

GO AWAY!

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INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The room is dark, and the sound of an alarm blares. The alarm is suddenly shut off, and a hand reaches for a lamp, turning it on. The PERSON is shown sitting up in a bed, seemingly very tired. They then get up. This is JAMES, a regular high school student getting ready for the day.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

James stares at the bathroom mirror, brushing his teeth. He rinses his mouth and combs his hair. He then leaves the room.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The camera stays on a wide shot montage of James getting dressed, gathering his things and exiting the room.

EXT. HOUSE

James opens the front door to his house, leaving it with his backpack on and ready for school.

EXT. STREET

James is now seen walking down the street. Title text appears across the screen, "GO AWAY!".

INT. CLASSROOM

James and CHRIS are sitting together, staring at their laptop screens. James is focused, hard at work, with headphones plugged in. Chris is sitting back, relaxed, and tapping his legs.

CHRIS

Psst! Hey James, check this out.

Chris taps James on the shoulder trying to get his attention. Chris sits up, realizing James is ignoring him.

CHRIS
Yo, you there?

James is staring intently at his screen. His fingers are moving away along his keyboard. Chris stares in confusion before quickly becoming annoyed. Chris shakes James violently. James looks up in annoyance, taking off his headphones.

JAMES
What man, what is it?

CHRIS
Watch this movie with me, there is this cool scene I want to show you.

JAMES
Are you done with your work yet?

CHRIS
Nah, I'll do it later. Don't worry about it.
Here, look.

Chris turns the computer towards him.

JAMES
Sorry dude, I've still got some work to do.

CHRIS
Oh, come on man, we've got all week to do this one assignment, do you really need to do it now?

JAMES
Yes I do! I need to finish this so I can have time to work on my other classes, alright? I need to maintain an A in my other A.P classes, otherwise M.I.T isn't going to accept me.

CHRIS

Oh come on man, your grades are just fine. Do you
Really have to worry about it all the time?

JAMES

Well worrying is a good thing, right?
I'm ahead of the curve.

CHRIS

Well, you aren't ahead of being a nerd.

James shrugs his shoulders and shakes his head. *Whatever.*

CHRIS

Listen, James, if the world was ending,
and everything you've ever known was going
to be all gone tomorrow in an instant;
how would you feel?

James looks up at the ceiling to think.

JAMES

I guess I would be pretty upset.

CHRIS

Exactly! So why don't you drop your
paper just for now?

James turns and looks at Chris aggressively.

JAMES

Dude, the world ending? Tomorrow? As much
as it would suck, it's not going to happen.
I mean how would it even happen?

CHRIS

Um, uh, a zombie apocalypse!

JAMES

The dead stay dead, not possible.

CHRIS
A robot uprising!

JAMES
Our current robots are too stupid for that.

CHRIS
An alien invasion!

JAMES
Yeah, right, the most unlikely of them all.
Aliens aren't even real!

A school bell is heard, and the two boys look up, ready to depart. Chris gets out of his chair, gathering his things and gets ready to leave the room.

CHRIS
Oh, just you wait and see, James! They're going to come down in their big frying pan with their green beady eyes and eat your brain out! Then what? All that worrying was for nothing, because you're dead!

JAMES
Real funny, CHRIS.

CHRIS
You can work hard, man, but just try not to be so boring. See ya!

Chris exits the room, with the camera now focused on James, looking conflicted.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

James is now seen walking down the hallways by himself, pouting and kicking his feet.

JAMES

Boring? I'm not boring!

How could I be boring?

Like, I, I've got plenty of friends,
and I've got so many hobbies... oh, just so many!

You know, I, I study, a lot, um, and, uh,

I do my chores at home...

Oh! And I sometimes fly my kite outside...

James stops in his tracks.

JAMES

Yeah! I'm not boring at all!

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The camera now shows James laying on his bed by himself, staring at the ceiling.

JAMES

I'm bored.

A knock is heard on the door, and JAMES sits up.

JAMES

Come in!

The door opens up, and JAMES' MOTHER enters the room.

JAMES' MOTHER

Hi sweetie, are you doing alright?

JAMES

Yeah, yeah I'm fine.

JAMES' MOTHER

Alright. Would you mind getting the mail for me?

JAMES

Yeah, sure thing.

James gets up from his bed and starts to leave the room.

EXT. DRIVEWAY/ HOUSE - DAY

The camera then switches to outside, where James is mumbling to himself, walking to his mailbox.

JAMES

It's not like it matters if I'm bored.

Everyone gets bored, Chris.

It happens all the time!

It's only natural!

Life is boring sometimes!

JAMES gets to the bottom of the driveway, going over to his mailbox and reaching in. He pulls out a handful of papers. James looks through the papers.

JAMES

An alien invasion? Really Chris?

I mean think about the chances! Like that
would ever happen!

In the background on the road, a man passes by on a bicycle and throws a paper at James.

JAMES

Hey! What the hell?

The man calls out, waving his arm desperately. He dons a white polo shirt and a black satchel over his shoulders. This is SAMUEL.

SAMUEL

Please read the paper!

James looks down at the paper. He slowly trails his fingers across the lines.

JAMES

(reading)

Dear Earth citizens: we would like
to formally inform you of your impending
doom. We've found that your planet has violated
numerous rules listed under the Intergalactic
Space Agreement, including but not limited to
stupidity, sarcasm, and evil. As a result,
Earth will be terminated. We will arrive
tomorrow. With great regards, the Aliens.

(pause)

Is this a prank?

James looks up and around, searching for the man who threw the paper at him.

JAMES

Hey! You! Mail guy!

The mailman stops the bike and looks over his shoulder.

SAMUEL

Yes?

JAMES

Is this some sort of shitty joke?
Don't you have anything else better to do?

SAMUEL brightens up, with a look of pure ecstasy.

SAMUEL

(excited)

You actually read it?

JAMES

Well, yeah, you just threw it at me.

Samuel sighs in relief and starts to walk his bike over to James.

SAMUEL

Oh thank the gods! Finally! At least
one person on this planet might listen!

James stares in confusion, looking around, wondering if this is
playing into some greater prank maybe Chris is involved in.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Could you do me a favor then? Show
everyone you know this letter because
apparently no one believes the
press these days! What's with this planet?

JAMES

What are you talking about?

SAMUEL

You read the letter, right?

JAMES

Well, yeah.

SAMUEL

So what's the problem?

JAMES

This is a letter telling me the whole
planet is going to be taken over,
invaded, and destroyed by aliens
within the next 24 hours. You
realize how ridiculous that sounds?

Samuel pauses to think for a moment.

SAMUEL

Hmm, well, usually they don't give much
warning when it comes to termination.
I mean, they take their rules very seriously.

(LAUGHS)

So uptight!

JAMES

So is this real? You aren't joking?
Who are you?

SAMUEL

Ah, how flattering! You want to know
my name! You Earthlings are adorable.

JAMES glares at SAMUEL.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

I'm Samuel, I work for the Intergalactic
Postal Service. I primarily deliver mail
for another galaxy, but they were short
staffed this week, so, here I am!

SAMUEL spreads his arms wide, inviting James to bathe in the
glory of the working man.

JAMES

If this is true, how have we
never heard of aliens before?

SAMUEL

Hmm, good question. I'm honestly
not sure. There have been plenty
of aliens here on Earth.

JAMES

Really?

SAMUEL

Yeah! Mark Zuckerberg, Jimmy Carter,

New Jerseyans...

Samuel sneers when saying the last one.

James seems to be finally making what little sense he can of the situation. He looks off into the distance, looking grim.

JAMES

I guess I could see that.

SAMUEL

See! You're getting it! Now again,
if you don't mind sharing this for
me, that would be great!

JAMES

Hey wait, if I've only got 24 hours
left, does that mean what
I've done my whole life has been
a complete waste?

Samuel appears to be taken aback by this comment.

SAMUEL

Well, in a sense, your entire planet
here is, what did you say? A waste?
I mean, it's really all just
predetermined events that make up the
flow of time. So in that sense, your
planet is actually the opposite of a waste!
Though you ultimately broke the Cosmic Agreement,
so, I guess you reap what you sow!

Shit. This man is serious. James realizes that he isn't ready to go. He's still got so much to do!

JAMES

I-, I've got to do something, then.
I can't let my life be for nothing!

James turns around and sprints into his house quickly with new found determination of some sort.

SAMUEL

Hey wait! Aren't you going to
share the news?

Samuel looks around and sighs, putting his arms limply to his side.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Man, I hate my job.

The camera zooms out to show SAMUEL looking defeated as JAMES bolts inside.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

JAMES violently opens his bedroom door, turns around, and slams it shut. He looks relieved to be away from the strange man outside. He then turns around to enter the rest of his room, only to be greeted by Samuel who is sitting on his bed, legs crossed.

JAMES

Ah! Dammit! How did you get in here?

SAMUEL looks confused and bites into an apple he is holding.

SAMUEL

Well, same as you. Through the door.

Samuel points over James' shoulder. James turns around to look at the door he just entered, and then looks back at Samuel.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

This is good, by the way. What is it?

Samuel takes a fat, juicy bite into his red apple.
James stares at Samuel, bewildered by the intelligence of this man.

JAMES
It's an apple.

SAMUEL
Mmm! An apple! Fascinating!

Samuel takes another colossal bite.

JAMES
You're messing with me, aren't you?

SAMUEL
No, really! I've never had anything
like it before!

James stares Samuel down, seeming to persist Samuel with his prior deduction.

SAMUEL
Alright, yeah, I know what an apple is.
Sorry, it's just kind of funny, you know?

JAMES
Why are you even here?

SAMUEL
To deliver mail, I already said that.

JAMES
No, I mean in my room!

SAMUEL
Ah!

SAMUEL tosses the apple behind him carelessly.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

I'm here to offer a, uh, request!
You see, no one on this planet
is reading my letters, except for
you. You read my letter, which
is great! You are probably slightly
smarter than the rest of your kind
if you took the time to relish
my presence! So, I need you to
share these letters for me, as maybe
they'll listen to you more than me.

Samuel sets his bag down on the bed, opening it up to reveal a
pile of letters.

JAMES

Listen, if what you have said is true-

SAMUEL

Which it is.

JAMES

Then I've got to enjoy the rest of
my life to the fullest!

SAMUEL

Mm.

James walks over and pulls a whiteboard from out of his closet.
Samuel has now taken it upon himself to claim James' bed as his
own, laying down with his legs crossed and his arms behind his
head.

JAMES

The plan is simple.

James grabs the marker and opens up the cap. He begins to
passionately scribble the words "THE LAST DAY" onto the board.

SAMUEL

That seems a little grim. You
should write HUMANITY'S FABULOUS FINAL
FORRAY" instead.

James writes underneath the previous words "TO-DO LIST". He
steps back from the board confidently.

JAMES

There are so many things I could
do with so little time! So, let's
think. First I need to-

James bends over excitedly to write, putting the tip of the
marker to the board.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Uh, well... I could... Oh! Yeah! I
could do, um, uh...

James' optimism seems to slip out from underneath him, and all
he is left with is a sullen expression.

SAMUEL

What's the matter? It's the
title, isn't it? I told you,
it's a little too, foreboding,
even if it makes sense.

James turns around, looking at Samuel.

JAMES

It's just, I-, I have no idea
what I want to do.

SAMUEL

Oh come on, surely there is something!

JAMES

I've just been worrying about my future so much that I haven't even put any time into the present!

James sinks to the floor like a limp noodle.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I've got nothing.

Samuel stands up off the bed, and walks over to James.

SAMUEL

Listen, uh, what's your name?

JAMES

It's James.

SAMUEL

James! Dearest James! There are nearly an infinite number of activities out there! You can't possibly have nothing.

JAMES

Are you sure?

Samuel walks back over to the bed, opening up his bag.

SAMUEL

Of course! I picked up this guide on my way here!

Samuel pulls out a book from his bag.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

It's got everything

I need to know about Earth,
including a full list of recreational

activities! Name something and
it's in here.

Samuel taps the book with a finger. James now stands up,
regaining his spark.

JAMES

That's it! You can help me!

SAMUEL

Help?

JAMES

Yes! You know how to have fun,
don't you?

SAMUEL

Well, I am quite the pleasure
to be around. They call me the fun guy,
although I do hate mushrooms.

JAMES

You can help me find what I enjoy!
Please, I beg of you, if you
can help me have fun for the last
day on Earth, I'll do anything in return!

SAMUEL

Hmm...

JAMES

Please.

Samuel weighs his options. He then comes to a grand conclusion.

SAMUEL

I have a proposition I would like
to offer! If I, say, show you the
wonders of your world, in return,

you can help me-

Samuel walks back over to the bed and pats his bag.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Deliver all this mail!

James is conflicted. He wants the help of Samuel, but he really doesn't see the need to deliver the mail.

JAMES
Really?

SAMUEL
Yes! I really don't want to get
fired. Help me James, and I'll help you.

JAMES
Hmm. I don't think anyone is
going to listen, but, I accept!

Samuel walks over to James, delighted. He holds out his hand to shake.

SAMUEL
Done deal!

James shakes his hand.

JAMES
Let's get to it! Let's make
the best, last day ever!

The music ramps up into an excited beat as a montage ensues.

JAMES AND SAMUEL ACTIVITY MONTAGE

EXT. PARK/ FIELD - DAY

Samuel is seen kicking a soccer ball hard towards James. James, who stands in front of a goalpost, tries to block the ball but misses.

Samuel kicks the ball again, but this time James gets hit in the face with the ball and falls to the grass.

James has a camera out, ready to take a photo of a flower. Samuel kicks a soccer ball into frame over the flower the moment James takes the photo. James throws up his hands and Samuel shrugs his shoulders smugly.

EXT. PARK/ BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Samuel pitches a baseball hard at James. James stands timidly with his bat, swings, and misses, falling over on the ground.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

Samuel and James sit next to each other watching a movie. Samuel has fallen asleep, and is snoring loudly, laying on James' shoulder. James shows visible annoyance.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

James is seen with a notebook drawing. He is scribbling profusely while the camera cannot see his work. Samuel sits in the corner, modeling for James. James then shows the notebook to Samuel, who in return squints. We now see he drew a terrible stick figure. Samuel smiles weakly, putting two thumbs up.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

James and Samuel are both seen playing an intense video game. James clicks aggressively on his controller and then throws his hands up after losing. Samuel, who has won, stands up and dances in excitement, mocking James who is now sulking on the couch.

Samuel and James are playing a game of chess. James is hard focused on the game trying to pick his best move, while Samuel looks bored. After moving just one pawn, Samuel moves his queen, putting James into checkmate. James leans back and sighs while Samuel is cheering.

END MONTAGE

MAIL MONTAGE

Altered in between shots of James and Samuel trying out activities, Samuel and James attempt to deliver mail.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

James is seen talking to a student at school, trying very hard to explain something. He waves a letter around in the air. Samuel stands behind, looking happy.

The above shot is seen multiple times with a variety of different students. It all ends with them shaking their heads, not believing what James is talking about.

James is frustrated, turning around away from the student, throwing his letter in the air.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Numerous shots are seen of James putting a letter in a bunch of people's mailboxes.

Samuel is on his bike, riding down the street with James trailing behind, trying to keep up.

The same shot plays out above going the other way, this time with James throwing letters behind him.

EXT. BUILDING WALL - DAY

James and Samuel are each holding a pile of letters, attempting to hand them out to the people that walk by. They all are ignoring them.

The montage ends with STREET shot #3.

END MONTAGE

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

James and Samuel both sit dispirited on James' bed, having come to no success.

JAMES

It's pointless! None of this is fun!

SAMUEL

No one is caring about the letters,
either.

JAMES

I don't even have the time to work on a
new hobby.

SAMUEL

Do you have any friends you could
try calling? They might listen.

JAMES stands up off the bed.

JAMES

Oh yeah! Chris! You're right!

JAMES pulls his phone out quickly from his pocket, dialing a number and putting it up to his ear.

JAMES

Hello? Chris?

CHRIS

Uh, yeah, hello?

JAMES

Chris! Hey Chris, oh my god!

You have to listen to me!

The world is ending, like tomorrow,
it's all going to be gone, because,
these uh, these aliens are coming, and-

CHRIS

What are you talking about James?

Are you trying to get back at me
from earlier today?

JAMES

No, no! No, I'm serious! There are
aliens coming tomorrow! I swear!

CHRIS

Yeah, okay, who told you this?

JAMES

Oh, umm-

JAMES glances over at SAMUEL on the bed, who waves back.

JAMES (CONT'D)

This guy named Samuel. He is a
mailman who works for the
Intergalactic Postal Service, he isn't
from our galaxy, you see.

CHRIS

Yeah okay, James, sure.

JAMES

No, I'm serious Chris! We don't
have much time, but there

is so much I want to do!

CHRIS

James, listen, no aliens are
coming okay? You've got plenty of time left
in your life. I'll see you
tomorrow at school, alright?

JAMES

Wait, no! CHRIS I'm serious!
You have to tell everyone-

Chris hangs up the phone. James looks at the phone with a
saddened expression.

SAMUEL

No luck, huh?

JAMES

Nope.

James sits back down on the bed.

SAMUEL

So you didn't have any fun today?
Come on, soccer was fun.

JAMES

You kicked the ball in my face.

SAMUEL

Okay, well, that movie was pretty good.

JAMES

You fell asleep not even five minutes in.

SAMUEL

It was that good! At least we had a
great game of chess.

JAMES

You didn't even teach me how to play!

SAMUEL

I figured you could pick it up as
we went along.

James lets out a long sigh.

JAMES

My whole life I've been waiting, waiting
for something, and now, it's just over.

SAMUEL

Ah look, it could be worse, you could
have my job.

JAMES

Could be worse?

JAMES stands up, looking at SAMUEL.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Easy for you to say! You live
out in space! My world is ending!
All in just under 24 hours I've been told
my life is a complete waste of time!

SAMUEL

Well, it's not entirely meaningless-

JAMES

You aren't taking me seriously
at all! What if I took away
your letters and your ability to travel
through space! What would you
be left with? Nothing!

SAMUEL blinked. *Huh*. SAMUEL seemed to take this comment straight to the heart, truly thinking about it, and it was the first time in a long time SAMUEL felt sorry. This mere kid was making him feel something.

SAMUEL

Wow. You've got me in a box here!
I don't know what it's like to be mortal,
so I've never really thought about it.
I mean, I'm out here having to ask teenagers
for help! You're a good person James, so I really
do hope you had fun today.

JAMES starts to look at SAMUEL in a new light. He then sits down next to SAMUEL.

JAMES

Well, the problem really is it's
hard to have fun when I know it all
just, ends. Also you did kick a ball in
my face, really hard.

SAMUEL

My bad.

JAMES

I just wish there was some way we could
stop this from happening. Maybe we're not
looking at the bigger picture.

SAMUEL

Well, we already saw that nobody is
listening on this planet. It's not like we
can get a message through to them.

JAMES

Hmm. Well, if we can't gather enough people
to help, is there any way we could
communicate to the aliens themselves?

Samuel contemplates this idea. Now holding a soft spot for this planet, he remembers there might be something he could do to help.

SAMUEL

Hmm... Actually! I think I know something!

SAMUEL reaches over into his bag to pull out a book, opening it to a page, and skimming through the words.

SAMUEL

Where is it... Ah! Yes! How foolish
of me! We could send them a
letter of appeal!

JAMES

A letter? That's it? Wait, aren't
you a mailman? Why did you
never mention this?

SAMUEL

Well I've never sent one before,
and to my memory, it can be a lot of
paperwork for me later...

JAMES

Are you serious?

SAMUEL

Of course! Let's get to writing,
then, shall we?

James is now at a desk writing away on a piece of paper with Samuel over his shoulder pointing out what to write.

The camera then cuts to a shot close up on the page, to show all that has been written is "GO AWAY!". JAMES then signs his name at the bottom of the page.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

JAMES is seen leaving his house, just like the morning prior.
This time he looks much happier.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Chris and James are sitting together once again with their
laptops out.

CHRIS

So let me get this straight.
Aliens from outer space were going to
destroy all of Earth today, *but*, you
met a mailman from space, who forgot
how to send letters, and then you sent a
letter to these aliens, telling them to
simply just, not attack?

JAMES

When you say it like that it
isn't as cool, but yes!
I saved the whole planet!

CHRIS

What now, are you going to send
a letter to the President asking
for an award?

JAMES shrugs.

JAMES

Maybe I should!

CHRIS

Yeah, sure. Anyways, you should
watch this new movie I found with me!

JAMES

Well-

JAMES trails off, thinking to himself. He then comes to a conclusion.

JAMES

Actually, I'd love to.

THE END