

Neighborhood Watch

by
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"After one look at this planet any visitor from
outer space would say *I want to see the manager.*"

-William S. Burroughs

A starry sky hangs over a giant

COSTCO

It's three a.m. in suburbia. Flood lights drench an empty football field of a parking lot. The 'T' in the sign blinks on and off.

INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE STORE

A humongous 72-PACK OF TOILET PAPER slides along the concrete floor. It's pushed by a middle-aged Latino SECURITY GUARD (let's say Luis Guzman), who edges it up against a matching package, then collapses atop his makeshift bed. Ahhhh. He shuts his eyes. Just then, a distant...

THUD. Muttering. The guard opens an eye...

SECURITY GUARD

Frank, you ain't done cleaning up yet? I know you don't wanna see your wife, but damn...

No answer. Then a SKITTERING noise. The guard sits up.

BEVERAGE AISLE - MOMENTS LATER

The guard tiptoes past oversized soda boxes. It's a little unsettling in here at night--one man dwarfed amidst the huge stacks. He spots something ahead. On the floor, an overturned case of CAPRI SUN juices. The guard shakes his head, heaves the box back onto the shelf...

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

New kid can't stack for--

But something on the floor catches his eye...LIQUID. Leading off down the aisle. The guard follows the trail. It ends at the foot of a towering STACK OF MICHELINS up against a wall. The guard looks up, shakes his head.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

That is one athletic rat.

The guard leans on the pile of 'vulcanized rubber' tires which suddenly SWIVELS AROUND, taking him with it, leading him into a

DARK PASSAGE

The guard's shaking hand clicks on his flashlight. The liquid trail continues down narrow metal steps into a hallway. A tangle of mechanized panels and cords. Blinking lights.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

(sotto)

All this down here and they're
paying me seven fifty an hour...

Something drips down onto the guard's hat. He spoons a bit
off and inspects--PHOSPHORESCENT GOOP. *What the--?* CUT TO:

A THUMB AND FOREFINGER

But they're unlike any we've seen before. Reptilian. Coated
in that goop. Some kind of nanotechnology ingrained within.
Between them is a tiny DRINKING STRAW.

UNASSUMING VOICE (O.S.)

Damnit.

The fingers struggle to jab the straw into a CAPRI SUN JUICE
POUCH.

UNASSUMING VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Why do they have to make it so--?

The creature stops, sensing something, drops the juice.

THE GUARD

nervously inches through a doorway. Sees something at his
feet. The Capri Sun and the straw. Picks them up as

A BIZARRE, TOOTH-FILLED JAW

stretches open...right beside the guard's face. A sickly long
BLACK TONGUE extends out, inches from his cheek...

The guard easily jabs the straw into the juice pouch. Smiles.
As he attempts a sip, the guard turns, finally catching sight
of the fangs about to crush his noggin as we SMASH TO BLACK.

INT. SUNLIT UPPER EAST SIDE BEDROOM - MORNING

MARV the Boston Terrier licks the kind face of the peacefully
sleeping EVAN TRAUTWIG (40).

EVAN

(awakens, hushed)

Later today, Marv, when you're
napping, I'm gonna lick your face.
Don't say I didn't warn you.

Evan slides out of bed, gently patting his sleeping wife.

ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Our opening credits run as Evan waits, the iPod buds in his ears playing something fun yet hipster-approved. He wears the city uniform--black tee, black jeans, black Chucks. An ASIAN JOGGER enters, iPod buds of his own. They give each other only the tiniest hint of acknowledgment.

LEXINGTON AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

Evan walks Marv through a sea of rush hour pedestrians. Each in their own little bubble. Quick strides, no eye contact. Evan is at peace--this is just how he likes the world to be.

TRENDY COFFEE PLACE - MOMENTS LATER

Tracking down a line of CUSTOMERS, all of them either listening to iPods, texting on iPhones, or talking into hands-free cell earpieces. A BARISTA hands over Evan's usual order while already dealing with the next person on line.

STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Evan plunks down change and takes a paper at A NEWSSTAND without even looking at the GUY behind the counter. Nearing his building, Evan puts a bill in the change cup of a HOMELESS DUDE who wears a tinfoil hat and murmurs to himself.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Evan sits at his drawing desk, finishing a POLITICAL CARTOON. His wife, ABBY (early-30s, warm but no pushover, business suit), leans in from behind and wraps her arms around him.

ABBY
(re: cartoon)
It's funny.

EVAN
No it's not.

ABBY
What? There's a donkey and an elephant and they're the two parties and--

EVAN
You are a terrible liar.

ABBY
I hate you.

EVAN
(smiles)
Again, terrible.

She kisses him sweetly. Outside, a JACKHAMMER pounds away.

ABBY

(slams the window shut)
Ugh, how does that not drive you
crazy?

EVAN

I can't hear it over the sirens.
(off her look)
We're gonna have the talk again,
aren't we?

ABBY

No. There's no point.
(unable to help herself)
But you know we wouldn't have any
of this in the suburbs.

EVAN

You're right. We wouldn't have any
of "this". We wouldn't have the
entire world at our doorstep.
No...arthouse films, no...opera,
no...Ethiopian food.

ABBY

We eat pizza, sit at home, and
watch movies with explosions.

EVAN

True, but it's nice knowing all
that other stuff is out there.

ABBY

Have you noticed we're alone here?
All our friends have moved
somewhere with a front lawn.

EVAN

They haven't all moved.
(searching)
What about...Asian Jogger Elevator
Man. Oh, and there's Riley!
(off her look)
The homeless guy with the tinfoil
hat.
(then)
You really think we're gonna make
friends in the suburbs? Those
people are like Walmart-super-sized
annoying. Worse than that, they're
dangerous.

(MORE)

EVAN (CONT'D)

In the city you can rest easy knowing a guy just wants to mug you at gunpoint for your wallet. But in the suburbs there's weird stuff. Serial killers. Dateline people, Abby.

(she sighs, slumps; he sees, softens)
You used to love it here.

ABBY

(frustrated at herself)
I know. I was always the cool one! But something's changed. Did you know I want a linen closet? I woke up the other day desperately wishing I had a closet. For my linens. Ugh. I've become that cliched woman who wants a white picket fence and I don't care who knows it. They can mock me but I'll shiv 'em with a piece of white picket and throw 'em in my linen closet.

EVAN

See. I told you there were crazy killers in the suburbs.

ABBY

(smiles, softly)
Evan, it's where I want to raise our baby.

EVAN

Wait. Baby? You haven't peed on anything plastic lately have you?

ABBY

(hopeful, they're trying)
No. But someday soon...

EVAN

(a hesitant smile)
Fingers crossed.

ABBY

And wouldn't it be nice for you to teach our son how to throw a spiral in our own backyard?

(off his look)
Wouldn't it be nice for our son to teach you how to throw a spiral in our own backyard?

(he smiles)
(MORE)

ABBY (CONT'D)

Can't we still be us--the same
people--just in a different place?

EVAN

(rises, faces her)
Like that little blue house you
loved?

ABBY

Yes! The one we saw when we got
Marv out on the Island.

EVAN

The one with the red door...

ABBY

Mm hmm.

He takes a deep breath, reaches into his pocket...

EVAN

With both a top and a bottom
lock...

He removes a set of HOUSE KEYS, which dangle on his finger.

EVAN (CONT'D)

We don't go into a Chili's. Ever.

She gasps, realizing those keys belong to her dream house.

ABBY

Shut up! The one with the red
door?!

EVAN

And a huge linen closet.

(then)

The 8th or 9th time you have the
conversation it starts to sink in.

ABBY

(leaps into his arms)
I love you.

EVAN

No TCBY. No fro-yo of any kind.

ABBY

(kisses him)
No Chuck E. Cheese!

EVAN

I shall wear no khaki pants. No
chinos. No Dockers. No--

She finally kisses his mouth shut.

EXT. TURNPIKE - DAY

The Trautwigs' brand new PRIUS drags a U-HAUL trailer past A SIGN welcoming them to TEPPERTOWN: *America's First Suburb*.

EXT. TREE-LINED STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Indian Summer in perfectly manicured suburbia. The U-Haul'd Prius in the drive of a blue house with a lovely red door.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Evan and Abby unpack candlesticks. He tosses the wadded newspaper in the trash. She fishes it out.

ABBY

Recycling.

EVAN

(shakes his head)

That did it. The planet is now officially saved.

ABBY

Y'gotta start somewhere.

TRAUTWIGS' FRONT LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

Evan struggles to carry a fancy-ish lamp from the trailer to the front door, when...FSK! FSK! FSK! The sprinklers snap to life. Evan is soaked.

EVAN

Abby...?

(tries to hustle,
struggles)

Baby, can you turn off the--?

He tumbles to the ground. The lamp cracks into a million pieces. The sprinklers come to a stop.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Whatup, CBGB?

At the foot of the walk, BOB FINNERTY has just turned off the sprinklers. Late-30s, bad goatee, good smile. His tricked-out SUV still running nearby. He is as comfortable in suburbia as Evan is not. Not cheesy though--Bob really makes the Tommy Bahama thing work. Evan struggles to his feet, squishes his way to Bob in his soaked cool East Village duds.

BOB

Bob Finnerty. Welcome to the nabe!

EVAN

Evan Trautwig. Thanks, man.

In the passenger seat of the Jeep sits Bob's daughter CHELSEA. Fourteen. She's blossomed into a Megan Fox overnight. She points out a neighboring home...

CHELSEA

Dad, that's Amberly's house. Can I go say hi?

BOB

Just stay put, okay, Pumpkin?
Daddy's almost done talking to his new friend.

CHELSEA

Friend? Really? Because when we were driving by and he fell you laughed and called him a hipster douche--

BOB

You and Amberly wear helmets if you ride bikes, okay, Sugar Bear?

Chelsea ROLLS HER EYES as she hops out of the car. Bob sighs as she goes, still his little baby...

BOB (CONT'D)

Angels live in a child's smile.

EVAN

Well. I should probably go dry off.

Evan turns towards home. As Bob returns to his truck...

BOB

Hey, about the lamp, I'm the General Manager down at the Costco on Old Country. Come by, I'll give you the friends and family and ladies-with-no-bra discount.

EVAN

That lamp is Design Within Reach.

BOB

That lamp is crap on your lawn. Think about it.

EVAN

Thanks again for the sprinklers.

Bob pops open his trunk, grabs a LAWN SIGN...

BOB

No problem, Skinny Jeans. It's my sworn duty.

...plunges it into the edge of Evan's front yard. It's the iconic NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH SIGN. The silhouetted burglar warned that he's being observed.

BOB (CONT'D)

We keep an eye on things.

EVAN

(gesturing off)

Do you really?

Bob turns to see Chelsea and AMBERLY in a neighboring yard with two slightly older jock boys. Sweet quarterback JASON and cocky lineman SCOTTIE...

SCOTTIE

Tomorrow's Hell Night. We drive around and mess stuff up. It's gonna be off the chizzain.

Chelsea's not so sure. Jason sees, whispers...

JASON

We can sit in the backseat and make fun of how lame it is.

She can't suppress a smile just as her father storms over.

BOB

Howdy, gentlemen. I'm Chelsea's daddy. Sorry to break up the party but little Chels has to get home right away. To take her Herpes medication. For the raging case of Herpes she has. On her lady parts.

Chelsea gives a look back at Jason as Bob drags her off. Abby opens the door to find a soggy Evan as Bob's truck peels off.

EVAN

Sprinklers work.

ABBY

Who was that?

EVAN

(with disdain)

The Neighborhood Watch.

ABBY

Oh, how cute. You should join! Get to know the town. Make some friends...

EVAN

Hi, I'm your husband. Have you met me before?

ABBY

Okay. You actually moved here. That's plenty for today.

(lifts a box)

All this work. We're gonna sleep well tonight.

INT. THE TRAUTWIGS' BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Quiet. Peaceful. Abby and Marv sleep soundly. But EVAN is...

WIDE AWAKE, staring at the ceiling, freaked by the silence.

Moments later, close on a DVD PLAYER--Evan presses play. Back in bed, moments later, Evan tosses and turns. We hear the SOUNDS OF NEW YORK at night. Traffic. Honking. Sirens. Gunfire. Reveal *Taxi Driver* plays on the TV. But Evan STILL CAN'T SLEEP. *Sigh.*

EXT. TRAUTWIGS' DRIVEWAY - THE NEXT MORNING

As Evan and Abby head to the Prius, Marv in tow, the dog GROWLS at the NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR--a small, creepy man in an old military jacket (think Jackie Earle Haley with a *Guns & Ammo* subscription)--who waters his plants while drinking coffee.

EVAN

Marv, stop that.

CREEPY NEIGHBOR

Nah, let 'im. It's just his nature.

The neighbor GROWLS back, then chuckles to himself. As Evan gets in the car, he gives a look back at the neighbor, who sips his coffee and stares. *That was weird.*

EXT. MAIN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Parked, Evan kisses Abby and they part. Popping his iPod buds in, Evan walks Marv. As a trio of pert MILF-y HOUSEWIVES POWERWALK BY, they smile and wave hello. Evan tries to keep his head down.

INT. POST OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

As Abby pops some letters in the mail she catches sight of a sign-up sheet for an event: a tweedy PROFESSOR from a local community college speaking on GLOBAL WARMING. *Hmm*. As she reaches for the pen, she bumps into a man who reaches at the same time. Middle age becomes him. This is PAUL SLOAN. Think Alec Baldwin.

PAUL

Ladies first. After all, it's Mother Nature we're interested in saving.

ABBY

(as she signs)
Man, you're corny.

PAUL

Yes, but it's organic corn...
(reads her name)
Abby with a Y Trautwig.

ABBY

(struggles to read his signature)
Nice to meet you, Paul...Svlerm.

PAUL

Sloan. Of Sloan Waste Management.

ABBY

Really? So what are you...studying up on the enemy?

PAUL

Actually most of our business is recycling now. Our company is incredibly green.

ABBY

And my face is incredibly red. Maybe I'll see you at the professor's talk, Mr. Svlerm.

PAUL

I'll be in front, by the mosh pit.

She smiles, shakes her head as she walks off.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

As Evan waits, clusters of CUSTOMERS kibbitz at tables, share food. A DAD passes out Capri Suns to happy LITTLE LEAGUERS.

Moments later, in a CONVENIENCE STORE, Evan grabs the paper. Attempts to pay silently. But the CLERK (an odd, deadpan dude with a nametag which reads LINUS) won't let him. Evan reluctantly pops out his ear buds...

LINUS

Good story on B7. Cow exploded in Ronkonkoma.

EVAN

Guess I don't have to read it then.

Moments later, Evan beeps the car unlocked, Abby merrily waving as she approaches. A GUY hands Evan a leaflet.

GUY

Help mentor kids from the wrong side of the tracks?

Evan smiles and nods, not hearing over his music. Tosses the leaflet (*Big Bros: It's Not Where You Live, It's Who's Beside You*) on the passenger seat without even giving it a look.

ABBY

Isn't this fun?

Evan forces a smile, says nothing, as we SMASH TO:

INT. TRAUTWIGS' BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Peaceful silence. Again, Evan can't sleep. Abby's foot twitches under the sheet, making it even harder to drift off. The silence is broken by the sound of male voices. Outside.

Evan tiptoes to the window, spies THE CREEPY NEIGHBOR and an IMPOSING MAN struggling to carry A LARGE CRATE to the neighbor's cellar door. Evan checks the clock radio. 3am.

IMPOSING MAN

Is it the good stuff?

CREEPY NEIGHBOR

Oh yeah. This'll do some damage.

Sensing something, the imposing man turns towards Evan, who recedes into the shadows. Abby's foot twitches again. Evan gently touches it and the twitching calms. He smiles a little, shakes his head at himself.

INT. COSTCO - THE NEXT DAY

Evan pushes a giant shopping cart, way out of his element. Abby bounces over, mouth full, tosses cheese in the wagon.

ABBY

I just had eight samples of Tillamook cheese and I think I'm gonna be sick. This place rocks.

EVAN

It is nice to get your socks and your shrimp in one place.

ABBY

And you didn't wanna come. Speaking of which...

As she continues, Evan notices some WORKERS moving A LARGE CRATE, reminded of last night...

ABBY (CONT'D)

...there's a lecture tomorrow on global warming and think of how much less guilty you'll feel about ruining the planet after you've sat through a boring speech.

(is he listening?)

Evan?

EVAN

Hmm? Yeah. Sounds like a very inconvenient truth.

ABBY

Are you alright?

EVAN

Uh huh. I've just...never been in a Costco before.

BOB (O.S.)

Once you go bulk you never go back.

Reveal Bob, carrying the ugliest lamp you've ever seen.

BOB (CONT'D)

Glad you took me up on the offer, Traut. This is a genuine Tiffany reproduction.

EVAN

Actually, we're just here to do some--

BOB

(shakes Abby's hand)

Robert Finnerty. Costco GM.
Neighborhood Watch Commander.

ABBY

I've been telling Evan that he should check out your Neighborhood Watch, but he'd never--

The workers with THE CRATE accidentally BUMP EVAN, who eyes it again. Still can't shake the odd feeling about last night.

BOB

Guys, watch where you're going! There's no "I" in focus, but there is an "us".

(back to the Trautwigs)

Sorry, you were saying?

ABBY

Oh, just that Evan--

EVAN

I wasn't sure if you had any openings. At the Neighborhood Watch. Think I could try it out for a night?

Abby's surprised at her husband's sudden interest. As is Bob.

BOB

Heck yeah! Unless you're allergic to awesomeness...

EVAN

I'll take a Claritin.

BOB

22 Periwinkle Road. Strategy session starts at seven.
(as he saunters off)
And try the Tillamook! It's to die.

ABBY

(re: Evan's volunteering)
Is it wrong that I found that extremely attractive?

EVAN

You were right. I should...get to know the neighborhood.

ABBY

(sees something, gaps)
And they have linens...

EXT. FINNERTY HOME - THAT NIGHT

Evan rings the bell. Chelsea opens the door. Turns back...

CHELSEA

It's the Greenwich Village pussy.

Chelsea skulks off. Bob's wife BONNIE smiles warmly.

BONNIE

Hi. Bonnie. Bob's told us all about you. They're 'round back.

IN THE BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

A cement hatch with a metal door--Bob's 1950s FALLOUT SHELTER. Evan knocks. CLANK CLANK. Bob swings the door open.

BOB

N.Y.C.!

EVAN

Is this a fallout shelter?

BOB

It's more than that, Evan.
(looks around, whispers)
This is the Neighborhood Watch HQ.

EVAN

Right. So I don't exactly know how this works but I saw something last night. My neighbor? He was moving this big crate, and it just seemed weird.

BOB

(super serious)
Details. Describe the perps.

EVAN

Uh, a couple white guys--

BOB

Two unidentified Caucasians. What kind of crate are we talking? Wood?

EVAN

Yeah.

BOB

Box shaped?

EVAN

Yes.

BOB

This is big. Get inside. We'll need to dissect with the team.

Bob hurries down into to the shelter. Evan follows, shocked to find not a simple meeting room but a *Cribs*-worthy...

MAN CAVE. Sweet stereo. Videogames. Foosball. A humongous flat-screen currently displays *Monday Night Football*. JAMARCUS (30s, African-American, bone-dry wit) and FRANKLIN (30s, sweet, couldn't hurt a fly) sit on the couch, watching their beloved Jets.

BOB (CONT'D)

Hey, team!
(grabs a coozied beer)
I've got a friend I'd like you to meet. Evan Troutlips, this is Jamarcus.

JAMARCUS

My parents are black.

BOB

And this is Franklin.

FRANKLIN

(big warm smile)
I know you. Did you ever ride crotch rockets with the 17th Street Crips?

EVAN

(beat, then)
No. So...about my neighbor? We were gonna dissect?

BOB

I was just joshing with you, Evan. There's nothing to worry about...except that empty hand.
(rummages behind bar)
You look like a wine aficionado so I'm sure you'll love this.
(tosses Evan a High Life)
It's the Champagne of Beers. Take a load off.

Evan sits in a leather recliner. The malfunctioning footrest pops out on its own, surprising him. He notices it still has its giant Costco tag attached.

EVAN

New chair, huh?

BOB

Evan, everything you see here is defective in some way.

Evan looks at the three of them...*you don't say...*

EVAN

Really?

BOB

Returns. Overstocks. I bring 'em back here, give 'em a good home.

Onscreen, Thomas Jones breaks free up the field.

JAMARCUS

Go, Thomas!

Bob raises the volume. We hear the announcer excitedly call the play...in Spanish.

PLAY-BY-PLAY SEÑOR (ON TV)

Tomas Jones con la pelota...

BOB

(shouting over the din)
Take the TV for example! It's stuck in SAP! But who can complain, right? That baby's sesenta inches!

PLAY-BY-PLAY SENOR (ON TV)

El veinte, diez, cinco...

Thomas Jones somersaults over the goal line. Touchdown!

BOB, JAMARCUS, & FRANKLIN

Goooooooooalll!

EVAN

Listen, I don't mean to overstep my bounds here, but shouldn't you guys be, I don't know...watching the neighborhood?

Silence.

BOB

You know what, Evan, you're absolutely right. I'm ashamed. I've got the red face of a drunken Injun here. We should absolutely be watching the neighborhood.

Bob opens the door. A beat. Then he swings it back shut.

BOB (CONT'D)

All clear. Brew dog.

Jamarcus tosses Bob a fresh beer from the fridge.

BOB (CONT'D)

Evan, chillax. This whole deal is just an excuse for some 'me time'. Away from our jobs, our wives...

Franklin smiles sweetly as always...

FRANKLIN

Before I got married, I was a bad man, Ev. I rolled deep and I rolled hard. Now I work at the historical society and I drive a mini van. I need this.

JAMARCUS

'Sides, nothing ever happens here.

BOB

Settle in, Traut. All you gotta worry about watching tonight is the Jets. And maybe some Skinamax en Espanol.

FRANKLIN

Si se puede!

In no mood to settle, Evan struggles his way out of the recliner.

EVAN

Sorry to miss all that but I, uh, should be getting home. Thanks for the...brew dog. And let's...roll again soon.

He hustles up the steps. Offscreen, we hear him turn the knob, struggle to push open the heavy lead door.

EVAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

A little help?

INT. TRAUTWIGS' BEDROOM - LATER

Abby, in her PJs, does the pregnancy trick of rocking on her back on the bed. Evan reads *The New Yorker*.

ABBY

So? Tell me about tonight. Did you bust some skulls?

EVAN

I'd rather not talk about it.

ABBY

Aha. Bro code. Don't wanna snitch
on your new boys. I get it.

Evan shakes his head but goes along with it, not wanting to
disappoint his wife, when his cell rings. He picks up.

BOB (ON PHONE)

We have intel on the crate.

From outside a dinky HONK. Evan parts the blinds to see a
shitty Tercel with 'Neighborhood Watch' magnets stuck to the
side door. He looks at Abby, upside down, who smiles.

ABBY

Who is it?

EVAN

(this hurts to say)
My boys.

I/E. TERCEL - MOMENTS LATER

Evan piles into the backseat beside Franklin. Jamarcus in the
driver seat. Bob rides shotgun.

EVAN (CONT'D)

What is it? What did you find out?

BOB

Punch it, Lando.

Jamarcus hits the gas to a roaring twenty five MPH.

BOB (CONT'D)

Evan, this isn't about the crate.
It's about us.

EVAN

I'm sorry?

BOB

Look, you only got a tiny glimpse
at that which is Neighborhood
Watch. Is our little clubhouse
mint? Yes. The bomb? No diggity.
But it's not a full representation
of who we are. Of what we do.

EVAN

I thought you guys don't do
anything.

BOB

We do mad things, Evan. Mad things.

JAMARCUS

We drive around once a week.

BOB

Let the old bags in town think we're doing our jobs and not just getting away from the ball and chain.

FRANKLIN

Before the wife and kids, I used to get in bar fights just for fun. Still got a piece of PBR shrapnel in my left skull.

BOB

Ooh, slow down, slow down. The Donnellys...

They slow to a crawl and kill the headlights.

EVAN

Who are the Donnellys?

BOB

John and Tara. John owns a landscape company, and Tara is a slut.

EVAN

How do you know this?

BOB

I run a Costco, Evan. I know everything.

(then)

See John bought a hot water bottle last year after his vasectomy but Tara bought a 36-pack of Shared Sensation Trojans last week. And that van, carefully parked two houses down, belongs to Alex Berger. I know this because we sold him the replica bull testicles hanging from his rear fender.

In an upstairs window TARA DONNELLY, silhouetted, removes her bra, then...dims the light so they can't see. Aw, man.

BOB (CONT'D)

The Luetro Maestro light dimmer.
\$8.95.

Unseen by the guys, A DARK FIGURE whooshes by the car.

EXT. JOSEPH MCCARTHY HIGH FOOTBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

A group of high school BURNOUTS (Debarge, Tuber, Robyn) lie at midfield staring up at the night sky.

DEBARGE

You think there's, like, life out there?

ROBYN

I want waffles.

That same DARK FIGURE now whooshes past the kids.

TUBER

What the hell was that?

ROBYN

Waffles with gravy.

Tuber sees the door to the school swinging open.

I/E. NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bob, Franklin and Jamarcus sing along badly to Bon Jovi's *Wanted Dead or Alive* on the radio. Evan is miserable.

BOB, JAMARCUS & FRANKLIN

It's all the same. Only the names'll change...

As Franklin drums on the plastic hatchback cover, Evan's eyes are drawn to the DISCO BALL which sits in the trunk below.

EVAN

Do you throw parties in your hatchback?

BOB

Have some respect, Evan. You can't have a Bar Mitzvah in the Mid-Island area without DJ Schvartza.

JAMARCUS

They come to a Schvartz Mitzvah boys, but they leave men.

FRANKLIN

What do you do, Evan?

EVAN

I'm a cartoonist. Actually I should be getting back. I, uh...have a big meeting tomorrow.

BOB

Who's the meeting with, Ziggy or Dilbert?

EVAN

They're political cartoons.

FRANKLIN

I believe Ziggy's a Republican.

The car swerves into the BOWLING ALLEY parking lot.

INT. JOSEPH MCCARTHY HIGH HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The burnouts tiptoe past the locker rooms.

TUBER

I'm telling you I saw something.

ROBYN

I trust your current judgment completely.

As the kids turn a corner, their eyes grow wide. We see the cause of their fright IN SILHOUETTE on the hallway wall...A LARGE REPTILIAN CREATURE, perhaps like the one we glimpsed earlier at Costco. It runs right at them and they SCREAM.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The guys play a police trainer SHOOTING ARCADE GAME. Evan is terrible, missing everything. He SHOOTS A LITTLE KID HOSTAGE.

EVAN

Oh. Man.

FRANKLIN

She was asking for it.

From outside, SIRENS. Flashing lights. A cop car zips by.

EVAN

God, I've missed that sound.

The guys share a look. Rush out the door to their car...

EVAN (CONT'D)

I thought nothing ever happens.

BOB

It doesn't.

EXT. JOSEPH MCCARTHY HIGH - MOMENTS LATER

The Tercel screeches to a halt in the parking lot. THE WATCH GUYS hurry over to find a uniformed cop, BRUSSELS, questioning the freaked burnouts.

BOB

What's goin' down?

FRANKLIN

(hopeful)

A murder?

TUBER

There was like this gnarly giant lizard man from outer space.

A second cop approaches. It's the IMPOSING MAN who carried the crate the other night. CAPTAIN MORGAN. Evan SWEATS.

MORGAN

Or from the Equipment Room.

Morgan holds up a MASCOT SUIT for the McCarthy Dragons, with its green cartoony DRAGON'S HEAD.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Found this in the hallway.

BOB

Probably a little prick from East Meadow trying to steal our mascot suit. Big game's next Friday.

MORGAN

Genius analysis from the Neighborhood Watch. Or maybe, since you were nowhere to be found, I should call you the Neighborhood Don't Watch?

BOB

That's very clever.

MORGAN

Thank you.

BRUSSELS

I think he was being sarcastic.

MORGAN

Oh really? Were you being sarcastic with me, Finnerty?

BOB
(uber-sarcastic)
Nooo.

MORGAN
Good.
(spots Evan)
Who's this nozzle?

Bob rests his hand proudly on Evan's shoulder.

BOB
This is Evan. The new guy. Evan,
this is Captain Morgan. You know,
like the gay pirate on the rum
bottle.

Morgan narrows his eyes at Evan...

MORGAN
You find that funny, New Guy?

EVAN
(panicked)
What? No. And New Guy isn't really--
because-- I'm not one of them.

Bob removes his hand, disappointed. Morgan leans in to the
frightened Evan...

MORGAN
Smart. Because these are not men.
These are walking vaginas.

JAMARCUS
That explains why you're not
remotely interested in us.

Morgan takes out his nightstick. Brussels holds him back.

BRUSSELS
You don't wanna lose any more
vacation days.

MORGAN
You're lucky. Now, if you'll excuse
me, we have actual policework to
attend to.

Robyn PUKES all over Morgan's shoes.

BOB
Go right ahead.

Our guys return to the car, giving Evan the cold shoulder.

EVAN

Bob, that cop--

BOB

I'd tell you to talk to the hand
but I don't even want you talking
to my hand. That's where I'm at
emotionally right now.

Jamarcus turns the key in the ignition, but the engine
SPUTTERS. Bob looks to Jamarcus: *that really ruined my
dramatic parting shot.* Then, determined to get it right...

BOB (CONT'D)

That's where I'm at emotionally
right now.

Again, Jamarcus turns the ignition. VROOM. In the backseat,
Franklin turns to Evan. Makes a throat slitting motion. Bob
cranks up the volume. Bon Jovi. Evan exhales.

INT. TRAUTWIGS' KITCHEN - THE NEXT DAY (MIDDAY)

Evan unpacks a CORDLESS HOME PHONE when Abby pops in.

ABBY

You sure you don't wanna come see
the global warming genius?

EVAN

Can't. Today is chore day. I'm
gonna hook up the landline and then
I have to wait for the cable guy.
He's supposed to be here sometime
between two and June.

ABBY

Okay, but you're missing out. This
scientist has elbow pads on his
blazer. They don't just give those
to anybody.

She smiles, kisses him goodbye.

Moments later, the phone cradle powers on. Evan hits 'Talk'
on the headset. Static. Changes the channel. Fuzz. Changes
channel again. Now somebody is talking, in a nasal voice.

NASAL VOICE (ON PHONE)

--yeah, it's all set, Trip.

Evan hops to his feet. Sees, pacing in the house next door,
THE CREEPY NEIGHBOR.

CREEPY NEIGHBOR (ON PHONE)

It's in the cellar. And it'll stay there until the big night.

BEEP. Evan shuts off his phone, shaken. He doesn't want to take this next step. But he has no other choice.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - LATER THAT MORNING

YOUNG GIRLS warm up. A bunch of happy SOCCER MOMS (including our powerwalking MILFs) look on. Bob sits on the sidelines in a track suit, drinking a can of beer. Evan hustles over, determined.

EVAN

Bonnie said--

BOB

Oh, look who's here. You gonna join these ladies for one game, then quit on them, too? Because I won't let it happen. Their season has already been a roller-coaster ride since Sanchez got the Measles.

EVAN

I never actually joined--
(catches himself)
Look, I'm sorry. I was freaked out, okay? Something weird is going on.

BOB

Hold on, the game's about to start. You want action?

EVAN

What?

BOB

Action. I'm laying seven to one on Teppertown United.

EVAN

You're gambling on your daughter's soccer game?

BOB

My daughter's currently... sidelined. In the meantime I stay hungry.

Bob takes a big swig of beer. Evan focuses...

EVAN

Bob, I think we might be in real danger.

BOB

I'll tell you what's in danger, Evan. Broadcast television, Polar Bears, and The Neighborhood Watch.

EVAN

What?

BOB

There was a break-in last night. At a goddamn place of learning. And we missed it.

EVAN

It was a mascot suit--

BOB

The City Council's considering cutting our funding.

EVAN

You get funding?

BOB

Pays for the signs. No signs and we're just a bunch of dudes.

EVAN

You are just a bunch of dudes.

BOB

But they can't know that, Bedhead. That's why, in order to regain the respect of the community, we're going to have to do a much better job of lying to them. Go through the bare minimum motions of being an actual Neighborhood Watch. Tonight, amigo, we ride for real.

(then)

Only question is...do you? Are you one of us?

He hesitates, then rips off the Band-Aid...

EVAN

Yes. I do. I am. I am a Neighborhood Watch...man. Okay?

(then, determined)

(MORE)

EVAN (CONT'D)

And as a Watchman, there're some things I think we should keep an eye on. Like a possible domestic terror situation in the house next door to mine.

BOB

(jumps to his feet)

You're just being paranoid. This is a respectable town, Trautwig. With respectable people.

Bob unzips his track suit, revealing that he is wearing a REFEREE'S UNIFORM. He blows a whistle...

BOB (CONT'D)

Alright, Juniors, let's get ready to rumble!

(then, poorly feigned)

Uh oh. Looks like Teppertown's one short. Yulshenko, why don't you help out?

Bob tosses a jersey to an Eastern European girl who looks seventeen, with a little moustache on her upper lip. She flips the ball up in the air and scissor kicks it to Bob.

INT. RADISSON MEETING ROOM - LATER

The PROFESSOR drones on. His POWERPOINT SLIDE reads: *Global WarNing* and shows a graph in which the average temperature takes a huge spike upward from 1947 until today.

ABBY sits in back, trying to stay awake, when PAUL slides into the next seat over, whispers...

PAUL

What do you think?

ABBY

He's so boring he's actually making me happy the world is ending.

PAUL

(smiles)

Coffee break?

She nods appreciatively.

INT. BOB'S KITCHEN - LATER (EARLY EVENING)

Bonnie washes dishes and Bob dries when Chelsea rumbles through, grabs ice cream from the freezer.

BOB

Hey, Kiddo, I was thinking we could play a quick game of Uno before I head off to the old Watch tonight?

CHELSEA

Yeah, that's exactly what I want to do with my Saturday!

Chelsea holds back tears, rumbles up the steps. Her bedroom door SLAMS. Bob calls up...

BOB

Parcheesi?!

Bonnie looks at her husband, direct...

BONNIE

There's a boy.

BOB

No. Not yet. She's a child.

BONNIE

Bob, she's fourteen. And I read her text messages.

BOB

That's an invasion of privacy. I like it.

BONNIE

I had to. She won't talk to me. I've tried ten times. But you...

BOB

No. No no no. And that last no was in Spanish for emphasis.

BONNIE

She's always been Daddy's little girl. You can relate to her...

BOB

Not anymore. Not about this. Because this isn't happening.

BONNIE

It is, Bob. And would you rather have this talk or the one you're gonna have if you don't have this one?

INSIDE CHELSEA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea is IMing on her MacBook (*amberlayd: ur not allowed 2 date? chels96: no! i can't even leave the house. amberlayd: that sux. this is ur shot with jason.*) when Bob knocks.

CHELSEA

What?

She slams the computer shut as her father edges through the door. Sees a stuffed animal.

BOB

Hey, Teddy, how ya doin'?

He picks the bear up to see it hangs from a noose.

BOB (CONT'D)

When did this happen?

CHELSEA

On his birthday. Can you believe it? He didn't even leave a note.

Bob smiles as he sits uncomfortably beside her. Takes a deep breath. Manages to find a good tone...

BOB

Remember when that goon Shermer kept hogging the ball? You were hurting pretty bad, right? Maybe even cried a little? So what did you do to fix it? You came to the old man. And what'd I tell you?

CHELSEA

Kick her in the hamstring.

BOB

My girl.

(then)

That doesn't have to change, you know. You can always come to me.

She looks at him. Pleasantly surprised. It's not easy, but...

CHELSEA

There's this boy--

BOB

(slowly unraveling)

Cool. Sweet. Did he touch you? I know people. He won't see the dawn.

CHELSEA

Ugh. Forget it. I don't know why I even tried...

BOB

(trying to get it back)

No. Wait. I'm sorry. Okay. There's a boy. You like this kid?

(she nods, he searches)

Alright. Love advice. I know about love. It's tough. Sooo tough...

(those words spark an idea)

You know, when I was younger there was this couple. Tommy and Gina. Now, Tommy...Tommy used to work on the docks...the union went on strike...and he was down on his luck. And Gina, she worked at the diner...all day--

CHELSEA

Are you serious?

BOB

What?

CHELSEA

That's a Bon Jovi song.

BOB

(shit)

How do you know Bon Jovi? That's like oldies for you.

CHELSEA

It's in *Rock Band*.

BOB

(heartfelt)

Chels, okay. That was stupid. I'll be honest with you. In reality I did have these friends. Good friends.

(then)

She was just a small town girl. Livin' in a lonely world--

CHELSEA

Get out.

He leaves. She slams the door, then strides to her window, views THE TRELIS below.

INT. TRAUTWIGS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

EVAN at his desk. He's drawn a cartoon of Morgan and Creepy Neighbor carrying a coffin. And Evan's in the coffin. The phone rings and he picks up...

EVAN

Hello?

INTERCUT ABBY buying coffee in the hotel lobby on her cell.

ABBY

So the guy mentioned it's good to start your own garden. Because it's a way to get in touch with nature and you can eat what you grow.

Evan stares out the window, sees CREEPY NEIGHBOR in his kitchen, carefully moving some wires, then placing a battery in an unseen object...perhaps an explosive device?

ABBY (CONT'D)

If we had one I could grow basil and then make us pesto!

EVAN

(not really listening)

Uh huh. Great.

Creepy Neighbor slides his...SMOKE ALARM into view. Stands on his table to press it back into place on the ceiling.

ABBY

I was making a joke. You hate pesto. You call it evil sauce.

EVAN

Oh. Yeah. It was funny. Sorry.

ABBY

(shakes her head)

Be home soon, space case.

WE STAY ON ABBY

In the hotel waiting area as she hangs up, places the coffees down at a table where PAUL waits.

PAUL

That Mister Trautwig?
(she smiles, nods)
Any little Trautwigs?

ABBY

We're trying. You?

PAUL

A son. Jason. His mother left a few years back...

ABBY

I'm so sorry.

PAUL

I was up for the job here and it was hard to say no. But my wife-- ex-wife. I keep doing that. My ex-wife never wanted to move to this neck of the woods.

ABBY

Sounds like someone I know.

He sees her eye her cell. Not so innocuously suggests...

PAUL

It starts slow, the resentment. They get quiet. Moody. Like they're not really there anymore.

Abby nods with a bit of concern, especially after that call.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Listen to me, I'm turning this into a therapy session.

ABBY

It's all your parents' fault. Take a lot of pills. That'll be two hundred dollars.

PAUL

(smiles, then)

What you two need is to get out in the community. Make some friends. Have you been to the country club yet?

ABBY

No, we spent most of the week on our yacht.

PAUL

It's not all that fancy. After all, they let in this guy.

I/E. NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH CAR - LATER (NIGHT)

The guys patrol at a slow speed. Crickets chirp. A nice OLD LADY waves from her porch.

FRANKLIN

Is she gonna take her clothes off?

BOB

We're not doing that tonight,
Franklin.

EVAN

We're being a real Neighborhood
Watch.

Evan takes things seriously, sure something's up.

JAMARCUS

In the world's most safe ass
neighborhood.

Suddenly, A MUSTANG peels around a corner, weaves back and
forth ahead of them.

EVAN

See that! That is not safe.

JAMARCUS

(back, to Evan)
Hang on, Miss Daisy.

Jamarcus slams on the gas and the boys screech after in
pursuit. Evan struggles to click in his seatbelt. LAUGHTER
pours out of the Ford, which is stuffed with TEENAGERS.
SCOTTIE leans his torso out the passenger side window, swings
a Louisville Slugger, decapitating a MAILBOX.

FRANKLIN

Awesome. Can we do that, too?

Franklin leans out the window. Evan yanks him back in.

EVAN

Just let them go.

BOB

What are you, French?!

The Tercel skids after. They pass a sign for SPEED BUMPS.

EVAN

Slow down!

The Mustang slams on its brakes, slowly rolls over the first
hump. The Watch do the same. It has officially become the
world's slowest high-speed chase. Speed up, then bump. Speed,
bump. Bob leans out the window, shouts ahead.

BOB

Pull over!

SCOTTIE

Says who?

BOB

The Neighborhood Watch!

SCOTTIE

(full of dread)

Uh oh, guys, it's...not the police.

Scottie laughs, tosses a chocolate shake at them. Bob takes cover. Jamarcus pops on the wipers. Just as the windshield clears, the Watch pull real close behind the Mustang.

Headlights illuminate a teenage couple in the backseat, the guy's arm around the girl. They turn back and we see that it's CHELSEA AND JASON! Close on Bob's eyes as they fill with rage. Chelsea's as they fill with panic.

CHELSEA

Floor it!

BOB

Floor it!

The Mustang guns it, catching some air over the final bump.

JAMARCUS

I can't--

EVAN

The bump--!

Bob pounds on Jamarcus' leg, sending the Tercel flying over the bump. They SLAM DOWN, all four tires exploding as the Mustang screams off. Jamarcus struggles to control the Tercel, which hops up onto the sidewalk, accidentally taking out a row of six mailboxes. Franklin cheers.

EXT. BOB'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The Mustang is pulled over. Jason walks Chelsea to the trellis where she'll climb up to her bedroom window.

CHELSEA

I'm sorry my dad is such a tool.

JASON

I dunno. If you were my daughter, I'd be pretty careful, too.

CHELSEA

Wow. You really are a nice guy.

JASON

It's just an act so I can get in
your pants?

CHELSEA

Don't worry. I won't ruin your rep.

She's the aggressor, kissing him a sweet, innocent first
kiss. She ascends. He grins, walks away. She calls back.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

God, you didn't even look up my
skirt. Wuss.

They share one last sweet, knowing smile.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Bob lifts the original broken mailbox in a quiet fury.
Jamarcus sees the family name on it: 'STANTON'.

JAMARCUS

This night keeps getting better.

EVAN

What?

As the Watch approach the house to which the mailbox belongs,
a man emerges from the front door. It's the odd CLERK from
the convenience store. Lethargic. Unshaven. Sweatpants. A man
who does not give a shit. This is LINUS STANTON.

BOB

(hushed)

Linus Stanton. Played JV lacrosse
with me. Solid midfielder.

Linus stares up into the sky. For far too long. For no
apparent reason.

JAMARCUS

Son must've taken one too many
sticks to the head.

BOB

(hushed)

Maybe. Alls I know is one day
senior year he showed up to Social
Studies wearing only a jock strap
and talking about little green men.
Just smile and nod.

Evan smiles and nods as they reach the front stoop.

FRANKLIN

Hey Linus, we got your mailbox for ya!

LINUS

(always deadpan)

Thank god. I've been so worried.

(touches the mailbox tenderly)

It just said it was going out for a pack of cigarettes.

JAMARCUS

Some kids knocked it off with a baseball bat. Looked like a bunch of football players.

FRANKLIN

And Bob's daughter!

Bob forces a smile. Linus reattaches the mailbox to its post.

LINUS

Good to see ya, Bobby. Did you get the copy of my book I sent?

BOB

Yes. I did receive it. About seventeen years ago.

As Linus flips through today's mail.

EVAN

(hushed)

He wrote a book?

BOB

(hushed)

About how he was abducted by aliens. Best seller on Venus.

LINUS

(re: mail)

Great news, gents. I may already be a winner.

BOB

(moving along)

Alright, who wants donuts?

As the Watch guys head back to the car, Evan gives a last look back at Linus, who gives a low-energy wave.

INT. TRAUTWIGS' BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Evan has drawn a picture of Linus stabbing him with a mailbox. Abby pops in brushing her teeth.

ABBY

It's...funny.

(then)

Get dressed for lunch.

EVAN

What is this again?

ABBY

The nice recycling guy? At his country club?

EVAN

Can't wait.

ABBY

(Paul's words eating at her)

If you weren't happy here, you'd tell me, right? Because I don't want to pressure you and then you bottle it up and then we're a 'couple with issues' and then we can't laugh anymore when we watch Doctor Phil because it's all too real.

Evan eases a bit. Maybe he's just being ridiculous. Crumples the cartoon, tosses it in the trash.

EVAN

It's taking some getting used to. Did you know people look forward to the return of the McRib? They actually have it on their calendars.

ABBY

April 13th, right after Monopoly Days.

(then)

We're the couple that tells each other everything and I like that.

EVAN

I couldn't go to the bathroom here for the first three days.

ABBY

There's the man I love.

She kisses him and returns exits to spit her toothpaste. He looks out that window, sighs.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - LATER

The Trautwigs' Prius pulls into an empty spot between TWO YUKONS. Evan and Abby open their doors but can barely pry them a crack because of the behemoths parked beside. They squeeze their ways out. The entire lot is FILLED WITH SUVs.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Paul greets the Trautwigs at the entrance, arms wide open...

PAUL

There they are! Teppertown's new it couple! Relax, we shooed off the paparazzi!

Paul hugs Abby, perhaps a bit too long, then turns to Evan...

PAUL (CONT'D)

Paul Sloan.

EVAN

Hey.

Evan shakes his hand warily. Paul has a serious tennis grip. Evan struggles to pry his hand free. They're joined by Chelsea's sweet jock...

PAUL

And my son, Jason.

JASON

(shakes Evan's hand)
Nice to meet you.

PAUL

You're shaking an All-County arm there, Evan.

EVAN

Congrats. When I was in high school my right arm was pretty prolific as well.

Crickets. Awkward. Paul breaks the silence...

PAUL

How 'bout a tour?

Paul holds out his arm. Abby grabs on. Evan scowls.

HALLWAY - LATER

They've just re-entered from a balcony.

ABBY

Those roses were so lovely. And
it's almost October.

PAUL

Global warming does have some
advantages.

She chuckles, "oh, Paul" as the waving MILF-y HOUSEWIVES from
Evan's walk approach. One, MEG COLLINS, is the leader.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Ladies, these are the Trautwigs.

MEG

We've got our book club this
afternoon. Have you read *The Story
of Edgar Sawtelle*?

ABBY

No.

MEG

Perfect, neither have we.

As they drag Abby off...

PAUL

(eyeing Evan's feet)
Evan, what size are you? Like a
five?

EVAN

Eight and a half.

PAUL

We'll get you taken care of.

EVAN

What are you talking about?

GOLF COURSE - MOMENTS LATER

Evan (now dressed uncomfortably in the cheesiest Greg Norman
Shark Couture) swings and misses completely. Paul and Jason
watch from the cart. Evan swings again, hitting himself on
the backswing, wincing in pain. Paul enjoys it. Jason eyes
his dad--*do something*. Paul reluctantly saunters over.

PAUL

Lemme give you a little hand there,
Evbo. Looks like Big Bertha's
swinging you.

Paul sidles up behind Evan, like a man might do to a woman.

EVAN

Oh, no, I don't--

Paul reaches around and grips the club over Evan's hands. A position normally associated with flirtation now pure menace.

PAUL

(whispers in his ear)
Keep your head down. But I'm sure
you've heard that before.
(knees Evan's leg)
Knee bends, sister. And swing.

They swing and hit the ball solidly. Evan squirms free.

PAUL (CONT'D)

That was fun.

GAME ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The ladies hang out. Abby, Meg, STELLA and JUDY, who bounces a BABY in her lap. Stella's KIDS play with Transformers on the floor. Stella catches Abby eyeing them.

STELLA

You and Evan?

ABBY

Workin' on it.

STELLA

That's the fun part, believe me.

The boys enter. Paul and Jason look as fresh as before. Evan is disheveled, dripping with sweat.

PAUL

Oh, I'm sorry, we were looking for
a book club. Didn't realize there
was a Vogue fashion shoot going on.

The women eat this guy up. Evan gingerly approaches.

ABBY

How was it, Mister?

EVAN

Pretty good. I had the highest score.

Paul runs to the kids...

PAUL

Look out for the...big...scary... monster!

The kids laugh and scream. Paul lets them tackle him to the floor, wrestles with them, a perfect dad. Evan sees Abby smiling at the sight. Frowns. Eyes the baby bouncing on Judy's lap. Judy notices Evan's interest.

JUDY

Wanna hold her?

EVAN

Oh, no--

STELLA

She won't bite.

Reluctantly, Evan takes the baby in his hands, arms fully extended. Couldn't look less comfortable.

EVAN

Hey...you. How's it goin'? Being a baby. Colic's a bitch, right?

JUDY

Hold her close.

Evan pulls the baby in tight. *Hey, that's not so bad.* The baby smiles at him.

EVAN

She smiled!

Paul has rejoined them.

PAUL

Excellent. That means she's having a movement--

Evan can't get rid of the baby fast enough.

EVAN

Okay, time to go back to Mommy.

MEG

Trip knows kids.

Evan's eyes grow wide. Recalling that name from Creepy Neighbor's phone call...

EVAN

I'm sorry. Did you say Trip?

PAUL

It's Paul Sloan the Third, so they call me Trip.

EVAN

Ah, see, we hate ourselves in my family, so we give our kids different names, hoping they'll turn out better. Trip...

The men eye each other tensely. Abby intervenes.

ABBY

Thank you so much, Paul. This was really lovely.

PAUL

It was my pleasure, Abbs-of-steel!
(hands Evan a piece of paper, hushed)
And here's the bill for the threads. You can pay on the way out.

INT. TRAUTWIGS' BEDROOM - DUSK

Abby reads the country club brochure. Evan stands by the window, prying the blinds open. Nothing doing next door.

ABBY

Seems like you really bonded with Paul. Maybe we should have him over to thank him. Ooh, what about a barbeque?!

EVAN

Yeah. What about that.

Marv GROWLS. Evan looks back outside. Creepy Neighbor and Captain Morgan LOAD THE CRATE into the back of a SLOAN WASTE MANAGEMENT/RECYCLING VAN.

MORGAN

It's gonna be some night, huh?

CREEPY NEIGHBOR

I'm just glad Todd's the one throwing his life away and not me.

The men return into the house. Evan's eyes grow wide. This is it! Bad shit going down. Evan stumbles into his sneakers.

EVAN

I forgot I'm meeting the boys for dinner! Don't wait up!

NEIGHBOR'S DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Evan checks that the coast is clear, then jumps up into the van. Gotta know what's in that crate. But before he can open its lid, Creepy Neighbor and Morgan return. Evan takes cover behind a bunch of blue recycling bins. The men close the van doors, leaving Evan in darkness.

VAN (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

Evan pulls out his cellphone, uses its screen glow to locate the crate, which he pries open to reveal...dozens of jugs. Lifts one. The jug is labeled *Nitromethane: HIGHLY FLAMMABLE*. Evan panics. Loses his grip on the jug... He barely catches it just before it hits the floor. *Phew*. Evan carefully returns the jug to the crate. Flips the phone over and Googles 'nitromethane'...

EVAN (CONT'D)

(hushed, reading)

Used in dry cleaning or to remove super glue.

(then)

That's not so bad.

(then)

Combined with ammonium nitrate, forms ANNM, a highly explosive mixture most famously employed in the destruction of the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City...!

The van lurches to a stop. Evan rushes back behind the bins.

INT. SLOAN WASTE MANAGEMENT WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The van doors swing open. A factory space filled with recyclables in plastic bags, dumpsters. Morgan and Gary remove the crate and carry it in. Once they're gone, Evan creeps out. Hustles behind a pile of plastic water bottles. Spies a group of guys sitting around a table. Brussels, Morgan, Creepy Neighbor. Paul stands, commands their attention. Grave. Lifts a glass of vodka. The others join in.

PAUL

Well, Todd, this is it.

Morgan slaps officer Brussels (first name Todd) on the back.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You've thought it through and you're making the ultimate sacrifice. Tomorrow, at City Hall, eleven hundred hours, it all goes down. But tonight...

(dramatic pause, then a smile)

...you're still single. Ladies!

Two STRIPPERS emerge and dance in front of Brussels. Their SECURITY DUDE hits play on a boombox, disinterested.

MORGAN

Have a good look, Bachelor, 'cause it's the last you're gonna get.

Evan shakes his head. It was just a stupid stag night. Looks for a way out...

BRUSSELS

Can't they take it all off?

MORGAN

Yeah, take it all off, baby!

PAUL

No. Not in public. We can't get complacent now. Not when Moving Day is so close.

Evan turns back. *Moving Day?*

CREEPY NEIGHBOR

I'll drink to that!

Creepy Neighbor refills his glass...with NITROMETHANE from one of the jars. They're all drinking it.

PAUL

Ah, what the hell. We're alone. Go ahead, ladies. Show 'im what your mamas gave you.

From behind, we see the women as their skin starts to FLICKER. Uncloaking. Like a chameleon, revealing it's taken on a different form. They are now some kind of

GIANT ALIEN LIZARD PEOPLE!

With tails. Doing a lapdance. Evan slaps his hand over his mouth, stifling a scream, maybe vomit. Morgan reaches a hand out toward his alien dancer...

SECURITY DUDE

Whoa. You can't touch their tails
but their tails can touch you.

PAUL

To Moving Day!

They raise their glasses in toast, then tilt their heads back
and pour the whole things down, glasses included, in an
entirely unhuman way, like a snake devouring its prey whole.

EVAN

(hushed)

Ohmygod.

Paul turns toward Evan. *Did he see?* Evan snaps himself out of
it, fear driving him to run through an open door nearby.

EXT. BOB'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Evan bangs on the door. Bob answers in his underwear.

BOB

'Sup, Lou Reed? Forget we're off
tonight?

EVAN

No--

BOB

You okay? You look pastier than
normal.

EVAN

(breathless, struggling to
get the words out)

I was--they were--it was awful!

BOB

You went to K-Mart, didn't you? I
forgive you.

EVAN

No, listen! I followed my neighbor!

BOB

Oh, here we go...

EVAN

I was wrong, Bob! He's not a
terrorist!

BOB

Look at that. I knew you'd come
around.

EVAN

He's an alien.

BOB

It's true. You city people get the best pharmaceuticals.

EVAN

I'm not high! Look, I know it sounds crazy but the women had tails and they drink lighter fluid and-and they're planning something!

Bob sighs, shakes his head, reasoning...

BOB

Evan, you've been trying to find something wrong with this place since before you were done unpacking. You look like you haven't slept in a week. We talked about Martians last night at Linus' and this ridiculous idea somehow got planted in your head. But, trust me, that's all this is. In your head. Your neighbor is not an alien overlord. He's an assistant manager at Chili's.

EVAN

You're right. I'm pretty sure their overlord is Paul Sloan AKA Trip AKA--

BOB

Goodnight, Evan.

EVAN

His son's the one dating your daughter!

BOB

My daughter is grounded forever!
(calling back inside)
Isn't that right?!

CHELSEA (O.S.)

What lame song is that from?!

BOB

(to Evan, wrapping up)
Get some rest, alright?
Everything's gonna be okay.

Evan grabs Bob's arm, desperate.

EVAN

Bob, about twenty minutes ago I went from living in a normal world to living in a world where people eat glass mugs. Nothing will ever again be okay. Now, we're the Neighborhood Watch, right? Let's watch the guy for a night and I'll prove it to you. That's all I'm asking.

BOB

(beat, then)

Fine. But only so we can make fun of you.

INT. TRAUTWIGS' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Evan rushes through the door, hurries up the stairs.

EVAN

Abby, there's something I have to tell you--

He swings open the bedroom door to find candles lit. Seal plays on the stereo. Abby approaches, seductive.

ABBY

There's something I have to tell you, too.

(whispered, sexy)

I'm ovulating.

(then)

What's your big news?

He catches his breath, looks at her. Realizes he can't say a word. Not now.

EVAN

I'm ovulating, too.

She smiles, kisses him.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - THE NEXT NIGHT

Paul sits on his couch watching *Grey's Anatomy* while sipping a hot cocoa and petting his Rottweiler.

IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH CAR

The team sits enshrouded in darkness a safe distance up the block. Evan watches Paul intently through binoculars. The others are bored. Franklin eats Reese's Pieces.

JAMARCUS

Yup. This guy's an alien. And I'm pretty sure that old dude next door's a vampire.

FRANKLIN

Hey, Evan, do you know who shot JFK, too?

Paul gets up, heads toward another room, out of their line of sight. Evan opens his door...

EVAN

He's moving. C'mon.

Evan pops out of the car. Bob goes along.

BOB

This oughta be good.

JAMARCUS

We'll stay here in case he gets in his spaceship.

Evan and Bob take cover behind some bushes as Paul (in his kitchen) rinses his cup.

BOB

Dishwashing. Classic alien behavior.

EVAN

Shut up.

BOB

Why do us suburban types freak you out so much?

EVAN

Well, aside from the whole alien thing, I guess it has something to do with conformity.

BOB

I see. And you're some kind of an original, right? You think everybody on the Lower East Side doesn't look exactly like you? If you'd stop trying to be different for two seconds you'd see how special it is to be a part of something. It's time you embraced change, Evan. Time you moved on.

(sees something)

That little punk.

Upstairs in his bedroom, JASON does bicep curls. He's ripped. Evan looks at Bob, a question of his own...

EVAN

Why do you really go to those soccer games, Bob?

BOB

It's good money.

EVAN

Your daughter isn't "sidelined", is she? She just doesn't wanna play anymore.

(then)

Maybe you're the one who needs to move on, huh? You have to let her grow up.

BOB

No I don't.

EVAN

Bob--

BOB

We were buddies, you know? When she'd have a cold I'd hold the tissue up to her nose and she'd blow. I'm not talking about five years ago. This was last year, Evan. One summer and three bra sizes later, she's got Tom Brady Junior licking his chops.

(then)

It's my own fault, really. I married a hot piece of ass. Add in my obvious physical gifts and we were bound to have attractive offspring.

(then)

You're a lucky man, Evan.

Paul's PHONE RINGS. He answers. Nods. Hangs up. Quickly grabs his sweater and heads out.

EVAN

He's leaving!

ANOTHER STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Paul's car turns off into a less developed area--woods on the edge of town. The Neighborhood Watch car follows...

EVAN (CONT'D)

Where is he going?

BOB

There's nothing out here but a bunch of old farms. Oh, and there's that giant meteor crater.

EVAN

Really?

BOB

Nope. I knew this'd be fun.

Paul turns into a long driveway. Our guys pull over.

FARM - MOMENTS LATER

The Watch guys tiptoe through pine trees, approaching the farmhouse. Paul's car is parked alongside several others. Out in a field, a truck runs, its bright headlights ablaze. But there's nothing out there but a couple old COWS.

Paul helps a woman out from one of the other cars. It's a very pregnant woman, CAROLYN.

Carolyn's husband DAN gets out of the car and helps as well. They head towards the field. A few other people have gathered, what appears to be their extended FAMILY.

BOB (CONT'D)

That's the whole Novack family. They buy a lot of chicken. Get their photos developed with us and not the Photomat. Good people.

The guys huddle behind the barn to get a better look.

PAUL

Okay, Carolyn, let's get you ready...

Carolyn sits down on the ground. Spreads her legs.

EVAN

That's great. But what are they doing out here?

Paul pulls up her dress and removes...A FAKE BELLY.

CAROLYN

Ahh, man that feels good.

Dan drags the cow nearby.

DAN

Here you go, Paul.

PAUL

Just relax, Papa.

Paul touches the cow around its midsection.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Mm hmm. It's time.

(then)

Let's hold hands.

Paul and Dan join the family. The cow stands there. The Watch guys share a look. A beat. And then the cow...EXPLODES!

Cow guts shoot everywhere. Some even land on our guys.

FRANKLIN

That just happened.

Bob, the guts cleared away, finally sees Evan's face paralyzed with fear. Bob turns now to see...

A STRANGE CREATURE

hatch out of the cattle remains. It unfurls really, our first chance to glimpse one of our aliens head on. Baby size. And it's not pretty. Jaws gnashing. Ooze dripping.

BOB

(freaked)

Okay, maybe they're aliens.

FRANKLIN

Holy--!

Jamarcus covers Franklin's mouth.

Paul calmly steps over and grabs the baby alien, cradling it.

PAUL

It's a boy.

Paul clears its mouth and it begins to cry--really horrid shrieking noises--thrashing about violently.

CAROLYN

Oh, Dan, he has your fangs.

DAN

Mine are not that big.

The Watch guys are horrified.

EVAN

In there!

They rush into

THE BARN

Latch the big doors behind them. Take cover behind some bales of hay. Catch their breath.

JAMARCUS

This is not good. This is not good.

Evan collapses in the hay, not noticing that he is right beside A SLEEPING BABY ALIEN, which stirs a tiny bit. A wider shot reveals A DOZEN SLEEPING BABIES spread throughout the barn. But our guys don't see them...

BOB

What the hell are they, Evan?!

EVAN

I don't know any more than you!
They're aliens!

FRANKLIN

Maybe they're like communicate
through song, make old people young
aliens.

BOB

Or kill humans for sport, put our
skulls on their ship aliens.

EVAN

Pretty sure it's the latter.

Bob and Jamarcus stare at Evan, eyes wide.

EVAN (CONT'D)

What is it now?

BOB

(hushed)

Nothing. Chill. Whatever you
do...don't turn around.

Evan turns. Behind him, the nearest BABY ALIEN has just awakened from its slumber.

JAMARCUS

Just be cool. It's only a baby.

EVAN
(through his teeth)
I'm terrible with babies.

Slowly, we see the other dozen babies awaken, quite cranky, jaws dripping...

BOB
I think we're in their nursery.

JAMARCUS
And it's feeding time.

EVAN
Plan? Anyone?

BOB
I'm gonna go with scream like a girl and run for my life.

FRANKLIN
Second.

And they do just that, the baby aliens chasing after. They throw open the rear door of the barn, rumbling out into a

FIELD

Lying against the barn are a few kids' DIRT BIKES. The guys hop on, struggle to pedal away from a SEA OF HUNGRY PIRANHA ALIEN BABIES. Evan struggles to keep up--his bike is packing a pair of training wheels.

A SCREECH. Evan spins back to find an alien baby riding on those training wheels, teeth bared. Evan screams and instinctively hacks at the thing, slapping it off.

EVAN
Oh god, I just hit a baby.

BOB
Maybe you should've just given it a timeout.

Another jumps up into Franklin's basket, right in his face. Franklin SCREAMS. The alien baby screams back. Then tilts its head, looking at something: the Reese's in Frank's front shirt pocket.

FRANKLIN
Oh, you got a sweet tooth, huh?

Franklin gives it the Reese's. The baby alien eats the entire bag, bag included. Slumps down in the basket calmly, burps, smiles at Franklin. Franklin smiles weakly.

A full moon hangs overhead. They approach A DRAINAGE DITCH, a long way down. The creatures chasing behind. Nowhere else to turn.

JAMARCUS

Pissballs.

EVAN

What do we do...?!

BOB

(sees Franklin, realizes)

We gotta fly. Tell your friend to make us fly, Frank!

Running out of room...the ditch fast approaching...

FRANKLIN

Um, Mr. Alien Baby. Excuse me. Not sure if you can do this but could you please make us fly?

Just a few feet left! The alien baby...spits up orange, yellow and brown baby puke, then leaps from the basket to the ground, as...

BOB

Shiiiiiiiiit!

To John Williams' moving *Theme from E.T.*, our guys surge off a cliff and...fall into a drainage ditch. SPLOOSH! SPLOOSH! SPLOOSH! They land in a river of murky water below.

One by one, the guys pop up, gasping for air, grabbing a hold of floating jetsam as the current carries them away.

The baby aliens stop short at the precipice, their shrieks echoing in the night. Paul joins them, our guys long gone, gently patting an alien baby's head.

PAUL

Shhh. It's okay. The scary humans are gone now...

EXT. DOWNSTREAM - MOMENTS LATER

The soggy guys struggle to climb out of the ditch.

JAMARCUS

Make us fly. Great plan.

Finally, safe, the reality sinks in for the breathless Bob...

BOB

I have to get home. Bonnie--!
Chelsea--she could be with that
freak's son!

EVAN

Bob!

BOB

He could have his tentacles all
over her--!

SLAP! Evan smacks Bob across the face.

BOB (CONT'D)

What was that for?!

EVAN

I was trying to calm you down!

SLAP! Bob smacks Evan back.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Ow. You're not supposed to hit me
back in those circumstances.

BOB

I just saw a bunch of goddamn
aliens! There are no more rules!

EVAN

I know! You don't think I'm
freaked? But remember how you
reacted to me? You can't just tell
people there are aliens--

BOB

The police! We have to call the
police!

EVAN

They're aliens!

JAMARCUS

Figures.

FRANKLIN

What about the FBI, CIA--?

EVAN

Hi, FBI, this is Evan Trautwig.
There are aliens in my town. Click.

BOB
(realizing)
We have to handle this.

FRANKLIN
Who?

BOB
The Neighborhood Watch.

Bob marches back towards town, determined. The others follow.

JAMARCUS
Those things were just the babies!
What the hell are we gonna do? We
got a couple dudes and some car
magnets?

EVAN
It's crazy but Bob's right. Until
we have some kind of proof there's
nobody else to turn to. Now where
do we start?

FRANKLIN
We should get matching tats.
Totally pimp.

BOB
Let's put a pin in that, Ese. First
we need information.

JAMARCUS
Where are you gonna get information
on aliens, the Library of Crazy?

Off Bob's look, CUT TO:

INT. LINUS' HOUSE - LATER

Linus sits in a ratty old chair, wearing an open bathrobe and
Kang and Kodos boxer shorts.

LINUS
What'd they look like?

The Watch guys are crammed together on Linus' couch, trying
to avert their eyes from his crotch.

EVAN
Well, they have this slimy green
skin--

LINUS
(completely blasé)
Reptilian texture? Embedded nanotech? Piercing eyes that haunt you not only in your sleep but in your waking hours as well? Yeah, that's them. So they're abducting you guys, too, huh?

EVAN
No, we just...happened upon them.

BOB
So they really...take you?

LINUS
Every third Thursday.

EVAN
That's horrible.

LINUS
Eh, I fought it for the first couple decades. But eventually you realize it's easier to just go with the flow.

The TV flickers. Linus jiggles the frayed power cord (which is plugged into an absurdly overloaded socket) without any visible concern for his well-being. This man is over it.

JAMARCUS
What...do you know about them?

LINUS
Oh, I gathered quite a bit of info back in the day, before I realized sounding batshit bonkers is not the best way to meet women. Even got my hands on some of their technology...

DARK SHED - MOMENTS LATER

A garage door rolls up. Linus pulls a chain to illuminate his conspiracy room, its centerpiece a

MAKESHIFT SPACESHIP

Coated with a thick layer of dust. Like an old Trans-Am somebody would keep up on blocks in their yard, tinkering with it but never getting it to start.

It's very piecemeal, none of the parts really matching.

EVAN

How did you--?

LINUS

Parts pieced together from wrecks. These guys crash all the time. Very lax drunk flying laws. Back when my life still had any semblance of hope I used to have a dream. That I'd fly up in a ship like theirs--

EVAN

And be free of them forever.

LINUS

No. I was gonna abduct them and make them pay bitterly for what they'd done to me.

BOB

Does it work?

LINUS

Not in the technical sense.

Jamarcus peruses a giant gun crazy glued to the side.

LINUS (CONT'D)

That's an ion cannon from an X-Wing. I just thought it looked rad.

The walls of the shed are covered with conspiracy-laden bookshelves and alien-related news clippings (we might notice the one on cattle mutilation Linus mentioned in the convenience store). Evan spies one...

THE FRONT PAGE of the *Roswell Daily Record*. A black and white photo in which A FARMER poses in front of tin-foil remnants.

EVAN

(reading)

Roswell, New Mexico. July 7th, 1947. Ranch hand discovers "flying disc".

BOB

That was real? The whack jobs have been claiming that for years.

LINUS

Yeah, that's you now, Chief.

(then)

But what those whack jobs don't talk about is this.

Linus points to another clipping:

THE FRONT PAGE of *New York Newsday*. Another B&W photo. An OLDER MAN and his middle-aged SONS hold SHOVELS and smile, farmland behind them. TEPERTOWN BREAKS GROUND!

LINUS (CONT'D)

May 7th 1947--exactly two months earlier--Alexander Tepper and Sons announce their plan to build 2,000 homes on an old potato farm on Long Island, thus creating the world's first suburb. Coincidence? I think not.

EVAN

I told you this place was weird!

LINUS

The truth isn't out there, kiddies. It's right here. In our own backyard.

BOB

You're saying this town was actually created by aliens...

LINUS

Not just this town. C'mere...

Linus returns to the Roswell photo.

LINUS (CONT'D)

Look closer.

They do. As do we. And there, in the midst of the fake-looking spaceship debris, we can clearly see...

EVAN

A shovel?

LINUS

I'm pretty sure the Roswell dudes were supposed to break ground on a West Coast Teppertown. But, as I said, they like their cocktails.

Linus has tacked AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS of suburban communities from many different states to the wall: ENCINO, CA. WAUKEGAN, IL. COLUMBIA, MD. BELLEVUE, WA. GARLAND, TX. TEPERTOWN, NY. All identical...

LINUS (CONT'D)

With the same houses we have. Laid out the same way.

(MORE)

LINUS (CONT'D)

Next to the same chain stores. All of suburbia is an alien creation.

EVAN

But why? What do they want?

FRANKLIN

Maybe they're looking for something?

LINUS

No clue, Frankie. But if it was in me they woulda found it a long time ago.

EVAN

They said something about Moving Day...said it was coming soon...

LINUS

Never heard of it.

Offscreen, a DING.

EVAN

(freaked)

What was that?!

LINUS

I'm making them nachos.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Linus takes the nachos out of the oven.

JAMARCUS

Why would you ever do something nice for them?

LINUS

It's purely selfish. I find the whole thing's over with a lot quicker when they have a snack waiting afterwards.

FRANKLIN

I'm the same way.

EVAN

So how do we find out what they're up to? I mean, anybody could be an alien...

BOB

Exactly. We gotta smoke these guys out. Find out who's on Team Martian and who isn't.

Jamarcus bites into a nacho. *Blech!*

JAMARCUS

Oh man, there's no cheese.

LINUS

Yeah, just beans and guac. I don't know why, but the aliens hate cheese.

Evan's face lights up. An idea.

EVAN

I think it's time I got to know the neighbors.

INT. TRAUTWIGS' KITCHEN - LATER

Evan walks in carrying shopping bags filled with burgers and tons of CHEESE.

EVAN

Guess what awesome suburban couple is having a BBQ?

ABBY

Nah uh!

EVAN

Yuh huh. You were right. We should have a little housewarming soiree for all our new nabe friends.
(trying to play it cool)
And you can invite our buddy Paul to thank him for the super lunch.

Nothing could make her happier. She leaps into his arms, the shopping bags falling to the floor.

EXT. THE TRAUTWIGS' BACKYARD - THE NEXT DAY

Another oppressively hot day. Evan presses down a piece of cheese on a patty with a spatula. He looks up over the grill lid, paranoid, scanning the pleasant party with steely eyes.

Bob stuffs his face, carrying a CHEESE TRAY past Morgan and Brussels.

BOB

Have you guys ever had Bonnie's torte? Three types of cheese. Gorgonzola, Mascarpone, and she tops it off with a layer of Cheese Whiz. It's like eating Jesus.

MORGAN

No thanks, Finnerty. I'm not a big cheese guy.

BOB

Oh really?

BRUSSELS

Good. More for me.

Brussels gobbles a cheese-laden cracker down. Evan sees, confused. He knows Brussels is an alien.

Evan turns to Paul, who chuckles with Creepy Neighbor. They both eat CHEESEBURGERS, heavy on the cheese.

Bob conspires with Evan...

BOB

We've got these jagweeds right where we want 'em...

EVAN

No we don't. The ones we already know are eating cheese! That whack job was wrong!

Abby approaches, hugs her husband.

ABBY

Hello, gorgeous. You're sweating like my Uncle Vito.

BOB

It's this Indian Summer. Or do you have to say Native American summer now?

ABBY

I hope our guests aren't dying.

Evan takes another scan of the party. By the cooler, Franklin presses a cold Yoo Hoo to his brow. Bonnie fans herself with a paper plate. But Morgan and Brussels...aren't sweating at all. *Huh.*

EVAN

They seem fine...

Creepy Neighbor takes a bite of cheese torte. No sweat whatsoever.

We quickly FLASHBACK TO...

CREEPY NEIGHBOR

on his front lawn when Marv barked at him...sipping HOT COFFEE. Then we're...

BACK TO SCENE

EVAN (CONT'D)
(hushed, to Bob)
They don't sweat!

An arm wraps around Evan, a bit too tight. It's Paul. No sweat. Evan tries to stay calm.

PAUL
So glad I could come over for a meal, Evbo.

EVAN
Of course.

PAUL
(maybe some menace?)
I'll have to have you sometime.

Evan looks at him. *Does he know I know?*

PAUL (CONT'D)
You boys up for a little exercise?

EVAN
Excuse me?

SMASH TO:

A SILVER DISC, SPINNING THROUGH THE AIR

WHOMP! The FRISBEE nails Franklin in the face. The Watch guys and alien dudes have gathered on the front lawn. Paul picks up the Frisbee, smiles at Evan.

PAUL
Ultimate Frisbee. It's like football only with one of these...flying discs.

Evan and he share a tense look.

EVAN

Huh. Yeah. Never heard it called that before.

PAUL

So? How 'bout a...friendly little game?

EVAN

(eyes Bob)

Sure. Be nice to...break a sweat.

Moments later, The Watch guys are huddled up. The alien guys in a huddle of their own ten yards back.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Any one of them isn't sweating, pretty sure he's a space cadet.

FRANKLIN

Jamarcus isn't sweating.

JAMARCUS

I'm descended from Africans. This is like winter for me.

ALIEN HUDDLE

Break!

We begin a hardcore game of Ultimate Frisbee in which Team Martian have amazing skills, no doubt heightened by the fact that they are aliens. They can jump higher, run faster and are incredibly strong. But they also have the dexterity of a hippie with years of Frisbee tossing experience. Finger spins, behind the back, the pop off the top of the hand and catch move.

Bob takes things super-seriously, frustrated after they give up a touchdown...

MORGAN

You protect that end zone about as well as you protect this town!

BOB

You're totally gay!

FRANKLIN

Good one.

Evan is more concerned about checking who's sweating and who's not. He gets HEADLOCKED by a guy, but turns his attention to a sweat-free armpit...

EVAN

(choked, to himself)

Check.

The aliens score time after time after time, kicking the shit out of our guys. Particularly Paul abusing Evan. Finally, in a huddle, exhausted...

BOB

Okay, Ev, the Predator over there is jumping every route. Stop n' go, I'll pump fake, and you're free for six. Break!

At the line. Hike! Evan runs the route. Paul bites hard on the pump fake, leaving Evan wide open for the touchdown. Bob hurls it beautifully just before he's slammed to the turf. Paul suddenly turns on his alien jets, speeding up to even with Evan. As the disc arrives they both leap for it...

In the air, Paul cheap shots Evan, ELBOWING him in the jaw. As our hero collapses to the ground, Paul catches the Frisbee, returning the interception for a touchdown with sick football moves (beefy Alec Baldwin suddenly spinning on a dime like Barry Sanders) leaving all our guys crumpled in the dust. The aliens do an annoying choreographed touchdown dance.

SMASH TO:

INT. FALLOUT SHELTER - THAT NIGHT

Bruised and battered, the guys have gathered in their lair, some with ice packs on muscles. The place has been turned into a shabby version of a police station. White boards. A chart ala 'The Wire' detailing the pyramid of alien coconspirators, Paul at its apex. Jamarcus holds up a photo of headlock guy...

EVAN

That one's a big yes.

Jamarcus adds him to the Wire board. Headphones around his neck, Franklin pops a VHS tape out of an old VCR/TV combo and places it atop a stack of tapes (*Aliens*, *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, *ID4*, *Star Wars*, *Meet Dave*).

EVAN (CONT'D)

Franklin, what've you learned?

FRANKLIN

Seems the classic move is for all the peoples of Earth to come together and forget our differences in order to defeat a common enemy.

BOB

Yeah, that's not gonna happen.

JAMARCUS

Anything else?

FRANKLIN

If they look like Eddie Murphy,
they're an alien.

EVAN

Bob, anything?

Bob sorts through some long Costco receipts.

BOB

Okay, I took all the
deodorant/antiperspirant purchases
for the past eight years. Cross
checked against all our regular
customers. Anybody who didn't buy a
roll-on is...

("By Mennen")

...a Martian.

EVAN

Doesn't it feel nice to use your
powers for good?

BOB

Eh.

(then, reading)

Huh. Ellen Clayton is an alien.
That explains prom night.

(typing on calculator)

So, out of all of our shoppers...

(holy shit)

Fifty seven point four percent of
Teppertowners are aliens.

EVAN

(shocked)

They're everywhere.

BOB

Don't panic. This is good, okay? We
know who they are. Now it's time to
find out what they're up to.

JAMARCUS

And how do we do that?

FRANKLIN

When Darth Vader wants to know the location of the Rebel base he kidnaps Princess Leia and questions her with an evil floating needle robot ball.

BOB

Yes! Perfect. We capture one and go Dick Cheney on his ass.

EVAN

Right. Just grab an inhumanly strong alien.

Bob flips through his list.

BOB

How about a little one?

INT. CHILI'S - LATER

The Watch guys sit at a table, when little CREEPY NEIGHBOR (he's the Chili's manager) drops off an AWESOME BLOSSOM (an entire onion, splayed open and fried--but you already knew that).

CREEPY NEIGHBOR

Good game today, gentlemen.

BOB

(big smile)

Don't you know it!

(Creepy Neighbor leaves)

Once this place closes we jump his ass.

Franklin rips a piece of fried onion off, dunks it in super-fattening mayo sauce and tosses it back. Evan winces.

FRANKLIN

(mouth full)

Wha?

EVAN

Nothing.

JAMARCUS

You've never had an Awesome Blossom, have you?

EVAN

No. It's disgusting.

BOB

I bet if it was served on a bed of micro-greens and called an heirloom onion tempura with a tomahto aioli you'd love it.

JAMARCUS

Just try it, man.

EVAN

No, thank you.

BOB

C'mon. We got an hour 'til closing. If you don't eat, you're gonna arouse suspicion from the target.

EVAN

Alright, fine. One bite if it'll shut you freakin' people up.

Evan grabs a hunk. Blanches at the grease on his fingers. Gingerly dabs it in the sauce. Takes a queasy bite. Chews. And then something changes in his face.

FRANKLIN

So...?

EVAN

(is he telling the truth?)

Uch.

The guys all shake their heads and dig back in. Evan's greasy hands wrestle with his napkin under the table. Finally, he cracks, reaches out and grabs a huge handful.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Damnit, it's actually awesome!

BOB

Welcome to the suburbs, bitch.

EVAN

(mouth full, in ecstasy)

It's like eating Jesus.

INT. TRAUTWIGS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The bell rings and Abby answers to find Paul.

PAUL

I forgot my casserole dish.

ABBY

Man, thought I was gonna get away
with stealing it. It'll just take
me a second to find it.

He follows her in, pleasant neighbors.

INT. CHILI'S - LATER

The Watch guys are all stuffed, having fun, Evan especially.
The restaurant practically empty.

EVAN

You were right, by the way. The
babyback ribs do taste good dipped
in the fudge mountain.

Creepy Neighbor bids farewell to the only other customers,
turns the sign to 'closed'.

CREEPY NEIGHBOR

No rush boys. I'll just be in back
totalling receipts.

FRANKLIN

It's go time.

IN THE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The Watch guys storm in like baddasses, four on one.

CREEPY NEIGHBOR

You guys ready for the check?

BOB

(cracks his knuckles)
Start talking, ALF.

CREEPY NEIGHBOR

About what?

EVAN

Don't be coy, Wilfred Brimley. We
know what you are.

CREEPY NEIGHBOR

Oh, do you?

BOB

Alright, let's cut to the chase. We
know you're an alien. Tell us what
you're doing here.

CREEPY NEIGHBOR

Oh, okay. No.

EVAN

Just tell us what Moving Day is and nobody gets hurt.

CREEPY NEIGHBOR

Nobody gets hurt? But that's the best part!

Little Jackie Earle Haley Guy kicks Franklin in the chest, sending him flying into a wall. Then motions for the others to bring it. They do, and he easily takes them all on. As the guys recover from a blow...

EVAN

The little ones are still tough!

BOB

They have to have a weakness. Some kind of Achilles Heel.

FRANKLIN

In *War of the Worlds*, they're affected by diseases...

Franklin grabs a PITCHER OF WATER, tosses it in Creepy Neighbor's face.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

...in the water!

Nothing.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

I knew that ending was too convenient.

JAMARCUS

It stayed true to the book.

Creepy Neighbor wipes his face, even more pissed now. He stalks Franklin, uncloaks his arm, about to strike with his vicious claws when...

Jamarcus knocks him clear. They land on the counter, tussling. Bob sees the pans above. Grabs one and SMASHES DOWN on Creepy Neighbor's head. BLACK.

Moments later, Creepy Neighbor comes to, tied down to the metal counter with an absurd amount of rope, duct tape, twist-ties.

BOB

What's Moving Day?

Creepy Neighbor laughs.

CREEPY NEIGHBOR

You'll find out soon enough!

EVAN

Tell us!

CREEPY NEIGHBOR

(dripping with sarcasm)

Oh, okay! Sure. Actually, I'll do you one better. Why don't I go get my ship and you guys can come aboard and I'll put on an infotron show for you all about Moving Day!

More creepy laughter. Bob grabs a pitcher filled with FROZEN NEON LIQUID.

BOB

I don't wanna do this, okay? But if you don't start giving us some answers, we're gonna have to Margaritaboard you. What are you goddamned aliens doing here?

CREEPY NEIGHBOR

Go fu--

Bob pours the Margarita right in Creepy Neighbor's mouth. Which suddenly FREEZES! The freezing spreads right through his entire face and head.

BOB

Oops.

Franklin barely touches Neighbor's head with a finger and it...SNAPS OFF, falling to the floor where it SMASHES INTO A MILLION FROZEN PIECES.

The guys stare in silence. Bob, freaked, takes a big swig of Margarita.

FRANKLIN

So we know their Kryptonite. The Presidente Margarita.

BOB

It's cold, Franklin. They don't like cold.

Bob grabs an ice cube, presses it into dead Neighbor's chest, which FLICKERS.

EVAN

This is great. We killed our suspect. He's not gonna be doing much more talking now.

BOB

That's alright. He already told us what we need to know. The Moving Day intel's on that Jumbotron thing on their ship.

JAMARCUS

And how are we gonna get on a ship?

Bob grins, points to a dry-erase wall calendar for staff shifts. A bunch of days are X'ed out, leading us up to today...THE THIRD THURSDAY.

INT. TRAUTWIGS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Abby and Paul are into a bottle of wine, laughing, as he folds some paper...

PAUL

...and that's how you can use an old milk carton to make your own envelopes.

ABBY

I love it. And I never would've thought to rinse and reuse zip-loc baggies.

PAUL

Y'gotta start somewhere.

She smiles. That's just what she always says. He puts his hand on hers. A bit too forward. She pulls it away.

ABBY

Evan loves zip-loc baggies. My husband. Evan. Likes to suck out the air and taste the food.

PAUL

How's he adjusting?

ABBY

Really good. It's a surprise to be honest. He's always off with his new friends. And he thought to plan that barbeque--

PAUL
(shakes his head)
Lisa was in the PTA. And she did
Tupperware parties.

ABBY
I'm sorry?

PAUL
My ex-wife. They were surface
things. Keeping up appearances for
me. But inside she was slowly
dying.

ABBY
Wow.

He laughs at the seriousness of what he's just said...

PAUL
More wine?
(then)
I'm sure Evan's different. I just
don't want to see you get hurt the
way I did, Abby. That's all.

Abby smiles, but as she turns away from him it's clear his
words have left an impression.

INT. LINUS' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The guys are gathered. Linus is his usual state of over-it,
in tattered PJs.

EVAN
So...you think we can get on there
with you?

LINUS
More the merrier.

Off Linus' sigh, CUT TO:

BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Linus stands in the middle of the yard, holding the tray of
nachos. The Watch guys hide in the shadows.

LINUS (CONT'D)
(hushed)
Okay. They'll transport me up. Once
I get inside, I'll get rid of 'em
for a minute and beam you guys.

EVAN

Wait, beam? How does that work?

LINUS

All your molecules are disintegrated and then they're reintegrated on the ship.

EVAN

Are you sure that's safe?

FRANKLIN

They do it on *Star Trek*.

BOB

Have you seen William Shatner lately?

LINUS

Don't worry. It's fine They've done it to me a thousand times.

Linus scratches at his side, a weird nervous tic. The guys share an anxious look. Suddenly, a noise, whirling. Something is above them, A SHIP, cloaked. A BEAM OF LIGHT shoots down. Linus slowly disintegrates ala *Star Trek*, only cooler.

INT. SHIP - BEAMING COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Linus rematerializes, the shadows of two aliens looming over him. He holds out the nachos. As one's about to eat one...

LINUS

Guys, thirty seconds in the microwave and it's like they're fresh out of the oven.

The aliens exit with the nachos. Linus rushes to a control panel, all business.

BACK DOWN IN THE YARD

The Watch guys wait when another light finally appears. They each try to shove another forward.

ALL

You go./No You./You're lighter.

Finally, A SQUIRREL runs out into the light. Looks up, mesmerized. Then EXPLODES in a ball of flames. The guys' faces drop.

UP IN THE BEAMING COMPARTMENT

Linus, alone, hurries at the controls.

LINUS

Shit.

He quickly scribbles something on a piece of paper.

DOWN IN THE YARD

Something materializes. It's a PIECE OF PAPER. Bob runs out and grabs it. It reads: *MY BAD. GOT IT NOW.*

Again, a beam of light. The guys share a look, hold hands, and JUMP INTO THE LIGHT.

BEAMING COMPARTMENT

The guys reintegrate, relieved, checking to make sure everything is where it belongs.

LINUS

Hurry, they'll be right back.

The guys hustle out into the HALLWAY. It's a small ship. Three compartments off this one corridor. They pass the CONTROL COMPARTMENT, peeking in the window to see...

THREE ALIENS. Adult aliens now in terrifying full form as they...smoke cigars and drink. One, Headlock Guy from the Frisbee game, pilots the ship, taking off into the night sky. Two others (whose voices we should recognize as Morgan and Brussels) stand nearby. Morgan takes the nachos out of an alien microwave, loves 'em.

MORGAN

He remembered I don't like cheese.

HEADLOCK GUY

Aren't we just supposed to be spreading disinformation with the whole probing thing? You guys sure you're not taking it a little too far?

BRUSSELS

(sprays Binaca)

If we don't take it seriously, who will?

The Watch guys take cover around a corner as Morgan and Brussels exit, head down the hall for the Linus probing.

The coast clear, our guys continue down the hall, spy the final room (the INFOTRON COMPARTMENT), enter to find dozens of HUGE SCREENS, which float in mid air.

BOB

Okay, how do we work this thing?

INFOTRON (FEMALE VOICE)

What thing would you like to work?
For a fluoron inhibitor, say
fluoron--

EVAN

Moving Day! Tell us about Moving
Day!

A screen swivels into view. An ALIEN COUPLE, SANDY & KRELKOR,
stand before us, dripping with ooze. And sales smarm.

KRELKOR

Feeling overcrowded?

SANDY

Home planet not so homey anymore?

The greenscreen behind them changes to an image of the
aliens' HOME PLANET, with its weird breathing
extraterrestrial cities, packed to the gills with beings.

KRELKOR

Why not consider Earthwood Estates?
It's not far, is it, Sandy?

The video shows all of Earth turned into ONE GIANT ALIEN
SUBURB.

SANDY

That's right, Krelkor. Just a ten
trillion mile commute.

KRELKOR

Earthwood is a safe, gated
community...

The video shows a DIFFERENT RACE OF ALIEN at a checkpoint on
the Moon sent away.

KRELKOR (CONT'D)

And there are plenty of units still
available!

Back on SANDY in front of an arctic landscape on the
greenscreen, acting badly, arms crossed...

SANDY

But Earth is so colllld!

On the video, human form PAUL walks through the corridor of an UNDERGROUND HI-TECH BUNKER (which a sharp eye might recognize from our prologue).

PAUL

It was...before we got here!
Hi. I'm Paul Sloan, President of Earthwood Estates. Please excuse my hideous human appearance but I'm speaking to you from our luxurious Hive, right here in Teppertown, New York, where our project first broke ground over fifty human-years ago. It's true, when we landed, this planet was far too chilly for our species.

He enters a LABORATORY, where alien SCIENTISTS are hard at work.

PAUL (CONT'D)

But thanks to our global warming initiative...

We see the scientists' creations: Aerosol hairspray. Disposable diapers. A shot of Paul's "recycling facility" where cardboard and plastic is not being renewed but INCINERATED.

EVAN

Son of a bitch.

PAUL

...all that's changed. Our experts initially estimated it would take a hundred years to hit the objective temperature.

Images of smokestacks spewing pollutants. People guzzling bottled water. A freeway packed with SUVs.

PAUL (CONT'D)

But they didn't count on the stupidity of the human race! Yes, people bought into our program so completely that we've achieved target conditions a full forty years ahead of schedule.

EVAN

That means...

PAUL

That's right, friends, Moving Day is this Friday!

BOB

That's tomorrow night.

Krelkor acts really badly, Mr. No Fun careful purchaser...

KRELKOR

Conquering a whole planet in a day?
That sounds like a big job.

Back in the underground lair, Paul stands by a giant crystalline POWER SOURCE.

PAUL

It is. That's why, right here at our Hive, we maintain enough crystals to power the entire attack.

A simulation plays in which the world's metropolises are zapped with LASER BLASTS from every angle, as if encircled by cannons. The Watch guys react in horror.

Finally Krelkor and Sandy are in suburban wedded bliss in a breathing, oozing alien dwelling with a cute red door.

SANDY

So hurry up and claim your little piece of heaven before it's too late.

Paul steps in front of this greenscreened image...

PAUL

Because this place is going. And going fast!

BEAMING COMPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The terrified guys rush in to see Linus smoking a cigarette.

LINUS

How'd it go?

BOB

Get us down!

LINUS

But we're not over my house yet--

BOB

Wherever we are, get us off this ship!

CONTROL COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Headlock guy notices our team beaming away on a security screen.

HEADLOCK GUY

Uh, guys...

Morgan, freaked, triggers a communication device.

MORGAN

Trip, we have a problem...

INT. DARK SPACE - MOMENTS LATER

The guys reintegrate. Feel around for a light switch.

EVAN

Where are we?!

LINUS

What's that smell?

FRANKLIN

It smells like death. Are we dead?

BOB

No. I know this smell. Frozen square pizza, tater tots, and Preparation H.

Jamarcus flicks a lightswitch, revealing they are in...

BOB (CONT'D)

My grade school cafeteria.

(then)

Follow me!

They run out into the labyrinthine halls, sneakers squeaking.

Moments later, they turn a corner, nearing the school entrance when the MILF-y HOUSEWIVES pleasantly saunter in.

MEG

--which is why I always write Trevor's name on his lunch bag.

BOB

(breathless)

Ladies, PTA meeting's cancelled. You need to get out of here right now, in case they follow us.

MEG

Who?

FRANKLIN

The space aliens.

STELLA

Oh, that's a good one. Space
aliens. Right. With what...drooling
jaws?

MEG

And big spiny tails?

JUDY

(uncloaks her arm)

And lizard skin.

The guys' eyes grow wide. The women slowly walk forward,
crack their knuckles.

EVAN

Well that's just perfect.

MEG

Paul called. Said to eat you alive.

STELLA

Ugh. All those calories.

JUDY

I'm gonna have to do double pilates
tomorrow thanks to you bitches.

They POUNCE INTO ACTION, able to leap way up in the air. It's
basically three hot soccer moms with Matrix-y powers versus
five normal dudes.

The women chase the guys through the halls, scraping their
lizard nails along the lockers like Freddie Kruger. As the
guys turn a corner, the women stop at some kiddie artwork on
the wall.

JUDY (CONT'D)

My Lucy made that. That's the sun.
And our house. And me. And Phil.

MEG

Adorable.

The guys reach a dead end. Try a door. Locked. Another.
Unlocked. Rush into the

NURSE'S OFFICE

Lock the door behind them. A beat. We hear the ladies try the
locked handle. A beat. SMASH! A TAIL busts through the little
glass window in the door.

Reaches down to turn the handle from the inside. The guys hopelessly grab nurse stuff (gauze, Band-Aids) to throw at it. When Evan spots something...

ON THE LADIES

Stella finally spins the handle, zips her tail back into her cloaked body. They confidently saunter into the office. Meg grins at Bob as she bears down on him...

MEG (CONT'D)

My kid hated you as a soccer coach.

The women open their jaws, which unhinge like reptiles, when...

EVAN

Now!

The guys toss ice packs at the women (the kind you crack and they turn cold that the school nurse would put on your forehead no matter what ailed you). Our guys have cut slits in them so that they EXPLODE ON CONTACT, the frozen gel contents splattering like FROZEN SHRAPNEL across the womens' bodies. It stuns them, their nano-disguises flickering.

The guys move in for the kill, squeezing packs out right over their heads or hearts which freeze completely. Bob throws an empty plastic pack shell down at the frozen Meg...

BOB

Your kid had poor ball skills and a piss-ass attitude.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

The guys, still totally freaked, sit in tiny kid chairs, flipping through reference books. Linus has one of the lady aliens' frozen legs, inspecting it. Evan draws in an ATLAS with a red magic marker. Holds it up...

EVAN

Look at this!

He has colored in all the suburban areas in the US, leaving a John-King-CNN-style MAP in which it's clear that...

EVAN (CONT'D)

They built these places around our cities...that's why they're here: it's the perfect staging area for an attack. Our population centers are surrounded. It's over.

BOB

Like hockey sticks it is.

JAMARCUS

Bob--

BOB

No! We are human beings! We went to the moon! We put rock climbing walls on cruise ships! We can do anything.

FRANKLIN

Booyah! I'm in. Whaddawedo?

BOB

Their power source. Paul said it's here in Teppertown. In that Hive place. We blow up that junk, there's no attack. So we just have to find the Hive...

EVAN

Are you serious?

BOB

Heck yeah. C'mon! We just kicked their asses.

EVAN

Bob, that was three speedwalking soccer moms and we barely survived. There's an army of them out there!

BOB

Yeah? And we're the Neighborhood Watch!

EVAN

Exactly. We're not Will Smith. We're a bunch of dudes with signs.
(then)
We're not in save-the-world territory anymore, okay? We're in you-have-twenty-four-hours-to-live land. And do you know how I wanna spend my last day on Earth?

BOB

No. And I don't wanna know.

EVAN

I want to be with my wife. In the city. I wanna watch the sun rise over the river.

(MORE)

EVAN (CONT'D)

I wanna jump a turnstile and ride the subway anywhere. And I wanna eat dinner at Le Cirque. Order the most expensive bottle of wine.

BOB

Evan, we can still do this. Stay here and--

EVAN

No, Bob. My last meal is not gonna be at the Olive Garden!

FRANKLIN

C'mon. We need you, Evan.

BOB

You're one of us now.

EVAN

I am not one of you, Tommy Bahama. I had to protect my wife and I had nowhere else to turn.

BOB

Evan--

EVAN

Look, we've got a little time left on this planet. I suggest you spend it with your families.

Evan marches off. Franklin is about to chase after...

BOB

Let him go.

INT. TRAUTWIGS' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Evan scrambles in to find Abby sitting on the couch, arms crossed, Marv beside her.

EVAN

Abby, I have to tell you something, okay? And it's gonna sound crazy--

ABBY

You want to go back to the city.

EVAN

Yes, but--

ABBY

Tell me the truth. Did you ever really give these people a chance?

(MORE)

ABBY (CONT'D)

Or were you just pretending? With your barbecue and your Neighborhood Watch?

He can't lie.

EVAN

It's not me.

ABBY

That's all I needed to hear.

EVAN

What does that mean?

ABBY

Look, it's nobody's fault. When we fell in love we were in the same place. And now we're just not anymore, Evan. I want a kid and a house. And you still wanna be the unattached couple in the city. I shouldn't've tried to change you. You are who you are.

Shit. Is she right? But...

EVAN

Abby, you don't understand.

(here we go)

The people here are aliens. Like from outer space.

She shakes her head.

ABBY

I get it. They're all the same. They're pod people with their chain stores and their blah blah blah. Well guess what? I like the aliens! So go home, Evan.

(gives a last scratch to the dog)

And take Marv so you're not alone.

EVAN

I'm serious, Abby. You can't see the real them--

ABBY

You never even tried to see the real them!

EVAN

Abby, damnit, listen to me!
They're--

ABBY

Yeah, I know! They're aliens! I
don't care.
(tearing)
Just go!

EVAN

Abby...

ABBY

Go!

Evan looks at Abby, as she wipes away a tear. He can't bear to cause her more pain.

EVAN

...okay.

Evan takes Marv and slumps out the door. She sighs sadly, unconsciously rests her hands on her belly.

INT. FALLOUT SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

Jamarcus and Franklin flip through Teppertown history books. Linus types at a laptop. Bob is the general...

BOB

Alright, team. We lost a good man.
But that just means we all have to
nut up that much more.
(smacks Franklin a little
too hard)
This is simple: we are going to
locate and destroy their power
source before they can use it to
destroy us.

Jamarcus looks up...an idea.

JAMARCUS

On the video, Paul said the Hive
was where they first broke ground.
It's gotta be wherever Tepper first
started digging.

FRANKLIN

The Town Hall! Went up in '47
before any of the houses were
built.

LINUS

How the hell do you know that?

FRANKLIN

(baddass)

I run a little thing called the Teppertown Historical Society.

BOB

Get the shovels, boys. We're goin' digging for aliens.

I/E. PRIUS - LATER

Evan drives the L.I.E., Marv riding shotgun. They pass a sign: *YOU ARE NOW ENTERING NEW YORK CITY*. Something changes in his face. He swerves to catch the next exit.

EXT. DOCKS - MOMENTS LATER

Parked, Evan gazes out at the flickering skyline of Manhattan in the distance.

All the lights somebody in an apartment. But none of them real people. None of them friends. None of them Abby. As we slowly FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. TOWN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Bob, Jamarcus, Linus and Franklin stride towards the quaint old civic building, passing the large fountain on its front lawn, shovels slung over their shoulders.

Franklin locates the CORNERSTONE, with its 1947 date.

FRANKLIN

It's gotta be under here.

The guys start digging in the perfectly manicured grass beside the cornerstone. A SECURITY GUARD wanders by drinking a Slurpee.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey, what hell--?

BOB

It's okay. We're the Neighborhood Watch.

MORGAN (O.S.)

There a problem here?

Reveal the COPS have gathered behind them, guns drawn.

SECURITY GUARD
They're tearing up the lawn!

BRUSSELS
We'll take it from here, pal.

Morgan cocks his weapon, smiles. The security guard flees, dropping the Slurpee.

MORGAN
(knowingly)
A little birdie told us you might
be here.

BOB
We have a mole...
(turns to Franklin)
You're one of them.

FRANKLIN
What?

BOB
You're the one who led us here. It
all makes sense now. You run the
historical society...for an alien
town. And all your tough-guy
stories...trying so hard to fit
in...

FRANKLIN
Bob, I would never--

Bob sees the security guard's Slurpee. Rips off the top and
tosses it at Franklin. Who is simply struck with goop.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
Ew.

BOB
Oh. My bad.

MORGAN
Man, you people are stupid.

Morgan knocks JAMARCUS into the FOUNTAIN. As he slowly pulls
himself out of the two-feet of frigid water...Jamarcus' skin
flickers, revealing the ALIEN BENEATH!

LINUS
He's the one who told us to dig
where they first broke ground.

MORGAN
You're under arrest.

Morgan cuffs Bob, who struggles. Brussels nabs Franklin, Linus. Jamarcus dries off, not cold enough to freeze. Sees the look on his friends' faces...

JAMARCUS

I'm sorry.

FRANKLIN

Jamarcus?

BOB

You're an--?

JAMARCUS

I'm a Human Affairs Investigator, Bob. We infiltrate your social groups, analyze your behavior, and report back to help others assimilate more easily.

As they cart them off...

BOB

You get drunk with us in a fallout shelter.

JAMARCUS

Yeah, pretty much that's it.

FRANKLIN

How could you?

JAMARCUS

I had to. If I didn't help them they were gonna kill all my peoples back home.

BOB

Well now they're gonna kill your friends, DJ Benedict Arnold!

MORGAN

Actually, there's good news on that front. Paul promised Captain Bar Mitzvah we wouldn't kill you. So instead we're keeping you behind bars. You're gonna be the first animals in our zoo.

As the cops drag the Watch off, Morgan puts his arm around Jamarcus, who cringes...

MORGAN (CONT'D)

And you can clean up after them.

EXT. THE DOCKS OVERLOOKING MANHATTAN - THE NEXT MORNING

Evan slowly awakens, slumped over on the passenger seat, not sure where he is, Marv still out cold in the backseat.

Stuck by a bit of sleep drool to the side of his face is a leaflet. He peels it off and reads it for the first time...
Big Bros: It's Not Where You Live, It's Who's Beside You.

A beat. And then something changes in his face. A realization. He starts the car. The radio surges on: Bon Jovi's *Wanted Dead or Alive*. He shakes his head. Allows himself a hint of a smile. As the chorus kicks in he pops the car in reverse and slams on the gas. His car races off...away from the city.

INT. TRAUTWIGS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Evan rumbles in.

EVAN

Abby! Abby, I'm back! Abby?!

He sees the calendar on the wall. *Recycling Committee Brunch @ Paul's*. No...

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

A group of LOCAL BUSINESSPEOPLE bid their farewells to Paul. Abby leans in.

ABBY

I'll stay and help clean up.

PAUL

Oh, you don't have to--

ABBY

Yes I do.

She pads to the kitchen. Starts to wash some dishes. Empties a water bottle. Tosses it in the RECYCLING BIN. Which is empty. Paul gives a look back from the foyer. She grins back.

Now she takes a plate, goes to knock off the scraps into the REGULAR GARBAGE. Which is...

FILLED WITH RECYCLABLES! She gasps. Feels a hand on her shoulder. Spins to find Paul.

PAUL

You have no idea.

EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Prius screeches to a stop. Evan lowers the window for Marv, who whines.

EVAN

Stay here.

Evan tiptoes around the side of the house to Paul's study. Tries a window. Locked. Another. Locked. Finally, one slides open. Evan struggles to pull himself up, shimmies halfway through the window, when he hears a GROWL. Looks up to see Paul's Rottweiler, teeth bared. Before he can shimmy out, the window squeezes down on Evan's midsection. It's pushed by Paul. Who sighs...

PAUL

Humans.

EVAN

Where is she, you freak?!

The dog BARKS at Evan's aggression.

PAUL

Dahmer, no.

EVAN

You named your dog after Jeffrey Dahmer?

PAUL

Good alien. Just couldn't wait until the big day. Can't say I blame him.

EVAN

You're sick, you know that?

PAUL

You say that as if it's a bad thing.

Evan sniffs at the air.

EVAN

I smell her perfume. I know she's here. If you hurt her I swear--

Paul whacks Evan over the head with a golf club. The driver lands on the floor and we can see that it's the BIG BERTHA.

INT. CHELSEA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea sulks when Jason pops into her window, suited up for the big game. She smiles, kisses him.

CHELSEA

You're breaking the rules. That's more like it.

He gently pushes her away.

JASON

Chelsea, I have to tell you something.

Her heart sinks, disappointed...

CHELSEA

Ohmygod. I knew you were too good-looking to be straight.

JASON

Chelsea, I'm not gay...

He takes a deep breath. From behind, we see him uncloak.

JASON (CONT'D)

I'm an alien.

She is incredibly freaked, pulse racing, but somehow eeks out...

CHELSEA

Gay would've been okay.

JASON

There's a little more...

GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Evan comes to as Paul finishes tying him to a chair beside Abby, already bound. Dahmer standing guard. A HUMMER is parked beside them. Abby looks at her husband, whimpering through a gag.

EVAN

Abby. Something horrible has happened. I fell asleep last night in my car, staring at the city. And I woke up...wishing I had a linen closet. I have no idea why but I wanted a closet. For my linens.

Somehow, through it all, she smiles, bittersweetly. Tries to say something.

PAUL

She loves you, too.

(then)

You bind and gag enough people, you start to understand.

EVAN

Paul, you don't have to do this. People...we're not so bad.

PAUL

Oh, that's rich. Really perfect coming from you.

(Evan's voice)

Can you believe that goatee? What is it, 1994? Is there anything they won't fry? Did they hear this in an elevator and buy the CD?

(then)

You hate 'em more than I do!

EVAN

No, not anymore--

PAUL

Just like Lisa.

EVAN

Your wife?

PAUL

Ex-wife, Evan. The woman hated it here. So much so that she went back. Imagine getting a Dear John letter from someone who is already several trillion miles away. Kinda chafes.

Abby struggles to talk.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Sorry, couldn't catch that.

Paul lowers her gag...

ABBY

(breathless, to Evan)

I'm sorry.

EVAN

Don't.

PAUL

Not that I wanted to come here either. It was just a good job.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

At least it was supposed to be. Had I known what assholes you were I'd've never left. Second we conquer this shithole I'm on the first ship back.

ABBY

Paul, don't--

PAUL

(re-gags her)

It was nice to have this chat, put a human face on the destruction.

EVAN

Hey, Paul, just a thought here, but maybe your wife didn't leave because she hated us. Maybe she left because she couldn't stand you.

PAUL

Ooh, Evan's grown some balls now that he knows he's gonna die. Easier that way, huh? But you might just be right, Mr. Trautwig. Maybe I did blow things with Lisa. I'll be sure not to make that mistake with my new bride.

Paul cuts Abby loose from the chair, her wrists still bound behind her, and throws her in the back of the Hummer.

EVAN

No! Please! Paul, let her go! Take me!

PAUL

Dahmer, Bon Apetit.
(flashes the sign)
Peace.

The Hummer peels off. Dahmer slowly stalks forward towards Evan, drooling in anticipation of his next meal...

INT. TEPPER TOWN JAIL - LATER

The sun getting lower in the sky. Headlock Guy does Sudoku at a desk. In a cell nearby, Bob, Linus and Franklin slump against the wall, hopeless. Bob breaks the silence....

BOB

I pushed her away. I didn't want her to grow up. I should've just loved whatever time we had.

LINUS

I should've kept fighting.

FRANKLIN

I should have never stopped banging whores.

Bob smiles, turns warmly to Franklin...

BOB

You know, you don't have to make up all that gangster stuff, Franklin. You're a sweet guy who loves his wife and kids and it's okay. We know you were never in any bar fights.

Before Franklin can answer...

JAMARCUS (O.S.)

I should've told your asses the truth a long time ago.

Reveal Jamarcus, outside the bars. They jump up, rush to him.

BOB

(hushed)

The guard--

JAMARCUS

I ripped his heart out.

The Watch dudes look over to the desk, where Headlock Guy is slumped over, presumably sans heart.

FRANKLIN

Awesome.

As he unlocks the cell...

JAMARCUS

I'm low level. Never knew about Moving Day. Thought we were just gonna live here with you fools.

Franklin gives Jamarcus a fist bump.

FRANKLIN

It's all good in the hood.

JAMARCUS

Paul's got Evan.

Off their reaction...

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Dahmer licks his chops, about to attack when...he's SLAMMED INTO and sent skittering to the wall. Reveal his attacker was Marv! The cute little Boston Terrier.

EVAN

Marv! Good dog!

A weird GROWL, not from this Earth. A crumpled up 'dog' skin lies by the wall. Reveal Dahmer is actually some kind of ALIEN CREATURE, equivalent to a dog for them. Kinda like a giant scorpion hyena.

EVAN (CONT'D)

That's not good.

Marv GROWLS back. Takes a tough stance.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Marv, don't. That thing is--

But Marv isn't taking this lying down. He steps forward, BARKS.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Marv--

Suddenly, Marv rips through his own adorable Boston Terrier suit, revealing that he is, in fact, a giant scorpion hyena himself.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Marv?

An alien dogfight ensues, these creatures clinging to the walls, leaping right over Evan's head. They completely trash the garage, as Evan winces, screams. They are slightly different variations, but we can tell them apart by their colored collars.

EVAN (CONT'D)

I'm so glad we adopted.

(realizing)

From a shelter. Here in Teppertown.

The two dogs land across the garage from each other, size each other up. Simultaneously they leap at each other, clashing in mid air. A YELP. Dahmer sinks the floor, licking his wounds, whimpering.

Marv wields his spiky tail. Is he going to finish off the creature? SLICE! Marv slashes all of Evan's ropes, so close to Evan's skin that his t-shirt probably has a little rip.

A giant TONGUE flicks out from Marv's mouth, licking Evan's face gently.

EVAN (CONT'D)
(shell-shocked)
Who's a...good boy.

The Watch guys run in. See Marv, horrified.

FRANKLIN
Jamarcus, kill it!

EVAN
No, it's okay. That's Marv.

BOB
Perfect. Jamarcus is an alien.

Jamarcus shrugs. They help Evan to his feet.

EVAN
You came to help me?

BOB
Of course we did. You're part of the team.

Evan nods, as does Bob. An unspoken apology. Then...

EVAN
He took Abby--

JAMARCUS
He would've taken her to the Hive.

FRANKLIN
Where is it really?

JAMARCUS
Before I ripped the dude's heart out, I managed to squeeze some details out of him. It's under the Costco.

BOB
Very funny, man. I think I know my own Costco.

JAMARCUS
I'm serious, Bob. It's been right there. Under your nose. The whole time.

BOB

Wow. I guess that's why my security guards keep disappearing. I thought they were just stealing stuff and running back to Puerto Rico.

EVAN

You're the one who steals stuff. And the Puerto Rican thing is--
(catching himself)
Jamarcus, in the video, it looked like there were some kind of weapons that were firing on the major cities...

JAMARCUS

Follow me.

PAUL'S ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

Jamarcus indicates the highschool football field, visible just down the hill. Holds up his fingers in the form of GOALPOSTS.

JAMARCUS (CONT'D)

Those are the weapons.

LINUS

The goalposts?

JAMARCUS

The best place to hide something is right in plain sight.

BOB

Bastards are using football. Is nothing sacred?

JAMARCUS

They all go off at 9 o'clock.

BOB

Right after the game...
(then, realizing)
Chelsea's there...with that bastard's son...

Jamarcus looks out at the goalposts, an idea...

JAMARCUS

There's a manual targeting control under the high school.

The guys follow his thinking...

LINUS

We can aim the goalposts at the Hive. Costco go boom.

BOB

Let's not be hasty here. There's something very precious in that Costco.

EVAN

Abby...

BOB

(that wasn't what I was thinking, but...)
Yes. Abby. Exactly.

FRANKLIN

It's like at the end of *Return of the Jedi*! We have to split up! One of us goes to the game and turns the goalposts while the rest of us go to Costco and get Abby out before it gets blown up. Then we dance with Ewoks.

BOB

I'm going to that game.

EVAN

(solemn)
And I'm going to get my wife.

FRANKLIN

And this time we're rollin' hard.

Bon Jovi's *Wanted Dead or Alive* plays over a

MONTAGE

in which the team prepares for battle, *A-Team* style.

* At the HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Franklin grabs old muskets, bows and arrows, off the walls. Tosses them to our guys.

* Jamarcus unloads a huge vat of dry ice from the DJ smoke machine in his trunk.

JAMARCUS

Below freezing slows us down. Below zero Fahrenheit and we're dead.

* In Linus' kitchen, the guys pour the frozen mixture into bullets, arrow tips, throwing stars.

* Bob has made a little model of the Costco with Chelsea's old Duplos, going over a plan with the others. Finally his expertise comes in handy.

* A shot of the men in Linus' backyard, in slo-mo, walking towards camera, cocking their weapons, frozen ammunition bandoleros slung over their shoulders.

* Close on a face in a mirror, shaving.

The montage ends in front of Linus' house, Frank, Linus and Jamarcus loaded into Jamarcus' ride. Bob in his.

Evan strides to the Tercel, his back to us and Bob, who stops him, finally betraying a bit of insecurity...

BOB

You really think we can do this? I mean, we really are just a bunch of dudes. We're nothing special.

Evan spins. He has shaved, leaving A GOATEE.

BOB (CONT'D)

Is that--?

Evan nods, assured, recalling Bob's earlier words...

EVAN

We're a part of something, Bob. And that makes us special. So of course we can do this. We're the fucking Neighborhood Watch.

Bob nods, slams on the gas, his SUV peeling off to the game.

Evan hops in the Tercel. Jamarcus TURNS THE IGNITION. As he goes to put it in drive, SHOTS RING OUT. The car sinks, the rear tires shot out.

BRUSSELLS and MORGAN grin in their cop car just behind. More shots.

LINUS

Move!

The guys race out of the car, covering their heads, staying low as they follow Linus into

HIS SHED

They roll the door down. Linus flicks on the light, grins.

THE COPS

Search for them in the backyard.

IN THE SHED

Jamarcus is under the hood of the spaceship. Messes with a couple wires. Linus sits in the cockpit.

JAMARCUS

Give it a try.

The engine sputters. Jamarcus scratches his chin. Then KICKS THE THING. VROOOOM!

THE COPS hear, react. Try to muscle open the shed door. Shoot at its lock. Shoot through the door.

IN THE SHIP. All are aboard. Bullets hitting metal. Linus turns to Jamarcus.

EVAN

Punch it, Lando!

JAMARCUS

I can't fly.

EVAN

Are you serious?

JAMARCUS

Can you guys fly a plane? No. So why should I be able to fly a spaceship. We have guys who specialize in that.

LINUS

Yeah, drunks. Move.

Linus takes the controls. Takes a deep breath. Yanks on something. They shoot out the back of the garage, hover above the ground.

LINUS (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Punches another lever. They shoot upward. He's driving. Like a kid who doesn't know how to drive stick, but he's driving.

The cops shoot up at the ship to no avail.

MORGAN

Call it in!

As the ship zooms over their heads we can catch a Neighborhood Watch magnet slapped on its underside.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Friday Night Lights. The game is in full swing. Jason fires a pass, which is caught for a good gain, down at the 20. The crowd rises, cheers. Bob pries his way to his daughter.

BOB

Chelsea!

CHELSEA

Dad?

On the field, Jason turns to see Bob.

BOB

Baby, he's not who you think he is.

CHELSEA

You know?

BOB

You know?

Next play. Jason lets himself get sacked, feigns an injury, grabbing his knee. Hobbles off the field.

BOB (CONT'D)

I can stop it. I need you to come with me. I know I haven't been fair to you but I need you to trust me.

Jason rushes up the stands. Scottie sees, not pleased, but is pulled into the next play. Jason reaches father and daughter. Bob fingers a nitrogen-loaded gun in his waistband.

BOB (CONT'D)

Stay away from her.

JASON

I can help.

CHELSEA

Dad, please.

BOB

He's an alien! And, worse, he's a teenage boy.

CHELSEA

He's a good guy.

BOB

Angel, the world is ending--

CHELSEA

Exactly. And just once I need you to trust me. If you can't do that then...it doesn't make a difference if we make it or not.

BOB

(moved)

Wow.

(then, realizing)

That's a line from Livin' on a Prayer!

CHELSEA

(with a wink)

Is it really?

Bob looks at his daughter. The boy. Finally trusting...

BOB

Let's go.

As they hurry off...

JASON

She'll always be your little girl.

CHELSEA

Ew, sappy.

BOB

(wiping a tear)

I know. Where'd you find this cheeseball.

I/E. SPACESHIP - CONTINUOUS

The Watch ship whooshes over the country club. The eighteenth hole EXPANDS, becoming a huge opening, out of which an ALIEN SHIP rises. Two OOZING ALIENS at the controls.

The alien ship chases after ours, firing energy bolts. In our ship...

EVAN

They're shooting at us!

LINUS

Shoot back!

FRANKLIN

With what? The plastic X-Wing gun
you got at Comicon?

Linus points out a REAL GUN TURRET in the rear...

LINUS

No. With that.

Franklin's eyes light up. One of the blasts rocks our ship.
The guys hold on for dear life.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Bob, Chelsea and Jason run toward the school, passing the
burnouts, who lie under the bleachers.

ROBYN

Okay, how 'bout this? What if we're
the aliens?

The offense scores a touchdown. But rather than celebrate,
Scottie hustles after our guys.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE TOWN - CONTINUOUS

A baddass SPACESHIP CHASE THROUGH SUBURBIA.

Our two ships surge under traffic light wires, passing a
couple in a CORVETTE. It's the global warming professor and
his wife.

PROFESSOR

And you said I was
overcompensating.

The ships take out clotheslines, knock the letters off a
movie theater marquee. They crash through the glass atrium of
the mall FOOD COURT and out the other side, the unfazed
PATRONS continuing to eat their hot dogs on sticks.

Throughout Franklin struggles with the ion cannon turret ala
the Millennium Falcon, loving every second of it, SCREAMING
like a madman...

FRANKLIN

It's beautiful, man! It's
beautiful!

Our ship zips through the GIANT DONUT atop Dunkin' D's.

They approach a Long Island Railroad COMMUTER TRAIN! About to
crash when both ships GO VERTICAL, squeezing between two
cars. A guy onboard drinking a tallboy in a paper bag sees.
Throws the beer away.

Linus fires at the enemy ship but misses, hitting the legs of THE WATER TOWER, which starts to topple over. Linus sees, doubles around, heading right for it.

EVAN

What're you doing?!

LINUS

Trust me...

Just as the tower is about to slam onto our ship, Linus kicks into a faster gear, zipping ahead, the water tower SMASHING DOWN on the enemy.

Back in our ship, Linus can spot the huge Costco up ahead. But they've taken on damage...

LINUS (CONT'D)

We're hit! Prepare for emergency landing!

FRANKLIN

What does that mean?

LINUS

Pray!

Linus tries to keep the nose up as he crash lands in the giant parking lot. The craft skids along, sparking, then flaming, hurtling towards the wall. It stops just inches from the Costco's glass doors, which zip open, the automatic sensor triggered. DING!

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jason leads the way.

JASON

The controls are in the equipment room.

BOB

Huh. Those kids really did see an alien.

JASON

He was arming the weapon for tonight.

Just as they're about to enter the equipment room, Bob is lifted by the ankle and tossed across the hall into some lockers. It's Scottie, who angrily approaches Jason and Chelsea.

SCOTTIE

Whatcha doin', J? We got a game to win.

Bob pulls out his ice gun, but before he can fire Scottie knocks it from his hands. It skitters along the floor.

Scottie uncloaks. Cracks his neck. Jason steps forward to take him on.

JASON

(to Bob and Chelsea)
Go! I'll hold him off.

INT. COSTCO - CONTINUOUS

The team enters to find the bulk store is now teeming with aliens, in their full form, jaws dripping, ready to destroy them.

LINUS

Oh my god.

EVAN

I had the same reaction. This place is ridiculous.

An alien hisses. Evan closes his eyes and squeezes the trigger on his musket. The bullet strikes. Nothing happens. The alien laughs. But the cold suddenly spreads to the rest of the alien's body which FREEZES FROM WITHIN and cracks to shreds.

Now a giant battle erupts. Awesome action amidst the most mundane of consumer goods. The optometrist. The Christmas trees. An outdoor dining set...

EVAN (CONT'D)

Can you believe they sell lawn furniture?

ALIEN

I know. They really have everything.

Franklin shoots the alien, which explodes. Another is about to get Franklin when Jamarcus FULLY UNCLOAKS for the first time and, in alien form, kicks some serious ass.

In the drink aisle, an alien approaches Franklin, who grabs a cold beer bottle from a cooler and smashes it over the alien's head, then jabs it in its heart. He's like Swayze in *Roadhouse*. Using a pool cue from a pool table, etc. Jamarcus watches, slack-jawed.

FRANKLIN

I wasn't kidding about the bar fights. Shit went down.

Morgan and Brussels enter, guns blazing.

MORGAN

Don't move!

On Linus, as he hears those words.

LINUS

You...

BRUSSELS

Hey, look, Morgan it's that idiot we always--

BLAM! Linus hits Brussels with a liquid-nitrogen-tipped arrow shot and he explodes in shards. As Linus struggles to reload, Morgan narrows his eyes, pounces after.

As the Watch guys fight above, down beneath Costco, in the

HIVE CONTROL ROOM

Computer screens monitor the impending attack, watched by Paul, who we see from behind, in his massive alien form.

PAUL

It's a small world after all, darling. But we'll take it.

Abby watches, bound and gagged, her eyes wide.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Bob and Chelsea rush into the EQUIPMENT ROOM, Scottie and Jason battle, alien versus alien (which should be pretty cool).

JASON

(as he fights, to Bob and Chelsea)

It's behind the lockers!

Chelsea and Bob yank the lockers away, revealing a computerized WEAPONS CONTROL. Seeing what they're up to, Scottie kicks it into overdrive, slamming Jason, who lands in a heap, unconscious. Scottie grins, saunters towards Bob and Chelsea...

INT. COSTCO - CONTINUOUS

Linus stumbles through a plastic door divider, stops, out of breath, beaten, in a dark room. Morgan swaggers through, cocky. Flips on the light to reveal we're in the meat locker. This was all part of Linus' plan. Morgan goes to run but he's slowed by the cold. Linus smiles, knocks him to the floor. Morgan, on his back, attempts to slink away.

MORGAN

(freezing)

C'mon, man. You gotta admit you liked having a little Captain in you...

LINUS

Mm. This isn't right.

MORGAN

Thank you.

Linus flips Morgan over with his foot. Aims the crossbow at his ass.

LINUS

That's much better.

As he fires, SMASH TO:

THE MAIN FLOOR

Evan, Franklin and Jamarcus struggle to the tire pile.

JAMARCUS

This is it.

EVAN

I'm going down. Get out of here.

JAMARCUS

No, man, we're coming--

EVAN

Just go.

They nod. Evan triggers the tires, which swing him through to the staircase. At the end of the hall, an alien stands guard. He is trying, once again, to jab a straw into a Capri Sun.

CAPRI-SUN-LOVING ALIEN

You have got to be kidding me!

A gunshot! Evan's ice-gun smokes. Finally there's a hole pierced in the Capri Sun, straight through and into the alien, who freezes.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Bob fends off Scottie with a hockey stick, keeping Chelsea behind him. Scottie's enjoying this, toying with them.

SCOTTIE

I'm gonna need that after I'm done with you two. As a toothpick.

Just as he's about to tear into them. BANG! A shot rings out. Scottie looks down to see he's been hit in the gut, which freezes and spreads. Reveal Jason, in the hall, with the ice revolver. Bob helps him up...

BOB

Yeah! That's what I'm talking about! That's what I look for in a son-in-law.

CHELSEA

Whoa. Slow your roll. We just met.

Jason hustles to the controls, starts manipulating things...

OUT ON THE FIELD

The teams are lined up for a field goal attempt. Just as the kicker lets fly, the posts turn, causing him to miss. Everyone is very confused. But the defensive team cheers.

INT. HIVE CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Evan steps into the massive space, gun drawn. Nobody there.

PAUL (O.S.)

Drop the gun or she dies.

Paul (in full alien form for the first time, the most vicious one yet) emerges from the shadows, holding little Abby in front of him as a hostage shield.

EVAN

It's over, Paul. This place is gonna blow. Give me my wife and I'll let you walk out of here.

PAUL

Hmm. Maybe it's just me, but I'd rather we all die.

Abby looks up at Paul, then to her husband, decided...

ABBY

Shoot him, honey.

His hand shakes. He sucked at that shooting game. Kept hitting the hostage, remember?

EVAN

But what if I--?

ABBY

The world's more important than me.

EVAN

No. It's not--

ABBY

Evan, you have to. Just aim high.
I'll be fine.

PAUL

Don't screw it up. No pressure.
Just keep your eye on the ball.

ABBY

You can do it, Evan.

Evan's hand trembles on the gun. Should he? No. But he has to. Finally, to Paul...

EVAN

Get out of my neighborhood.

BANG! Evan fires, the bullet soaring just over Abby's head, striking Paul in the shoulder, sending him crashing to the floor. Abby stands there in shock.

ABBY

It didn't hit me, right?

EVAN

No.

He pulls her close, they embrace.

ABBY

I'm not in heaven?

EVAN

No, you're in a Costco. In
Teppertown.

She smiles. Better than heaven.

ON PAUL as his yellow eyes snap open. Unseen by Evan and Abby, the alien chops his own arm off before the freezing spreads to the rest of his body.

EVAN (CONT'D)

C'mon, we have to--

Paul grabs onto Evan's foot, drags him away from her.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Go!

(she hesitates)

I'll be right there.

(then)

Get out of here.

Reluctantly, Abby runs off. Evan tries to get off another shot, but Paul moves his arm, causing the bullet to miss. Now the gun clicks, empty.

With one arm, Paul's still incredibly powerful. He bites down on Evan's shoulder. Blood trickles down.

They wrestle. Paul throws Evan against a wall. Evan holds him off with a desk chair.

On the screens behind them, we may catch glimpses of the Joseph McCarthy High goalposts, ready to fire, see the clock tick down.

Finally, Paul corners Evan, prepares for a final bite, when...

FSSHHHHH! They are both sprayed with white foam. Reveal Abby with a FIRE EXTINGUISHER. Evan is covered in foam but fine.

EVAN (CONT'D)

You came back...

Paul is frozen solid. Abby helps Evan up.

ABBY

I was always the cool one.

As Evan pushes off of Paul, the alien CRUMBLES TO DUST. The Trautwigs sprint from the room.

FOOTBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

The goalposts charge. The players, fans, burnouts, Bob and company watch in awe.

COSTCO - CONTINUOUS

Jamarcus, Franklin and Linus watch from a distance as the blast hits the massive store.

AROUND THE WORLD

Suburban goalposts do not fire, the Hive having been destroyed.

BACK AT COSTCO

Out of the giant explosion...

Evan and Abby burst through the door in a forklift. As the truck comes to a stop, its cargo tumbles over...a giant package of HUGGIES. Abby looks at her husband, smiles.

ABBY (CONT'D)

The planet is now officially saved.

EVAN

Y'gotta start somewhere.

And we DISSOLVE TO...

EXT. TRAUTWIGS' BACKYARD - DUSK - A WHILE LATER

Franklin and his adorable WIFE AND KIDS sit at a table.

FRANKLIN

--and then Daddy smashed him in the head with a Heineken--

Nearby, Linus pours a drink for Jamarcus.

JAMARCUS

No ice.

LINUS

Right.

Linus leans in close. The whole alien thing their little secret...

LINUS (CONT'D)

So, how did it go with the...home office?

JAMARCUS

They're gonna let us people fans stick around.

LINUS

And Earthwood Estates?

JAMARCUS

Sales were slow. Turns out there were some unforeseen effects of climate change.

(MORE)

JAMARCUS (CONT'D)
Hurricanes and such. Really lowered
demand. They're gonna build on
Neptune instead.

LINUS
There's life on Neptune?

JAMARCUS
Not for long.

Bob and Bonnie walk past Chelsea and Jason, their arms around
one another. Bob pats Jason on the shoulder.

BONNIE
I'm so proud of how accepting
you've become.

BOB
You have no idea.

Bob continues on to Evan, still himself but maybe allowing
himself to wear shorts. Evan slides a spatula under a piece
of salmon on cedar planks--a grilling expert.

BOB (CONT'D)
Not bad, buddy. But you'd look
better in one of these...

Bob hands over a BLACK APRON. Evan smiles, puts it on as Abby
approaches, glowing.

EVAN
What?

ABBY
Nothing.

EVAN
(perhaps still nervous)
Did you pee on something plastic?

ABBY
Four of 'em.

EVAN
And?

ABBY
Pink, right arrow, plus and a
creepy picture of a baby.

Beat, then Evan sweeps her into his arms, kisses her sweetly.

Bob tosses a FRISBEE. Marv (back in the Boston Terrier suit) uses his powers to jump fifteen feet in the air and snatch it.

We continue past him up into the sky, just starting to twinkle with stars as we FADE TO BLACK.

THE END