

EXT. KLINGER'S FRONT PORCH - DAY

Mom rings the doorbell. Max rubs his belly and moans.

MAX

Ohh... ow. It hurts so much. I think I need to have my index out.

Mom checks her watch. Suddenly, the door flies open. Klinger skids to a stop, in freshly ironed fatigues. The colander stays on his head thanks to a bicycle helmet strap.

Klinger gapes at them, and glances up at the sky. He barks.

KLINGER

What are you doing here?

MOM

Floyd, you said you could watch Max tonight?

KLINGER

Sorry, ma'am, duty calls. I'll be leaving for the ship any minute now.

MOM

Oh, you've got to be kidding me...

KLINGER

No, ma'am. I never kid. Not with this thing on.

He raps on the colander with his knuckles.

KLINGER

Ow.

MOM

Please, I'm already running late. It's just for a few hours. And I'm sure Max would love to come along on your little space mission.

Max amps up his performance.

MAX

My index... it feels like it's gonna burst.

KLINGER

We don't have room for a wounded cadet. We'll have plenty by the time it's all over.

(MORE)

KLINGER (CONT'D)

And trust me, ma'am, if you knew
where I was going, you wouldn't
want your boy to come along.

Mom clamps her hands over Max's ears. She speaks, but her
VOICE IS MUFFLED. Klinger's eyebrows jump. He nods. She lets
go of Max's ears.

MOM

Understand?

KLINGER

Yes, ma'am. I'll try to make sure
your boy comes back in one piece,
but I can't make any guarantees.

MOM

Thank you so much. Bye, Max.

She hurries off down the driveway. He watches her leave.

KLINGER

Well don't just stand there, kid!
You're right in the landing zone!

Klinger snatches his collar and pulls him inside.

INT. KLINGER'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He plops Max down on a very plaid couch and shuffles across
the shag carpeting to a shelf of VHS tapes. Max drops the act
and smiles.

MAX

So where're we off to today?
Report, soldier!

KLINGER

Not happening, kid. You are gonna
sit here and just watch a movie,
and when your Ma'am gets back, no
one will be the wiser.

MAX

Come on! Please!

KLINGER

Nope. You like Aliens? I like
Aliens. Hmm. Maybe not.

MAX

I'm not sick. I just can't go to school tomorrow. We've got this huge test, and there's no way-

KLINGER

Uh-huh. Here we go. Apocalypse Now. Now? No... no... the horror. The horror...

He flips through the videos again, whistling "Ride of the Valkyries." A LOW RUMBLE BUILDS OFF SCREEN.

Max stands up. Staring at the couch.

MAX

Um... I don't think I want to stay here by myself.

KLINGER

Oh you'll like this one. Disney movie. Just so you don't get traumatized or anything- I'll warn you now. The mom dies. There.

He puts the tape in the VCR. The box in his hand is for "The Deer Hunter."

The RUMBLING is louder now. The whole house is shaking. A book falls off a shelf, conking Klinger right in the colander. He shakes his head, dazed.

Max stands at the window, peering out the window through the drab drapes. His jaw slack. Eyes gaping.

MAX

Mr. Klinger? Mr. Klinger!

He can't hear over the DEAFENING ROAR. Suddenly, it STOPS. All is quiet.

KLINGER

WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU SHOUTING ABOUT, KID?

Max does a double take out the window. He turns to Klinger.

MAX

There's a giant cheeseburger on your lawn.

EXT. KLINGER'S HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Where there is, in fact, a giant cheeseburger. A giant, juicy, with-the-works cheeseburger. Venting steam and gas from the lower bun. There's a metallic CLANG, and a hatch opens in the top.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Klinger nods approvingly from the window.

KLINGER
Good. They're here.