**"I DID NOT HAVE EXTRATERRESTRIAL RELATIONS
WITH THOSE L'IL GREEN MEN, RAY & TONY"**

(Episode #11)

Written

by

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SERIES IN BRIEF

Li'l Green Men is a web series about two aliens from Pluto who have come to Earth on a pre-invasion exploratory mission. Just one problem: they're only two inches tall!

ORCUS is the blustery, pompous emperor of Pluto.

FAT TONY is Orcus' dim-bulb, spoiled, 18-year-old nephew.

RAY-X238 is a twenty-something, full-of-himself, space marine who wants desperately to please Orcus by keeping his nephew alive. Ray carries a Universal Object Identifier (UOI).

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HOLD ON A BITMAP OF THE WHITE HOUSE

But not just any bitmap. This is the back of a <u>real</u> $20 bill!

                         RAY (V.O.)
               These earthlings are incredibly
               stupid, Plutony...

TWO SHOT - RAY & FAT TONY

Ray holds the $20 bill before him like a huge newspaper,
looking at the back of it.

                         RAY
                    (contemptuous)
               ...putting maps to their supreme
               leader's palace in ATM machines
               all over the planet.

Ray crumples the twenty and tosses it o.s., then takes out his
ray gun, looks around with Fat Tony.

WIDEN to reveal they are standing on the PRESIDENT'S BLOTTER,
with presidential seal on it. Beside them is a telephone, a
pizza cutter, and an ashtray with a cigar in it. Fat Tony
wags his finger like President Clinton.

                         FAT TONY
               So this is where he didn't have
               sex with that woman, Ms. Welinsky.

                         RAY
               Yes! Now all we have to do is
               find out what makes the most
               powerful man on Earth so powerful.

FAVORING ASHTRAY

Fat Tony notices the cigar[1], strains to pick it up.

                         FAT TONY
               Maybe he walks softy and carries
               one of these big sticks.

Ray flips his ray gun into UOI mode, scans the cigar.

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[1] Note: If it's possible to create such a texture map, the cigar smokers in the audience might get a big kick out of
the presidential pun on COHIBA cigars, as indicated on the picture at left.

                         RAY
          That's no stick. According to the
          UOI, it's a cylinder of dead
          vegetation inserted into a human
          orifice for sensual gratification.

                         FAT TONY
                    (his eye widens)
          You mean...?

                         RAY
          Yes! They insert them into their
          navels.

Fat Tony pulls the round end of the cigar toward his belly,
bumps it several times into his bellybutton. Then he plops
back on his butt and swoons, as if from an orgasm.

                         FAT TONY
          Oooo! After one of those I feel
          like having a cigarette.

Suddenly the TELEPHONE RINGS.

                         RAY
          It's their primitive communica-
          tions device! This could be our
          chance to discover their secret.

Ray presses a button on the speakerphone.

                         RAY
                    (nervous, into phone)
          Greetings, earthling. We come in
          peace.

                         RUSSIAN VOICE
          Willie, is that you?

                         RAY
          Uh...yes.

                         RUSSIAN VOICE
          You sound nervous. Are you hiding
          your missile in the forest again?
          Ha-ha-ha!

                              RAY
                    (sotto, to Tony)
          It's working! This moron is
          giving me their military secrets.
                    (into phone)
          That's affirmative! My missile is
          in the forest.

                         RUSSIAN VOICE
          Oh. Sorry. I call you back
          later. After multiple warhead
          reentry. Ha-ha-ha! *Do svidaniya!*

There is a CLICK as the Russian hangs up.

                              RAY
          Great gods, Plutony! Did you hear
          that? They've launched a
          preemptive strike!

Suddenly a shadow moves over them. They look up in alarm.

                         CLINTON (O.S.)
          Better call the exterminators,
          baby...

Fat Tony and Ray's eyes widen with horror. An instant later a
folded newspaper SLAMS down into shot, covering them.

                         CLINTON (O.S. CONT)
          ...the pizza's attracting
          cockroaches again.

CLOSER ANGLE

As the newspaper withdraws we see that Ray & Tony, with their
backs to camera, are comically "accordioned" and wobbling,
little stars circling their heads. Orcus' holographic
disembodied head appears before them.

                              ORCUS
          Well, Ray-X238, have you
          discovered the secret to the Earth
          leader's power?

                              RAY
                    (dazed and wobbly)
          I have, your eminence. I believe
          they call it...

REVERSE ANGLE ON RAY & TONY

to reveal they both have lines of backwards news text
imprinted on their faces.

                              RAY
                ...the sports section!

Orcus scowls as Ray & Tony collapse backwards.

                                              FADE OUT

                              THE END