

I think I know why he did this to us...

ELLIOTT:

[through tears] Why? Why?

LADY LOVELY:

[as if staring into the distance] it all goes back to the old days. The days that I don't talk about much anymore. That we don't talk about anymore. I don't expect any of you to understand- it... it makes no sense when...

FAT ET:

Just tell us!!

LADY LOVELY:

I've never told anyone this before but... we've been through so much together. I just pray you understand. Try not to judge. I don't think I could cope if you choose to hate me-

ELLIOTT:

[stands up from his hug with Lady ET, wipes his tears with a newfound adult nature]. Lady Lovely- please whatever it is. I

think we need to hear this. Whatever it is. Lady- this clearly unlocks the mystery of this entire situation.

LADY LOVELY:

Ok. Ok. I'm about to tell you the worst thing I have ever done. I shot Harambe.

Flashback to Cincinnati zoo. 28<sup>th</sup> May 2016. This entire scene is a flashback where Lady Lovely narrates over the top the images that portray her narration.

LADY LOVELY:

I've led a double life for as long as I remember. As you all know, I've been a biochemist and astronaut. But that's not all. For years, I've also been an international assassin. Well- we were assassins. I didn't work alone. I was never alone. We were a team. The greatest guns for hire ever. World renowned. We never failed or even were close to getting caught. We were unstoppable... Both of us.

I never knew his real name. He never knew mine. But we trusted each other. Totally. Except. He betrayed me. At Cincinnati Zoo he betrayed me. We were undercover at Cincinnati Zoo. We had been working there for months as zoo security. We believed the zoo was being used to smuggle diamonds from the Sierra Leone Civil War. We didn't know who we were working for. We never knew. It's a long story as to how and why. But I slowly suspected he was involved in the smuggling ring. I confronted him. And he denied it. I dropped the matter as he had never lied. Then I turned my back.

Next thing I knew he had bolted and ran straight for the gorilla enclosure. He picked up a toddler and threw him in. I had to make a decision. Save the toddler or take down my partner. My greatest friend. My only friend.

I couldn't let that toddler die. I couldn't. So in that split second I decided. He would escape and to keep my cover as zoo security I would deal with the situation in the gorilla enclosure.

You all know what happened next. If not just google 'Harambe' and shoot off a quick search. You'll get the picture.

Anyway- that was the last I ever saw of my partner in crime.

It was the end of our assassination days. I couldn't work alone. And no one would hire us again. I hated him. And I had no idea how to find him. Who he really was? Where he was from?

I knew nothing.

Except for 2 small details. 2 distinguishing features that I could never forget no matter how much he changed his appearance or accent or identity.

He had tiny hands... and...

He had a distinctive but absolutely tiny birthmark- on the very top of his head.

I think that Frump was him. The tiny hands, The toupee. I thought If I stole it and could get a close enough look then I could get him to crack and I would murder him on site. But I couldn't be sure and it's against the assassins code to kill without being certain. I must have been right or he wouldn't have abandoned us. Either that & I'm totally wrong here and he's just an oversensitive twat that needs to grow a thicker skin. Maybe we'll never know now.

The flashback ends. ALL are stood in disbelief

ELLIOTT:

Literally. What. The. Fuck?

LADY LOVELY:

I know it sounds ridiculous and contrived. It's like an amateur scriptwriter is trying desperately to shoehorn a twist into what would probably be an average-at-best movie but it's all true. Every word. I'm sorry. I killed Harambe. And I think I'm why we're stuck here. I'm sorry. Now Harambe is dead and we're stuck here forever. The earth is lost. I'm sorry.

Meanwhile ET has separated from the group and stares into the distance several meters away from the group who are all still

aghast at the fact their friend was the monster that murdered Harambe. And also to a lesser extent that they've been abandoned on some random planet & therefore earth is absolutely fucked too

ET:

Harambe... gone... for... ever. Yes.

Stuck... here... for...ever... No...

We... fly... Use... Space... Bikes... To Earth.

ET points up at the sky in the direction of earth and his finger lights up.

FAT ET:

I'm pretty sure that's not going to work- I don't think that the laws of physic-

ET:

[Interrupting & Louder] SPACE... BIKES... TO EARTH. NO QUESTIONS.

**MONTAGE:** BACKGROUND MUSIC = THE CURE - 'Friday I'm In Love'

The gang build and practice on space bikes. Various hilarious things happen in this montage. They have a laugh. Their friendship builds. Etc etc you get the idea.

THE MONTAGE ENDS. The gang are ready. They are all on their bikes and ready to go. Thus ensues the magical scene. The gang get going and launch off the planet. The ET theme plays but it's an unbearably sick dubstep remix of it. I also hope that we can get Pitbull to do a guest verse on this too. (TBC-watch this space). I hope we can have some amazing CGI for some cool planets and galaxies. IDK. Use your imagination. Basically it looks amazing and we take home the Academy Award for 'Best Special Effects'. The earth is there before them.

ET:

ET... Home.

The fleet of bikes descends on the earth, and into the forest from the first ET movie. Everyone is screaming in delight and fear as their bikes float past the trees and onto the grass. They begin to dismount.

PROFESSOR ET

Be cautious in your interactions, your world may be very different now from how you remember it.

ELLIOTT

What do you mean?

PROFESSOR ET

The ghost king travelled by very different and much faster means than us. We took the long way. Ronaldo Frump may have been on this world for decades before we arrived.

Everyone looks freaked out.

ET

He said maybe... He also could've been here for only 30 minutes. Calm your globbles...  
(globbles being the alien word for "tit")

Lady Lovely checks phone to Google Ronaldo Frump

LADY LOVELY

Oh shit!

MEATBALL SUB

You found him?

LADY LOVELY

Yup... He's the President of the United States.

ELLIOTT

Hachi Machi

SHE.T.

Lord knows what he's done to the state of this world.

LADY LOVELY



Alright, let's go to D.C.

CGI ET  
RoadTrip!

FAT ET  
We can't fly anymore though. I'm beat, aren't you all? Space  
is big as shit!

MEATBALL SUB  
How are we getting there then?

Flash to the gang at airport customs, ETs disguised in  
babushkas.  
Airport Guy does airport things, idk I'm 16, I ain't ever been  
in an airplane.

AIRPORT GUY  
You can't bring food onto the plane. [looks at]

LADY LOVELY  
Sorry "Fred" {looks at disguised Fat ET} you can't take it on  
the plane. You'll have to eat it here.

FAT ET  
(whispering) sorry bro. I won't chew. [Lifts head and  
carefully slides meatball sub directly down throat, all the  
while saying "sorry"]

MEATBALL SUB  
Eww Eww. So fucking gross. Oh my god. (Etc.)

FAT ET  
Ok, let's go.

Gang proceeds to go through the other airport shit. again, idk  
about that shit.

ET  
Did I leave my phone home?

ELLIOTT

I really don't get his problem with airline peanuts.

SHE.T.

That TSA was really handsy, a little unnecessary...

LADY LOVELY

Funny, she barely touched me.

Fat ET and Meatball Sub come out of bathroom, Conversation Stops.

SHE.T

How did you-?

MEATBALL SUB

I don't wanna talk about it

[short pause]

PROFESSOR ET

Gross...

At the White House, Oval Office, Frump chilling, drinking a definitely sponsored S.Pelligrino, when the good guys fall through the ceiling.

FRUMP

What the hell!?

ELLIOTT

What the hell you! How the hell did you become President?

What happened to my sister?

FRUMP

Oh her? I locked her up somewhere, not really important. What is important is my evil monologue! [Frump looks through computer docs] Unfortunately, I wrote it on Microsoft Word and totally forgot to save. My bad. The gist of it: Got her a couple years ago, I was (Drew Barrymore's) running mate, she was then (sarcastic tone) the victim of a terrible terrorist

kidnapping, [Raises his hand, puts it down] I plan on inviting all my ghost henchmen to this E-Arth and we shall rule this world instead of that old planET.

MEATBALL SUB  
Pretty Solid Plan...

PROFESSOR ET  
But you'll never get away with it!

FRUMP  
Pretty sure u already have broseph! Lates!  
[Frump pushes a button and a large trapdoor opens up beneath our heroes]

ALL  
ShiiiiIIIIIIIIiiiiiiiIIIIIIiiiiit!

The gang falls through empty space for 10 minutes as the their screams finally subside and they come to peace with their new meaningless reality. Then they see a light. They get closer and closer to the light. It's a portal. The gang drops through the portal. The portal opens up over the San Francisco skyline. A moving helicopter flies into the frame from above the portal and drops a ladder, gliding down with the gang as they fall, giving them all enough time to grab onto the ladder. The gang safely boards the helicopter.

ET  
Who and how did we just get rescued from spilling our organs on the silky sidewalks of gentrified San Francisco?

MEATBALL SUB  
It was some pretty impressive flying.. There's only one person I know capable of that kind of maneuver. Yep, this is for sure the work of-

RON WILSON, the bus driver from the 2004 blockbuster film "Sky High" turns around from the pilot seat and cuts meatball sub off.

RON  
Ron Wilson, bus driver.

The gang all cheers with delight

MEATBALL SUB

Well you son of a bitch! I knew it had to be you!

RON

So you must also know that this ain't no damn helicopter..

MEATBALL SUB

NO! Is this-

Ron hits a button on the dash of the chopper before Meatball Sub can finish his sentence. The helicopter turns back into it's original form, the school bus from the 2004 blockbuster film Sky High. Everyone cheers with delight again.

The cheers hold out and the scene switches, with them now cheering in Ron Wilson's favorite bar "Powerhouse". The flying bus can be seen parked out front through the window.

MEATBALL SUB

How the hell did you even know where we'd be?!

RON

Drew Barrymore used me as her one call when she got locked up. I've been tracking you ever since. The radio emissions of your cell phone while you were falling through that black hole finally gave off enough energy for me to geolocate you.

MEATBALL SUB

Well enough talking! Let's get drunk!

ET

Hey, you guys have fun. I don't drink for religious reasons. I'm just gonna go rescue Drew Barrymore from Alcatraz Prison while you guys do that.

The gang all agrees, they begin drinking. ET Walks out of the bar.

ET is now in full black ops style spy gear, paddling a boat across the body of water separating San Fran from Alcatraz island.

He ditches the boat and starts swimming as he gets closer. He emerges on shore and is immediately approached by two security guards. One is fat and one is very short.

FAT GUARD

Hey! You ca-

ET

Well, well, well. If it ain't thing 1 and thing 2.

SHORT GUARD

How did you get here!? This is a high security prison!

ET

Well, Gimli, I'm a prisoner here. Was just out for a swim.

The Fat Guard gets out his handcuffs and starts to approach ET.

ET

No need, Porky the Pig.

ET holds his hands out and stops the guards approach.

ET

I'll go willingly.

The guards look at each other and shrug, both too visibly taken off guard by his insults to argue anymore.

FAT GUARD

Alright, alright. Well if you're not gonna let us handcuff you, we gotta at least walk you back.

SHORT GUARD

Yeah, who's your cell-mate anyways? Whose cell are we taking you back to?

ET looks at them with a smirk

ET

Drew Barrymore.

The scene cuts and we see the guards throw ET into the cell of Drew Barrymore, with a third guard shutting and locking the door behind them.

ET

Thanks, 3 stooges, and have a happy new year.

DREW

ET! You came! My call to Ron Wilson, bus driver must have paid off!

ET

Sure did, legs. It sure did. That son of a gun picked up our signal when we was falling through space. Saved our lives, he did.

ET and Drew embrace. As they do ET looks around the room. The camera pans with his line of vision, revealing that the walls are all numbered with thick white chalk. 1, 2, 3, and 4. On the wall marked 4 is a framed picture of the poster for the movie "ET: The Extra Terrestrial".

ET

Wait, Drew. I'm confused. Are we existing in a reality where the original movie of the sequel we're currently in exists? As a film?

DREW

Well, yeah. I mean everyone's seen our movie.

ET

Yeah, I mean, I know that everyone actually has seen it.

That's why we're doing a sequel. It's just that normally sequels exist in a universe where the set reality implies that the events that occurred in the movie had actually happened, not just been actors playing roles in Hollywood.

DREW

ET, you're sounding like a total square right now. What's your point?

ET

My point is that if the original story of the movie ET exists in our reality as a work of fiction, then our sequel that we're in right now doesn't work as a sequel. It's more of a, like, strangely self aware spin-off internet inspired fan-fiction. Or something like that.

DREW

Yeah, a lot about this whole situation doesn't really make sense. In the original movie I wasn't playing myself, Drew Barrymore, either. I was playing a fictitious character whose name the writers of this story didn't even bother to look up. So it's strange that in the sequel to that movie I'm playing the same person, but now as myself. Not to mention how poorly thought out this entire plot is.

ET

Most of the different sections of this story even contradict each other. It's like it was written by 20 random strangers who didn't even talk about how to make the story coherent.

ET and Drew both look at each other and shrug.

ET

Well I better break you out of here now.

DREW

Oh, yeah. That ET movie poster is covering up a tunnel I've dug that goes all the way to the edge of the prison. That can get us out of here.

ET

Wait, you already have a tunnel dug? Why didn't you escape yet?

DREW

This is really embarrassing, but...you know what forget it.

Drew sits down with her head toward the floor. ET sits next to her and rubs her back comfortingly.

ET

It's ok...you can tell me.

DREW

Ok... it's just that...I'm afraid of the dark.

ET

Well, Drew...I've got just the thing for that.

ET turns on his finger light.

DREW

Oh, ET! You're my hero! Now let's break that 4th wall.

ET looks at the camera with a smirk.

ET

Drew, we already did.

EXT. SHORES OFF ALCATRAZ ISLAND

Sounds of gunfire and explosions echo off the walls of the prison yard. The Gang passes around SPACE BINOCULARS like fuckin peeping toms trying to spot a titty, but there's no sign of E.T.'s or Drew Barrymore's titties.

ELLIOTT

He said to follow him in after an hour. It's been more than 45 minutes. Someone tell me I shouldn't be worried.

SHE.T

Oh, don't worry about him. E.T. has quite the...stamina.

ELLIOTT gives this look like, "is she saying she fucked E.T." but no one notices it because they are in a dark forest.

ELLIOTT

Is she saying she fucked E.T.?



FAT E.T. shrugs, resumes nibbling on a tree trunk.

LADY LOVELY

Look!

In the distance, a small light bobs up and down. It grows brighter as it approaches, then splits into two, then four. It's headed straight for the Gang.

ELLIOTT

[whispering] Get down!

The lights get close enough to see: it's E.T. and Drew Barrymore. Each of them is wearing a headlamp, like a coalminer. They are on a hanglider somehow.

DREW BARRYMORE

Aren't you a little old to play hide and seek, Elliott, little brother, child of the same parents of which I came?

ELLIOTT

Sister!

He runs up to her and goes for a kiss, but not like on the cheek. He leans in towards her mouth, tongue out and everything.

DREW BARRYMORE

[shoves him back] What are you doing? Jesus, Elliott.

ELLIOTT

Oh Space God, I'm sorry. I got caught up in the moment. You're the only female character I don't fuck.

E.T.

E.T. do good.

DREW BARRYMORE

Yes, thank you E.T. And all you other E.T.s, we'll have to do introductions on the way to the White House. Frump is out of

control. He's somehow worse than he ever was before we got to your planet. Is Ron Wilson here?

SHE.T

He was but he left for some reason. Where we're going, we take our space bikes.

The Gang, complete again, hops astride their space bikes and takes to the skies. As they pedal frantically to D.C., the clouds part for just a moment, allowing the moon to shine through. It shines down on our heroes and all the people of Earth, sinners and saints alike. The humans' hair glows, the secretions of the E.T.s glisten. A calm before the storm perhaps, but a welcome one.

FAT E.T.

[burps]

The Gang arrives at the White House, setting their bikes down upon the now-AstroTurf South Lawn. It's quiet, too quiet.

ELLIOTT

It's quiet. Too quiet.

DREW BARRYMORE

Frump has imprisoned so many of his enemies that he's not too concerned with his security anymore. Probably let the Secret Service go out drinking again. Let's take advantage of the element of-

LADY LOVELY pulls a gun and fires it into the air six times, then reloads the clip.

LADY LOVELY

[screaming] Come on out you slimey motherfucker!

FAT E.T.

Hey, you can't say that. Only we can say "slimey."

LADY LOVELY

[briefly sheepish] Oh, uh. Ahem. Come on out you gross motherfucker!

The E.T.s give her an encouraging thumbs up.

DREW BARRYMORE

Come on out Frump, your reign of terror is over.

A whirring sound accompanies the emergence of the biggest flatscreen TV ever hanging from the front of the White House. This is a great opportunity for product placement, but if Samsung or Sony or whoever don't bite it can always be one of those fake technology companies like Vexon. Or maybe it's Frump's own brand of TV, like Frump-O-Vision. Anyways,

FRUMP

Oh you fools. You free one woman from prison, you fly your space bikes to my nice big house, and you think you can stop me? I'll give you one chance: return my toupee, and I'll let you keep your lives and your freedom.

E.T.

To pay? Pay how?

ELLIOTT

Toupee means wig, buddy. Do we still have that thing anyway?  
We did bike thru fuckin space.

LADY LOVELY

I've got it right here, Frump. [holds the toupee aloft with her unburnt arm] You'll have to beat us to get it back.

FRUMP

[laughs] I have all the power of a space ghost! I have control of the largest military this world has ever seen! How could you possibly think to beat me?

ELLIOTT

Not in a regular fight, bozo. We'll SPACEBIKEJOUST for it. Unless you're chicken! A bald chicken! Which I guess would be plucked?

FAT E.T.

Yeah, SPACEBIKEJOUST!

FRUMP

You really are fools. Fine, I accept your challenge.

The TV retracts and Frump emerges, only this time, he has big-ass robo-legs, perfect to pedal a spacebike with. The Gang gasps. He leaps down to the lawn and punches the ground, leaving a badass crater but hurting his hand from the punch.

FRUMP

Ouchy.

DREW BARRYMORE

I should have known you'd find some way to cheat, Frump.

SHE.T

Actually, robo-appendages are totally chill in regulation spacebikejousting. It was a landmark lawsuit a few decades ago, had huge ramifications on the spacebikejoust court and off. Did none of you humans read the brochures we gave you?

ELLIOTT

Fine, so he has some big-ass robo-legs. We've got heart, and teamwork!

SHE.T

Only two people can spacebikejoust. Just...think about it. How could you have more than two people? Like, even if you didn't do your homework, you know about the concept of jousting, right? You guys have that here. Space Jesus.

ELLIOTT

Oh. Okay then. I'll duel him then! I'll free Earth...or die trying.

ELLIOTT looks around expectantly, hoping someone will try to stop him.

SHE.T

[mumbles] Good, dumbass.

FAT E.T.

[burps]

DREW BARRYMORE

Yeah, that makes sense with the way this whole story has been unfolding. Good luck lil bro.

[Fade in from black. Camera is looking down at a drain in the ground. Dried red substance surrounds it, as if it dried while flowing into the drain, it is clearly dried blood]

(DRAMATIC VOICE is to be voice acted by the guy who did the Spy Kids 3 Video Game Announcing voice)

DRAMATIC VOICE

The bloodworks. The ready room for the brave Bike Jousters of the Empire of Ronaldo Frump.

[Camera pans up, there is a wall, with more dried blood on it. There are many swords hung on the wall, of varying lengths, shapes, and girth, but they all look cool]

DRAMATIC VOICE

Swords. Girthy swords. To be chosen by the Jousters for use while Bike Jousting in the Bike Jousting Arena.

[Camera turns around, slowly, all the walls are covered with dried blood and portraits of President Ronaldo Frump. Camera rests after 180 degrees to look at a shelving unit with many different bicycles resting on the shelves. They all look super badass]

DRAMATIC VOICE

Bikes. Big Bad Bikes. Worthy mounts for the mighty Bike Jousters whom Joust in the Bike Jousting Arena.

[Camera zooms in to the coolest looking bike]

DRAMATIC VOICE

[Yelling] CHOOSE YOUR BIKE

[Camera whips around and zooms in on a flaming sword]

DRAMATIC VOICE

[Yelling still] CHOOSE YOUR WEAPON

[Voice fading] AND CHOOSE YOUR FATE

[As voice fades out, the REAL camera zooms out. The audience has been looking at a TV screen this whole time. They have been bamboozled. Scene is actually in a janky elevator, with ELLIOTT, LADY LOVELY, SHE.T, ET, MEATBALL SUB, FORMER PRESIDENT DREW BARRIMORE, FAT ET, SMART/PROFESSOR ET, ONE OF THE FROGS FROM THE BASKETBALL GAME, AND UHHHHH WHOEVER ELSE I FORGET. They are all looking at the screen, mouths slightly open]

ELLIOTT

My name is Elliott

FROG

Ribbit

[The elevator doors open]

PROFESSOR ET

According to my calculations, we have been bamboozled again.

[The camera cuts to an actual view of the bloodworks, and the audience has indeed been bamboozled again. Instead of dried blood, ketchup is smeared all around the room and it smells light spaghetti-o's. The wall of swords has a variety of pool noodles and LARP swords. The bike shelves exclusively have shitty ass tricycles.]

ELLIOTT

I have never been so bamboozled in my entire life! Apart from the day when Jessica Wheeler told me she wanted to kiss me behind the swing set and then it was just Big Gary back there!!!!

FAT ET

I used to LARP, I can make these work.

MEATBALL SUB

Even though I am just a Delicious Space Meatball Submarine Sandwich, I feel bravery in my bread and sauce and even in my balls. I will mount the tricycle and Ride my mighty weapon into the HEART of the Evil Ronaldo Frump

EVERYBODY INCLUDING MEATBALL SUB AND THE ANNOUNCER

OK

[Brief montage of Meatball Sub putting armor and seasoning on each meatball, and around his Herbs and Cheese exterior. Eye Of The Tiger is playing, but sung by a small child.]

MEATBALL SUB

I am ready to fight the enemy.

[Cuts to main arena. Birds Eye view. Arena is very big, the ground is dirt, stone walls surround it, pillars of flame shoot up out of random parts of the ground, there are many spectators, and they are all the right half of the arena, supporting Frump. There is nobody on the left side.]

[MEATBALL SUB and PRESIDENT RONALDO FRUMP walk out, audience cheers for RONALDO FRUMP and boos for MEATBALL SUB]

PRESIDENT RONALDO FRUMP

[Shouting, but it sounds quiet because the audience's perspective is behind MEATBALL SUB, who is very far away]

You have made a mistake by coming here! I will slay you!!!!!!

[PRESIDENT RONALDO FRUMP pulls a flaming sword from a sheathe, he mounts his motorcycle, fire erupting next to him]

PROFESSOR ET

I calculate an approximate 69.42% chance of you getting stabbed by his sword, being toasted, and then falling into a plume of fire, becoming extra toasted and burnt.

MEATBALL SUB

NEVER TELL ME THE PROBABILITIES

[MEATBALL SUB and PRESIDENT RONALDO FRUMP charge at each other, but they are very far away, so it takes a lot of time before they reach each other]

MEATBALL SUB

I  
WILL  
NOT  
BE  
TOASTED

[the two jousters meet in the center of the arena, right before their swords clash, a pillar of flame erupts in front of the camera. Once it disappears, we see MEATBALL SUB being held at flaming sword point by PRESIDENT RONALDO FRUMP]

RONALDO FRUMP

I'll take this sandwich... Hot.

[PRESIDENT RONALDO FRUMP thrusts his sword into the middle meatball of MEATBALL SUB, MEATBALL SUB going flying backwards, and into a plume of flame, where he immediately turns into cheesy herby ash]

RONALDO FRUMP

Oh my, it looks as if you've been...

[LADY LOVELY is shown running to the ash pile of MEATBALL SUB, clutching a toupee]

[RONALDO FRUMP LOOKS STRAIGHT AT THE FUCKING CAMERA]

RONALDO FRUMP

Fired...

LADY LOVELY

NO! MY ONE TRUE LOVE. THE SECRET TO MY SLIM FIGURE THANKS TO ALL NATURAL BEEF AND ORGANIC WHEAT USED TO CREATE THE ALWAYS FRESH BREAD!

[RONALDO FRUMP backhand slaps LADY LOVELY as she kneels at the pile of cheesy herby ashes, she spins and falls to the ground]



RONALDO FRUMP

Well well well... You appear to have something of mine...

[PRESIDENT RONALDO FRUMP SLICES HIS SWORD THROUH LADY LOVE,  
SLICING HER ARMS CLEAN OFF]

LADY LOVELY

[Definitely in pain] AAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHH

[RONALDO FRUMP bends over, picking up a blonde toupee from  
LADY LOVELY'S hot cut dead arms]

RONALDO FRUMP

It looks like your arms are certainly not cold cut,  
perhaps they are more aptly described as being hot-cut,  
but most certainly not cold cut, as you had foreshadowed  
earlier.

[Camera lingers really long time at RONALDO, staring the  
camera dead in it's stupid camera eye. After a while, camera  
cuts to ELLIOTT, he is looking at the ground with his fists  
clenched]

ELLIOTT

[Quietly] While the SS. SpaceShip was crashing, I studied  
the blade...

RONALDO FRUMP

What's that, roach boy?

ELLIOTT

[Normally] While you watched frogs score a 3-pointer, I  
mastered the blockchain

ELLIOTT

[Loudly] While you became president of the Earth to fuel  
your dastardly ego, I cultivated inner strength

[Camera cuts really close to ELLIOTT's face, he's very angry]

ELLIOTT

[Screaming] AND NOW THAT MEATBALL SUB IS ON FIRE AND THE SCREENPLAY IS COMING TO A CLIMAX, YOU HAVE THE AUDACITY TO COME TO ME FOR MERCY?

[ELLIOTT mounts a tricycle, foam sword already in hand and begins pedaling as fast as he can toward RONALDO FRUMP]

[Camera cuts to RONALDO FRUMP, He prepares his sword, standing his ground.]

RONALDO FRUMP

[Screaming] AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

ELLIOTT

[SCREAMING, PEDALING FAST BUT MOVING SLOWLY]  
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

[Camera cuts to the empty side of the audience stands. A figure is seen running into view]

MYSTERIOUS FIGURE

[Shouting] You can do it Shnookums!

ELLIOTT

[shocked] Mom?.....

[They meet in the center of the arena, their swords meet and an actual pillar of flame explodes where the swords meet. It's super badass]

[When the fire dissipates, ELLIOTT is standing over PRESIDENT FRUMP. Neither of them have eyebrows or hair, it was all burned off. They both look like stupid eggs]

RONALDO FRUMP

[PAINED] Do it. KILL ME.

ELLIOTT

[Pauses for a while, debating] ok

[ELLIOTT SWINGS HIS FOAM SWORD AT RONALDO FRUMP REALLY HARD]

[Camera cuts to picture of manikin head shooting up into the air and into space, it roughly resembles RONALDO FRUMP]

[Camera cuts back to arena, where ELLIOTT is standing above a headless PRESIDENT RONALDO FRUMP, his mother is running towards him]

ELLIOTT'S MOTHER

Honey! I have terminal cancer because of the slave camp I was put in by Ronaldo Frump which was a direct result of your actions on an alien planet thus making you responsible for my death and has put me very close to dying but I am glad I could show up at the pivotal moment in this scene to help you.

ELLIOTT

Mom, wha-?

[ELLIOTT'S MOTHER very quickly closes her eyes and squeezes them shut. She is kill. No.]

ELLIOTT

[Holding his mother's dead body, looks up at a camera in the sky] NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[Fade to black]

Our heroes stand, dishevelled, bloody and charred on the steps of the white house. Everyone looks triumphant and yet sad, because of the deaths. There are mixed feelings, basically.

ET

Bitch that was some crazy shit.

ELLIOTT

You're right there buddy, you're one hundred percent right about that having been some crazy shit.

DREW BARRYMORE

The earth... our home. So much destruction. So much death. How will we rebuild?

ELLIOTT

You'll show us how, madam president.

DREW BARRYMORE

I don't know if I'm still even technically the president, Elliott. It's been a long time since I sat in the oval office.

ET

Who gives a shit

FAT ET

Did you guys see me back there? I finally kicked some ass in my life

ET

Nobody was looking at you

FAT ET

Somebody was... (he takes a meatball out from under his fat titties) from heaven. (he sheds a tear, mourning the loss of Meatball Sub)

SHE T

How the fuck are we supposed to get home?

PROFESSOR ET

Well, I could devise some sort of a portal again I suppose..

RON

No need, grandpa.

Suddenly, RON WILSON'S flying schoolbus descends onto the white house lawn. He is grinning and eating a bag of reese's pieces.

EVERYONE

Ron Wilson!

RON

Ron fuckin' Wilson.

PROFESSOR ET

This machine can travel in space?

RON

Space is nothing. Baby this machine can go up your mother's asshole and come out her mouth last Tuesday. I've taken this baby to Iraq.

The various ETs begin to board the bus, waving as they go.

ELLIOTT

Goodbye professor ET! Goodbye Fat ass ET! Goodbye pregnant ET!  
Oh wait that's just fat ET again

FAT ET

Hey...

ELLIOTT

He's so fat I saw him fucking TWICE everyone

They are all laughing their asses off, apart from Fat ET, who gets on the bus in silence. He's honestly tired of this shit.

SHE T

Hey, Elliott...

ELLIOTT

Hey... babe...

SHE T

Listen, we had a great time. The way you sucked and fucked me made me feel like a young ET again. I mean you really gave the treatment. Holy shit bitch

ELLIOTT

But?

SHE T

But I gotta go home.

ELLIOTT

But... baby why can't you stay?

SHE T

I have a life. I have a job, I have kids, I...

ELLIOTT

Kids?

SHE T

Yeah kids.

ELLIOTT

Oh. Well, safe journey.

ELLIOTT turns to ET instantly. SHE T looks super insulted and climbs on the bus.

ELLIOTT

ET... you are my main bitch. It was kickass to see you again. It's been so long.. this reminded me of the good old days when I was a kid.

ET

Ok

ELLIOTT

Maybe... you could come back and visit some day?

ET

Yeah that would be tight.

ELLIOTT

(smiling) yes it would be tight.

With a sad smile, ET gets on the flying bus, and waves a final goodbye to ELLIOTT and DREW BARRYMORE. The music is emotional as the characters wave to each other and begin to cry.

RON

(as the doors close) you little fuckers like Rush?

The bus flies off into the sunny sky, as the emotional music gets super loud and super emotional. ELLIOTT and DREW BARRYMORE stand with their arms around each other, laughing and crying at the same time.

Suddenly, something falls from the bus. It lands on the grass at ELLIOTT's feet, and he picks it up.

DREW BARRYMORE

What is it?

ELLIOTT

It's the last meatball.

They laugh together as he takes a big bite. He takes the rest and feeds it to his sister, as they continue to laugh. Then, slowly, ELLIOTT's expression drops.

ELLIOTT

This isn't a meatball

DREW BARRYMORE vomits.

## THE END

Credits

[CREDITS END]

SCREEN FADES TO BLACK

SCREEN CUTS TO A BASKETBALL HOOP, AS A BASKETBALL ROLLS AROUND THE RIM, BEFORE SLOWLY DROPPING THROUGH THE NET. THE CAMERA STAYS FOCUSED ON THE HOOP AS WE HEAR THE BALL BOUNCE ONTO THE COURT BELOW. THE CAMERA SLOWLY PANS AROUND THE COURT. WE SEE THAT THE BLEACHERS AROUND THE ROOM ARE ALL EMPTY. AS THE CAMERA PANS ROUND TO THE FREE THROW LINE, WE SEE E.T. STOOD WEARING A WHITE NIKE SWEATBAND E.T. TURNS TO FACE THE CAMERA, AND WINKS  
[CUT TO BLACK]