

ZIGGY

Written by

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EXT. OUTER SPACE - BY A RED DWARF

A tiny alien rocket ship putters to a stop near a red dwarf star. Two LITTLE GREEN ALIENS with big black eyes put on glass helmets and rocket backpacks.

ZIGGY, the smaller of the two aliens, has childlike proportions -- a too-big head, little feet, short arms. Ziggy pulls on the door, but it's locked.

STARDUST, the larger one, unbuckles her seatbelt. She has a longer torso, with arms that reach to her knees, very long and thin legs, and moves with a kind of elegance.

Stardust reaches around Ziggy to unlock the door. Ziggy flies out of the cabin.

Stardust laughs while reaching into the back of the ship. She pulls out two rectangular tennis rackets.

She presses a button on the dashboard, which releases a very large ice-covered rock from a trap door. The rock is practically four times her size. She gets out of the ship.

Ziggy plays with her jetpack, doing flips around the red burning star.

Gracefully, Stardust jets near Ziggy and tosses her one of the rackets. Stardust speeds to the other side of the star.

Both of them are serious now, gathering themselves. Stardust has the ball. She serves; it spins around the orbit of the star to Ziggy, who jets over and hits it back. As it flies, it gains a comet tail.

We see the two playing the game from the side: as they themselves orbit the star on opposite ends, the comet flies between them.

The distance between them closes; Stardust is hitting harder, having an easier time. Ziggy's barely returning the ball.

Stardust hits harder this time.

Ziggy misses! The meteor whizzes past the racket, and spins back around the star.

The comet flies the wrong way around the star, so Stardust knows she scored. She celebrates getting the point, smiling and pumping her arms. She chases the ball down and brings it to Ziggy.

Ziggy receives it stubbornly. Stardust mimes a perfect serve, but Ziggy juts out her chin and ignores it. She shoos Stardust off.

It's now Ziggy's turn to serve. She steels herself, shuts her eyes, focuses, and opens them again. She tosses the ball up and swings with all her strength.

Her arm catches a button on her jetpack. She loses her balance, just as she strikes the ball. It goes flying off course, the opposite direction of the star.

Ziggy's eyes get wide. She frowns, looking around to see if anyone's watching. She grabs hold of her jetpack controls and zooms after it, out into the vastness of space.

We see from Ziggy's point of view as she chases the ball down, around the field of two stars orbiting each other, through a crystal mist belt of methane ice that turns the jetpack's flames purple.

She's hitting the throttle as much as possible, really gaining speed now. She bursts out beyond her solar system -- and into a band of blackness.

EXT. OUR SOLAR SYSTEM

Suddenly, our Solar System comes into view. She jets past the rings of Saturn. In the far distance, she passes by the massive Jupiter, its spinning red storm enormous compared to her tiny body.

She looks around her, eyes wide. She lets go of the controls, drifting. Lost.

Ziggy makes a sound, like a sad bell, calling for help as she spins around. But nobody's there.

EXT. BY THE RED DWARF

Back at the Red Dwarf, Stardust is doing flips in boredom. She scratches her back with the racket, still waiting for the ball to be served.

EXT. OUR SOLAR SYSTEM

Swallowing heavily, Ziggy finds a red button on her jetpack. She flips up the case over it, her finger poised to press.

Suddenly, she spots the ball -- now a comet -- speeding toward a pale blue dot in the distance.

Ziggy aims towards the comet and accelerates.

The two approach Earth. She's focused on the comet, which she's catching up with. She gets behind it, into the trail where chunks of ice and rock flake off and fly past her head.

She maneuvers past one particularly large rock debris. Ice flakes off and she narrowly dodges -- but the ice is sucked into the top of the pack.

One of the pack's two engines sputters, then fails. She spins out of control.

She jets past the International Space Station. An astronaut presses her face to the window, following the glint from Ziggy's helmet, mouth agape.

EXT. EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE

Ziggy looks terrified as she gets caught in the Earth's atmosphere. She whacks her malfunctioning jetpack, trying to dislodge the ice. It sputters -- she's enveloped in red-hot flame.

EXT. NEW MEXICO - DAY

MARCO, a Hispanic 6 year old, lies in some grass by a fence, barely in the shade of twisting Ponderosa Pine. He has a tennis ball in one hand, which he's throwing against the fence, bored.

He throws the ball too hard; it bounces off the wall and hits him in the face. He flies back onto the grass.

He rubs his cheek, staring up at the deep blue sky. A lazy jetstream crosses overhead.

EXT. EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE - DAY

Ziggy plunges through the cloud layer. She looks down, at the land rising up to meet her. She smashes the emergency button, and a loud wail emanates from the pack.

Scrambling, she pulls the jetpack off. She climbs on top of it as she falls.

She centers her weight over the only working engine and tries to stall her fall with counter thrusts.

The engine jerks her to the side, spewing smoke.

EXT. NEW MEXICO - DAY

Marco stares as a streak of light with odd smoke curls falls out of the sky. He rubs his eyes and looks again.

He goes running out of the yard, which is attached to a modest trailer home.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Ziggy tries to balance on the pack, but it jerks her side to side. She slips, falling the last twenty feet through the top of a tree and down into an empty street. The pack falls in a smoking heap near her.

Ziggy bounces back up and checks herself. All there.

She looks at her wrist, where a watch-like device scans the atmosphere and flashes information to her in an angular alien language.

She unlatches her helmet and twists it off, taking a deep breath.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

A female TRUCKER sits at a red light, jamming to some smooth jazz. A saxophone solo starts. The trucker plays the air-sax as the light switches to green. She floors it left around a corner, coming upon Ziggy in the road.

She doesn't take any notice as she approaches Ziggy.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Ziggy faces the other direction. She pops the helmet off, and hears the sound of the lumbering semi.

She turns around as the truck comes at her. She waves and makes some melodic sounds at it. The truck keeps coming. Ziggy's scared now; she pops the helmet back on and turns into a little ball.

The truck passes right over her. She looks up, surprised.

She turns to watch the truck. It runs right over her jetpack, destroying it.

Ziggy rushes over to the wreckage, her face an open-book of despair. She looks at her hands, which still hold the racket.

She snaps it in half and tosses it to the ground. She jumps up and down on the racket.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

Marco grabs a Razor scooter and speeds down the road.

He speeds past HIS MOTHER, who is watering a flower bed.

MARCO'S MOM

Marco? Hey, where are you going?

Marco turns one corner. Sees nothing. Makes another turn, then another. He rounds a final corner, doesn't see a thing, and slows to a stop.

He frowns and hops off of his scooter. He turns around, where he sees Ziggy. Cautiously, he rides over to her.

Ziggy is wholly absorbed in her tantrum, jumping up and down. She wears herself out and kicks the jetpack, muttering in an odd, harmonic series of sounds.

MARCO

Um, hello?

Ziggy jumps and falls over herself. She gets her butt stuck into the glass helmet, and rolls around on the ground. She ignores him, flailing.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Here, let me. I saw you fall from the sky. Are you okay?

Marco grabs the helmet and pulls. It sticks. He pulls again, and it pops off.

Ziggy turns away indignantly and acts as if she's going to walk away. Cars lumber towards them.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Come back! You're in the middle of the road!

Marco yanks the alien out of the street and tries to hide her behind him as the cars pass.

Ziggy picks up part of her broken racket -- now just a stick -- and pokes Marco in the arm from behind.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Ow.

She does it again.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Ow! Stop!

She laughs, a melodic tinkling sound. Marco grumbles.

She copies him, a musical grumble.

A SCREECHING sound as three girls come tearing around the corner in their suped-up Barbie Jeeps.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Oh no.

Marco shoves Ziggy into the bushes behind him. The jeeps come to a stop in front of Marco. The leader, BRITTANY, a mean-looking blonde girl with a gap in her front teeth, stops in front of him, her cronies behind her.

BRITTANY

Marco. What are you doing in my neighborhood? Your kind isn't welcome here.

MARCO

Just, uh...

He puts his hand in his pocket, where he finds the tennis ball. He pulls it out.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I had to get my ball back.

Ziggy, in the bushes, makes a loud bell-like sound.

BRITTANY

What was that?

MARCO

Must have been a dog.

BRITTANY

Don't be stupid. Dogs don't sound like that. You're hiding something.

Brittany gets out of the Jeep and tries to get around Marco. She sees the scooter behind him and snatches it.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Look-y here! This is a nice scooter.

MARCO
Give it back!

BRITTANY
You have to pay the price if you
want to come to my street.

Brittany snaps, and one of her cronies grabs the scooter and puts it in the back of her Barbie Jeep.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
Bye, loser.

The group revs their engines and rides off.

MARCO
Come back! That's my brother's!

Marco hangs his head. Ziggy looks concerned. She pokes him in the butt with her racket. He jumps and drops the tennis ball.

She takes it and bounces it on the ground.

MARCO (CONT'D)
What am I going to do now?

EXT. MARCO'S YARD

Marco enters through the gate, with Ziggy trailing behind. She's obsessively bouncing the ball.

He scouts out the back yard, which is empty, and pulls Ziggy close behind him. He snatches the ball from her.

The window of the house suddenly opens, and his mom leans out. Marco jumps and tosses the tennis ball into a tree. Ziggy takes off after it.

MARCO'S MOTHER
Ah, chico, donde esta tu hermano?

MARCO
Um, no se, mama.

Marco's mom gets out her phone and dials.

Ziggy returns to him with the ball. Marco goes around the corner of the house, ignoring her. She keeps holding the ball out to him.

MARCO (CONT'D)
 I can't play right now. I have to
 get that scooter back, or my
 brother's going to kill me!

Ziggy drops the ball in his lap.

MARCO (CONT'D)
 Fine.

He tosses it against the wall, really hard. Ziggy dives for
 it, and whacks her wrist device against the ground. It comes
 on and starts beeping.

MARCO (CONT'D)
 What's that?

Ziggy says something. The device speaks, but its hazy, like a
 bad radio frequency.

STARDUST (V.O.)
 Ziggy? Are you ok? Where are you?

Ziggy hits the device and talks. It cuts out.

MARCO
 So you're lost, huh? ... You can
 stay here for a while. Just don't
 let my mom see you.

Marco gets up, resolved.

MARCO (CONT'D)
 I'm going to get that scooter back.
 You stay here. Don't let anyone see
 you, okay? Then I'll help you get
 home.

Marco makes his way to the gate. Ziggy follows, but he closes
 the gate behind him. She looks lost again, until her
 attention falls on the tennis ball.

EXT. MARCO'S YARD - LATE AFTERNOON

The sun sinks in the sky. And empty-handed Marco kicks the
 door open. There's a tire track mark on his back, and he's
 dirty and scratched. One bruise swells up his eye.

MARCO
 (calling)
 Alien? Where are you?

He looks around the back yard, and then, panicked, into the house.

INT. MARCO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

No sign of Ziggy in the living room, the kitchen, or his own bedroom.

He runs back outside. GAEL, Marco's 12 year old brother, stands outside.

GAEL
Hey little brother, have you seen
my scooter?

Marco runs out of the yard and down the street.

EXT. STREET

As Marco runs, he hears the familiar musical notes of Ziggy's speech. He skids and runs towards the noise.

EXT. PARK - EVENING

A cement-cracked, little-used park has a single tennis court. Ziggy plays herself on the court, zooming from one side to the other. She uses her hands instead of a racket. Marco watches in amazement.

MARCO
Woah.

Ziggy jumps when she sees him and rushes over. She puts her hand on his face, an affectionate but weird gesture. Marco's eye stops swelling, and rapidly heals.

He touches his face, amazed. She looks concerned at him, cooing softly.

MARCO (CONT'D)
This is nothing compared to what my
brother's going to do. I didn't get
the scooter back.

Ziggy gets excited, holding up the tennis ball.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Now's not a good time. We should go
home. I don't even know what I'm
gonna do with you.

She gets in his face, waving the ball. She zips over to the court, demonstrating playing the game.

MARCO (CONT'D)

You... want to play tennis? Weren't you listening?

She mimes riding the scooter.

MARCO (CONT'D)

You want to play tennis while on the scooter? I already told you -- I didn't get it back. I'm so dead!

Ziggy falls over in frustration. She mimes again.

MARCO (CONT'D)

But... You're crazy good at tennis... so maybe we could challenge Brittany and her crew to get the scooter back!

Ziggy, exasperated, nods. She grabs Marco by the hand and drags him down the street.

EXT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Brittany lives in a huge, beautiful house. Marco rings the doorbell.

BRITTANY

So you're back for more, are you?

MARCO

I'd like to challenge you. To tennis. Doubles.

BRITTANY

Tennis? Who plays tennis?

MARCO

Whoever wins gets the scooter, fair and square.

BRITTANY

Fine, but make it wall ball, unless you're scared. Two on two. Tomorrow morning, the park.

She slams the door in his face.

EXT. MARCO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marco leans out the window in his hand-me-down PJs, which have a few holes. He reaches a hand down. Ziggy grabs it, and he hoists her inside.

MARCO

I really hope this works.

Ziggy points outside, to the starry night sky. Amongst the stars, a red satellite blinks in its orbit.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Do you miss it?

She doesn't respond, just keeps watching. Marco falls asleep.

EXT. PARK - MORNING

Brittany and one of her cronies, Becca, stand by a wall, in matching bows and fancy workout clothes. Marco walks up, followed by Ziggy.

BRITTANY

What is that?

MARCO

This is my cousin. She's from Mexico. She, um, doesn't speak English.

BRITTANY

She's dressed, like, really weird.

MARCO

It's a costume. You know, visiting Roswell.

BRITTANY

Whatever. I hope you're ready to lose. Last person standing wins.

The four square up. Brittany serves; Marco catches and throws; Becca hits it back; it goes straight at Ziggy, who catches and throws really hard. Becca tries to catch it, but fumbles.

Becca runs to touch the wall. Marco throws the ball at the wall before she can get there.

MARCO

Out!

Becca takes the sidelines. Marco serves.

It's an easy serve. Brittany sends it back, and the two of them volley for a while. Finally, Brittany catches the ball, turns to Marco, and pegs him. She runs to the wall and touches it.

BRITTANY

You're out!

MARCO

What? No pegging!

BRITTANY

We never said that! Out!

Angry, Marco stands on the sidelines. Now it's just Ziggy and Brittany. She serves. Ziggy returns, zipping around Brittany. She volleys back; Ziggy returns, hard.

Just barely, Brittany grabs the ball after the first bounce. She throws it really hard. It flies off the wall, high in the air. Ziggy runs to catch it before it bounces. She jumps in slow motion, grabs the ball and rolls, about thirty feet from the game.

Marco jumps up and down.

MARCO

You're out! We did it!

He runs over to Ziggy.

BRITTANY

It's not fair. Your cousin cheated!

MARCO

Did not. We won fair and square.
Give me the scooter back!

Brittany holds it behind her.

BRITTANY

No. Play again. Best two out of three.

MARCO

(yelling)

That's unfair! We had a deal!

Ziggy looks between the two. She yells, a loud, piercing sound.

BRITTANY
(yelling over the sound)
What is your weird cousin doing?

MARCO
(still yelling)
You stole that scooter!

Behind Marco and Ziggy, Stardust's ship lands on the court. Brittany and Becca fall into a stunned silence. The door opens, and Stardust walks out.

Marco's still yelling at them, oblivious to everything behind him. The girls drop the scooter and run.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Yeah! Get lost! We'd only beat you again!

Stardust adjusts a device on her helmet.

STARDUST
Ziggy! I was so worried. Why did you go off by yourself?

Marco turns around, wide-eyed.

Ziggy puts her hand on Stardust's face, and vice versa. Ziggy responds in music tones.

STARDUST (CONT'D)
I have an extra one. Here.

She digs in a pocket, and furnishes Ziggy with a little device that goes around her neck.

ZIGGY
This is my friend, Marco.

STARDUST
Greetings, Marco. Thank you for taking care of my sister. I tried to tell her that Cosmoball isn't the same as tennis.

ZIGGY
I didn't need any help, Stardust.

STARDUST
Oh, and how were you going to get off Terra? Your jetpack isn't sending any signals.

Ziggy looks down, drawing circles with her foot in the dirt. Stardust scoops her up.

STARDUST (CONT'D)

(affably)

It's what I'm here for. Come on,
let's go home.

They turn to board the ship.

MARCO

Wait! Ziggy! Will I ever see you
again?

ZIGGY

Watch the sky. I'll send some shots
your way. I'm getting better.

MARCO

What does that mean?

Ziggy's halfway in the ship.

ZIGGY

I won't forget you, Marco.

The door shuts. The ship takes off, and Marco just stands there, a tiny dot in the tiny park, now on a tiny planet.

EXT. SOLAR SYSTEM

The ship stops for a second on the edge of the solar system. Ziggy gets out and launches a volley of five meteors.

ROLL CREDITS

As the credits roll, Marco leans out of his window looking up, getting older and older, until he's all grown up.

Finally, five meteors cross the sky at once.

MARCO

(whispering)

I won't forget you, either.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END