

HOCKEY STRIKE

"The 44"

by
Garner R. Haines

Garner R. Haines
105 Rangoon Road
Toronto, ON M9C 4P3
Canada
416-626-6940
screenwriter@garnerhaines.ca

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

DAVE and SCOTT appear in a blinding light (or some other kind of fancy special effect). They look disoriented and lost.

DAVE
We're back!

SCOTT
Weren't we in the closet before?

Dave jumps over a toy plastic shark in his way.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

They look around. The apartment is NOT exactly as they left it.

SCOTT
The walls! They're purple. Were they always purple? And what happened to the balcony? Didn't you used to have a balcony?

DAVE
It's all so hazy.

SCOTT
How long were we gone? Did something happen to us?

DAVE
I sure don't feel any different.
(pats his butt; sigh of relief)
My ass is intact, thank God. No anal probes for this space traveller.

SCOTT
Look!

The TV has shrunk. Dave rushes over and with hand gestures, shows how big his TV used to be.

DAVE
Oh no! No!
(big NO shot)
Noooooo!

END OF TEASER

BEGINNING OF EPISODE

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Scott and Dave stare at the entertainment centre. The VCR clock reads "4:08 AM".

DAVE

No no no no, this can't be happening! My TV! My TV!

SCOTT

(points)

Look!

The Man's business card is on top of the TV.

DAVE

I knew it! It was The Man! Somehow he's behind this!

(notices; checks watch)

Hey, that's not the right time either!

INSERT: Close up of Scott and Dave's wrists, each wearing a digital watch. Dave's reads 15:16, Scott's reads 23:42.

SCOTT

We were abducted by aliens, man! While we were gone, time passed normally, and the world has left us behind! We've lost four hours of our lives that we'll never get back.

DAVE

(shrug)

Are you sure? Maybe it's daylight savings time.

(checks VCR)

We'd better not have missed the season premiere of "The D-Word", or I'm going to get a year free from my cable company, and some free DVDs while they're at it!

(checks the tape)

Still some room left. Sweet!

SCOTT

Why would they do this to us? Are we just lab animals to them?

(sits down tenderly)

Why is my ass so sore?

DAVE

(sits down at his computer)

I've probably got a tonne of e-mails piling up.

(points to the computer screen)

Check this out! We're not the only ones! Turns out 42 other people just mysteriously reappeared at the same time we did.

SCOTT

(breathless thoughtful)

"The Forty-Four"...

DAVE

They've started up a BlogJournal community already. That was fast, even for *BJ*.

SCOTT

You know, sometimes it helps to talk about it with other people. We should try to contact them, share our information.

DAVE

What information?

There's a KNOCK at the door.

DAVE

I'll get it.

SCOTT

Check for...

DAVE

Yeah, I know.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

An FBI AGENT flashes his/her badge. A DOCTOR is with him/her.

FBI AGENT
(official business)
I'm Special Agent Peters and this
is Doctor Echevarria We're with the
FBI. We'll just take a moment of
your time.

DOCTOR
(sympathetic)
We want to make sure you've
suffered no ill effects from your
abduction.

SCOTT
Actually the effects were pretty
cool.

DAVE
Oh, like that tinfoil set? Please!

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MONTAGE

MUSIC: Mysterious and clinical.

The FBI Agent interviews Scott and Dave, who describe a geeky comic book/sci fi scene, MOS. The FBI Agent nods off.

The Doctor taps Dave's knee with a REFLEX HAMMER, and Scott's leg pops up.

Doctor check's Scott's blood pressure with a CUFF. It EXPLODES o.s. and vinyl shrapnel hits the doctor in the face.

The Doctor puts a TONGUE DEPRESSOR in Dave's mouth, we see him/her mouth the words "Say Ah", Dave does, then Dave's breath stuns the Doc and s/he passes out.

Scott jogs in place in FAKE SLOW MOTION, ala Steve Majors, with ELECTRODES attached to his body (over the T-Shirt!) while the Doctor with CLIPBOARD shakes his/her head in the b.g. In normal time.

Dave sits across from the Doctor at the table, who holds up a CARD. Dave, excited, pulls out some POKER CHIPS and tosses them into a pile on the table between them. Doctor shakes his head in dismay. Dave lays down a blackjack hand.

Scott reads a FOLDER marked "SUBJECT #42" and "TOP SECRET" with a look of shock and awe. The FBI Agent grabs it out of his hand.

Dave holds a FOLDER marked "SUBJECT 23" sideways, with a paper flap below it, giving the impression of a centrefold. He leers at the contents with a goofy grin. The FBI Agent grabs it out of his hands.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The FBI Agent and Doctor leave in disgust and frustration. Dave and Scott have RADIO COLLARS on them.

DOCTOR
(to FBI Agent)
What do you think?

FBI AGENT
I think we're out of our jurisdiction, and there's an incinerator chute around the corner.

DOCTOR
Let's pick up some Canadian beer before we head back, eh?

FBI AGENT
(suspicious)
Did you just say "Eh?"

They close the door behind them. Scott and Dave look at each other.

DAVE
(indicating the collar)
Is this going to interfere with my iPod?

SCOTT
(don't worry)
I've got some bolt cutters in my car. Want me to get them?

DAVE
Later. Wanna watch the shows we missed while we were away?

SCOTT
Sure.

As they sit down at the couch, a cat hops up and Scott absentmindedly starts petting it; It purrs.

POV CAT - LOW ANGLE

With alien symbols and readouts overlaid on screen.

DAVE
I miss my old TV.

SCOTT
(encouraging)
Picture's really clear on this one.
(thoughtful beat)
Did we always have a cat?

Scott and Dave look at each other, then the cat, then shrug and resume watching TV, unconcerned.

END OF EPISODE

BLACK OUT