"COMING THROUGH"

a comedy/satire

by

Graham Murray

CAST

Jim Broadbent Prime minister Colin firth Belkin Alien Eddie izzard FADE IN

EXT. LONDON - DAY

HYDE PARK

A huge cylindrical space craft, several hundred feet tall settles in Hyde Park. Trees crack and splinter as people scream and run for their lives.

The craft's multiple landing gear groans as they sinks down several feet into the lush English soil. A massive jet of white gas bursts from the side of the craft.

SUPER - ONSCREEN TEXT

Not too long from now. Possibly next week . . .

HYDE PARK - AERIAL VIEW

The crafts sits on the ground. It is taller than any of the surrounding structures. Lights blink on and off across the craft's surface.

A wide circle of people around the craft stops, then slowly reduces in size as people move closer.

BACK TO SCENE

The gathered crowd watches in amazement as a door in the craft opens. A thin gantry slowly and silently extends to the ground. It stops with a slight THUD.

Two figures appear in the opening amidst a cloud of gas. They glide down the slope. At the bottom, they step onto the grass and scan the astonished onlookers. The figures are about six feet tall.

Their morphology is amphibian in nature. In place of human cranial protuberances are holes for ears and slits for nostrils. The nostrils open and closes rhythmically, like fish gills.

A wide gash with thin, vivid blue lips serves as the mouth. They have no visible hair.

Their skin is comprised small, overlapping scales. The scales are a different color in vital areas, giving the illusion of clothing. The three-toed feet are large and floppy with oversized nails.

The aliens stand as statues. One is tall and lithe; the other has more of an equator than a girth. The 'medals' pinned to his chest proclaim him to be the authoritative figure.

The larger of the two leans over. They appear to converse. The large one nods. They stand upright.

The P.M., dressed in a tweed suit, sits behind his desk. He writes in a journal.

He jumps when a RED telephone on the desk suddenly rings. The startled P.M. glares at it. He waits a moment then picks it up the receiver.

P.M. Ye-llow? (pause) Yes? Who else? (pause) A what? (pause) Are you sure? (long pause) Yes. Of course. Sorry. (pause) Hyde Park! Now? (pause) Call the National Guard!

He hangs up the phone, stands up and moves to the window. He looks out. He turns around and bellows:

P.M. BELKIN! Get in here. Now!

He turns back to the window, looks out. His eyes grow wide as his head slowly tilts back.

P.M. Good grief!

The door bursts open. ARTHUR BELKIN, Minister of Defense, enters. He wears a dark blue, three-piece suit. A yellow folder is clutched to his chest.

His graying hair is slicked back. Silver-rimmed, half-moon spectacles perch on his nose. He is calm, collected.

BELKIN

Car's ready, P.M.

The P.M. points toward the window. He turns to face Belkin. He holds up and waggles a finger.

P.M. This is not good, Belkin. Not good at all. It can only lead to trouble.

BELKIN Yes, sir. We should go. They're waiting for us. Traffic will be building up by now. P.M. What? Yes, of course. Lead on, Belkin.

The two men exit the office.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

The P.M. and Belkin sit opposite each other in the car, craning their necks to look out of the blackened windows.

In the distance, the huge shape of the space craft rises into the early morning sky. They wince at the sound of RAF fighter jets that zoom overhead.

The P.M. faces Belkin. His expression is calm yet concerned.

P.M. Will we be safe, do you think?

Belkin considers this.

BELKIN Does it really matter, sir? I mean, considering.

The P.M. puts a finger to his lips.

P.M. Hmm. No, I suppose it really doesn't. Oh, well. Best of British and all that, eh?

Belkin's smile lacks humor.

HYDE PARK

The crowds part to admit the limousine. Police have already cordoned off a large area around the enormous craft. Its massive bulk blots out the sun in an otherwise clear blue sky.

The Prime Minister and Belkin step out of the limousine. The P.M. tugs the bottom of his suit, runs a hand along the side of his head and walks toward the spacecraft. Belkin follows one step behind.

The P.M. almost stumbles as he bumps into an invisible barrier. He grips his nose in one hand.

P.M. Thit! What the *hell* wath that, Belkin? Belkin looks around, sees nothing. He stands behind and to one side of the Prime Minister.

> BELKIN Er, force field? Presumably.

The P.M. gingerly rubs his nose and turns to Belkin, expectantly.

P.M.

Well?

Belkin looks around. He looks at the Prime Minister, confused.

BELKIN Well what, sir?

The P.M. sighs.

P.M. Well, how am I supposed to communicate with this . . . thing blocking the way? (pause) And look at the mess of the lawns! I mean . . . really!

Belkin points at the two, rigid aliens.

The larger alien suddenly opens his arms and smiles widely. This exposes a row of teeth like a bear-trap. The smaller alien merely bows at the waist.

> ALIEN AWY% SH#TED (*FHR^#

He points to the sky. The P.M. smiles and nods.

P.M. (askance) Belkin! What's he saying?

Belkin shrugs.

BELKIN Hard to say, P.M. It's Greek to me.

The P.M. pouts, and then shakes his head.

P.M. No. It's not Greek. I was at the G4 conference last year. In Athens? It's not Greek.

Belkin shrugs again.

BELKIN Then it's probably Alien. From . . . wherever. Planet Foodlegrond for all we know.

The P.M. looks at Belkin. His eyes narrow.

P.M. Is that a real place, or did you just make it up?

Belkin thinks about this.

BELKIN Hard to say, P.M. Could be real, given the complexity of the universe and the new concept of multiple--

The P.M. irritably waves a hand.

P.M. Yes! Yes! Belkin. I know all about quantums and . . . butterflies and all that science mumbo-jumbo. (pause) What's that clever fellow with the weird voice called? The one with the talking wheelchair.

Belkin pauses as he considers the question.

BELKIN (slowly) Are you referring to Professor . . . Hawking?

The P.M.'s face lights up.

P.M. That's the chappy! Perhaps we should get him here. He seems to know all about space and . . . those infernal holes he keeps blathering on about.

BELKIN They're black holes, sir.

P.M. Does the color matter, Belkin? We need someone like him here to figure out what this . . . what is being said here. If anyone can--

Belkin points at the spaceship.

BELKIN Look, sir!

The Prime Minister turns back to the aliens. The subordinate alien has his hand in the air.

CU ALIEN HAND

Clutched in his fist is a small, sliver object, about the size of a modern mobile phone earpiece.

BACK TO SCENE

The alien gesticulates, pointing to what passes for his ear. He smiles encouragingly.

The P.M. raises his eyebrows.

P.M. They have cell phones? I bet they get better coverage than we do.

BELKIN I doubt it, sir. I think he wants you to put that into your ear.

The P.M. is flabbergasted.

P.M. In my ear! Is he insane? It could be anything. It could be a bomb. My head could explode all over the place and . . . well, it could really hurt! (pause) I'm not doing it.

Belkin sighs and roll his eyes.

BELKIN Actually, sir, I think I may have an idea what that is. It's not a bomb, sir.

P.M. You do? How? How can you possibly know about alien technology? Did I miss a memo?

Belkin raises one eyebrow.

BELKIN No, P.M. I think it's a Babel fish. The idea is-- The P.M. is incredulous. He gawps at Belkin.

P.M. A fish? He wants me to insert a *fish* into my auditory canal?

BELKIN

Quite so, sir. Except it's not a *real* fish. It's a kind of universal language translator. When you wear it, you should be able to understand each other, regardless of the difference in languages. (pause) I, er . . . I read about them . . . somewhere.

Belkin stares straight ahead.

The P.M. appears impressed.

P.M. Really? How clever. (pause) Do we have anything like this on the cards? Think what it could do for tourism. (pause) We could go to Wales and finally understand what the locals are saying about us.

Belkin closes his eyes for a moment. When he opens them again, it is to see the smaller alien, still holding up the device. He drops his hand and then flings the gadget towards the two men.

ALIEN

FY^S!

BELKIN I think that means 'Catch!'

A blue flash appears momentarily in the air as the device flies through the force field. It leaves feint ripples in the air, like a heat wave.

Belkin manages to catch the airborne object neatly in one hand. He turns it over and examines it. Then he hands it to the Prime Minister, who takes it as if he's been handed a stick of dynamite

The Prime Minister holds the object up between two fingers, like a house-proud wife who's just caught a vole.

The alien suddenly gesticulates wildly. His skin color changes from light beige to an olive drab. Belkin takes the object and moves his hand towards the Prime Minister's ear. A loud shrieking sound distracts him. He stares at the agitated aliens. The alien gesticulates even wilder. His skin color changes to an ominous purple. He jabs what passes as a finger repeatedly at Belkin. The Prime Minister manages a weak smile. P.M. Belkin? I rather think he intends for you to wear it. BELKIN Are you certain, sir? P.M. No, but judging by his skin color . . . Look, just wear it, Belkin. There's a good chap. No sense in annoying them, is there? Belkin sighs resignedly. BELKIN No, sir. I suppose not. Belkin gingerly inserts the object into his ear. He withdraws it sharply, wincing. BELKIN I can hear voices! P.M. I thought you said that was the whole point of a Bible fish. BELKIN Well . . . yes, sir. What I mean is it's not your head at risk is it? And it's a Babel fish. P.M. Bible. Babel. It's a fish. Anyway, it could have been my head. The Prime Minister looks up at the enormous spaceship. His eyes follow the shape of the craft up, up, up until his head is tilted as far back as

He turns to address Belkin.

it can go.

P.M. Belkin, just look at the size of this thing. I think if they meant us any harm, we would be space dust by now, yes? Fish or no fish.

Belkin resignedly reinserts the Babel fish into his ear. He winces and grits his teeth as the translator scans for languages; a sound similar to searching for short-wave radio stations.

> SOUNDS (0.S.) SHTEG% . . a bit . . HET%#\$. . getting used . . to . .Y#TE. Aha! I think . . . HEYD%\$. . it! Hello? Hello? Can you understand me?

Belkin touches the Babel fish and looks at the alien. He gives him the thumbs up.

BELKIN Can you hear me?

ALIEN Loud and clear.

Belkin looks at the P.M.

BELKIN It's working, sir. We can understand each other!

The Prime Minister looks at Belkin and then at the alien.

P.M. You never spoke! I was watching. Your lips never moved, man! Do we need that Paul Daniels fellow here instead of the dark holes one?

BELKIN No, sir. I think it works purely by brain waves. It transmits my thoughts, not my voice.

The Prime Minister appears to mull this over.

P.M. Really? Then perhaps it's not such a good idea after all. Can't have people knowing what we're thinking now, can we?

BELKIN Hmm. Yes. I can appreciate that, sir. We would know what your constituents were really thinking. The Prime Minister, his gaze fixed on the aliens, nods. P.M. Precisely. I mean, how would---The P.M. glowers at Belkin P.M. What do you mean by that remark, Belkin? Belkin immediately turns his focus back to the aliens. He presses his hand to his ear. BELKIN Oh, just thinking out loud . . Ah, there he is again. One moment, sir. ALIEN Hello. I am Deyd@&e# from the system *eg5qe#. BELKIN Er . . . ALIEN I intended you to use the translator. The other human seems a bit . . . slow. The Prime Minister taps Belkin on the shoulder. P.M. What's he saying? Belkin's face flashes alarm. BELKIN Er, he's just saying hello at the moment. P.M. Really? All that just to say hello? BELKIN Yes, sir. Belkin looks at the Prime Minister, expectantly.

His head is tilted slightly to one side.

BELKIN What would you like me to say to him, sir? The Prime Minister frowns in thought. He gives a Royal-style wave of his hand. P.M. Well, I don't know! I've never spoken to an alien before. (pause) Apart from that weekend trip to Wales. (pause) Tell him we're glad he's here. The alien watches the two men closely. ALIEN Please, tell the slow one not to be concerned. We come in peace. We are here as a courtesy--BELKIN A courtesy. Oh, good. We'd hate to think that --ALIEN --and to deliver a message. Belkin stops. He frowns, confused. BELKIN A message? What message? Belkin looks up at the colossal ship. BELKIN I'm sorry but . . . you came in a mile high, multimillion ton spaceship to deliver a message? (pause) We have developed radio, you know. ALIEN Yes, we know. We were in the vicinity, so . . . Beside Belkin, the Prime Minister smiles at the aliens. He gives a little wave. The enormous crowd cheers him on. ALIEN

Why is the slow one flapping his hand like that? Belkin looks at the Prime Minister.

BELKIN Ah. That's an Earth greeting. It means, Welcome.

ALIEN

Strange . . .

BELKIN Yes. It's a universal greeting. (pause) Well, perhaps not any more. Anyway, I digress. You said you have a message for us. From whom?

ALIEN An urgent message from the F.G.E. Apparently you did not respond to their first message.

Belkin's expression changes to one of total confusion.

BELKIN I'm sorry. From the what? Did you say the F.G.E? Who are they? I can't say I've heard of it . . . them.

ALIEN

The F.G.E. yes. The Federation of Galactic Enterprises. It was sent around thirty of your years ago. They received no response and asked us to deliver it personally as we were in the area, so to speak. (pause) Also as an act of goodwill.

Belkin glances at the Prime Minister, who is still smiling at the aliens.

BELKIN

I see. Um, are you aware that we are not yet advanced enough to actually travel through space? We do however scan space for any . . . messages. We have not received any so far.

The alien's face contorts into what is probably one of confusion.

ALIEN I do not understand. We have seen your space ships. They have very advanced communications systems. The P.M. nudges Belkin. P.M. What's going on? He looks a bit confused. BELKIN He says we were sent a message. The P.M. gives another wave and smiles. P.M. A message? Does he mean like an email? BELKIN I don't think so, sir. Belkin touches the Babel fish in his ear. BELKIN Er, I think you may have us confused with someone else. We do not have any space ships. (pause) Though we did go to the moon a few times. (pause) And we've sent satellites to nearby planets. You know, Mars, Saturn, that kind of thing? Belkin shakes his head. BELKIN But actual space ships? No. I'm afraid we are not yet that advanced. The aliens guffaws loudly and holds up a long, green finger. ALIEN Ah . . . I knew you were the smart one. We apologize for intercepting your signals. However, they were not very well encoded so we could receive most of what you sent out. Our listening was

unintentional, I assure you.

Belkin shakes his head as if to clear his mind.

BELKIN I'm sorry. Space ships? What space ships?

ALIEN We too do not admit to our current technological state. You never know who is listening in.

BELKIN But I'm not hiding--

The alien grins again.

ALIEN The spaceship called ENTERPRISE? Hmm?

One slitted eyelid momentarily covers an eye. The alien touches the side of his nose with a long finger.

Belkin's eyes are wide as saucers.

BELKIN Ahhh . . . I see. No, no! You don't understand. What you must have received are television signals. It is one of our forms of entertainment. It is not real. It is just for our amusement.

The alien's grin even broader.

ALIEN Very good. Very good. A perfectly adequate cover story.

BELKIN No! I mean it. It's really just make believe--

ALIEN We tried to contact your Captain Picard, but it seems he must be in another quadrant as we did not receive a reply. That is why we are here. We agreed to deliver the message personally.

Belkin sighs resignedly.

BELKIN Okay. We can get to that later. What is the urgent message, please? The Alien nods his head, still grinning. ALIEN I'm afraid you'll have to move. The P.M. nudges Belkin again. P.M. What was that all about? Belkin speaks out of the corner of his mouth. BELKIN He says we have to move. The P.M. looks from Belkin to the alien. He steps back a few paces. Belkin follows. P.M. Ask him if that will do. BELKIN Is that enough? The alien's brow furrows. ALIEN No. I meant to say that everyone has to move. Belkin appears embarrassed. He grins awkwardly. BELKIN Oh, I see. Sorry. I do apologize. Give me a moment, please. The alien watches bemusedly as Belkin turns away. BELKIN (to P.M.) He says everyone has to move. The P.M. looks stern. He turns to a policeman behind him and shouts. P.M. They want everyone to move!

The policemen spring into action, barking commands to military personnel who start to push the crowds further back.

So, get those people back!

Belkin turns his attention back to the alien.

BELKIN There we go. How's that? Far enough?

The alien appears confused. He shakes his head, the grin now gone.

ALIEN I can see I need to be a little more direct.

Belkin lifts an arm, palm outward.

BELKIN Please do. We are happy to comply with your wishes.

ALIEN Excellent. We knew you would understand. The message says for you to move. (pause) Everyone on your planet. (long pause) Including the planet.

Belkin's smile slowly fades. He stares at the alien. He blinks a few times.

P.M. Well? Did that work? Are they happy now? (pause) Belkin? *Belkin*!

Belkin is frozen. He looks up at the huge space ship, then to the crowds, then to the P.M. who is eagerly awaiting a reply.

> BELKIN I don't think so, sir.

Belkin stares at the Prime Minister.

BELKIN He says that we have to move everybody.

P.M. We just did!

BELKIN No, sir. He means everyone on earth. Including the Earth herself.

The Prime Minister looks at the alien. His expression takes on an ashen, confused look.

P.M. He can not be serious! (pause) We can't do that! (pause) Can we? BELKIN No, sir. We can't. He means a Diaspora of the Earth's populace. The Prime Minister scowls at Belkin and tuts. P.M. Belkin, you know I read politics at Oxford, not science or astrology. Anyway, what is a die . . ? BELKIN --aspora, sir. A mass evacuation of similar peoples. P.M. I see. I thought so. Er, did he say why? BELKIN I think he's just about to. BELKIN (to alien) Um, can you tell us why we have to . . . move the entire planet? Please? ALIEN Ah. You really did not receive the notification, then? BELKIN Clearly not. No. The alien frowns. He shuffles his feet, almost awkwardly. ALIEN How peculiar. Our records show that the message was received--

He leans over to his subordinate who whispers something in his ear. He waits while the subordinate touches his ear. He appears to be listening to a private message.

The subordinate nods. The alien turns to Belkin.

ALIEN

--yes, it was received on August 16, 1977, according to your calendar. It was sent in the compression quasar pulse as a radio signal. 6EQUJ5? (pause) Perhaps it ended up in the junk mail pile?

Belkin looks flummoxed.

BELKIN Wow! We never realized.

Belkin thinks for a moment.

BELKIN

Wait a minute. You sent us a six-letter message? How would we even know what that meant.

The alien smiles.

ALIEN

Ah. As I explained, it was a highly compressed signal on a gamma burst. When decoded it is actually a 42 page document that explained the entire process. I received one myself.

BELKIN Ah. I see. (pause) Well, it never landed on my desk. I would have remembered.

ALIEN

Anyway, according to the F.G.E, the message explained that your planet is directly in the path of the new Q.C.C. The message was sent to give you time to prepare and act.

Belkin blinks a few times.

BELKIN The Q.C.C?

ALIEN The Quasar Communication Channel? No? Belkin shakes his head.

what you're talking about. ALIEN A new communication channel is to be opened that will allow almost instant communication across several quadrants. (pause) Unfortunately, this channel must travel in a straight line. And your planet will be in the way during its normal orbit and interrupt the signal . . . Belkin watches the alien as he listens. ALIEN . . and will of course be destroyed in the process. So we need you to--The alien jerks his shoulder forward a little. ALIEN --give your planet a little bump. Just sufficient to set it on a new orbit that will not impeded the passage of the gamma ray carrier. (pause) Quite simple really. Belkin looks to the Prime Minister. P.M. Well? BELKIN You're not going to like this, sir. The P.M. sighs. P.M. I had already worked that out, Belkin. Thank you. Belkin pauses as he considers how to proceed. WIDE VIEW Several F1-11 interceptor jets fly overhead. BACK TO SCENE

BELKIN

No. Sorry. We have no idea

Belkin smiles and turns to the Prime Minister.

BELKIN Well, sir, our friendly alien suggests that we simply give the earth a little bump, as he says, in order to put her into a slightly different orbit so it's not in the way of the gamma ray channel. (pause) In a nutshell . . .

The Prime Minister's mouth hangs open.

BELKIN Thus also preventing our annihilation in the process.

The Prime Minister looks at the alien, who smiles wanly.

P.M. And he's serious about this is he? This is not some practical joke?

Belkin's eyes travel up the height of the space ship. The P.M.'s gaze follows.

BELKIN I rather think not, sir. Even Hollywood doesn't have this kind of budget.

P.M. Well, are these fellows offering to help us?

A screeching sound comes from the alien. Belkin and the P.M. wince at the intensity of the noise.

> ALIEN As your Captain Picard already knows, we can offer no assistance in this matter. That would contravene the Prime Directive.

Belkin is aghast. He slowly shakes his head.

BELKIN But I've already explained! Captain Picard is a figment of our imagination! He's a fictional character in a television show. He's not real!

P.M. What is it, Belkin? What did he say. Belkin keeps his eyes firmly fixed on the alien. BELKIN He says we should use Captain Picard and the starship ENTERPRISE to do the job, sir. The Prime Minister frowns while he thinks about this. The two aliens appear to be engaged in deep conversation. The subordinate nods his head, then shakes his head. P.M. But that's the Americans! We can't do that! We have to maintain standards. (pause) Besides, what would my constituents think if we palmed this responsibility off onto the Yanks? The Prime minister stares at the alien, his expression showing annoyance. P.M. No, I'm sorry. We just can't do that. Bad management. Belkin closes his eyes tightly. He gently massages his temples. He sighs. BELKIN No, sir. Of course not. ALIEN We have seen how Picard reignited a star and has on several occasions helped relocate inhabitants of planets to new and safer regions. Belkin's expression shows frustration. He looks down while he composes himself. He looks up again and clears his throat. BELKIN But I've already explained! Captain Picard is just an imaginary person that we created--

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The alien leans forward a little.

ALIEN (whispers) It's all right. Your secret is safe with us. The Prime Directive forbids us from reporting or revealing on your current technology. (pause) For Picard and his crew and their amazing ship, this should be a simple task.

BELKIN But there is *no*--

ALIEN

We understand that Picard has been away for five of your Earth years. However, if you send the ENTERPRISE a sub-space communication, they should be able to get back in time to avert disaster. At warp 10 they'll be here in no time at all. He can then debrief you. Especially regarding that obnoxious creature, Q.

Belkin is mesmerized.

BELKIN

In time? When is this supposed to happen.

The alien leans over to his subordinate again.

ALIEN At your next new moon. They did not want to damage your only satellite in the process.

The Prime Minister listens and watches intently. His expression is childlike.

P.M. What's happening, Belkin?

Belkin stares straight ahead.

BELKIN Apparently, we're under a time constraint, sir.

The P.M.'s brow develops deep furrows.

P.M. A time limit? Really? How long do we have? Belkin looks at the Prime Minister. BELKIN Until the next new moon, apparently. The Prime Minister thinks about this and then claps his hands together. P.M. Capital! They're giving us a new moon? Well, that should be plenty of time for us to develop the technology we--Belkin pinches the brow of his nose. He sighs. BELKIN No, sir. It's just a phase. It's the way it all works. P.M. What do you mean, a phase? You mean like here today and gone tomorrow? BELKIN Not exactly, sir. The new moon merely means that we cannot see it. The Prime Minister looks more confused than ever. P.M. Belkin, if we can't see it, then how do we know it's there, man? Talk sense! Belkin holds up his hands, gesticulates. BELKIN It just means that the Earth, here, is between the sun, here and the moon, here. So . . we do not see the moon at all. The Prime Minister nods, knowingly P.M. Ah . . . Clever.

> BELKIN Yes.

The Prime Minister ponders this some more. P.M. And when exactly do we get this . . . our new moon? Belkin looks up at the sky. The waxing moon is visible as a thin sliver in the sky. BELKIN I'd say in about . . . two days, sir. Probably. We can check with Greenwich. The Prime Minister looks astonished. P.M. Two days! Two days! What can we do in two days? Belkin looks back to the aliens. BELKIN That depends on how religious you are, sir. (pause) I'd suggest pray, if you're that way inclined. The Prime Minister ignores him. He snaps his fingers. P.M. Get someone onto Greenwich and make sure that's right. We're going to need as much time as possible to sort out this . . . mess. (pause) You see what bad communication leads to, Belkin? It's a shambles! The Prime Minister appears angry. He looks to the alien, then back at Belkin. He snorts. P.M. Two days! That's ridiculous! What does he think we are? Belkin shrugs. BELKIN I can't say what he thinks, sir, but I know what we are. The Prime Minister's face lights up a little at Belkin's revelation. P.M. You do? Marvelous!

BELKIN Yes, sir. Fucked.

The Prime Minister scowls again.

P.M. Really, Belkin. You know I simply abhor that Anglo-Saxon patois.

BELKIN Yes, sir. Sorry, sir. I just thought it to be the most appropriate adjective. (pause) Considering our predicament. It sums the situation up rather succinctly I thought.

WIDE VIEW

Two military personnel approach at a trot. One carries a field telephone with a whip-like antenna.

The other carries a large box with a flexible cord leading to the telephone.

Belkin steps back to receive the men.

BACK TO SCENE

BELKIN Yes, sergeant. What is it? We're actually right in the middle of something rather important here.

The sergeant salutes. He holds out the telephone.

SERGEANT Sir! It's the White House, sir.

The sergeant's eyes dart from side to side.

SERGEANT They say it's urgent.

Belkin rolls his eyes.

BELKIN Really? It always is. I am all agog.

The sergeant salutes again and steps back. He stands to attention, eyes fixed ahead.

The Prime Minister turns around, sees Belkin holding the telephone.

P.M. What's that?

BELKIN Phone call.

P.M.

Oh?

BELKIN The White House.

The Prime Minister groans. Belkin notices his expression drop.

BELKIN What is it, sir?

The Prime Minister winces, looks embarrassed.

P.M. Well, I was on the phone to them yesterday. Got interrupted. Said I would call back and never did. You know how it goes? Busy, busy, busy.

The Prime Minister holds out an arm towards the aliens.

P.M. And now this.

Belkin holds out the telephone. The Prime Ministers scowls at him and takes it.

P.M. (into phone) Hello? (pause) Wilbur! Good of you to call. Listen, I'm sorry about yester--What? Oh, she's fine. The children, too. Samuel was accepted at Oxford. (pause) Yes. Simply thrilled. (pause) What? Oh, no, we're fine over here. Really. Just fine.

The Prime Minister looks at Belkin, who taps his wristwatch. The P.M. squints at him and nods.

P.M. What was that, Wilbur? (pause) No! No. We have it all under control. (pause) No, I don't think blowing them to smithereens would be a good idea. They seem quite friendly. (pause) Yes. Anyway, you can't shoot them, they're just messengers. (pause) Righty-oh. Will do. (pause) You too. Take care. Buh-bye.

The Prime Minister hands the telephone to Belkin. Belkin hands it out for the sergeant, who steps forward and takes it. He trots off again.

The two aliens step back onto the gantry. It lifts a few feet off the ground.

Belkin sees this.

BELKIN Wait! Where are you going?

The alien smiles warmly.

ALIEN Our job here is done. We have delivered the message. The rest is up to you.

The alien winks at Belkin.

ALIEN And Captain Picard, of course.

Belkin spins around to look at the Prime Minister. He is waving and smiling.

Belkin runs forward. The force field blocks his path.

BELKIN Shit! Wait! Please. Wait!

The gantry holding the aliens withdraws into the enormous spaceship. The door closes with barely a hiss. There is no sign of a doorway.

Silently, the huge craft lifts off the ground and rises a hundred feet into the air.

With the merest whisper, it shoots upwards and vanishes. Seconds later, a small bright flash appears in the atmosphere.

The Prime Minister lowers his hand and turns to the horrified Belkin. He rubs his hands together.

> P.M. Well, Belkin. That was that. We'd better get the boffins onto this toot sweet as they say. Time's-a-wastin'.

The Prime Minister walks towards the waiting limousine. Belkin is staring up at the heavens, shaking his head.

TWO DAYS LATER

VIEW OF EARTH FROM SPACE

The earth appears the size of a soccer ball in the view. The sun is visible in the distance.

A searing light as wide as the planet approaches and strikes the Earth. The atmosphere is stripped away in seconds.

Earth begins to glow red, then cracks appear across the continents. The oceans pale and vanish.

Pieces of the earth peel off and are ejected into space. Within seconds, the entire Earth has vanished into myriad pieces. The sun still shines.

INT. FLIGHT DECK OF ALIEN SPACE SHIP

The two aliens watch a small screen. The earth vanishes.

The large Alien sighs and turns to his subordinate.

ALIEN How unfortunate. It seems they could not reach Captain Picard after all.

His subordinate shakes his head. He looks morose.

ALIEN I forgot to mention to our new, late friend some advice my father gave to me once.

The subordinate flips a few switches, then turns to look at his captain.

SUBORDINATE Oh? What was that, sir.

The captain smiles as he recalls the memory.

ALIEN He said, always remember, son - Location, location, location.

EXT. VIEW OF ALIEN SPACESHIP.

A feint blue light appears at the rear of the ship. It shoots into the blackness and in a blinding flash, is gone.

FADE OUT