

astrofungus!

Written by

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FADE IN:

**INT. JETHRO'S TRAILER - DAY**

Normally affable trailer park handyman JETHRO (30s). Passed out in a puddle of his own drool. A golf ball --

--Smashes through his window  
--Bounces off his head, opening his eyes  
--Pinballs around the uneven floor between numerous empty cans of Supermoon Pale Ale  
--Finally stops an inch from Jethro's nose

Titleist.

Still groggy, he picks it up. Eyes the ball curiously -- like, what in tarnation...? Dragging the length of his "resting dumbface" with his palm only adds confusion to it.

**EXT. TRAILER PARK/GOLF COURSE BOUNDARY - DAY**

Platinum-tier Country Club Member TRAVIS. (30s). His neatly combed and too-expensive hairstyle repeatedly pops over a wall in attempts to locate his golf ball on the other side.

**INT. JETHRO'S TRAILER - DAY**

Poor, hungover Jethro. Narrow head under an island of hair. Big nose and ears. Crooked buck teeth. Lanky. He stands with the same posture and coordination as a pile of coathangers.

An aspirin bottle from the cabinet. Multiple attempts to remove its lid waste excessive time. Goldarn childproofing.

He digs into his toolbox and tries --

--A hammer  
--A wrench  
--A blowtorch  
--A jackhammer

Using his dirty A-shirt for grip finally gets the top off.

But no pills shake out. Somehow Jethro didn't notice it was empty all along. He upends the bottle.

When only a wisp of pill dust spills from it, he tries licking the air.

**EXT. 13TH HOLE - FAIRWAY - DAY**

Travis. Classically handsome. Ruthless power broker and proud owner of the expensive hairstyle. The popular-but-evil rich kid from bad movies all grown up. His luxurious golf cart and course attire -- gray slacks, dark green argyle sweater over button-down shirt -- would look ridiculous anywhere else.

Halfway back from the treeline, he jumps up and down in a rage over the lost ball --

Then gives himself a generous drop in the middle of the fairway with a new one.

He lines up the shot. THWACK!

Shanks it straight back to the treeline.

The ball ricochets off a tree trunk.

Smashes him between the eyes and lands between his feet where it started.

Travis blinks back the stars swimming in his vision.

But as he lines up once more, one doesn't fade. It pulses intermittently in the shady treeline like a camera flash.

Weird.

He goes over. Plucks a blinking mushroom from the tree trunk.

Studies it for a moment. Tosses it away. Wipes an iridescent purplish residue on his fingertips against his slacks. Icky!

Travis shanks the next shot the exact same way. Only this time it zings off his head and flies straight to the green!

He hops back in his cart and speeds off with glee.

**EXT. JETHRO'S TRAILER - DAY**

Jethro regards the damaged window with aggravated dismay even though the lightweight trailer is far from tip-top condition.

Strictly speaking, the window was the only undamaged part.

Fed up, he takes his hands off his hips to grab his "MILF: Man, I Love Fishing!" ball cap. Dons it backwards.

This means war.

**EXT. 13TH HOLE - GREEN - DAY**

Travis. On all fours. Squinting. Lines up his putt precisely.

He stands. Takes a practice putt. Steps to the ball. Looks. Adjusts his hands. Looks again. Down at the ball. Back to the pin over the hole. Its little pennant flag. Back to the ball. The line it will take. His high-end, tournament putter swings gently back, then forward. Easy, easy, easy. Contact. The ball starts toward the hole. In a perfect line. Looks good. Straight to the pin.

Oh, happy day, it actually looks good for once.

Suddenly, a sound like a revving chainsaw shatters the peace.

Jethro. Turning donuts on his bright red four-wheeler in the bunker kicks sand up onto the carefully manicured green.

Several sand blobs land right on Travis's ball, stopping it a half inch from the hole.

Wanting no part of the enraged golfer wielding his tournament putter like a caveman, Jethro takes off on the ATV and --

Narrowly avoids the pin zooming past his head javelin-style.

**EXT. 16TH HOLE - TEE - DAY**

Using his driver, Travis fights off the chattering horde of LAWYERS, YES-MEN, and INTERNS swarming for his signature.

When the caveman act doesn't stop their return, he fires a few atypically perfect shots at them with surgical accuracy.

Blissfully alone once more. Travis places his ball on the tee.

Deep breath. Big swing. He misses the ball entirely. Clocks himself in the neck with the club shaft.

Travis shakes it off.

Another try. Big swing. Big hit! Nice drive! Travis follows its long arc. His eyes blossom in anticipation of new glory.

But it lands out of sight with an odd, metallic THUNK!

**EXT. 16TH HOLE - WATER HAZARD - DAY**

Travis's swanky golf cart arrives near the green.

He gets out and discovers the source of the thunk: a rowboat.

Fishing from a boat not much smaller than the water hazard itself, Jethro, unwilling or uninterested in looking up from his copy of Guns & Ammo magazine, has Travis's ball in hand.

Titleist. Daintily presented between his thumb and forefinger.

Travis nods enthusiastically, pairs it with a yes-dummy-that's-my-ball expression and a gimme-gimme gesture.

Instead of chucking it over, Jethro drops it in the water.

Ploink!

Travis. Incensed beyond reason. Storms off in a huff.

**EXT. TRAILER PARK/GOLF COURSE BOUNDARY - DAY**

Sneaking around the same wall he couldn't see over, Travis crosses into the trailer park.

He spots Jethro's bright red quad parked beside a lightweight trailer at the end of the park's treeline, precipitously perched atop a steep hill.

Beside the back tires, Travis yanks the chocks holding it in place and retreats to the course to watch.

**EXT. JETHRO'S TRAILER - DAY**

Jethro returns with an impressive stringer of fish.

Heading inside he accidentally steps on a mushroom.

Hiding among some wet leaves, it tumbles off his unlaced bootheel already blinking yet completely escapes his notice.

**EXT./INT. HIGH-ORBIT SPACE - SHROOMIAN MOTHERSHIP**

An alien spaceship. Monitoring activities far below.

ON CONTROL PANEL DISPLAY - An outline likeness of Jethro appears beside one of Travis.

A stumpy alien hand silences the alerts.

**INT./EXT. JETHRO'S TRAILER - DAY**

Jethro kicks off his old boots. Collapses onto the sofa bed.

Outside, the trailer axle groans under the sudden weight.

On blocks, the tires roll an inch forward.

Disgusting feet on the counter. Beer. Remote control. TV on.

Just in time for his favorite show: The Price is Right.

Old rerun -- crap. Loud belch. Another inch.

Jethro gets up to take a leak. Yanks the narrow bathroom door open. Flings the seat up. Inch, inch, inch.

Grabs another Supermoon beer. Flops back down. Inch-inch.

The tires teeter on the edge of the blocks.

ON TV - BOB BARKER guides a contestant in a pricing game.

BOB BARKER

...and if the price of the robotic  
vacuum cleaner matches the price of  
the quesadilla maker and the  
jewelry armoire, you'll be the  
proud new owner of --  
    (checks price)  
-- a NEW CAR!

Jethro leaps off the sofa bed. Jumps excitedly up and down.

Outside, a pretty, young GAL strolling past sees the trailer bouncing about and walks on with a mistaken impression.

This is JEANNIE (25). Knotted shirt. Daisy Dukes. Auburn ponytail tied up with a length of red Christmas ribbon.

Despite the intense activity, the trailer doesn't roll off the blocks. Jethro settles down with another beer.

On the roof, a mosquito landing on his tiny satellite dish finally triggers the descent. Starts the tires downhill.

From the --

#### **EXT. 17TH HOLE - FAIRWAY - BLUFFS - DAY**

Travis views the adjacent trailer park and the hillside leading up to it.

He snaps his fingers and a SERVANT instantly arrives with a perfect martini as well as an on-course MASSEUSE, ATTENDANT with a large fan, and a small CHAMBER ENSEMBLE, complete with two VOCALISTS singing the --

PRE-LAP: Flower Duet from Delibes' Lakme.

**INT. JETHRO'S TRAILER - DAY**

The sopranos' voices soar.

Jethro. Slack-jawed and blank. Deep under the spell of The Price is Right. Slow beer chug. Dull chuckle.

Meanwhile, the interior of his trailer is a maelstrom of chaos -- his belongings in a weightless, slow-motion waltz all about him: his boots, empty beer cans, the fish he caught, dead lottery tickets, crushed cigarette packs, NASCAR foam pointer finger, holey socks, random tools, McDonald's burger wrappers, and much, much more.

**EXT. 17TH HOLE - FAIRWAY - BLUFFS - DAY**

Travis takes his phone out to record a video. Rolls with laughter watching the trailer bounding down the hillside.

Incapable of handling the terrain, the tires spin off and send the entire trailer cartwheeling end over end.

**INT./EXT. JETHRO'S TRAILER - DAY**

Jethro. Impossibly oblivious to the bouncing motion and crashing violence. Only gains awareness when the trailer finally comes to rest in the gorge and the TV goes out.

END MUSIC CUE

Jethro crawls out from the landfill that used to be his trailer -- everything inside now on the outside.

He notices Travis cracking up and recording his misfortune from the course at the top of the bluffs.

Glum and downtrodden, Jethro stumbles through the wreckage. Finds his DishTV satellite dish. Makes a slight adjustment.

Is he really climbing back inside to finish watching the show?

**EXT. 17TH HOLE - FAIRWAY - BLUFFS - DAY**

Suddenly, a flying saucer in the shape of a mushroom descends upon the scene. Hovers menacingly.

Travis. Eyes wide. Jaw dropping. He points his phone up at the UFO. A point of the same purple light as the blinking mushrooms traces a circle around the hull of the craft.

**EXT. JETHRO'S TRAILER - DAY**

Still messing with his satellite dish, Jethro is as aware of the extraordinary phenomenon behind him as his trip downhill.

**EXT. 17TH HOLE - FAIRWAY - BLUFFS - DAY**

The roving purplish light stops and concentrates on the bow of the saucer. Glows brighter and brighter.

Light beams from the craft -- glows purple in Travis's eyes and on his phone screen -- deflects down to Jethro and his satellite dish -- then back to the craft from the dish in a feedback loop that shoots all the way up to --

**EXT./INT. HIGH-ORBIT SPACE - SHROOMIAN MOTHERSHIP**

The main bridge and its elaborate control panels.

ON CONSOLE DISPLAY - their likenesses swap places -- left to right and right to left -- before frying the on-board navigation systems in a stunning display of purple sparks.

**EXT. 17TH HOLE - FAIRWAY - BLUFFS - DAY**

The alien scout ship holds still for a moment. Uncertain.

Something's not right. It decides to scram before anyone notices -- rising as if nonchalantly backing away -- then zooms up into the stratosphere and out of sight.

Travis wanders around in a daze. Except, this isn't Travis anymore. Not exactly. Let's call him TRAV-THRO.

Trav-thro meanders over to the water hazard. Drops to his knees. The ripples dissipate to present his reflection.

His outer appearance still largely belongs to Travis, but his eyelids droop and mouth hangs open. Also, his precious hair has lost all of its coiffed perfection.

Trav-thro examines his hands, one gloved. Dumb chuckle.

He rises and walks toward the country club -- Travis's body exhibiting Jethro's awkward, loping gait.

**EXT. JETHRO'S TRAILER - DAY**

Travis touches his own face -- but it's actually Jethro's stupid, asymmetrical face.



The trailer park handyman is Jethro no longer. JETHR-IS is more accurate. What's going on? How did he get down here?

He desperately searches the junkpile. Finds a handheld mirror and screams in absolute, sheer horror.

--His hair. Scream

--His face. Scream

--His entire gangly body. SCREAM -- mirror crack

He tries to get up and run away from his reflection and the junkpile but only flounders in place.

#### **INT. SHROOMIAN MOTHERSHIP**

Resembling Mario Bros. Goombas in semi-adorable spacesuits, incompetent Shroomian Security Force rookie CADET STEMMY stands at attention beside inept newbie CADET BUTTONS.

Their irritable Commanding Officer, CAP, paces back and forth delivering the chewing-out of a lifetime.

Because his muffled tirade is in their monosyllabic language, it's impossible to know what he's saying. But there are plenty of four-letter words. Rhythm and inflection are key.

CAP  
(in FunGLISH)  
Fuff! Uff, uff-uff-fuuf. Ffuf!

All the while, Cadet Stemmy directs responsibility away from himself by furiously pointing at Buttons.

#### **EXT. 17TH HOLE - FAIRWAY - BLUFFS - DAY**

Storm clouds form a dark shield over the links.

Jethr-is reaches the course from the bluffs. His cart and everything are gone.

He tilts his face skyward. No UFO. Only sporadic, fat raindrops pelting his face with increasing frequency.

A rumble of thunder. The shelter, safety, and opulence of the sprawling manor house overlooking the course draws him to --

**EXT. COUNTRY CLUB ENTRANCE - DAY**

A SECURITY GUARD with the chiseled features of a granite statue stands like one at the door: his outstretched arm grasps the top of Jethr-is's head, denying his vain attempts to get inside.

With the guard's hand pushing back and because his unlaced boots can't find purchase on the red carpet, Jethr-is looks like he's running in place.

GUESTS enjoying cocktails on the veranda take notice.

Eventually, a SECOND GUARD arrives.

They pick Jethr-is up by the elbows -- so his feet definitely can't find purchase despite continuous attempts -- carry him past the valets, and plop him down in the --

**PARKING LOT**

Jethr-is looks back over his shoulder at them.

The first guard raises his foot as if to ask whether the unwelcome gentleman would care for a kick in the rear.

Jethr-is shakes his head no. No, thank you, he would not care for a kick in the rear and walks off dejected instead.

Cue thunder. Cue rain. Make that a torrential downpour.

**INT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY**

Meanwhile, Trav-thro enters the main lobby like Cinderella arriving at the ball. Never before has he seen such sights:

- Exquisite architecture
- Elegant furniture and decor
- Live classical music
- Garlands and vases of fresh flowers everywhere
- Well-groomed, snooty PEOPLE wearing fancy clothes
- A SERVER places a flute of champagne in his hand unasked

Trav-thro downs it. Then five more, emptying the girl's tray.

He could get used to this.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY**

Jethr-is. Soaked. Lost. Nowhere to go.

Suddenly, the kind of loud whistle one uses to hail a cab.

Jethr-is looks over. The whistle came from the --

### **TRAILER PARK**

Next door. It's Jeannie. In a cute windbreaker. Calls to him with a big, sweeping arm gesture that says get on over here!

They have an easy-up awning with a chimney vent and a bonfire underneath. Looks like the whole colorful COMMUNITY is there.

Jethr-is heads that way.

### **INT. PENTHOUSE CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Trav-thro. Surrounded by yes-men outside the elevators.

Enthusiastically scrawling his name on every document thrust at him. Does he think he's signing autographs?

Next, a BELLMAN leads him to his suite with a SWIMSUIT MODEL.

Trav-thro. Unaware of his arm candy companion swiping a cash-stuffed wallet from Travis's back pocket.

The instant she has it, she's gone from under his arm -- then so quickly replaced by a SECOND SWIMSUIT MODEL that it doesn't even drop.

The new swimsuit model takes a full money clip from his other back pocket. Departs just as fast. Replaced just as fast.

The THIRD MODEL finds the pockets empty, shakes her fist in frustration behind his back and vanishes.

Trav-thro looks around when his arm falls. No swimsuit models in sight.

They've arrived at his door anyway. The bellman opens it.

Walking in, the curtains open to the sparkling city skyline on the horizon. Automated lights and music come up.

Trav-thro. Deep inhale. Long exhale.

The room sure is breathtaking: Sunken living room. Full bar. Baby grand piano. More flowers. Furniture too nice to sit on. Huge entertainment center...

The bellman clears his throat.

Trav-thro turns to see his extended hand. Following a moment's consideration, he plucks off his golf glove, lays it gently in the bellman's palm, and abandons him for the --

### **BEDROOM**

Roaring fireplace. California King four-poster bed draped in puffy white linen and stacked with a mountain of pillows.

Trav-thro kicks off Travis's cleats. Yanks off his sweater and shirt but leaves the clean yet familiar A-shirt on.

Finally, he stands on the mattress at the foot of the bed. Closes his eyes and falls blissfully back -- the comforter and pillows swallowing him whole.

He's already sound asleep. It's probably all just an alcoholic fever dream anyway.

### **EXT. TRAILER PARK - BONFIRE - NIGHT**

A FAT MAN wearing a trucker hat and what must be a toddler's T-shirt slaps a bottle of Supermoon into Jethr-is's open hand.

A WOMAN IN CURLERS under a shower cap smoking a Pall Mall claps him on the shoulder as he joins the group.

They all know him. At least, they think they do.

But it's not their welcoming hospitality that strikes him.

It's the animated Jeannie. Telling a story. Getting laughs. Commanding their attention --

And Jethr-is's admiration. He watches with wonder as she recounts a hilarious, drunken encounter with police.

Yet, the delight on his face gradually fades. There's a disconnect between his unexpected reverence for Jeannie and his treatment of women in the past.

From the inappropriate --

### **QUICK FLASHES - TRAVIS'S MEMORIES**

--Blatantly hitting on a female COWORKER and demeaning her role: clueless Travis's toothy grin as he sits on the edge of her desk. She looks down and away, deeply uncomfortable.

To the rude --

--Throwing an ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT out of his posh office for no good reason: he's ranting and raving, throwing papers in her face. She's startled and clearly afraid.

To the seriously misguided --

--Smugly standing with SECURITY GUARDS as the EMPLOYEE he's responsible for getting fired leaves, her belongings in a box.

### **BACK TO BONFIRE**

Jethr-is. Haunted and sullen. Slips away from the group.

Exhausted, he trudges through the quiet trailer park in the rain. Where is he going to sleep?

### **EXT. TRAILER PARK/GOLF COURSE BOUNDARY - NIGHT**

His only option is that junkyard at the bottom of the slope.  
Sigh.

Someone taps his arm. Jethr-is turns.

And there's Jeannie. Peeking out from her hood.

She pitches him an umbrella. Takes his arm.

Jethr-is pops the canopy open. FOOMP! Holds it over them as she leads him through the puddles back to her trailer.

### **EXT. HIGH-ORBIT SPACE - SHROOMIAN MOTHERSHIP**

Cadet Buttons. On a spacewalk outside the ship making repairs. Drills a fuse box open.

The panel he sets aside floats away unnoticed.

Then the drill.

Complex, exposed electronics surround two big switches labeled with Shroomic characters he doesn't appear to understand.

A green one surrounded by checkmarks --

SUPERIMPOSE: FIX EVERY PROBLEM NOW

And an angry red one framed with huge X's --

SUPERIMPOSE: DANGER! WARNING! DO NOT TOUCH! EVER!

Buttons goes back and forth between the two, contemplating which to throw.

He looks up at Stemmy watching from the mothership observation deck.

CADET STEMMY (ON RADIO)  
(in FunGLISH, subtitled)  
Fuf-uff-uff?  
Are we good?

CADET BUTTONS  
(muffled by helmet)  
Uff-uff!  
We're good!

They're not good. Which one? Cadet Buttons starts to panic.

He does eenie-meenie-miney-mo, which happens to land on the green one, then he chooses the red switch anyway.

A gigantic blast of purple light explodes from the bottom of the mothership, beaming down to the surface.

CADET BUTTONS  
Uff-uf.  
Uh-oh.

#### **EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT**

Purple light surrounds and permeates the building.

#### **EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT**

Purple light encapsulates the entire area. Every lot.

#### **EXT. HIGH-ORBIT SPACE - SHROOMIAN MOTHERSHIP**

Buttons. In a tizzy.

CADET BUTTONS  
Uff, uff...  
Um, um...

He flips the same switch to no avail. Flipping it repeatedly does nothing. Flipping it faster and faster does nothing.

Only when he throws the FIX EVERY PROBLEM NOW switch does it finally shut off. Whew!

**INT. JEANNIE'S DOUBLE-WIDE TRAILER - DAWN**

From the pillow beside her, Jethr-is watches Jeannie sleep.

Her eyes crack open. A grin appears on his tranquil face.

Catching sight of him she screams at the top of her lungs and runs from the trailer swimming in a giant T-shirt.

This isn't the Jeannie he met. It's JEANNIE #2.

**INT. COUNTRY CLUB - ROOM 424 - DAWN**

In her own room, one of the swimsuit models seen with Trav-thro approaches the bathroom mirror.

Catching a reflection that doesn't belong to her, she ducks out of sight, her back to the wall. Hiding.

Her cautious return to the mirror. She peeks into it from the corner. Full view. Gives her impossibly different face a closer examination. Rubs her eyes. Still a stranger.

She takes a ribbon from a vase of flowers on the vanity. Ties her hair into a familiar, Jeannie-like ponytail.

That's more like it.

**INT./EXT. JEANNIE'S DOUBLE-WIDE TRAILER - DAWN**

Jethr-is pulls his boots on and steps outside.

It's a glorious morning. Deep inhale. But then...

**QUICK FLASHES - TRAILER PARK PANDEMONIUM**

--A hysterical WOMAN with untamed hair and makeup streaking down her face blows past Jethr-is

--A MAN waking up on autopilot opens his fridge, sees what's inside, and runs to the john. To puke

--A TEENAGER chased by an angry CHICKEN

--RESIDENTS run around like maniacs. Bump into and off each other escaping the area every which way

**BACK TO JEANNIE'S DOUBLE-WIDE**

Jethr-is navigates the chaos. Instinctively joins those migrating to the club beyond the park boundary.

It's the Beverly Hillbillies on one side, Schitt's Creek on the other.

At least it stopped raining.

**INT./EXT. HIGH-ORBIT SPACE - MOTHERSHIP**

Same sad lineup of bungling recruits.

Cap paces even more furiously. Practically stomping.

CAP  
Fuff! Fuff-uf-uf-uf... FUFF!

Stemmy. Pointing again.

Buttons. Disgraced and ashamed.

Cap blames both. Still speaking FunGLISH, his next words sound remarkably like, "Well, if you want something done right, you have to do it yourself."

He takes the helm.

Hundreds of mushroom-shaped attack saucers disperse from the mothership like spores.

**INT. PENTHOUSE CORRIDOR - DAWN**

The instant Trav-thro closes the door to his room he's nearly run down by a housekeeping cart rocketing down the hallway -- pushed by an EXECUTIVE with a HOUSEKEEPER riding on top.

HOUSEKEEPER  
Woo-HOO!

Trav-thro watches them reach the end of the hall.

The cart doesn't stop -- it bursts through the French doors and slams into the balcony, sending the housekeeper sailing out into the morning.

Fortunately, she splashes down in the kidney-shaped pool below where a --

**QUICK FLASHES - COUNTRY CLUB PANDEMONIUM**

--GUEST on a waverunner tries to jump it over to the garden reflecting pool but falls short. Slides the rest of the way  
--A FAT WOMAN'S cannonball leaves her stuck in the jacuzzi  
--CLASSICAL MUSICIANS form a jug band  
--Most guests get drunk chugging Dom Perignon straight from the bottle and hammering mimosas

**BACK TO PENTHOUSE CORRIDOR**



Trav-thro tries greeting the model passing him in the hallway, but she doesn't seem to recognize him.

He shrugs yet looks back -- her cute ponytail bouncing to her steps.

He reaches the --

#### **BALCONY**

Finds Travis's phone in his pocket.

A large fingerprint appears on screen.

Trav-thro touches the sensor.

Unlocking the phone plays the last video Travis took.

He plays it a few times. Tries to process the information.

After multiple attempts it dawns on him to look up.

From here he sees what no one else can: countless Shroomian saucers attacking the city beyond the golf course.

He goes back to the phone. They're the same spaceships, right?

Back up at the attack. Probably. Right. Yes. Of course, moron.

Yikes! He races down the staircase.

#### **INT. COUNTRY CLUB - LOBBY - DAWN**

Jethr-is encounters no resistance getting in this time, but long lines prevent him from getting on the elevator.

The floor indicator lights run all over the dial, up and down. Are they using it the same way they're playing bumper cars with the bellcarts? For fun? Like amusement park rides?

The club is as crazy as the trailer park! What's going on? He exits the jubilant, rowdy lobby. Races up the --

#### **EXT. BALCONY STAIRS - DAWN**

Jethr-is. Quickly ascending.

Trav-thro. Hurried descent. Looking down at the phone.

They crash into one another. End up in a heap on the landing.  
Recognizing Trav-thro, Jethr-is grabs him by the shirt-straps.  
Trav-thro pacifies him by holding up his cell phone.  
Jethr-is takes it. Watches the video he took the day before.  
Trav-thro points to the horizon. The city skyline.  
Under the massive mothership, swarming saucers and devastating purple lasers work their way toward the country club.  
They look at each other like, are you thinking what I'm thinking?  
Jethr-is stands up but reaches down for Trav-thro.  
Their handshake -- a mighty, cooperative grip.  
Jethr-is pulls him up.

**EXT. 9TH HOLE - FAIRWAY - DAY**

Trav-thro and Jethr-is jump off the luxurious golf cart when it skids to a stop, scarring the manicured grass.  
They position Jethro's small satellite dish on its roof.

**EXT. GOLF COURSE/TRAILER PARK BOUNDARY - WOODS - DAY**

Jethr-is scours the woods in search of mushrooms that start blinking when picked up -- finding them growing on tree trunks, under logs, and on rocks, like Easter Eggs.

**EXT. 9TH HOLE - FAIRWAY - DAY**

Trav-thro arrives on a second cart loaded with car batteries and a diesel generator.

**EXT. CITY OUTSKIRTS - DAY**

The Shroomians leave the city in smoking ruins as the ships work their way across the suburbs in the near distance.

**EXT. 9TH HOLE - FAIRWAY - DAY**

The blinking mushrooms fill the cart's upturned satellite dish until they rise in a mound and spill over the side.

Trav-thro rigs up the power supply.

Jethr-is gets in the cart and hits the ignition.

The mushrooms synchronize and glow promisingly, then fade and fall silent as the power is quickly drained.

OTHERS notice the pair working together -- despite the attacking saucers -- and start pitching in.

And not a moment too soon: the saucers are closing in fast -- already destroying nearby lake houses.

**EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - PARKING LOT - DAY**

Every car, truck, and SUV -- most of them high-end -- in the full lot has its hood open and battery ripped out.

**EXT. 9TH HOLE - FAIRWAY - DAY**

All of the batteries are piled -- along with every backup generator from the trailer park -- around Travis's golf cart and Jethro's satellite dish, both of which are practically covered with flashing mushroom beacons.

Everyone stands back.

Saucers annihilate the trailer park as the mothership's ominous shadow slowly cloaks the country club and golf course. Do something!

Everyone turns their attention to Trav-thro, who aims his trusty remote control at their contraption and presses POWER.

Nothing.

He tries again.

Nothing. Maybe it needs a little love.

He bonks the device against his noggin. Tries one last time.

Supercharged with electricity, the flashing mushroom pile glows brighter until it becomes blinding. Then --

Their makeshift anti-aircraft laser beam fires at the darkened sky.

It only traps one UFO, but that's enough.

Networked together, the beam bounces from one craft to another until they're all finally caught up in an electrical storm that takes out their own mothership.

It pitches sideways then crashes into the valley on top of Jethro's trailer along with every fried mushroom saucer in a spectacular -- and quite possibly delicious -- Shroomian flambé that finally explodes in a glorious mushroom cloud.

Naturally.

Finally un-Freaky-Friday-ed, everyone takes a moment to reorient themselves in their original bodies, then rejoices.

Hooray!

Restored Jeannie rushes to Jethro and embraces him -- but instantly shuts down. Turns away upon looking into his eyes.

She knows he's not the same man.

#### **EXT. COUNTRY CLUB ENTRANCE - DAY**

Their homes devastated, the trailer park community is gathered outside but security is adamant: no non-members allowed -- not even in light of recent events.

Poor, miserable, and now homeless, the despondent community leaves following Jeannie.

Travis pushes his way through the crowd. Puts two fingers in his mouth. Loud whistle. The kind one uses to hail a cab.

He calls to her -- to all of them -- with a big, sweeping arm gesture that says get on over here!

PRE-LAP: Cheering audience.

ROD RODDY (V.O.)  
Come on down! You're the next  
contestant on The Price is Right!

#### **INT. COUNTRY CLUB - MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

Jethro. Seated in the auditorium. Surrounded by friends both old and new. Shovels popcorn into his happy mouth.

ON MOVIE SCREEN - An ecstatic woman leaps down the aisle to Contestant's Row on The Price is Right.

**INT. COUNTRY CLUB - SALON - NIGHT**

WOMEN from both communities give each other makeovers.

**EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - POOL - NIGHT**

CHILDREN from both communities play together.

EXECUTIVE CHEFS bring their skills to the stately row of barbecue grills brought over from the trailer park.

And yes, they prepare a nice mushroom sauté as a side.

The musicians finally find their niche and play music enjoyed by all.

**EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - ROOF - NIGHT**

Travis and Jeannie. Together on lawn chairs. Watching fireworks explode in the sky.

A bunch of purple ones go off and they exchange a brief, worried glance before returning to their bliss.

However, if one were to zoom out beyond --

**HIGH-ORBIT SPACE**

The mothership's former location. Far below, the country club and golf course are but an irritating patch of green fungus ironically growing on a colossal space mushroom!

FADE OUT.

**THE END**