

IOWALIEN

Written by

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Based on my aunt connie

INT. MARCIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MARCIE (50s, midwestern, white, loud, high-strung) watches an Alien documentary alone in her cozy living room, wolfing down microwave popcorn.

NARRATOR (O.S.)

Sightings of the ancient Urgos civilization have been recorded three times since 200 B.C. Early cave drawings depict what experts call a sociological "conundrum."

ON SCREEN: Hieroglyphics of cave people banging their head against the wall, an early flip book animation.

She strokes her dog, PINKY (overweight Yorkshire Terrier) as he sneaks a piece of popcorn.

MARCIE

I know the feeling. Mac and cheese or baked potato?

She shakes her head at the thought.

Suddenly Pinky **barks**, hops off the couch and runs to the window behind the couch.

MARCIE (CONT'D)

What is it boy? Timmy stuck in the well?

She chuckles at her own joke but goes to Pinky.

AT THE WINDOW

Marcie looks out the window, a greenish glow reflects in her glasses. She squints.

Her tv signal fuzzes behind her, and then turns off.

Pinky **howls**. He looks at Marcie, her hair standing with static. He whimpers and backs away from her.

MARCIE (CONT'D)

Pinky, what is it?

The greenish glow comes closer, catching Marcie's periphery. She looks out the window but whatever was out there is gone now.

Her TV comes back on, but it seems to have the greenish glow to it.

Her hair is no longer static-y.

Marcie shakes it off and settles back into the couch where we found her. She changes the channel to the nightly news.

A picture of Marcie with a lower third reads, "Personified Headache: Marcie Turner"

NEWS NARRATOR

Tonight, our top story: Iowa's own,
Marcie Turner.

Marcie leans forward, turning up the volume.

MARCIE

Huh? Personified Headache?

On the television a Hy-vee employee, Tad (teens, zit and grease galore) interviews.

TAD

(trying to be too cool)
Marcie? Yea, I know her. She's
always coming to me with these past
due coupons that she insists were
sent late.

Tad gets distracted.

Another teen employee, Jen (cute, still growing into her looks, Tad's crush) walks into frame weighs in.

She's starstruck by the camera and does not stop staring directly at it this entire time.

TAD (CONT'D)

Oh, hey Jen.

JEN

Am I on TV?

TAD

Yea, they're interviewing me about
Marcie -

INTERCUT: CCTV footage plays showing Marcie filling gas canisters at the singular gas pump. A line of cars piles up behind her truck. She flips them the bird.

JEN

OMG, did he tell you that she'll walk over to the gas station with 7 gas cans when she's got 20 cents a gallon off and stock piled for like the apocalypse or something. Like I'm not trying to be mean, cause she means soo well, but like she's like coo-coo bananas.

Marcie saddens at the TV.

MARCIE

(hurt)

Coo-coo bananas? But they always laughed when I called them the coupon cops.

(then, angry)

Kids! Maybe, you'll understand savings when you're not living in your mom's basement!

Marcie forcefully changes the channel to Wheel of Fortune, just as the phrase is revealed.

WOF CONTESTANT

I'd like to solve the puzzle.
"Marcie Turner is a compulsive control freak that needs a chill pill or maybe even electroshock therapy."

Marcie sits mouth open.

PAT SAJAK (V.O.)

That's correct! Vanna show us the final phrase!

MARCIE

That's not even a common phrase!

Marcie turns the TV off. She sulks for a moment before-

Her doorbell rings. She slowly stands from her couch.

INT. MARCIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marcie shuffles to answer the door, but not before opening her fridge for a little pity treat.

The fridge overflows with color coordinated, organized, extreme couponed deliciousness.

Finding nothing good, she shuts the fridge.

MARCIE

I need to go to the store.

She continues to the front door.

INT. MARCIE'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Marcie opens the door, but no one is there. It's eerily quiet.

MARCIE

Hello? Anyone out there?

She takes one step out into a flaming pile of dog poop.

MARCIE (CONT'D)

AHH, What the heckity heck!!

She stomps it out to reveal her crocs covered in dog poop. A post it stuck to her shoe. She picks it off. It's written like a ransom note.

MARCIE (CONT'D)

(reading)

"Next time, have Pinky poop in his own yard. Or else."

Pinky runs to the door.

MARCIE (CONT'D)

Oh, Pinky! Come guard the house, someone's threatening momma!

Pinky smells her shoe and pees on it. He runs away.

MARCIE (CONT'D)

Fry your hide, Pinky!

She grabs a rag near the door and starts cleaning up the mess, the front door still wide open.

From behind, looking out into the dark yard, little glowing eyes start to appear. First one then two, then 10 until her yard is filled with them.

Marcie scrapes at her shoe.

MARCIE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

They're just mad that I voted blue,
when really I'm the social justice
warrior this neighborhood needs.
Probably was stupid Sue...doesn't
even realize her husband has been
gay the whole time that no good
poop flinging whor-

Marcie looks up feeling the eyes on her.

MARCIE (CONT'D)

(shooketh)

Sue? Is that -

Marcie quickly tries to close her door but the glowing eyes
are faster pushing her door open.

Pinky's POV: watching Marcie get dragged out the front door.
The door slams behind her.

Pinky cocks his head, but remains unbothered.