

THE DAY THE  
JONES FAMILY  
ENCOUNTERED  
A DOWNED  
*FLYING SAUCER!*

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FADE IN:

EXT. LOVELY REMOTE ROAD - TRAVELING SHOT - DAY

1965: A bright summer's day. The Jones' sedan motors along.

INT. JONES' SEDAN - MOVING SHOT - DAY

Traveling the remote road, the vacationing, YOUTHFUL MRS. JONES (a shapely/pretty woman who takes 1965's high-style fashion to an extreme) drives, as her clean-cut hubby MR. JONES, with a plaster-cast on 1 arm, rides shotgun.

In the rearseat sit the couple's 2 kids: SCHOOLBOY TOMMY JONES & SCHOOLGIRL KITTY JONES. The family is finishing their performance of the song In The Good Ol' Summertime.

ENTIRE JONES FAMILY

(singing)

...and that's a very good sign!  
That she's your tootsie wootsie,  
in, *The Good Ol' Summertime!*  
(the family rejoices)

MR. JONES

Gotta love that rollicking,  
ol'-timey tune!  
Whaddya wanna sing next?!

SCHOOLBOY TOMMY JONES

Let's listen to the radio!

MR. JONES

We would, but it doesn't work for  
some reason. It probably needs some  
of those "vacuum tubes" we've been  
hearing so much about.

Tommy, looking out his window skyward, spots something.

MR. JONES

The dealer'll fix it when we get  
back. So I think we outta -

SCHOOLBOY TOMMY JONES

Dad, I think there's like, a flying  
saucer out there.

Mr. Jones partially swivels & half-glances out the window.

MR. JONES  
 Son, what's up with that  
 imagination? There's  
 absolutely **no** -

ACTION  
 A huge flying saucer fills  
 the windshield's view. It  
 descends & hovers inches  
 above the road - blocking the  
 car's path.

YOUTHFUL MRS. JONES  
***FLYING SAUCER!!!***

Mrs. Jones slams-on the brakes - screeching to a halt just  
 yards from the acoustically-WHIRRING saucer.

EXT. LOVELY REMOTE ROAD - LOCATION OF STOPPED SEDAN - DAY  
 FROM BEHIND THE JONES' CAR we see all four doors fly open.  
 The horrified family explosively disembarks & **runs** down the  
 street - away from the giant UFO and their own vehicle.

MR. JONES  
*OH, YOU ARE TOO FUCKIN' KIDDING  
 ME!!!*

YOUTHFUL MRS. JONES  
*RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!!  
 IT'S A MURDER-SAUCER!!!*

MR. JONES  
*WE ARE COMPLETELY DEAD!!  
 COMPLETELY DEAD!!  
 COMPLETELY DEAD!!*

SCHOOLGIRL KITTY JONES  
 Oh God, I'm so sorry I stole all  
 that candy!!

SCHOOLBOY TOMMY JONES  
 Oh God, I'm so sorry I stole her  
 stolen candy!!

MR. JONES  
 Hey!! Wait a minute!!!

Mr. Jones stops. His family also halts.

SCHOOLBOY TOMMY JONES  
 (to Mr. Jones)  
 I was just kiddin' about the candy.

MR. JONES  
 (ignoring Tommy's claim)  
 Why in *fuck's-name* are we running  
 from a space-crappin' flying  
 saucer?!

SCHOOLGIRL KITTY JONES  
 And from our car too!

MR. JONES  
 (**staring back at the UFO**)  
 I mean, if a flying saucer wants to  
 do ninety-nine percent the speed of  
 gravity and crush us like a *sunday-*  
*go-to-meeting* hat...  
 (pause)  
 ...running wouldn't help us in the  
 least.

Schoolgirl Kitty looks back at the saucer.

SCHOOLGIRL KITTY JONES  
 It's just sitting there!

MR. JONES  
 (pause, looks at saucer)  
 Okay, let's just stand here for a  
 while and see what that thing does.

YOUTHFUL MRS. JONES  
 But honey -

MR. JONES  
 Silence, tasty queen.

The family stands for a moment, watching the motionless,  
 floating craft. INDIVIDUAL CLOSE-UPS OF FAMILY-FACES SHOW:

MR. JONES - gives a concerned look, winds toss his hair.

YOUTHFUL MRS JONES - appears deeply worried.

SCHOOLGIRL KITTY - shows a grimacing face of impending doom.

SCHOOLBOY TOMMY is looking into a peepshow keychain.

SCHOOLBOY TOMMY JONES  
 (to himself)  
 Oh, paperboy *likee milky!*

Mr. Jones in his own way, musters courage.

MR. JONES (CONT'D)  
 Uuh, okay, let's,  
 go see what that thing is!

The family cautiously steps toward the hovering machine.

YOUTHFUL MRS. JONES  
 (softly to Mr. Jones)  
 Steven, I don't have a good feeling  
 about this!

MR. JONES  
 (whispering to Mrs.)  
 Well, you won't have much feeling  
 at all if they squish us like a  
 Chinese-pressed *duck*!

YOUTHFUL MRS. JONES  
 (whispering)  
 Which is exactly why -

SCHOOLBOY TOMMY JONES  
 (whispering to Mr. Jones)  
 It [the UFO] looks like a huge toy.

MR. JONES  
 (whispering to Tommy)  
 (feigning knowledge)  
 Yeah, the aliens do that on  
 purpose, so when somebody snaps a  
 picture it'll become, a photo of  
derision!  
 (pause)  
 The saucer-boys probably have a  
 giant reproduction of a thumbprint,  
 pasted on the underside to *really*  
 mess with people.

SCHOOLGIRL KITTY JONES  
 (whispering)  
 Mommy, should we give it [the UFO]  
 a Nazi salute?

YOUTHFUL MRS. JONES  
 (whispering)  
 No, honey, we only do that at home.

From behind the saucer, GREEN MAN (fully human, except for  
 the green complexion & **British accent**) wearing a **green**  
**business suit** & holding a briefcase, steps into view.

GREEN MAN

Hi! Could I get all of you to take ten, *giant-daddy* steps backwards, okay? The craft is giving off an E-M field right now - nasty stuff, believe me - and before we can turn it off, we need to put down the landing gear, or the ship's belly will hit the ground, and you can't *believe* the labor cost involved in banging-out dents from a super material.

Green Man hand-signals the craft. The *whir*-frequency lessens.

GREEN MAN (CONT'D)

Truly, the wax job alone would break yuh. So, if you'd just step back, all will be safe.

CLOSE ON Green Man looking at the saucer. We HEAR the (o.c.) LANDING GEAR LOCK INTO PLACE. The WHINE whizzes to silence.

MR. JONES

(to Green Man)

What *is* all this?!

GREEN MAN

*This*, is the year!

It was written, long ago, that we would land upon this world, this *earth*...

(pause)

...and deliver onto this planet, significant information. An all-encompassing compendium of universal wisdoms that will immediately and forever change your lives more-so than the trouble you'd know if you'd won the lottery eighty times in a week.

(pause)

And our centuries-long mission completes at this minute, in *this* year of twenty-twenty.

MR. JONES

So, you're gonna start all that in the year two-thousand-twenty?

GREEN MAN

Yes, *this* year. Your lives shall never again -

MR. JONES

Are you *not* aware that this is  
nineteen-sixty-five? What are you  
talking about, exactly?

SCHOOLBOY TOMMY JONES

Yeah, the twenty-first century  
hasn't even been invented yet and  
why are your pants green?

GREEN MAN

This is twenty...  
(panicky, to Mr. Jones)  
I mean, *which* year is this?!

MR. JONES

Nineteen-sixty-five.

GREEN MAN

(agony)  
Oh *man*, this might explain a lot!  
(to Mr. Jones)  
And what year is that car [of  
yours]?

MR. JONES

Nineteen-sixty-four.

GREEN MAN

(panicky)  
And it hasn't been restored, and  
this isn't some kind of joke, or  
something, like that, right?!!

MR. JONES

Yeah, this is nineteen-sixty-five.  
Why, did you really think -

YOUTHFUL MRS. JONES

(to Green Man)  
And it's July.

GREEN MAN

(panicky)  
Yes! I'm aware it's *July*! I mean,  
I've just traveled six-trillion  
miles from Planet Whatsitsface, so  
understandably, I'm not *completely*  
dim! I mean, I *know* it's July!

YOUTHFUL MRS. JONES

Well, you were a ways-off on the  
calender year. Which is -

GREEN MAN

Yeah, well, our science is good but sometimes the knob on the saucer's dash gets sticky.

SCHOOLGIRL KITTY JONES

There's only one knob?

GREEN MAN

(sternly to Mr. Jones)

Listen, you are to tell absolutely no one, absolutely nothing about this, and make sure *they* [*your family*] say nothing either. If your plans include ever seeing a golden-road future, you'll understand the weight of all this! I'm six-hundred years old and I don't accept trouble!

SCHOOLBOY TOMMY JONES

Are you six-hundred *earth* years-old, or, six-hundred *Planet Whatsitsface* years?

GREEN MAN

(to Tommy)

If you start blabbing about this, *he* [*your father*] is gonna find out!

Green Man picks up his brief case. The UFO, with a sudden WHIRRING sound, shoots skyward. (Green man remains in place.)

GREEN MAN (CONT'D)

(suddenly cordial)

Well, I'm outta here. Oh, and here's a few bucks for the gas we siphoned out of your tank.

Green Man throws several bills of currency on the ground. He turns & walks away, down the center of the empty street. The kids pick up the notes & notice they're hundreds.

SCHOOLGIRL KITTY JONES

Hundred-dollar bills?!

GREEN MAN

(hollering over shoulder)

YUP! DON'T Y'JUST LOVE THE COLOR?!

As the family watches Green Man walk away, he magically vanishes.

MR. JONES

What an asshole.

(pause)

C'mon let's get out of here before  
any more of 'em show up.

SCHOOLBOY TOMMY JONES

(to Mr. Jones)

Do we really have to keep our  
mouths shut about that spaceman?

MR. JONES

You can tell whoever y'want.

The foursome walk to the sedan and see an alien-style gas can  
and a rubber hose near the car's open gas-hatch.

MR. JONES (CONT'D)

Oh my God! Those alien dick-holes  
really *did* drain gas out of our  
tank!! I thought the verdi-gringo  
was out-of-his shaky head when he  
said it!

To determine the amount of fuel remaining, father taps twice  
on the car's gas inlet.

MR. JONES (CONT'D)

Holy fuck! There can't be a drop  
left! Man! Just like an abducted  
cow! When those alien nut-sacks  
want something they really suck it  
dry!

(pause)

I mean really, how could they even  
do that?

Kitty, kneeling down, examines the siphon hose.

SCHOOLGIRL KITTY JONES

(softly to herself)

Indistinguishable from *magic!*

(excited to Mr. Jones)

Hey, *dad!* Maybe the alien fixed  
your hurt arm!

Mr. Jones taps his plaster cast, clearly experiences pain.

MR. JONES

Nope. That off-earth shit-eater did  
nothin' for me.

SCHOOLBOY TOMMY SORT  
So how are we gonna get to our  
motel?

MR. JONES  
We'll all have t'walk to the gas  
station first. Grab the gas can.  
We'll get some drinks there an'  
stuff.

The family plods the street. The car fades into the distance.

SCHOOLBOY TOMMY JONES  
Man, that space alien sure was a  
dill-shank.

YOUTHFUL MRS. JONES  
Yes, but didn't his suit fit  
nicely?

Carrying the siphon hose, **Kitty blows into it.** A KAZOO SOUND  
magically emits. Instrumentally, she performs part of the  
song *In The Good Ol' Summertime*:

SCHOOLGIRL KITTY JONES  
(**nonverbal kazoo-ing**)  
*AND THAT'S A VERY GOOD SIGN.  
THAT SHE'S YOUR TOOT SHE WOOT SHE,...*

SCHOOLBOY TOMMY JONES  
***In!***

MR. JONES  
(singing, smiling,  
looking into camera)  
***THE GOOD OL' SUMMERTIME!***

YOUTHFUL MRS. JONES  
(singing, smiling,  
looking into camera)  
***THE GOOD OL' SUMMERTIME!***

FLASH TO BLACK

CREDITS ROLL AS THE FINAL 36-SECONDS OF THE (PUBLIC DOMAIN)  
RECORDING OF THE **HAYDEN QUARTET** SINGING *IN THE GOOD OL'  
SUMMERTIME* PLAYS.

(SEE: [HTTPS://WWW.YOUTUBE.COM/WATCH?V=CCJSC\\_19DP8](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CCJSC_19DP8))

Song's use begins at **TIME-MARK 2:07**

**HAYDEN QUARTET**  
(singing @ **time-mark 2:07**)  
In the good ol' Summertime!  
In the good ol' Summertime!  
Strolling through the shady lane,  
with your baby, mine!  
(MORE)

## HAYDEN QUARTET (CONT'D)

You'll hold her hand,  
and she'll hold yours.  
And that's a very good sign.  
That she's your tootsie wootsie in,  
*The Good Ol' Summertime!*