WAR OF THE WORMS

Andrew Kurtzman

Story by
Andrew Kurtzman & Anne Kurtzman

1/25/10
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 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 bongs.

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 CARSFUL OF GEEKS and metalheads packing powertools and
casting 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 pixeled
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 OUTRIGGERS, 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)
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 its 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 Apocalyptic,” “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 miligrams 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. Bialowiscz 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...
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 goingmobile. 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 Cochella 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...

Edsom 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. PNUEMATICS 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)
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.
(cash)
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
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 SHOOTS 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 Bialowiscz, 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
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 bake sale, 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)
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 SHOOTS 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
WHADEEFUGGERODOODING??!!!

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
AAARRRRGGHHH....!

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


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 it's 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 SIDWAYS...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)
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)
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.