

WAR OF THE WORMS

Andrew Kurtzman

Story by

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OPEN ON: **THE NIGHT SKY.**

JACK (V.O.)

I got my first telescope when I was ten. I was pretty disappointed when I heard ninety percent of the stars in the sky couldn't be seen because their light was drowned out by the light of cities. Well, tonight the cities have gone dark...and the sky's on fire.

TILT DOWN, REVEALING...

EXT. SKI CABIN - NIGHT.

JACK'S POV: Crouching behind a BIRDBATH, looking OVER THE SIGHTS OF A SHOTGUN, scanning the DARK WOODS...

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Too bad I can't really enjoy it.  
Neither can the guy I just shot.

A BLOODY CORPSE draped across a picket fence.

JACK (CONT'D)

Robbie Bialowicz. Sophomore. Nice kid, big smile. I hope I don't have to kill him again.

BOOM...BOOM...BOOM...

The FULL MOON in the birdbath WAVERS with faint, deep impacts, like the footsteps of giants.

JACK (CONT'D)

Yeah, it's like that. One of those billion stars came knocking. That's the primal biological urge, right, to spread your genes? These are the thoughts that run through your head when your Facebook status changes to Last Man on Earth.

ON: JACK, behind him, TWO SILHOUETTES HOLDING SHOTGUNS; in the cabin window behind them, the silhouettes of THREE GIRLS.

JACK (V.O.)(CONT'D)

Actually, there's three of us. And three girls. And the same full moon that was hanging around a month ago, the night it all began:

PUSH IN on the MOON...then PULL BACK and TILT DOWN ON...

EXT. HADLEYVILLE, VARIOUS - NIGHT.

Big town/small city in the foothills of some mountains.

JACK (V.O.)

Hadleyville. An average American town. There's some decent ski runs on Mount Hadley...the Hadley River runs through town under an old iron bridge...there's a national guard camp and a high school named after astronaut Buzz Aldrin.

Ending on a SHOT OF BUZZ ALDRIN HIGH SCHOOL.

JACK (V.O.)(CONT'D)

Tonight the bros and hos at the top of the Aldrin social structure were kicking it at a house party...

INT. SUBURBAN BACKYARD - NIGHT.

The house throbs with music as high schoolers drink, smoke, grind, hookup or...none of the above. ON THREE GEEKS:

BURTON BORON (manic brainiac with complex braces, producing a profound sibilance); WHITMAN CROSBY (sensitive hippie kid); JACK PFLUGER (funny & funny-looking) - socio/sexual outcasts.

BORON

I don't know why any sentient being would define this as "a good time." I mean, they're just standing around babbling like they do at school, but with music.

JACK

And alcohol. And hooking up.

WHITMAN

Yeah, I tried to use the bathroom, and Zack Hobel and Amy Finn are making twins in there.

JACK

It's like, I know I'm the only one not getting any vag, you don't have to rub my nose in it.

WHITMAN

You can rub my nose in it.

BORON

Coming to this party was a fatal error.

JACK

You ungrateful douche! You begged me to beg my brother to let us come. I had to promise to clean and service his bong for a year.

BORON

You should check my calculations, retard, that's the scientific method. The result is a total fail.

WHITMAN

It's like we have the superpower to remain totally unnoticed.

JACK

Well, what did you think was going to happen? Everybody stops dancing and says, "Wow, those badass sci-fi club kids are here! Let's give 'em high fives and blowjobs!"

BORON

They despise us because we're brilliant.

JACK

They despise you because you discovered fungus in the astroturf and got Homecoming cancelled. I don't know about you guys, but I only got 2340 on my SAT's, I've still got a shot at being human. Sitting around talking to each other and drinking a lite beer apiece is junior high bullshit. I say, none of us leaves this party until each of us has successfully conversed with at least one female.

WHITMAN

I say, I have the complete second season of Berserker Odyssey at my house with director commentary.

JACK

Whit, fight the darkness. Look: Ashley just walked in. The girl of your sick, degraded dreams, dude.

ASHLEY BIEDERMEYER floats in, attended by lesser hotties.

WHITMAN

My dreams aren't degrading. I mean, she starts out as an alien slave girl, but she earns her freedom.

JACK

Whatever. She's here. In all eleven dimensions, dude. Talk to her.

WHITMAN

I can't. She's too tasty-fine.

JACK

She is hot to the nth. And the legend is, she gives mint jobs.

WHITMAN

What's a mint job?

JACK

A girl chews a whole box of winter-mint Altoids and gives you a blowjob and when you're about to come she opens her mouth and sucks in cold air and whoosh...your cock freaks out.

WHITMAN

Whoa.

BORON

There's footage of a guy doing it to himself on Youtube, but I think it lacks the element of surprise.

JACK

Check it, B-ron: The star of your whack-off fantasies is on the red carpet. And the award for Best MegaBitch goes to...

FLURRY OF SQUEALS and air-kisses heralds the arrival of MACKENZIE GOLD, Dragon Queen of the Drama Dept.

Boron attempts a cool-casual pose. Looks palsied. Notices the Diet Coke can in his hand. Ditches it, picks up an unattended tumbler of liquor. Downs a mouthful, tries to look cool.

So just as Mackenzie passes, he CHOKES and SPIT-TAKES THROUGH HIS BRACES, creating a complex Dancing Waters-like fountain.

JACK (CONT'D)

Smooth.

BORON

I don't see you spending any face time with your fantasy fuck. Where is Emily anyway?

Jack points: EMILY MARINO is a pretty girl with major drive.

BORON (CONT'D)

OK: Initiate...interface...hookup.

JACK

Emily is not an easy hookup. Straight A's I can deal with, but she's president of five clubs, she's diving champ...besides, she never hooks up with anybody.

BORON

Because she's a lesbian.

JACK

She's not a lesbian. She's selective.

WHITMAN

She's a virgin goddess.

JACK

I tried to grind on her at a Cancer Dance, and she's like, "No thanks, I already do enough charity work."

BORON

She's a painmistress.

WHITMAN

If they trash you, at least they know you exist, dude.

As the nerds move off, ZOOM on MACKENZIE: Smiles an evil smile. Starts whispering to Ashley and Emily.

INT. BACK YARD. MINUTES LATER.

Partiers hookup on every piece of lawn furniture. Boron, Jack and Whitman sit on stone planter, watching. Pause.

WHITMAN

So...you decide on your project for Intel Science Talent Search?

BORON

Algorithmic dark matter oscillator. The only problem is, if it works, it might stop time.

JACK

Fucking fine with me.

BORON

Copy that. I am majorly fucstrated.

WHITMAN

"Fucstrated?"

JACK

As in, "If you don't fucceed at fucking you'll be fucstrated. And you'll never know the sweet smell of fuccess."

ASHLEY (O.C.)

Hey...what star is that?

CROSSING THE YARD, Ashley and Mackenzie have paused to look up in wonder at the night sky.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

The sparkly kind of orangey one?

WHITMAN

That's Aldeberan.

BORON

Type K star, low metal content. That's why it's orange.

MACKENZIE

So you're the really smart one?

BORON

Not in all fields, but in most... yes. With my new 14-incher, I can see Jupiter's rings.

MACKENZIE

Fourteen incher? I'd like to see that.

Everybody laughs.

ASHLEY

Y'know, we should spend more time with guys who are are interested in like planets and shit.

JACK

Planets? Really?

ASHLEY

Yeah, like space ships and Chewbacca and shit.

BORON

Killer. Even though you have your astronomy confused with a popular movie franchise, I can tell your heart's in the right place.

EMILY walks by, carrying towels.

EMILY

Guys are we doing this?

MACKENZIE

We're talking to the geniuses.

EMILY

Bring 'em.

And she vanishes AROUND A HEDGE leading to the next yard.

MACKENZIE

You guys want to come hang next door where it's quieter?

JACK

Who lives next door?

MACKENZIE

Who cares? I just know they're out of town, and they've got a hot tub. If you're down, c'mon...

Ashley follows Mackenzie around the hedge, into the next yard; nerds left staring at each other:

BORON

Hells, yeah! We'll be there, my voluptuous temptress, ere leviathan can swim a league!

Jack grabs his collar.

JACK  
Do not fuck this up by talking like that.

BORON  
Okay.

JACK  
You can think it, just don't say it.

EXT. ADJOINING YARD.

PITCH DARK...the guys grope their way forward...

MACKENZIE (O.C.)  
Over here!

ACROSS THE YARD, we can dimly make out a HOT TUB...swathed in vapor, Mackenzie's head is just a silhouette.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)  
Hang your clothes on the bush.

A BUSH dangles TOWELS and GIRL'S CLOTHES. Whitman stares at a thong, awed. Jack's out of his pants. Boron tosses his underwear over the face of a garden gnome.

BORON  
You don't need to see what we're about to do. This party pwns!

Naked, the geeks go to THE TUB: the girls' heads are silhouetted in steam. The boys slip into the hot tub.

JACK  
'Sup, ladies.

MACKENZIE WHISTLES DEAFENINGLY. Blinding FLOODLIGHTS come on.

The nerds realize: 1. THE GIRLS AREN'T IN THE HOT TUB, but crouching behind the rim. 2. The GIRLS ARE FULLY CLOTHED. And 3. DOZENS OF KIDS FROM THE PARTY have surrounded the tub, including Mackenzie's dumb bro-toy BRENT. He POINTS:

BRENT  
Check it, bros: FLOATER!

Horrified, the NERDS ROCKET from the tub, clutching their genitals and RUN A GAUNTLET of jeering peers:

Mackenzie and Ashley laugh; Emily shakes her head in disgust.

INT. MALL FOOD COURT - DAY.

The three guys sit in silent depression.

JACK

I can't fucking believe we fell for that.

Beat.

BORON

Again!

JACK

We've achieved a new quantum level of humiliation.

BORON

It's like we're at the center of a neutron star, and one teaspoon of our humiliation weighs a hundred thousand pounds.

WHITMAN

This is worse than when they told us Shatner was in that bathroom stall at the movies signing autographs. How could we not see that?

BORON

What's really counter-fucking-intuitive is, the worse they treat us, the more we want them.

WHITMAN

Know what I think? I think, maybe by fucking with us, they're really saying they want to fuck us!

JACK

Know what I think? I think you put the idiot in idiot savant.

Pause. Boron is intense, yet distant:

BORON

I think...I have lived too long among the shadow people. I think this is the struggle of knowledge against ignorance. I think I need to pass on my DNA somewhere other than a copy of Maxim.

(MORE)

BORON (CONT'D)

Copulating barbarians relentlessly squirt their sperm into every girl they meet...and the last, best chance humanity has of evolutionary progress is congealing in a boot by my bed.

Pause.

JACK

You beat it into a boot?

BORON

Fur-lined. I stole it from that hot babysitter I used to have.

JACK

Wow. I was gonna say that's disgusting, but can I borrow it?

BORON

No! I need some Coldstone.

He gets up and exits frame. Pause.

WHITMAN

This gets better when we go to college, right?

JACK

No. Because by the time we get to college we'll be socially retarded. Face it, girls are going to hate us until we get rich. And even then, they'll be faking it.

INT. COLDSTONE CREAMERY - MOMENTS LATER.

Boron watches the COUNTERGIRL mix fixings into his ice cream.

BORON

Um...I think if you alternated horizontal and vertical foldings, you'd get a more even distribution of gummi bears.

COUNTERGIRL

You know I'm not listening, right?

BORON

I'm completely cognizant of that, I just have to be careful about getting stuff caught in these:

He displays his incredibly complex braces.

BORON (CONT'D)

I have hypertrophic trilateral infundation. They have to move my teeth in six different directions, or my canines will grow into my brain.

BEHIND HIM IN LINE, Jack and Whitman:

WHITMAN

I got banned from World of Warcraft

JACK

I tried to play last night, but the server was crashed. That was you?

WHITMAN

I created a Reconciliation Virus. It was pretty amazing...all these gnolls singing folk songs, orcs picking flowers... but then the fascist admin drops the banhammer and declares me a Peace Terrorist.

INT. MALL COUNCOURSE - MOMENTS LATER.

Eating ice cream, the trio looks out over three levels of stores and shoppers, lots of teens, many in pairs.

BORON

Float me a hypothesis. Why do smart guys fail with women?

JACK

The real question is, why are idiots so good with women?  
(points)  
See Meeker fingering Mimi on that bench? He's working her like a ventrilquist's dummy. Guy's gonna be in summer school til he's like forty, and he's up to his elbows in vag.

WHITMAN

Chris Twilley ate paste until he was a sophomore, and he's gotten like five girls pregnant.

BORON

Women are attracted to physical traits that only make sense in the hunter-gatherer past.

JACK

That's why violent, stylin' idiots get VIP backstage access to pussy. The only way these girls would fuck us is if we were the last men on earth.

BORON

This isn't how evolution is supposed to work! Why do our genetic inferiors do all the reproducing! Look at them! It's the blind fucking the blind! Hot idiot-on-idiot action! They don't deserve sex! They deserve to work in mines as slaves to superior intellects! "That one pleases me! Have her hosed off and brought to my pleasure pod!" FUCK ME!

He walks away. Long pause.

JACK

Remember our deal: if he suggests shooting up the school to either of us, we tell the other one, right?

WHITMAN

Fo sho.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY.

Jack is standing in front of his class, reading a paper.

JACK

"...the Scarlet Letter is a desperate cry of unrequited human desire, and a grim warning of the hideous lengths to which men will go in the pursuit of an unholy passion."

ENGLISH TEACHER

Superb. I'm sure we all enjoyed hearing what an A+ sounds like.

Jack returns to his seat; classmates throw him dirty looks.

MACKENZIE

I'm sure we all enjoyed watching  
you take a bath with a floater.

BRENT

Faggotcock!

JACK

"Faggotcock"? Really?

BRENT

Yeah!

JACK

What does that mean?

BRENT

You got a cock like a fag!

JACK

Whatever.

Jack notices he's getting a TEXT:

**SNAKE PIT @ 9. BB.**

INT. COMPUTER LAB. DAY.

Whitman's at peace in a cloud of pure numbers. He fills in a written worksheet, looks up...sees ASHLEY standing over him.

ASHLEY

Um, can I see your homework?

Whitman hands it to her. She ERASES HIS NAME at the top, fills in her own, and walks away to hand it in.

Whitman's computer beeps: ONSCREEN, BORON'S BRACE-FACE, photo-shopped in the cleavage of a NAKED VALKYRIE. And a message.

**SNAKE PIT @ 9. BB.**

INT. BORON BASEMENT - NIGHT.

Nerd HQ: a deskful of computers; a mini-fridge; a circle of recliners. Lining the walls, tropical terrariums, home to a HUNDRED SNAKES. The only light is the RED GLOW of heat lamps. Boron is shirtless, an emerald boa twined around his torso.

BORON

They say the human aversion to snakes is hardwired from back in the arboreal primate day, but I think they're beautiful.

(pause)

Premise: Mackenzie, Ashley and Emily wouldn't sleep with us unless we were the last men on earth.

JACK

Fuck, are we gonna do this again?

BORON

I wouldn't waste your time on Battlestar Galactica night, Pfluger.

JACK

OK, I stipulate to your assumption: these girls wouldn't introduce themselves to our dicks unless they were the last three dicks on earth.

BORON

But what if we were? What if we really were the last men on earth?

JACK

You have been fooling around with anthrax! It's a nice idea, dude, but did you think about the cost?

BORON

I'm not talking about planetwide genocide -- yet -- I'm talking about, what if they thought we were the last men on earth? You saw War of the Worlds, right?

WHITMAN

The Tom Cruise is an Alien movie?

JACK

Tom Cruise  fights  the aliens, bro. Cause they invade Earth, remember?

WHITMAN

Whoa. I majorly misinterpreted that plot.

BORON

The point is, the first time that story was broadcast was on radio back in the day: October 30, 1938.

WHITMAN

(calculating)

Which was a...Sunday.

Boron clicks: FADE UP the unmistakable voice of Orson Welles.

*30'S RADIO REPORTER (WELLES)*

*...Mt. Jennings Observatory reports explosions on the planet Mars. Now a special bulletin: a huge flaming object believed to be a meteorite has fallen on a farm in Grovers Mill, New Jersey...*

BORON

Ten minutes later, it's total war:

*30'S RADIO REPORTER #2*

*...it's rising out of the metallic cylinder...going higher and higher. It's -- it's standing on three legs, reaching above the trees...*

*30'S RADIO REPORTER #3*

*7000 men pitted against a single fighting machine of the invaders from Mars; a hundred and twenty survivors, the rest strewn over the battle field, trampled under the metal feet of the monster, or burned to cinders by its heat ray--*

JACK

This is already better than "Cloverfield."

*30'S RADIO REPORTER #4*

*Advancing at express-train speed, the invaders uproot power lines, bridges, and railroad tracks. Their objective: to crush resistance, paralyze communication, and disorganize human society.*

*(EXPLOSION; STATIC)*

*As I set down these notes, I am obsessed by the thought that I may be the last living man on earth.*

WHITMAN

And people thought this shit was really happening.

BORON

(reading from screen)

"The broadcast created a panic in central New Jersey as residents fled the area."

JACK

"When a town in Washington State experienced a transformer explosion and blackout during the broadcast, citizens fainted, fled, and fired guns at low-flying aircraft."

WHITMAN

"When an Ecuadoran radio station broadcast a Spanish version, a riot resulted in the burning of the station and ten deaths!" Whoa.

BORON

You isolate the girls -- like, at my Uncle's cabin -- control their inputs: phone, net, TV, radio...

JACK

...once you got past telling them their families were dead, yeah, you'd be into that post-apocalyptic pussy.

WHITMAN

End-of-the-world sex. Too bad it's only a dream.

(belches)

Let's book to my place. In the next ep of Berserker Odyssey the Valkyries get naked.

BORON

Hold up. Why couldn't we do it?

JACK

Cause it's tough to get into college with a felony on your transcript, Baby Einstein.

WHITMAN

Yeah, it's a lot safer to drown our sorrows in wenches and mead...

BORON

FUCK BESERKER ODYSSEY! Fuck imaginary worlds and fur thongs! We could do this. Real world. And catch no shit at all.

WHITMAN

Because...the ladies will fall in love with us, and they won't want to report us?!

BORON

Nice try, Whit. They won't report us because they'll be so fucking embarrassed they'd spontaneously combust! Think about it!

Pause.

JACK

It wouldn't be cheap.

BORON

No worries. I pulled my bar mitzvah bank out of the market in '08 and went short on GM.

WHITMAN

But...if it was a fail...

JACK

The public humiliation would be fucking exponential. It would be a suicide situation.

BORON

Agreed. But if it worked, they'd be too embarrassed to rat us out.

JACK

Humiliation would finally be our friend.

BORON

Affirmative. Because we carry the stench of the uncool. The musk of the misfit. Well, I say we embrace our geek heritage! That's right, we're chicken head biters! Rat eaters! We're guys who do shit that is...unthinkable.

CUT TO:

BORON'S LAPTOP: ONLINE YEARBOOK, STUDENT PHOTOS...

BORON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But we can't do it alone. We have  
to recruit an elite team:

SELECT & ZOOM on MILO NUTTER, a theater kid. DISSOLVE TO...

LIVE ACTION: MILO dressed as a NAZI.

INT. SCHOOL THEATER. DAY.

Dress rehearsal for "The Sound of Music," Mackenzie sings  
with sweet sincerity in front of painted Alps.

MACKENZIE  
EDELWEISS, EDELWEISS EVERY MORNING  
YOU GREET ME / SMALL AND WHITE,  
CLEAN AND...SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!  
(turns on the chorus)  
How do you expect me to focus?!  
Nazis don't fidget!

TERRIFIED FRESHMAN  
Sorry!

MCKENZIE  
Who the fuck said you could break  
character?!  
(to the house)  
Mr. Chandler! Replace him!

Mackenzie-whipped DIRECTOR, MR. CHANDLER, mumbles assent.

MACKENZIE  
And where the hell is wardrobe?

ANIKA, the long-suffering costume geek, comes running.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)  
What's going on with this neckline?  
I look like a fucking nun!

ANIKA  
Um, Maria was a nun...

MACKENZIE  
Only because she knew it got Von  
Trapp hot, cow! Now make it work,  
sweetie, or leave the freaking  
runway! MAKEUP!

KATIE is an attractive, bespectacled gothish makeup girl.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

Just because you like to look like a corpse doesn't mean we all do!

MILO

Kenzie, chill, you look great.

MACKENZIE

Stay out of this, Milo! And by the way, I don't believe you're a Nazi! Cause the Nazis didn't take pussies! I didn't believe you as Oberon, I didn't believe you as Mungojerry, I sure as hell didn't believe you as Tevye! The only role I believe you in is the role of shit actor! I'll be in my dressing room!

She stalks out.

MILO

She has a dressing room?

MR. CHANDLER

I gave her my office.

Shaking his head, Milo walks off...

UP THE AISLE...

BORON (O.C.)

Psst.

Boron runs the light board. He pushes buttons, darkening the area around them, fading up a conspiratorial cone of light.

BORON (CONT'D)

Magnificent, isn't she?

MILO

Bitchitude on that level is kind of epic, yeah.

BORON

Kind of begs for payback on an equally epic scale, right? Wouldn't you like to see her...destroyed?

MILO

What do you mean, "destroyed?"

BORON  
Pranked into having sex...with me.

MILO  
(winces)  
Hey, just cause I'm dressed as a  
Nazi doesn't mean I'll go along  
with anything.

BORON  
Yeah, since she just castrated you  
in public, you probably wouldn't  
have the balls anyway.

MILO  
What would I have to do?

BORON  
Just act, Hizz-amlet. Harken whilst  
I download.

CLOSEUP: BORON'S LAPTOP....

YEARBOOK PHOTOS OF A HALF-DOZEN COMPUTER GEEKS are selected.

INT. COMPUTER LAB - DAY.

Whitman and Boron with Asian KEYBOARD and the TECH GEEKS.

WHITMAN  
So...you'll do it?

TECH GEEKS  
Yeah! Right on! All over that!  
Awesome! Totally!

Beat.

BORON  
You understand we're doing this for  
real, right? With people. In  
reality.

Beat.

TECH GEEKS  
Yeah! Right on! All over that! That  
sounds awesome, too! Reality!

BORON'S LAPTOP: YEARBOOK PHOTOS

OF KATIE AND ANIKA, our makeup and wardrobe girls.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY.

Katie and Anika sit in makeup chairs, facing Whitman.

ANIKA

We're in.

KATIE

We're so in.

BORON'S LAPTOP:

FOUR BLANK YEARBOOK SPACES selected: "PHOTO NOT AVAILABLE."

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY.

Where METALHEADS bend metal, blow shit up, and set each other on fire. HARDCORE METAL blasts at terrifying volume. Sparks fly. Jack enters hesitantly. Notices a QUARTER on the floor.

JACK

Hey, one of you guys drop...

He picks up the coin...SCREAMS...it's BURNING HOT. Metalheads chuckle behind welding masks. Their leader is JUDGE.

JUDGE

Looks like the office sent a nerdling funt to spy on us.

JACK

So...your teacher's not around...?

JUDGE

Haven't seen him in a couple of years, actually.

JACK

Wow. This is the land the administration forgot.

JUDGE

And that autonomy has produced the best fucking welders you'll ever have the privilege to meet. Shake hands with Beyonce!

HOT LADY MANNEQUIN with a ROBOTIC ARM. As Jack extends his hand the ROBOTIC ARM GRABS HIS BALLS! Jack whimpers.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Who sent you? You a narc? You want me to ask Beyonce to squeeze?

JACK

(between gritted teeth)  
Couldja ask her to move it up and down while she hums "Bootylicious?"

Judge LAUGHS. Throws a switch, Beyonce releases Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)

We're doing this...project...we've got some pretty good engineers, but we need kickass builders...

CLOSEUP: BANDSAW CUTTING SATANIC PATTERNS, drowning out Jack's pitch as we

JUMP CUT moments ahead:

JACK (CONT'D)

If you'll do it, we'll do your homework for the rest of the term.

JUDGE

We don't do a lot of homework down here. Fuzzy's already been accepted to the weapons program at MIT.

FUZZY looks up from a home-made HARPOON GUN and smiles, an enormous JOINT dangling from his lips.

JACK

I've got a bottle of rum I jacked from my brother's guitar case.

JUDGE

Keep your rum, brother -- try some of our homemade skullfuck.

From a sweet copper STILL, Judge pours shots of moonshine.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

To the success of our project.

JACK

Our project? You'll do it?

JUDGE

Fuck yeah. But not for the homework  
or the liquor. We'll do it to prove  
to the world that metal shop is a  
force not to be fucked with! And we  
get bored building bongos.

JACK

Hells yes.

They drink. Jack CHOKES VIOLENTLY, has to chug his brother's  
151 as a chaser. The metalheads laugh and use their welding  
torches to SPIT PLUMES OF FIRE.

BORON'S LAPTOP: PHOTO of too-cool geekling JEFFREY EDSON.

INT. SCHOOL RADIO STATION, Control room - DAY.

Edson is a shrimp with the voice of a much older man.

EDSON

This is WBUZ, the voice of Buzz  
Aldrin High, and this goes out to  
all you naughty, naughty, hotties.  
That's right, girl...

Through the glass, he catches sight of Jack, Boron & Whitman.

EDSON (CONT'D)

Friday's the annual Abstinence Club  
Bake Sale. Time to stock up on that  
sweet, sticky cherry pie...you just  
can't eat 'it til you're married.  
Back to music, here's a birthday  
request going out to 9th grader Amy  
Lipstein from her secret admirer,  
it's Cannibal Corpse with  
"Dismembered and Molested."

Music starts; Edson enters the control room:

EDSON (CONT'D)

What do you freaks want?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OLD HIGHWAY. DAY.

Jack -- in a business suit and mustache to look older --  
stands with a county real estate agent in front of a HALF-  
COLLAPSED house. FORECLOSURE SALE sign out front.

REAL ESTATE AGENT  
If I can have your check for  
\$1000...planning on fixing 'er up?

JACK  
Something like that.

The Agent gets in his car and drives out of frame. Beat.

THREE CARFUL OF GEEKS and metalheads packing powertools and painting supplies roll up...

INT. GROCERY STORE. DAY.

At the REAR OF THE STORE, Jack stands with a filthy OLD MAN in a raincoat. He hands the old man a ten dollar bill.

JACK  
Showtime.

OLD MAN  
First time in my life, I'm gettin'  
paid for doin' what I love:

A Pair of YOUNG MOMS push shopping carts around a corner: the Old Man OPENS HIS RAINCOAT, EXPOSING HIMSELF. They SCREAM!

OLD MAN (CONT'D)  
You like that?! You like that?!  
Watch 'im jiggle! Watch 'im dance!

ON JACK, LAUGHING HIS ASS OFF as...

The OLD MAN DARTS from aisle to aisle, exposing his pixelated junk, causing MULTIPLE SHOPPING CART PILEUPS as PANICKED SHOPPERS STAMPEDE toward the front of the store...

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT.

HORDES OF SHOPPERS burst out the doors, fleeing past...

BORON AND WHITMAN and GEEK VIDEO CREW, the audio/video nerds from school, recording the stampede from multiple angles...

INT. METAL SHOP - DAY.

Jack's plans are visible in the foreground on a laptop. Metalheads bend metal; amidst showers of sparks, reveal:

THUNDERTRUCK. Ford 450 with HUGE SUBWOOFERS bolted to the frame, POINTING DOWNWARD. The truck also has four OUTFITTERS, ending in pneumatic drills fitted to SHARPENED STEEL PYLONS.

Judge TURNS ON THE SUBWOOFER, holds Jack's head by the speaker: we can't hear the sound, but JACK'S FACE-FLESH IS FLAPPING like he's in a wind tunnel...

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY.

Whitman enters. Anika's in a makeup chair as Katie works on her. From Whitman's view, Anika in profile, she looks lovely. The girls notice Whitman; Anika swivels her chair...

The other HALF OF HER FACE IS CHEWED AWAY, eye dangling on her cheek, fleshless half-mouth grinning.

JUMP CUT: MOMENTS LATER...

Whitman IN A CORNER, IN THE FETAL POSITION, being comforted and petted by Katie and Anika.

EXT. OLD BRIDGE PARK, PLAYGROUND - DAY.

Lovely riverside park beside the old iron bridge. BEHIND A TREE our Geeksquad Video Crew waits. Nearby, in the...

SANDBOX...

Jack stands uncomfortably, looking like a child molester. Suddenly POINTS AT THE BRIDGE:

JACK  
Holy shit, is that Miley Cyrus?

The kids start RUNNING, SCREAMING, RIGHT PAST THE VIDEO TEAM.

ON JACK alone in the sandbox, looking weakly at shocked Moms.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I just love her. Don't judge me.

INT. METAL SHOP - NIGHT.

Metalheads clustered around a derelict CHERRY PICKER CRANE; Jack helps Judge hammer sheet aluminum into ALIEN SHAPES. Judge hooks the cherry picker to Jack's belt:

He's LIFTED INTO THE AIR to cheers and applause.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP HOUSE - DAY.

BORON'S UNCLE'S HOUSE is a rich man's ski cabin of stone and logs. Boron stands beside his Uncle's car, Unc at the wheel.

UNCLE BORON

Gun safe's locked, liquor cabinet's empty. Guess I don't have to tell you not to have any parties.

BORON

Me? I just need a quiet place to study for finals.

UNCLE BORON

Well, I'm off to Hawaii. Anything I can bring ya?

BORON

I'd love some sea cucumber venom.

UNCLE BORON

I'll see what they have at the airport.

Uncle Boron pulls away. Beat.

A PARADE OF PRIUSES FULL OF GEEKS arrives...

...carrying FOOD, LIQUOR and EQUIPMENT into the house.

INT. OLD AGE HOME - DAY.

Elderly ladies do yoga, led by Emily.

EMILY

That's right...focus your calm center...ignore all distractions...  
(phone rings)  
Shit! Princeton Admissions! Gotta take this!

She rockets out of lotus position and goes. JACK ENTERS.

JACK

Excuse me ladies, I'm a test marketer... anyone who'd like a free sample of a new high-fiber cereal should hurry out to the parking lot...

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Where you can have your picture  
taken with our spokesman, Regis  
Philbin.

He's almost trampled by the seniors as they hurry out into  
the parking lot as fast as their walkers can carry them.

EXT. OLD AGE HOME, PARKING LOT. MOMENTS LATER.

The GEEK VIDEO CREW records an ONRUSH OF OLD LADIES.

INT. METAL SHOP - DAY.

METALHEADS around a TRAILER, with a DOTTED LINE painted on  
it. Judge hands Jack a saw. As the sparks fly...

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY.

Edson buttonholes PRINCIPAL MENZIES.

EDSON

Principal Menzies? We got some new  
Homeland Security Emergency  
Announcements to record.

PRINCIPAL MENZIES

Who the hell'd attack this dump? Al  
Qaeda? The students? I'm the one  
they should worry about.

INT. RADIO STATION STUDIO - MINUTES LATER.

Principal Menzies in the booth; Edson engineers.

PRINCIPAL MENZIES

"...students are advised to return  
to their homes until the flood  
waters have subsided." The whole  
damn school underwater? Man, I'd  
pay to see that.

EDSON

Yessir. And the next one?

PRINCIPAL MENZIES

"Attention. We are in a state of  
Martial law, as a result of a  
National Emergency. Students are  
advised to avoid contact with the  
recently dead..." What the hell?

EDSON

Washington covering its ass, sir.  
What else is new?

PRINCIPAL MENZIES

"Looters and curfew violators will  
be fired upon. Remain in your  
shelters and monitor emergency  
broadcasts." Jesus.

EDSON

And if you don't mind, sir, we'd  
like to you record an announcement  
for Sci-Fi club.

PRINCIPAL MENZIES

Fine. "The Sci-Fi Club is having  
it's first annual 'Fight the Alien  
Invasion to the Last Man Dance.'"

(breaks off)

The twerps are having a dance? I  
hope they've got mail-order women  
coming.

(back on it)

"Come dance the night away to a  
lineup of local bands, including,  
"Alien Apocalypse," "Tripod Death  
Rays," "Zombies Amok on the  
Interstate," and "Human Population  
Decimated."

(throws script over his  
shoulder)

I'm done. Anybody wants me, I'm in  
my office drinking gin out of a  
Sprite can.

EXT. CLIFFTOP - DAY.

Dressed in BUSINESS SUITS, JUDGE and the metalheads stand  
around chatting. Judge studies his cigarette pack:

JUDGE

"SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:  
Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon  
Monoxide". Couldn't these be more  
like Snapple caps? Like, "Manatees  
swim up to twenty miles per hour.  
By the way, you've got emphysema."

(his phone rings)

We good? Aight, bro.

He turns to the other metalheads, suddenly serious:

JUDGE (CONT'D)  
 (suddenly serious)  
 You know, kids, there's only one  
 solution to all your problems.

He JUMPS OFF THE CLIFF.

The other Metalheads seem unsurprised...in fact, one after another, they JUMP OFF CLIFF, too!

EXT. QUARRY.

NEW ANGLE reveals: the rock shelf the metalheads are jumping off sits forty feet above a QUARRY POND.

IN THE FOREGROUND, the NERD VIDEO CREW captures the action.

ON THE NEXT JUMPER...falling through the air...except he FREEZES...and the rocky quarry wall is replaced by a...

A BURNING BUILDING...the jumper seems to fall into flames as we CUT WIDE, revealing...

INT. BORON'S BASEMENT - EARLY MORNING.

The video crew is in pajamas at the end of an all-night editing session. Boron strolls from monitor to monitor.

VIDEO KID  
 That's the Hadley Building.

BORON  
 How are we doing on websites?

KEYBOARD  
 I mocked up the major news outlets,  
 plus each of the girl's top ten  
 most-visited...just haven't figured  
 out how Victoria's Secret would  
 respond to a national emergency.

BORON  
 Keep working, I gotta book.  
 Splinter Cell time.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL SERVICE CORRIDOR - MORNING.

NARROW SPACE filled th ducts and pipes. PITCH DARK, except Boron, Jack & Whit's HEADLAMPS. Boron checks a blueprint.

BORON

Back wall of the locker room. First period gym starts any minute.  
(consulting plan)  
Use the silent dental drill to make a hole...here...

SFX: BANG OF DOORS. Muffled voices of girls.

LIGHT STREAMS from A HUNDRED HOLES drilled in the sheetrock.

WHITMAN

Wow. We are not the first.  
(peeping through hole)  
Whoa! Brenda Winnick needs a trim!

BORON

Cut that shit! Mackenzie and Ashley's lockers are here and here...Emily's here...  
(touching wall)  
Gimme the rotary saw...we'll remove this section of sheetrock...

A WHOLE PANEL OF SHEETROCK comes loose in Jack's hands...

JACK

Huh. Somebody thought of that, too.

BORON

(vaguely annoyed)  
Okay. So we just need to cut a slot in the sheet metal...

JACK

Nope.

BORON

Really?

JACK

Somebody cut the whole back panel off the lockers and installed hinges. This was done years ago...

WHITMAN

Look over here...

THE WALL BEHIND THEM is thumbtacked with DOZENS OF PANTIES, styles from the last five decades:

JACK

"Mary Lou Rapne, '67."

WHITMAN

"Candy Chrysler, 84." I've never seen Smurf panties before.

JACK

This place is like the La Brea  
Tarpits of perverts.  
(sniffs a pair)  
Whitman, here's your mom.

WHITMAN

Shut up!

BORON

Will you morons shut the fuck up?  
Grab the gear and get crackin'.

Jack and Whitman pull open the hinged panels, revealing the contents of the girls' lockers.

JACK

Here's Emily's laptop and phone...  
Mackenzie and Ashley's phones...

BORON

Swap out the sim chips, make sure  
we're getting uplink. I'll pull  
Emily's hard drive...

As the geeks squat over the gadgets, a PANEL ABOVE THEM ILLUMINATES: somebody's installed a ONE-WAY-MIRROR into the girls' locker room, over the sinks. TWO NUDE GIRLS ENTER FRAME, start to primp in the mirror.

But the geeks are too fascinated Emily's laptop to notice:

BORON (CONT'D)

Check this, she's got one shit-hot  
graphics card.

JACK

Is that the 2300?

WHITMAN

2400. They recalled the 2300'S  
cause of an overheating issue...

The girls in the one-way mirror RUB LOTION on each other.

BORON

Look how they redesigned the heat  
dispersers. I knew they were gonna  
have problems with that shit...

The girls are MAKING OUT...

WHITMAN

OK, the slave software's loaded...  
and the uplink's hot. Let's bail.

As the boys rise, the nude girls sink out of sight...

EXT. FOREST PRESERVE. DAY.

KYLE WHITELY is a clean-cut Mormon kid with a huge WINNEBAGO. Geeks swarm as Jack and Whitman talk in the foreground.

BORON

Behold, our mobile command post.

JACK

Outstanding! Kyle came through with the Mormonmobile. What'd you tell your folks?

KYLE

I'm taking a bunch of guys downstate to proselytize dorms. C'mon, I'll give you a tour...

INT. COMMAND WINNEBAGO.

KYLE

Wardrobe and Makeup:

IN THE BACK BEDROOM,

Anika styles a wig dripping hunks of BRAIN. An actor tests a GUNSHOT SQUIB: HIS SHIRTFRONT EXPLODES with BLOOD & GUTS.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Sound Studio and broadcast center:

IN THE BATHROOM...

Edson has set up a MINI SOUND STUDIO in the SHOWER STALL.

EDSON

This is Brian Williams with a special NBC report...

KYLE

And up front, Command and Control.

The kitchen/living area has been transformed into a crowded control room with multiple monitors and keyboards.

KEYBOARD

Hey, Boron, the sniper team is up,  
we're streaming audio.

EXT. FARMER'S FIELD. LATE AFTERNOON.

THROUGH CROSSHAIRS, We're looking at a cowbarn, as a Farmer lets the last cow in for the evening, and locks the door.

SNIPER (O.C.)

Barn is locked. Water trough  
unattended. Paint it.

RED LASER DOT APPEARS on the surface of the DRINKING TROUGH.

SPOTTER (O.C.)

Send it.

NEW ANGLE REVEALS: GEEK SNIPER TEAM using a PAINTBALL GUN... firing paintballs full of CLEAR FLUID into the cow's water.

SPOTTER (CONT'D)

Six hundred milligrams on target.  
We're ghosts.

INT. COMMAND WINNEBAGO - SAME TIME.

Boron nods approvingly.

KEYBOARD

We're go at the mall. I'm jacking  
live video from the security cams:

INT. BLOOMINGDALE'S - DAY. (SECURITY CAMERAS)

Ashley and Mackenzie shopping through the cosmetics section.

SHADOWING THEM, KATIE THE MAKEUP GIRL...scanning the area for a salesgirl...she DUCKS BEHIND THE PERFUME COUNTER, and POPS UP as Mackenzie and Ashley amble past....

KATIE

Hey, guys.

ASHLEY

Oh, hey, Katie. I didn't know you  
worked here. Are you poor?

KATIE

Totally. You want an unauthorized free sample of "SHANDOR?" It's like a thousand dollars an ounce.

She holds up a tiny, ornate perfume bottle. Ashley and Mackenzie offer their necks to be sprayed.

MACKENZIE

No less than we deserve.

ASHLEY

Now we smell expensive.

As they move on...

KATIE

You're welcome.

TIGHT ON: KATIE'S HAND...she's SWITCHED BOTTLES, substituting a plastic spray bottle with a printed label: "**WOLF PHEROMONE**"

INT. COMMAND WINNEBAGO.

Boron looks up from the monitor.

BORON

Outstanding. We're heading out for a final check on the Old Highway.

EXT. OLD HIGHWAY.

GRASSY FIELD: Nerds with bugsprayers follow a staked-out PATTERN. They salute Boron, Whitman and Jack as they pass...

WHITMAN

My mom joined a dating service.

JACK

See? Everybody's going to extreme measures to get laid.

WHITMAN

Maybe we should get her together with your Dad.

JACK

Don't go there, dude, there's no upside. Twice as many rules, loss of single-parent guilt benefits...

EXT. FORMERLY DILAPIDATED HOUSE...

TRANSFORMED: freshly painted, looks like move-in condition.

NEW ANGLE reveals the BACK of the house: STILL A TOTAL WRECK.

Boron, Jack & Whitman nod in satisfaction. The three National Merit Scholars stand silhouetted against the setting sun.

BORON

Tomorrow we test our hypothesis.

JACK

Motherfucker, can this work? Is it even fucking possible?!

BORON

Remember '02 Science Fair? I think they said it was impossible for a gerbil to recognize geometric shapes in parabolic weightlessness. You might also remember a steaming shitload of gold medals afterward.

WHITMAN

I remember Mr. Nibble having a tickertape parade in a Barbie car across your basement floor.

JACK

And we got him laid afterwards, remember? Not to go all Precambrian, but...life was sure as shit simpler before sexual reproduction kicked in.

All three nod.

BORON

Next time we watch the sun set, the world will be a different place.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MACKENZIE'S HOUSE, FOYER - EVENING.

Mackenzie enters. THE FAMILY DOG trots out to greet her...

MACKENZIE

Hey, Princess...

PRINCESS SNIFFS, GROWLS and SNAPS SAVAGELY....

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)  
Ow! Mom! Princess bit me!

INT. ASHLEY'S BEDROOM.

Ashley cowers, cornered by a yapping POMERANIAN.

ASHLEY  
MOM! FLUFFY'S GOING PSYCHO!

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

In SILHOUETTE: Emily studies. A CAT sneaks up on her...HISSES and JUMPS ON HER BACK. Emily YELLS and falls off her chair.

TIME LAPSE: Lights out; the sky darkens, stars wheel.

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - 3 AM.

A VAN ROLLS SILENTLY into view. Metalheads emerge, carrying mortar tubes and rockets. Judge flips open his phone:

JUDGE  
Pyro One. 'Scrackin,' Pyro two?

EXT. ASHLEY'S HOUSE.

Fuzzy is wreathed in pot smoke as he squats over a mortar...

FUZZY  
Pyro Two, ready on the firing line.

EXT. MACKENZIE'S HOUSE.

Metalhead #2 leads the third team as they button up prep.

METALHEAD #2  
Pyro three locked and loaded, bra.

INT. COMMAND WINNEBAGO

Boron, Jack & Whitman watch video feed.

BORON  
Let the alien invasion begin.

QUICK CUTS: THE THREE GIRL'S HOUSES...

The WHOOSH OF ROCKETS fills the night. GLOWING FIREGLOBES DESCEND...Emitting unearthly LOW THROBBING TONES...

INT. MACKENZIE'S BEDROOM.

Makenzie sleeps beneath a full-wall "Wicked" poster. As the light of the "falling star" falls on her face she WAKES UP...

INT. ASHLEY'S BEDROOM.

As she sits up in bed and sees the lights in the sky, she reaches out for a stuffed ELMO with DIAMOND EYES...

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM.

The only decoration: three GUN RANGE SILHOUETTE TARGETS, each printed with Ivy League logo: HARVARD, YALE, PRINCETON. Emily watches the sky, TYPING FURIOUSLY ON HER LAPTOP.

INT. COMMAND WINNEBAGO.

BORON

Check the feed from Emily's laptop. She's already online with the National Junior Astronomy Society to see if there's scholarships for discovering meteor showers.

JACK

That's my Em.

KEYBOARD

Ash is texting Mack..."Did U C freaky lites in the ski?"

JACK

She thinks she's saving time spelling sky with an "i."

BORON

OK, everybody get home and pretend to wake up. The clock is running.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WHITMAN'S KITCHEN - MORNING.

Whitman and his MOM have breakfast.

WHITMAN'S MOM  
I found a new dating service.

WHITMAN  
Mom. Those things are just Craig's  
List for serial killers.

WHITMAN'S MOM  
This is a very respectable Tantric  
website for mature people with  
spiritual leanings and no STD's.

WHITMAN  
(covers his ears)  
Uncodable data, Ma...

WHITMAN'S MOM  
Your father told me to get on with  
my life. Now that I'm retired I  
have time for a six-hour orgasm...

Whitman is already out the door.

WHITMAN (O.C.)  
Spending the weekend at Boron's!

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - MORNING.

Jack and his DAD at breakfast. Dad's a bull geek, successful  
engineer, nice guy with limited emotional expression.

DAD  
What've you got in the pipeline for  
the weekend, J-bird? They're having  
an open house at Biotron Satellite.

JACK  
You should definitely go, Dad. I  
gotta spend the weekend at Boron's.  
We're doing a 48-hour propagation  
test, and...I mean, spores don't  
fall in love on schedule.

DAD  
Who does?

INT. BORON'S KITCHEN.

Boron finishes breakfast with his HOUSEKEEPER.

BORON

Celia, if Dad calls from Cairo,  
tell him Mom had to go to Oslo.

INT. MARINO KITCHEN.

Emily has breakfast with her Uncle, who wears the uniform of  
a NATIONAL GUARD COLONEL.

COLONEL

Meteor shower? I'll check the SAC  
report for bogies, but I'm not  
scrambling my fighters. Y'know, I  
wish you'd consider a career in  
counter-terrorism, Em. You already  
run so many organizations, start a  
club for Muslim kids, feed me a few  
names. That's the kind of stuff  
they look for in an NSA  
application.

EMILY

I'm not gonna rat out the Muslim  
kids, Uncle Roy. Gotta bounce!

INT. MACKENZIE'S KITCHEN - MORNING.

Mackenzie hits her chair at the breakfast table.

MACKENZIE'S MOM

Muffin, muffin? Lo-fat/hi-fiber.

MACKENZIE

Mom, focus. I'm going to be wearing  
a corset onstage in three days.

(sipping coffee)

Did you guys see the lights in the  
sky last night? Did you hear that  
weird noise?

MACKENZIE'S DAD

Didn't hear a thing, Princess. I  
was wearing my noise-cancelling  
headphones, and your mother was  
drugged as usual.

MACKENZIE'S MOM  
Six a.m. and the random hostility  
starts.

HORN HONKS outside. YELLOW HUMMER pulling into the driveway.

MACKENZIE  
That's Ash. Gotta go!

And she's out the door. Dad downs his coffee.

MACKENZIE'S DAD  
I gotta go to work.

MACKENZIE'S MOM  
Pick up the cleaning.

MACKENZIE'S DAD  
Lose some weight.

EXT. MACKENZIE'S HOUSE.

As the Hummer clears frame, TILT DOWN to reveal a GEEK in the bushes, on a cell phone.

GEEK  
They're on their way.

INT. HUMMER.

Mackenzie and Ashley sip lattes.

ASHLEY  
God, what's wrong with the cows?

ANGLE ON: FARMER'S FIELD...

Cows are LYING ON THEIR SIDES, a couple STAGGERING DRUNKENLY.

MACKENZIE  
Creepy.

EXT. BUZZ ALDRIN HIGH SCHOOL - MINUTES LATER.

Throngs of students; Mackenzie and Ashley have found Emily.

EMILY  
I swear, it looked like the meteor  
was right outside my window.  
(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

Look, I need to know if the cheerleaders are committing to the Youth Against Lupus Rally?

ASHLEY

You guarantee hot guys?

EMILY

I've got Varsity volleyballers.

ASHLEY

How many guys on a Volleyball team?  
I lose count when they rotate.

MACKENZIE

Oh God, don't look, one of the untouchables is coming over.

Indeed, ROBBIE BIALOWICZ is walking toward the girls.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

I don't mind going to school with poor kids, but shouldn't we have some kind of first-class section, where they can't go?

ASHLEY

Tell me about it, I got partnered with him on a science project and I had to go into his house. I burned my clothes afterward. 'Zup, Robbie.

ROBBIE

Hi, Ashley. Hi, ladies.

ASHLEY

Nice lunchbox. Robbie's mom buys these five pound tubs of peanut butter at Costco, and she chops up M&M's and stirs them in and makes sandwiches on hotdog buns.

ROBBIE

Did you guys see the meteor? It fell right behind my house.

MACKENZIE

That wasn't your parents' meth lab exploding?

ROBBIE

Ha-ha. There was a fire-trail, then something huge fell in the pond. I waded in, but I couldn't find it.

(MORE)

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

(sways)

Whoa, I'm dizzy. Maybe I should see the nurse. Later.

MACKENZIE

Nice talking to you! As long as we get checked for head lice.

ZOOM ACROSS SCHOOL ENTRANCE...

Whit & Katie observe the above. Katie holds her SMART PHONE.

WHITMAN

I just want you to know, when we asked around the team who should do this, it was unanimous: your thumbspeed is legendary.

KATIE

Aw, shucks.

WHITMAN

Okay...INITIATE RUMOR DUMP.

Katie's thumbs fly at superhuman speed:

QUICK CUTS: PHONE SCREENS and KIDS' EARS AND MOUTHS:

RUMOR #1

A kid at Central looked directly at the meteor, and he went blind.

RUMOR #2

Somebody said they saw three army trucks burning out on Old Highway.

RUMOR #3

Randy Fliegel's dog attacked him and bit his toe off.

RUMOR #4

Fifteen kids from the Catholic School are missing, and they said a Mass for them like they were dead.

RUMOR #5

Paula Gooch's aunt is some kind of secretary in the White House, and Paula's mom got a call from her at like three am, and she was up the rest of the night crying.

## RUMOR #6

Bob Knarr's dad got arrested. He ran out his house screaming, "That's not my wife! That thing in my house is not my wife!"

INT. SCHOOL LUNCH ROOM.

Our three geeks scan the rumor-trading crowd.

BORON

The awesome power of bullshit.

WHITMAN

The rumors are totally working.

JACK

Except the one I planted about how since the meteor landed my dick doubled in size. Nothing.

BORON

Time to get serious. Bialowicz is home with his phone turned off? Let's waste him.

He flips open his cell, begins to text...

**DID U HEAR? ROBBIE B. IS DED.**

The rumor spreads across the lunch room, from phone to phone, from face to shocked and sobered face...

BORON (CONT'D)

Stellar. Now we just ride the rising tide of hysteria...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY.

SCHOOL'S OUT. Ashley's Hummer is parked beside Emily's Prius. METAL HEADS swarm around and under the vehicles.

INT. COMMAND WINNEBAGO.

Whitman trains a SPOTTING SCOPE on the SCHOOL ENTRANCE:

SCOPE POV: crowds of departing kids part for Ash & Mack...

BORON  
Go text message.

KEYBOARD  
Texting: "*SPECIAL VIP SHOPPER'S  
ALERT, ALL LOUBOUTIN FOOTWEAR 75%  
OFF UNTIL SIX PM...*"

THROUGH THE SCOPE, we see Ashley check her phone. Shows message to Mackenzie. They begin walking with great urgency, pushing aside kids too slow-witted to get out of their way.

WHITMAN  
Totally going for it.

BORON  
Hummer team, button it up. Target is moving.

SCOPE POV SWINGS TO THE HUMMER...

We see a final flurry of activity under the car...Ashley and Mackenzie are only steps away...

WHITMAN  
Yo, dawg, hurry the fuck up!

ON ASHLEY AND MACKENZIE...

Striding through the parking lot...and into a CLOUD OF SMOKE...the Metalheads amble by, smoking cigarettes.

ASHLEY  
Oh my God, what's that smell?

She does not hear the quiet response.

JUDGE  
Retribution.

INSIDE THE VAN,

We watch through the spotting scope as Whitman narrates:

WHITMAN  
They're trying to start the Hummer...but the giant, carbon-spewing beast has been fatally wounded. And here comes Emily..

KEYBOARD  
TEXTING: "Teens Against Hunger" meeting...right next to the mall.

JACK

If Mack and Ash take the bait...

Indeed, the three girls are talking now...

WHITMAN

They're getting into the Prius!

BORON

OK, we're into a one-car scenario:  
go actors, go roadblock. Base going  
mobile. Slow ahead, Mr. Sulu.

Emily's Prius passes, the Winnebago follows.

KEYBOARD

They're using the radio. Indie  
rock. Go Edson.

INT. EMILY'S PRIUS, ROLLING.

Edson's voice comes from the radio:

INDIE ROCK DJ (EDSON; RADIO)

...the latest from Tool...though  
you haven't really heard Tool 'til  
you hear them live at Coachella  
hippie flipping on shrooms and  
dehydration...time for news: power  
outages are sweeping major cities  
in the wake of a meteor shower...

Ashley reaches impatiently for the tuner...

IN THE COMMAND WINNEBAGO...

KEYBOARD

Changing channels to Top 40...

IN THE BATHROOM STUDIO...

Edson seamlessly switches voices....

TOP 40 DJ (EDSON; RADIO)

...Bad Romance by Lady Gaga. Hey,  
she's met my girlfriend. Ouch! I'm  
gonna pay for that tonite! Time for  
a news update on those blackouts...

IN THE COMMAND WINNEBAGO

One of the geeklings is tracking on a Google Earth overlay:

MAP GEEK  
Approaching detour.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD.

DETOUR SIGN in the road. EMILY'S PRIUS rolls up, hesitates...  
TAKES THE DETOUR. Beat. GEEKS rush out and remove the sign.

INT. COMMAND WINNEBAGO

BORON  
We're on the Old Highway! Two  
minute warning.

KEYBOARD  
Switching to NPR...!

IN HIS STUDIO,

Edson takes it all in stride:

NPR ANNOUNCER (EDSON; RADIO)  
...to hear more of my interview  
with the author of "The Golden Age  
of Spittoons," go to NPR.com. Now,  
an update on last night's meteor  
shower and the power outages being  
reported across the nation...

KEYBOARD (O.S.)  
Switching to AM Drive Time...

An ACTOR and ACTRESS from the Sound of Music grab mikes:  
Actor plays sidekick, Actress plays BIMBO COMMUTER.

EDSON PUNCHES UP pre-recorded ID: fart sounds, horn blasts,  
lewd words, advertising the comedy of "DOPEY AND THE BRO!"

DOPEY (EDSON)  
Dopey and the Bro here...

THE BRO (ACTOR)  
Hey Dopey! You gonna get that chick  
to flash her funbags?

DOPEY (EDSON)  
Or die tryin, bleepwit. Hey,  
Stacey, how's traffic?

"Stacey's" voice is filtered with added traffic noise.

STACEY (ACTRESS)  
It sucks.

DOPEY (EDSON)  
I'll bet you do!

EDSON PUNCHES UP a blast of RUDE SOUND EFFECTS.

INT. PRIUS.

DURING THE ABOVE, the girls pass an ACCIDENT SITE. Two cars OVERTURNED; an AMBULANCE parked nearby...but NOBODY IN SIGHT.

ASHLEY  
Ouch.

DOPEY (EDSON; RADIO)  
Now here's the deal...you got your sun roof open, right? You can see our chopper Mountain Dew One?

STACEY (ACTRESS; RADIO)  
Hi!

DOPEY (EDSON; RADIO)  
Just flash some boobosity and you win a Disneyland family pack. Check out the new Michael Jackson Ride: you know, "YOU MUST BE UNDER THIS TALL TO RIDE MICHAEL JACKSON."  
Stacey, you still with us?

STACEY (ACTRESS; RADIO)  
Um, there's like something wrong with the helicopter...it's like on fire or something...

DOPEY (EDSON; RADIO)  
What the bleep? Mountain Dew One, are you there?

CHOPPER PILOT (RADIO)  
MY GOD, IT'S WALKING UP THE HIGHWAY. IT'S PROJECTING SOME KIND OF BEAM...AHHHHHHH!!!!

Static and silence.

MACKENZIE  
Look at that:

THRU THE PRIUS WINDSHIELD: ON A HILLSIDE...

We can just make out a half-dozen people, RUNNING. One out front, could be an EMT. The rest running after him in a fast pack, their clothes tattered and bloody.

But before you're sure what you saw, they're over the hill.

INT. COMMAND WINNEBAGO - STUDIO / CONTROL.

Edson keeps the broadcast going:

DOPEY (EDSON)  
Mountain Dew One? Mountain Dew One?  
Come in, Mountain Dew One...

KEYBOARD (HEADSET)  
Switching to Christian Radio...

PREACHER (EDSON)  
...these then are the Last Days, we  
have seen signs & wonders & fire in  
the sky. This is the Promised End,  
the prophesied Apocalypse...

BORON (HEADSET)  
Nice work, Edsy. Go EBS.

EDSON HITS A BUTTON. A LOUD, OMINOUS TONE interrupts the broadcast. Edson switches voices:

EBS ANNCR (EDSON)  
This is the emergency broadcast  
system. This is not a test. A  
National Alert has been declared.

IN THE PRIUS,

The girls exchanged scared looks.

NSA OFFICIAL (ACTOR; RADIO)  
Citizens of America, remain calm.  
In response to widespread power  
blackouts and civil unrest, a State  
of National Alert has been  
declared. Reports of an unknown  
human health hazard are being  
investigated; citizens are  
encouraged to return to their  
homes, but be aware of movements of  
troops on major highways.

The girls drive past the TRAILER we saw in metalshop.

THE TRAILER HAS BEEN CUT IN HALF, as if by some white-hot death ray. The edges of the cut still smoldering.

MACKENZIE

Holy shit, what's going on?

IN THE GRASSY FIELD...

Where we saw the geeks spray: the GRASS HAS DIED in a pattern of HUGE "TRIPOD PRINTS," like the footprints of a huge robot.

INT. COMMAND WINNEBAGO

KEYBOARD

Fifty yards and closing! Kill their engine...now.

IN THE PRIUS,

Emily pushes the accelerator. Nothing. They coast to a halt.

ASHLEY

I told you these little greeny cars don't work.

EMILY

Hey, whose terror-alert-yellow dinosaur is dead back at school?

ASHLEY

Oh, yeah.  
(beat)  
I was being ironic.

EMILY

Twenty bucks says you can't say how.  
(poking her phone)  
I'm getting a weird message:  
"SERVICE INTERDICTION"? We'll have to use the phone at that house.

ASHLEY

Eww.

EXT. OLD HIGHWAY, "RENOVATED" HOUSE.

The three girls start up the walk...A WINDOW FLIES OPEN.

AN ELDERLY MAN stands looking at them, a strange expression on his withered face. IT'S MILO in old man makeup, and he gives the performance of a lifetime.

OLD MAN (MILO)  
STOP RIGHT THERE!  
(pause; twitching)  
That's just how I want to remember  
you. The sun on your hair. Like my  
lovely Dora on Lake Champlain a  
thousand summers ago...

EMILY  
Um, hi...my car broke down, may we  
use your phone?

The Old Man grits his teeth and writhes, as though FIGHTING AN UNSEEN FORCE...a force MAKING HIM SAY:

OLD MAN  
NO...PHONE...HERE!

MACKENZIE  
Excuse me, isn't that a telephone  
pole connected to your house?

OLD MAN (MILO)  
They came from the moon on thrones  
of fire! They walk the earth in  
seven-league boots!

EMILY  
If we could just come inside and...

She steps forward. The old man RAISES A SHOTGUN.

OLD MAN (MILO)  
THEY'RE ALREADY INSIDE!

MACKENZIE  
Oh My God.

THE OLD MAN TWITCHES in the grip of that unseen force...then  
THROWS THE GUN OUT THE WINDOW...it lands at the girls' feet:

OLD MAN (MILO)  
Kill me! For the love of God, KILL  
ME!

Suddenly, the Old Man is JERKED UP...OUT OF FRAME!

NEW ANGLE, BEHIND THE HOUSE:

SEE MILO dangling on guywire running through gymnastics pulley operated by the metalheads.

Judge gives him two big thumbs-up.

JUDGE  
OK, boys, fire up THUNDERTRUCK!

Outriggers EXTEND and FIRE STEEL POSTS into the ground.  
PNEUMATICS HISS as the truck RISES OFF THE GROUND...

INT. BORON'S PRIUS, JUST UP THE ROAD.

Boron Jack and Whitman inside. Boron flips open his phone:

BORON  
A-team in position. Go thunder.

OUT FRONT OF THE HOUSE...

Badly scared, the girls walk swiftly toward the Prius.

ASHLEY  
OH MY GOD, OH MY GOD...!!!

EMILY  
SHUT UP! Shut up! Listen:

The GROUND IS TREMBLING...with a FAINT THUDDING IMPACT, like the giant feet of a monster: BOOM...BOOM...BOOM...

IN BORON'S PRIUS,

Jack starts chanting in time to the BOOM...BOOM...BOOM...

JACK  
BUDDY, YOU'RE A BOY, MAKE A BIG  
NOISE / PLAYIN' IN THE STREET /  
GONNA BE A BIG MAN SOMEDAY...

JACK, BORON & WHITMAN  
YOU GOT MUD ON YOUR FACE / YOU BIG  
DISGRACE / KICKIN' YOUR CAN ALL  
OVER THE PLACE...

IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE...

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. Getting louder by the minute...

MACKENZIE  
What is that?

IN BORON'S PRIUS...

JACK, BORON & WHITMAN  
 WE WILL, WE WILL ROCK YOU! / WE  
 WILL, WE WILL ROCK YOU!

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The world shakes as the Prius rolls...

IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE...

EMILY  
 Look!

In the WOODS BEHIND THE HOUSE, a LIGHT BURNS...high in the  
 trees, or behind them...beaming with LASERLIKE INTENSITY...

EXT. TREETOP.

Fuzzy aims a 50,000 WATT CONCERT SPOTLIGHT....

IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE...

The girls freeze in fear as the light hits the house, which  
 begins to GLOW FROM WITHIN...there's a DEEP ROAR....

BEHIND THE HOUSE...

CONCERT FLASHPOTS explode; the metalheads PULL GUY-WIRES...

IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE...

The girls SCREAM! The HOUSE BURSTS INTO FLAMES AND COLLAPSES!

The girls run! Just as...

BORON'S PRIUS rolls up. Jack rolls down his window.

JACK  
 Ladies. What's crackin'?

MACKENZIE  
 That house just exploded!

JACK  
 (grimly; to Boron)  
 Another one.  
 (to girls)  
 Get in.

They throw open the doors, the girls pile in.

MACKENZIE  
 What do you mean, another one?

JACK  
 Every house on Old Highway is  
 torched.

ASHLEY  
 Wait! I left a Jimmy Choo shoe back  
 there!

EMILY  
 Forget it! What's happening?!

JACK  
 Some kind of National emergency.

BORON  
 There were a bunch of explosions  
 downtown. And somebody said the  
 National Guard Camp's on fire.

WHITMAN  
 We been trying to get to town, but  
 the roads are blocked.

MACKENZIE  
 Oh My God, I've got to get home...

ASHLEY  
 I want my Mom!

JACK  
 You can roll with us, we're going  
 to sneak in on back roads...  
 (points)  
 Turn here. Take the tunnel.

EXT. MOUNT TUNNEL - MINUTES LATER.

A 100-YARD hole through Mount Hadley. The Prius rolls...

INTO THE TUNNEL...

Dimly lit...and full of SMOKE...

Out of the smoke appears a guy in A HAZMAT SUIT. Behind mask and mustache...it's MILO again. Jack rolls down his window.

JACK

What the fuck's going on, bro?

HAZMAT GUY (MILO)

There's a situation up ahead, sir.  
You'll have to turn back.

ASHLEY

Situation? What situation?

HAZMAT GUY (MILO)

I'm not authorized to say. My  
advice is, head north. Now.

MACKENZIE

What the hell are you talking  
about? I have to get home, my  
parents are in town!

HAZMAT GUY (MILO)

So were mine! Don't you understand?  
All you can do is save yourselves!

The radio on his belt suddenly blares:

VOICE ON WALKIE (O.S.)

Holy shit, they cut the power  
lines! They're on top of us...!

SCREAM. The Hazmat man claws to mute his walkie.

HAZMAT MAN

Just go. Just...go.

He trots back into the smoke...

BAROOOMMMMM!!!! A deafening ROAR FILLS THE TUNNEL. BLINDING  
GREEN-WHITE LIGHT FLARES AHEAD...AND BEHIND THEM!

The girls grab the guys in mortal fear! The guys allow  
themselves to enjoy the contact until the glow subsides.

WHITMAN

Fucking hell.

JACK

The NASA website said the alien  
invasion rumors were just hysteria.

WHITMAN

Well, that's what they would say.  
 Look, we gotta get off the road...  
 (snaps fingers)  
 Boron what about your uncle's  
 place?

BORON

Up on the mountain? Sure. And he's  
 got a satellite phone, we can call  
 our folks.

EMILY

Yes. Yes. Do that. Good idea.

INT. COMMAND WINNEBAGO.

Keyboard hovers over the screen.

KEYBOARD

Full ahead, Mr. Sulu!

KYLE

And who put you in command?

KEYBOARD

I think the science officer  
 routinely outranks the steersman.

EDSON BOOMS over the INTERCOM:

EDSON (INTERCOM)

WILL YOU FAGS SHUT UP AND DRIVE?

WIPE TO:

EXT. BORON'S UNCLE'S MOUNTAIN HOUSE. LATE AFTERNOON.

The Prius roles up; everyone gets out and heads inside.

INT. BORON'S UNCLE'S MOUNTAIN HOUSE, MAIN ROOM.

The kids enter. Boron touches a button. The GAS FIREPLACE  
 roars to life. QUIET MUSIC oozes from hidden speakers. The  
 BAR is stocked. Romantic views through panorama windows.

BORON

I guess we'll be safe here. Whit,  
 see what's on cable and the net.  
 I'll try the sat phone.

Boron takes a phone off the mantle, punches buttons. Nothing.

BORON (CONT'D)  
Weird. If there's a satellite up,  
this thing should work.

JACK  
If there's a satellite up.

Boron looks worried, hands the phone to Mackenzie.

WHITMAN'S at the TV, riding the remote:

WHITMAN  
Every channel's on the Emergency  
Broadcast System. TIVO captured  
some stuff a few hours ago...

MONTAGE OF APOCALYPSE: IMAGES FROM MOVIES, NEWS FOOTAGE of  
disasters, cunningly cut together:

FOOTAGE OF "METEOR SHOWERS"

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)  
...thought at first to be meteors,  
the alien craft entered earth's  
atmosphere at 3 a.m...

FOOTAGE OF URBAN BLACKOUTS...

NEWSCASTER #2 (V.O.)  
Blackouts disrupted command and  
control as alien tripods attacked  
phone and broadcast facilities...

EMILY  
This can't be happening...!

FOOTAGE OF L.A. RIOTS...

NEWSCASTER #3 (V.O.)  
Civil unrest swept the nation in an  
epidemic of murder and rape which  
at first was attributed to rioters  
or escaping prisoners...

Now we bring in FOOTAGE from ZOMBIE FILMS...

NEWSCASTER #4 (EDSON; V.O.)  
...evidence indicates the violence  
is being committed by the recently  
dead.

(MORE)

NEWSCASTER #4 (EDSON; V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Incredible as it sounds, persons  
 killed by the alien radiation are  
 reanimating and committing acts of  
 violence and sexual outrage...

MACKENZIE  
 Zombies?

ASHLEY  
Raping Zombies? Shit!

With a brilliant makeup job, Milo is a GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL  
 facing the cameras in a press conference:

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL (MILO)  
 These walking corpses -- zombies,  
 if you will -- can appear to be  
 normal, some retain the power of  
 speech...but their minds are  
 controlled by the alien entity  
 which calls itself the Overmind.

MILITARY OFFICER (ACTOR)  
 Anyone you meet could be infected.  
 Any broadcasts that imply life is  
 going on as normal are the work of  
 the Overmind. Do not be fooled.

EXPLOSION....followed by static and silence...

JACK  
 Jesus.

BORON  
 What about the net?

ASHLEY  
 I've got to check my facebook.

Whitman hits keys. Ashely's face blooms in REAL HORROR.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
No new notifications? How...can...  
 that...happen?! I have to post on  
 my sister's wall...

WHITMAN  
 Don't bother. Check her status:

ONSCREEN: Facebook status: "**GRATEFUL SLAVE.**"

WHITMAN (CONT'D)  
 They're all like that. I found  
 clips from some local stations...

The DESTRUCTION OF HADLEYVILLE: Video our geek team shot, cunningly matched to NEWS FOOTAGE and DISASTER MOVIE CLIPS:

HADLEYVILLE OLD AGE HOME...as the oldsters stampede, a GIANT TRIPOD photoshopped on the horizon aims its ray...EXPLOSION.

MACKENZIE

Oh. My. God.

THE PLAYGROUND...intercut with the running children, ZOMBIES pursuing them...the kids RUN FOR THE OLD IRON BRIDGE...

A TRIPOD HITS THE BRIDGE WITH A BEAM, DESTROYING IT!

THE GROCERY STORE...panicked shoppers rush out of the store: a MUSHROOM CLOUD has been photoshopped in behind them.

OVERHEAD SHOTS: Tripods stalk whole city blocks in flames...

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

Oh my God oh my God oh my God...

The METALHEADS quarry jump is transformed to images of BUSINESSMEN JUMPING FROM A BURNING BUILDING in Hadleyville.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY GOD...

Whitman clicks on the BUZZ ALDRIN HIGH SCHOOL WEBSITE.

Banner across the screen: CLOSED DUE TO NATIONAL EMERGENCY. And a STILL PHOTO OF PRINCIPAL MENZIES:

PRINCIPAL MENZIES (V.O.)

Students of Buzz Aldrin. Campus has been destroyed by alien Tripods. School is cancelled until further ...forever. On a personal note, to those who feel my generation has failed yours, I'll just say in the colorful slang of your generation: I d-gaf. I d-gaf bigtime. I d-gaf with whipped cream and a cherry and the pubic hair your momma shaved to please me on top.

(crash)

FUCK, I FELL OFF MY CHAIR."

MACKENZIE

**OH MY GOD OH MY GOD I CAN'T BREATHE  
I CAN'T BREATHE OH MY GOD OH MY...**

(terrifying volume)

**NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!**

ASHLEY

I can't believe the world is  
like...over.

Emily turns to Jack.

EMILY

Do you know what I just said to  
myself? "I'm lucky my parents died  
a long time ago." Lucky.

Jack looks uncomfortable. Mackenzie's wailings ebb.

ASHLEY

I want to go home!

JACK

So do I. But there's nothing to go  
home to.

WHITMAN

This is all the home we've got.

BORON

We should've seen it coming. All  
the violent images we beamed into  
space...

WHITMAN

Like a Galactic Ultimate Fighting  
Challenge. We called out Kimbo, and  
the universe came to kick our ass.

MACKENZIE

My parents. My whole family.

BORON

Yeah, I miss my family too.

WHITMAN

Me too.

(beat)

But we can't bring them back.

JACK

We can't.

WHITMAN

Mom always said, "If anything ever  
happens to me, you carry on. I'll  
live on through you. Embrace life.  
Find something beautiful...and make  
love to it."

JACK  
I think we can all learn from that.

Pause.

EMILY  
Other people must have survived!

BORON  
Not necessarily. We were damn lucky to be in that tunnel. Mount Hadley is the largest deposit of magnetite on earth. The alien radiation must be absorbed by magnetite.

JACK  
God damnit I just want to kill those fucking aliens!

WHITMAN  
Ease up, Jack. What good would that do? All we have is each other.

BORON  
It was a billion to one shot that we were in that tunnel. But we have to face facts. Everybody else...

JACK  
Dead.

WHITMAN  
Or a zombie under the control of this Alien Overmind.

BORON  
The world we knew...is gone.

WHITMAN  
And all we have is each other.

JACK COVERS the end of Whitman's line with a TALK-COUGH.

JACK  
COUGH**WE**COUGH**GOT**COUGH**IT!**COUGH.

BORON  
Let's just kick it for a minute and chillax, okay?

Ashley's sitting at the bar; Whitman moves behind it.

WHITMAN  
You want a coke?

ASHLEY  
Um, sure.

WHITMAN  
Rum in that?

ASHLEY  
What? Um, no thanks. I mean, for  
sure. Why not?

WHITMAN  
Why not indeed?

EXT. BARN ON UNCLE'S PROPERTY.

THE COMMAND WINNEBAGO is parked in a dilapidated barn a  
hundred yards from the house.

INSIDE THE WINNEBAGO

A hive of nerdling activity.

KEYBOARD  
We have liquor flow.

Hi-fives among the control team.

KEYBOARD (CONT'D)  
Makeup, Wardrobe and Pyro, I need Z-  
1 thru Z-6 painted and wired, stat.

INT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - SUNSET.

Boron and Mackenzie by the fire, Whit and Ashley at the bar.

ON JACK & EMILY in a bay window, looking out...

EMILY  
Today's the day Harvard Early  
Acceptance Letters went out. I  
guess I'll never know.

JACK  
Nobody's going to Harvard. Or Yale.  
Humanity just got a galactic  
rejection letter.

EMILY

All my goals are smoking holes.

JACK

Cheer up. You've got a 1 in 6 chance of being president.

EMILY

Even so, post-apocalyptic career paths are pretty limited.

JACK

Actually, I planned on majoring in Subsistence Agriculture, so this isn't that bad for me.

Emily laughs. Then gets weepy. Jack puts an arm around her.

JACK (CONT'D)

Look, it's like, you'll just have to reassess your ambitions. CEO by 30, okay, not gonna happen. Kill and skin a mutant bear by 30... that's a wide-open field.

EMILY

There's always a market for what you do. People always need funny.

JACK

You think I'm funny?

EMILY

I think you're hilarious.

JACK

Well. I wouldn't say the apocalypse has a bright side, but...thanks.

ON WHITMAN AND ASHLEY AT THE BAR...

Pause. Whitman opens a TIN OF ALTOIDS.

WHITMAN

Mint?

ASHLEY

No, I'm good. I mean, bad.

WHITMAN

I guess this isn't how you saw life turning out.

(MORE)

WHITMAN (CONT'D)

Girl like you deserves to be on the cover of People Magazine, Sexiest Woman Alive...

ASHLEY

Thanks.

WHITMAN

Marrying the Sexiest Man Alive...

ASHLEY

I wish.

WHITMAN

(beat)

Of course, now that it's down to me, Jack and Boron...

ASHLEY

God, it's true...now, you're like...the sexiest man alive.

WHITMAN

Sure you don't want a mint?

ON BORON & MACKENZIE BY THE FIRE...

BORON

My folks met during a disaster...a blackout in the New York subway.

We realizes the TEXT OF BORON'S SPEECH is printed ON THE SCREEN OF HIS PHONE...at which he keeps darting glances.

BORON (CONT'D)

He was a brilliant chemist, she was a model, they talked for like two hours. When the lights finally came on, she could see he wasn't tall and handsome, but it didn't matter - she was already in love...

Mackenzie's affected, but not as Boron wanted:

MACKENZIE

I just don't believe it! I won't believe my parents are dead. We have to get to town. Guys, we have to get to town!

ACROSS THE ROOM, Ashley and Emily hear Mackenzie's bleat.

EMILY  
She's right.

JACK  
It's risky.

BORON  
Emily, you, Ashley and Mackenzie  
grab supplies: powerbars, water...  
in case we can't get back. Guys,  
let's see if my Uncle's got some  
weapons stashed.

TIGHT ON: BORON'S SMARTPHONE...thumbs texting: "Z-1: GO."

EXT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER.

Mackenzie, Ashley and Emily emerge, carrying supplies. As they begin to pack Boron's Prius...Ashley pauses, STARING...

ASHLEY  
Somebody's coming out of the woods.

INDEED, fifty yards from the house, a HUMAN FIGURE STAGGERS through the high grass, clothes TORN AND BLOODY...

MACKENZIE  
Shit! It's Robbie Bialowicz!

ASHLEY  
I thought he was dead!

EMILY  
What's he eating?!

ROBBIE CHEWS on a HUMAN ARM. But when he catches sight of the girls, he drops the arm and stares at the girls, slobbering

ROBBIE  
FRESH.

HE SPRINTS FORWARD,

The girls SCREAM as Robbie LEAPS...

BOOM! A TRIPLE SHOTGUN BLAST! Guts explode from his chest, as he's blown backwards into the weeds. The girls look back:

ON THE PORCH stand JACK, WHITMAN & BORON with SMOKING SHOTGUNS. Could not look cooler.

WHITMAN  
Our planet...

BORON  
Our rules.

JACK  
Get behind us, ladies: we've got  
some exterminating to do.

The girls race to the porch as the guys fan out, guns raised.

BORON  
JACK! On your three!

Jack spins right: a ZOMBIE is sprinting out of the weeds

JACK  
Welcome to headshotville --  
population you.

BOOM! Zombie's face turns to jello as he falls in the weeds.

Another ZOMBIE POPS TO HIS FEET BEHIND WHITMAN...who wheels  
and FIRES FROM THE HIP. The Zombie falls at his feet.

WHITMAN  
Man, you're a whole lotta ugly.

FEMALE ZOMBIE FALLS FROM A TREE...but Boron BLOWS HER AWAY.

BORON  
Drop in any time, Bitch.

ANOTHER ZOMBIE CHARGES WHITMAN & JACK

WHITMAN  
Welcome to the Hotel Earth...

JACK  
Enjoy our Express Checkout.

They both GUTSHOOT the zombie, who falls to his knees.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Faggotcock!

The Zombie's voice is a horrible, semi-human gargle:

ZOMBIE  
FAHGUHKAH??WHUDUZATMEEEEEEEEN?!

JACK

You got a cock like a fag!

And he SHOTS HIM AGAIN. The Zombie falls.

ON THE GIRLS, wide-eyed in fear and admiration, watching...

...the three geeks SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SETTING SUN,  
returning from the killing field, shucking spent shells.

INT. COMMAND WINNEBAGO - MOMENTS LATER.

The DEAD ZOMBIES have returned to reset. As Anika re-packs a zombie's guts, Katie turns to Robbie Bialowisch, who stands beside his pickup, whose bed is FULL OF GUTS.

KATIE

Hey Robbie -- all these guts really  
came from roadkill, right?

ROBBIE

Totally.

KATIE

(beat)  
Accidental roadkill?

ROBBIE

Uh...

UP FRONT,

Keyboard turns to Kyle, grinning like it's Christmas.

KEYBOARD

Dude...next time we do  
this...uniforms?

They give each other a VULCAN SALUTE, then HI-FIVE it.

INT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE, MAIN ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

Everyone sits around the dining room table, the guys scuffed  
up and dusty from the recent firefight.

BORON

Let's do a strategic assessment:

Whitman sets down a tray of glasses with a pitcher.

WHITMAN

If anybody's thirsty. I made  
mojitos.

BORON

Emily, you and Jack take the  
sleeping loft: there's a lot of  
supplies up there, we need an  
inventory. Whitman, I saw a ham  
radio in my cousin's bedroom...see  
if you can raise any survivors...

WHITMAN

I'll need help recording  
frequencies and whatnot.

BORON

Take Ashley. Mackenzie, you're  
going to help me break into my  
Uncle's gun safe. That's where he  
keeps his handguns and extra ammo.

MACKENZIE

Is that in the basement?

BORON

Master bedroom. Let's do this.

INT. COMMAND WINNEBAGO.

QUICK TRACKING SHOT rear to front, activity at a fever pitch:

IN MAKEUP & WARDROBE...

KATIE

I think we need more cleavage here.

ANGLE CHANGES, revealing the Zombie she's working on has an  
AXE IN HER HEAD...Katie works at widening the fake gash...

IN THE BATHROOM...

Edson continues broadcasting....

EDSON

"Keep all roads clear for troop  
movements...the bodies of the  
recently dead should be incinerated  
if possible..."

UP FRONT IN THE COMMAND CENTER...

On a monitor, cleverly edited footage of GLEN BECK WEEPING:

GLEN BECK (MONITOR)  
 The liberal left killed the Star  
 Wars Defense Shield and invited  
 these aliens to live among us...  
 it's like we showed 'em the Statue  
 of Liberty and said, "Go ahead,  
 rape her!"

Over the above, Keyboard calls off a checklist:

KEYBOARD  
 ...I need pyro wired and hot in  
 fifteen minutes, I need thunder  
 truck and Death Pod in position...

INT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE, BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER.

Whitman wears headphones, fiddling with the ham radio tuner.

WHITMAN  
 Getting something faint...might be  
 Europe...but the servos are fried.  
 Can you move the dish by hand?

There's a MINI-BALCONY overlooking the woods. Ashley leans  
 over the railing...Whitman enjoys the view of her stretching.

WHITMAN (CONT'D)  
 I'll make sure you don't fall...

HE PUTS HIS ARMS AROUND HER FROM BEHIND...

WHITMAN (CONT'D)  
 Move a little to the left...then  
 up...now down...up again...that's  
 good, I'm getting something...

He offers her one of the headphone earpieces, which brings  
 their HEADS TOGETHER as they listen to...FAINT MUSIC.

WHITMAN (CONT'D)  
 Must be an automated station. Just  
 a robot playing love songs to an  
 empty world.

ASHLEY  
I love this song. It's like, my  
 number one most-played...

WHITMAN  
 (secret smile)  
 I had no idea.

ASHLEY  
 This is like...my hook up song...  
 God, this end of the world shit  
 sucks! Life was like totally fine,  
 why does everything have to  
 change?!

WHITMAN  
 Not everything.

ASHLEY  
 What?

WHITMAN  
 I thought you were the most  
 beautiful girl in the world before  
 you were the most beautiful girl in  
 the world.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM. NIGHT.

BORON crouches by the gun safe, working on the lock with a  
 contact mike and an oscillator. Mackenzie caddies tools.

BORON  
 Wanna learn to use a power ratchet?

MACKENZIE  
 I just keep wondering about my  
 parents...my friends...maybe some  
 of them...I don't know...

Boron sighs.

BORON  
 Mackenzie, I didn't want to tell  
 you this, but...Whit downloaded  
 some 911 calls from Hadleyville PD.  
 There was one from the guy across  
 the street from your house:

Boron touches buttons on his smart phone:

POLICE DISPATCHER (EDSON)  
 ...available units respond to 347  
 West Stanford, white male 6-2, 220  
 wearing varsity jacket...

MACKENZIE

Brent!

POLICE DISPATCHER (EDSON)

...armed with butcher knife,  
currently consuming two homicide  
victims. All units...

MACKENZIE

Brent...ate my parents?

She breaks down. Boron puts an arm around her, petting her...

BORON

Mackenzie, Mackenzie, Mackenzie.  
Mackenzie Gold. You're Gold and I'm  
Boron. You know we're neighbors on  
the periodic chart? Yup. Just take  
a left at Mercury...

INT. LOFT.

The loft is a half bedroom, half storage space. Jack and  
Emily are counting boxes of paper goods, band-aids, etc.

EMILY

Ten toothpastes, twenty bottles of  
conditioner...

JACK

If we survive, we'll have thick,  
shiny hair.

EMILY

I don't see much use for three  
boxes of 8-track tapes.

JACK

Yeah, it's like: we can rebuild  
civilization...up to 1974.  
Actually, if we're starting society  
over, we should make new laws.

EMILY

Exactly. Gay marriage: legal.  
Pollution: illegal.

JACK

Pot: legal. V-neck t-shirts:  
illegal.

EMILY

Although if you legalize pot, it'll take a lot longer to rebuild civilization. Dipping french fries in ranch dressing: illegal!

JACK

What? French fries dipped in ranch are the dankest!

EMILY

I guess we've got political parties. Dippers and Anti-dippers.

JACK

We prefer to be called Pro-Fry.

EMILY

Jack, seriously...there's something I want to say...about what went down at the party.

JACK

Please. If there's one day of my whole life I could reset and forget, that'd be the one.

EMILY

Except today, of course.

JACK

Yeah. Fo sho. Obviously. Let's forget about it all.

EMILY

I can't. What we did to you guys at that party sucked.

JACK

Hey, you don't have to explain how you got peer-pressured into fucking with your social inferiors. That shit's all over anyway. I mean, no peers, no pressure.

EMILY

I need you to know, I didn't do it because I hated you, I did it so...I wouldn't be one of you.

JACK

Through my pain, I appreciate your honesty. I guess.

EMILY

The truth is, I was just teetering on the edge of popularity. Because I ran clubs and I won diving medals and I don't look like a foot...Mack and Ash accepted me. That's epic social power. They roll up at a bakesale, I move an extra fifty dozen brownies. They put asses on the floor at disease dances.

JACK

I completely get that.

EMILY

But rolling with them was torture: I don't drink or blaze and I despise shopping, so...hating on you guys was what we had in common.

JACK

Couldn't you have bonded with Ashley over girl-on-girl sex?

EMILY

Can I tell you something? I'm kind of scared of sex.

JACK

That's interesting.

EMILY

Isn't it? After the prank went down, I realized, God, why am I doing this to Jack? He's smart and funny and kinda cute naked. And I'm such an ambitious bitch, I won't even talk to him cause I'm afraid what Mack and Ash'll say?

JACK

You're fucking with me, right?

EMILY

Nope. The more I thought about you, the more I wanted to...see what we were like together. So yesterday I decided, fuck Mack & Ash, I'm gonna ask Jack to hang out this weekend.

JACK

(reeling)

Tell me this isn't true.

EMILY

Then the aliens landed. Ironic, huh?

JACK

On so fucking many levels.

EMILY

Funny it took the end of the world  
to bring us together.

JACK

Hilarious.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

EMILY

What is that?

JACK

Stay here!

EXT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. Jack runs into Boron.

JACK

What the fuck?

BORON

I hit a brick wall, I'm calling in  
phase two. I texted you a warning.

JACK

Boron, we've got to talk: I'm not  
sure I can do this...

BORON

I fucking knew it. I knew you'd go  
soft on us and fall in love. That's  
why I broke into your house last  
night and fitted your dog's collar  
with a remote-controlled m-80.

JACK

You are so fucking with me.

BORON

Jack, remember the Scientist's Code  
of Ethics: guys who worry about the  
repercussions of their experiments  
are pussies! Besides, even if you  
confess now she'd hate you forever.

(MORE)

BORON (CONT'D)

Focus on the science, dude:  
organisms who hated us yesterday  
are of their own free will going to  
fuck us today! This is cold fusion  
pussy! Nobel fucking Prize time!

Before Jack can respond, Emily and the others come out on the landing. Jack & Boron resume heroic Zombie Killer personae.

BORON (CONT'D)

Bigfoot's back. Kill the lights.

INT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER.

Boron, Jack, Ash, Mack, Em & Whit at the windows.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

All three guys slip their arms around the girls...

WHITMAN

Incredible. We finally know there's  
intelligent life on other worlds.

ASHLEY

Yeah, it's like...finding out  
there's this homeless family living  
in your basement. Creepy.

JACK

I wonder what their planet's like.

ASHLEY

Yeah, it's like...on their world...  
fat girls might be hot...and hot  
girls might be fat!

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

EMILY

Oh...my...God...

BEHIND THE TREES, a GLOWING DISC stalks on THREE TOWERING  
LEGS...hard to tell how far away it is, but it looks HUGE!

THE DISC "EYE" OPENS, a LENS, beaming PURPLE LASER LIGHT.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD, OPPOSITE THE HOUSE.

THUNDERTRUCK RISES on its steel pylons, woofers thundering.

CHERRY-PICKER/"TRIPOD" rolls past, alien head swiveling,  
"legs" swinging in a walking motion...

INT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE, MAIN ROOM.

Seen through the windows through trees, the Tripod looks as tall as a skyscraper. It's booming "steps" are shaking the house so hard that glasses are falling off shelves.

The tripod turns its eye toward the house...PURPLE LIGHT sweeps the room. The girls FREEZE in terror, the boys look calm and purposeful, living their action hero roles...

The purple beam MOVES ON...illuminating the VEGETABLE GARDEN outside...it pauses, lingering on the lifesized SCARECROW.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD.

The metalheads work their enormous metal puppet with glee. Judge pulls the firing lever:

JUDGE  
RAMMSTEIN!!!

INT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE, MAIN ROOM.

From our hero's POV we see the white beam hit the SCARECROW...WHICH EXPLODES IN A FIREBALL!

Then...the TRIPOD MOVES ON. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. Fading slowly.

ASHLEY  
Thank God that's over.

BORON  
It's not. Strap up, motherfuckers.

MACKENZIE  
Guns? Why?

BORON  
Because the zombies follow the tripods. Looking for food.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER.

The YARD SWARMS WITH TWO DOZEN ZOMBIES: Everyone from the metalheads to the geek techs transformed to flesh-eating ghouls. Jack, Whit & Boron go to work with action hero cool.

ZOMBIE-IZED KEYBOARD attacks Boron, who raises a .357 and fires, hitting him IN THE MOUTH. As he falls:

BORON

Now who's got a mouthful of metal?

WHITMAN

Jack! Behind you!

Jack whirls to see a ZOMBIE RISING OUT OF THE HOT TUB! He's got INTESTINES IN HIS MOUTH, and he's reaching for Jack...

JACK

Didn't your mother tell you not to go swimming after you eat?

He BLOWS THE ZOMBIE AWAY.

WHITMAN clears out the BARBECUE PIT, blasting undead-head after undead-head:

WHITMAN

Burgers are ready!

(BANG!)

I take mine well fucking done!

(BANG!)

Hey! You were supposed to bring potato salad!

(BANG!)

JACK

(mutters)

Told you we'd run out of material before we ran out of zombies.

(shoots a Zombie)

Head today -- gone tomorrow.

IN THE WINDOWS OF THE HOUSE, the girls watch in awe as the guys go medieval on the undead.

Whitman has a pair of 9mm's, walking the yard like it's Resident Evil 4, blowing Zombies away with balletic grace.

JACK AND BORON duck into the garage. Emerge a moment later...

ON AN ATV ! Boron drives, shotgun blazing. Jack stands behind him, SWINGING A CHAINSAW. THEY SWEEP THE YARD, leaving a trail of fake death and amputation...!

ON THE GIRLS, watching the heroic bloodbath with horror...

They don't notice...SOMEONE IN THE HOUSE, behind them...

INT. HOUSE.

ZOMBIE! The girls SCREAM and WHIP OUT THE FRONT DOOR...

EXT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

As they tumble on to the PORCH the ZOMBIE LOOMS OVER THEM...!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! A BARRAGE of shotgun blasts blow him away, but his BLOOD SHOWERS all over the girls.

Long pause.

BORON

My God...if just one drop of  
infected blood touches an open  
scratch or a razor nick...

MACKENZIE

GET IT OFF ME! GET IT OFF ME!

The girls begin TEARING OFF THEIR CLOTHES.

WHITMAN

LADIES! OVER HERE!

Whitman's got a HOSE. SPRAYS THE GIRLS as they STRIP TO THEIR UNDERWEAR, throwing clothes aside like they're radioactive.

INT. WINNEBAGO. MOMENTS LATER.

The troops are jubilant; BORON'S VOICE comes in on speaker:

BORON (O.S.; SPEAKER)

This is your captain speaking. Well  
done, ladies and gentlemen: Fucess  
is within reach!

KYLE

Thank you, sir. Keyboard came when  
you said that, sir.

KEYBOARD

Shut up! We'll be reset for Z3 in  
ten.

BORON (O.S.; SPEAKER)

I don't think we'll need another  
attack. Just keep broadcasting,  
I'll signal if we need you.

INT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - MINUTES LATER.

Boron and the girls sit in front of the BIG SCREEN TV. The girls are wearing SEXY PAJAMAS AND SHEER ROBES.

MACKENZIE

It's a good thing your uncle  
mistakenly got sent all this stuff  
from Victoria's Secret and forgot  
to return it.

BORON

Indeed.

AT THE BAR,

Jack grabs Whit for an aside:

JACK

Dude...I think maybe B-ron's gone  
insane. I mean, are we like  
following a fucking madman?

WHITMAN

How would we know? What's normal  
for an IQ like that?

BORON (O.S.)

Guys? Emergency Broadcast.

They join Boron and the girls; Whitman sets down a tray of drinks:

WHITMAN

I made Jaeger bombs. If anybody's  
thirsty...

ONSCREEN: an ominous EMERGENCY BROADCAST logo, and a still photo of Obama. His voice seamlessly edited from speeches:

BARACK OBAMA (RADIO)

This is President Barack Obama.  
Hope...is gone. There is...no hope.  
At this dire moment, let us set  
aside our differences. Let us not  
judge others for the color of their  
skin...or for having bad skin, or  
being too smart. Any survivors who  
can hear my voice, it is your  
awesome responsibility to love one  
another. And may God Help America.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER.

Boron cleans his shotgun. Mackenzie sighs, wanting attention.

BORON

I know...it's hard...you still  
can't accept the end of humanity.

MACKENZIE

I still can't accept I'm not going  
to star in the Sound of Fucking  
Music! Nobody'll ever see my Maria.

BORON

(beat; gets an idea)  
Yes, someone will. Do it for me.

Mackenzie shakes her head, but Boron will not be denied:

BORON (CONT'D)

You'll be performing for one sixth  
of the population of planet earth.  
Think about it: I'm the post-  
apocalyptic equivalent of an  
audience of 1.2 billion people.

MACKENZIE

I'll never sing again.

BORON

No, Mackenzie, you have to sing!

He grabs her, holds her close.

BORON (CONT'D)

You're going to star in The Sound  
of Music, and I'll be watching.  
I'll be watching...for all the  
people who can't.

MACKENZIE

You are a genius.

BORON

You're onstage...the overture's  
ending...how does it start...?

And he's got it SCROLLING ON HIS PHONESCREEN...which he holds  
where Mackenzie can't see it, as he SINGS

BORON (CONT'D)

LET'S START AT THE VERY BEGINNING,

MACKENZIE  
 (hesitant, breathy)  
 A VERY GOOD PLACE TO START...

BORON  
 WHEN YOU READ YOU BEGIN WITH...

MACKENZIE  
 A...B...C...  
 (gaining strength)  
 WHEN YOU SING YOU BEGIN WITH

MACKENZIE & BORON  
 DO-RE-MI...

INT. BORON'S COUSIN'S BATHROOM.

Ashley treats Whitman's superficial head wounds.

ASHLEY  
 God, Whitman, you were awesome  
 killing those zombies.

WHITMAN  
 I like to think they'll find peace  
 on an alternate dimensional  
 membrane.

She puts a band-aid on his forehead, then re-parts his hair.

ASHLEY  
 Much hotter.

WHITMAN  
 By the way, one of the zombies had  
 something that belongs to you. I  
 know how you ladies feel about your  
 footwear...

He hands Ashley her lost Jimmy Choo shoe. Beat. SHE KISSES  
 HIM, HARD.

ASHLEY  
 Let's take a bath. For real this  
 time.

INT. SLEEPING LOFT.

Emily's eyes are shining. Jack's deeply conflicted.

EMILY  
Hey, Zombie Killer.

She KISSES HIM PASSIONATELY.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
I thought of more new laws. One:  
sex isn't scary, it's super  
exciting cause you finally found  
the right person...and two: when  
I'm feeling like this, pants are  
illegal.

She tugs at his belt. Jack suddenly rises:

JACK  
Shh! Did you hear something?

EMILY  
No.

JACK  
Don't you think we should be  
starting a hydroponic garden? And a  
solar power program? Hey, are we  
going to have a bi-cameral  
legislature, or...

She KISSES HIM AGAIN. Begins to undress.

EMILY  
Third shelf in the closet.

JACK  
What?

EMILY  
Condoms. There's like twenty boxes.  
Uncle Boron must've been a playa.

As Jack goes to the CLOSET, he sneaks out his phone...

CLOSEUP: BORON'S BUTT...

MACKENZIE (O.S.)  
RAINDROPS ON ROSES AND WHISKERS ON  
KITTENS...

BORON'S PHONE BEEPS...his hand PAWS for the MUTE BUTTON...

CLOSEUP: BORON'S PHONE SCREEN. He's hit the wrong button: the  
screen reads: "**SENDING MESSAGE...**"

INT. COMMAND WINNEBAGO.

Keyboard sits back from the screen, surprised.

KEYBOARD

Incoming message from Boron.

The read; their eyebrows rise in SPOCK-ISH UNISON.

INT. BORON'S COUSIN'S BATHROOM.

In the tub, Whitman looks as Ashley enters wearing only a towel. She drops it. Whitman's eyes fill with awe:

WHITMAN

"And God created Woman."

INT. MASTER BEDROOM.

Boron has his arms around Mackenzie.

MACKENZIE

EDELWEISS...EDELWEISS...

(choking with emotion)

Von Trapp's voice breaks with emotion. He can't go on. And little Leisel's like,

(little girl's voice)

"What's wrong mit Papa?" And the Nazi's are like,

(weirdly deep voice)

**"Dieser Von Trapp muss nicht ein fluch machen!"** And then Maria comforts him...

(sings)

EDELWEISS, EDELWEISS...

MACKENZIE & BORON

EVERY MORNING YOU GREET ME...

MACKENZIE

SOFT AND WHITE,

BORON

CLEAN AND BRIGHT,

MACKENZIE & BORON

YOU LOOK HAPPY TO MEET ME...

Boron is all over her...and Mackenzie's INTO IT...

MACKENZIE  
 BLOSSOM OF SNOW MAY YOU BLOOM AND  
 GROW, BLOOM AND GROW FOREVER...

Boron comes back in, softly, with the harmony:

MACKENZIE & BORON  
 EDELWEISS, EDELWEISS, BLESS MY  
 HOMELAND FOREVER.

Boron kisses her, she responds...kind of in character...

BORON  
 Mackenzie...

MACKENZIE  
 Captain Von Trapp...

BORON  
 Don't stop! EDELWEISS, EDELWEISS...

Her SHIRT is open...her HANDS MOVING IN BORON'S LAP...

MACKENZIE  
 EVERY MORNING YOU GREET ME...

ZOMBIE ARMS BUST THROUGH THE WINDOWS!

One of them grabbing Mackenzie's just-bared breast!

She SCREAMS and RUNS OUT OF THE ROOM!

Boron SCREAMS in RAGE AND ANGUISH...

BORON  
 You fools! My dick was in her hand!

INT. LANDING. SECONDS LATER.

All six hit the landing at once, tucking and buttoning.

WHITMAN  
 (with double meaning)  
 Boron, what in the fuck?!

BORON  
 (with double meaning)  
I don't know!

DOWNSTAIRS, ZOMBIE ARMS CRASH through the FRONT DOOR!

The guys grab their shotguns and race DOWN THE STAIRS...

WHITMAN TRIPS...ALL THREE GUYS TUMBLE ASS-OVER-HEELS DOWN THE STAIRS, landing in a heap.

Boron takes aim at the tangle of arms, FIRES.

BORON (CONT'D)  
 Eat lead you...  
 (groping)  
 fucking...lead eater guy!

The ARMS WITHDRAW...Boron yanks the door open: FIRES INTO...

A HALF-DOZEN ZOMBIES! They reel back, fake-bleeding, as Boron gropes for a line...

BORON (CONT'D)  
 Uh, uh, uh...feel lucky, punks!?

WHITMAN LUNGES at the zombies, THROWING A POTTED PLANT!

WHITMAN  
 PRECIOUS! THAT'S MY MAN!

The ZOMBIES FALL BACK...Boron & Whitman in pursuit...

ON THE LANDING, the girls look down at Jack...

CRUMPLED by the door...he tries to get up, HITTING HIS HEAD ON A SHELF. Falling to his knees just as...

ANOTHER ZOMBIE APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY: It's JUDGE, disguised as a hulking BIKER ZOMBIE.

Jack looks around wildly for his gun...doesn't see it. Looks at Zombie Judge....

Who, in the midst of his Zombie-spasms, keeps CASTING HIS EYES to the corner...where Jack finally sees HIS GUN.

JACK DIVES for the shotgun; whirls, and PULLS BOTH TRIGGERS!

DOUBLE MISFIRE! Jack can't believe it. He THROWS THE GUN at Judge, MISSING HIM COMPLETELY.

Judge ROLLS HIS EYES. What else can he do? He takes a step and PRETENDS TO TRIP, falling on his ass with a howl of Zombie indignation...as he struggles to his feet...

JACK DIVES BEHIND THE BAR...

Scrabbles for a weapon, comes up with...A CAN OF BEER...!

Which he HURLS AT ZOMBIE JUDGE, hitting him in the CHEST...

The BEER BURSTS, and the ZOMBIE'S CHEST EXPLODES IN A SHOWER OF GUTS, like Bud Lite was double-ought buckshot. He falls.

Jack steps forward, TRIPS ON GUTS and takes another header!

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS...

The girls are horrified, for a couple of reasons.

INT. COMMAND WINNEBAGO - SECONDS LATER.

Boron bursts into the cab.

BORON  
I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU!

Boron attacks Keyboard.

Geekfight! Pathetic!

INT. BATHROOM. SAME TIME.

Mack pulls Ashley in, SHUTS THE DOOR, WHISPERS:

MACKENZIE  
Ash...this isn't working...I mean,  
What were we thinking?

ASHLEY  
You're asking me?

MACKENZIE  
These guys are lifelong losers!  
They always wind up head-down in  
the toilet. Did we really think  
Invader Zim, Shaggy and Bobby Hill  
could protect us? I say we bail.

ASHLEY  
Without the guys?

MACKENZIE  
Just being the last men on earth  
doesn't make them men. There's got  
to be other survivors somewhere!

ASHLEY  
What about Emily?

MACKENZIE

She's too into Jack. She's like,  
he's my soulmate or some dizzy  
shit. Besides, she's too prude. I  
don't think she can do the things  
we'll have to do to survive.

INT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE, MAIN ROOM. MINUTES LATER.

Jack and Emily look up as Boron & Whitman return.

WHITMAN

Well, that's the last of them for  
sure.

BORON

Where's Mack and Ashley?

INT. MASTER BEDROOM. TWO MINUTES LATER.

Emily, Jack and Whitman stare at an OPEN WINDOW and a KNOTTED SHEET. Boron emerges from the CLOSET...

BORON

They took two shotguns  
(for Whit and Jack)  
And the ammo I didn't know my  
fucking uncle had stashed in the  
fucking closet!

JACK

SHIT! We gotta stop 'em!

They rush out the door...

EXT. ROAD AT EDGE OF UNCLE'S PROPERTY.

Mackenzie and Ashley emerge from the underbrush to discover the THUNDERTRUCK parked unattended, KEYS IN THE IGNITION.

They throw their shotguns into the back seat and roar off.

Pause.

Jack, Whitman, Emily and Boron come running out of the underbrush. Pause when they get to the road, breathing hard.

JACK

We've got to stop them before they  
kill somebody.

EMILY

What does it matter if they shoot some zombies?

BORON

Yeah, what does it...

JACK

Boron, it's over! We have lost control of the experiment!

EMILY

What are you talking about?

BORON

Nothing! Fucking nothing!

JACK

Boron...Burton...we're cashed, dude.

(to Emily)

It was a prank. To get you to have sex with us. The whole fucking thing, the meteors, the Tripods, the end of the world, it's all bullshit. The world's fine. Nobody's dead. There are no Zombies. It was a prank. I'm sorry.

Beat. Emily cocks her fist...

EMILY

Motherf-

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. NIGHT.

THUNDERTRUCK pulled over by the side of the road. Mackenzie and Ashley out of the car, shotguns ready. Couple of VACATION HOUSES in view, windows dark.

MACKENZIE

Out of gas! Shit!

ASHLEY

I'm like legit terrified.

MACKENZIE

There's a gas station up ahead...

ON A PIZZA DELIVERY GUY approaching one of the vacation homes. Sees the two girls beside the truck.

ON THE GIRLS, looking up as the pizza delivery guy appears behind a CHEST HIGH FENCE, raising his hand.

PIZZA GUY

Hey!

The girls turn, SWINGING UP THEIR SHOTGUNS! They BLAST AWAY!

SLO-MO: the pizza guy ducks so fast he loses his HAT and his PIZZA BOX...both BLOWN AWAY by the SHOTGUN BLASTS...

The terrified Pizza guy rolls under a bush. Pause. We see the girls appear over the top of the fence, guns ready.

Mackenzie sees the PERFORATED HAT in a pool of melted MOZZARELLA and RED SAUCE, that looks exactly like BRAINS.

MACKENZIE

The brains in Spain...

(racks shotgun)

Fall mainly in the plain.

ASHLEY

Show me the money!

Ashley racks her gun. Mackenzie rolls her eyes. They move on.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD.

Jack has a SPLIT LIP, Whit a bloody nose, Boron a black eye.

JACK

Emily, I wanted to tell you...!

EMILY

Shut up. I will help find those two cause I'm a human being, but as far as I'm concerned, you are a lying sack of shit from now til forever.

ON WHIT AND BORON, puffing a few steps behind:

WHITMAN

Dang, I did not expect them to go Buffy on us. If they do kill somebody...I mean, they can't put us in jail if we didn't actually pull the trigger, right?

BORON

Yeah? Ask Charlie Manson. He stayed home and they gave him life.

ON JACK AND EMILY...as Jack tries again:

JACK

You did humiliate me multiple  
times...maybe we just call it even.

EMILY

Even?! You pretended that our  
families and friends and everybody  
in the world was dead!

JACK

Is that so much worse than all the  
people pretending to be alive?!

EMILY

What?! That's...completely true and  
totally off the fucking point!

JACK

Debate trick.

EMILY

Debate this: you suck.

EXT. GAS STATION. NIGHT.

Under the station lights, the ATTENDANT locks up the pumps.

IN THE WEEDS ACROSS THE ROAD...

Ashley and Mackenzie crouch, gas can at their side.

ASHLEY

If he's a zombie, why's he still  
working?

MACKENZIE

I don't think he is a zombie.

ASHLEY

How do we get gas with no money?

MACKENZIE

Money's worthless now. Food and  
gasoline, that's the new gold.  
We're going to have to use...  
(racks her shotgun)  
Feminine persuasion.

ASHLEY

We can't shoot! Boron said it could attract zombies!

MACKENZIE

You're right. Hold this.

She hands Ashley her shotgun and walks toward the station...

EXT. GAS STATION

ON THE ATTENDANT, a slab of meat with a 90 IQ, locking the last pump. He looks up, sees Mackenzie.

MACKENZIE

I need ten gallons of gas. I don't care what I have to do to get it.

ATTENDANT

Uh...OK.

EXT. DEEP WOODS.

Jack, Emily, Boron and Whit trot...until Jack calls a halt:

JACK

Shh! Do you hear that?

HOWLS AND YIPS come from the woods behind them. They RUN!

JACK (CONT'D)

I hope you enjoyed your rub-and-tug with Kenzie, B-ron, because we are now hauling ass through the woods covered in fucking wolf pheromone!

Sure enough, HORNY WOLVES RUN ALONGSIDE THEM! Whit whimpers:

WHITMAN

I don't want to be raped by wolves...I don't want to be raped by wolves...

EXT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER.

Ashley stands guard by the pumps, gas can at her feet, hose inserted. Mackenzie exits the gas station, wiping her mouth.

MACKENZIE

Fill 'er up.

ON MACK & ASHLEY...walking away with the gas can:

ASHLEY  
You really think gunshots attract  
zombies?

MACKENZIE  
Let Cletis find out.

She SHOTS THE STATION'S PROPANE TANK as they walk away. HUGE  
EXPLOSION! FIREBALL FILLS THE SKY!

EXT. DEEP WOODS.

Jack, Whit, Boron & Em see the FIREBALL through the trees.

JACK  
Holy shit! C'mon!

EXT. DIRT ROAD IN WOODS. SECONDS LATER.

BACK IN THE THUNDERTRUCK, Mackenzie and Ashley bounce past a  
crude sign: "PRIVATE PROPERTY - TRESPASS AT YOUR OWN RISK."

SCREECH! Mackenzie BRAKES to avoid a CRUDE STEEL BARRIER!

VOICE (O.S.)  
Out the car.

The Thundertruck is SURROUNDED by CAMOUFLAGED SURVIVALISTS  
with assault rifles. Terrified, the girls comply.

ASHLEY  
Don't, like, shoot.

SURVIVALIST #1  
Be a shame to ruin a pretty face.

Big, handsome GUNTHER is the brightest of these retards.

GUNTHER  
Careful boys, that's contaminated  
meat. Zombie pie.

ASHLEY  
We're not zombies!

GUNTHER  
Exactly what the Overmind is  
telling you to say.

MACKENZIE

For your information, we were in the Mount Hadley tunnel. We were protected by magnetite.

ASHLEY

Duh.

GUNTHER

Say, you those kids who're staying up at the Boron place?

MACKENZIE

How do you know that?

GUNTHER

We been stealin' cable 'n internet from that house for years. That's how we found out bout the invasion. Well, well. Come into our compound, ladies...as long as you're willing to disclaim any allegiance to the Jew-nited States of America.

ASHLEY

As long as you've got a bathroom.

We hear the RINGING OF TINY BELLS. The Survivalists stare at each other.

GUNTHER

Dora, take these girls inside.  
Boys, let's check the traps.

UP THE ROAD,

Jack, Boron, Emily and Whitman SWING FROM CAMOUFLAGED NETS.

JACK

You fucking freak, do you know how fucked we are? Why the fuck did I ever listen to this stupid idea?!

BORON

It's a fucking brilliant idea! It failed because I had to rely on substandard intellects! That's right, Mr. 23-fucking-40!

JACK

Your fucking deluded, dude, I could've been popular!

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

What got me and Whit branded geeks  
for life was hanging with a fucking  
mutant like you!

WHAM! They hit the dirt; the Survivalists have CUT THEM DOWN.

The geeks find themselves staring at a CIRCLE OF GUN BARRELS:

JACK (CONT'D)

What the fuck?!

WHITMAN

Don't shoot! Shit!

GUNTHER

SHUT UP you undead sons of bitches!

BORON

Undead? What the f...

JACK

The girls must be here...!

GUNTHER

I said put a fucking plug in it,  
brain-eater!

BORON

Oh, for shit's sake...there is no  
alien zombie invasion!

JACK

It's just a stupid prank that got  
out of hand. We were trying to  
trick them into having sex with us.

Pause. Gunther laughs, loud and long. Then:

GUNTHER

Nice try.

WHUMP! WHUMP! WHUMP! WHUMP! Four rifle butts to four skulls.  
The nerds and Emily fall like sacks of sand. CUT TO BLACK.

INT. SURVIVALIST HEADQUARTERS. MINUTES LATER.

Jack's blurry POV: a Quonset hut full of military gear. Jack,  
Boron, Whit & Emily tied to chairs, wearing BALL GAGS. Ashley  
& Mackenzie with the survivalists; Gunther lays out the plan:

GUNTHER

The plan is blitzkrieg. Objective:  
the police station and its arsenal.

(MORE)

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

We grab the big guns and kill our way out of town. But it won't be pretty: the enemy will have the faces of people you know, your former friends and neighbors. Don't be fooled. Send 'em to hell. God in his infinite wisdom has allowed the cream of humanity to rise. Let's motorboat this bitch.

As the survivalists march out, Gunther steers Mackenzie and Ashley over toward the three bound geeks and Emily.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

You ladies stay here, cover these brain eaters. If they so much as squirm, waste 'em. I'll interrogate 'em when we get back. But do not remove those gags. The Overmind can make 'em say anything: "Lay down your arms, the alien invasion is a damn prank." Stay frosty, ladies, and we'll be back by daybreak

ASHLEY

Does "waste" means shoot or stab?

GUNTHER

Means either, but knife killing's kinda a acquired taste. You just give 'em both barrels, little lady.

ASHLEY

Thanks, that's really helpful.

As the survivalists march out...

MACKENZIE

Why don't you just blow him now?

ASHLEY

I'm attracted to powerful men. Deal with it.

MACKENZIE

Bitch, please.

Jack watches in horror through a window as the CONVOY OF JURY-RIGGED VEHICLES rolls, packed with grim men and guns.

Pause. Weird rubbery SQUEAKING NOISES coming from Boron. He's used HIS BRACES to SHRED HIS BALL GAG. Spits it out.

BORON  
Mackenzie.

MACKENZIE  
I can't listen to you! You're being controlled by the Overmind!

BORON  
First of all, you don't have to yell. This body has excellent hearing. Secondly, I am not controlled by the Overmind...

He trails off, smiles oddly. Mackenzie gasps.

MACKENZIE  
You are the Overmind.

BORON  
We are all Overmind, but yes, this exceptional brain has been chosen as one of the Planetary Elite. When the Invasion is complete, Boron will be Slavemaster of North America, Western District.

Jack rolls his eyes, tries to SPEAK THROUGH HIS GAG...

JACK  
WHADEEFUGGEROODODING???!!!

BORON  
Jack...don't make me hurt you:

BORON STARES WEIRDLY AT JACK...Jack stares back like Boron's gone insane...until he SUDDENLY GETS IT.

JACK  
AAARRRRGGGHHH....!

Jack GOES RIGID, gasps like he's being CHOKED WITH INVISIBLE HANDS. Then Boron STOPS STARING...

Jack goes limp. Boron turns to Mackenzie.

BORON  
Your survivalist friends are dead. I sent a warning through the Overmind; Tripods destroyed them before they reached town. Soon Tripods will be here to rescue me...but I don't think that will be necessary, will it, Mackenzie?

MACKENZIE

What do you mean?

BORON

Inhabiting this body, I understand its intense attraction for yours. And every Slavemaster needs a Slavemistress. I'll have them build you a theatre, Mackenzie, slaves will worship your performances! Just forget your loyalty to this silly planet, and untie me.

MACKENZIE

What about Ashley?

BORON

Useful as a concubine.

ASHLEY

Concu-what?

MACKENZIE

You'll love it.

Mackenzie takes a machete from the wall and CUTS BORON FREE.

BORON

Well done, my Queen.

Boron takes the machete, slashes everybody's bonds. Emily indignantly SPITS HER BALL GAG at Mackenzie.

MACKENZIE

How dare you, slave?!  
(to Boron)  
Mind-Choke her!

EMILY

Bitch, you sold out the Earth?!

JACK

There's no time for this! We've got to call the cops and warn the town those idiots are coming.

ASHLEY

Wait-? Are they zombies or not?

INT. NATIONAL GUARD COMMANDER'S OFFICE.

EMILY'S UNCLE (Nat'l Guard COLONEL) briefs his LIEUTENANTS:

COLONEL

Washington says its a shitstorm of rumors...but they're afraid of a national panic. They're cutting us out of the communications grid, telephone, net, cable...everything.

LIEUTENANT

Those people in town are freaked out already. What're they gonna do when everything goes dark?

COLONEL

That's why we're deploying full-strength! Any use of firearms is to be responded to with deadly force. All right, men: let's motorboat this bitch! Move out!

INT. SURVIVALIST HQ.

MACKENZIE HAS GONE BERSERK, howling and shrieking as Ashley and Emily try to hold her down.

MACKENZIE

AAH AAH AAH NO NO I CAN'T BREATHE!  
I CAN'T BREATHE! I TOUCHED IT! I  
TOUCHED IT! I CAN'T BREATHE. AAAH!!

WATCHING THE ABOVE, Whit observes to Jack:

WHITMAN

Y'know, Emily turns out to be really nice but Ashley...Jack, she's kinda...awful.

JACK

I didn't want to say anything, dude, but yeah. She is.

WHITMAN

After seeing her like this...I gotta tell you...I'm over her.

JACK

(big sarcastic smile)  
Well that's just fucking great. I guess it was all worth it.

AT THE SURVIVALISTS' TELEPHONE/RADIO BANK, Boron sits back:

BORON  
The whole grid's down.

JACK  
Then we've got to get to town ahead  
of those survivalist assholes, or a  
lot of people are going to die!

EXT. DIRT ROAD. MOMENTS LATER.

The guys pile into THUNDERTRUCK, Jack and Boron up front.

WHITMAN  
By the way, B-ron, your Overmind  
impersonation was genius.

JACK  
Fucking brilliant. That's from one  
mutant to another.  
(beat)  
Dude...you're not really the  
Overmind, are you?

BORON  
(beat; smiles)  
Not yet. Let's motorboat this  
bitch!

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD. NIGHT.

THE SURVIVALIST CONVOY ROLLS down the mountain...TILT UP:  
HIGHER UP THE MOUNTAIN a pair of HEADLIGHTS are moving FAST.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD.

The THUNDERTRUCK thunders through the hairpin turns...  
IN THE TRUCK, Boron and Whitman are white with fear...

ON THE SURVIVALISTS...

Rolling past camera, grim faced, loading multiple weapons.

INT. COMMAND WINNEBAGO.

Keyboard and Kyle look baffled. Judge trots up:

JUDGE

They bailed, nerdlings. House is empty, Thundertruck's gone.

KEYBOARD

Just got a hit on the GPS...they're on the road to town! We gotta follow or they'll get out of broadcast range!

KYLE (PA SPEAKER)

Button it up, people! Let's motorboat this bitch!

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD.

AS THE THUNDERTRUCK BOUNCES over a series of hard bumps...

WHITMAN

There they are!

They've caught up to the convoy: in the darkness a hundred yards ahead, the TAIL LIGHTS of the last vehicle.

BORON

Slow down! Kill the headlights!

WHITMAN

How the fuck do we get past them? There's only one road, and they've got major weaponry...

BORON

(peering ahead)  
Hey...where'd they go?

WHITMAN

They must've sped up.

BORON

Or slowed down. And turned off their lights.

They turn a CORNER...

THE SURVIVALISTS HAVE AMBUSHED THEM from...

...THE TOP OF THE SKI SLOPE! They OPEN FIRE!

JACK, BORON & WHITMAN

SHIITTTT!!!!

Bullets riddle Thundertruck! The guys duck as the windows shatter. Jack slews the wheel into a hard right..

THUNDERTRUCK SKIDS...around a SKI-LIFT...

WHITMAN  
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?!

JACK  
IT'S THE SHORTEST WAY DOWN THE  
MOUNTAIN! HANG ON!

EXT. TOP OF SKI RUN.

It's pitch black, the run is at a hellish pitch with trees, rocks and lift towers around every turn.

Thundertruck runs a wild slalom, GOING AIRBORNE over moguls, CRUSHING small trees, SWERVING WILDLY to avoid big ones.

INSIDE THUNDERTRUCK...

Jack hunches over the wheel, Whit & Boron scream like girls.

AT THE TOP OF THE RUN...

Cursing, the survivalists race back to their vehicles...

INSIDE THUNDERTRUCK...

Screaming as they hit the bunny hill at eighty...

BLASTS THROUGH a LIFT TICKET HUT...then rockets...

...ACROSS A TERRACE...piling up tables and chairs, BLOWING OUT a redwood railing as they skid into the PARKING LOT and out on to...

EXT. ROAD INTO TOWN.

JACK  
Jesus, I wonder how much trouble  
we're in.

BORON  
We might be okay...as long as  
nobody in town's found out...

They turn a final corner, emerging on a...

EXT. BLUFF OVERLOOKING TOWN...

Offering a great view of town across the river:

THE WHOLE TOWN IS IN CHAOS!

PANICKED CROWDS! ALARMS! SIRENS! BULLHORNS! SEARCHLIGHTS!  
National Guardsmen try vainly to quell the panic.

UP ON THE BLUFF,

The three guys look at each other with wild surmise.

BORON  
War of the Worlds.

JACK  
We are so fucked.

WHITMAN  
To the last digit of pi, my  
brothers.

EXT. OLD BRIDGE. MOMENTS LATER.

Thundertruck rolls on to the elderly iron structure.

EXT. TOWN SIDE OF BRIDGE.

GUARD HQ is a truck bed. The Colonel and his men look up:

LIEUTENANT  
What the hell is that?

COLONEL  
Warning shots!

INT. THUNDERTRUCK. ROLLING.

Suddenly, GUNSHOTS RIP THE AIR....

BORON  
NO! NO! YOU IDIOTS!

ON THE NATIONAL GUARD TRUCK,

A sniper with a .50 caliber sends a round...

ON THE BRIDGE...

Which SLAMS INTO THUNDERTRUCK'S FRONT TIRE...the truck SLEWS  
SIDEWAYS...hits the railing...and STOPS DEAD...

INSIDE THUNDERTRUCK...

JACK

DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT! LISTEN!

A voice booms over a National Guard Bullhorn.

LIEUTENANT (O.S.)

Stay in your vehicle!

BORON

LISTEN, YOU IDIOTS...

WHITMAN

They can't fucking hear us!

(looks back)

And those gun-crazy assholes are  
coming!

JACK

Boron! THINK!

BORON

Remember Clarkson's physics class?  
Our extra-extra credit project? We  
calculated the resonant frequency  
of this bridge?

JACK

There's no way I can remember...

WHITMAN

33.7 megahertz. Numbers are so much  
easier than people.

Boron is already twiddling dials...

THUNDERTRUCK deploys its OUTRIGGERS...steel pylons FIRE into  
the bridge...and then...THUNDERTRUCK RISES OFF THE GROUND...

ON THE NATIONAL GUARDSMEN...

COLONEL

What the f-? Prepare to fire!

ON THE BRIDGE...

THUNDERTRUCK begins to BOOM-BOOM-BOOM. As Boron dials in the frequency a WEIRD TONE fills the air...

The BRIDGE begins to PULSE in time to the vibrations....

ON THE MOUNTAIN ROAD

THE SURVIVALISTS make the final turn toward town...

ON THE BRIDGE...

Which is starting to SWAY with the BOOMING, RIPPLES actually moving through the iron girders as Boron turns the subwoofers UP TO ELEVEN.

BORON  
Full power! Run!

ON THE NATIONAL GUARDSMEN...

The colonel sees the nerd-dash...and raises his hand:

COLONEL  
Hold your fire!

THE BRIDGE is ROLLING and TORQUING now...rivets popping...

ON THE SURVIVALISTS...

Barrelling towards the bridge, cocking their guns...

ON THE GEEKS...

...falling and tumbling on the heaving bridge...

ON THE NATIONAL GUARDSMEN...

LIEUTENANT  
Four vehicles, heavily armed!

COLONEL  
PREPARE TO RETURN FIRE!

And just as the survivalists approach the bridge...

And just as Jack, Whit & Boron LEAP CLEAR of the bridge...

KREAANNGGGBBOOORRRRNGGGG!!!! THE BRIDGE COLLAPSES!

A discordant symphony of twanging iron...leaving the SURVIVALISTS STRANDED on the FAR SIDE.

ON A DOZEN GUARDSMEN...

Frogmarching JACK, WHIT AND BORON...Jack yells over the crowd noise in the colonel's ear. The colonel grabs a PA mike:

COLONEL (P.A.) (CONT'D)  
ATTENTION! ATTENTION!

INT. COMMAND WINNEBAGO.

Rolling slowly to a stop in the middle of the madness.

EXT. TOWN CENTER.

As the Geeks emerge from the Winnebago, Judge looks down at his TOXIC HOLOCAUST t-shirt, then up at the real-life CHAOS:

JUDGE  
Wow. Be careful what you wish for.

In the Winnebago window, we see Edson look up from his mike:

EDSON  
...and that was "Alien Invasion,"  
by Boron and the MegaGeeks, going  
out with love to Emily, Ashley and  
Mackenzie. WBUZ is off the air.

ON THE NATIONAL GUARD TRUCK...

COLONEL (P.A.)  
I REPEAT, THERE IS NO INVASION! IT  
WAS A PRANK COMMITTED BY THREE  
LOCAL HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS.

Jack, Boron, and Whit smile weakly at the crowd...

NEARBY, THE GIRLS ROLL UP in a survivalist Jeep...

Emily staring in horror and wonder at the chaos. Ashley just looks confused. Mackenzie is catatonic.

And now we're aware that the CROWD HAS FALLEN SILENT: The geeks are HANDCUFFED, each in the hands of a LOCAL COP.

COLONEL (P.A.) (CONT'D)  
 YOU KNOW THESE BOYS...LISTEN:

The Colonel holds the PA mike in front of Jack:

JACK (P.A.)  
 THERE IS NO ALIEN INVASION. IT WAS  
 JUST A STUPID PRANK.

BORON LUNGES to yell into the bullhorn:

BORON (P.A.)  
 IT WASN'T "JUST A PRANK," IT WAS A  
 FRACTALIZING FALSEHOOD THAT  
 OVERWHELMED THE COLLECTIVE  
 CONSCIOUSNESS!  
 (SCREAMS)  
 YOU'RE FUCKING SHEEP!

COLONEL WRESTLES the bullhorn from Boron, returns it to Jack.

JACK (P.A.)  
 IT WAS A STUPID PRANK. WE WERE  
 OBSESSED WITH THESE GIRLS, AND...WE  
 CREATED THIS FICTIONAL INVASION.  
 WE'RE SORRY FOR EVERYTHING....

He sees Emily in the crowd; their eyes meet.

JACK (P.A.; CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
 EXCEPT...WELL, I CAN'T SAY I'M  
 SORRY ABOUT BEING OBSESSED WITH  
 EMILY BECAUSE SHE'S WELL WORTH  
 BEING OBSESSED WITH. SORRY, EM.

Pause. A BRICK HITS JACK IN THE HEAD!

COLONEL  
 Get 'em out of here!

As they walk swiftly toward a waiting POLICE VAN, Boron turns to the cop who's walking him along, and says,

BORON  
 Hey...you want these back?

He hands the cop HIS HANDCUFFS, dangling open.

COP  
 What the hell did you...  
 (looks at his belt)  
 And where's my--

BORON TASERS HIM IN THE NECK...

The cop goes down. BORON DARTS AWAY INTO THE CROWD...

JACK

Boron!

Boron looks back...

BORON

So long, Jack! I won't live in  
their world! Free my snakes!

And he's GONE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTROOM. DAY.

TIGHT ON JACK, waiting at the defendants' table.

JACK (V.O.)

The trial was quick. They wanted to  
try us as adults, but I think we  
proved our immaturity.

EMILY slides into the chair behind Jack. He looks back,  
surprised and pleased. Whispers:

JACK (CONT'D)

Hey! Did you get my e-mails?

EMILY

I got 'em.

JACK

You didn't respond.

EMILY

I was a witness. I couldn't.

(beat)

They were hilarious. And...nice.

JACK

I meant what I said. If you're  
looking for revenge, you got it. I  
still like you so much...it hurts.

EMILY

(too loud)

Me, too!

BALLIFF (O.C.)

Shh!

EMILY

I still can't get my head around the shit we did to each other. I know you could've had sex with me, and you didn't. I know I admire ambition, and this was crazy ambitious. I think we owe it to the future to keep working on our Constitution for a New World.

JACK

Are you fucking with me?

EMILY

Not until the day you get out of prison. I'm waiting for you, baby.

BALIFF (O.C.)

All rise!

Jack faces the Judge, but he's already smiling.

JACK (V.O.)

Once I had Emily's verdict, the jury's didn't seem to matter:

EXT. STATE JUVENILE CORRECTIONAL CAMP. DAY.

Jack and Whitman wear orange jumpsuits.

JACK (V.O.)

I'd like to tell you we got off with a stern lecture, and the towns' thanks for exposing serious structural weakness in the Hadley River Bridge, but we got two years in juvy, reduced to six months.

A FIGHT HAS BROKEN OUT NEARBY between two big prisoners.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Don't worry about them: they're fighting over the privilege of boyguarding us. Since we sold our story to Hollywood, we're rockstars in here, besides being early accepted to just about every college in the country, including a few we didn't apply to.

(MORE)

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 And while I was e-mailing Em, Whit  
 was e-mailing Katie. So we've each  
 got a fantastic girl waiting.

EMILY & KATIE are standing at the prison fence, waving.

WHITMAN  
 Getting out of prison sex.

JACK  
 The greatest sex of all.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Speaking of sex, nine months later,  
 there was a baby boom in  
 Hadleyville.

INT. BUZZ ALDRIN HIGH SCHOOL. DAY.

Thronged with students, high percentage of PREGNANT GIRLS.

JACK (V.O.)  
 Guess lots of folks decided to go  
 bareback when they thought the  
 world was ending. There were 43  
 pregnancies at Aldrin alone. But  
 that wasn't the only blowback from  
 the Invasion:

*FLASHBACK, NIGHT OF THE INVASION:*

EXT. TOWN CENTER.

Thronged with panicked citizens and National Guard; We see  
 Jack's Dad and Whitman's Mom find each other in the crowd...

JACK (CONT'D)  
 My Dad and Whit's Mom ran into each  
 other that night...turns out they  
 had feelings for each other for  
 years, and what with the world  
 ending and Obama talkin' sexy...  
 they hooked up. Even worse, they  
 went nuclear, and got married. So  
 now me and Whit are brothers, we've  
 got two parents on our asses 24/7,  
 and no single parent guilt  
 benefits. And the blowback rolled  
 on:

*FLASHBACK, NIGHT OF THE INVASION:*

INT. MACKENZIE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN.

Mr. and Mrs. face off across the table. Mr.'s got his arm around a FILIPINO HOUSEKEEPER.

MACKENZIE'S DAD

I've been sleeping with Erinya for years! She's more a wife to me than you've ever been!

MACKENZIE'S MOM

You think I didn't know? Why do you think I embezzled that money and framed your brother?! Yeah, that was me! And if you're wondering, I was fucking him!

*FLASHBACK, NIGHT OF THE INVASION:*

INT. PRINCIPAL MENZIES' OFFICE.

Menzies puffs a cigarette, paws through a shoebox bulging with drugs and drug paraphernalia.

PRINCIPAL MENZIES

Son of a bowlegged bitch, I coulda been smoking the last ten years?! Hell, why stop there? Ten years of confiscating drugs from the little shits, time to see what the buzz is all about!

*FLASHBACK, NIGHT OF THE INVASION:*

EXT. TOWN CENTER.

ON ASHLEY AND MACKENZIE...both pretty shell-shocked, being helped out of the Jeep by Red Cross workers...

JACK (V.O.)

Ashley dated a few of the survivalists, and wound up doing a calendar for them. It sells well on the internet.

CALENDAR SHOTS of ASHLEY in CAMO-KINIS, showing off firearms.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Mackenzie left town and gave up acting, now that she was known as the girl who sold out the earth.

(MORE)

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Besides being known as the girl who  
 blew Steve Driebek for five gallons  
 of gas. Still, even though she gave  
 up her Broadway dreams...

INT. GAS STATION MINI-MART.

The idiot behind the counter regales some middle-schoolers...

JACK (V.O.)  
 Driebeck became locally famous.  
 Stop by the minimart some time, buy  
 him an orange soda, and he'll be  
 glad to tell you the story.

EXT. PRISON ENTRANCE. DAY.

Jack and Whitman exit prison, back in street clothes. Right  
 into the arms of Emily, Katie and their newly nuclear folks.

JACK (V.O.)  
 And what about Boron?

*FLASHBACK, NIGHT OF THE INVASION:*

EXT. TOWN CENTER.

IN SLOW MOTION: Boron tasers the cop and dodges away through  
 the invasion night crowds. Jack looking after him.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Boron was never found. He's out  
 there, somewhere. If mankind has  
 anything to fear from an alien  
 intelligence, my money's on Boron.

EXT. PRISON ENTRANCE.

As Jack & the others walk away, Jack looks back:

JACK (V.O.)  
 So if any of you ladies run into an  
 angry geek sometime, I'm begging  
 you, be nice to him. The planet you  
 save may be your own. Peace out.