

THE PROBE

by

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

Very early, very quiet. Rows of cubicles, no character or charm. All plain vanilla.

In comes HUGH STRICKLAND (early 30s), rail thin and geek chic, looking like a lost puppy.

A muscular dickhead named GARY (30s) saunters by, quite the opposite of Hugh in every way.

HUGH

Excuse me?

Gary doesn't break stride, pays him no mind.

A ratty briefcase in one hand and a FISHBOWL in the other, Hugh searches through the sea of cubicles.

Finally, in black Sharpie on a cubicle wall: HUGH STICKLER

He sits, carefully places the fishbowl on his desk - inside is a goldfish, LEXIE (2), faithful companion.

INT. CUBICLE - OFFICE - LATER

Hugh at his desk, hard at work, getting into it. He clicks off a call and removes his headset when he hears a VOICE:

GARY (O.S.)

So, I'm jizzin' in this broad's hair,
right? And she starts rubbing it in
like it's fucking shampoo!

LAUGHTER erupts from a nearby cubicle.

It's yet another dickhead, this one's called BRAD (40s), a cretin of the highest order, sporting a simian-like forehead and wearing torn sweats like a point of pride.

BRAD

Ha, ha! Slut.

Hugh can't help but chuckle, prompting Gary and Brad to peer over in unison at their new co-worker.

HUGH

(extends his hand)

Hi. I'm Hugh.

Gary crushes Hugh's slight hand in a death grip.

GARY

No, you wish you were me. Get it? Ha--
Eww! What's that shit on your hand?

HUGH

Huh?

BRAD

Probably caught him buffing his
banana. Oh, shit. Look! He's even got
a boner.

Hugh glances down at his corduroy's. There does appear to be some kind of lump.

GARY

That true, propeller head? You fisting
the mister?

HUGH

No, no! It's just the way my pants
ride up.

Hugh unsuccessfully tries to smooth his pants. He glances at Gary and Brad, laughs nervously.

They just stare blankly back at him.

Hugh clears his throat, wheels his chair in and slips his headset back on.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Small, cramped space. The door opens, Hugh stumbles in and drops his keys on a table, lays the fishbowl down, then plops onto the sofa.

INT. BEDROOM - APARTMENT - NIGHT

Our man fast asleep in bed.

From the window, a bright WHITE LIGHT shines in. It changes to red, then blue, then--

THUMP!

Hugh jumps up. Who? What?

Gets out of bed, goes to the window and takes a look outside. Nothing there.

He closes the window, locks it, climbs back into bed.

INT. BEDROOM - APARTMENT - MORNING

Digital annoyance from the alarm clock. Hugh swats it, gets up and heads for the bathroom

The bedroom window is wide open, curtains ruffling.

INT. CUBICLE - OFFICE - DAY

Hugh places the fishbowl on his desk, opens a can of fish food and sprinkles some in. Lexie hungrily gobbles it up.

Next to the fish bowl, Hugh spies a squeeze pump of Jergen's hand lotion, along with a note that reads: THOUGHT U MIGHT NEED THIS!

The cubicles next to his are conveniently empty.

HUGH

Hilarious.

INT. CUBICLE - OFFICE - LATER

Hugh rests his chin in his hand, staring at the monitor.

A PAPER AIRPLANE lands on his desk.

Next to him, Gary and Brad are seemingly hard at work.

Hugh unfolds the airplane. It reads: FUCK HUGH!

INT. BEDROOM - APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hugh's asleep, but not settled. Looks like he's having a...

EXT. BEACH - DAY (DREAM)

Waves crash on white sand, music plays. Summer at its best.

Hugh, tanned and buff, relaxing in a chair when a BEACH BALL rolls against his leg. He picks it up, scans the beach.

A deliciously ample beach beauty, CAITLYN (20s), in a blue bikini, prances over.

CAITLYN

I am so sorry!

HUGH

(oozing confidence)

You're good. Want your ball back?

She nods playfully, her auburn hair glistening in the sun.

HUGH

Come on over and get it.

She reaches in for the ball. Hugh grabs her by the wrist and pulls her on top of him.

Their bodies pressed together, Caitlyn feels his bulging biceps and giggles.

CAITLYN

You're so ripped. Do you work out?

HUGH

Only when I'm not French kissing hotties like yourself.

And they go at it, full on lip lock. He reaches across her bronzed back and unties her top.

HUGH
How clumsy of me.

She gets on all fours and yanks down his Speedo's.

CAITLYN
How clumsy of me!
(eyes his manhood)
My god, you're gigantic! Permission to
climb aboard, sir.

HUGH
Aye! Permission granted.

She kneels in the sand and, from seemingly out of nowhere, pulls out an aluminum BASEBALL BAT.

HUGH
What's the bat for, honey?

CAITLYN
I'm gonna shove it up your ass.

HUGH
What?!

She thrusts the bat between his legs, producing a squishy POP! and a harrowing Ned Beatty SQUEAL.

HUGH
Aiiiiiiii-Ohhh...

(END OF DREAM)

INT. BEDROOM - APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hugh wide awake in bed in the darkness.

HUGH
Ahhh-Oooooohh!

His face contorts in pain. He glances up, and his frightened, bugged-out eyes focus on...

A four foot SPACE ALIEN named ALICE (early 2,000s) standing over him, her large almond eyes set in an over-sized bald head, and perky little alien breasts.

She checks a monitor beside the bed, taps a button on a striking multi-colored display.

Hugh looks down to see a PROBE the size of a salami stuffed inside his ass. He tries to move, but he's frozen.

HUGH

Jesus fuck!

ALICE

Shula Mekhi en al forge da.

HUGH

What?

Alice flicks a switch on her belt, the only accessory on her otherwise svelte, naked alien body.

ALICE

That's better. I gotta make a note to chink up the sedative a couple notches. You should be asleep.

HUGH

No shit! What the hell are you doing?

ALICE

An anal probe.

HUGH

I can see that. But, why?

Alice thinks a moment.

ALICE

That's a good question. The data gets sent up to the home office and, well, after that I really don't know what the heck they do with it.

HUGH

Well, can you take it out? It feels
like there's an Easy Bake Oven in my
ass!

She glides her long, slender fingers over Hugh's forehead. His eyes flutter, then slowly close.

Out like a light.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

Hugh gingerly paces in, a pillow tucked under his arm. Each careful step he takes induces excruciating pain.

Brad spots him coming, taps Gary on the shoulder.

BRAD

I told you he was gay.

Hugh lays the pillow on his chair, grabs onto the arm rests and gently lowers himself down. He exhales.

Gary leans in.

GARY

Hey.

HUGH

(annoyed)

What?

GARY

You take one in the stinky last night,
lover boy?

Hugh shoots them a distasteful look. Not having it today.

HUGH

Fuck off.

Gary turns to Brad. They're stunned. They take one last look at Hugh, then slowly return to their work.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

A toilet flushes. Hugh exits the bathroom, slowly returns to his cubicle to find...

Lexie the goldfish is out of her bowl, motionless on the desk. Dead as dead can be.

Gary conspicuously whistles to himself.

HUGH

You mother fuckers! You fucking mother fuckers! Sons of... Fuck!

Hugh scoops Lexie in his hands, presses her little gold tummy in hopes of restarting her heart. Not working.

He drops her in the bowl. She just floats there. No movement. Nothing. It's over. Lexie's bought the farm.

GARY

What's your problem, dude?

BRAD

Yeah, what's your problem?

Hugh's seething, literally frothing at the mouth. He goes to say something...and stops.

He quietly gathers the fish bowl, takes his briefcase and staggers out of the room.

Gary and Brad snicker, high five each other when...

Hugh reappears, and takes his pillow.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The door opens, a forlorn Hugh steps in just as Alice is climbing in through the window.

HUGH

Oh, Christ. Not you again. It's still daylight. Aren't you getting a little brazen?

ALICE

I apologize. I missed a small detail.
Gonna have to probe you again.

Hugh bursts into tears.

Alice is taken aback. She's not used to this kind of reaction.
She places her hand on his shoulder.

ALICE

Is everything okay? I can use a
smaller probe if it makes you feel...

Hugh holds up the fishbowl.

HUGH

Look.

Alice checks the bowl carefully.

ALICE

After completing a scan, I have
determined that there is no life left
in that fish.

HUGH

Yeah, I know. They killed it.

ALICE

Who killed it?

HUGH

These two assholes at work.

ALICE

Oh, that sucks. I wish I could help.

Hugh looks Alice in her large, black eyes. The wheels are turning.

HUGH

Maybe you can. What's the biggest size
probe you have?

She ponders the question.

ALICE

Well, I have one back on the ship that
we like to call The Exterminator,
but...

It dawns on her what Hugh's suggesting.

ALICE

Ahh. You seek revenge.

Hugh nods, encouraged.

ALICE

And if I were to help you get this
revenge, what's in it for me?

HUGH

(shrugs)

What do you want?

Alice gazes into Hugh's eyes, gently strokes the side of his cheek. Her lips slowly part.

INT. BEDROOM - APARTMENT - LATER

Hugh and Alice in bed together, covers up to their chests, staring at the ceiling.

Hugh's smoking a cigarette.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

Hugh crosses the room to his cubicle, ready to begin his day.

WHIMPERING is heard from the cubicles next to him.

He looks over to find Gary and Brad, both white as a sheet, with pillows tucked under their butts.

Hugh smiles, puts his headset on. Justice served.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The front door is closed.

SUPER: 3 WEEKS LATER

Hugh comes in, sets his things down. There's a strange noise, like sobbing.

Alice is sitting on his sofa in tears, a new fish bowl with a perky new goldfish inside on the table in front of her.

HUGH

Alice?

She wipes her tears, holds the new fish bowl up.

ALICE

I got this for you.

Hugh sits next to her.

HUGH

That's so sweet of you. Thank you.
And, you know, thanks again for
helping me out.

ALICE

Don't mention it.

Hugh can sense something's still not right.

HUGH

Alice, is everything all right?

She snorts, wipes her tiny nose.

ALICE

Promise me you won't get mad?

HUGH

Umm, yeah. Okay.

ALICE

No. Promise.

HUGH

Okay. I promise.

She takes his hands in hers, opens her mouth to speak and...

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - APARTMENT - NIGHT

SUPER: 9 MONTHS LATER

Hugh at the dinner table, reading his tablet. He looks up.

HUGH

That sure smells good.

Alice, wearing a cooking apron and oven mitts, pulls dinner out of the oven.

She faces Hugh, and she's about as pregnant as a teenager whose condom broke on prom night.

ALICE

Meatloaf!

FADE OUT.