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# **My Stepmother Is an Alien**

By Jerico

Hey, love your umbrella.

-Dr. Mills. Dr. Budlong.

-Morosini, Carvalho, come with me.

If he thinks he's going to ruin any more equipment he's underestimated the facility.

-He thinks he's cute, doesn't he?

-Yes, but I was mother's favourite.

Dr. Mills.

-This is the last time I'll warn you.

-I won't let the Klystron go above 300.

That's what you said last time it rained, but you turned it to 350.

Do you know what it costs to repair a Klystron tube?

I know, Dr. Budlong. I'm very sorry, but believe me it won't happen again.

You have my word on that, and I promise.

Don't worry. He can't go blowing up your Klyman tube or whatever it is.

We've got a date tonight, happy hour at Mingles.

Mingles. You know what that means?

What?

It means complimentary hors d'oeuvres.

A veritable who's who of secretaries and beauticians.

It means 20th century music.

You look like a sensible man.

You believe there's life on other planets?

-I don't believe there's life in this room.

-Exactly.

Your brother wants to send a radar signal to a point in space so far away...

...it'd take 92 years to get there and 92 years to get back.

Ninety-two years? Steve, we're late now.

Indeed. There isn't anything out there, Dr. Mills.

We're it.

Now don't you go above 300 or I'm revoking your funding.

Now that Dr. Strangelove is gone, let's go.

Mingles is at high party.

I can't tonight, Ron.

It's raining.  
Tonight I've got another destination  
in mind. I wanna go right there.  
Clouds of Magellan. It sounds like  
some kind of woman's underwear.  
No, the Clouds of Magellan is  
the name of our neighbouring galaxy.  
You want to send a radar signal  
to the next galaxy?  
You can't get radar to the next galaxy.  
You'd have to travel faster than  
the speed of light. No one can do that.  
Don't watch that, it won't change.  
This is the one to watch.  
I like the Clouds of Magellan.  
We can't get there, Ron.  
But if we increase the power of  
the Klystron, with lightning...  
...we may get a signal strong enough  
to get out of the solar system.  
That's the theory, anyway.  
Right. Thanks.  
Tell me something I don't know.  
Can't this wait? Secretaries are  
like animals when it comes to free food.  
The reflectors line up for 10 days  
only once every 19 months.  
Now, with all this rain  
and lightning, it's perfect.  
Perfect for men like us.  
Christ! Steve, when was the last time  
you went out with a woman?  
January of '86. No. March of '86.  
I took Dr. Elizabeth Conway  
to see the Halley's Comet retrospective.  
Superb.  
-You see it?  
-Sure, a couple of times.  
How can we be brothers?  
We don't have a single gene in common.  
-Not above 300 kilowatts.  
-Hi.  
Okay. Thank you. Have fun.  
We have no time to sweep frequencies.

We'll lower it below three centimetres.  
But below?  
It's raining out here. I'm getting wet!  
This jacket is a Ralph Lauren!  
And it's smelly.  
Great, just great.  
I'm wet and smelly.  
They're gonna jump all over me.  
Do you guys smell fish?  
It's me!  
-Help me rotate the dish.  
-Where's this lightning supposed to strike?  
Right here.  
Here?  
That almost hit my shoe.  
Excuse me.  
All the way up.  
I hate this. What the hell is this thing?  
Klystron tube. Potential of 400 megawatts,  
at an oscillation of 60 gigahertz.  
Great. Why don't we take this to Mingles?  
Stupid piece of garbage.  
Now all we gotta do  
is harness the lightning.  
Yes, it's good. Let's try for lightning.  
-Is this important?  
-Only if it works.  
Okay, deep breath. Set your retractors.  
How long is this gonna take?  
Single women have short attention spans.  
Prepare to initiate the system.  
Now!  
Oh, Jesus!  
-We got it!  
-Look at it!  
It's going! I love you!  
What is happening?  
Steve! What's happening?  
Mills!  
Mills!  
What is happening?  
The Klystron!  
We have a red condition  
in the second unit.

Fire control! The laboratory area.  
I'm okay.  
Beautiful!  
What?  
My God!  
I didn't only get out of the solar system,  
I just went out of the galaxy.  
That means we were travelling faster  
than the speed of light.  
How the hell did we do that?  
Eleven seconds on the clock.  
Down by one. Mills fakes left.  
Goes around Magic Johnson.  
Puts Kareem in the popcorn machine.  
Why can't I dunk? Is that asking so much?  
You got out of the galaxy  
and they fired you?  
We were using lightning  
to boost the power of the Klystron.  
I shorted every telemetry tracker  
in the place and all my monitors.  
So there's no proof.  
That's not fair.  
What are we going to do?  
I might just have to take a....  
What?  
Take a teaching job.  
You know how that is?  
One position for every 16 applicants.  
I could double my babysitting.  
Or take up a newspaper route.  
Do girls do that now?  
It's beautiful up there.  
Two hundred billion stars in our galaxy.  
That's really my office up there.  
I wish Mom could have lived long enough  
to see you get out of the galaxy.  
She'd be having the whole block in  
for champagne!  
Think you'll ever find  
anyone like her again?  
Boy. Jess, I don't know.  
The chances of me finding another woman  
like your mother are the same...

...as me proving there's life on another planet up there. Figure one in 16 billion. All right, Larry Byrd, what's for dinner? Fish sticks. Pop tarts. Frozen pizza. Whatever else we can nuke in the microwave. What do you say, Dave? Can we see Sirius tonight? You know, it's also called the Dog Star. Come on. -It's quite a small planet, really. -Half the size of ours, but very busy. -Have you mastered it yet? -Of course. You know how superb our research is. All I have to do is teach you everything I know in 20 minutes. We're at light 30 approaching light 35. This is a record glide speed. They didn't think we'd make it this fast. Look, it's Saturn. -Could we stop there on the way back? -Maybe. Why can't I fit Neptune into this picture? Wait. That works. Neptunians won't like it, though. Let's see here. Look at Neptune now! -Dad, we'll be late for Uncle Ron's party. -Look at Neptune. I haven't finished the M.l.T. proposal yet. -Come on. -I hate leaving the universe in such a mess. Here, put this on. Look at this. Do these things ever work? No. The modern light bulb has a half-life of about 10 minutes. -I'm going to take it apart. -It's not the bulb, it's the switch. You've been meaning to fix it, remember. Dad, you're impossible. Do we have any socks? See, I knew I had a pair in reserve.

And they're dry.  
I've been cooking 'em since yesterday.  
Daddy, look at me.  
Do you see anything different about me?  
I'm wearing a bra.  
You can't be! You're only 13!  
My God!  
You're 13.  
A bra?  
Well, did you get the right strap size?  
Cup size. Yeah, A-minus.  
Where have I been?  
How can I learn everything I need to know  
in only six more minutes?  
This is a very backward planet.  
The Mondschein 40 is the most advanced  
research facility in the northern universe.  
Research has determined you must be  
the most desirable woman on the planet.  
Men on Earth will fall to their knees...  
...betray their countries and give away  
real estate for a beautiful woman.  
That's silly.  
Will I need to eat?  
No. We'll only be in the  
place for 24 hours.  
This is the most important assignment  
any of us has undertaken.  
I feel so poorly prepared.  
You're the Earth expert.  
But you are the Chief Extragalactic Probiologist.  
You know the Council's directive.  
I can only be your adviser.  
Are you sure this research is accurate?  
Celeste, the Mondschein 40  
is never wrong.  
Right. Let's go.  
Hors d'oeuvres?  
Kimberly.  
-You met my brother Steve?  
-No.  
You gotta watch out for him,  
but in the best sense.  
He cares too deeply, like a sparrow.

You've got something on your lip.  
A little dip there.  
I think flossing is so important, too.  
When I get up in the morning,  
I don't even go to the bathroom first.  
I floss and then I go.  
That's so great.  
Ron, I'm beginning to think  
you're avoiding me.  
Hi.  
Are you Dr. Steve Mills?  
He's the guy dancing with his daughter.  
Hors d'oeuvres?  
Thank you. Delicious.  
Hello.  
-Are you Dr. Steve Mills?  
-Yes.  
Will you tell me the composition  
of your radar beam or not?  
Which one?  
Now, you don't fool me.  
Your favourite colour is red.  
Your favourite food is lasagne,  
and your favourite rocking is Pink Fred.  
Actually, I prefer green,  
I'm allergic to all pasta...  
...and my favourite rock is Rachmaninoff.  
Of course you'd say that.  
I think it's Pink Floyd,  
not Pink Fred right, Jessie?  
Pink Fred is their nickname.  
Would you hold this for me, please?  
"Hey, hey we're the Monkees  
"People say we monkey around  
"But we're too busy singing  
to put anybody down"  
What?  
Do you know what they say?  
"Nixon's the One!"  
Dick Nixon?  
Okay.  
See you later, bro.  
Sailor, I like your jeep.  
You've broken my heart for the last time.



You've broken my heart  
for the last time, too.  
Do you have any spinach,  
my hands are freezing?  
"I'm Popeye the sailor man  
I'm Popeye the sailor man  
"I'm strong to the 'finich'  
'cause I eats me spinach  
"I'm Popeye the sailor man  
Toot, toot"  
"This Bud's for you."  
Baby!  
Now will you tell me the composition  
of your radar beam?  
Wackygram, right?  
Encore! Encore!  
This is a nightmare.  
Your research was all wrong!  
The food was all wrong!  
This dress is strange  
and what is this thing?  
This hat is too big.  
And everything I said was crazy.  
Now just a second.  
Don't blame it all on me.  
I never told you they used spinach  
to keep their hands warm.  
Daddy, who was that?  
I don't know.  
But I feel kinda sorry for her.  
I don't think anybody liked her.  
Did you?  
How are we ever going to get  
Dr. Steve to transmit his signal now?  
He thinks I'm a lunatic.  
Now just calm down.  
You've got to go back in there.  
And you....  
-Hi.  
-Hi.  
Tough room.  
I'm really sorry how rude I was in there.  
You weren't rude.  
You were very entertaining.

In fact, I thought you were a professional of some kind. Believe me, they'll be telling their grandchildren about it. Have you done any interesting radar astronomy transmissions... ..which may have penetrated other galaxies in the last few days? Yes, I have. Well, what happened? -It's pretty complex. -Try me. That was the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. I mean, second most beautiful. Third. A dog. The system. I blew out every resistance backup in the place... ..including telemetry trackers. Those boys from defence were so mad. 'Cause that's what they use for tracking missiles.... I must be boring the pants off you. -No. They're still on. -Good. -Then what happened, Dr. Steve? -I don't really know what happened. It must have been something I did in the lab. Maybe I forgot to take a note or dropped a setting. Show me what you did. Show me in your mighty lab. I can't. They fired me. You know I'm a little cold. Would you mind very much if I just... ..stuck my hands right in your pockets? Yes, that's better. So, Celeste... ..where are you from? The nether-lands. Oh, Holland. No, the nether-lands.

For an astronomer  
you have the most wonderful fibres.  
And you've got yourself  
a handful right now.  
I can't get back in that lab.  
They're gonna kiss!  
Does he know how?  
Well, of course.  
I saw him do it once in 1983.  
I'm a bad apple.  
Excuse me a minute.  
I shouldn't be wearing this, should I?  
It's very nice.  
Then what should I wear?  
Thank you. I won't forget this.  
Hold this.  
What are you doing now?  
I have to change. This is inappropriate.  
Might I suggest a more conventional spot?  
Like the backseat of my car.  
There. I'm changed.  
Is this acceptable?  
Is the drool apparent?  
I'm sorry, Dr. Mills, we have strict orders  
from Dr. Budlong...  
...not to let you in the building.  
I left something in my office.  
It was a fuzzy Carebear pencil holder.  
Excuse me. I'm from DARPA. The Defence  
Advance Research Project Agency...  
...with instructions to tour this facility.  
-So l--  
-May I see some lD?  
Here.  
See Department of Defence.  
She's with DARPA.  
I'm with her.  
All settings are the same.  
They haven't changed a thing.  
Dr. Steve, this is only  
a Jansky-based telescope.  
Part of what used to be called a vast array.  
Used to?  
I see you had to use enormous thrust.

Where's the Klystron?  
Hold on, I'll see what they did with it.  
-Good evening, Olaf.  
-Good evening.  
It's nice to have Dr. Mills back.  
-What do you mean?  
-He's in his lab now.  
In his lab?  
There's nothing powerful enough  
to have broken through our shields.  
It's clear how the reflectors work.  
They're not equipped to discover  
this kind of power for another century.  
How did they get it so fast?  
I mean, they haven't even  
figured out Stonehenge.  
He must be holding something back.  
Dr. Steve is lying.  
Who are you?  
Who? Me?  
What are you doing here?  
Where's Mills?  
Get away from my equipment.  
I've got to be on my way home.  
I've got to get home to that good pie.  
Just grab the handrail there.  
Welcome to my office.  
Sender number KD113B.  
Just like all the rest of them,  
but it's mine.  
Did you ever think what you were doing  
by invading another galaxy?  
It wasn't an invasion.  
Here was this galaxy,  
minding its own business.  
Perhaps a galaxy where war  
no longer exists.  
People all live in harmony.  
Things don't go around  
with such whizzings.  
You're shaking. Why?  
Because I've wanted to kiss you  
from the first moment I saw you.  
What?

You looked so beautiful and vulnerable,  
then you started rhyming...  
...and doing all that talking  
and singing and stuff and....  
I just wanted to use everything I know  
about radar astronomy to protect you.  
Would you mind if I kissed you?  
Does it hurt?  
Not the way I do it.  
I have never felt anything like that  
in my entire life.  
Do I now have to eat the chocolate  
from Pennsylvania?  
Listen, I think we'd better get out of here.  
Are you sure you've told me everything  
about the transmission?  
I think so. But perhaps we should  
explore it a little further.  
I'd better take you home.  
No, that's too far.  
We must go to your place.  
-Are you feeling what I'm feeling?  
-More.  
I'm dreaming.  
"Life could be a dream  
"Sha-boom"  
As your great poet says.  
Welcome to the Mills residence.  
What is this?  
Hats.  
This one is a collector's item.  
Actually belonged to Jimmy Durante.  
Who?  
"Goodnight Mrs. Calabash,  
wherever you are."  
He was a song and dance man  
in the movies.  
Come on in, this is the palace.  
Help yourself. Sit down. Steal an ashtray.  
I have to go check on Jessie.  
Please don't leave...  
...or otherwise I'll be forced to crawl up  
under my bed and suck dust forever.  
So what's going on here?

Could it be that he really doesn't know  
how he made the transmission?

-What's that?

-Canine.

Highly revered on this planet.

Usually found

in the company of fire hydrants.

Now look, Dr. Steve's lying.

Don't leave him alone.

But he doesn't even care

about that anymore.

Didn't you see during that kissing thing?

His skin got hot and his heartbeat went up.

And suddenly there was

a lot more of him down there.

It's an act.

Government types on this planet

are trained to lie.

Go find him. He may be burning papers

right this minute!

Oh, God!

She's beautiful, isn't she?

Who is she?

My daughter, Jessie.

Short.

Short? She's only 13.

Thirteen?

How old does she look?

Six, seven hundred, just short.

Why don't we go in here?

My bedroom?

Well, you said you wanted to talk.

Why go all the way downstairs?

Say, do you think I'm a billionaire?

Or somebody on television or somebody

who's really important or something?

You're Steven Mills, Ph.D.

A very obscure physicist

who makes \$25,000 a year.

And you still want to go in here?

Yowza.

Yowza?

You make me laugh.

I mean, you're the first person that has

really made me laugh since....  
Look, if we do go in there, you know,  
I might probably want to do more kissing.  
Surely. It was very pleasant.  
But I hope that's not all you want to do.  
Remember me?  
You're so wonderful.  
You're funny, you're intelligent  
and you understand my work...  
...and now you want to have sex.  
I wanna have sex?  
Don't you?  
Do you?  
Yes!  
Well, I do, too.  
As soon as I find out what it is.  
-I have to go to the bathroom.  
-Of course.  
What is sex?  
-What?  
-"What?" You heard what I said.  
What is sex?  
Give me a second.  
One second. Take a look at this.  
Deleted.  
What good is deleted?  
Now, don't get excited. Just a second.  
One little second. Here it is.  
Your penis is a weapon.  
Just like your rifle.  
The military expects you to protect it  
and keep it dry.  
All right, men, if you'll open your manuals.  
-What? Is that it?  
-Take it easy.  
Here's something else.  
What does this mean,  
Debbie Does Dallas?  
Debbie Does Des Moines.  
Debbie Does Dsseldorf.  
Busy girl, that Debbie.  
What's this?  
Look behind you.  
I can do that. I guess.

I don't believe it.  
Why, that's disgusting.  
I can't, that right there.  
Look, that's the most weirdest thing  
I've ever seen.  
That's why we gave it up  
You think I could do that?  
Sure. Except for fuel  
you're human inside and out.  
But do you want to?  
The kissing wasn't so bad.  
You're not leaving me here!  
Yes, I am.  
I have been ordered to stay with you  
at all times, to observe everything you do!  
Forget it.  
Bitch!  
My God, you're beautiful.  
Are you all right?  
Yes, don't stop.  
Do you see....  
Dr. Steve, that was so wonderful.  
I feel like I've been hit by a train.  
And I don't think you need to call me  
Dr. Steve anymore.  
Steve, you're so stupid. We could have  
been doing this the whole time.  
We only met three hours ago.  
I know. What took you so long?  
Do others know about this?  
About us? I don't see how they could.  
No, about making love.  
You could become very famous if  
others in the world knew you could do this.  
-Really?  
-Yes.  
Didn't think I did it any differently  
than anybody else.  
You mean everybody does this?  
Think of all the energy produced.  
Properly channelled that energy could  
propel half your people out of the galaxy.  
We did some computer runs in the lab...  
...and figured if we could harness



the energy output from...  
...the male members of the Sheen family  
we could put the state of Illinois on Pluto.  
I really don't think I can  
do this again so soon.  
Yes, you can.  
-Celeste?  
-What?  
Celeste, why me?  
Because you're sensitive...  
...and you're an outsider...  
...and you worked so hard  
to get through M.I.T....  
...and you have two Ph.D.'s  
and a delightful innocence.  
Just all the qualities of a dreamer.  
I know you had some really bad luck  
five years ago when...  
...your wife died and left you  
with a daughter, Jessie, 13.  
That's who the short person was.  
Wait a minute.  
Where'd you get all those details?  
I can read it. In your eyes.  
That's kid's stuff.  
This is no help.  
Whiteside, I'm here to spend  
Christmas with you.  
I think.  
I may stay a month...  
...or I may leave immediately.  
I don't know. Things are so uncertain.  
"Did you ever have the feeling  
you wanted to go  
"And still had the feeling  
that you wanted to stay  
"You knew it was right, wasn't wrong  
still you knew you wouldn't be very long  
"It's tough to have the feeling  
you wanted to go  
"Still have the feeling that you  
wanted to stay, start to go  
"Change your mind start and go again  
But changed your mind again

"Did you ever have the feeling  
you wanted to go  
"Still have the feeling  
you wanted to stay  
"Do Re Mi Fa So La Si Do  
"I go  
-"I'll stay"  
-Shut up you reform school fugitive.  
Whiteside, I love ya. I love ya.  
Dave, bon apptit.  
Dave, how are you  
and your 1,000 fleas this morning?  
Are you okay?  
Yes, I'm okay.  
Jessie, Celeste.  
Celeste, my daughter, Jessie.  
I know.  
You stayed here?  
Just overnight.  
But dad...  
...that's fabulous.  
I gotta go.  
Be true to your school.  
Happy short person. Daughter.  
Almost as happy as her old man.  
Who is that?  
Me.  
Yes, I am happy, too.  
I think....  
Yes?  
Will I scare you if I tell you I love you?  
Not unless you hit me at the same time.  
I'm serious.  
So am I.  
Then let's go away.  
Let's go to San Francisco.  
-Or Vancouver? Or Anchorage?  
-No, I have to leave tonight.  
Leave? Where you going?  
Home.  
To the Netherlands?  
You can call it Holland now.  
I know what you mean. Yes.  
When are you going to be back?

No, I'm never coming back.  
Never coming back? Why?  
Why can't you ever come back?  
-Well l--  
-Celeste.  
I hate to sound desperate,  
but this news makes me sound desperate.  
I'm desperate. Celeste,  
I know this is sudden...  
...but you're the most incredible thing  
that's ever happened to me.  
I look in your face  
and I can't believe what I feel for you.  
I'm hopelessly, insanely, out of my mind  
in love with you. I can't let you go.  
Walk out of my life. I mean, I can't.  
Not now, not ever.  
Without you there is no life.  
And?  
Will you marry me?  
Marry you?  
Yes. Please.  
This is a strange development.  
I know it's sudden and quick and all.  
Not if you consider  
I've been waiting five years for you.  
You see, before I met you  
all I could think about was science.  
Now I can't even think about that anymore.  
All I care about is you.  
Your eyes, your skin, your hair, your face.  
Do you think you could think  
about science if we got married?  
If only I knew you were going to be  
with me and you weren't going anywhere.  
I know it's kinda sudden and everything,  
so I'll tell you what.  
Why don't you take a short walk  
and think about it?  
Okay, I'll think it over.  
You're not going out like that,  
are you?  
No. Of course not.  
She's an original. She's gotta say yes.

You said you'd prepare me for 24 hours,  
and here it's only been 12 hours.  
You didn't tell me "spinach,"  
you didn't tell me "kiss"...  
...you didn't tell me "have sex,"  
and what about "marry"?  
Do things always happen  
so fast on this planet?  
I don't think so. You can't walk  
down the street looking like this.  
Yes, I can. I know how this planet works.  
They'll think I'm starting  
some kind of trend or something.  
I want you to contact the Council and  
I want them here, I want them here now!  
Why here?  
They said they needed an open field.  
I found it in the phone book.  
What goes on here?  
Is it Christians and lions?  
Wrong time frame.  
-Where is the transmission?  
-We're making progress, sir.  
Our gravity has increased threefold!  
Does the subject suspect who you are?  
-No.  
-Does the girl?  
She saw Celeste put magazines into me  
and a dress come out.  
Kill her!  
Don't worry. She's nothing.  
Short, inexperienced, just a daughter.  
-But we do have one problem.  
-Yes?  
The subject says he will be  
unable to think about science...  
...unless he marries me!  
Well, marry him!  
But we don't know what "marry" is.  
One moment.  
Yes, the Mondschein 40 says  
marriage is this:  
"He goes off to fight the Turks,  
and you put on a lock. "

Yes. Wrong century.

Marriage is this:

"You cook and clean  
and bring him martinis. "

Wrong again? This is ridiculous.

Yes, wrong decade. Too old fashioned.

"The modern marriage:

There are no rules or responsibilities.

"But if he does something wrong,  
you can set him on fire while he sleeps.

"And go on a talk show where  
everyone will forgive you and love you. "

There's only one drawback,  
you'll have to have more sex.

I'll do it.

Immediately.

Yes, sir. I know tomorrow's the last day  
the reflectors are in line for 19 months.

What if there is no lightning?

We will provide the lightning.

Just keep that man fed  
and keep his feet clean.

You're fading.

Yes, I know, it's our gravity.

Now remember, you are our last hope.

If we don't get that transmission from him,  
our planet is doomed.

Yes, sir.

But daddy, this is so quick.

I mean, you only met her last night.

It was the same with your mother.

-At least with mom you waited a week.

-Your mother and I knew on the first night.

Are you crazy? You don't know  
a thing about her.

-I know all I need to know.

-I've already gone through this, Uncle Ron.

She's after your money!

Ron, I don't even have a ball of lint  
and a lead slug to rub together.

She's got a trust fund.

She has a trust fund?

You know, I don't get it.

Why does this happen to you?

I know! Citizenship!  
She wants citizenship.  
She wants to take jobs away from  
Americans and give 'em to Dutch people!  
Yeah, that's why she's here.  
But it's so unfair.  
I mean, you know....  
It's my own brother marrying  
the most beautiful woman I've ever seen.  
And he met her at my apartment.  
Ron, I appreciate your concern.  
This is something I really want.  
Haven't you wanted something so much  
that nothing else mattered?  
It's your wedding, I'm gonna tell you.  
There's only one woman in the world  
that I will ever marry.  
Princess Stephanie of Monaco.  
Really?  
I never knew you had a thing for her.  
What makes her the lucky lady?  
Because she's the most perfect  
woman in the world.  
She'd have nothing to do with me.  
Ron, brush up on your French lessons  
and your tennis, maybe it'll happen.  
But right now I'm going to marry  
my Princess Stephanie. So wish me luck.  
You've had too much luck already.  
Where did she get a wedding dress  
on two hours notice?  
Does she just carry one around with her,  
in case of emergencies?  
I hope so. Now would you go downstairs  
and please be best man?  
-Uncle Ron, go!  
-You wanna see my date? She's 6 foot 2.  
Okay.  
Go and tell Celeste it's time.  
I'll have to leave you on the chair.  
Can't you wear me?  
No, I'd look too strange.  
I'm so hungry.  
Good thing we stopped

at the hardware store.

D-cells. Primitive, but nutritious.

-Dad, she ate batteries!

-What?

She took three "D" batteries  
out of a paper bag and ate them.

She flattened them  
like a Tootsie Roll wrapper.

And she was talking to  
someone who wasn't even in the room.

I love you more than anyone else  
in the world.

-Nothing's going to come between us.

-Daddy, she ate batteries.

Jessie, I want you to stop this right now.

Back off, Alpo breath.

Dearly beloved....

Sit! Roll over! Play dead!

I've only known Celeste for eight minutes,  
but I can tell she has love for Steve...

...who I've also known for eight minutes.

You're digging your own grave, Fido.

And do you Celeste van Martin...

...take Steven Mills...

...to be your lawfully wedded husband?

In sickness....

For richer and or poorer,

til death do you part?

-I do.

-I now pronounce you man and wife.

"I'm looking over my dead dog Rover"

-Get that dog down!

-You left me alone again!

I was getting married!

Honey!

What happened?

Maybe it's a Dutch custom. They say

"I do," bolt for the lawn and start digging.

Maybe she's planting tulip bulbs.

Honey, how on earth

did Dave get up there! Look!

Dave! Don't move!

Volunteers! Jeff, Woody!

May I be the first to kiss the bride?

Sure.  
I got him!  
Where'd you get this dress?  
It's him! Quick, dad, the brush!  
I'm coming. Here it is. I've got it here.  
The brush.  
Okay. Easy.  
My God, you look beautiful.  
Thanks, dad. I hope he likes me.  
I hope you like him.  
Hi. I'm Fred. The date.  
These are for you, doll.  
Thank you.  
I'm Steve, Jessie's dad.  
-This is Mrs. Mills.  
-Nice to meet you.  
Mouth jewellery.  
Right, my braces.  
My wife's from Holland, so....  
You wore flats. Great.  
Have a great time.  
She'll be safe with me, sir.  
Bye.  
Did that kid look shifty to you?  
Hadn't you better get back to work now?  
What? You gotta be kidding,  
on our wedding night?  
I don't think so.  
God, I love you!  
-Hello.  
-Lucas Budlong, please.  
It's for you.  
Hello.  
-Budlong, is that you?  
-Yes.  
This is Carl Sagan.  
Carl Sagan?  
It's Carl Sagan.  
I'm assigned to the President's Committee  
on Extraterrestrials...  
...the Most Important  
None More Secret Committee.  
No, I didn't know that.  
Of course. And he has personally



authorised me to instruct you...  
...to put Dr. Steve Mills back to work at  
Haddonkirk Laboratories tomorrow.  
-Mills? But he almost blew the place--  
-Shut up, Budlong.  
No arguments.  
We can't afford to waste  
billions and billions of dollars.  
Have I made myself clear, Meathead?  
Yes. I....  
-And how's Skippy?  
-She's fine.  
Tell her I asked after her.  
A beautiful, desirable woman.  
Yes, sir.  
Who is Carl Sagan?  
Bravo, Bag.  
Now we've got to get Dr. Steve  
something to eat.  
You're right. He should have no excuses  
not to work.  
Hands on the wheel!  
That's what we need.  
\$416.80.  
What's this?  
It's a diamond.  
I'm sorry, we don't take diamonds  
at this branch. Money only.  
Haven't you got anything smaller?  
What did I just do?  
It's called a sneeze. From the flour.  
But only humans are supposed to do it.  
What did it feel like?  
Very funny.  
Very good. Very liberating.  
This is my house.  
I actually had a good time.  
Maybe we can do it again sometime.  
Maybe next time we can even dance.  
-I am starving.  
-Okay.  
Just what I needed.  
I could have a banquet down this block.  
We've got work to do.

All right.

Did you see Uncle Ron's new invention?

It's an all-snap shirt where  
the snaps look like buttons. Great?  
Except they rust in the wash.

-Good morning, dear.

-Good morning.

-I made you breakfast, my family.

-So that's what you've been up to?

Did you sleep well?

Yes.

Did you?

Hello.

Dr. Budlong.

How are you?

Fine. Thank you.

No, I don't know Dr. Sagan personally.

The President's Most Secret

None More Secret?

I've been thinking, too.

About the explosion  
and the damage and everything.

Really? You mean it?

When can I start back?

No, not today. Today's my honeymoon.

A foreign gal.

She's a head-spinner.

Fine.

Thank you. Surely you and Skippy  
must remember from your own experience.

This is Mrs. Mills. Ignore my husband  
on anything but science.

He'll be there in 15 minutes.

Maybe less. Yes, bye.

Sweetie, wait a minute. I don't wanna  
go to work today. It's our honeymoon.

I wanna clean the place up for you.

I'll clean the house so you don't see a dust.

I'm Dutch. Did you ever see  
a dirty street in Hague?

We are ready to clean.

Great, let's do it together.

And we can watch my Durante tapes.

Let's put an end

to this silly argument right now.  
I'll arm-wrestle you for it. Winner cleans.  
You sure you really want to do this?  
Come on.  
One, two, three. Okay, lady wins.  
Now let's eat right up and get to work.  
That's quite a forearm you've got there.  
And remember the thrust.  
Four hundred megawatts and lightning  
isn't enough to go extragalactic.  
-What's this?  
-Your martini. Would you like one, dear?  
No, thank you.  
And finally your turkey.  
Dig right in.  
Eat fast, solve all your problems,  
and fulfil yourself. I'll make the beds.  
Quite a spread.  
Daddy, don't you think  
this is pretty strange?  
Your stepmother's just full of surprises.  
I know how happy you are...  
...and I wouldn't do anything in the world  
to get in the way of that happiness.  
-But last night, after my date--  
-Your date?  
How'd your date go?  
Fine, but Dad, I saw her drink  
the battery juice from your Honda.  
Jessie!  
Not only that, I saw her lift  
a burning hot pan with her bare hands!  
Now I wish I didn't have to go to the lab.  
-Your new mother--  
-Stepmother!  
Stepmother loves you very much.  
She's concerned that she won't fit in  
around here.  
She knows there'll be problems--  
Dad, if the car won't start, will you  
at least give me the benefit of the doubt?  
Nothing happened, Jess.  
You must have dreamed it.  
-Bye.

-Not you.  
We do the rest of the house in 14 seconds.  
Then Council provides the lightning.  
He does the transmission...  
...and we head the 92 light years home.  
Setty Lab. This is Mills.  
Dad, come home right away.  
The house is on fire.  
You can't leave now! What if we get rain?  
Jessie!  
Stay away from me.  
No, it's not what you think.  
You are an alien!  
Oh, my God!  
And you!  
Quiet!  
-Bag, let her down!  
-Not yet.  
What do you want?  
We're from Co-sign into the Eighth.  
Ninety-two light years  
and two solar systems away.  
Your father penetrated our atmosphere  
with a radar beam nine days ago.  
We must duplicate that transmission  
in 12 hours...  
...or our civilisation will be destroyed.  
Is that why you're here?  
But he doesn't know how he did it!  
-We assume that's a lie.  
-No, it's not.  
You should know him well enough  
to know he doesn't lie.  
Could that be the truth?  
Could it be it was just an accident?  
No! The teenager is lying, too.  
No, I don't think so.  
We have to find out  
or we'll never be able to leave.  
Leave? But what about my father?  
He loves you. For the first time  
in five years he loves someone.  
You're gonna kill that in him.  
He'll never recover.

Celeste doesn't care. Right, Celeste?  
Right, Celeste?  
Right.  
If you don't say anything,  
we'll let you down.  
No, we won't!  
I'm in charge of this mission.  
Will you not tell your father  
until we've gone?  
Yes, just don't hurt him.  
-Let her down.  
-Celeste!  
Let her down!  
That wasn't necessary.  
Give the dog back his bark.  
Celeste, your attitude sucks.  
-Ciao, baby.  
-What's this about a fire?  
Daddy!  
You said there was a fire!  
What's going on?  
I had to say there was a fire.  
What was I to say?  
"The living room's spotless, come home."  
Why did you call me? Why did you lie?  
I had to. Daddy, you married a person  
from another planet.  
Celeste doesn't come from Holland.  
She comes from a place 92 light years  
and two solar systems away.  
Not again. You're going in for counselling.  
She does. She took away Dave's bark  
and put me on the ceiling for ten minutes.  
Celeste is not from another planet.  
Your stepmother is not an alien.  
I mean, please, this is a fantasy.  
Don't you think I know aliens?  
It's my business to know.  
Why do we never see her eat or sleep?  
And how come we suddenly get  
a new living room in one afternoon?  
And inside that bag there's a horrible eye.  
Just like why my car wouldn't start  
this morning?

Just look inside.  
I come home from the lab  
to look in a purse.  
Lipstick. Passion pink.  
Mascara. Unusual for a purse, isn't it?  
Q-tips. An eye!  
Jessie, there's no eye in here.  
She made it disappear.  
There was one in there.  
And she did lift up the bacon  
without a potholder.  
And what about all that food  
she cooked for breakfast?  
You don't have an answer  
and you won't believe me.  
And she's gonna be gone in 12 hours,  
and why won't you listen to me?  
Now, honey, come on. Jessie, come here.  
Jessie, where are you going?  
Come back here, Jessie.  
Get off the street!  
Jessie, you bring that bike back here now!  
Hey, come on.  
-Stop!  
-What's wrong?  
Come on!  
I'm sorry, I didn't see her. Is she all right?  
She's okay.  
I didn't see her.  
It's all right.  
You gave yourself away to save my life.  
I'll be right back.  
Do you really have to go?  
It's the same on both our planets.  
Just when you get to know someone  
they have to leave.  
My mom, I mean, my first mom,  
had to leave, too.  
I know you have to go.  
This isn't your home. I understand that.  
Can you at least wait till morning?  
I'll try.  
Where's your spaceship?  
Behind your moon, Steve.

What do you do up there?  
Meditate? Plan how to break hearts?  
If you know what they are.  
We are where you will be in 55 centuries.  
If you make it.  
I'm 1,296 years old.  
We reproduce by synthesis in a petri dish.  
We use 104 percent of our brain capacity  
as opposed to your 36 percent.  
Our lives are spent in perfect harmony...  
...improving our civilisation with none of  
the erratic highs and lows you have here.  
I see. Sort of like Switzerland.  
Why do you reproduce in a petri dish?  
We learned that sex was  
inefficient and messy.  
So you got rid of it, just like that?  
I must admit, we were a little hasty  
on that one.  
You mean I married a virgin?  
Mother would be proud.  
Don't you ever do stuff like  
go on vacation?  
Sure we do.  
What do you do on vacation?  
Math.  
What do you do to have fun?  
Graphs.  
We go to warm places together  
and hold hands.  
It's too bad you don't eat food.  
You might find it could be  
quite pleasurable.  
You get pleasure out of food?  
-Here.  
-No, thank you.  
If you want my secrets  
you'll eat my sandwich.  
Chew!  
This is fun. What is it?  
Ham and cheese on rye with mayo.  
And I love the way it feels  
against the roof of my mouth...  
...and the sides of my tongue.

This is fun.  
Here, wash it down.  
This makes me smile, too.  
Seagram's Scotch Whiskey.  
Celeste?  
Did you ever like me?  
Steve, of course I did. I do.  
It wasn't just physics?  
No. If I were an Earth person  
I would do exactly what we did.  
-It might have taken a little longer, but--  
-Then why can't you stay?  
I just can't.  
What if I never sent  
the transmission again?  
Then nobody would be able  
to use it against you ever.  
Unfortunately that's not the history  
of your planet.  
And if you don't do that transmission,  
my planet will die.  
-Are you mad at me?  
-Mad?  
I'm furious. I'm confused, I'm upset,  
I'm frustrated, I'm furious!  
You're everything I ever wanted  
in a human and an extraterrestrial.  
If I send the transmission,  
which I don't know how to do...  
...and save your planet, I lose you.  
If I don't send it,  
you stay but I kill a whole planet.  
But I'd make a lousy Earth person.  
I made way too much breakfast,  
and the dog hates me.  
The dog loves you. We all love you.  
Don't you see, that's why it's so hard.  
That's why I'm so torn apart.  
I feel like Durante.  
"Did you ever have the feeling  
that you wanted to go  
"Still had the feeling  
that you wanted to stay  
"Knew it was right wasn't wrong



"Go stay, stay go"  
That's exactly how I feel.  
You know this song?  
I feel just like you and Durante.  
I don't wanna go, but I can't stay.  
I feel only one way.  
I want you to stay.  
Boy, talk about being tied to your work.  
I spend my whole career trying to prove  
there's life on other planets...  
...and when I find it, I marry it.  
Lightning.  
You shocked me.  
Static electricity.  
The metal in Ron's snaps.  
Snaps.  
Ron's buttons.  
The cage around the Klystron.  
That's the wild card! Come on.  
He knows.  
He's a true scientist.  
You realise, of course, as soon as  
we've made contact we'll have to leave.  
-I'm aware of that.  
-Right after we kill them.  
-Kill them?  
-Not just them. The whole thing.  
What do you call it? Earth.  
We're not killing anybody.  
We'll get what we need  
and leave Earth as we found it.  
I'm afraid not.  
We're wiping out everything.  
People, land mass, water.  
The Council has told me to take care of it.  
We're not going to do anything.  
Eight minutes after he  
transmits that signal...  
...here's Earth!  
Jessie, sweetie! It's time.  
Come on, get up.  
Be careful.  
Ron, it's Celeste.  
Celeste! It's Ron!

Ron, it's just not working out.  
Steve and I simply aren't compatible.  
What?  
Our physical relationship  
just isn't what it should be.  
I need to talk to someone.  
I need to talk to you.  
About your physical relationship?  
Could you come to the lab, and we  
could discuss these matters of the flesh?  
The flesh? Yes, sure.  
But, I mean, he's my brother.  
But we don't need to tell  
Steve everything.  
And Ron, would you mind  
doing me a little favour?  
I left my purse in the bedroom at home.  
Bye.  
This is terrible. What am I going to do?  
He's my own brother!  
This is terrible. My own brother!  
And yet.  
Where've you been all day?  
This rain could stop at any minute.  
Grady, we need a conductor. A conductor.  
Solid tin.  
Next year when they give out  
that Nobel Prize...  
...I'll be up there, and I'll tell them about--  
Steve, darling.  
See what did it? Ronnie put his jacket  
on the chair and it had brass buttons.  
It was a short circuit.  
Electrical impulse bouncing between  
the Klystron and the fried buttons.  
It threw the power way beyond  
Telescope's all set, Dr. Mills.  
You won't forget to tell Dr. Sagan  
how helpful I've been?  
Carl Sagan? Sure.  
Now all we need is the lightning.  
Watch the monitors.  
That's where the action is.  
All right, put these on.

Put those on.  
Okay, set your attractors.  
Set your attractors.  
Steve, I have to talk to you.  
Bag!  
You've signed your own  
death warrant, sister!  
-Prepare to initiate the system.  
-Prepare to initiate the system.  
I've got to. I want to kill myself.  
-I'm in love with your wife.  
-What?  
Steve, the reflectors.  
Ready!  
Now!  
Jesus!  
Great! Nothing's changed here!  
Daddy, look!  
I know!  
I'll be damned!  
We did it again!  
Science!  
Steve, didn't you hear what I said?  
I am in love with your wife.  
She's in love with me.  
It's a whole thing. We gotta talk.  
Get rid of that bag.  
The bag?  
That bag will destroy your planet.  
Babe, I love ya, we'll get rid of the bag.  
I mean, what's in it?  
A little eyeliner, a little lipstick,  
a little eye.  
Lights out!  
T-minus ten seconds and counting.  
Ten, nine, eight....  
I am indestructible.  
Seven, six, five, four, three....  
You do a woman a favour  
and the eye in her purse attacks you.  
Is the pocketbook dead?  
Of course, you nincompoop.  
Please, step outside.  
I'm in hell! This is hell!

The transmission was a success.  
Our gravity has already begun to revert.  
We have been saved.  
Why has this planet not been dispatched?  
You never said you were going  
to destroy this place.  
We must! They know how to destroy us.  
Council, Dr. Mills never meant  
to hurt anyone.  
There are too many strange and  
good things that go on here to destroy it.  
They have war, they have indifference,  
they have suffering.  
Yes, but they also have jitterbugs.  
-Jitterbugs?  
-Frivolous!  
And children.  
Jokes. And ham and cheese  
on rye with mayo!  
Mediocre.  
And making love.  
And sneezes.  
Sneezes?  
And Jimmy Durante!  
Jimmy?  
Show me Jimmy.  
They want to see Jimmy.  
Come on.  
Grady.  
Jimmy Durante from  
The Man Who Came To Dinner.  
Hello, up there,  
you omnipotent superbeings...  
...from some other dimensional planet.  
Hit it!  
"Did you ever have the feeling  
that you wanted to go  
"But still had the feeling  
that you wanted to stay  
"You knew it was right wasn't wrong  
Still you know you wouldn't be very long  
"It's tough to have the feeling  
that you wanted to go  
"Still had the feeling

that you wanted to stay  
"Start to go, change your mind  
"Start to go again  
But change your mind again  
"It's tough to have the feeling  
that you wanted to go  
"Still have the feeling  
that you wanted to stay  
"Do Re Mi Fa So La Ti Do  
"I go  
"I stay"  
Kill them.  
Hey, you! This is an English automobile!  
We have never had sneezes.  
Sneezing makes the head tingle.  
The whole body feels alive.  
What else is like this?  
Sir, can you see with my eyes?  
Of course.  
Then this is why.  
I see.  
This...  
...what do you call it? Earth.  
Deserves more study.  
It's too weird to destroy.  
It will be spared.  
Celeste, it is time to come home.  
Now come home, Celeste.  
Sir, I am home.  
It's no use. I can't go.  
That is impossible.  
Celeste, you must return.  
Wait. Come on now.  
Hi. Steve Mills.  
You look like a reasonable  
bunch of superbeings.  
We really have to work this out.  
I'm in love...  
...with your Chief Extragalactic Probist.  
What do you mean, no?  
We need someone to tell us  
about your war and making love...  
...and all your fuzziness.  
Excuse me...

...Big Thing in the Sky...  
...you need someone  
to tell you about making love?  
We need someone to tell us  
about everything.  
Does anyone up there  
look as good as she does?  
Everyone does.  
-Better.  
-Really?  
It's impossible.  
Sir? He knows more than I do  
about all things down here.  
It's an interesting idea.  
He can come.  
Who's gonna drive this thing?  
Group Captain Winnek Woofet  
and the 12th Navigational Command.  
My God!  
She looks just like Princess Stephanie.  
She looks just like Princess Stephanie, too.  
If you say so.  
They all look like Princess Stephanie.  
Can I ask you a question?  
You think my Rolls would be impressive?  
-Might be.  
-Can I bring it?  
Yes, of course.  
-Goodbye, my dear.  
-Bye, Uncle Ron.  
Bye, my dear.  
Ron, are you sure you want to do this?  
You're making a pretty radical move here.  
They all look like Princess Stephanie.  
They do, don't they?  
Time's wasting.  
Where are the keys to your beachhouse?  
Enjoy.  
Have a nice drive. Flight. Trip.  
Get the heck off this planet.  
Come on.  
Right over here, baby.  
-What is it?  
-It's a car.

We'll be in touch, Celeste.  
Enjoy your humanity while it lasts.  
A little one-on-one dad?  
No thanks, honey.  
I think Celeste and I are going upstairs  
and get some sleep.  
I get it.  
I'll be right up.  
Are you human or what?  
Human. Every part.  
All that power to do stuff  
left with Bag, right?  
I guess so.  
Drive!  
Drive!  
Goodnight, Mrs. Calabash,  
wherever you are.