

BLESS THIS MESS
E.T. Phone Homestead

Written by
Ally Iseman

714 Bay Street, Santa Monica, CA 90405
(301) 792-6879 | allyiseman@gmail.com

Previously on BLESS THIS MESS:

Mike and Rio have left their busy lives in New York City for the simpler life in Nebraska at Mike's deceased Aunt Maggie's farmhouse. Only problem is, their top soil is dead and it's near impossible to grow anything. While struggling to find the right crop to make some money, the pig Rio adopted gives birth to piglets, igniting Rio's maternal instincts. Luckily they've made friends with their neighbors Kay and Beau, just in time for Kay to kick Beau out of the house while they deal with marital issues brought on by Rio's therapy sessions with Kay. Rio offers the couple counseling while Beau shacks up in their spare bedroom. Mike has taken over running the town paper, the Bucksnot Bugle. Meanwhile, Rudy and Constance, the town sheriff, have finally taken their courtship into the bedroom. Constance's son Brandon is home from serving his country in the military as a bomb expert, but he's itching for a way to apply his talents. Rio and Mike finally find the right seeds for their troubled field: sorghum, and put everything they've got into nurturing their potential new harvest.

COLD OPEN

EXT. RIO AND MIKE'S FARMHOUSE - SUNRISE

A ROOSTER crows. A SQUIRREL gets his NUT. Two RABBITS hump, like rabbits.

INT. RIO AND MIKE'S FARMHOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

MIKE and RIO are asleep. Her finger is partially up his nose. The rooster CROWS again, louder. Mike startles awake, sitting bolt upright in bed.

MIKE

That's not the droid you're looking for!

Rio is groggily awakened by his verbalized night terror.

RIO

Why?...

She looks at the clock. Too early.

RIO (CONT'D)

I will, like, never get used to this crop cycle schedule.

MIKE

How are our little sorghum babies doing today?

Mike excitedly makes his way to the window and whips back the CURTAIN dramatically, bathing Rio in bright sunlight from which she recoils like a vampire.

RIO

You're a cruel man!

As their eyes adjust, Mike's look of excitement turns to a look of horror as he gazes out the window into the field.

MIKE

No! What?! Someone's--in our field!

RIO

No, babe, that's just the homemade scarecrow I put up yesterday.

(proudly)

Watched a How-To video on YouTube.

(MORE)

RIO (CONT'D)

Used some of Aunt Maggie's old clothes. She owned an alarming amount of flannel. Was going to surprise you.

MIKE

But--Wha--?

RIO

Mission accomplished.

MIKE

They're--they've--

RIO

Use your words, sweetie.

MIKE

There's been a vandalism!

REVEAL out the window - large, round CIRCLES have been pressed flat into the fledgling crop field.

SMASH TO TITLE CARD: BLESS THIS MESS

ACT ONE

EXT. RIO AND MIKE'S FARMHOUSE - LATER

Mike is pacing back-and-forth in Rio's silk KIMONO robe.
 CONSTANCE inspects the damage.

MIKE

All our hard work! They've ruined us! Slap the law down on 'em, Con!

CONSTANCE

Mike, don't call me that.

RIO

Oh wow, I never realized that. You're a cop and your nickname is Con. That's sorta ironic...

CONSTANCE

You know full well it's Connie.
 (to Mike)
 We don't even know who "they" are yet. This could just be some kids playing a prank.

RIO

Con really suits you though--

CONSTANCE

Let it go, Rio.

MIKE

What sort of evil children of the corn would do something like this?

RIO

It's okay. We've got harvest insurance so everything's fine.

Mike stops pacing. He doesn't look at Rio.

RIO (CONT'D)

You got our harvest insurance, right, babe?

Mike kicks some soil.

RIO (CONT'D)

Babe?!

Constance backs away to her police car.

CONSTANCE

I'm gonna go radio this in.

MIKE

When you say got--

RIO

Mike!

MIKE

I was getting to it! Those papers are very complicated. Reading them made me dizzy so I went for a walk and ended up at the paper. Turns out that organic hemp-based ink you ordered really bunged up the press--

RIO

How? You haven't printed anything in months.

MIKE

SO I had to help flush it out, which ended up being a much more complicated and messier endeavor than I anticipated. Got sustainably harvested ink all over my brand new overalls! So then I had to head over to the dry-cleaners, which is really just our kitchen sink--

RIO

Mike.

MIKE

I failed you.

Rio starts pacing now, trying to get a handle on things.

RIO

No, no. There's no such thing as failure unless you give up. We're not giving up just because we're bankrupt. That's not what we do in this family! This is just--a challenge. We can do challenges.

MIKE

You used to have all kinds of posters up about that in your office.

(thinking)

"Look for the golden opportunity."

RIO
 "A roadblock is actually a detour
 to new possibilities."

MIKE
 "Turn lemons into limes."

RIO
 Lemonade. It's, "Turn lemons into
 lemonade."

MIKE
 Oo, I love lemonade. We can totally
 make sorghum lemonade! See? We're
 gonna be fine.

Rio forces a smile.

INT. RUDY'S BARN - DAY

BRANDON and RUDY are putting the finishing touches on an
 extra high powered TWO-WAY RADIO.

BRANDON
 That should do it!

RUDY
 This is swell, Brandon! Swell! I
 can make calls anywhere in the
 galaxy now!

BRANDON
 Well, anywhere in the county...

Rudy looks at him hopefully.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
 Let's give her a test drive!

RUDY
 She drives, too?! How exciting.

Brandon switches the radio ON. Static. Mike ENTERS.

MIKE
 Hey, Rudy, did you see anyone in
 the field yester--

RUDY
 SHH! Mike! We're calibrating my
 transgalactic communication device.

Mike turns to Brandon.

BRANDON

I amped up the range on his two-way radio.

MIKE

Right.

Brandon starts playing with the DIALS trying to get a signal. A RADIO COMMERCIAL comes on.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

--get rid of unwanted visitors with Elliot's Exterminator Supply--

RUDY

We can do better than that! Turn it up full blast, my good man!

Somewhat reluctantly Brandon turns it all the way up. Suddenly a STRANGE SOUND comes in and goes out again.

MIKE

Wait, what was that?

RUDY

Yes, what was that? Go back!

Brandon fiddles with the dials until a STRANGE GRUNTING LANGUAGE comes through the radio! Brandon looks up. Rudy and Mike look at each other.

EXT. VANDALISED FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Mike shows the damage to Rudy and Brandon.

RUDY

Well it's pretty clear to me what's going on here. I didn't watch every episode of the X-Files backwards and forwards 42 times for nothing! We've got an invasion on our hands!

MIKE

Well, at least some crop circles.

BRANDON

Did you tell Ma about this?

MIKE

Yea, she thinks it's just some kids, but I don't know any kids in this town who possess this sort of artistry and technical acumen.

BRANDON

Right, but--

MIKE

These are obviously alien crop circles. Made only more obvious by the aggressive alien communications that we just intercepted.

Rio ENTERS carrying a tray of GLASSES and a carafe of MILK.

RIO

Hey. Guys. Anyone want some ice cold milk? Fresh from the cow.

Mike looks at her, surprised.

RIO (CONT'D)

Store. It's from the store. Cows are terrifying.

MIKE

Baby, we don't got milk. We got visitors from the Milky Way.

RIO

Right. Honey, maybe you wanna talk over here with me?

MIKE

Babe, I'm with my friends. We're talking man stuff. Alien stuff.

RIO

Sweetheart, this is my farm too and I'm very confused right now. And concerned. For your sanity.

MIKE

Love, look at the evidence. Large crop circles in our field. Strange messages coming in on Rudy's radio.

RIO

So, I didn't hear anything--

MIKE

And you're serving milk in the middle of the day? Who serves milk in the middle of the day? Everyone knows that's a bedtime treat! Are you even my wife?! I've seen "Invasion of the Body Snatchers!"

Rio sets the tray down.

RIO
 Okay, yes. Baby. These are
 all...great ideas. Except I am
 definitely your wife.

She KISSES him deeply. He calms.

MIKE
 Okay, that was very convincing.

RIO
 So, say these are alien signs.
 What's the plan?

BRANDON	RUDY
Notify the proper government authorities.	Prepare for abduction.

RIO
 Rudy, no one's getting abducted.

MIKE
 Open up a tourist attraction!

RIO
 Mike, I don't think--

RUDY
 I've been preparing for this day
 for years.

Rudy EXITS.

RIO
 (off Rudy)
 I feel like I just learned a lot.

MIKE
 Think about it! We could be bigger
 than The World's Biggest Eyeball!
 (cheesy)
Eye'm making limeade!

RIO
 It's lemonade, babe. Lemonade.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. THE BUCKSNORT BUGLE - DAY

Stacks of NEWSPAPERS sit untouched out front.

MIKE (O.S.)

We just gotta figure out how to
bring in an onslaught of thrill-
seeking tourists with cold hard
cash-ola!

INT. THE BUCKSNORT BUGLE - CONTINUOUS

Mike excitedly leads Rio around the press.

MIKE

We could do a special issue of the
paper all about previous Bucksnort
alien invasions!

RIO

(eye roll)

Yea, we could advertise as Area 52.

MIKE

(missing her sarcasm)

Or Roswell 2.0! This is so
exciting!

RIO

Babe. Love. Husband. I don't know
if this is really worth a whole
issue of the newspaper...

MIKE

This is huge news! We gotta let the
people know!

DEB pokes her head in.

DEB

Heard you guys got some crop
circles going on in that baby field
of yours. Tiniest little things
I've ever seen. Cute.

She EXITS.

MIKE

Why do we even have a newspaper in
this town?

EXT. RIO AND MIKE'S FARMHOUSE - DAY

A local NEWS CREW has set up and is interviewing RUDY.

NEWS REPORTER

(to news camera)

The same day these exceptionally
short yet still very concerning
crop circles were discovered in
this local...

(aside)

What are they growing again?

CAMERAMAN (O.C.)

Sorghum?

NEWS REPORTER

(to news camera)

...sorghum field, this squatter
with immaculate bone structure
alleges he has intercepted alien
communications--

RUDY

They let me stay here.

NEWS REPORTER

I'm sorry?

RUDY

I'm no squatter.

NEWS REPORTER

My apologies, ruggedly handsome
freeloader--

Rudy holds up the now NOISY radio, silencing her.

RUDY

Feast your ear cheese on this!

Mike and Rio pull up.

INT. NISSAN LEAF - CONTINUOUS

Mike eyes the news crew and Rudy blasting the radio.

MIKE
That should do it.

INT. RIO'S OFFICE - LATER

Rio lays on the couch playing with a PEN. She's startled by a vigorous KNOCK on the door, which she answers.

It's CLARA. She's wearing a TINFOIL CONE HAT on her head and is holding a HALF-EATEN CASSEROLE in a GLASS PYREX DISH.

CLARA
Do you still talk to crazy people?

RIO
If you are referring to whether or not my licensed and accredited therapy practice is still active...

She puts on her OFFICIAL THERAPIST GLASSES.

RIO (CONT'D)
Yes. Yes, it is.

Clara ENTERS, frazzled.

CLARA
The alien visitors are making me eat compulsively!

RIO
Clara, there are no alien--

CLARA
They could be scanning our brains right now! I saw that documentary with Mel Gibson called *Signs*--

RIO
That's not a docu--

CLARA
--so I've been gathering all the tinfoil I can find! Y'know, to protect myself. And my kitty women.

She shows Rio a very tiny version of her TINFOIL CONE HAT.

RIO
That's very...proactive of you.

CLARA

But I can't stop eating all these leftovers! I can't control myself! It's them! Controlling my mind!

RIO

Clara. Sweetheart. Don't you hate throwing away leftovers?

CLARA

So wasteful. Perfectly good food.

RIO

D'you think maybe if you made your...protective helmet out of tinfoil from the roll instead of reusing the tinfoil from covered food dishes, you might not be so compelled to eat all the leftovers?

Clara takes a bite of the casserole.

CLARA

Maybe.

EXT. VANDALISED FIELD - SIMULTANEOUS

-Mike sets up a homemade TICKET STAND with a SIGN stating "BOX OFFICE - ROSWELL 2.0" hung at the top.

-He turns on a SOUNDTRACK playing theme songs from classic space alien movies like "E.T." and "Close Encounters."

-He neatly arranges ALIEN TOYS and other SPACE SOUVENIRS.

Mike finally steps back to proudly look at his work. The sign unhinges from one side and SWINGS free, knocking over all the souvenirs. The theme from "Alien" starts playing ominously.

INT./EXT. RIO'S OFFICE - LATER

Rio walks Clara out with a sympathetic hand on her shoulder.

KEN is waiting at the door to go next. He's at the front of a long line of TOWNSPEOPLE, all wearing TINFOIL CONE HATS.

Rio sighs and walks KEN in.

EXT. VANDALISED FIELD - SIMULTANEOUS

A line of TOURISTS wait to check out the crop circles. Mike mans the box office.

TOURIST DOG MOM
Can you do a family discount?

She holds up a pile of ALIEN DOG COSTUMES while holding leashes for a PACK OF DOGS at her side.

MIKE
Ma'am, we're a small business.
Unfortunately I cannot provide you
with a family discount at this
time.

Disappointed, she puts them back and turns to leave.

MIKE (CONT'D)
But I can offer you these tasty
Space Balls for free. With your
admission fee.

She smiles, hands him CASH, and he hands her enough of the TREATS for the whole family, who excitedly snap them up.

INT./EXT. RIO'S OFFICE - LATER

Rio has made it to the end of the line. It's Beau. He's not wearing a tinfoil cone hat. She removes her glasses.

RIO
Hey Beau! Did ya miss the memo?

BEAU
You know I don't have one of your
fancy fax machines.

RIO
That's not--what can I do for you?

BEAU
It's our weekly...meeting. Kay's
requirement to consider letting me
move back in. To my own house.

RIO
Right! Of course.

She leads him inside.

BEAU

I still think this therapy business is about as useful as a mule in heat, but I'm not going to be the one to miss it!

RIO

Good for you! Sorry I almost forgot. Lot happening on the homestead.

BEAU

Oh, really?

RIO

(frazzled)

Yea...everyone in town is freaking out about these aliens and this news crew talked to Rudy so Mike put up a tourist trap and--

BEAU

Is this my therapy session or yours?

RIO

Right.

She puts her glasses back on.

RIO (CONT'D)

Please, continue.

EXT. VANDALISED FIELD - DAY

Mike is standing in front of the field in an ALIEN COSTUME. Tourists OOO and AHH and take pictures.

TOURIST WOMAN 1

That's a tall slice of heartland hunk if I ever saw one!

TOURIST WOMAN 2

You mean that sweet piece of man candy?

TOURIST WOMAN 3

Hot MacDonald had a farm. E-I-E-I-OOOOOOO!!!

She howls like a wolf.

MIKE
Ladies. Thank you.

TOURIST MAN
I'd like a pull of that salt water
taffy.

MIKE
(tip of the cap)
Sir.

But they're actually looking at and taking photos of
something over Mike's shoulder.

It's Rudy, running NAKED through the field.

RUDY
(screams at the sky)
I'm ready! Take me home!

MIKE
My gawd, man! Cover yourself! There
are children present!

He steps in front of Rudy and tries to give him part of the
Alien Costume for modesty's sake.

RUDY
No! I don't want anything to
interfere with the tractor beam!

MIKE
The only tractor you need to worry
about is the one you promised to
fix before harvest.

RUDY
Harvest is no longer my concern,
Mike. It's time for me to go home.

Constance pulls up in her police car.

CONSTANCE
I got a call about a streak--Rudy?

RUDY
My sweet wielder of justice, I'm so
glad that you're here! Join me!

CONSTANCE
Rudy, I think you should just get
in the car with me. We can go for a
drive and talk about this--

RUDY
Where we're going, we don't need
roads!

INT./EXT. RIO'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Rio's glasses lay askew as she naps, exhausted, on the couch.
She is startled awake by another KNOCK on the door.

RIO
Wha--?! Who else could that
possibly be...

She opens the door to see Constance and Rudy, who is now
wrapped in a BLANKET.

RIO (CONT'D)
Of course.

RUDY
Clean yourself up, girl.

Rio wipes some DROOL off her face and readjusts her glasses.

Rudy ENTERS the office. A worried Constance ENTERS behind him
holding the two-way radio.

RIO
What's going on, guys? Trouble in
paradise?

RUDY
No sir-ee. I'll have you know these
embers are burning hotter than a
fresh cow pie!

RIO
That's a strong visual, Rude.

CONSTANCE
What is it with you and
unnecessarily short nicknames?

RIO
Just trying something new. Hoping
it inspires deeper intimacy in my
friendships.

CONSTANCE
How's that going for you?

Beat.

RIO
But I'm here for you guys. What's
up?

CONSTANCE
Rudy is convinced he's
communicating with aliens.

RIO
I did hear that.

CONSTANCE
I'm worried about him.

RUDY
There's nothing to worry about, my
lady love. I've been planning for
this day. First contact. I'm ready.

The radio suddenly makes a LOUD NOISE.

RUDY (CONT'D)
See?!

RIO
Was that a squeal?

Another noise. Definitely a squeal. And German polka music.

RIO (CONT'D)
It's intercepting the baby monitor
I put in the barn for Portia's
piglets.

Constance looks at her.

RIO (CONT'D)
It's my--her first litter. Can't be
too careful.

CONSTANCE
Is that German polka music?

RIO
Good ear!

Constance gives Rio another look.

RIO (CONT'D)
It keeps them calm when I'm gone.
Definitely not kosher.

She laughs at herself.

Rudy is looking at the two-way radio, his dream fading.

RUDY
What? No. It can't be.

Constance puts a hand on Rudy's shoulder.

RUDY (CONT'D)
I was ready to go home.

CONSTANCE
Baby, you are home. Or at least you
can come home with me. Think that
might make you feel better?

This piques Rudy's interest.

RUDY
(flirtatious)
Are there any specific activities
you had in mind?

INT. RIO AND MIKE'S FARMHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rio and Mike get ready for bed. This time she's in the silk kimono, brushing her teeth while trying to talk.

RIO
...it was just the pig monitor!

She spits into the sink.

RIO (CONT'D)
You really worked him up.

Mike slides into view still wearing the alien costume, but nothing underneath.

MIKE
Speaking of worked up. There's some
soil I'm about to till. By hand.

Rio wipes her mouth and looks at him in the mirror.

RIO
In the middle of the night? Mike, I
told you we don't need to stress
about the field anymore. I got,
like, a gaggle of new therapy
clients! You don't need to go down
there right now and--

He presses against her, causing her to stop.

RIO (CONT'D)

Oh. I see the crop's already come up.

MIKE

It's harvest time, baby!

RIO

You gonna work this field?

MIKE

I'm gonna shuck you so good!

RIO

Shuck me, baby! Shuck me!

Suddenly the door bursts open and the room is flooded with brilliant WHITE LIGHT. Two GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS in HAZMAT SUITS storm in.

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL 1

Come with us!

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL 2

You're being quarantined. For your own safety.

Rio stands, her arms in the air. Mike hasn't moved.

RIO

(aside)

Come on, Mike.

MIKE

(aside)

I can't stand up yet. I'm in bloom.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. RIO AND MIKE'S FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Rio and Mike, still in the Alien Costume, are led outside where a large quarantine operation is already underway. WHITE TENTS and SPOTLIGHTS surround the vandalised field while GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS in hazmat suits swarm the area.

RIO
(to Mike)
This seems a little excessive for
some vandalism, don't you think?

Soldiers are destroying Mike's Box Office Ticket Stand.

MIKE
Hey! What are you doing? That's
handmade!

Rio and Mike are led up to a LARGE WHITE TENT where they are separated.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Where are you taking--baby? Baby!
I'm right here!

INT. GOVERNMENT QUARANTINE TENT - CONTINUOUS

They are detained into adjoining plastic-walled cells. Rio tries talking to Mike through the wall, but it's muffled.

RIO
(faint)
I can't see.

MIKE
What? They blinded you?!

RIO
No, no. Pee. It smells like pee.
Does your room smell like pee?

Mike puts his hand up on the plastic wall and Rio puts hers up to match his à la *Titanic*.

MIKE
I'm gonna bust us outta here.

BEAU (O.S.)
Mike, what are you wearing?

Mike spins around.

MIKE

Beau? They got you, too?

RUDY (O.S.)

These flimsy walls won't stop the visitors.

MIKE

Rudy, of course. What is this?
What's going on?

BEAU

A Grade A violation of civilian rights is what's going on!

He tries pounding on the "window," but it's soft plastic like the wall so it just has a fluttery effect.

INT. CONNIE'S HOME 'N' GOODS - EARLY MORNING

Constance sets up for the day, facing a pile of INVENTORY.

MILITARY OFFICER (O.S.)

Are you Constance? The sheriff?

CONSTANCE

Who's asking?

She turns to face the voice. It's a MILITARY OFFICER.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Ah--yes, yes I am. Sir. Your honor.

MILITARY OFFICER

We're placing this town under
Marshall Law while we investigate
these sightings.

CONSTANCE

But it's just some kids and a pig--
baby monitor.

MILITARY OFFICER

Ma'am, take the day off.

He EXITS.

CONSTANCE

Shoot! I've been wanting a
vacation, but not like this!

EXT. RIO AND MIKE'S FARMHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Constance's police car pulls up.

INT. GOVERNMENT QUARANTINE TENT - DAY

Constance ENTERS tentatively, sees Rudy through the plastic window in the cell and runs to him.

RUDY

My lady! Come to rescue us?

CONSTANCE

Oh Rudy, I can't. They have the place on lockdown. They even took my badge. I feel naked.

RUDY

Don't talk dirty to me at a time like this!

Constance puts her finger up to the window and Rudy matches à la "E.T. Phone Home."

CONSTANCE

(hopeful)

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

RUDY

But not if you stay away much longer.

Hurt, Constance sulks away. Not sure what to do, she EXITS.

RUDY (CONT'D)

That did not have the desired effect.

MIKE

Harsh, man.

RUDY

Never was much of a wordsmith. Poetry always eluded me.

INT. CONSTANCE'S HOUSE - DAY

Constance sits at the kitchen table with a GLASS OF MILK. Brandon ENTERS.

BRANDON

Ma? You're having a glass of milk
in the middle of the day?!

He hides his DOGTAGS under his shirt.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

CONSTANCE

The military done come up in here
and put all our friends in tents.

BRANDON

They're camping? That sounds fun.

CONSTANCE

They took my badge! B, they took
Rudy. What am I gonna do?

BRANDON

Well, Ma, I'm sure they have a good
reason for what they're doing...

CONSTANCE

There's no good reason for coming
in here and doing this to people.
(beat)
Brandon, you know how to talk to
them. You could get Rudy out!

BRANDON

(uncomfortable)
Ma, I don't think--

She sees something sticking out of his shirt.

CONSTANCE

Wait, what's that?

She grabs onto and REVEALS his dog tags.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

What are you wearing these for?
With everything going on?

BRANDON

I'm helping out, Ma. I'm in the
service.

CONSTANCE

You left the service.

BRANDON

I miss the service. I asked if I could do anything, and I can. It feels good to be needed again.

She looks confused, betrayed.

CONSTANCE

You are needed. By me.

BRANDON

I'm sure this'll all be cleared up soon enough.

INT. GOVERNMENT QUARANTINE TENT - EVENING

The men look like they've been trapped for weeks: sweaty, red eyes, and are those beards? Rio does YOGA.

Suddenly we hear CRYING (O.S.). It gets closer. The tent is unzipped by a CRYING GUARD who leads KAY in.

KAY

Tighten up, ya big baby! Back to your post. You might wanna talk to this here lady about getting some therapy witchcraft in your life.

She gestures to Rio as the guard wipes his eyes and EXITS.

RIO

Kay! What was that?

KAY

The bigger they are, the harder they fall! Bootcamp might break 'em, but I tear 'em apart.

BEAU

My lady knight in shining armor!

She is wearing a SEQUIN TOP.

KAY

You like it? I bought it to attract prospective mates of a caliber beyond what you've achieved.

Beau sits, humbled.

MIKE

Kay, how'd you get in here? Why'd you get in here?

KAY

(matter-of-fact)

It's our weekly couples therapy. I agreed to be here. Every week. I'm not going to be the one to miss it.

RIO

Right. But how'd you ge--nevermind. I guess we can still do this.

KAY

I'm not paying you to guess.

RIO

Let's do this.

Kay pulls up a CHAIR.

TIME PASSES

In a reverse of the typical therapy layout, Rio is now laying down while Kay and Beau go at it. Mike and Rudy sit on the far side of their cell with their fingers plugging their ears, holding each other.

KAY

You never do anything to make me feel special! As far as I know, you're never thinking about me, not once, during your day!

BEAU

I think about your face every second of the day!

KAY

(softens)

Oh, yea?

BEAU

Yea! I think about your big red face yelling about how I never think about you!

Rio sits up.

RIO

Okay, I don't think this is a productive structure in which to continue.

(aside)

I wish I had my glasses.

BEAU

I thought about you so much this week that, before your cropdusting rounds, I tried to write you a love note in the mini field. A big heart with your name in it--K's are hard to get right in crop presses--but it just ended up looking like some big stupid circles so I gave up.

RIO

I'm sorry, what?

MIKE

You were in our field, Beau?

BEAU

Come on, you guys have the smallest crop this side of the Mississippi. Wasn't gonna make a difference.

MIKE

Hey! I'm sick of everyone talking about how little our crop is! It's not the size of the crop that matters, it's the passion you have for laying it--

RIO

Mike, not now! Although I do feel like I better understand your obsession with our crop. Might have you do some freeform writing on toxic masculinity later--I digress! Beau! You made those crop circles in our field?

BEAU

No, I just made circles. In your crop field.

RIO

That's what this whole mess is about, Beau! Why didn't you say something?!

BEAU

(bashful)

I was kinda enjoying a change of scenery from your guest room. It's really not the most comfortable--

KAY

Beau Bowman! You make this right right this minute or so help me! On your mother's grave!

BEAU
 (worried)
 Mama died?!

KAY
 No.
 (disappointed)
 Not yet.

Beat.

KAY (CONT'D)
 STANLEY!!!

RIO
 Who's Stanl--

The same Crying Guard from earlier runs in.

RIO (CONT'D)
 Ah.

STANLEY
 Yes, Mrs. Bowman? What can I get
 for you?

KAY
 This rosy idiot has something to
 tell you.

She gestures to a beet-red Beau.

EXT. GOVERNMENT QUARANTINE TENT - DAY

Rio, Mike, Beau, and Rudy are released under Kay's watchful eye as the military packs up and heads out.

INT. RUDY'S BARN - LATER

An upset Constance is waiting with Brandon. Rudy ENTERS. Constance runs up and gives him a big hug.

CONSTANCE
 I'm so sorry you had to go through
 that!

She fixes his hair, his shirt, wipes his face clean.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
 Not that my no good sellout son was
 any help getting you outta there!

BRANDON
 (embarrassed)
 Ma...

RUDY
 Now Constance, Brandon was just
 doing what was in his heart. Just
 like I was. He helped me get closer
 to my dream than ever before.

This gives her pause. Rudy picks up the two-way radio.

RUDY (CONT'D)
 And now thanks to him, we can have
 our dirty talks anytime we want to
 from wherever we want.

He patches into the POLICE RADIO on her shoulder.

RUDY (CONT'D)
 (into two-way radio)
 Officer Rudy to car 54. We're about
 to have a 69 in progress.

CONSTANCE
 (playful)
 Oh my! 10-4! Officer Constance is
 on the scene.

They start canoodling and Brandon makes an awkward EXIT.

EXT. VANDALIZED FIELD - SUNSET

The piglets run through the field wearing ALIEN DOG COSTUMES
 while Mike and Rio look on.

RIO
 I know you didn't get the harvest
 insurance...

Mike tenses.

RIO (CONT'D)
 And I'm so, like, totally over
 that. Totally over it. But, like,
 did you maybe keep the receipt for
 all the alien stuff you bought?

MIKE
 We coulda really been onto
 something with all this.

RIO

The grass is always greener on the other planet.

MIKE

I guess we're all set for our Crop Circle Maze and Alien Petting Zoo.

RIO

You know I have a negative association with petting zoos from my childhood. That cow...

Rudy comes running happily through the field, this time in Mike's Alien Costume.

MIKE

Lemons into limoncello, baby!

THE END!