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Name

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A starry sky hangs over a giant...

EXT. COSTCO - NIGHT

It's three a.m. in suburbia. Flood lights drench a massive empty parking lot.

INT. COSTCO - NIGHT

There's a GIANT STEREO display at the front of the store. WE SEE hands turning it on, and CRANKING the volume way up.

MUSIC UP: BOYZ IN THE HOOD by EAZY-E

We see a CHUBBY SECURITY GUARD strutting like a gangsta through the giant aisles of the store. He casually grabs a bottle of vodka off a shelf as he passes.

In another aisle, he crip-walks over to a martini shaker, still in the box. He takes it out, pouring in the vodka as he DANCES. He shakes the shaker as he rounds the corner.

WE SEE a GIANT jar of olives. The guard unscrews the top and takes one, resealing the jar after. He drops the olive in the shaker and chugs his drink. This dude's getting fucked up.

SHOTS OF THE
GUARD:

- Playing DANCE DANCE REVOLUTION in the video game section.
- Helping himself to some pills from the Pharmacy.
- Taking a box of cigars.
- Driving like a Gangsta on a kid's Big Wheel, chugging beers, and eating cookies.

The Guard is now using a forklift to put a massage chair in front of a wall of fifty TV screens. He sits in the chair and picks up a remote, turning EVERY TV to the same PORNO MOVIE. He pulls out a GIANT TUBE of LUBE and a joint.

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SECURITY GUARD
Costco security, motherfucker.

He's about to go to town, when suddenly, ALL THE TVs start to FLICKER.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
What the hell?

Then, they all lose power, going black.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Oh, you gotta be fucking kidding me.

He gets up, going over to the fuse box, when suddenly, ALL THE LIGHTS IN THE STORE GO OUT. It's pitch black.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Oh man...

The Guard pulls out his flashlight and starts walking over to the front doors, when he hears a SKITTERING noise. He whips his flashlight around, only to see...nothing.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Hello?

INT. COSTCO - BEVERAGE AISLE - MOMENTS LATER

The guard tiptoes past oversized soda boxes. It's a little unsettling in here at night in the dark -- one man dwarfed amidst the huge stacks. He spots an overturned case of CRACKERS.

SECURITY GUARD
Who's here?! Stop fucking with me!! This isn't funny!

The guard hears a louder SKITTERING sound behind him. He SPINS around to see a towering PILE OF MICHELINS up against a wall, slowly wavering back and forth.

(CONTINUED)

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He hears a noise behind him and whips his flashlight over and shines it on a completely empty BATTERY DISPLAY CASE. One lone battery rolls onto the floor, the noise echoing through the store.

The guard steps forward into something squishy and looks down; he's stepped in a pile of GREEN GOO.

The guard nervously pulls out his gun.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Listen, whoever's in here! They gave me a gun, okay? And...they didn't teach me how to use it properly! So if you don't fuck off, there is a very good chance I'll shoot you by accident!

THUD! THUD! THUD!

The Guard quickly spins around, shining the flashlight behind him.

THUD! THUD! THUD!

The sounds are getting louder. Closer.

SECURITY GUARD

JUST TAKE WHATEVER YOU WANT! YOU WIN! Don't hurt me...

The Guard squints in the direction of the sound, trying to make out the source. Then...he sees it. His eyes widen in sheer terror. The guard shoots wildly, manically trying to hit whatever is in front of him - BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! CLICK. He's out of bullets.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

FUCK ME!!!

The guard runs for his life. We can hear footsteps gaining on him.

FROM WHATEVER IS CHASING THE GUARD'S POV: We see we are gaining on the Guard as he frantically pulls whatever he can off the shelves and throws it back at us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
FUCK ME! FUCK ME! FUCK ME!

The guard reaches the FRONT DOOR. Desperately fishes for his keys. Finally finds the right one.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
YES!!!

Too late. Something pounces on him.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
NOOO-

EXT. COSTCO - CONTINUOUS

BLOOD SPLATTERS on the sliding doors of the front entrance, covering the "Welcome to Costco" sign.

EXT. SUBURBS - DAY

- As the sun comes up over the horizon, a GROUP OF EIGHT MEN run through the quiet suburbs.

Leading the pack is EVAN, wearing an oversized fanny pack and listening to an iPod, a satisfied smile on his face. They run past a welcome sign to HUMBOLDT, ARIZONA.

EVAN
(yelling to the group)
STAY IN FORMATION! ONLY FIVE MILES TO
GO!!! KEEP THOSE HEART RATES UP
PEOPLE!!!

- Evan and the group run past a SLEEPY WOMAN getting her newspaper. Evan waves to her but she does not see.

EVAN (CONT'D)
(too loud)
HEY MRS. KITCHNER!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Unbeknownst to Evan, who keeps on jogging, the woman stumbles backwards, startled.

- Evan and the group runs up and down the stairs at HUMBOLDT HIGH SCHOOL'S football stadium.

EVAN (CONT'D)

(counting the stairs)

...123...124...125...

(to the group)

ONLY THIRTEEN THOUSAND TO GO! KEEP UP THE HUSTLE GUYS!!!

- Evan and the group run through a beautiful park. One of the RANDOM JOGGERs gets a pain in his leg.

RANDOM JOGGER

CRAMP! CRAMP!

Evan and everyone stops, serious looks on their faces.

- Evan stretches the Random Jogger's leg in a humorously sexual manner as the rest of the group jogs on the spot.

EVAN

Breathe deep and breath easy, Jared. Close those eyes. Where are you? You're sitting in a very comfortable chair. Let all the tension slide up your spine and out through the top of your head...

- The group is stopped near a public restroom. Evan steps out of the restroom.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Okay guys! My pee was notably more yellow than I'd like to admit, so we should probably all hydrate. It's a scorch out here, better safe than sorry.

- Evan SPRINTS around a corner and comes to a quick stop at a community bulletin board. He runs in place while unzipping his fanny pack and removing a stack of FLYERS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He staples them to the corkboard: 1)VOLUNTEERS NEEDED FOR COMMUNITY LANDSCAPING PROJECT 2)JOIN THE HUMBOLDT RECYCLING TEAM 3)MEALS ON WHEELS. Just as he finishes, the rest of the group rounds the corner and he nonchalantly rejoins the pack.

- Evan runs down his block towards his house. A neighbor is happily washing his car. As Evan approaches him he waves to the neighbor.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Spray me! Jake! Spray me, neighbor!

Jake smiles and gives Evan a quick spray to the face.

Evan runs up to his picturesque suburban home. He looks back on his neighborhood; the manicured lawns, kids playing in front of their perfect houses as the sun glistens from on high. The suburbs kick fucking ass.

INT. EVAN'S HOME - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Evan disrobes and hops in the shower.

We see FRAMED PHOTOS of Evan with his wife ABBY. They look like a happy couple.

INT. EVAN'S HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Evan, dressed in a Costco polo shirt and looks himself over in the mirror.

We see Evan's wife ABBY look up from her PACKED SUITCASE.

EVAN

I'm gonna miss you.

ABBY

Aww, I'll miss you too. It's just two nights, and you're so busy anyway with all your clubs and stuff.

EVAN

Don't I know it. The recycling team is turning out to be way more than I bargained for.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVAN (CONT'D)

This city really has an ass backwards system in place.

ABBY

Well, now you can focus on getting that stuff out of the way and I'll take in some shows. Go to a museum. You know, get some culture.

EVAN

(playful)

Well, I guess that's the trade-off then. Get a little culture, lose a lot of personal safety. No biggie though, right? I mean, it's only your life.

Abby rolls her eyes and zips up her suitcase.

ABBY

You're such a pussy.

EVAN

I'm not a pussy. You always say that, but I'm not. I'm prudent, and educated. Did you know that in New York every three minutes someone gets stabbed, every four minutes a baby is abandoned and every six minutes a tranny shoots an innocent businesswoman in the back?

Abby smiles.

ABBY

Every four minutes?

EVAN

Yeah.

(looks at his watch)

Another businesswoman was JUST gunned down by a tranny. As we were talking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ABBY

Well, If I see a tranny anywhere near me, I will just punch him slash her in face and run away.

EVAN

The city isn't like Humboldt, where we're completely insulated from nutjobs and crackheads by an invisible financial barrier. That's why they invented the suburbs in the first place. So people wouldn't have to worry about things like vandalism, robbery, assaults, murders. Why would anyone choose to live somewhere like that? Being nothing more than an anonymous face in a huge, uncaring crowd; here today, gone tomorrow. In a place like Humboldt you can have a legacy, it's contained, controlled. It's just so much easier.

ABBY

Are you done yet?

EVAN

Yeah, I'm done. Now I'm just gonna walk across my front yard, which doesn't exist in New York, and head on down to my adorable little mailbox, which definitely doesn't exist in New York, and then have an amazing breakfast featuring bacon, which I'm pretty sure, due to all the Jewish people, also does NOT exist in New York.

Evan winks at her. Abby's not amused.

ABBY

I'll call you when I get there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EVAN

I'll be waiting here...in the comfort of our beautiful home...situated in our quiet and charming suburban neighborhood...free from the societal ills of-

ABBY

Okay! Okay.

Abby goes over to Evan and starts KISSING him. He gets a little uncomfortable.

ABBY (CONT'D)

You think... maybe we can... get one in before I go?

EVAN

(clearly doesn't want to have sex)

Oh man. I wish. Like...I'm so super horny. I'm like hard already just talking about it... but I just, I gotta get to work-

ABBY

Are you sure we can't-

EVAN

I'm the boss, Abby. Leadership by example. Costco wouldn't function without me there.

ABBY

Okay, that's fine. I don't want to pressure you.

EVAN

I appreciate that. I love you.

He kisses her.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Call me when you get there!

INT. EVAN'S CAR - LATER

We see Evan, dressed in his Costco polo shirt, driving his car towards work while talking on the cell phone.

EVAN

(into phone)

What do you mean the toilet paper's not coming in till Tuesday? Well we're down to four crates, and we got two extra frozen burrito shipments last week, so, you do the math.

(beat)

No, I'm literally saying that the people of Humboldt will be shitting more than there is toilet paper to wipe it up with.

(beat)

Okay, good. Thank you. And I've gone through the inventory again, we're missing another crate of batteries. That means shoplifting, Terry, and I don't tolerate shoplifting in my store. As the deputy of the anti-shoplifting committee I really hoped you'd be more on top of this.

(beat)

Okay. I'm sorry for raising my voice. Talk to you later.

Evan hangs up.

EXT. COSTCO - LATER

Evan pulls into the parking lot drinking a large, pink JAMBA JUICE only to find the entrance of Costco sectioned off with POLICE CAUTION TAPE. Behind the tape is a PARTITION, blocking the front doors. In the background there is a single NEWS VAN setting up.

Evan parks his car and heads towards the front doors. He passes by a GROUP OF COPS standing off to the side, drinking coffee. One of the officers, SERGEANT BRESSMAN (mid-30s, friendly) spots Evan approaching the tape and jogs over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

Whoa. Sorry sir, can't let you go back there.

EVAN

Oh, I'm actually the manager here, so-

Evan proudly shows his IDENTIFICATION and steps forward. Again, Evan tries to enter but Sergeant Bressman holds him back.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Okay, well, can you tell me what happened? Is it serious?

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

I'm really not supposed to share details of an on-going investigation. It's policy.

EVAN

Look, I run this place. Can you at least tell me when I can expect to be allowed back inside?

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

Gee, tough to say. We still gotta make heads or tails of the situation. Never dealt with anything even close to this before. So, I don't know, a few weeks? Months maybe?

EVAN

What?!

Evan looks over at a GROUP OF POLICE OFFICERS standing around, drinking coffee.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Okay, look, can I just speak to whoever's in charge here?

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

Yes. Uh, that would be me.

Sergeant Bressman smiles and points to his badge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EVAN

You?

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

Yes, sir. Sergeant Bressman.

(beat; leans in)

Tell you what, I'm not supposed to do this, but seeing as how you're the manager, and you seem really interested, I think we can bend the rules this one time.

(beat; whispering)

It's murder.

EVAN

WHAT?! Are you fucking serious?!

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

'Fraid so. It's real messed up in there. By far the grossest thing I've ever seen in my whole life. Yeah, looks like buddy was ripped apart by a wild animal.

Evan can't believe what he's hearing. Sergeant Bressman whips out his NOTE PAD, excited.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, speaking of which, do you happen to know the name of the guy that was working here last night?

EVAN

Uh, yeah. Antonio De Luca.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

(writing)

Whoa, that's a mouthful. Slow down a second. An-to-nio De Lu-ca.

(beat)

Yeah, you could make out the uniform but, uh, the name tag was torn to shreds.

(beat; to himself)

Okay. Victim's name. Check.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EVAN

Antonio's dead!?

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

Yep.

EVAN

(overwhelmed)

Oh my god...

(thinks)

Well, what're you guys gone do? Someone
has to do something!

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

Oh yeah! I know. I mean, there's a lot to deal
with. I gotta talk to the media. I mean, that's a
whole job right there, and then on top of that
you throw on a whole murder investigation
and-

(shaking his head)

Let's just say it's a lot more "stuff" than I'm
used to. But I'm on it.

Evan looks at Sergeant Bressman skeptically.

EVAN

Well, what steps have you taken so far?

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

Gee, uh, we only got here a few hours ago.
Umm, we've set up this partition, as you can
see...

EVAN

Have you dusted the scene for prints?
Searched the perimeter of the building?
Anything?

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

Uh, not just...

(scribbles in his notepad)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SERGEANT BRESSMAN (CONT'D)

...yet. Hey, you sound like you know what
you're talking about. You an ex-cop?

EVAN

(annoyed)

No. I'm just applying common sense.

(beat, proud)

And, actually, I am experienced. I've been
spearheading an anti-shoplifting campaign at
Costco for the past few months.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

Cool, man.

EVAN

(cocksurely)

Were any of the windows or doors broken in?

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

(taken aback)

Sir. A man is dead.

EVAN

No, I mean is there any sign of forced entry?

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

Oh. Ohhhh. No, I don't think so.

EVAN

So the suspect must've had a key.

Sergeant Bressman nods along.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

Do you have a key?

EVAN

Of course I do. I'm the manager.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

(suspicious)

Wasn't you, was it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

EVAN
(disgusted)
My god. No. That's-
(shaking head)
No.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN
You know what, maybe it wouldn't hurt if you
took a quick peek, see if anything catches
your eye.

EVAN
Finally.

Sergeant Bressman lifts the tape for Evan to duck under, then leads him to the partition. Sergeant Bressman pulls the partition back a few inches for Evan to see:

Antonio De Luca's body is SPLATTERED across the front doors, blood and guts everywhere.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Oh my fucking-

Evan lurches over, drops to his knee and VOMITS pink Jamba Juice on the ground. The news crew captures it on film.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN
Aww, jesus man, I thought you were a pro!

Evan looks up again and sees a severed arm covered in blood and GREEN GOO. Evan throws up again.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN (CONT'D)
Aww, gross! Alright, this was a mistake. Just
get out of here. Go!

EVAN
Yeah...okay. I'm...uh...sorry. Just, call me when
I can be of service.

Evan walks back to his car, a disturbed look on his face.

MUSIC UP: SPANISH MARIACHI VERSION OF SOUNDS OF SILENCE BY SIMONUNDO Y GARAFUNKLITO.

WE SEE: Evan driving his car down the road, crying.

WE SEE: Evan pulling up to a modest home in a Hispanic neighborhood, now wearing a black suit. He somberly knocks on the door, and a short Hispanic lady answers. Evan and her exchange a few words, and he hands her Antonio's name tag. The woman drops to her knees, crying hysterically.

WE SEE: Evan, standing in front of a PACKED CROWD of weeping Hispanic people in Antonio's living room. He is finishing delivering a heartfelt eulogy.

EVAN

(in perfect Spanish)

...yes el razon que Antonio va a estar vivir
siempre.

INT. EVAN'S HOME - NIGHT

Evan sits on the couch, saddened, eating TV dinners while watching the LOCAL NEWS. The headline reads "MAN KILLED AT COSTCO". Sergeant Bressman appears on the screen being interviewed.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

...we, as cops, will do the best we can, but I for
one would like to put some of the
responsibility on the citizens of this town.

(looks into camera)

Where were you? How could nobody see
anything? There's only like five cops in this
town, and there's thousands of you guys,
so...yeah, not to point fingers or anything, but...

Sergeant Bressman points at the camera, then walks away.

NEWSREPORTER

We caught up with several Humboldtians who
gathered around the store this morning,
some literally sick to their stomachs over the
incident.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- We see multiple angles of Evan throwing up at Costco.

INT. EVAN'S SUBURBAN HOME - A BIT LATER

Evan is now on the phone.

ABBY (O.S.)
(through phone)
You threw up on TV?

EVAN
It was gross, okay? You would've done the same.

ABBY
I can't believe that. That's just crazy. I'm so sorry.

EVAN
Yeah. It's pretty fucked. The whole De Luca family was pretty rocked by the news.

ABBY
Oh man.

EVAN
I don't mean to bum you out. Are you having fun?

ABBY
Yeah... You know. It's fine. Nothing too crazy.

WE CUT TO:

INT. CRAZY PARTY - CONTINUOUS

We see Abby is in fact at an AWESOME New York party in the meat packing district. Her friends CARLA and ABBY are dancing in the background with martinis in hand.

CARLA
Get off the FUCKING phone, girl!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Abby waves Carla away.

ABBY

We're just... having a few drinks. Well what are you gonna do all day if Costco's closed?

EVAN

Well, I think it's obvious. I have to do something about this.

ABBY

What? No you don't. That's what the police are paid to do.

EVAN

The police? Yeah right! They couldn't solve a... you know... simplistic, simple, like, thing that's super easy to solve. Abby, I'm a pillar of the community. People are gonna be looking to me for a solution.

Evan notices the TV is playing yet another news story of him throwing up.

ABBY

Are you starting another club, Evan?

EVAN

(beat)

Maybe.

Abby rolls her eyes.

ABBY

Well-

Carla comes up to Abby and grabs her shoulder.

CARLA

Seriously, Abby. Look at who we are FUCKING dancing with!

Abby looks to see Stephanie grinding with DAVID BOREANAZ.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARLA (CONT'D)
FUCKING ANGEL. The sexy vampire!

ABBY

Okay. Fine. Do what you've gotta do. I'll see
you tomorrow.

EVAN

Alright, love ya.

Abby gets the bartender's attention.

ABBY

Cosmo please!

MUSIC UP: WE WANT EAZY by EAZY-E

INT. EVAN'S HOME - BATHROOM

- Evan stares at himself in the mirror, psyching himself up.
- Evan grabs a Costco Shirt out of his closet.
- He irons LETTERS onto his shirt.
- He grabs a tube of hair gel and slicks his hair back. All business.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

The whole town has come out for the high school football game, Friday Night Lights-style.

The 2nd quarter ends and both teams run off the field.

Evan sits in the stands, mentally preparing.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH

A TEENAGE ANNOUNCER shuffles through some papers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEENAGE ANNOUNCER

(through the PA)

That's the half. And as the players march into their dressing rooms, we are now joined on the field by...

The Announcer look at a piece of paper that has a FIFTY DOLLAR BILL paper clipped to it.

TEENAGE ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Evan. Trautwig.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Evan walks on the field. The front of his Costco shirt reads "NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH". The back says "NO MORE MURDERS".

TEENAGE ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Hey, isn't that the guy that puked himself on the news?

Sporadic laughter throughout the crowd. Evan nods and takes the mic. His voice carries through the stands.

EVAN

Sure. Go ahead. Laugh. If that's how you choose to cope with the grief of this terrible, terrible tragedy, then so be it.

(beat; gravely)

But make no mistake about it Humboldt, you are grieving. We are in shock. And yes, I did vomit on television. And do you know why?

Because what I saw...made me sick.

And this effects all of us.

In the stands, we see BOB (45) listening intently to Evan's message. Bob then directs his attention to CHELSEA, his blossoming teenage daughter (15, Cheerleader) who is flirting with JASON (15, football player). Bob's eyes narrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVAN (CONT'D)

I come to you as a humble citizen attempting to preserve the sanctity of our suburbs. You know, I was born and raised here in Humboldt, just like most of you. Proud of it. Because unlike the New Yorks and the Parises of the world, here we care for each other. We look out for our own. We don't live in virtual anonymity; we know who our neighbors are, and we have the consideration to protect them.

Evan lets this sink in.

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

Our police are ill-equipped to deal with this new threat. They've said so themselves.

In the stands, we see this resonate with FRANKLIN (22). He nods and crushes a plastic beer cup in his hand.

EVAN (CONT'D)

And so we need to step up our game as neighbors. It is with this in mind, that I am forming a Neighborhood Watch group to keep an eye on any and all suspicious activity, and, you know...generally get to the bottom of things.

JAMARCUS (36, African American) listens to Evan, intrigued.

EVAN (CONT'D)

It is my sincere hope that this Neighborhood Watch will become an institution in Humboldt. Join me, and join my legacy.

(beat)

The first meeting will be held tonight after the game at 56 Jerome Park Drive. Appetizers will be served!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SPORADIC PITY APPLAUSE from the audience. Essentially the entire crowd is unmoved and annoyed by Evan's speech. All except for Bob, Franklin, and Jamarcus, who are standing on their feet, nodding in agreement.

INT. EVAN'S HOME - EVENING

Evan is rushing around as he lays out a HUGE array of appetizers. The doorbell rings.

INT. EVAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Franklin and Jamarcus are uncomfortably squashed together on the lone, tiny couch. Bob browses the living room, curiously inspecting family photos and various antiques. Evan stands before them, looking at his watch. Then to the door.

Bob picks up a RUSSIAN DOLL and starts opening it. He continues to open the doll, layer after layer.

BOB

Man this thing is great! Where can I pick up one of these?

EVAN

Not actually sure.

BOB

Well where'd you get this one?

EVAN

I don't remember. Might have been a wedding gift...please don't touch it.

Bob drops the doll and it SMASHES on the floor.

BOB

Well, this is a bad first impression. I am truly and honestly sorry.

EVAN

It's fine. Really. You wanna, uh, grab a seat?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob reaches the couch where Franklin and Jamarcus are sitting. There is barely any space left.

FRANKLIN

(annoyed)

I hope you're not thinking of trying to sit here,
'cause that's just not gonna work.

BOB

No worries, fella. It's the only other spot there is. We'll just have to make do. Shove-a-bum.

FRANKLIN

Seriously dude...

Bob squeezes himself between Franklin and Jamarcus. They are very uncomfortable.

Evan stands before them with a map of the neighborhood on a cork board beside him.

EVAN

Alright guys! I'm so happy to see you guys came out. How about we just start with everyone introducing themselves and saying why they joined?

Bob waves to the group.

BOB

Bob with a B. Love my town, love my neighbors, and I love chilling with bros. This is straight up my alley. Bunch a guys, away from the wives, once a week, maybe some titty mags, a few cigars. This is my jam. We're gonna tear shit up, boys.

FRANKLIN

Hey, my names Franklin. So here's my deal, few years back I drop out of high school 'cause I knew what I wanted to be, a police officer.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

I applied to Humboldt police department and those uppity shitheads laughed right in my face. Those stupid fucking assholes said I didn't have what it took. This vigilante squad seemed like the quickest and easiest way to get back at them.

EVAN

Okay, I wouldn't quite call us a vigilante squad, but-

FRANKLIN

Well, whatever we're called, I wanna solve this Costco shit and shove it right up Sergeant Bressman's ass and all his fuck-off flunkies!

BOB

Whoa, you kids got balls. Nice.

The guys all look to Jamarcus.

JAMARCUS

Uhh, I'm Jamarcus.

EVAN

Great. Well, welcome Jamarcus. I feel like I haven't seen you around before. Are you new to Humboldt?

JAMARCUS

Yep, just moved here. I'm recently happily divorced. I'm retired, and, I just don't have much to do with my evenings, so I thought I'd join this.

EVAN

Wow. It's great to see that you wanna protect the community that you just moved to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAMARCUS

Oh, yeah, but mostly, I have this scenario in my head, and I'm hoping it plays out like this: a young sexy Asian housewife alone at night, frightened. A sound outside by the trashcans, is it a raccoon, a prowler, or something much worse? Better call the Neighborhood Watch! I show up, look heroic, and then... I fuck the living shit out of her.

FRANKLIN

I also want that to happen.

BOB

Due to my marital vows, I can't participate, but I'd love to watch.

EVAN

Well, Jamarcus, Bob, Franklin... I guess it doesn't matter what brought us here, all that matters is that we have a common goal. I'd like to welcome you all to the first official meeting of...THE NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH.

Evan flips over a piece of cardboard and reveals their neighborhood watch logo. Evan is pleased with himself. He unfolds a MAP in front of the guys.

EVAN (CONT'D)

So...I printed out a map of the neighborhood, and I think really what we need to do is get a system going. We break it down into quadrants and then assign roles-

Bob squirms on the couch.

BOB

Sorry to be the squeaky wheel, but the kid's right; we're squished here. And it sounds like you've got a lot of really dense material to get through. If I'm not stepping on your toes, my place is just a few blocks away. I got a great little set up. Drinks. Lazy Boy's.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BOB (CONT'D)

Plasma screen. The whole nine. Just fixed 'er up, you guys'll love it. I'm practically wet just thinking about it.

(to Evan)

But, hey, if I'm overstepping, you say the word, and you won't hear another squeak from this wheel.

EVAN

Well, I kinda thought we'd hit the ground running right after our short "breaking of the ice" portion of the evening.

BOB

Squeak! Squeak! It's just...wouldn't it be even better to break ACTUAL ice? Into cubes? And pour scotch all over them? In my awesome dude-cavern?

Franklin perks up, interested.

FRANKLIN

Well that sounds way better than this. No offense, Kevin.

EVAN

(annoyed)

Evan.

Beat.

BOB

Okay! Off we go then.

Bob winks at Evan. Evan reluctantly removes the map from his wall.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - GARAGE - SOON AFTER

Bob opens the door and flicks on the light, revealing a garage which has been converted into a pimped-out old boy's club -- Lazy boys, big screen TV, fridge, pool table, the works.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Franklin and Jamarcus are psyched. Evan follows behind.

JAMARCUS

Oh, man! A pool table!? Now we're talking.

Jamarcus excitedly rubs the felt of the table.

BOB

Yeah, yeah. Just got it re-felted. Go ahead, take her for a spin. She's lubed up and ready to fuuuuck.

Jamarcus and Franklin laugh. Bob notices that Evan found the comment disgusting.

BOB (CONT'D)

Fair warning: I get a little raunchy when the wife's not around. Just putting that out there right now.

Franklin plunks down in a Lazy Boy massage chair, and turns it on.

FRANKLIN

(vibrating, in ecstasy)

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...

Bob points at the massage chair.

BOB

Ha, you like that, huh? Best \$2300 bucks I ever spent, Relaxtheback.com. It's like Toys R US for your ass and back.

Bob turns to Jamarcus.

BOB (CONT'D)

Rack 'em up, I'll play ya. Maybe we could do a little round robin type thing. Evan, you in? What's your poison? You down with scotch?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bob excitedly walks over to his fully-stocked bar, and takes out an old bottle of SCOTCH. Jamarcus noisily starts gathering the balls. The massage chair starts vibrating as it kneads Franklin's back, causing him to moan in ecstasy.

EVAN

(annoyed)

Guys, I think we might be getting a little side-tracked here. We're all here for a reason...pretty sure it's not to shoot pool.

BOB

Aw, c'mon Evan, we're bonding here. Tell me about yourself. I know you have a wife. Got kids? How old?

EVAN

(uncomfortable)

Uh, zero. We don't have any.

BOB

That's a shame. What's the plan? You waiting til you're 50 and your balls shrivel up into raisins?

(laughs)

I'm just kidding around. But seriously, why the big wait?

EVAN

(unamused)

Well, frankly Bob, that's really none of your business.

BOB

Got it. I hear ya loud and clear. Ol' Bob-a-roo's been known to overstep his boundaries a time or two. Sorry buddy!

Bob can't help himself.

BOB (CONT'D)

It's just...such a huge part of the human experience.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BOB (CONT'D)

I can't even imagine what my life would be like without my Chelsea. Fatherhood is...indescribable.

EVAN

Yeah, I imagine-

BOB

You know what it is? It's the feeling that you've contributed to something bigger than yourself. Just knowing that, to her, the sun rises and sets with her old man. I wouldn't change a hair on her head.

CHELSEA (O.S.)

Dad! I'm going out!

BOB

(yelling through door)

Like hell you are! It's Tuesday night!

Chelsea pokes her head in the garage.

CHELSEA

Come on! Are you serious?! Megan's allowed to stay out til 12 on weeknights.

BOB

Well thank you for proving my point. Megan's going nowhere in life. It's time you realized that. Go upstairs and read or something.

CHELSEA

I fucking hate it here!!

BOB

Well I fucking love it!!

Chelsea SLAMS the door, storming off. Bob turns to the guys, unphased.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BOB (CONT'D)

That was Chelsea. Sorry I didn't introduce you guys. We were, talking.

(beat)

Drinks!

Bob steps forward and starts handing out the shots.

BOB (CONT'D)

Hey, I just wanna say something quickly.

EVAN

(under his breath; exasperated)

Come. The Fuck. On.

BOB

I just wanted to raise a toast to Evan, here.

Evan looks over at Bob, surprised.

BOB (CONT'D)

I thought you hit the nail right on the head the other night in your announcement. About community. Togetherness.

(slightly choked-up)

With that in mind. I'd like to thank you, Evan, for bringing us all together under the same roof. My roof. But enough of this jive talk...let's celebrate. I got this 18-year old bottle of scotch, so let's suck this bitch down.

They cheers and slam back their shots.

JAMARCUS

Fuck me this is smooth! See, with a pad like this, we could get mad pussy. Bob, you sure you aren't down to mess around?

BOB

Talk to the ring!

Bob holds up his wedding ring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JAMARCUS

Fair enough. Can I get another swallow of that scotch?

BOB

Swallow all you like. There's no law against it. She's aged eighteen and begging for it.

Franklin laughs.

FRANKLIN

You are sincerely a dirty motherfucker, Bob.

BOB

I warned you! I go for it.

Evan watches the guys laughing. Bob tops off Franklin and Jamarcus' drinks. Evan realizes they aren't going anywhere.

BOB (CONT'D)

Evan? More hooch?

Evan looks at his watch.

EVAN

Nah. You know what, you guys should totally get to know each other tonight and tomorrow we can hit the streets. I think I'm just gonna head home.

BOB

What? Come on, we're just getting started.

EVAN

Yeah, I'm just...tired.

BOB

Alright, well then, tomorrow; same Bob-time, same Bob-house.

EVAN

Deal. See you then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Evan leaves, dismayed.

BOB (O.S.)

Alright Jamrock, you rack I crack!

EXT. STREET - SOON AFTER

Evan walks home. The streets are quiet. No activity whatsoever. He suddenly hears some rustling in a neighbor's bushes, and perks up. A raccoon emerges, stops, looks at Evan with disdain, and runs away. Evan walks on, disappointed.

EXT. EVAN'S HOME - SOON AFTER

Evan approaches his house to see PAUL (35, good looking), peering in his windows.

EVAN

Hey! You! What the hell?!

The man turns around.

PAUL

Oh. There you are. 56 Jerome Park Drive.

EVAN

What?

Paul approaches, MAGAZINE in hand.

PAUL

I'm 46. Jerome Park Drive. Name's Paul. I

believe this was meant for you...

(reading label)

Evan Trautwig. Subscriber to Mens' Fitness.

Paul presents Evan with a MENS' FITNESS magazine.

EVAN

(warily)

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Evan reaches to take it and Paul pulls the magazine back.

PAUL

Not that you need it.

EVAN

Excuse me?

Paul folds the magazine into a telescope. He looks through it, scanning Evan up and down.

PAUL

You have the body of a decathlete.

Evan feels violated as Paul hands him back the magazine.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(searching)

So, uh, you live alone in that big 'ol house?

Thoroughly creeped out, Evan starts walking back inside.

EVAN

No, actually I live with my female wife. Abby.
I'm, uhhh, going to go inside now.

PAUL

Oh, by the way, I heard your little speech the other day. It was rousing. I wish I could participate, but my evenings are generally filled.

EVAN

Yeah? That's great.

PAUL

It truly is.

(beat)

Alright Evan Trautwig. Stay fit.

Evan shuts the door and locks it.

EXT. AIRPORT - THE NEXT MORNING

Abby walks out of the airport with her suitcase and numerous large shopping bags. She sees Evan in his car waiting at the curb. He gets out and hugs her.

EVAN

Welcome back!!

INT. EVAN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

They drive home.

ABBY

It. Was. Amazing. Like, unbelievable.

EVAN

Yeah?

ABBY

God, there's just so much to do there. We saw all these shows, the Natural History Museum, the Met, MOMA. Central Park. And the shopping, Evan! I got the cutest pair of shoes.

Abby unzips her suitcase.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Ohhh, I have soooo many amazing stories. That city is just alive! The restaurants, oh my god.

EVAN

Mmm hmm. And you didn't get mugged?

ABBY

No, I didn't get mugged.

EVAN

What about Carla and Stephanie?

ABBY

Nobody got mugged, Evan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVAN

That's surprising. Statistically, one of you should've been mugged.

ABBY

Well, sorry to disappoint you. It's not nearly as bad there as you think. New York is actually surprisingly safe these days. Unlike... some places...

EVAN

You can say it. Antonio got murdered, and now you think my whole argument about the city is stupid.

ABBY

I never said that. It's completely and utterly true, but I never said that.

EVAN

Well, it might be true, that the burbs might not be as safe as we thought, but you know the difference between people here and the city?

ABBY

People in the city know what aioli is?

EVAN

No. It's that people here help each other. Yesterday I made an appeal to the community to keep an eye out for each other and form a Neighborhood Watch and people came out in droves to participate.

ABBY

How many people?

EVAN

Three.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ABBY

Ha! Look out Costco Killer! There's three people coming for you!

EVAN

Three plus me!

ABBY

So three and a half?

EVAN

Very funny.

INT. EVAN'S HOME - A BIT LATER

Abby and Evan come in the front door. Abby puts down her stuff and goes over to Evan, somewhat sexually.

ABBY

Well, I'm really happy I'm home, and... I thought since you're not working today, maybe we could go upstairs and... you know... have sex.

EVAN

I mean, well, I was just about to go out and start putting up the Neighborhood Watch signs...

Evan motions to a stack of home-made signs that say "NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH PATROLLED AREA. ANY SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY SHOULD BE REPORTED."

EVAN (CONT'D)

And it's early. You know how I feel. I don't usually get, you know...horny...until it's dark out. Morning sex always feels pre-emptive.

ABBY

So... maybe tonight?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVAN

Yeah... Well actually we were gonna patrol tonight, maybe steak out the Costco, so... I can't commit at this moment to sex tonight.

ABBY

Look, is this about...

EVAN

No.

ABBY

Because when I was in New York, I actually looked on line and found that they have some of the best fertility clinics in the country, and-

EVAN

It's not that. It has nothing to do with... that. I just have a lot of stuff to do. Welcome home. I'm glad you're back. Tomorrow night, my penis and your vagina have a date.

Abby smiles and this lightens the mood.

ABBY

Okay, good.

EVAN

Alright, great. Now I've got to get going. These signs aren't going to put themselves up. Love you.

Evan pecks her on the cheek and leaves. Abby's smile fades away; she is clearly worried.

INT. STREET - LATER

VARIOUS SHOTS of Evan putting up Neighborhood Watch signs around town.

INT. EVAN'S CAR - NIGHT

The Neighborhood Watch sit in Evan's parked car across the street from Costco. The guys sit in silence. Everyone but Evan looks bored.

FRANKLIN

Well, not a cop in sight. No surprise there.
Such fucking amateurs. It's like we're doing
their job for them.

A long silent beat as the guys sit in the car. Evan peers around the surrounding area, vigilantly looking for anything suspicious. Everyone else is just bored.

BOB

Can we at least put some tunes on?

EVAN

No. We don't wanna give away our position.
Could draw undue attention.

Franklin nods in agreement.

FRANKLIN

Copy.

Beat.

BOB

I know this is gonna sound childish, but I have
to pee.

EVAN

Well, that does sound childish, and as an
adult, you should have thought of that before.
Now you're gonna have to hold it.

Long silent beat.

JAMARCUS

Seriously, how long are we gonna do this for?
Franklin owes me a rematch at pool. Or we
could go to a titty bar.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMARCUS (CONT'D)

Let's just have some fucking fun. We could literally be drunk at a titty bar right now. God this is boring...

EVAN

You guys, this is a stake out. We have to stay as long as it takes till we see some action.

The guys sit in silence.

BOB

I still have to pee.

JAMARCUS

Here, piss in this empty pop can.

EVAN

NO! Don't piss in that can, it'll get all over.

BOB

No it won't. I shoot straight, Ev-dog.

FRANKLIN

I have a ziploc bag. You could piss in that.

JAMARCUS

Why'd you bring a ziploc?

FRANKLIN

In case we find any evidence.

EVAN

God! Just...just open the door a bit and piss out.

BOB

Gotcha.

Everyone sits in silence as Bob opens the door a few inches, unzips his pants, and pees out the side of the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB (CONT'D)

...hell yeah...

(sighs)

we movin... groovin' ...aaaaaaaaaaand...Bob's
done!

Bob zips up and shuts the door. Another silent beat.

BOB (CONT'D)

Whew.

(sarcastic)

So, did I miss anything while I was pissing?
You guys catch the killer?

EVAN

This isn't a joke, Bob! Sickos like this Costco
Killer always return to the scene of the crime.

FRANKLIN

It's true! They get off on it. The guy is probably
beating off and staring at it right now, reliving
his sick fantasy.

CRACK! Evan turns around to see Bob cracking open a BEER.

BOB

What?

EVAN

You can't have open liquor in a car.

BOB

Why not? The car's not even moving.

(to Franklin)

Hey Franklin, you failed police academy. Is
this illegal or what?

FRANKLIN

Definitely illegal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAMARCUS

Well, I say who cares? Yo Bob, toss me one of them shits.

Bob tosses Jamarcus a beer. Franklin starts nodding.

FRANKLIN

It's illegal, but so is sodomy in this state, so what's the law know?

Bob tosses Franklin a beer. Evan shakes his head, annoyed.

INT. EVAN'S CAR - LATER

Evan still stares out the window, annoyed. Music is loudly playing and the guys are throwing back beers, drunker than before. All the guys are having a blast, except for Evan, who stares at Costco getting more and more annoyed.

BOB

What the fuck is your problem, Evan? Just relax, have a beer? I mean, we're here. We're staking out. This is exactly what you wanted. Stop being such a wet towel.

EVAN

I'm not being a wet towel!

BOB

What are you being then?

EVAN

A fucking normal, regular... dry towel.

Bob chugs the rest of his beer, then takes out the last one.

BOB

Shit, one beer left. We gotta go get more.

EVAN

What? No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

Okay, let's put it to a vote.

EVAN

We're not putting it to a vote.

BOB

Why wouldn't we put it to a vote. There's 4 of us here. Now who's in for more drinking? !!

FRANKLIN

!!

JAMARCUS

!!

BOB

That's 3-to-1, Evan. Andale!!!

EVAN

Well how's this? I am not driving you guys to get beers.

BOB

I tell you how that is, LAME. What's your deal, man? You wanted to come out and here we are. Why won't you let us have any fun? Isn't that why we got together in the first place?

EVAN

No! It isn't! We formed this Neighborhood Watch to WATCH THE NEIGHBORHOOD. And that's a really big fucking deal to me!!!

Silence. Everyone is taken aback.

BOB

You know what, you're right.

EVAN

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB

You formed this neighborhood watch for a reason, and me and Frankie Vallie and Jamarcy-Marc may be party animals, but we still all joined up for a reason and we shouldn't be disrespecting your intentions. Right guys?

Jamarcus and Franklin nod. Evan is really touched.

EVAN

Thanks guys. I appreciate that.

They all sit in silence and watch Costco.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Alright. Fuck it. Let's go get some more beer!!!

INT. EVAN'S CAR - LATER

The guys cruise down the street, jamming along to "AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET" on the radio. All of them have beers in hand. They sing poorly over top of one another.

EVERYONE

(singing)

Any lovin's good lovin', so I took what I could get, oh yes I took what I could get...and she looked at me with them big brown eyes and said-

(beat)

B-b-baby you just ain't seen n-n-n-nothin yet!!!
Here's something- Here's something- Here's something you're never gonna forget. Baby. B-b-baby you just ain't-

BOOM! EVAN'S CAR HITS SOMETHING! He slams on the breaks. Open beer cans spill all over the car, soaking Evan and the guys.

EVAN

OH SHIT!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB
Everyone stay calm.

JAMARCUS
We hit someone. Fuck. We hit someone!!!

FRANKLIN
Did we just hit a kid!?! Tell me it wasn't a kid!

BOB
Just fucking be cool guys.

EVAN
OH SHIT!

BOB
GUYS! Just...stay calm. Everything is going to be fine. I know a great lawyer, we're cool.

FRANKLIN
NO! You don't understand, we're inebriated!
Open alcohol! I even have some weed in my pocket! That's fifteen to life, Bob! That's fifteen to life!

BOB
FIFTEEN TO LIFE?!? GO! GO! GO!

EVAN
AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Terrified, Evan slams on the accelerator and speeds down the street, fishtailing around the corner.

EXT. BOB'S HOME - SOON AFTER

Evan's car comes to an abrupt stop in Bob's driveway. Evan grips the wheel, freaking out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVAN

Oh god! I killed someone! I killed someone and drove off! And you all watched! You're all witnesses!!! Oh shit!

FRANKLIN

You don't know what we killed! It could have been anything!

EVAN

Like what?

FRANKLIN

A pile of leaves?

Evan starts hyperventilating. Bob puts a hand on Evan's shoulder, trying to calm him.

BOB

Whoa, whoa, whoa, Evan, relax. I'm sure it was just a possum or...or a prairie dog.

Franklin and Jamarcus exit the car to take a look at the front bumper. Jamarcus' eyes bug out.

FRANKLIN

What? What is it?

Franklin looks at it and seems confused. Evan and Bob get out of the car and see that the bumper is stained with a strange GREEN GOO.

JAMARCUS

Huh. Looks like you just hit some kind of freakishly big fly or something.

Franklin inspects the goo.

FRANKLIN

Fuck, must have been a Jeff Goldblum-sized fly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Franklin picks something out of the grill and holds it up - it looks like the last four inches of an octopus's tentacle.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this?

EVAN

It looks like an octopus tentacle.

BOB

(thinking)

Hmm. Alright, then I think it's pretty obvious what happened here: Evan accidentally hit a crate that fell off the back of a truck that was taking freshly caught octopus to a sushi restaurant.

(beat)

I mean, am I crazy or does that actually seem to make a lot of sense?

JAMARCUS

That works for me.

EVAN

I don't think I hit a crate. It felt... alive.

JAMARCUS

Didn't feel alive to me. The second we hit it, I was like, fuck we hit a crate of Octopus.

FRANKLIN

You know what? Even if Evan hit a Japanese dude eating octopus, it doesn't matter, because nobody's gonna say shit about this to anybody. We don't drop the dime on our fellow Neighborhood Watchmen, right?

Something strikes Evan. He looks at some green goo on the tentacle, then looks at the goo on the car's grill.

EVAN

Wait... I've seen this before.

EXT. STREET - SOON AFTER

Evan, Bob, Franklin, and Jamarcus scour the hit-and-run site for clues. Across a ravine, we see Costco in the distance.

FRANKLIN

Guys! This is stupid. Why are we back at the scene of the crime? This is exactly what I was talking about! This is dumb.

EVAN

Shut up, Franklin.

Finally, Evan spots a GREEN PUDDLE OF GOO by the side of the road.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Back at Costco, I saw this stuff beside Antonio De Luca's body. I thought it was liquid detergent or Draino at first, but now...

Evan looks to Bob, unsure. Bob dips his sneaker in it.

BOB

What the hell is this stuff?

Bob bends over and dips his finger in the goo. He then slowly rubs it between his thumb and middle finger, carefully inspecting it. He turns to Evan.

BOB (CONT'D)

It kind of feels like cum.

EVAN

Ew, man.

BOB

Come on! I dare you to touch this and tell me it doesn't feel like cum.

EVAN

Maybe we should put some in one of Franklin's bags.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMARCUS

Why would we want a bag of green cum?

Evan shakes his head at him, and continues looking for the source.

FRANKLIN (O.S.)

Guys, will you stop talking about cum and
come look at this.

The guys turn around to see Franklin kneeling over something in a bush. They run over to find a STRANGE DEVICE somewhat resembling a metallic bowling ball with many holes in it.

BOB

What is it?

The guys stand there mesmerized for a moment.

JAMARCUS

Yo, I wouldn't touch that if I were you.

Evan leans over and touches along the side of the device, closely examining it. Jamarcus throws his arms up in protest.

Evan takes a deep breath and slowly sticks his index finger in one of the holes. Once his finger is all the way in, LIGHT on the base of the device ILLUMINATES.

EVAN / BOB / FRANKLIN

Whoa!!!!

Everyone recoils and pulls his finger out. The light flickers off. Evan excitedly turns to the guys.

EVAN

We're taking this fuckin' thing.

MANFRED

Who's there?! Outta my bushes!

Evan, Bob and Franklin stand side-by-side in order to cover the device from view. Out of the shadows walks a middle aged guy, MANFRED.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EVAN

No need to be alarmed, sir. We're the Neighborhood Watch.

BOB

We're just on our nightly patrol.

Manfred looks Jamarcus up and down, displeased.

MANFRED

Well, patrol elsewhere. Get the fuck off my lawn.

EVAN

Don't mean to trouble you, but have you noticed anything strange?

MANFRED

Yeah, there's four fucking weirdos standing on my lawn in the middle of the fucking night.

Evan is very put off. Bob, on the other hand, is intrigued.

BOB

Sir, we're taking time out of our busy schedules to help the neighborhood, so a little cooperation would be appreciated.

MANFRED

What do you want me to tell you? I live next to a ravine. Every night, I got punk kids from the neighborhood hopping my fence, tearing up my lawn, trying to steal my things. You telling me you're gonna do something about it? No? Well then, get the fuck off my property.

EVAN

Alright then. Well, if you see anything out of the ordinary, please give us a call.

Evan hands Manfred a BUSINESS CARD with "NEIGHBOURHOOD WATCH" written on it. Manfred takes the card.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MANFRED

Yeah, yeah.

Manfred turns around and walks back to his doorway. Evan quickly picks up the device and puts it behind his back. Manfred turns around and stands in the doorway.

EVAN

Sorry for the bother! Have a good night.

They snicker as they walk away with the device.

JAMARCUS

You made cards?

Evan notices some green goo on the device and wipes it off. He puts the device in the car as they all pile in.

INT. EVAN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Abby sits on the couch alone, watching Sex and the City on TV. She looks like she's enjoying the show, but she's bored. She picks up the phone.

INT. EVAN'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Abby is now talking on the phone. She's half-way through a bottle of wine.

ABBY

(on phone)

Hey, Carla. How you doing? No, I'm not jetlagged at all, are you? Good, good. You know what I am though, is bored. I mean, do you want to go out and get a drink? I know we don't usually do that here, but why not? Ok. I'll pick you up.

INT. CHILI'S - CONTINUOUS

Abby, Carla and Stephanie sit in a booth. The rest of the tables are occupied by families and elderly people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The YOUNG PIMPLE-FACED SERVER comes to the table with THREE PINTS filled with red liquid. The ladies look at the drinks disappointed.

ABBY

What are these? We ordered Cosmos.

SERVER

Oh, yeah, these are your Cosmos.

ABBY

What? Don't you have any martini glasses? Or something more festive?

SERVER

Uh, hold on. I'll ask.

The Server walks away.

ABBY

Might as well make the most of it.

Abby raises her pint; Carla and Stephanie follow suit.

ABBY (CONT'D)

To sex and the suburbs.

They laugh and drink.

ABBY (CONT'D)

So...about sex...anyone actually getting any?

CARLA

Well, I wish I had something good to share. The best sex I've had lately has been with myself. I think I'm starting to build a bigger toy collection than my six year old.

They laugh. Abby nudges Stephanie, motioning to Carla.

ABBY

Yeah, she's got a Furby, but her's does something completely different.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They all laugh.

STEPHANIE

I usually just use my fingers.

Abby and Carla stop laughing. It gets awkward. Stephanie immediately feels self conscious.

CARLA

How about you Abby? You and Evan going to have some hot sex tonight?

ABBY

(looks at her watch)

Well, it has been three and half weeks, so, yeah any day now, we're bound to accidentally roll on top of each other.

Carla looks at Abby sympathetically.

ABBY (CONT'D)

He's just, never in the mood anymore. He usually tells me he's tired and that's the end of it.

CARLA

You think it's cuz of the... you know... shooting blanks?

ABBY

I don't know. I hope not. I mean, I'm not a some kind animal that only has sex for procreation. I like it. Or at least I used to... when we used to do it.

The girls all look a bit sad.

CARLA

Man, this would have been a lot funnier in Sex and the City.

The Server returns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SERVER

I just checked. We don't have any martini glasses. Sorry.

EXT. FARM - LATER

The STRANGE DEVICE is leaned up against a fence. We pull back to reveal Evan, Bob, Jamarcus and Franklin staring at it curiously in an open field. Cows graze in the background.

Sporadically, Evan, Bob and Franklin stick their fingers in the device so it LIGHTS UP.

EVAN

Huh. Maybe all the holes need to be filled at the same time for it to work.

BOB

Yeah guys, we're all going to have to finger these holes together.

FRANKLIN

Just like in college.
(lamenting)
That's another thing I didn't get into.

Bob puts a supportive hand on Franklin's shoulder.

EVAN

Well, we drove all the way here, we might as well try it out.

BOB

Yeah, yeah, you're probably right.

JAMARCUS

I think we should fucking stop. What if it blows our goddamn fingers off?

Everyone's a little apprehensive. Franklin steps forward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKLIN

Don't be a pussy, Jamarcus.

Franklin shoves his fingers into a few of the holes.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

I can't reach them all.

EVAN

I can finger that one for you.

Evan adds his fingers.

Bob adds his fingers. Then he notices one last hole.

BOB

There's one left. Come on Jamarcus.

Jamarcus stares at it and doesn't move.

JAMARCUS

Fuck that. I already told you guys I'm not touching that shit.

BOB

Come on man. Are you serious?

JAMARCUS

Yeah, I'm fuckin' serious. I ain't playin' witchu.

EVAN

Well what are we gonna do about this maverick hole?

Bob, Evan and Franklin all look at each other, their faces just inches apart. Bob smiles at them, slyly.

BOB

(dramatically)

Wait. I have an idea how to plug the hole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EVAN

What?

We hear the sound of Bob's pants unzipping.

FRANKLIN

Aww, man, no! Come on!

BOB

(laughing)

What do you want me to do? Jamarcus isn't
being a team player.

(to Jamarcus)

You see what you're making me do?

EVAN

Jamarcus, what's the deal man? Please!

JAMARCUS

(dead serious)

No. I'm not doing it. This is some fuckin'
voodoo shit. And I ain't about to trifle with it.
Okay?

This comment hangs in the air for a moment.

BOB

Okay.

Bob sticks his penis in the last hole and the device SURGES WITH POWER.
The guys lose their footing as they struggle to hold on to it and get turned
around when suddenly -- SHOOOOM!!!!

A HUGE BEAM OF CONCENTRATED ENERGY shoots out of the device and
HITS a NEARBY COW! The cow lights up and EXPLODES!!!

EVAN

Holy shit! My balls are tingling. Are your guys'
balls tingling?

BOB

I think Franklin's just dropped.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAMARCUS

You guys, quit fucking around with that thing.

BOB

(sarcastic)

Okay, Jamarcus. We'll just stop using the
coolest thing any of us have ever seen.

FRANKLIN

No. Jamarcus is right. We should stop
blowing things up.

After a moment, Bob, Evan and Franklin all laugh.

- SHOOM!!! They blow up a chicken.

- SHOOM!!! They blow up a frog.

The all look at Jamarcus.

JAMARCUS

Fine.

- Now with Jamarcus holding the gun too... SHOOM! They blow up a pigeon.

- CRACK! The guys SHOTGUN beers.

- SHOOM!!! From a distance, they shoot at an old broke down tractor. After a few
shots, they nail it and the tractor EXPLODES.

- CRACK! The guys SHOTGUN beers.

- SHOOM! They shoot the gun into a pond. BOOM! Tons of water and fish rain
down from the sky as they dance around, celebrating.

- CRACK! The guys SHOTGUN beers.

- SHOOM!!! They blow the ROOF off an ABANDONED BARN. They high-five.

- CRACK! They knock open another beer and are clearly having a great time
together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

- The guys SPEED down a back road. Evan drives, feeling like an absolute badass. SHOOM!!! Bob, Franklin and Jamarcus are all in the backseat, blasting trees out the car window. SHOOM!!!! SHOOM!!! SHOOM!!! They're having the time of their lives, laughing. Jamarcus laughs exactly like Eddie Murphy.

INT. DINER - LATER

The guys sit at a table. Bob steals a quick glance at the gun hidden in Evan's backpack. A WAITRESS walks by and Evan quickly covers up the bag.

FRANKLIN

I'm telling ya, it's the motherfucking government. It's always the motherfucking government.

BOB

Yeah, but whose government? 9 times out of 10 the Taliban's involved. The Afghane, the Iraqis. They're the ones who are behind this. This could be a weapon of mass destruction. So yeah, I say terrorists.

Something occurs to Franklin.

FRANKLIN

Oh fuck! Maybe this shit's from the future!! Hear me out! Some dude from the future got here, got out of his time machine to take a piss, Evan killed his ass with his car, turned him into green goo, because that's what human blood's going to turn into on account of the environment!

JAMARCUS

I don't know, Franklin. Bob's been right a lot of the time. So my vote is definitely terrorists.

EVAN

Time travel? Terrorists? You guys are idiots.

They sit in silence for a minute.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

Well what are we gonna do with this fuckin thing? Take it to the cops? Doesn't this count as a police matter?

FRANKLIN

No fucking way. We're gonna take it to those stupid incompetent elitist fucks? This is our time to shine.

EVAN

No, it's true. I totally agree. I think since we found it, this falls under the Neighborhood Watch's jurisdiction.

JAMARCUS

Fine. I'm keeping it.

BOB

Fuck that! You didn't even want to shoot it. I had to have intercourse with that thing because of you. I should get to keep it.

FRANKLIN

Why you?

BOB

My place is Neighborhood Watch headquarters.

EVAN

Yeah, after you usurped my house of being HQ. I'm taking it. Okay? I'm the president of the Neighborhood Watch, I get to keep it.

JAMARCUS

Who made you the president?

EVAN

I did! Because I'm the FOUNDER of the Neighborhood Watch, and the founder gets to choose the president. I'm keeping it!

I/E. EVAN'S HOME - GARAGE - LATE NIGHT

Evan stealthily covers the device with his jacket and removes it from his trunk. He makes his way to the garage.

Across the street, Evan notices PAUL's car arriving home late. Paul exits his car, and they lock eyes. Paul waves at Evan. His hands tied up, Evan nods hello and scurries into the garage.

Evan hides the device in a DUSTY CABINET, and locks it.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Bob is sitting in his massage chair with a laptop open and a beer in hand. He's clearly still drunk. He goes to FACEBOOK and types in his daughter Chelsea's username and password. He enters her Facebook page. Bob scours over Chelsea's facebook page. He sees a picture of her and two other girls. One of the girls has a tattoo.

BOB
(disapproving)
Hmm.

Bob looks onward. He reads a few posts.

BOB (CONT'D)
(reading)
"OMG Mandy's party rocked 4sure"
(beat)
Hmm, good for Mandy.
(reading)
"Jason is SOOOO hot"
(beat; sarcastic)
Yeah right...

Bob takes a big swig of his beer. Bob's demeanor suddenly shifts as he sees a video link titled: "CHELSEA & JASON CLOSET MAKE-OUT SESH LOL OMG".

BOB (CONT'D)
Oh. Dear. God.

Trembling, he clicks on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (CONT'D)
OH JESUS CHRIST! Oh my sweet baby no.
No, no, no!

The video is set at a high school party. A group of teens stand in front of the closet, cheering and chanting the word "French!" In the video, the closet doors swing open; Jason and Chelsea are making out hard.

BOB (CONT'D)
Get your tongue out of her mouth, right now!
Get it OUT!

Bob's eyes go wide. He slams his laptop shut.

BOB (CONT'D)
He pinched my angel's nipple. He
just...pinched it. Like it was nothing.

Bob storms out of the room.

BOB (O.S.) (CONT'D)
CHELSEA!!!

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - CHELSEA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea is instant messaging with a friend on her laptop. BOOM! Bob bursts into the room, enraged. Chelsea quickly slams her laptop shut.

CHELSEA
Dad! What the eff!

BOB
Don't eff me. Who were you just computer-chatting with Chelsea?

CHELSEA
None of your business.

BOB
Let me guess, was it a boy-toy named Jason?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHELSEA

Boy-toy?

BOB

(accusatory)

What's his toy-story?!?

CHELSEA

GET THE FUCK OUT?!?

BOB

Think you can tramp it up all over the web and you're all-seeing, all knowing father wouldn't find out? I guess your mother didn't tell you, I'm the Vice-President of the Neighborhood Watch. You know what that means? I run this fucking town! My town. My house. My rules.

(beat)

Slut.

Bob storms out of the room and slams the door behind him.

INT. EVAN'S HOME - NIGHT

Evan is sitting on the couch and Abby comes in, drunk.

EVAN

Hey Abby, how-

ABBY

(slurred)

So, look, we can't be secretive anymore and I want you to go see a fertility doctor. They've done amazing things in the last few years in the field of sperm, and-

EVAN

Whoa, whoa whoa! What? Are you drunk?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABBY

Yeah.

(she sniffs him)

Are you?

EVAN

Yeah, but... I'm definitely less drunk than you...
now. I drank some water and ate a large
pizza.

ABBY

I talked to the girls and they all agree that it's
not a big deal and that we can just talk about it
just like people on TV.

EVAN

Talk about what?

ABBY

That you're infertile. Samanatha said her
uncle was having problems and he went to
this doctor and-

EVAN

What!?! You fucking told your friends?

ABBY

Yeah, but it's fine. If we don't talk about it,
how're we going to-

EVAN

I'm sorry if I don't want to talk about the fact
that my dick doesn't work. Fuck.

Evan storms out of the house. He pulls out his cell and calls someone.

EVAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hey, you up to anything? I gotta get out of the
house.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT - SOON AFTER

At a park directly across from Evan's house, Evan sits on a bench with Bob passing a bottle of whiskey back and forth.

BOB

Fuckin' kids, man. I'm telling you. They're the fucking worst. Such a god damn pain. And the worst part is, you can't hit them anymore. I mean, even swearing at the little fucker is frowned upon. What am I supposed to do here, you know? Not to mention the stress it puts on my marriage, which is hard enough already. Man, I don't know how you convinced your wife not to have kids, but here's to that.

Bob takes a swig of whiskey.

EVAN

Well... truth is... I didn't really convince her not to have kids, it was, kind of... you know, another reason-

BOB

Is she your beard?

EVAN

My beard?

BOB

You know, your pretend wife that you use to cover up that you're a homo.

(beat)

And I don't mean homo in a derogatory way. I literally mean it as an abbreviation for homosexual.

EVAN

Hah. No, that's not it... it's that, I, uh... my gun...doesn't work, per say.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

Your gun? Oh! Your cock. Why didn't you just say cock? It's just us boys here. So... you're impotent. No biggie. I had limp noodle syndrome for a good two months once. Just pop a few viagra. It'll stiffen that wang right up. You'll be fuckin' like a champ in no time.

EVAN

No, no. It's not that. I can... you know... do everything, it's just... that my sperm don't work.

BOB

I don't get it. Like, you can get hard, but you can't jizz?

EVAN

No, Bob. I can jizz, it's just that my jizz doesn't do what it's supposed to.

Bob gives him a blank stare.

EVAN (CONT'D)

I'm infertile. I shoot blanks. Because of me... we can't have kids.

Bob thinks about this.

BOB

Can't you get a, like, balls transplant or something?

EVAN

I don't think science is there yet.

BOB

Sheesh. Well, I wish it was. 'Cause then I could give you my balls. Lord knows I don't need 'em anymore.

Evan is truly touched.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EVAN

Thanks, Bob.

BOB

Seriously though, if you do ever need
someone's jizz... mine's particularly potent.
Offer's always on the table, buddy.

Bob pats Evan on the back. Suddenly, they hear a noise- CRASH!!! They look towards where the sound came from - EVAN'S HOUSE!!!

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - SECONDS LATER

Evan and Bob cautiously approach the garage. Evan nudges Bob and points out that one of the garage windows has been broken. They tiptoe towards the house...

ABBY (O.S.)

EVAN?!?

BOB

AHHH!!!

EVAN

AHHH!!!

Both Bob and Evan jump, terrified. They look up to see Abby leaning out her bedroom window, groggy and confused.

ABBY (CONT'D)

What... what's happening?

EVAN

Nothing! Everything's fine! Go back to bed!

ABBY

I heard something.

EVAN

It was nothing! Just a raccoon.

ABBY

Whose that guy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

Hi!

EVAN

That's Bob!

BOB

Vice-President of the Neighborhood Watch!

Pleasure to meet you Mrs. Trautwig!

Annoyed, Abby slams the window shut.

BOB (CONT'D)

Dude, your wife has BIG tits. Good for you.

EVAN

Come on!

Evan and Bob continue towards the garage. Evan stops by the barbecue and picks up a MINI FIRE EXTINGUISHER and hands Bob a small BBQ PITCHFORK. Armed, they open the garage door.

INT. EVAN'S HOME - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Evan and Bob BURST into the garage. There is a SHADOWY FIGURE in the far corner of the garage.

BOB

There's a fuckin' dude in the corner! Get him!

Bob HURLS the BBQ pitchfork at the Shadowy Figure. He completely misses, and the BBQ pitchfork rebounds off a shelf and flies back at him and stabs into his leg.

BOB (CONT'D)

AHH!!!

Bob passes out. Evan sees the Shadowy Figure start moving and SPRAYS the fire extinguisher towards the corner. The Shadowy Figure LEAPS over the stream. Evan wildly sprays all over the garage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Evan can barely see through the WHITE MIST as the Shadowy Figure bounds from wall-to-wall inside the garage, knocking over tools, boxes, etc, causing a huge mess.

PFFT! The fire extinguisher sputters out. Evan stands there as the white mist slowly dissipates.

Evan sees movement and HURLS the fire extinguisher at it. The Shadowy Figure LEAPS over it, SKITTERS across the wall and SPRINGS right over Evan's head, crashing through the window.

EVAN

Jesus Christ!

EXT. EVAN'S HOME - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Evan runs outside just in time to catch a glimpse of the Shadowy Figure bounding from roof-to-roof down the block and out of sight.

EVAN

What the fuck was that?

INT. EVAN'S HOME - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Evan returns to the garage. It's destroyed. He scans the room and notices the WIDE-OPEN CABINET -- the doors have been ripped off the hinges and the inside is empty.

EVAN

Oh fuck me. The gun.

ABBY (O.S.)

Evan, what the fuck is going on?!

EVAN

Uhhh...

Abby sees that Bob is unconscious on the ground and a fork is imbedded in his leg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABBY

Did someone just break into our house?! Oh my god! There's a fork in this guy! I'm calling the cops.

EVAN

No, no, no, no-

INT. EVAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Evan and Abby sit on the couch talking to Sgt Bressman. Evan looks annoyed. In the corner, we see Bob, who is in his underpants, cleaning and dressing his own small leg wound with a first aid kit.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

So you heard the window break and then went to the garage to check it out and that's when Bob stabbed himself and passed out.

BOB

Yep!

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

And then...

EVAN

And then I saw that it was a raccoon, and it ran away.

ABBY

It wasn't a raccoon! I heard you fighting or struggling with someone.

EVAN

Yeah. The raccoon. I mean... it was a particularly large and crazy raccoon. It had crazy eyes and was using its weird raccoon hands to jump around and shit.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

You didn't get bit, did ya? Those little fuckers spread all sorts of diseases.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVAN

No. Thank god.

Sergeant Bressman nods, and scribbles notes.

ABBY

(to Evan)

So a raccoon broke the window to get into the garage?

EVAN

Yeah, must have just jumped right through it. I'm telling you, this was not a normal raccoon. I'm the first the first to admit that this was an astounding raccoon.

Abby looks at Evan skeptically. She knows he's lying. Bressman totally buys the story.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

I feel like maybe I've heard of these raccoons.

EVAN

I think there was a Dateline about them.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

Well, I think we have enough information here. You guys are okay and that's the important thing.

Bressman gets up to leave.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN (CONT'D)

You've had a pretty busy week. First a murder in your store, then your house is broken into? You seem to be at the center of all the action.

Evan leads Bressman out the door.

EVAN

Any progress on the Costco case?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

(shaking his head)

Ach, the Costco case. Well, you know...no. But I looked into it and turns out that most homicides go unsolved anyway, so, expectations are pretty low.

EVAN

Yeah, I'd say they couldn't be much lower.

Evan shuts the door, then turns to find Abby staring at him.

ABBY

What the fuck was that?

EVAN

What the fuck was what?

ABBY

You were clearly lying?

Bob stands up and starts putting his pants on.

BOB

He's not lying!

ABBY

Shut up, Bob! I don't know you!

BOB

You're right. You don't. Have a good night.

Bob exits. Abby looks back to Evan, who's having a hard time hiding the truth.

EVAN

I'm not lying.

ABBY

Well, I don't fucking believe you.

Abby walks upstairs, going back to bed. Evan is left alone.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Evan paces around Bob's garage, with Bob, Franklin and Jamarcus looking on.

EVAN

It's fucking gone, you guys. Some...THING broke into my garage, and took the fucking gun.

FRANKLIN

Wait, what do you mean some THING broke in?

EVAN

I mean it was some fucking THING! Like, not human! It was parkouring all over the place. Wall to wall. I saw it scale a fucking house in like 2 seconds!

BOB

I was unconscious, but I believe him.

FRANKLIN

Shit! That thing has all our finger prints in it.

BOB

And my dick print.

FRANKLIN

Dick prints don't traditionally hold up in court.

EVAN

Seriously. I'm telling you guys, I think... it was an alien! Think about all the clues! Green goo, tentacles, futuristic guns and shit!

JAMARCUS

A fucking alien? You guys are such nerds. Grown men shouldn't even be talking about aliens. And did you think for a second that maybe it's good that the gun is gone?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMARCUS (CONT'D)

We should just walk away, happy that we didn't fucking blow ourselves up.

This comment hangs in the air for a moment.

EVAN

Are you crazy?! We can't just walk away from this now. If you ask me, the gun was stolen because we're onto something. Like, something big. Clearly, whoever's involved knows they can get to us. If they wanted me dead then they would've killed me. I'm a really easy mark. Which means they obviously just take us to be a bunch of pussies who are just gonna step down. But we can't do that. We gotta step it up! Are you guys ready to step it up?!

Evan stands up, trying to motivate them.

BOB

Yeah!

FRANKLIN

Yeah, I suppose I could step it up.

EVAN

How about you Jamarcus? You ready to step it up?! Think about all the pussies you'll be banging if you solve this amazing mystery.

JAMARCUS

Ok. Fine. I'll step up.

EVAN

Good. Time to split up. Time to cover some more ground. Two teams of two; both patrolling the neighborhood, keeping our eyes peeled for anything out of the ordinary, and really just hitting the streets hard.

(beat)

Let's bring it in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Evan puts his hand in. Bob does the same, as do the others.

EVAN (CONT'D)

On three. One, two, three-

BOB

GO TEAM!!!!

JAMARCUS

BOOYAH!!!!

FRANKLIN

FUCK THE PO-LICE!!!

EVAN

NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH!!!

INT. BOB'S CAR - THAT NIGHT

Bob and Franklin are parked. Bob takes a swig from his flask and then hands it over to Franklin who takes a big swig.

BOB

Franklin, I feel like I don't have the best read on you yet. Probably because of the age gap. For example, are you a virgin?

FRANKLIN

Ahh, you want to get personal and shit. What the fuck do you think? I'm twenty-three years old.

BOB

So? People don't necessarily lose it that young all the time.

FRANKLIN

Bob, I lost my virginity when I was thirteen. I've got, like, a decade's worth of fucking under my belt already.

BOB

That's cool.

(beat)

My daughter's fifteen. You don't think she could be having sex already...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKLIN

Hard to say man. Is she hot?

BOB

What kind of question is that?

FRANKLIN

A legitimate one if you want an honest answer to your question.

BOB

Of course she's hot! She's stunning. She's my daughter.

Franklin eyes Bob, skeptical.

FRANKLIN

Do you have a picture of her?

Bob scrolls through his phone and shows Franklin a picture of Chelsea.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Uh, yeah, she's having sex.

Bob snatches his phone away.

BOB

What?! Why do you say that?

FRANKLIN

I'm just trying to level with you, Bob. She's fuckable, so odds are, she's been fucking. I obviously can't say definitively that she has but, she has. Definitely.

BOB

No. I don't believe this.

FRANKLIN

Well, I don't want to upset you, but as your friend you'd be delusional to think she hasn't had a dick yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB

But she's only fifteen.

FRANKLIN

Wait, can I see that picture again?

BOB

(upset)

No.

FRANKLIN

It is what it is, man.

Bob thinks for a second.

BOB

I need you to help me find out for sure.

Bob starts the car and speeds off.

INT. EVAN'S CAR - SOON AFTER

Evan drinks a pink smoothie as he and Jamarcus patrol the neighborhood.

EVAN

Here. So you can see better.

Evan hands Jamarcus a flashlight. Jamarcus turns it on and shines it out the window, looking for anything suspicious.

JAMARCUS

So... you really think it's fuckin' aliens?

EVAN

Well... I mean... Yeah. Yes. I actually do.

JAMARCUS

Like, straight up "take me to your leader" aliens?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVAN

I don't know what kind of aliens. But, yeah... aliens.

JAMARCUS

But, like, what's your plan if you do find one?

EVAN

Well, I guess if I found one, I'd try and catch it. I mean, Antonio de Luca was torn to shreds. Maybe there are friendly aliens in the universe, but I don't think these are them.

(beat, smiles)

And think about it: if we caught one, we'd go down in history. First contact.

Then, Evan's cell phone rings. He answers it.

EVAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello?

MANFRED (O.C.)

Is that you idiots rummaging around my house?

EVAN

What?

MANFRED (O.C.)

There's a guy running on my roof. Jumping around like a maniac. Is that one of you idiots?

EVAN

Uh, no.

(beat; realizing)

Oh shit. Hang tight. We're on our way.

(to Jamarcus)

Call Bob for backup. We got a situation.

EXT. HUMBOLDT HIGH SCHOOL - SOON AFTER

Bob and Franklin pull up to the HUMBOLDT HIGH SCHOOL parking lot and exit the car. They walk around the school to the FOOTBALL FIELD.

In the middle of the field, the CHEERLEADING SQUAD is practicing an oversexed routine, wearing tight skimpy outfits. A GROUP OF BOYS sit on a set of BLEACHERS watching, most notably, Jason.

JASON (O.S.)

OH YEAH!!

Bob and Franklin hide under bleachers on the opposite end.

BOB

What is Chelsea doing? Oh big surprise,
Mandy is the choreographer.

FRANKLIN

Yeah, Bob, I think ALL these girls have had
sex before.

(to himself)

This is erotic as hell.

The routine ends on a very sexy pose. Jason and his friends leave the bleachers and join the cheerleaders on the field.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

And those are probably the guys they're doing
it with.

BOB

Oh, that's Jason. He's the new guy. I hate this
little fucker.

FRANKLIN

Yeah. That guy's fucked. These girl's have
fucked. All these kids are fucking.

Bob's phone rings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB
(into phone)
Hello?

EVAN (O.S.)
(through phone)
We got a call at Manfred's! Something's there!
Meet us other there.

BOB
Shit! I'm at the high school. That's all the way
across town.

EVAN
What the fuck are you doing there?

BOB
Uh...nothing. Never mind. We're on our way.

Bob's glares at his daughter, then begrudgingly pulls out of the parking lot.

EXT. MANFRED'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Evan and Jamarcus pull up to the house. They ring the doorbell. No answer. Jamarcus peers through the window.

JAMARCUS
Alright. He's not here. Let's get the fuck out of
here. He is not a sexy lady. This is not what I
pictured.

EVAN
I'll try calling him.

Evan takes out his cell and phones Manfred. Nobody picks up.

EVAN (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Shhhh...you hear that?

JAMARCUS
I don't hear shit all, let's go, man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVAN

Shh! Shh! Listen carefully.

Evan redials. They hear a singing cell phone.

MANFRED'S CELL

"Do you like pina coladas, and gettin' caught
in the rain. If you're not into yoga, and you have
half a brain...if YOU LIKE MAKIN' LOVE AT
MIDNIGHT!!!"

EVAN

That way!

Evan starts walking towards the backyard.

EXT. MANFRED'S HOME - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

They creep into the backyard.

EVAN

I'm gonna call it again.

Evan presses send again and Manfred's phone rings.

MANFRED'S PHONE

"Do you like pina coladas, and gettin' caught
in the rain. If you're not into yoga, and you have
half a brain...if YOU LIKE MAKIN' LOVE AT
MIDNIGHT!!!"

EVAN

(whispering)

It's coming from the backyard.

JAMARCUS

Seriously, let's go back. Please.

Jamarcus and Evan reach the backyard where they find Manfred's body completely TORN APART. The cell phone is on the ground, inches away.

Evan freezes in horror, then lurches over and VOMITS pink VOMIT all over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVAN

What the fuuuuuuuuuck....

They then hear a sound coming from the dark corner of the yard. Evan spins around and shines a flashlight, illuminating a SATELLITE DISH. There's a cable attached that Evan follows with his flashlight until he reaches an ALIEN hunched over, chewing the cable.

The Alien freezes, staring at Evan and Jamarcus.

EVAN (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Oh my fucking god. Are you seeing this? It's an alien. I fucking told you it was aliens.

JAMARCUS

It fucking is. Damn.

EVAN

(terrified)

What do we do? It's just leering at us. You think we can take it?

JAMARCUS

What? Can I take it? This isn't some drunk motherfucker at a nightclub. This is a fucking alien. Who knows what that thing is capable of. We should run the hell away!

EVAN

No. Uh... I'm gonna make a move. You cover me and bash its brains in when I give the signal.

Evan hands Jamarcus a RAKE.

JAMARCUS

What?! No-

As soon as Evan makes a slight step forward, the Alien's eyes widen and it runs towards the SIX-FOOT FENCE, but struggles to get over it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EVAN

It's running! It's a pussy! Let's fucking get it!

Psyched up, Evan gives chase through the back gate into the alley.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Hey! You! Stop!

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The Alien runs down the alley, with Evan in close pursuit. Evan backs it into a dead end, and the Alien comes to a stop.

EVAN

Oh shit.

The Alien turns around to face Evan, SNARLING at him.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Oh SHIT!!!

The Alien lunges at Evan, and chases him through the alley!

EVAN (CONT'D)

Oh shit! Oh shit! Oh shit! JAMARCUS!!!

Evan throws GARBAGE CANS in the Alien's path, but he still gains on him. Manfred's backyard is just up ahead.

Evan HOPS THE FENCE, falling over the other side.

EXT. MANFRED'S HOME - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Evan falls on his face. He looks up to see Jamarcus frozen in the exact same position.

EVAN

Jamarcus! What the fuck, man! Do something!

Evan hears the Alien approaching, and frantically looks around for an object. He finds a small GARDEN GNOME.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As soon as the Alien runs through the gate, Evan -- from his knees -- heaves the gnome at its face. It smacks the Alien in the side of the head, causing it to fall to the ground.

SNAP!!! The Alien's neck collides awkwardly into the side of Manfred's Satellite dish -- much like the stool in Million Dollar Baby. It lays on the ground motionless.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Oh fuck. I killed it.

Evan catches his breath, relieved. Jamarcus watches, utterly amazed. Evan takes out his phone and dials.

EVAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Bob? New plan. Meet us at Neighborhood Watch headquarters.

INT. BOB'S HOME - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Bob and Franklin rush in and find Evan and Jamarcus tying something wrapped in a tarp to the massage chair.

BOB

What the hell is this? Who's under that tarp?

EVAN

(dramatically)

It is not a who, but a what, that is under this tarp. And before I unveil this to you, I want you to know that two age-old questions will be answered tonight. One, are we alone in this universe? And two, is Evan Trautwig always fucking right? Gentlemen, BEHOLD!

In a grand gesture, Evan rips off the tarp to reveal the ALIEN'S limp body.

BOB

AHHHH!!! WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVAN

A motherfuckin alien! And I called it!

BOB

Eww, where did you get this fucking thing?

EVAN

At ol Manfred's place. It ripped that old coot to shreds.

BOB

Jesus Christ...

FRANKLIN

Oh! My! God!

The guys all gawk at each other in amazement.

EVAN

Do you guys fucking realize what this means? We not only discovered aliens, we killed one! And the icing on the fucking cake is we solved the murder of Antonio De Luca! And Manfred, I guess.

(beat)

We're gonna be in history books. Every human being on earth will know our names for years to come. We fucking made first contact!!

FRANKLIN

(to himself)

We killed a fuckin' alien.

(to Jamarcus)

WE KILLED A FUCKIN' ALIEN!!! Screw the police! I'm gonna be in the fucking CIA for this shit!

Franklin high-fives Evan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMARCUS

The most important thing right now is that we
don't tell anyone about this.

BOB

Great idea! We gotta think long term. That's
brilliant.

(starts pacing)

We keep a lid on it for now as we carefully
plan out how best to maximize the earning
power this thing has. This is like discovering
Justin Bieber! We could make millions! HOLY
FUCK! Movies, books, albums. The world is
our fucking oyster. We could get a fucking
Subway tie-in! Action figures!

We could be richer than god-himself!!!

Bob heads to the fridge as the guys consider this.

EVAN

An alien. And we found it. The Neighborhood
Watch of Humboldt county found an Alien.

Bob appears with a 36 pack of beer and a Polaroid camera.

BOB

Hey guys, who wants a snapper of
themselves with the aaaaaaaaaalien!?!?

MUSIC UP: some awesome music by N.W.A or something

- The guys excitedly pose for numerous photos with the Alien
- Evan puts a sombrero on the Alien and a beer in its hand
- They hold its limp body across all four of their arms
- Bob puts a foam #1 hand on the alien and holds its arm up. Franklin high fives it.
- Evan pretends to fuck the Alien doggie-style.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

- Bob puts his dick on the Alien's shoulder. Franklin puts his on its other shoulder.
- Evan's phone vibrates on the bar. It's Abby. Evan is too distracted to notice.

INT. EVAN'S HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

As the call goes to voicemail, Abby hangs up the phone, frustrated. She picks up her laptop.

ON SCREEN is a very sparse online BLOG open which reads: "SEX & THE SUBURBS...avec Abby". Abby begins typing:

ABBY (V.O.)

Ever since I was a little girl, I always dreamed about my wedding day. And while I dreamed about every little detail of that one day, I never once considered what would happen the day after, or the one after that. Days become years, with ups and downs. You fight. You compromise. You drift apart. One minute you're in holy matrimony, and the next, you're not much of a match at all.

Abby down the rest of the bottle of wine.

ABBY (V.O.)

As I sat in my office, having finished a full bottle of Merlot, I thought to myself, "is it possible for two people to live together under one roof, and keep totally separate lives?

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jamarcus and Evan pose for another picture with the Alien, its arms loosely hung around their shoulders.

EVAN

(to Jamarcus)

Oh man, this one's gonna look hilarious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALIEN
SSSSSSSSHHHRREEEEEEEE!!!

Suddenly, The Alien frantically pushes Jamarcus and Evan off of it and sprays green goo out of its mouth. The goo lands on everyone. All of them, except Jamarcus, squirm and scream.

EVAN
Oh god it's eating through my flesh!

FRANKLIN
My face is burning off!!! My fucking face! Some got in my mouth! NOOOOO!!!

BOB
It puked on my fucking mantle!

EVAN
Wait...it's...it's not burning me. I, I think I'm okay.

The Alien rises to his feet and backs up against the wall like a cornered animal. It spits green goo in Evan's face again, temporarily blinding him.

ALIEN
Shreeeeee!!!

BAM!!! The Alien slams into Evan, sending him crashing against the wall-mounted television. The TV falls over.

BOB
(staring in horror)
Sweet fucking god the TV!

The Alien frantically runs around the room, searching for an exit, clawing at the walls, ripping down Bob's sports paraphernalia and knocking over everything in his path.

BOB (CONT'D)
Fucking stop it! Calm the fuck down alien!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Alien hisses at the guys. Bob grabs a pool cue and starts swinging it wildly at the Alien who easily evades him. The Alien grabs a GLASS FOOTBALL TROPHY.

BOB (CONT'D)

No. Don't. Please.

The Alien taunts Bob and drops the trophy, shattering it.

BOB (CONT'D)

YOU SON OF A BITCH!

(to guys)

Come on you guys! Fucking help!

Franklin looks around and grabs a pool ball. He throws it, and it whizzes past the Alien through the dry-wall.

BOB (CONT'D)

Franklin! What the fuck!

FRANKLIN

I don't know what to do!

Franklin throws another pool ball. Again, it crashes through Bob's wall.

BOB

Just stop it! Stop throwing, Franklin!

Evan and Franklin both pick up pool cues and join Bob. The three of them cautiously advance on the Alien, backing him into a corner.

EVAN

(calmly)

Shhh-it's okay-shhh...

Evan looks back and sees Jamarcus frozen in place.

EVAN (CONT'D)

(to Jamarcus)

Come on, man. Grab a cue.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAMARCUS

I...I can't...

The Alien suddenly charges into Evan! The sheer power sends Evan flying backward into the SINK FAUCET. Water sprays Bob in the face and all over the garage.

BOB

AHHHH!!!! Fuck!

Bob charges at the Alien and breaks his pool cue over its back. The Alien doubles over.

ALIEN

SHHHREEEEEEE!!!

BOB

WHAT NOW MOTHERFUCKER!!!

Suddenly, the Alien uppercuts Bob in the testicles. The Alien kicks Bob clean across the room, sending him crashing into his juke box.

The Alien then leaps onto Evan, pinning him. Its mouth opens wide and the creature bites down on Evan's shoulder.

EVAN

AAAARRRGHHH!!!

FRANKLIN

(clutching his nuts)

No! Now you'll turn into one of them!

The Alien pulls back, revealing a nasty bite. It prepares to bite Evan again, when Franklin leaps onto its back.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Gotcha!

The Alien spins wildly to buck him off. Bob looks over at Evan who is slowly getting up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BOB

Why did you bring this fucking thing to my house?!?

EVAN

This is our headquarters, Bob. Where else would we bring him?

BOB

Fucking anywhere else! Anywhere but here!

EVAN

Well maybe if you hadn't been across town at the high school, you could have been part of the decision making process.

Bob leaps off his pool table and jumps on the alien. Together, they all manage to pin the Alien. Franklin puts it in a sleeper hold.

FRANKLIN

Stop resisting! Stop resisting!!!

EVAN

(to Jamarcus)

JAMARCUS?!? What the fuck? Get over here and help! This thing almost killed us and you've just stood there with your fist up your ass!!!

The Alien stops struggling, clearly exhausted.

FRANKLIN

(panting)

That's it, give up. Go to sleep.

BOB

We should ask it questions. Find out what the fuck it's doing here.

EVAN

It's not going to answer us, you idiot, it doesn't speak fucking English.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BOB

Let's see!

Franklin takes his arm off of the Alien's throat. They look at the Alien expectantly.

ALIEN

(raspy alien voice)

...we are already among you...

The Alien looks in each of their faces and laughs, lingering on Jamarcus, who suddenly snaps.

JAMARCUS

NOOOO!!! SHUT UP!!!

Jamarcus runs over and slams his foot down on the aliens crotch repeatedly -
STOMP! STOMP! STOMP!

EVAN

Jesus Christ, Jamarcus. Ease off the nuts.

STOMP! STOMP! Jamarcus keeps stomping until the Alien wheezes and screams, and then goes limp. Green goo spills out its mouth.

The guys are speechless. Jamarcus gawks at the Alien corpse, processing what he's done. As they all stare at the dead Alien, its rib cage opens and its internal organs spill all over Bob's carpet.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Holy shit. Jamarcus, did you...kill him?

BOB

YEAH! You killed that alien! Fucked him up good. That's what he gets for messing with MY home!

JAMARCUS

You told me to do something. I just...I froze for a second there...and then...I just snapped.

(beat)

That's how I fight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Franklin pokes the dead alien's eye with a pool cue.

FRANKLIN

Pretty sure he's dead. Gone over to the other side.

(beat)

But just to be sure.

Franklin stabs the Alien in the head several times with the pool cue. Bob gets up, and looks around the room. His phallocentric utopia is completely destroyed. He's devastated.

BOB

Everyone get out.

EVAN

Hold on, Bob. We've got to talk about this. I think we all heard it clearly say they are among us. We can't trust anyone.

BOB

Everyone. OUT.

INT. EVAN'S HOME - BEDROOM - SOON AFTER

Evan gets to his bed, exhausted. Abby is asleep. Evan gets in bed with her and falls asleep. We see Abby look over at him and notices a bruise on his neck and some scratches from the fight with the alien. She stares at him, suspicious.

INT. EVAN'S HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MUSIC UP: PEOPLE ARE STRANGE by THE DOORS

Abby sits at the kitchen table with her laptop writing another post on Sex in the Suburbs avec Abby, titled SUSPICIOUS IN THE SUBURBS. We see on the screen that she has 500 people following her blog.

ABBY (V.O.)

What is trust?

MONTAGE:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- Evan buys milk at the grocery store. He looks the cashier over. The cashier hands back the milk to Evan. Evan cautiously takes it.

ABBY (V.O.)

When you first meet someone, what you don't know about them can be exciting.

- Bob drops Chelsea off at cheerleader practice and eyes the people around her. Bob sees her approach Jason. Jason sees Bob looking and waves to him, then puts his hand on the square of Chelsea's back. Bob stares daggers at him.

ABBY

But after time, your partner's exciting mysteries...

- Jamarcus stares out his front window looking at the mail man deliver the mail with suspicious eyes. He shuts the curtain.

ABBY (CONT'D)

...can end up becoming troublesome secrets.

- Franklin listens to a police scanner, a look of fear on his face.

ABBY (CONT'D)

And suddenly, what once pulled you in, is now pushing you away.

- Evan jogs down the street like he did in the beginning, but this time, he's suspicious of everyone he passes. Evan notices his old Running Group turns up the street towards him. He quickly ducks behind a wall as to not be seen by them. After they pass, he runs out.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Which makes me ask myself...

- Bob, on his hands and knees, scrubs green goo off the walls and floor.

ABBY (CONT'D)

...if you can solve a mystery...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

- Franklin sits on a bench across from the modest HUMBOLDT POLICE STATION. He stares suspiciously at Sergeant Bressman and an OFFICER walking up the steps with Chinese food. Bressman suddenly stops and turns around, sensing eyes on him. But the bench is now empty.

ABBY (CONT'D)
...can you also solve a secret?

- Evan jogs towards Ms. Kitchener, the woman who was watering her lawn when we first met Evan.

MS. KITCHENER
Afternoon Evan!

Evan is startled, and quickly gives her a judging glance.

EVAN
(suspicious)
Yeah. Afternoon, Ms. Kitchener.

JAKE (O.S.)
(yelling)
Hey neighbor!!!

EVAN
(spooked)
AAAHHH!!!

Evan spins around to see Jake coming to spray him with the a hose. Evan is STARTLED, and instinctively SHOVES him hard, knocking him to the ground.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Stay the fuck back!

JAKE
Ooww! Jesus! What the hell, dude? Why'd you do that? I spray you every morning! I thought you liked it!

EVAN
Well, I don't!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Evan frantically runs back into his house and shuts the door. He takes a few deep breathes and calms himself a bit, when suddenly, DING DONG!

EVAN (CONT'D)
AAAAAAAHHHH!!!

Evan is startled again. He looks through the peephole and sees it's Sergeant Bressman. He opens the door.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Sergeant Bressman. What brings you here?

SERGEANT BRESSMAN
Good news. We're done in Costco. You're free to resume business as usual.

EVAN
Great. So the investigation's over?

SERGEANT BRESSMAN
Just with that location. It's exploded outward from there though.

EVAN
You don't say.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN
Oh yeah, I'm actually really getting into it. It's like an awesome puzzle! Last night, we found another body. Ripped apart, exactly like buddy from Costco. Like, identically shredded apart.

EVAN
Wow, that's crazy. I can't even believe that.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN
Yup. Clearly this guy means business. Or this was the work of some fucked up copycat. But my gut tells me it's the same guy.

Sergeant Bressman switches gears, and starts acting overly casual.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SERGEANT BRESSMAN (CONT'D)
So...what did you get up to last night?

EVAN
Me? Not much. Why?

SERGEANT BRESSMAN
Ah, no reason. It's actually kind of funny. As I
was investigating the murder scene last night,
I accidentally stepped in something. Brought
a little sample of it with me.

Sergeant Bressman reaches into the inside pocket of his coat and pulls out a ZIP-LOCK BAG OF PINK VOMIT.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN (CONT'D)
This belong to you?

EVAN
I literally have no idea what that is.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN
Well, Mr. Trautwig, it's a bag of puke.
And...actually it looks strikingly similar to the
type of puke that you puked at Costco the
other day.
(smug)
Now, how's that for police work?

EVAN
Well, I don't know what to tell you. It's not
mine. I'm pretty sure I'm not the only guy in
Humboldt county with an irritable stomach.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN
An irritable stomach and an unquenchable
thirst for pink smoothies?

Bressman hands him the vomit bag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SERGEANT BRESSMAN (CONT'D)

Here. Why don't you take this sample and think about it. I got plenty more of it back at the station. You have a good day now, you hear?

Sergeant Bressman confidently walks back to his car, leaving Evan very concerned.

I/E. COSTCO - THE NEXT DAY

Evan, dressed in his Costco uniform, rips down POLICE TAPE and makes his way to the front entrance.

He unlocks the door and walks inside for the first time. The store is still and quiet.

He makes his way through the aisles and notices that many of the shelves are emptier than they should be. The BATTERY DISPLAY CASE, in particular, is almost completely empty.

EVAN

You gotta be fucking kidding me.

INT. COSTCO - LATER

Evan, Bob, Jamarcus, and Franklin sit back on a row of lounge chairs, suspiciously eyeing the people in the store.

FRANKLIN

Have you guys been sleeping? I haven't slept at all. Fuck I'm not dealing with this well.

EVAN

Well, at least you don't have the "law" breathing down your neck.

JAMARCUS

Yeah, I know what that's like.

Jamarcus looks at Evan, worried.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVAN

Don't worry, Jamarcus. I got it under control.
The guy's, like, the stupidest cop I've ever met.

BOB

Yeah, I guess we should be more concerned
there are fucking aliens in our town. I mean,
this is insane, I have a daughter to protect.

Evan gives Bob a pissed off look.

FRANKLIN

And the most fucked up part is what that thing
said they're "among us". What the hell does
that mean?

EVAN

Well, what if it means they're the body
snatcher type aliens? If that's the case then
any one of these fucking people could be an
alien, for all we know. I mean, I know I'm not
an alien. I know you're not an alien. But what
about her?

Evan points to a WOMAN in the produce section. She is holding a
GRAPEFRUIT.

BOB

Oh my god. Look at that. It's like she's
studying it cautiously. Like a new discovery.
"What's this" she says, "Some sort of bizarre
human-circle-fruit? Should I put it in my flavor
snout?"

(beat)

And how about this guy?

Bob points at a LITTLE BOY enjoying an ice cream from an ice cream cart. It's
smeared all over his face.

FRANKLIN

I see what you're saying. Just look at the little
prick.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

The Alien hasn't even learned how to eat
properly yet. So primitive. So clumsy. So
dangerous.

(beat)

Oh shit.

Franklin points down the aisle at JASON, who is walking by carrying a BIG BOX OF MAGNUM CONDOMS. Bob instinctively gets up and Franklin holds him back.

BOB

(seething)

That motherfucker.

Jason sees Bob and waves at him with the box of condoms, taunting him.

BOB (CONT'D)

I'm gonna fucking lose it you guys. I'm gonna
blow a gasket.

(yelling at Jason)

There's no way your dick's that big!

Jason smiles at Bob and nods. Bob turns back to the guys.

BOB (CONT'D)

You guys don't think it can actually be that big,
right?

Evan shrugs.

FRANKLIN

Well someone's dick has to be that big.
Otherwise they wouldn't even sell em.

EVAN

He's got a good point; we sell out of those all
the time.

BOB

I swear to god, I'm gonna rip his fuckin' dick
off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FRANKLIN

You're gonna need two hands.

Enraged, Bob storms towards Jason. Jamarcus stops him.

JAMARCUS

Just...easy Bob. Let me go talk with
him...brother to brother.

Jamarcus walks over towards Jason.

ANGLE ON: Jamarcus and Jason

Jamarcus goes up to Jason.

JASON

What?

JAMARCUS

I think you gotta lay off of Bob's daughter.

JASON

What do you care?

ANGLE ON: Evan, Franklin, and Bob

They watch Jamarcus talk with Jason. Bob stares daggers at Jason.

BOB

What is he waiting for? Deck the prick!

PAUL (O.S.)

Well hey there, neighbor!

EVAN

AHH!!!

Evan jumps up, freaked. He, as well as Franklin and Bob, spin around to see Paul. Bob returns his attention to watching Jamarcus, who has just begun a conversation with Jason.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

PAUL

I'm sorry, did I startle you? I can see I got your heart racing a little bit there. That's good for you, you know.

EVAN

Yeah, uh, that's super interesting. I'm actually in the middle of a conversation though.

PAUL

Oh. Yeah, totally. I just mosied on over here to tell you I'm hosting a little...gathering tonight. Lots of...interesting characters should be in attendance. I think you might be into it.

Evan looks in Paul's cart and notices he's buying a TON of BATTERIES.

EVAN

Uhh...I'll think about it.

PAUL

Alright! Don't think too long! Cuz next thing you know, tonight's come and gone, and you missed out on a really good time. My place at 10:30pm. If you can make it, dress casual.

Paul lightly squeezes Evan's hand and walks off.

FRANKLIN

Who the fuck was that guy?

EVAN

My neighbor.

Jamarcus steps back into the group.

JAMARCUS

I think I set him straight.

BOB

You may have just saved that kid's life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Evan watches Paul walking away, suspiciously. Then, something dawns on him.

EVAN

Holy shit! He's one of them!

BOB

Who? What?

EVAN

I'm telling you, this guy Paul is DEFINITELY one of them! I can't believe it didn't occur to me before. He was the only one who saw me stashing the gun in my garage. I'll bet you anything he broke in and took it! He's probably been spying on me this whole time.

(beat)

Oh my god! And did you see how many batteries he just bought?! What is he doing with all those?!

FRANKLIN

Who knows? He's fucking creepy. Who calls a party a "gathering"?

EVAN

I know, right? And he was like, super intent on me showing up. He must knows we're close to figuring out the whole mystery and he wants to have a final showdown! This is it. This is why the neighborhood watch was formed. This is our Thermopole. Our Hamburger Hill. Our Alamo. Except instead of getting by the Mexican army, we're gonna kick ass, and...live.

FRANKLIN

Fuckin A!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

JAMARCUS

(really excited)

And if it's not aliens, maybe it'll just be a cool party. With women. Instead of this never-ending sausage party we've grown to call the Neighborhood Watch.

INT. EVAN'S HOME - NIGHT

Evan walks in the door, and heads straight upstairs, on a mission.

ABBY

Evan?

Abby follows him upstairs. She finds Evan rummaging through drawers and throwing clothes on the bed. She tries to put on a happy face.

ABBY (CONT'D)

So, how was the first day back?

EVAN

(waves her off)

It was...ehhhhhh.

(takes a breath)

You will not believe how much shit was stolen since we were closed. All the paperwork is messed up. The insurance company hasn't told us how they're paying us for all the stuff that went bad. It's a disaster.

Abby pauses, preparing herself.

ABBY

Maybe we could both use a dinner out tonight, talk things through. I just feel like we haven't been on the same page lately.

Evan opens another drawer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVAN

(to himself)

Where is that damn balaclava? I thought it
was in here.

ABBY

Did you not just hear what I said?

EVAN

I...I can't go for dinner tonight, hun. I'm sorry.
The Neighborhood Watch is right on the
precipice of something major.

Abby shakes her head.

ABBY

I can't keep doing this anymore.

Evan finds the BALACLAVA.

EVAN

(to himself)

Nice, there it is.

(to Abby)

Doing what?

ABBY

(motioning to him and her)

This! Living totally separate lives under one
roof. We're not in sync. I mean, is this enough
for you?

EVAN

Sure. Of course it is.

ABBY

Well, it's not enough for me. I want more than
this. I want to spend time together. I want a life
with you.

(beat)

I want kids.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Evan throws the balaclava across the room.

EVAN

(defensive)

Well...what am I supposed to say to that? You want the only thing I can't...do. How the fuck do you think that makes me feel?

ABBY

I'd like to know how it makes you feel! You never want to talk about it, and because of that, it's shut down our whole sex life!

EVAN

What? What do you mean?

ABBY

We never have sex!

EVAN

I don't have a strong sex drive! My libido is weak.... and you know that!

ABBY

No. Your libido was normal until exactly eighteen months ago when we found out about the infertility, and ever since then, you don't want to have sex, and I want to talk about it. Why? Does it make you feel weak? Are you insecure with your sexual prowess? You don't have to be!

EVAN

You know what really makes a guy feel secure with his sexual prowess? Asking him if he feels insecure with his sexual prowess! This is why I don't want to talk about it! I'm not some baby factory! I'm already late, alright. We can figure out all this shit later.

Evan picks up his balaclava and walks out of the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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

Abby sits down on the bed, depressed.

EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE - SOON AFTER

The guys, wearing balaclavas, sneak around the perimeter of Paul's house, keeping to the bushes, staying out of sight. They plant themselves behind a LARGE BUSH near the front porch.

JAMARCUS
(whispering)
Pssst. Bob. Hand me a beer.

Jamarcus cracks open his beer.

JAMARCUS (CONT'D)
(whispering)
What's wrong? Why aren't you guys drinking?

EVAN
(whispering)
Shhh...come on man. Stay on point.

FRANKLIN
Someone's coming.

A COUPLE walk up to the front door and rings the bell. Paul answers, smiles and looks them up and down before holding out his hand. The man hands Paul a set of keys.

MAN & WOMAN
Caligula.

Paul nods, and the couple enters the party.

FRANKLIN
Shit. There's gotta be like 20 people in there.
And there's more coming.

ANOTHER COUPLE hands Paul a set of keys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN 2 & WOMAN 2

Caligula.

They also enter the party.

FRANKLIN

Caligula? You think that's the name of their home planet?

JAMARCUS

They keep handing over their keys. I bet it's some symbolic gesture. Like handing over the keys to their lives or something.

BOB

Could be. Good call, Jamarc'.

EVAN

I smell alien all over this. Maybe we should-

RING! RING! Bob's cell phone rings. He fumbles through his pockets for the cell. RING! RING!

EVAN (CONT'D)

Damn it, Bob! Come on!

Bob finds the cell and answers.

BOB

(whispering)

What, Clara? I told you I'm busy.

(beat)

She's left? What do you mean she left? Why didn't you stop her?

(beat)

She's at Mandy's house, isn't she? For that tramps little homecoming fuck-fest.

(beat)

That does it. Papa Bob's on the motherfuckin' warpath.

Bob hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB (CONT'D)

Alright, boys. We've got to move out. We got an emergency.

Bob waves for everyone to follow him and starts heading away from Paul's. Evan grabs him by the shoulder.

EVAN

What the fuck man? You're going to give away our position.

BOB

Chelsea snuck out and went to her slutty friend Mandy's homecoming party when I explicitly forbid it. She crossed the ultimate line.

EVAN

No way, Bob. We're not going anywhere. We're in the middle of our biggest mission yet.

BOB

Fine. We'll split up. Franklin, you come with me.

FRANKLIN

But-

EVAN

No! Franklin's not going anywhere. We're the Neighborhood Watch. We function as a team.

BOB

Really? Because sometimes, like right now, it feels like a fucking dictatorship.

EVAN

(sarcastic)

Okay. You're right, Bob, let's drop the mission and go deal with your daughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Bob shakes his head, pissed off.

EVAN (CONT'D)

We can go wherever you want, AFTER the mission.

JAMARCUS

Wait. Shut up- you hear that?

A LOW BUZZ starts emanating from the house, followed by FAINT WAILS and MOANS.

FRANKLIN

What is that?

EVAN

Oh fuck, it's happening. Come on, we gotta get closer.

Evan leads the guys up the side of the house, to a closer set of bushes by a window. The noises grow louder -- loud buzzing and violent moans and wails. In the window they see SILHOUETTES of flailing limbs, a huddled mass of bodies. A loud pounding noise is heard.

WOMAN (O.S.)

URGH!!! URGH!!! URGH!!!

FRANKLIN

Oh god...what the fuck is happening in there?
It sounds like some poor woman's being ripped apart.

Franklin looks like he's going to puke. Bob peaks in a window.

BOB

I can't see anyone. I just hear all these weird noises. Squishing sounds.

EVAN

I'm going in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FRANKLIN

What?

JAMARCUS

I'm coming with you. Someone's gotta have your back.

FRANKLIN

I'm not.

BOB

I'm sticking with Franklin. We work well together.

(to Franklin)

Right, partner?

FRANKLIN

Uh... Yeah sure. I guess.

EVAN

Fine. We're going in to see what the deal is. But you guys have to stay out here and back us up. If the shit hits the fan, you guys gotta bust in and help us.

Bob and Franklin look at each other.

BOB

Okay. Fine.

EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Evan and Jamarcus walks up to the front door of Paul's house, their covert operations make up wiped off. Evan takes a deep breath and knocks on the door. We hear footsteps and the door creeks open. It's Paul.

EVAN

Uh...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL

Well, well. I must admit, this is certainly a pleasurable surprise. I thought you were more vanilla than this. I'm glad I was wrong.

Paul motions Evan towards him and gently hugs him.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Welcome.

(turns to Jamarcus)

And who is this mountain of a man? Any friend of Evan's is a friend of mine. Please, come in.

Paul takes Evan and Jamarcus by the hand and leads them in.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The lights are set dim and there is strange, trippy lounge music playing.

EVAN

This is a nice place, Paul. I like the paint job.

PAUL

Do you have any idea how long we've been watching you?

EVAN

(shocked)

Really? Me?

PAUL

Yes. You. How could we not? When I see you jog by in the morning, I always think to myself, my god, what a perfect specimen.

(glances at Jamarcus)

Two perfect specimens.

Evan and Jamarcus look at each other, concerned. Paul stops at the top of a staircase leading to the basement where music, thumping noises, and moaning can be heard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL (CONT'D)

Do you gentlemen want something to drink
before we...begin?

EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Franklin has cracked open one of the back windows of the house and is peeking his head in.

FRANKLIN

It smells funky and musky in there. It's probably like an alien breeding ground or something.

Franklin turns to see Bob pacing around.

BOB

Fuck this. They'll be fine. Let's get out of here.

FRANKLIN

What? We can't go! We're the backup!

BOB

Well, I can't fucking wait around here. I have to go check on Chelsea. Come on, we're going.

Franklin's conflicted.

FRANKLIN

I don't know, Bob...I don't know.

Bob starts to walk away. Then turns back.

BOB

(disappointed)

You know, Franklin, I thought we had a pretty cool father-son thing going. Guess I was wrong.

Bob walks away. After a moment, Franklin buckles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKLIN

Aw, come on. Don't do that.

Franklin runs after Bob.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

Evan and Jamarcus, each with a mojito in hand, follow Paul down the dark and ominous stairs.

PAUL

Ready boys? Welcome...to paradise.

They round the corner and immediately see a WOMAN getting pounded from behind, doggy-style, and loving it.

WOMAN

UGH!!! I LOVE it!!! MORE!!! MORE!!!

They look up and realize that this is a full-blown ORGY. There is a PODIUM in the center of the room with TWENTY BUZZING VIBRATORS, a huge pile of BATTERIES beside them. People start passing them around.

Paul takes off his shirt.

PAUL

Drop them drawers, fellas. Tonight's about freedom. Tonight's about fucking.

Paul throws his arms up and wiggles his way out of his pants, then makes his way into the ocean of bodies. Evan and Jamarcus look at each other, stunned.

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

Come on in, boys! The water's just right!

(beat, squishy noises)

Oh yeah! Now, we're getting into it!

(calling across the room)

Hey, what you doing over there? This dick's not gonna suck itself..

The guys awkwardly move into the orgy, standing amongst the writhing bodies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMARCUS

I'm over-whelmed...I...I don't know what this is-

Jamarcus looks at a couple passionately making love right in front of him.

GUY

Oh yeah! I'm inside of you!

WOMAN

I love you!

GUY

I'm coming!!!

WOMAN

Come in me!

Jamarcus' jaw drops. He looks around the room. He sees two lesbians about to play with dildos.

JAMARCUS

This is...real.

He sees a guy wacking off while watching the lesbians, then turns and sees two guys casually chatting as they lightly tug their penises.

CASUAL WANKER

...oh it's gonna win best picture for sure, the cinematography was unreal.

He then sees an attractive woman having passionate sex with her lover. A tear comes to Jamarcus' eye.

JAMARCUS

I've never seen anything like this. I didn't know that people actually did this.

(beat)

This is beautiful.

EVAN

This is fucking gross. I guess I was wrong. Let's get the hell out of here, man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMARCUS

But...we should probably stay though, right?

EVAN

Are you joking?

A mildly attractive HOUSEWIFE walks up to Jamarcus and starts to pull his pants down.

HOUSEWIFE

So...would it be alright if I sucked on your penis and balls?

JAMARCUS

(to Evan)

I'm gonna see how this plays out. Catch up with you later.

Evan is stunned. Then he gets a tap on the shoulder and turns around. It's Paul and the Drag Queen.

PAUL

Ev! This is Olivia! Used to be Oliver but then...you know...Anyway, she just told me the dirtiest little secret. She wants to suck your dick while I suck her dick. What do ya say, neighbor?

Evan turns to the Drag Queen who looks like she wants to devour him.

DRAG QUEEN

(to Evan)

I'm gonna gobble you like a turkey.
(high-pitched Turkey impression)
Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!

He pats Jamarcus on the back.

EVAN

You're on your own, buddy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Evan hightails it out of there. He looks back to see the Housewife blowing Jamarcus.

Paul shrugs, then starts blowing the Drag Queen.

EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Evan bursts out the front door. He walks along the perimeter of the house looking for Bob and Franklin.

EVAN

Bob? Franklin? Where the fuck are you guys?

Evan stops, realizing where they've gone.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Cocksuckers.

I/E. MANDY'S HOUSE - SOON AFTER

Bob and Franklin arrive at Mandy's. Franklin pulls Bob back.

FRANKLIN

Wait, what are we doing once we're in there?

BOB

Don't worry about that. Just follow my lead.

Bob puts on his ski mask. With all his strength, Bob tries to kick the front door down. But it doesn't budge. Slightly defeated, he rings the door bell. A drunk teenage girl MANDY answers the door.

MANDY

Oh my god! AHHHHHHH!!!!

Bob pushes Mandy aside and forces his way inside.

BOB

WHERE THE FUCK IS CHELSEA?! WHERE
IS SHE? TELL ME, YOU SKANK!!!

All the party-goers are stunned. Bob points at a SKINNY YOUNG KID.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (CONT'D)
You! Where's Chelsea?

SKINNY YOUNG KID
Don't hurt me, oh my god.

BOB
I'll hurt you bad if you don't answer my
question.

The Skinny kid frantically scans the room.

SKINNY YOUNG KID
There!

Bob swings around to see Chelsea in the kitchen flirting with JASON. Rage in his eyes, Bob storms into the kitchen. Franklin follows.

BOB
You! Get your damn hands off of her!

CHELSEA
Dad?!

BOB
(to Franklin)
Get her out of here!

Frightened, Franklin does as he is told. He heads towards Chelsea and tries to pick her up.

CHELSEA
GET OFF ME!!!

Jason steps up to protect her and Bob gets in his face.

BOB
What? What are you gonna do about it?

Bob and Jason are now nose-to-nose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JASON

Stop breathing on me.

BOB

Yeah...that's what I thought.

Suddenly, Jason viciously HEAD-BUTTS Bob, sending him reeling to the floor.

BOB (CONT'D)

Ahh!!!

PARTYGOERS

YEAH!!!

Bob's nose gushes blood. Jason leans over him.

JASON

Ouch. That looks like a real gusher

(whispers to Bob)

-that's my nickname for your daughter, by the way.

Jason walks away, laughing to himself.

BOB

Must...kill...child...

Bob pulls himself up and grabs a LAMP, and hurls it at Jason's back. Instinctively, Jason LEAPS over it, pushes off the wall and RAMS into Bob. Bob flies out the front window, onto the lawn.

JASON

Man...I'm fuckin' outta here.

Jason runs out the back door.

EXT. MANDY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Franklin and Chelsea stand over Bob, who lies hurt on the front lawn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHELSEA

I can't believe you! You have no respect for me!

BOB

Yeah, yeah.

CHELSEA

I'm moving out!

BOB

Then I'm moving in. To wherever you go. Because I'm your father and you can't run away from that. You're literally made up of little bits of me. Even when you're alone, you're not...you're with me.

Then, they see Evan approaching.

EVAN

I can't believe you guys actually came here?! You were supposed to be our back-up

FRANKLIN

Bob made me come here.

EVAN

(re. Bob)

What happened to you?

FRANKLIN

Oh. Jason kicked the shit out of him. What happened at Paul's? Were there aliens? Where's Jamarcus?

EVAN

Uh, he decided to stay. It turned out that it wasn't aliens and it was actually just a... um... giant orgy.

FRANKLIN

Fuck! I knew I should have stayed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB

Wait... let me get this straight. You're pissed at us for leaving a party that turned out to be nothing?

EVAN

I'm not pissed about the party, Bob. It's the principle. You abandoned the team.

BOB

Oh, you are a piece of-

CHELSEA

Dad, you're humiliating me in front of-

BOB

(to Chelsea)

YOU! HOME! NOW!

Terrified, Chelsea runs towards home. Bob gets to his feet.

EVAN

Well, great job using the Neighborhood Watch so you can spy on your poor daughter and be even more embarrassing and overbearing. That sounds to me like the motivations of a selfish asshole. You have a kid and you don't even appreciate her. You're a terrible father.

BOB

(enraged)

What the fuck do you know about being a father? You can't even have kids!

Evan is extremely hurt, and his anguish segues to rage.

EVAN

YOU SON OF A BITCH!!!

BOB

Fuck you. I'm done with you, and I'm done with the Neighborhood Watch. I quit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Bob walks away and turns back.

BOB (CONT'D)

The boy's coming with me! Franklin! GIT!

FRANKLIN

Um...

BOB

GIT!!!

Franklin shrugs at Evan and runs over to join Bob.

BOB (CONT'D)

And that leaves you...all alone.

Evan shakes his head, angry. He walks off in the other direction.

INT. EVAN'S HOME - BEDROOM - LATER

Feeling dejected, Evan walks upstairs to find Abby zipping up a suitcase.

EVAN

Wh- what are you doing?

Abby pulls the handle out of the suitcase and starts walking out of the room.

ABBY

What does it look like?

Evan follows after her.

EVAN

Wait. Let's talk about it.

ABBY

I've already tried talking to you about it and you didn't give a shit.

EVAN

I do give a shit! I give plenty of shits!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABBY

Look, I've tried, Evan. And you keep choosing your Neighborhood Watch over me. So, hey, I'm making your life easier. You can spend all your time with them now. You don't have to placate me.

Abby makes her way for the front door. As she opens the door, she hears Evan start crying. She turns around to see a broken man.

EVAN

(through sobs)

I know...you're right. I haven't been there. I failed. I feel like I've failed you as a man. And when I found out that my testicles weren't producing functional sperm, I felt like I failed myself as a man. And every time we had sex... that's all I could think of.

Abby sees how genuine Evan is being... and can't help to be a bit moved.

EVAN (CONT'D)

....And the more I think about it, I think that's why I started all these clubs and groups and stuff in the last year. Because... I wanted to have... a legacy. I wanted to be able to lead by example. I wanted to have... a family.

Evan breaks down harder than before.

EVAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry...I'm really sorry...I love you so much...

Abby puts down her suitcase and hugs him.

ABBY

Evan...it means so much to me to hear this... not knowing what you were thinking, it was just, it was killing me. We need to seriously work on communicating better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Evan nods his head and sniffles in her arms.

EVAN

You're right. You're right and I love you.

(beat)

Abby. I'm done with Neighborhood Watch. No more groups. No more sports pools. I'm 100% committed to you. You're my new obsession. We're gonna figure out how to have kids.

They look each other in the eye, and as they're about to kiss- DING DONG!

Evan reluctantly opens the door to see Jamarcus standing there, absolutely glowing.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Jamarcus? What's going on?

JAMARCUS

I...I don't even know where to start. I gotta tell you something. We gotta get the guys together.

EVAN

I don't think so, man. You missed a lot last night. The Watch is over.

JAMARCUS

No, man. Trust me, it's not. You gotta come with.

Evan looks at Abby, torn.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - GARAGE - SOON AFTER

Evan is seated across from Bob and Franklin, avoiding eye contact with Bob. Jamarcus stands in front of them.

BOB

What's she doing here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We reveal Abby is seated beside Evan.

EVAN

Oh, real nice, Bob. This is my wife, shithead.

ABBY

I'm Abby. Hey. I didn't ask to come. Evan insisted. So...blame him.

BOB

Oh, I do!

FRANKLIN

Nice to meet you.

JAMARCUS

Guys, please! I have something to say.

(takes a deep breath)

Last night...my life changed. I was in a room full of humans; humans who were exploding with this unyielding will to live. Sharing their life force. Cleveland steamers, strawberry shortcakes, Jamaican junk baskets; we did so many nameable and unnameable acts of affection. It was love.

(beat)

I'd read about it. Love, that is. I was briefed on it, but I never really understood it. Until now.

(beat)

I did it all. And I want to do it again. And again and again.

ABBY

(whispering to Evan)

What's he talking about? What the hell do you guys do here?

JAMARCUS

Guys, for the first time, I get it. I get it, and my people were wrong. Humans are beautiful, affectionate creatures, and I want to be one with you all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The guys stare at Jamarcus, very confused.

BOB

We're not gay, Jamarcus.

JAMARCUS

You're my friends, and I can honestly say I've never had a friend before. My people don't associate with each other like you. In my culture, we're all just nameless drones with no personality, no emotion.

FRANKLIN

Are you talking about black people?

JAMARCUS

I consider you my best friends, and that's why I have to do this. I'm not like you. And I'll prove it.

Jamarcus reaches into his pant pocket.

BOB

Jamarcus! Can I say it any plainer? We're not gay!

Jamarcus pulls out a knife.

FRANKLIN

Oh shit! He's flipped. He's a cutter. A fuckin' cutter.

JAMARCUS

No, I'm-

Jamarcus cuts the palm of his hand and green goo oozes out.

JAMARCUS (CONT'D)

I'm an alien.

Evan, Bob, and Franklin stare in shock. Abby clutches Evan's arm. Jamarcus holds out his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAMARCUS (CONT'D)

It's okay.

He looks at the goo in his hand.

JAMARCUS (CONT'D)

Touch my goo.

Bob slowly gets up, looks back at the other guys, and touches Jamarcus' goo. He swirls his fingers around in Jamarcus' hand and then rubs his fingers together. He smells it. His eyes go wide.

BOB

(quietly to Jamarcus)

...it feels like cum...

Jamarcus smiles and nods. Bob turns back to Evan and Franklin, holding up his goo-covered fingers.

BOB (CONT'D)

IT FEELS LIKE CUM! His goo feels like CUM!

HE'S A FUCKING ALIEN!

Abby turns to Evan.

ABBY

What the fuck is this?

EVAN

Oh yeah...uh... I guess I forgot to mention this.
I'm still working on my communicating. It's
new to me, but... we realized that our
neighborhood is being taken over by aliens.

ABBY

Wow... that's...that's...

EVAN

Horrifying?

ABBY

Exciting!

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - GARAGE - SOON AFTER

Evan, Bob, Franklin and Abby sip coffees, and Jamarcus drinks a beer, as he regales them with his tale.

JAMARCUS

My planet was a harsh place to grow up.

- We see a vast, technologically advanced planet that has millions of slaves constructing massive buildings.

JAMARCUS (CONT'D)

We're born in batches, with no father or mother to speak of. Just inseminated eggs, born into worker, warrior, or scholar class.

- We see young Jamarcus being selected for warrior class at a young age.

JAMARCUS (CONT'D)

We are creatures without emotions. Love and friendship, unknown concepts.

- We see young Jamarcus kill a fellow classmate in a school training seminar.

JAMARCUS (CONT'D)

Eventually I joined the army. I was sent to Earth with an Invasion Preparation Unit. Our job was to infiltrate human society and learn how best to defeat you...but our ship crashed.

- A SPACESHIP crash lands in the woods outside of Humboldt. A large group of ALIENS flood out, scrambling to gather parts of their destroyed ship.

JAMARCUS (CONT'D)

These types of missions usually take a few days. But much of our equipment was destroyed and we had to move underground.

- We see aliens in their underground base, building a massive satellite out of random parts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMARCUS (CONT'D)

We've been trapped on Earth for six months now. Our human assimilation devices have been having serious complications.

- We see a human tied up next to an ALIEN. They connected by a series of wires. The wires short circuit and the human is killed.

JAMARCUS (CONT'D)

Only recently have we been able to successfully initiate the process. We had a break through - black people. The melanin levels in their skin is more compatible with our DNA.

- We see an ALIEN enter a room with a terrified BLACK GUY. The camera looks away and we hear screams, then return to see the black guy now has an alien inside him. Jamarcus.

FRANKLIN

Oh god! That's disgusting. You ate the guy?

Jamarcus shrugs.

JAMARCUS

No. That's barbaric. Let's just say I harvested his outer shell and assumed control of all his vital organs...then, after I was assigned an alias and backstory, that of a divorced, sexually inclined middle class African American, I began my new mission.

- Jamarcus climbs a ladder and comes out of a manhole.
- He walks down an empty street; there's no one around. He hears some cheering and walks towards it.
- Jamarcus buys a ticket to a football game.
- We see Jamarcus in the football stadium watching Evan give his speech from earlier about forming the neighborhood watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMARCUS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I lied to you guys. I literally had no compassion when I met you. I felt no emotion. But my time amongst you, struggling as a black human man in the suburbs of your America, I've learnt more about compassion and myself than I ever knew possible. I learnt what it means to be human. And that's what I want to be. Human.

BOB

Well too fuckin' bad, alien.

JAMARCUS

Bob, please...

BOB

Please what, alien? Why the fuck would we ever listen to anything you ever say again? You've been lying to us this whole time.

(to Evan, Franklin, Abby)

I say we kill it! Kill it and show his alien flunkies that we humans will kill anything; we don't give a fuck.

FRANKLIN

Bob...take it easy.

JAMARCUS

Listen, I understand why you'd have issues with me. But I want to prove it to you. By saving you.

EVAN

From what?

JAMARCUS

I wasn't joking. My people came here to study you for an invasion. We've been gathering supplies for months now to construct a satellite system. We're close. Once that's fully functional, more of us will come.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAMARCUS (CONT'D)

But I don't want them to simply take over your planet and harvest all the precious metals and raw material until Earth is nothing more than a barren shithole like we've done so many times before. Pluto. Fuckin', Neptune. Don't even get me started on Mercury.

EVAN

Isn't Neptune made of gas?

JAMARCUS

It is now.

(beat)

And last I checked with command, that satellite is literally hours away from being operational. When Costco closed down, they had free run of the place and got all the supplies they needed to finish.

EVAN

Well, so...what do we do about it?

JAMARCUS

We need to destroy the satellite. It's not gonna be-

BEEP! BEEP! A muffled beeping sound is heard.

FRANKLIN

What was that?

Evan and Bob take out their cell phones to check to see if they got a message. Jamarlus' eyes go wide.

JAMARCUS

Bob. What did you do with the alien body?

Beat.

BOB

Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BEEP! BEEP!

JAMARCUS

BOB! Where's the fucking body?

BOB

Well, uh...

Bob looks towards the freezer. Jamarcus runs over and whips open the freezer door. Crammed inside is the FROZEN CORPSE of the Alien. BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! A red light is beeping from within it's chest.

ABBY

AHH!

JAMARCUS

Fuck!

BOB

What? I was going to tell you guys. I wasn't hiding anything. I was just trying to preserve it so we could sell it later. I'm talking a couple hunny-thow here.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

JAMARCUS

Get back! It's gonna self destruct!

Jamarcus pulls Abby and Evan back as the beeping reaches a crescendo and the alien body bursts into flames until there is nothing left but ash.

JAMARCUS (CONT'D)

No! No! Damnit. We have the get the fuck out of here! They've been listening to his whole conversation! They know everything!

Outside the window, the bushes start to move.

THUD! THUD! The guys are startled by the sound of heavy movement on the roof.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JAMARCUS (CONT'D)

Oh no...it's too late.

RIPPP!!! The sound of twisted metal. The garage door is punctured. Jamarcus turns to the guys.

JAMARCUS (CONT'D)

Get out of here! I'll hold them off!

The garage door is ripped off its hinges, and THREE ALIENS charge in. Bob and Franklin run for the door. Evan grabs Abby and they all rush inside.

ABBY

AHHH! Why did you bring me here?!

EVAN

I was trying to include you!

Jamarcus tries fighting the Aliens off but they overpower him, dragging him out of the garage. The Aliens throw Jamarcus in the back of a pick-up truck and speed off.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - GARAGE

Bob peeks inside, then enters. Evan, Abby and Franklin follow behind him.

ABBY

(breathing heavily)

Oh my god. My heart's never beat this fast before.

Bob heads to the bar, pours a shot and hands it to Abby.

BOB

Here. This'll calm your nerves.

Abby downs the shot. Bob swigs from the bottle.

BOB (CONT'D)

Shit. I feel bad. If I hadn't kept that alien corpse a secret, Jamarcus wouldn't have been taken.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKLIN

I don't think you could have seen that coming.

EVAN

I can't believe this! We lost Jamarcus and there's no way to beat the aliens now! Fuck!

ABBY

Guys! Don't give up! Did Carrie give up when Mr. Big forgot their anniversary? Or did Miranda let Carrie go to Paris without telling her it was wrong? Did Charlotte let Carrie lose her apartment? No! She gave Carrie her engagement ring for a down payment!

BOB

(quietly)

I love that episode.

FRANKLIN

(quietly to Bob)

Episode of what? What the fuck is she talking about?

ABBY

(continuing speech)

Do you guys know why? Because fashions come and go, but true friendship NEVER goes out of style!

The guys are inspired.

EVAN

Okay. Let's find him.

BOB

How? We have no idea where they're taking him?

ABBY

My guess is their spaceship.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB

(sarcastic)

Oh, good, that narrows it down. Let's just hop into your Tercel and head to their alien spaceship. Why don't I just Mapquest "Alien Spaceship." I'm sure it'll come up.

ABBY

Come on, guys! We just have to think. What do we know? Jamarlus said they have a base underground. That's a starting point.

EVAN

Okay, so there's an underground base somewhere.

The guys think about it. Franklin sits up in his chair.

FRANKLIN

Well, it's probably somewhere big, right? I picture it being big.

ABBY

Yeah! What else did Jamarlus say? They've been here for six months; they've been gathering supplies.

EVAN

Okay...um...

The guys all rack their brains. It's clear they've got nothing. Something occurs to Abby. She gets really excited.

ABBY

Evan, when did you launch your anti-shoplifting campaign at Costco?

EVAN

I don't know. About 5 months ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ABBY

And how many shoplifters have you actually caught in that time?

EVAN

(ashamed)

None. I came close once. I detained a kid for a few hours and he almost cracked, but then his mother showed up.

(beat)

I got in a lot of trouble for that.

ABBY

And you said that when you went back to the store after it was shut down, way more stuff had been taken, right?

EVAN

Yeah...

ABBY

And why do you think that is?

EVAN

(frustrated)

I don't know. Nothing's sacred to these fucking shoplifters.

ABBY

Evan, you realize who the ultimate shoplifter is...the person who never has to leave the store.

The guys don't get it.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Because they're living in a secret base underneath it! Holy shit you guys!

Evan shakes his head, in shock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

EVAN

There was no sign of forced entry in the store when Antonio De Luca was murdered. And there was all that green goo there!

ABBY

There was? Holy shit. I didn't even know that and I figure it out. You guys suck at this.

EVAN

So... what do we do?

BOB

I say we bust in there and show em what happens when you fuck with a member of the Watch.

Bob opens up a locked drawer and reveals a stockpile of ASSAULT RIFLES and AMMO.

FRANKLIN

Holy shit dude. Why do you have all these?

Bob SLAMS a clip into an M-16 with a grenade launcher on it.

BOB

I hunt.

Evan grabs TWO GUNS and pulls Abby aside.

EVAN

That was amazing, Abby.

ABBY

(smirking)

Maybe you should've involved me sooner.

EVAN

I realize this is pretty fucked.

(beat)

Are you sure you're on board with all this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Evan offers Abby a GUN. She looks at it, clearly experiencing a serious adrenaline rush.

ABBY

Fuck yeah.

Abby takes the gun, and then locks eyes with Evan. They look deeply into each other's eyes, their love rekindled. They cock their guns.

INT. EVAN'S CAR - SOON AFTER

Everyone gets in the car, duffel bag of guns in tow. They speed off with Abby at the wheel.

ABBY

So, like, what's the plan? We're just going in there and shooting a bunch of aliens?

BOB

Fuck yeah!

ABBY

Shouldn't go to the cops for some reinforcements?

FRANKLIN

No! For the last time, fuck them! We're the police now! Not just for the neighborhood. For this whole goddam planet!

(looks back)

Oh shit! The cops are following us!

EVAN

What?!

They turn around to see an UNMARKED POLICE CAR tailing them, Bressman at the wheel.

FRANKLIN

Fucking Bressman!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVAN

Shit, you gotta lose 'em, Abby.

ABBY

Okay...I'll get ahead of him enough to let you guys out. Then I'll really lose him.

Abby FISHTAILS around a corner and pulls into a small alley.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Get out! Go! Go!

All the guys hop out. Evan looks back at Abby.

EVAN

You're so fucking hot right now.

ABBY

Go kill me a fucking alien.

Evan and Abby passionately open-mouth kiss. Bob and Franklin look at each other, impressed.

Mid-kiss, Abby jerks the wheel and swerves away, pulling a crazy maneuver. Evan, Bob, and Franklin watch in awe as she jumps back on to the road, SCREECHES loudly, and peels off. A second later, Bressman comes flying around the corner, and speeds past the guys, hot on Abby's tail.

EXT. COSTCO - SOON AFTER

The guys, guns in hand, stealthily make their way across the empty parking lot. Franklin, carrying the large duffel bag, lags a bit behind. Evan leads them around the side of the building, over to the loading dock. Before they enter, Evan turns back to Bob.

EVAN

Bob, are you sure you wanna do this? You have a daughter to think about.

BOB

(touched)

I'm sure. And hey...thanks.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (CONT'D)

(emotional)

I, uh... I really regret what I said to you.

EVAN

Me too, man.

Evan smiles at Bob, he forgives him. Evan and Bob bump guns. Franklin catches up, out of breath. Evan takes out his keys and unlocks the back door of the Costco, the other guys covering his back with their guns.

INT. COSTCO - MOMENTS LATER

Bob, Evan and Franklin slowly make their way through the dark Costco, guns raised.

EVAN

The drains under the freezer. That's the only conceivable way to get underground.

Evan makes a military style hand motion, implying for the others to follow him. They turn into the freezer, open the door, and enter.

INT. FREEZER - CONTINUOUS

They cautiously enter. Evan points to a drain on the far side of the freezer.

EVAN

There it is.

Evan crouches down and tries to move the drain cover. It is unusually light and easily comes off, revealing a tunnel and a ladder. Evan nods at Bob and Franklin and descends into the hole. Bob follows, and then Franklin.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Evan, Bob, and Franklin descend down a dark tunnel.

INT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Abby, energized beyond belief, weaves in and out of traffic with Bressman trying to keep up with her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They reach a quieter street and Bressman keeps trying to pass her. But Abby keeps blocking his way.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

Oh, fuck this!

Enraged, Bressman slams on his accelerator and pulls up alongside Abby on the SIDEWALK, hitting over mailbox after mailbox. He jerks the wheel and his bumper knocks Abby's back bumper, sending her spinning to a stop.

Bressman exits his vehicle, gun drawn. He runs up to the driver's window, pointing it.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN (CONT'D)

Hands up, lady!

Then Bressman notices it's Abby.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN (CONT'D)

What? Mrs. Trautwig?

ABBY

You can call me Abby.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

Holy shit! You are like the most badass driver ever. But why didn't you stop?

ABBY

Well, I didn't hear any siren.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

(gritting his teeth)

Fuck. You're right, huh? Our station doesn't have the budget for the undercover cars to have sirens... which means you didn't do anything illegal, I guess.

ABBY

Yeah, I just thought some crazy guy was trying to run me off the road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

Well, you're under arrest anyways, for being
fucking shady.

Bressman opens her car door and begins to cuff Abby.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN (CONT'D)

And you're gonna tell me where the fuck your
husband is! You know why? Because he's
wanted, for murder. I finally solved the puzzle.
It spells E-V-A-N.

ABBY

I have no idea where my husband is, and
even if I did, I wouldn't say a thing.

Bressman thinks hard.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

Damn, well I guess I've been stumped. You
are so much smarter than me, but I suppose I
should have known that, after all, you're
married to the manager of COSTCO.

(beat)

BOOYAH. Bressman in the house.

(beat)

You're coming with me. And in case I was
being too subtle and sarcastic, we're going to
Costco.

Bressman takes the handcuffed Abby and puts her in the back of his car. He
gets in the driver's seat and starts to pull out.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN (CONT'D)

By the way, I love your blog.

INT. ALIEN BASE - MOMENTS LATER

A hatch slowly opens and Evan, Bob, and Franklin enter.

BOB

Stinks like alien down here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Evan cocks his gun.

EVAN

We see anything alive that isn't Jamarcus,
blast it to hell.

They slowly traverse down the dark scary alien corridor. They hear chatter and Evan motions for them to slow down. Evan slowly creeps forward and looks around the corner of a nearby wall. Inside the next room is a bunch of aliens eating in their mess hall. They wait until a moment when no alien seems to be looking, and quickly crawl across the floor. They sneak down the hall and Evan peers into the next room. Inside he sees a black man tied to a table.

EVAN (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Jamarcus is in here!

The guys gather together and sneak into the room. Inside is a young BLACK GUY who is NOT Jamarcus. They untie the man and loosen the gag over his mouth. There are 3 other young black guys tied up.

BLACK GUY

Oh god! Get us out of here! They'll be back
soon.

EVAN

Who are you?

Evan and Franklin start to untie the other guys.

BLACK GUY

South Carolina Varsity football. Defensive tackle. These fuckin' monsters gassed our team bus and kidnapped us. They killed anyone who wasn't black. What the fuck is going on?

BOB

Vengeance. That's what.

Bob tosses each football player a gun.

INT. ALIEN BASE - CONTINUOUS

They make their way down the hall, now with the four football players following them, guns drawn.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jamarcus is tied upside down. An Alien is interrogating him, yelling things at him in his alien tongue. Jamarcus responds in the same language. The alien ZAPS Jamarcus in the crotch with a cattle prod-like instrument.

From Jamarcus' P.O.V. we see him swing back and forth and see the doors to the room open. His eyes go wide as he sees Evan, Bob, Franklin, and the football players sneak up behind the alien. Jamarcus starts talking loudly to distract him.

EVAN

NOW!!!

Evan charges, and the Alien knocks him across the room. Bob, Franklin, the Football Players jump on the Alien. At first, they drag him the ground, but the alien quickly over-powers the humans, hurling them across the room and easily smacking them down.

JAMARCUS

(weak)

...the dick...

EVAN

I know, man. We saw. They'll pay for zapping
your dick. I swear.

BOB

You fuckin' alien fuck!!!

Bob aims a gun at the alien's head. BOOM! He blows a hole clean through its head, but the alien charges at him still.

JAMARCUS

(weak)

Our brains are in our dicks. You gotta shoot
him there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob frantically aims at the alien's dick. BOOM! He empties the chamber into the alien's dick. The alien drops to the ground, dead. Bob is amazed.

BOB

Hah! Yeah!!!

A moment of relief. Then, Franklin notices ANOTHER ALIEN sneaking through the door and charging directly at Bob. Franklin jumps forward and desperately aims.

FRANKLIN

BOB!!!

BLAM! Franklin blasts off a shot that whizzes between Bob's legs, shredding his pants just below his balls, and perfectly hits the alien in the dick, killing it instantly.

Bob looks at the dead alien then back at Franklin.

BOB

You little fucking angel.

Evan and Bob start helping Jamarcus out of his bonds. They have to help Jamarcus walk because he is in such bad shape.

JAMARCUS

You guys...you came back for me.

EVAN

Of course we did. Even if you're an alien,
you're still part of the neighborhood watch.
Now lets get the fuck out of here.

INT. ALIEN BASE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

They cautiously proceed down the hallway, when they come to a large room that holds a GIANT MAKE-SHIFT SATELLITE DISH. A dozen ALIENS are welding SPARE METAL PARTS and COSTCO APPLIANCES into it.

Jamarcus looks at a bunch of alien symbols counting down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMARCUS

Holy shit! We've only got a few minutes before
they send the signal.

(beat)

We have to destroy it.

Suddenly, a BLARING ALARM goes off and RED LIGHTS start flashing
everywhere. An alien voice comes in over a P.A.:

ALIEN VOICE (O.S.)

(over the P.A.)

SHREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

JAMARCUS

Oh shit.

The guys make a run for it. The loud thud of alien feet is heard behind them. Everyone cocks their guns. They all take aim. The stomping gets louder. They tensely prepare as...a single small alien rounds the corner! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! They all fire at its crotch in terror. They keep shooting as they walk up on the alien and unload on its crotch, then finally stop.

Another two aliens round the corner and one of them leaps onto one of the football players and bites his head clean off.

FOOTBALL PLAYER 3

OH MY FUCKING GOD!!! He ate Will's head!

He ate his fuckin'-

BAM! The alien kicks Football Player 3 and sends him flying into the wall, killing him. The guys blast the other two aliens in the dicks.

FRANKLIN

Fuck. How many more of these things are
there?!

JAMARCUS

I don't know, about a hundred and twenty.

FRANKLIN

Jesus Christ!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMARCUS

There's only one way up to Costco. But they'll be waiting for us.

EVAN

There's more than one way up. Trust me.

INT. COSTCO - EMPLOYEE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

We see a toilet in a large bathroom stall. The toilet starts SHAKING a little bit. Then more violently. It suddenly is hoisted up in the air by a PAIR OF HANDS emerging from the floor beneath it. The toilet is tossed aside and then Evan's head pokes through the hole.

EVAN

Booyah.

He starts to wiggle his way through the hole.

INT. COSTCO - BACK OF THE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Evan, followed by Jamarcus, Bob, Franklin and the two football players, all holding guns, emerge from the employee bathroom in the back of the Costco.

FRANKLIN

Well that was fucking gross.

BOB

Shhh... There could be aliens anywhere.

They round a corner to see DOZENS OF ALIENS gathering near the front entrance of the Costco, weapons in hand (the same weapons that the Neighborhood watch found earlier).

FRANKLIN

Shit. They're blocking the front. What the fuck do we do?

They peek around the corner. There is a LARGE FORKLIFT parked by the front entrance, behind an army of Aliens. Evan sees that they are in the BBQ section and there are hundreds of PROPANE TANKS all around them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVAN

Alright. I have a plan.

EVAN (CONT'D)

You guys turn these propane tanks on; fill this mother with gas. I'll get the forklift, we'll bust through these walls, and then blow this place to shit. The satellite. The aliens. All of it.

BOB

How are you gonna get the forklift? It's on the other side of the store?

EVAN

Yeah...on the other side of MY store.

MUSIC UP: RUN'S HOUSE by RUN DMC.

INT. COSTCO - MOMENTS LATER

IN SLOW MOTION: WE SEE Evan running towards a wall of Aliens. A few turn and notice him, raising their Alien weapons. Evan keeps running. Just as the Aliens start to BLAST off some shots, Evan darts to the left and LEAPS, landing on one of the giant sliding ladders that line the aisles of the store.

The ladder WHIPS down an aisle, Evan climbing it as it does so. He reaches the top of the shelf, where there is a crate of WHISKEY. He grabs a bottle, uncorks with his teeth, shoves a sock in the spout, lights it, and hurls at the crowd of Aliens below. It EXPLODES, lighting a group of them on fire! Several Aliens shoot at Evan, and he LEAPS off the top of the shelves, landing in a giant CRATE of toilet paper as he narrowly avoids incineration.

EVAN

(re: toilet paper)

Thank god that shipment came in.

He gets up and sprints down an aisle, some Aliens hot on his trail!

INT. COSTCO - BBQ AISLE - CONTINUOUS

Bob, Franklin, Jamarcus and the Football Players covertly move through the store. They turn a corner at the BBQ aisle where they spread out and begin turning on the PROPANE TANKS. Tss! Tss! Tss!

Suddenly, the two remaining Football Players are RIPPED APART! Bob turns around to see Jason standing menacingly behind the Football Players bodies, covered in their blood.

JASON

Looks like you're gonna need a new
quarterback. And a wide receiver.

BOB

You motherfucker!

Jason smirks as he reaches into his satchel and pulls out an ALIEN GUN. Bob freezes in his tracks.

JASON

Don't you mean...daughterfucker?

INT. COSTCO - CONTINUOUS

Evan dashes down the aisle, the aliens right behind him. He DIVES through an opening in the aisle, and barrel-rolls into the adjacent aisle. He quickly springs up and runs over to the FORKLIFT. Evan hops in and turns the ignition. He turns the forklift around, and drives forward, plowing through the aisles! An alien jumps onto the forklift. Evan takes out his gun and shoots the alien right in the dick. Evan continues along his war path.

INT. COSTCO - BBQ AISLE - CONTINUOUS

Bob starts taunting Jason.

BOB

Oh. I see. You need your fancy alien gun to
take us on? How about you put it down and try
fighting like a fucking man for once?

Jason smirks and puts the Alien weapon back in his satchel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON

I don't need this to fuck you up, Bob. I think you already know that.

BOB

Round two, asshole.

Bob and Jason charge at each other! Jason body-checks Bob, sending him flying down the aisle and crashing into a BBQ. Jamarcus steps up to Jason.

JAMARCUS

You wanna try that shit on someone from your own planet?

JASON

Oh, I'd love to, traitor. You're a shame to our species. I wish your egg had never hatched!

JAMARCUS

But it did! SHREEEEEEEE!!!

JASON

SHREEEEEEEE!!!

They're about to go at it, when-

BOB (O.S.)

Stop!

They look back to see Bob, in great pain, picking himself up off the ground.

BOB (CONT'D)

I want the pleasure of killing this alien fuck myself.

Jason leaps down the aisle and lands on top of Bob, pinning him. Bob struggles to reach a BBQ fork and upon grabbing it, he jams it into Jason's foot!

JASON

FUUUUCK!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB

Fuck yeah! Oh yeah! Yes! Fuck you!

Bob grabs the strap of Jason's satchel and rips it over Jason's head. The Alien gun falls out of the satchel. Bob rips the BBQ fork out of Jason's foot and RAMS it in Jason's other foot.

JASON

Oh, fuck!

Jason YANKS the fork out and charges at Bob. Bob charges at Jason, and they violently collide in mid-air. They start rolling down the aisle, trading shot for shot. Bob feels nothing.

BOB

You may be a super strong alien. But you failed to realize something, on my planet...when you fuck MY daughter, you DIE!!

Bob grabs Jason's dick.

BOB (CONT'D)

(imitating alien)

SHREEEEE!!!

He RIPS Jason's dick off with his bare hand. Jason moans and breathes his last. Bob picks up Jason's penis and tacks it to a wall.

BOB (CONT'D)

Magnum, my ass. I only needed one hand for that shit.

Bob spits on Jason's dead body then picks up the alien gun.

JAMARCUS

That was fucking badASS, Bob!

Evan suddenly arrives on the forklift, covered in green goo.

EVAN

Quick! Get on! They're blocking the front entrance. Our only chance is the back! Hurry!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Bob, Franklin and Jamarcus climb onto the back. They speed off down the aisle, towards the BACK EXIT.

FRANKLIN

We're almost there!

Suddenly, the back doors SWING open, revealing Sgt. Bressman, and EIGHT other armed cops. Their cop car is parked, blocking the path, with Abby in the back seat.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN (O.S.)

FREEZE!!! STOP THE FORKLIFT!

EVAN

No!!! Get the fuck out of the way! You're gonna get run over!

Evan sees that Abby is in the car which in their path, and he SLAMS the breaks. The forklift screeches to a halt.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Don't shoot! There's propane behind us! Abby, are you-

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

I said don't fucking move! You're all under arrest for the murder of Manfred Salisbury and Antonio De Luca, breaking and entering, and... terrorism!

(beat)

In other words, I'm the fucking man. Now interlock your fingers behind your head and get on your knees!

EVAN

Bressman, you don't understand-

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

Oh right, I don't understand anything. Cuz I'm just a dumb cop, right? Well, this dumb cop just solved the whole fucking-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GOOSH!!! Out of nowhere, an ALIEN lands on top of one of the OFFICER'S HEADS. It claws the Officer's eyes out.

OFFICER
AHHH!!! MY EYES!!!

SERGEANT BRESSMAN
WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT THING?!?!?

The Alien is about to pounce on Bressman when Franklin pulls up his gun and shoots! BAM! Right in the Alien's dick. The Alien falls at Bressman's quivering feet.

FRANKLIN
An alien. And there's more where that came from. Lock and load, officers. We've got some killing to do. Just follow my lead.

BRESSMAN
Anything you say, man!
(to his men)
Do whatever the kid says!

Suddenly, a WILD PACK OF ALIENS converge on the back exit, leaping off shelves and charging.

FRANKLIN
SHOOT 'EM IN THE DICK!!!

Bressman and the Officers follow the order and take aim at the dicks. Franklin deftly leads a charge -- ducking, rolling, shooting...killing. Bressman watches in awe.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
Don't just watch me! SHOOT 'EM IN THE
FUCKIN' DICK!!!

It's chaos. Bullets whizzing by. Beams of energy destroying the store. Officers being ripped apart by Aliens left and right. Everyone is in the crossfire.

INT. COSTCO - MOMENTS LATER

Evan and Abby shoot Aliens side by side, in MR. AND MRS. SMITH FASHION. They manage to hop back on the Forklift and ride it down the aisle. As Evan drives, Abby unloads round after round on the aliens.

Bob, Franklin, Jamarcus, and Bressman jump on. They speed down the aisle towards the shelf-lined walls at the FRONT ENTRANCE. A WILD PACK of ALIENS chases after them.

EVAN

Hold on!!!!

Evan CRASHES the forklift through the wall of the Costco. Debris from the HUGE shelves rains down behind them, sealing up the hole. They drive out into the parking lot of the Costco and Evan stops.

Behind them, dozens of aliens are violently tearing at the debris blocking their path, trying to break through.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Shoot it!

FRANKLIN

What do you mean, shoot it? We just unloaded 400 rounds in there.

EVAN

Oh. Right. Well how are we gonna blow it up?

ABBY

Does somebody have a lighter or something?

BOB

I got one better.

Bob reaches into Jason's satchel and pulls out the Alien gun.

BOB (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, let's plug these holes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All the guys stick their fingers in the holes on the gun. First Bob sticks his fingers in; then Franklin; then Jamarcus.

JAMARCUS

Evan, will you do the honors?

Evan fills the remaining holes and the gun COMES TO LIFE, lights emanating from it.

EVAN

(dramatically)

There goes the neighborhood.

SHOOM! A giant beam of concentrated energy shoots out, and hits the debris.

BOOM! The gas ignites and the whole Costco gets blown to fucking shit. UNDERGROUND, we see the satellite dish getting blown to bits. The explosion sends the guys flying across the parking lot!

EXT. COSTCO - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Confused and disoriented, Jamarcus slowly comes to in the bed of the truck. As he looks to the GIANT CRATER where Costco once stood, a look of melancholy washes over him. But then he looks to his friends, all moaning on their respective windshields. He manages a smile.

ABBY (V.O.)

We stood there in the aftermath of the greatest battle of our lives --

Everyone slowly gets up, and starts dusting themselves off.

EVAN

We did it. I can't believe it.

BOB

We fucking did it.

Bob and Evan high-five, wincing in pain.

ABBY (V.O.)

2 men, a woman, a boy, a cop and an alien...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Franklin helps Bressman up. Bressman stares at him, trying to place his face.

SERGEANT BRESSMAN

Franklin. Franklin Belafonte, right?

Evan gets Abby to her feet and puts his arm around her. They kiss.

ABBY (V.O.)

...each one of us from different backgrounds,
even different worlds.

They all start walking out of the parking lot, leaving the smoldering mess behind them.

ABBY (V.O.)

But in spite of our differences, the common bond running between us is far greater...

They all embrace each other in victory.

END MONTAGE:

- ABBY sits at her desk, passionately writing her blog. The words flow out of her. EVAN sits nearby, looking at the Employment Section of the classifieds.

ABBY (V.O.)

We are all looking for our own form of happiness. For some, that can come through recognition...

- FRANKLIN, dressed in a policeman's uniform, stands proudly in a community center as Sergeant Bressman pins a medal on his lapel and hands him a badge.

ABBY (V.O.)

For others, it comes through growth as an individual...

- BOB sits in his newly renovated garage, scouring Chelsea's Facebook. But when he finds her holding hands with a NEW BOY, he resists the urge to freak out and softly closes his laptop. He takes a sip of scotch and raises his glass to a WALL-MOUNTED STUFFED ALIEN (one of the dead ones from Costco)

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ABBY (V.O.)

And our strange new friend began his new life
on a new world. He wasn't mourning for the
planet and people he left behind...

- JAMARCUS walks up the front steps of a house carrying a bottle of Shiraz. He excitedly rings the doorbell and quickly does a breath-check.

ABBY (V.O.)

He was looking forward to the new planet and
people he was starting to embrace.

The door opens a crack. A GREASY MAN in a bathrobe pokes his head out and looks to Jamarcus, expectantly.

JAMARCUS

Jamaican Junk Basket.

The Greasy Man swings the door open revealing an even greasier orgy. The Greasy Man gestures for Jamarcus to enter. Jamarcus hands the Greasy Man the bottle of Shiraz and smiles from ear to ear, as he joins the party.

ABBY (V.O.)

So then I realized, sometimes you have to
leave your home...

- We see EVAN and ABBY walk out of an Adoption Clinic. They are carrying a beautiful AFRICAN-AMERICAN BABY BOY.

ABBY (V.O.)

....to appreciate how great it truly is.

THE END