

STAR CROSSED

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FULL SCRIPT AVAILABLE

COLD OPEN:

INT. NEWSROOM. TV BROADCAST.

News broadcast already in progress. The two anchors, Adam Ferspersensen(40s) and Amy McAmy(40s) sit behind the desk.

AMY

...and I'm Amy McAmy.

ADAM

Of course, tonight's top story is all about the Globthaars. It was only yesterday that this mysterious nomadic alien race happened upon Earth, brokering peace between all nations and giving us the blueprints for interstellar spacecraft.

(dad joke, corny)

Jeez, I wonder if they can take a look under the hood of MY CAR.

AMY

(playful)

Oh Adam...

There is a pregnant pause as Amy demurely pushes her hair behind her ear, blushing at her co-anchor.

AMY

...But unfortunately we must bid farewell to our alien guests, as their nomadic nature won't allow them to stay in one galaxy for very long. They claim to have one more gift for humanity, and they promised it would be the best-

ADAM

(Holding his earpiece)

-Gonna interrupt you there, but I'm being told that we have exclusive coverage of the Globthaar's farewell.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALIEN PRESS CONFERENCE. DAY.

Three humanoid "Globthaars" stand in front of microphones at a press conference. The Leader (ageless) steps forward ceremoniously.

LEADER

(commanding, powerful)

People of Earth! As promised, we have one more gift to give. We have scanned and analyzed every brain on this planet. Your obsession with love and partnership is fascinating, but it is the source of much pain. And so, we have developed a formula to determine every human's *perfect match*.

Gasps, tittering, and camera shutters can all be heard as the Leader nods to one of his compatriots. The second Globthaar reveals a device and presses the big red button on it.

LEADER

Each of you will now receive a document with a name, location, and some contact information. This is your true-perfect match. We hope that this revelation continues to foster peace on your primitive home. (beat)

(suddenly unsophisticated)

Okay... we really have to go now, byeeeeee.

The Globthaars walk back to their ship in stunned silence, and fly off.

INT. NEWSROOM. TV BROADCAST. (CONT.)

Dead Air. The news anchors stare at the seemingly magical pieces of paper in front of them. Mouths agape.

ADAM

(to Amy)

I knew it wasn't my wife. It was you... it was you the whole time-

Amy nods in agreement and the pair throw their papers in the air, kissing sloppily while still live on the air.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. SMALL APARTMENT. DAY.

An old laptop on a modest coffee table streams the broadcast. Aaron(23) and Bri(23) are sitting next to each other on an old hand-me-down couch.

Stunned.

AARON

So... I'm guessing you got a different name too then?

BRI

Uh-huh...

END OF COLD OPEN

INT. SMALL APARTMENT. DAY.

The couple is *still* figuring it out. Aaron is pacing around the coffee table. He looks like he is gonna rip his hair out. Bri is on her phone scrolling through socials, probably reading reactions.

BRI

(distracted)

I mean what if they're wrong?

AARON

Bri, we're like fuckin' ants to them...

BRI

I mean, even we don't know the perfect matches for ants.

AARON

What? THEY ALL WANT THE QUEEN.

BRI

(trailing off)

Oh. Huh, I guess we are kinda like ants to them then-

AARON

(smacking his paper)

I mean, mine only has a name, yours has everything, what the hell does that mean?

BRI

Ooooh maybe yours died
(scrolling through phone)

Wow, Kimberly's soulmate still uses an Aol address. Can you believe that she finds that charming?

AARON

(sarcasticly)

Umm... yeah I can believe that. What part of "highly sophisticated extraterrestrial mathematical formula" did you not understand?

BRI

What part of not a "BFD broheim-tendo" did you not understand.

BOTH

All of it!

FULL SCRIPT AVAILABLE AT CLAUDIO@SAEZ.DEV