

ROAD TRIP

Written by

Major Tom

FADE IN:

**INT. CONVERTIBLE CAR - NIGHT**

A pitch-black night. Thousands of stars fill the sky.

David Bowie's "Space Oddity" plays silently on the radio.

In the passenger seat sits TOM, 30's, completely average in every way. A large smile stretched across his face.

TOM  
I love road trips. So... where we  
going?

No reply from the driver who sits off-screen.

TOM  
You gotta give me something.

Nothing.

TOM  
Oh come on! A hint, a tip, a  
government secret?

Tom fidgets in his seat, clearly agitated. His once friendly demeanor changes.

TOM  
Look, buddy, we know you're headed  
to Mars. Do you come in peace?

He stares intently at the driver, waits for an answer, then shakes his head. Tom brings his wrist to his mouth.

TOM  
Ground control, beam me back.  
There's no intelligent life here.

In an instant Tom transforms into a Martian. Large grey head and eyes set atop a slender grey body.

He vanishes in a shimmer of light.

**EXT. SPACE**

The red Tesla Roadster flies through the cosmos. Its DUMMY passenger, in full space suit, sits at the wheel.

FADE OUT.