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A high-end SPORTS CAR pulls up. A sharply-dressed BUSINESSWOMAN climbs out, carrying a briefcase. She's the only normal-looking person in sight.

BUSINESSWOMAN

What's going on? Is there a Loser Convention in town?

NATALIE

No. They're just lonely. I mean, they're not hurting anybody...

BUSINESSWOMAN

I'm not so sure. The aliens are obviously an intergalactic reconnaissance squadron. Probably from Alpha Centuri.

MONK & NATALIE

(stunned)

Huh... no kidding...

BUSINESSWOMAN

(re: the Fanatics)

These idiots could provoke a preemptive strike. The first thing they'll do is suck up all the oxygen.

The Woman opens her car trunk. Inside is a HAZMAT SUIT. She puts on the HELMET.

BUSINESSWOMAN (IN HELMET) (CONT'D)

I have a spare tank if you want to share.

She's obviously insane. Monk and Natalie back away.

NATALIE

No... thank you.

(to Monk)

I'm gonna call the garage, and see if our car's ready.

MONK

Dial fast. Dial like the wind.

Natalie steps away to make her call. While she does, Goggles, Costumed Alien and Second Fanatic step up.

GOGGLE FANATIC

Excuse me. The motel clerk said you were the Alpha Contact.

(CONTINUED)

"MONK" - BUSINESSWOMAN

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