

"Thy Branches"

by  
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WGAE Registered

1 INT. HOME BASEMENT - EVENING

1

A red-gloved hand (ONE) is dragging a large box up a flight of stairs to the living room. We see only the colored glove, no more of the person wearing it. The box is unusual in its color and shape, but is recognizable as a box.

TWO, wearing a green glove, meets One at the basement door. Here too, all we see is the glove. Together, they lift the box and take it to the living room.

FADE TO:

2 INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

2

Nothing is visible but the box and the gloved hands.

They open the box. Two - a female - speaks:

TWO

It's taken a beating since last time.

One - a male - responds:

ONE

It's too late to get a new one now.

TWO

Next year?

ONE

Once we get it in the stand and the kids put on the ornaments, it will look just fine.

FADE TO:

3 INT. LIVING ROOM - NOT MUCH LATER

3

The kids - shown as a small blue glove and a smaller pink one - have joined their parents. We see only their hands as they remove ornaments from the box and hang them up out of our sight. The baubles, though different, should be recognizable.

One approaches his son.

ONE

How's it going?

(CONTINUED)

The blue-gloved son - THREE - speaks:

THREE

It's kind of tough, Dad.

ONE

Why's that?

THREE

It's not holding the decorations  
as well as it did last time.

TWO

(sighs)  
Do your best.

FOUR - their pink-gloved daughter - speaks:

FOUR

Look out!

An ornate bauble falls to the floor and shatters into  
many pieces.

TWO

Oh no! The kids made that one in  
school. It was so special.

FOUR

I'll make you another.

TWO

That's very kind of you, dear.

ONE

I'll clean it up so no one gets  
hurt.

FADE TO:

The kids have gone off somewhere. Two hands One a silver  
star with a sharp point on the bottom.

He reaches slightly offscreen and, with a grunt, jabs it  
into the display's uppermost point. There is a definite  
*squish*.

We follow his gloved hand as he takes a few steps back to  
admire his family's work.

(CONTINUED)

ONE

Pretty good.

We turn slowly to the object of his admiration: On a stand, a twisted, male, human corpse is festooned like a Christmas tree. It *is* the worse for wear - the skin hangs loosely in places, the visible ribcage is barely strong enough to hold the light ornaments the kids have placed there, the right eyeball hangs at the end of its optic nerve, and some type of fluid is leaking from the star's puncture mark on the corpse's scalp.

We pull back from the father's gloved hand (his *only* hand) to reveal his alien appearance. Nothing too elaborate, but definitely extraterrestrial.

As Two speaks, she is slowly revealed as well.

ONE

What do you think?

TWO

It'll do, but this will *have* to be its last year.

ONE

Agreed.

(beat)

I'll order a fresh one when I get back to work. Since our invasion, there are lots to choose from.

TWO

See if you can get a *female* this time.

ONE

Wouldn't the kids love that!

FADE TO BLACK.