

INT. RESTAURANT -- EVENING

A bustling dining room. Nicely designed, but obviously in a middle-class price range.

At a booth on the far side sit BRUCE and ASHLEY. Both mid-20s and attractive, they seem to really be hitting it off, giggling and eyeing one another.

BRUCE

...And that's one of the ways to club a baby seal. Well, one of the five technical ways, at least. So, what do you do for a living?

ASHLEY

Oh, I design those funny, ironic t-shirts. Here, like this one...

She takes off her jacket, revealing her shirt underneath. It features a polar bear wearing a dunce cap and reads "TOO COOL FOR SCHOOL." Bruce gives a blank stare.

BRUCE

Why does he have a birthday party hat on?

ASHLEY

No, no, no. It's a dunce cap. Get it? Because he's too cool for school? Because... he's a polar bear?

BRUCE

Ah, got it. That's... that's clever.
(a beat)
I'm an actor.

ASHLEY

Oh, really? How interesting!

BRUCE

Yeah, I'm working on this movie right now. It's a glam-rock-alien-musical sort of thing. It's gonna be a pretty big deal.

INT. MARKETING OFFICE -- DAY

ELI and RICHARD, two marketing executives in their late 40s, sit at their shared desk, shit-eating grins plastered on their faces. Their office is bare, save for a poster of *Baby Geniuses 2: Superbabies*.

Bruce enters. He's decked out in his "glam alien" costume, complete with bright red hair, freaky clown make-up, and a neon spandex outfit.

BRUCE
Hey, I just got off the shoot.

ELI
Hey! Bruce-a-reeno!

RICHARD
The Brucemeister!

ELI
(in a Darth Vader
voice)
Bruce Willis.

BRUCE
Uh-huh. Bruce Willis doesn't talk
like that. You had to see me about
something.

ELI
Well, got some bad news. The pic's
not a glam rock alien musical anymore.
We got Rowan Atkinson to sign on.

BRUCE
Rowan Atkinson? You mean like Mr.
Bean?

RICHARD
Yep. The movie's now called *Mr.
Bean's Kidney Transplant*. Mr. Bean
tests higher with the kids than
aliens.

ELI
He tests higher than Fall Out Boy,
too.

Bruce shuts the door and walks further inside.

ELI (CONT'D)
Anyway, your scene's been cut.

BRUCE
Wait, we were just filming it like,
fifteen minutes ago. You couldn't
have told me then?

RICHARD
No, see. We still need the deleted
scene for the DVD extras.

ELI
Well, not really the DVD extras.
It's for the extras on the 2 disc
special edition for Blu-Ray.

(MORE)

ELI (CONT'D)

Well, it's not really for that, either. It's available through a website you access by entering the special code you get when you purchase the 2 disc...

BRUCE

What does this have to do with me?

The executives exchange a glance.

RICHARD

Well, Bruce, we here at marketing believe interactive media is the way of the future.

ELI

We want the fans to be involved in our product to the point where they don't have a life outside of it. We want them to confuse it with reality.

RICHARD

Which is why we need you to continue playing your character from this deleted scene... what was his name again?

BRUCE

Cee-Dee Past.

RICHARD

Right. We want you to convince the fans that this Cee-Dee Past is really a rock star alien stranded on Earth 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

ELI

Like in *Borat*.

BRUCE

But wasn't he only pretending to be Borat when he was filming?

RICHARD

(doing a terrible Ali
G impression)

A'iiiiiiiigggh!

He holds out his fist for Bruce to pound. Bruce does nothing.

BRUCE

I'm not surrendering my entire life for some interactive marketing campaign.

ELI

How about this: You pretend to be Cee-Dee Past until DVDs and the internet are irrelevant, archaic technology, and we'll give you the company car. Deal?

This obviously strikes a chord with Bruce. He becomes lost in thought.

INT. BRUCE'S CAR -- EVENING (FLASHBACK)

Bruce pulls into Ashley's driveway and stops the car. He turns to her, expecting some action.

ASHLEY

This isn't going to work.

BRUCE

What? Everything was going great! You even laughed at my highly offensive joke about Polish people.

(tenderly)

I could tell it to you again if you forgot it.

She stares at him coldly.

ASHLEY

It's just... you drive the same car as my mom. I don't know, it just feels kind of weird.

BRUCE

Mmm, right. One of those subconscious, Freudian, Oedipal kind of things.

ASHLEY

No, not really. It's just... also, your air conditioning doesn't work.

BRUCE

Yeah but... saving the environment, right? No AC, no wasted gas.

ASHLEY

And the soundsystem's horrible.

BRUCE

You just haven't heard it play "Fuck tha Police" yet. Here, I'll pop it in.

ASHLEY

Goodnight, Bruce.

She opens the door and slides out. Bruce looks after her longingly.

INT. MARKETING OFFICE -- DAY

BRUCE

Yeah, okay. I'm in.

Eli reaches into the desk drawer and pulls out a metal ankle cuff.

ELI

Great! Now we need to make sure you're Cee-Dee Past every waking moment of the day.

He walks over and attaches the cuff to Bruce's leg. A red light on it starts blinking.

ELI (CONT'D)

So we'll be keeping an eye on you.

RICHARD

Now, the first thing we need from you is a video blog. Maybe do it like that one on MTV where they show the famous people's houses...

BRUCE

Cribs?

RICHARD

No, this one's about where adults sleep, not babies. I think it's called *Full House*.

ELI

Yeah, make it exactly like *Full House*!

EXT. CEE-DEE PAST'S HOUSE -- DAY

The camera is now hand-held like a reality show. It comes in close to Bruce, still in his Cee-Dee Past outfit and standing on a normal suburban lawn. He crosses his arms on his chest and tilts his head slightly upward, as if taking part in some weird alien ritual.

BRUCE

(in a light British accent)

Oh, hello uncultured humanoids. I am the sexually ambivalent extraterrestrial known as Cee-Dee Past, sent to the planet Earth in order to help it rock out.

(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 Take a tour of my humble Earth
 residence, will you not?

He leads the camera inside.

INT. CEE-DEE PAST'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The room is furnished like a normal home, with the exception of a couple lights and retro decorations, like a lava lamp. Bruce stands by his television.

BRUCE
 This is my intergalactic television set. Its technology far eclipses that of human TV, for it can convert Telemundo programming into the beautiful language in all the galaxy: English.

He takes a few steps to the center of the room. The camera pulls back to reveal PIK, a small man painted entirely with green make-up. Bruce puts his arms around him from behind and begins caressing him awkwardly. Pik does not change his gaze.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 This is my servant, Pik. During our 16th lives on the 7th planet, we were of the same species.
 (cocks his head)
 And lovers.

Pik lets out a low, dull "moo" sound.

INT. CEE-DEE PAST'S HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Bruce sits on his bed. Again, the furnishing is pretty normal, except for a few obvious touches.

BRUCE
 This is my bed. I do not use it for sleeping, because I gather my energy through a complicated system of blinks and toe-wiggling. However, it comes in handy when I throw wild sexual parties with the humans.

JUMP CUT to Bruce alone in his room dancing the robot and holding two glowsticks as the lights flash. Loud techno music plays.

INT. CEE-DEE PAST'S HOUSE -- BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Bruce stares at himself in the mirror.

BRUCE

Some days, I simply like to wonder
what life would be like if I was
less pretty.

INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- MORNING

The camera returns to normal. Bruce sleeps in his bed until his alarm goes off, playing "MOON AGE DAYDREAM" by DAVID BOWIE. He groans.

INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE -- BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Bruce goes through his morning routine. However, such normal tasks as toothbrushing are accompanied by putting on his Cee-Dee persona: Applying make-up, blow-dying his hair, throwing sparkles on his clothes, etc.

INT. COFFEE SHOP -- AFTERNOON

Bruce and Ashley enter. Bruce still has his hands across his chest in the same ridiculous position. The few customers in the place turn around to stare.

ASHLEY

I don't think this is a good idea.
We should just leave.

BRUCE

(still his Cee-Dee
voice)

No, no, it's fine. I am perfectly
comfortable in the presence of, um...
humans. And caffiene.

ASHLEY

All right, what are you going to
get?

BRUCE

Oh no, I'm not allowed to consume in
front of earth creatures. But it
shall be beautiful watching you ingest
nutrients.

Ashley looks around the shop tensely.

ASHLEY

Actually, I have this appointment in
a few hours. Maybe you should just
take me home.

She walks toward the exit. Bruce observes the crowd.

BRUCE
 Earthlings: Don't forget to see *Mr. Bean's Kidney Transplant!* Only in theaters!

He follows Ashley out.

INT. BRUCE'S CAR -- DAY

Same driveway, nicer car. Ashley takes her seatbelt off.

ASHLEY
 Okay, this is way too weird. Like, I thought you were kind of creepy as a real person even, but...

BRUCE
 Wait, Ashley. You are the most beautiful human girl I have ever seen.

ASHLEY
 Oh yeah? Then how come you can't even choose me over your stupid fake alien life?

Bruce considers this.

BRUCE
 (returning to normal voice)
 You know what? You're right! This relationship is more important than some dumb movie I'm not even in. So what if we can't afford a nice car or--

ASHLEY
 (disappointed)
 Wait, you mean this is how you got this car?

BRUCE
 Well, yeah, but love is more important than--

Suddenly, Bruce's ankle cuff goes nuts, the red light blinking furiously. It lets at a piercing, dog-whistle shriek. Bruce throws his head against his seat and begins to scream.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 Get out of my head, marketing gurus!

During this madness, Ashley opens the car door.

ASHLEY
 Yeah, way too weird.

She gets out and slams the door. The shrieking noise stops. Bruce relaxes, then after a moment of silence, turns on the car stereo. "FUCK THA POLICE" fills the car. Bruce smiles, cocks his head in the Cee-Dee Past position, and pulls out of the driveway.

BRUCE
(returning to the
British accent)
Perhaps our paths shall cross again,
Earth girl. Perhaps our paths shall
cross again...

He drives off into the night.

THE END.