

Neighborhood Watch

by
Jared Stern

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

-William S. Burroughs

A starry sky hangs over a giant

COSTCO

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

INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE STORE

A humongous 72-PACK OF TOILET PAPER slides along the concrete floor. It's pushed by a middle-aged Latino SECURITY GUARD, who edges it up against a matching package, then collapses atop his makeshift bed. *Ahhhh*. He shuts his eyes. Just then, a distant...THUD. Muttering. The guard opens an eye...

SECURITY GUARD

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

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

BEVERAGE AISLE - MOMENTS LATER

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

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

New kid can't stack for--

But something on the floor catches his eye...LIQUID. Leading off down the aisle. The guard follows the trail. It ends at the foot of a towering PILE OF MICHELINS up against a wall. *That's weird*. The guard shakes his head, leaning on the stack of tires which suddenly SLIDES ASIDE, revealing an entry to a

DARK PASSAGE

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

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

A THUMB AND FOREFINGER

But they're unlike any we've seen before. Not human. Between them is a tiny DRINKING STRAW.

UNASSUMING VOICE (O.S.)

Damnit.

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

UNASSUMING VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Why do they have to make it so--?

The creature stops, sensing something, drops the juice.

THE GUARD

nervously inches through a doorway. Steps on something. It's the CAPRI SUN AND THE STRAW. He picks them up, easily jabs the straw in. Takes a sip. From above, a frustrated SNARL.

The guard glances up at the darkened rafters, a look of sheer terror crossing his face. He drops the juice and races out...

COSTCO AISLES - MOMENTS LATER

The guard runs for his life. We can hear the creature gaining behind. The guard reaches the FRONT DOOR. Desperately fishes for his keys. Finally produces the right one.

PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The guard stumbles out. Rushes across the dark pavement.

CREATURE'S POV

Stalking his prey as the guard reaches his car.

IN THE SUBCOMPACT

The guard turns the ignition but it won't start. WHUMP! We hear the creature land on the roof. Finally the engine rumbles, when--SCREEEEEE!--the car's roof is PEELED OPEN like a can of sardines by two INHUMAN HANDS. As the creature's BLACK TONGUE reaches down, licking the guard's stubbly face like a popsicle, his scream echoes and we SMASH TO BLACK.

INT. SUNLIT UPPER EAST SIDE BEDROOM - MORNING

MARV the Boston Terrier licks the kind face of the peacefully sleeping EVAN TRAUTWIG (30s).

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

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

ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Our opening credits run as Evan waits, the iPod buds in his ears playing an indie cover of *Walking on Sunshine*.

He wears the city uniform--black tee, black jeans, black Chucks. An ASIAN JOGGER enters, iPod buds of his own. They give each other only the tiniest hint of acknowledgment.

LEXINGTON AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

ABBY
(re: cartoon)
It's funny.

EVAN
No it's not.

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

EVAN
You are a terrible liar.

ABBY
I hate you.

EVAN
(smiles)
Again, terrible.

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

ABBY
(slams the window shut)
How does that not drive you crazy?

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

ABBY

There's no point.

(unable to help herself)

Although...we wouldn't have any of this in the suburbs.

EVAN

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

ABBY

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

EVAN

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

ABBY

Evan, haven't you noticed we're alone here? All our friends've moved somewhere with a front lawn.

EVAN

They haven't all moved.

(searching)

What about...Asian Jogger Elevator Man. Oh, and there's Riley!

(off her look)

The homeless guy with the tinfoil hat.

(then)

You really think we're gonna make friends in the suburbs? Those people are like Walmart-super-sized annoying. Worse than that, they're dangerous. In the city you can rest easy knowing a guy just wants to mug you at gunpoint for your wallet. But in the suburbs there's weird stuff. Serial killers.

Dateline people, Abby.

(she sighs, slumps; he sees, softens)

You used to love it here.

ABBY

(frustrated at herself)

I know. I was always the cool one! But something's changed. Did you know I want a linen closet? I woke up the other day desperately wishing I had a closet.

(MORE)

ABBY (CONT'D)

For my linens. Ugh. I've become that cliched woman who wants a white picket fence and I don't care who knows it. They can mock me but I'll shiv 'em with a piece of white picket and throw 'em in my linen closet.

EVAN

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

ABBY

(softens)

Evan, I don't want to raise our kid in the city.

Now we're really getting to it...

EVAN

Whoa, kid? Did it work? Did you pee on something plastic?

ABBY

(smiles)

Not yet. But when it happens, wouldn't it be nice for you to teach our son how to throw a spiral in our own backyard?

(off his look)

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

EVAN

I'm gonna have to learn baseball.

ABBY

That's football, Evan.

(then, gently)

We're growing up.

EVAN

(nods, then)

Just promise me that growing up doesn't mean we're gonna lose the us I like, okay? Tell me that moving out to Sameville isn't gonna turn me into one of those guys in the mall parking lot chirping his alarm over and over because he can't tell his tan mini van from the other thousand tan mini vans.

ABBY

Evan, I like you how you are. Lord knows why, but I do. And I promise nothing's gonna change you.

EVAN

Not even a house in the suburbs?

She looks at him. Holds out her little finger...

ABBY

Pinky swear.

He looks at her. Really wants to believe that's true. Links pinkies.

EVAN

Not even that little Cape Cod you loved?

ABBY

Not even that one.

EVAN

The one with the red door...

ABBY

Mm hmm.

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

EVAN

With both a top and a bottom lock...

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

EVAN (CONT'D)

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

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

ABBY

Shut up! The one with the red door?!

EVAN

And a huge linen closet.

(then)

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

ABBY

(leaps into his arms)
I love you.

EVAN
(she kisses him; he pulls
back to add...)
No TCBY. No fro-yo of any kind.

ABBY
(kisses him again)
No Chuck E. Cheese!

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

She finally kisses his mouth shut.

EXT. TURNPIKE - DAY

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

TEPPERTOWN STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Abby happily drives while Evan looks out the window, on edge.
We hear *Walking on Sunshine* again...only now at a WARPED
SPEED. EVAN'S POV--a freak show in slow motion. Everything
too clean, too perfect, too nice. A groundskeeper with A
CHAINSAW trims a topiary at TOWN HALL. A MASSIVE HUMMER pulls
alongside, breathing down on him.

EXT. THE TRAUTWIGS' NEW BLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

A sweltering Indian Summer afternoon in this beautifully
manicured planned community, similar style houses repeating
to infinity. The U-Haul'd Prius pulls into the drive of a
Cape Cod with a lovely red door. Abby hops out, runs to the
mailbox, psyched...

ABBY
We have a mailbox!
(playing with the flag)
And it has one of these things!

IN THE LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

ABBY (CONT'D)
Recycling.

EVAN
(shakes his head)
That did it. The planet is now
officially saved.

ABBY

Y'gotta start somewhere.

Offscreen, Marv GROWLS.

TRAUTWIGS' FRONT LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

Evan pops out to see Marv snarling at their next-door neighbor, GARY--a small, creepy man in an old military jacket who waters his plants, drinking coffee.

EVAN

Marv, stop that.

Gary GROWLS back. Marv whimpers away. Evan continues to the U-Haul. He gives a look back at Gary, who sips his coffee and stares. *That was weird.*

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

EVAN (CONT'D)

Abby...?

(struggles)

Baby, can you turn off the--?

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

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Whatup, CBGB?

At the foot of the walk, BOB FINNERTY has just turned off the sprinklers. His tricked-out SUV still running nearby. He is as comfortable in suburbia as Evan is not. Not cheesy though--Bob really makes the Tommy Bahama thing work. Evan struggles to his feet, squishes his way to Bob.

BOB

Bob Finnerty. Welcome to the nabe!

EVAN

Evan Trautwig. Thanks, man.

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

CHELSEA

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

BOB

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

CHELSEA

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

BOB

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

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

BOB (CONT'D)

Angels live in a child's smile.

EVAN

Well. I should probably go dry off.

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

BOB

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

EVAN

That lamp is Design Within Reach.

BOB

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

EVAN

Thanks again for the sprinklers.

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

BOB

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

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

BOB (CONT'D)

We keep an eye on things.

EVAN
(gesturing off)
Do you really?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EVAN
Sprinklers work.

ABBY
Who was that?

EVAN
(with disdain)
The Neighborhood Watch.

ABBY
Really?
(gently prodding)
Maybe you should join. It'd be a way to meet the neighbors, make some friends...

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

ABBY
Okay. Fine. You actually moved here. I'll lay off for now.
(MORE)

ABBY (CONT'D)
(lifts a box)
Phew...gonna sleep well tonight.

INT. THE TRAUTWIGS' BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Quiet. Peaceful. Abby and Marv sleep soundly. But EVAN is...WIDE AWAKE, staring at the ceiling. Flips the pillow. The silence is broken by the sound of male voices. Outside.

Evan tiptoes to the window, spies GARY and a HEAVYSET MAN struggling to carry A LARGE WOODEN CRATE to Gary's cellar door.

HEAVYSET MAN
Is it the good stuff?

GARY
Oh yeah. This'll do some damage.

Sensing something, Gary turns towards Evan...who recedes into the shadows, just avoiding being seen. Evan looks at Abby, then back to that window. *Do some damage?* That's weird.

He shakes Abby, whisper-shouts...

EVAN
C'mere. The neighbor. He's got this crate--!

ABBY
(half-awake)
I was having the linen dream.

He drags her to the window, carefully peers out to see... nothing. They're gone.

EVAN
There was a-- Abby, I--

She looks at him, concerned.

ABBY
Are you gonna be okay here?

EVAN
I'm sorry. I guess I'm just getting used to it.

She kisses him on the cheek and climbs back in bed. He goes to shut the blinds, only to see GARY staring at him from his bedroom window across the way. No way Evan's sleeping tonight.

EXT. MAIN STREET - THE NEXT DAY

The Prius drives through town. Pulls up in front of the Post Office. Moments later, Abby puts a dime in the meter...

ABBY

Go get some quarters while I do the change of address?

EVAN

That's final, isn't it? Change of address.

ABBY

I know. Exciting!

She runs off. Evan pops his iPod buds in, trying to tune out the world, as he hustles towards a CONVENIENCE STORE. A trio of pert MILF-y HOUSEWIVES POWERWALK BY, enthusiastically waving hello, smiling creepily perfect white-stripped smiles. Evan avoids eye contact. A NICE OLD MAN holds the store's door open for him.

NICE OLD MAN

Whatcha listening to?

EVAN

Music.

IN THE STORE

Evan plops a NEWSPAPER down. The CLERK (an odd, deadpan dude with a nametag which reads LINUS) rings him up...

LINUS

Good story on B7. Cow exploded in Ronkonkoma.

EVAN

Guess I don't have to read it then.

INT. POST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

As Abby pops some letters in the mail she catches sight of a sign-up sheet for a speech on GLOBAL WARMING. *Hmm*. As she reaches for the pen, she bumps into a man who reaches at the same time. Middle age becomes him. This is PAUL SLOAN.

PAUL

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

ABBY

(as she signs)
Nice. Corny.

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

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

PAUL
Sloan. Of Sloan Waste Management.

ABBY
Oh? So what are you...studying up
on the enemy?

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

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

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

She smiles, shakes her head as she walks off.

INT. COSTCO - LATER

Evan finishes filling out the membership form. The EMPLOYEE
hands him his card and a little KEYCHAIN. It's a potato with
the Costco logo emblazoned on it.

EMPLOYEE
Here's your new member gift!

EVAN
A potato.

EMPLOYEE
Our Costco is built at the heart of
Teppertown. Right where the old
potato farm once stood--

Evan tunes her out as Abby bounces over, mouth full...

ABBY
I just had eight samples of
Tillamook cheese and I'm gonna be
sick. This place rocks.
(he smiles politely)
(MORE)

ABBY (CONT'D)

After this I have to drop my resume
at the school. Oh! And there's this
lecture...

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

ABBY (CONT'D)

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

(is he listening?)

Evan?

EVAN

Hmm? Yeah. Sounds like a very
inconvenient truth.

ABBY

Are you alright?

EVAN

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

BOB (O.S.)

Once you go bulk you never go back.

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

BOB (CONT'D)

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

EVAN

Actually, we're just here to--

The workers with THE CRATE accidentally BUMP EVAN. It's
filled with harmless lettuce. A head falls to the floor.

BOB

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

Bob lowers the microphone on his standard-issue Costco
HEADSET broadcasting himself over the PA SYSTEM...

BOB (CONT'D)

We've got a green head down in
sector 33.

(back to the Trautwigs)

Sorry you had to see that.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)
(shakes Abby's hand)
Robert Finnerty. Costco GM.
Neighborhood Watch Commander.

ABBY
That's right! You know, Evan did a
little neighborhood watching of his
own last night--

BOB
Whoa. Ev-dog. What you oughta do is
come and roll with the pros for a
night. You definitely shouldn't go
rogue.

EVAN
I'm not sure if the Neighborhood
Watch is really right for--

BOB
I feel you. Not everybody has what
it takes to be a Watchman. But you
can certainly stop by for a night.
Unless you're allergic to
awesomeness...?

Bob reaches out for a fist pound. Evan turns to Abby, who
looks on hopefully. Reluctantly, Evan pounds Bob--he's in.

EVAN
I'll take a Claritin.

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

Bob flicks on his headset once again...

BOB (CONT'D)
At General Manager, six-four, out
of McCarthy Senior High,
Robert...Bob...Finnerty.

Bob low-fives CUSTOMERS who wait in line for a SAMPLE STATION
where a woman makes cookies. He then dunks his hands into the
woman's baking flour and claps them over his head ala LeBron.

ABBY
Come on. He's funny. You'll
probably have a good time...
(off his look)
And, as another incentive, I find
the idea of you doing something
suburban extremely sexy.

EVAN

Really? Because when we get home I was gonna mow the lawn. And rake the leaves. Maybe even...grout the bathroom.

ABBY

You don't know what grout is.

EVAN

Nope. But it sounds hot. Grout.

He shoves the cart. Hops on the back. She chases after.

EXT. FINNERTY HOME - THAT NIGHT

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

CHELSEA

It's the Greenwich Village pussy.

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

BONNIE

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

IN THE BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

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

BOB

'Sup, Lou Reed!

EVAN

Is this a fallout shelter?

BOB

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

EVAN

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

BOB

(super serious)
Details. Describe the perps.

EVAN

Uh, a couple white guys--

BOB

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

EVAN

Yeah.

BOB

Box shaped?

EVAN

Yes.

BOB

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

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

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

BOB (CONT'D)

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

JAMARCUS

My parents are black.

BOB

And this is Franklin.

FRANKLIN

(big warm smile)

I know you. You ever ride crotch rockets with the 17th Street Crips?

EVAN

(beat, then)

No. So...about my neighbor? We were gonna dissect?

BOB

Whoa. Let's get acclimated first.

(goes behind bar, points to his head)

But I'm sleuthing on it right now. The wheels in this guy keep on turning.

(rummages)

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)
You look like a wine aficionado so
I'm sure you'll love this.
(tosses Evan a High Life)
It's the Champagne of Beers. Take a
load off.

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

EVAN
New chair, huh?

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

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

EVAN
Really?

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

Onscreen, Thomas Jones breaks free up the field.

JAMARCUS
Go, Thomas!

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

PLAY-BY-PLAY SEÑOR (ON TV)
Tomas Jones con la pelota...

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

PLAY-BY-PLAY SENOR (ON TV)
El veinte, diez, cinco...

Thomas Jones somersaults over the goal line. Touchdown!

BOB, JAMARCUS, & FRANKLIN
Goooooooooalll!

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

Silence.

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

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

BOB (CONT'D)
All clear. 'Marcus, Jaeger Squirt!

Jamarcus shoots a neon orange SUPERSOAKER at Bob, who catches
the shot in his mouth. Finally telling Evan the truth...

BOB (CONT'D)
We used to be like you, Rook. Out
for justice. Patrolled this burgh
every night. And then it hit
us...nothing happens here.

JAMARCUS
Ever.

BOB
We were gonna cut our losses and
disband until we realized what we
really loved is what you're looking
at right now. This. Our 'me' time.
Away from our wives, our kids.

Franklin smiles sweetly as always...

FRANKLIN
Before I got married, I was a bad
man, Ev. I rolled deep and I rolled
hard. Now I install air
conditioning and change diapers. I
need this.

BOB
(pats Evan on the back)
Your neighbor Gary isn't a
dangerous man. He's the manager at
Chili's. Forget the crate. Settle
in. All you gotta worry about
watching tonight is the Jets. And
maybe some Skinamax en Espanol.

FRANKLIN
Si se puede!

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

EVAN

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

Evan hustles up the steps. Bob is STUNG BY THE REJECTION.
Offscreen, we hear Evan turn the knob, struggle to push open
the heavy lead door. He leans his head back down...

EVAN(CONT'D)

A little help?

Bob sees him there. Doesn't want to let him go. Rises...

BOB

Attention, Watchmen! This week's
ride-around has been moved to now
o'clock.

EVAN

Wait. Really? You're gonna go check
on things?

JAMARCUS

Yeah, really? It's the 4th quarter--

Bob eyes the other guys--*go with me.*

BOB

Really.

I/E. TERCEL (MOVING) - LATER

A shitty old Toyota with *Neighborhood Watch* magnets stuck to
the side. Evan in the backseat beside Franklin. Jamarcus in
the driver seat. Bob rides shotgun.

BOB

Punch it, Lando.

Jamarcus hits the gas to a roaring twenty five MPH.

EVAN

(looks back)

Uh...that was my block.

BOB

We'll get there, Easy E. This is a
ride-around. It's a chance for you
to see us in action.

Evan looks back at his block as it recedes into the distance,
now even more frustrated...

EVAN

What action? I thought you guys
don't do anything.

BOB

We do mad things, Evan. Mad things.

JAMARCUS

We drive around once a week.

BOB

Let the old bags in town think
we're still doing our jobs.

FRANKLIN

(whispers to Evan)

I used to get in bar fights. Just
for fun. Still got a piece of PBR
shrapnel in my left skull.

BOB

Ooh, slow down. The Donnellys...

They slow to a crawl and kill the headlights.

EVAN

Who are the Donnellys?

BOB

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

EVAN

How do you know this?

BOB

I run a Costco, Evan. I know
everything.

(then)

See John bought a hot water bottle
last year after his vasectomy but
Tara bought a 36-pack of Shared
Sensation Trojans last week. Which
means an affair with a non-snipped
man. One Alex Berger. That's his
van parked discreetly up the block.
I know this because we sold him the
replica bull testicles hanging from
his rear fender.

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

BOB (CONT'D)
The Luetro Maestro light dimmer.
\$8.95.

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

EXT. JOSEPH MCCARTHY HIGH FOOTBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

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

ROBYN
I want waffles.

A SHOOTING STAR zips across the cosmos.

DEBARGE
Ooh! Shooting star. Make a wish.

ROBYN
I wish we had waffles.

That same DARK FIGURE now whooshes past the kids.

TUBER
What the hell was that?

ROBYN
Waffles with gravy.

Tuber sees the door to the school swinging open.

I/E. NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH CAR - CONTINUOUS

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

EVAN
Could we maybe turn it down a bit?

Wounded, Bob lowers the volume, turns back to Evan.

BOB
Sorry it's not something more
depressing.

EVAN
Oh, no, this is pretty depressing.

BOB
It'll grow on you.

EVAN
I've been listening to this CD for
a while now.

BOB
Exactly. You've been listening. But
you haven't been hearing. You will.
(jumping right back in)
--on a steel horse I ride!

Evan looks down at the DISCO BALL which sits on the seat
between he and Franklin.

EVAN
What's up with the disco ball?

JAMARCUS
It's for my job.

BOB
Don't be modest. You can't have a
Bar Mitzvah in the Mid-Island area
without DJ Schvartza on the ones
and twos.

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

FRANKLIN
What do you do, Evan?

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

BOB
Who's the meeting with, Ziggy?

EVAN
They're political cartoons.

FRANKLIN
I believe Ziggy's a Republican.

INT. JOSEPH MCCARTHY HIGH HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The burnouts tiptoe past the locker rooms.

TUBER
I'm telling you I saw something.

The kids turn a corner. Their eyes widen. We see, IN
SILHOUETTE on the hallway wall...A LARGE ALIEN CREATURE. The
shadow runs at them and they SCREAM!

I/E. NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

A cop car zips by our guys, lights flashing, SIRENS BLARING.
The guys share a look. Jamarcus swings a u-turn...

EVAN
I thought nothing ever happens.

BOB
It doesn't.

EXT. JOSEPH MCCARTHY HIGH - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The Tercel screeches to a halt. THE WATCH GUYS rush to find a junior cop, BRUSSELS, questioning the freaked burnouts.

BOB
What's goin' down?

FRANKLIN
(hopeful)
A murder?

TUBER
There was like this gnarly giant thing from outer space.

A second cop approaches, the IMPOSING POLICEMAN who shined the flashlight on Evan. This is CAPTAIN MORGAN (30s).

MORGAN
Or from the Equipment Room.

Morgan holds up a MASCOT SUIT for the McCarthy Rhinos.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Found this in the hallway.

BOB
Probably a little prick from East Meadow trying to steal our mascot suit. Homecoming game's this Saturday.

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

BOB
That's very clever.

MORGAN
Thank you.

BRUSSELS

I think he was being sarcastic.

MORGAN

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

BOB

(uber-sarcastic)

Nooo.

Morgan squints, pissed, tosses the Rhino head at Bob.

MORGAN

(needling Bob)

You remember our East Meadow game, don't you, Bob?

BOB

(explains to Evan)

Career ending knee injury.

MORGAN

That he got in the hallway.

BOB

That floor was over-polished!

MORGAN

(re: Evan)

Who's this nozzle?

Bob rests his hand proudly on Evan's shoulder.

BOB

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

MORGAN

(narrows eyes at Evan)

You find that funny, New Guy?

EVAN

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

Bob removes his hand, disappointed.

MORGAN

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

JAMARCUS

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

Morgan takes out his nightstick. Brussels holds him back.

BRUSSELS

You don't wanna lose any more
vacation days.

MORGAN

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

Robyn PUKES all over Morgan's shoes.

BOB

Go right ahead.

Our guys return to the car, giving Evan the cold shoulder.
Evan leans in the passenger side window to Bob...

EVAN

Bob--

BOB

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

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

BOB (CONT'D)

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

Again, Jamarcus turns the ignition. VROOM. Evan sighs,
reaches for the backdoor. Bob leans back and LOCKS IT. The
car SQUEALS OFF. Left alone, Evan begins the long trudge
home.

INT. TRAUTWIGS' KITCHEN - THE NEXT DAY

Evan hooks up a CORDLESS PHONE. The phone cradle powers on.
Evan hits 'Talk' on the headset. Static. Changes the channel.
Fuzz. Changes channel again. Now somebody is talking...

NASAL VOICE (ON PHONE)

Yeah, it's in the cellar...

Evan sees GARY pacing next door. He snickers...

GARY (ON PHONE)
Far from the boiler. Otherwise...
kaboom!

DEEP VOICE (ON PHONE)
That stuff is definitely gonna put
some people out of commission.

ABBY (O.S.)
Ev-dog!

Evan leaps, shuts off his phone, shaken. Abby's popped in carrying laundry. She ribs him...

ABBY (CONT'D)
You got home late. What went down?
You take a bite out of crime?

EVAN
(distracted)
I'd...rather not talk about it.

ABBY
Aha. Bro code. Don't wanna snitch
on your new boys. I get it.
(then, getting real)
Did it at least set your mind at
ease a little bit?

EVAN
(sneaks a look at Gary)
Uh huh...

ABBY
(sensing his reluctance)
Evan...
(he's still distracted)
Hello?

Evan turns back.

EVAN
Huh?

ABBY
Evan, please tell me you're giving
this place a fair shot. That's all
I ask.

EVAN
(forces a smile)
Yeah. Of course. We're here. We're
doing it.

ABBY

Good. 'Cause you're looking at the new, hot...science teacher! I'm Mrs. Trautwig!

EVAN

You got the job. Wow! Just. Wow!

He hugs her, looking back out at Gary's house.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - LATER THAT MORNING

YOUNG GIRLS warm up. Bob sits on the sidelines in a track suit, drinking a can of beer. Nods a toast to a few SOCCER MOMS (our powerwalking MILFs from earlier) who force smiles, unamused. Evan hustles over, determined.

EVAN

Bonnie said--

BOB

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

EVAN

I never actually joined--
(catches himself)
Look, I'm sorry, but I need--

BOB

Game's starting. You want action?

EVAN

What?

BOB

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

EVAN

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

BOB

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

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

EVAN

Bob, I think my neighbor has a bomb.

BOB

Sounds like a job for the Neighborhood Watch. An organization with which you are not affiliated.

(re: soccer mom)

You see Juicy Couture over there? My first kiss. Fifth grade dance. The song was *Broken Wings*.

EVAN

Bob, I'm talking about a possible Oklahoma City situation! In the house right next to mine!

BOB

Yeah, I get it. You want me to do you a favor. Now I'm no Dionne Warwick, but I believe that's the sort of thing that friends are for.

EVAN

Please...

BOB

Yep, sure is nice to have peeps who've got your back, isn't it? To not always go it alone. Guess that's just one of the perks when you...become a Watchman.

Bob smiles. Evan hesitates. Then rips off the Band-Aid...

EVAN

Okay. I'm in. I am a Watch...man.

BOB

(big bro-hug)

I knew it. I felt it. You just needed to get there on your own.

(then)

We'll dig up that crate tonight and put all your silly fears to rest. This is a respectable town, Trautwig. With respectable people.

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

BOB (CONT'D)

Okay Juniors, get ready to rumble!
(then, poorly feigned)
(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

Uh oh. Looks like Teppertown's one
short. Yulshenko, suit up!

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

EXT. BOB'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

We can hear Bob singing in falsetto...

BOB (O.S.)

*Take these broken wings, and learn
to fly again, learn to live so
free.*

IN THE KITCHEN

Bonnie washes dishes. Bob dries. Chelsea rumbles through.
Grabs ice cream from the freezer.

BOB

Hey, Kiddo! I was thinking we could
play a game of Uno later when I get
back from the old Watch?

CHELSEA

Yeah, that's exactly what I want to
do tonight!

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

BOB

Parcheesi?!

Bonnie looks at her husband, direct...

BONNIE

There's a boy.

BOB

No. Not yet. She's a child.

BONNIE

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

BOB

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

BONNIE

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

BOB

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

BONNIE

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

BOB

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

BONNIE

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

Off his look, CUT TO:

INT. CHELSEA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

CHELSEA

What?

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

BOB

Hey, Teddy, how ya doin'?

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

BOB (CONT'D)

When did this happen?

CHELSEA

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

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

BOB

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

CHELSEA

Kick her in the hamstring.

BOB

My girl.

(then)

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

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

CHELSEA

Okay. Fine. There's this boy--

BOB

(slowly unraveling)

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

CHELSEA

Ugh. Forget it. I can't talk to you about this...

BOB

(trying to get it back)

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

(she nods, he searches)

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

(those words spark an idea)

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

CHELSEA

Are you serious?

BOB

What?

CHELSEA

That's a Bon Jovi song, Dad.

BOB

(shit)

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

CHELSEA

It's in *Rock Band*.

BOB
(heartfelt)
Chels, okay. That was stupid. I'll
be honest with you. In reality I
did have these friends. Good
friends.
(then)
She was just a small town girl.
Livin' in a lonely world--

CHELSEA
Get out.

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

INT. TRAUTWIGS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Evan peeks out the window when Abby brushes by.

ABBY
You sure you don't wanna come see
the global warming genius? He's got
elbow pads on his blazer. They
don't just give those to anybody.

EVAN
Can't. Got...work to do.

She sees him, distracted again. Leans in...

ABBY
You got something on your cheek.

EVAN
Where?

ABBY
Here.

She kisses his cheek. He smiles as she hurries out. The
second she's gone, Evan whips out his iPhone, dials.

EVAN (INTO PHONE)
Bob, she's gone.

Evan hangs up, keeping an eye out the window...

INT. RADISSON MEETING ROOM - LATER

The PROFESSOR drones on. His POWERPOINT SLIDE reads: *Global
WarNing* and shows a graph in which the average temperature
takes a huge spike upward from 1947 until today. ABBY sits in
back, trying to stay awake, when PAUL slides next to her.

PAUL
What do you think?

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

PAUL
Coffee break?

She nods appreciatively.

HOTEL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Abby and Paul sip lattes.

PAUL (CONT'D)
So is there a Mr. Trautwig?
(she smiles, nods)
Any little Trautwigs?

ABBY
We're trying. You?

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

ABBY
I'm sorry.

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

ABBY
Sounds like someone else I know.

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

Abby nods with a bit of concern.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I have a bachelor party later
tonight and part of me wants to
grab the guy and say "don't do it!"
Because we all start out with good
intentions, sure we'll spend
eternity together, but people grow
differently.
(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

A few years go by and you're not
the same two idiots who got
married.

She really doesn't want to believe that's true.

ABBY

Yeah, but sometimes a couple can
grow together.

PAUL

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to turn
this into a therapy session.

ABBY

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

PAUL

(smiles, then)

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

ABBY

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

PAUL

It's not that fancy. After all,
they let this guy in. Tomorrow at
ten. I won't take no for an answer.

INT. TRAUTWIGS' FOYER - CONTINUOUS

A KNOCK. Evan swings open the front door but there's nobody
there. Another KNOCK. It's at the back door. Evan hurries
over, opens it to reveal the Watch guys in all black with ski
hats on. Bob and Franklin have painted their faces black.
Jamarcus has not. Evan gestures back to the front door...

EVAN

Why didn't you--?

BOB

Stealth mode. I'm your back door
man.

EXT. SIDE YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Bob peers out to see...Gary in his kitchen, searching his
freezer. Bob nods to the others and...dives to the ground.
Does a MILITARY CRAWL across the grass towards Gary's place.

EVAN

Is that really--?

Franklin dives as well, knocking Evan down. He crawls now, miserable. Jamarcus follows. Gary grabs a box from the freezer and spins back just as...the guys make it up against his house, out of his line of sight. Phew. Bob pulls out a MAKEUP COMPACT, flips it open. Angles it to see Gary remove a Hot Pocket. Snaps it shut.

BOB

Hot Pocket! The Barbecue Beef takes
a minute-forty-five to cook.

(to Jamarcus)

Sundown, you're running lookout.
High sign when he hits start.

Jamarcus stays under the window. The other three guys slink along the house to the CELLAR DOOR.

BOB (CONT'D)

Franklin, scalpel.

Frank hands Bob giant BOLT CUTTERS. Bob struggles to snap the big padlock, loses his grip. CLUNK. Gary hears! Looks out the window. The guys lean against the wall, holding their breath, Jamarcus right below him. Gary...shrugs, turns back.

Gary hits START, stares at the Hot Pocket as it rotates in the microwave, the loud FAN NOISE audible. Jamarcus gives a 'hang loose' sign. Evan lifts the lock--it wasn't even threaded through the handle. The door's unlocked. Franklin heaves it open. The three guys run down into the...

CELLAR

A typical cluttered basement. Everyone searches. Bob gives TACTICAL HANDSIGNS. Some look CIA. Others might be from a third base coach. Or Carol Burnett. Directs at Franklin...

FRANKLIN

I don't understand!

BOB

(frustrated)

Beer me!

Franklin stands beside the basement icebox. Pops it open and grabs a Light. Bob tugs his ear, then brushes his arm...

BOB (CONT'D)

Regular, not Light.

(cracks the beer, drinks)

Agh, it's warm. Okay, let's find
this thing.

Franklin accidentally triggers a BIG MOUTH BILLY BASS which sings *Don't Worry Be Happy*, struggles to silence it. They've looked everywhere, but there's definitely NO CRATE.

EVAN

Damnit, he must've known I was onto him and moved it.

FRANKLIN

I'm missing *Intimate Deceptions* for this?

BOB

Easy. Evan was just doing what any of us would do. Trying to protect his family. But, Ev, if this guy was a Unibomber we'd've found something down here beside this...

Bob points to Gary's Chili's *Employee of the Month* plaque.

BOB (CONT'D)

I think you're safe.

THWAKK! A loud noise outside. Followed by LAUGHTER. They share a look--*what the hell?!*

EXT. TRAUTWIGS' FRONT LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

The guys rush up to see A MUSTANG screech by Evan's house. SCOTTIE leans out and DECAPITATES EVAN'S MAILBOX with a Louisville Slugger. Teenage laughter pours out of the car.

EVAN

Our mailbox! It has a thing.

BEEP. In his kitchen, Gary removes his Hot Pocket from the microwave. Takes a bite. It's really hot. Bob stares after the Mustang, eyes squinted...

BOB

Not on my watch.

I/E. TERCEL (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

Speeding after, Jamarcus turns back to Evan...

JAMARCUS

Hang on, Miss Daisy.

EVAN

This is crazy! Just let them go.

BOB

What are you, French?!

The Mustang hops a curb, cutting across a corner house's yard. Jamarcus follows, the Tercel not nearly as agile, barely avoiding a ceramic LAWN JOCKEY. Back on the street, Bob leans his head out the window...

BOB (CONT'D)
Pull over, hooligans!

Says who? SCOTTIE

BOB
The Neighborhood Watch!

SCOTTIE
Uh oh, guys! It's...not the police.

As they pass a sign for a SPEED BUMP, a teenage couple laughs in the backseat, the guy's arm around the girl. They turn back and we see that it's CHELSEA AND JASON! Bob's eyes fill with rage. Chelsea's with panic.

Floor it! CHELSEA Floor it! BOB

The Mustang guns it, flying Starsky-style over the speed bump. Bob pounds on Jamarcus' leg, sending the Tercel hurtling at the bump. They BOTTOM OUT, losing control. Skid onto the sidewalk, taking out a row of mailboxes as the Mustang screams off. Franklin cheers--*that was awesome!* The Tercel stalls. Jamarcus fires the ignition but it sputters.

EVAN
Lemme guess. That battery came
from--

BOB
(steely)
Don't go there.

EXT. BOB'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The Mustang pulls up. Jason walks Chelsea to the trellis...

CHELSEA
I'm sorry my dad's such a tool.

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

CHELSEA
Wow. You really are a nice guy.

JASON

It's just an act so I can get you
to take your clothes off?

CHELSEA

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

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

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

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

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - CONTINUOUS

We can see the Costco, it's light blinking as always, on the
main drag behind this batch of houses. Bob lifts a broken
mailbox in a quiet fury. Jamarcus sees the family name on it:
'STANTON'.

JAMARCUS

This night keeps getting better.

EVAN

What?

The odd CLERK from the convenience store emerges from the
front door. Lethargic. Unshaven. Sweatpants. A man who does
not give a shit. This is LINUS STANTON.

BOB

(hushed)

Linus Stanton. Played ball with
me. Solid tight end.

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

JAMARCUS

Son must've taken one too many
hits.

BOB

(hushed)

Maybe. Alls I know is at the
Homecoming game he ran out on the
field wearing only a jock strap and
talking about little green men.
Became a total laughingstock. Just
smile and nod.

Evan smiles and nods as they reach the front stoop.

FRANKLIN

Hey Linus, we got your mailbox for ya!

LINUS

(always deadpan)

Thank god. I've been so worried.

(touches the mailbox tenderly)

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

JAMARCUS

(holding cables)

Mind if we get a jump?

Linus shrugs, tosses his keys to Franklin. Bob reattaches the mailbox to its post.

LINUS

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

BOB

Yes. I did receive it. About seventeen years ago. Alien abductions, right? How'd that go over?

LINUS

Huge. It's a best seller on Venus.

Jamarcus is in the Tercel, Frank in Linus' shitbox. Evan has been left with the cables, looking uncertain.

JAMARCUS

You got that, E? Positive goes to positive--

EVAN

Yeah yeah.

Evan clamps the positives. Then negative on Linus' and negative on the Tercel battery which EXPLODES. Evan SCREAMS.

BOB

You gotta ground it to the block, genius. Otherwise there's a power surge in the wrong direction and it blows the battery.

EVAN

So negative goes to negative and positive goes to something else?!
(they nod)
Well...that's just...stupid.

Evan shrugs a sheepish apology. They begin to push the car. Evan looks back at Linus, who offers a low-energy wave.

INT. GARY'S BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Whistling, Gary saunters downstairs, slides his *Employee of the Month* plaque aside. It triggers a false wall to open up, revealing THE CRATE in a secret crawlspace.

INT. TRAUTWIGS' BEDROOM - LATER

Exhausted, Evan limps into the bedroom to find candles lit, Seal playing on the stereo. Abby, wearing her version of sexy, slinks up to him, whispers in his ear...

ABBY

The test kit says I'm ovulating.

He smiles; she's his refuge. Pulls her in for a kiss. But just as they get into it Evan hears a DOOR SHUT. He opens one eye. Sees through the window--Gary and Heavyset Guy as they LOAD THE CRATE into a dry cleaning VAN. Evan pulls away.

EVAN

I...gotta pee.

ABBY

I'll hit pause on my uterus.

Evan rushes into the bathroom, opens the window to hear...

HEAVYSET GUY

It's gonna be some night, huh?

GARY

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

The men go in the house. Eyes wide, Evan's rushes out...

EVAN

I...just got a text. Looks like the
Watch boys need my help.
Something's going down.

ABBY

You're serious?

EVAN

I thought you wanted me to do this.

ABBY

(frustrated)
Isn't it late? We only have a short
window for--

EVAN

I know. I promise it won't take long.

ABBY

The guys or the sex?
(sighs, then)
Ugh. Just. Hurry.

EXT. GARY'S DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Evan jumps up into the van. But before he can open the crate, Gary and Heavyset Guy return. Evan ducks behind a rack of clothes. The men close the doors. Evan in darkness.

VAN (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

Evan pulls out his cellphone, uses its screen glow to see. Pries open the crate to reveal...dozens of jugs. Lifts one. It's labeled *Nitromethane: HIGHLY FLAMMABLE*. Evan panics. Loses his grip. Barely catches it just before it hits the floor. *Phew*. Evan carefully returns the jug to the crate. Flips the phone over and Googles 'nitromethane', reading...

EVAN

Used in dry cleaning or to remove super glue.

(then)

That's not so bad.

(then)

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

The van lurches to a stop. Evan DROPS THE PHONE in the crate. *Shit!* Before he can grab it, he hears the guys coming. Returns the lid and hides back behind the clothes.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND SUBURBAN STORES - MOMENTS LATER

The van doors swing open. Heavyset Guy and Gary remove the crate and carry it up a loading dock. Once they're gone, Evan creeps out. Races around the corner to the storefront of...

EZ-CLEAN DRY CLEANERS

Evan peers through the slats in the blinds to see...some dudes hanging out. Bright-eyed MARC and PAUL. Gary and Heavyset Guy (NEAL, this is his shop) join them. They drink vodka, smoke cigars. A blow-up doll rotates by on the dry-cleaning rack. Gary pats Marc's back...

GARY

There's the dead man!

PAUL

(a toast)

Marc, I know you and Missy have
been doing the long distance thing
a while now--

NEAL

It's better that way. You can't
hear the nagging!

PAUL

(laughs)

Seriously, we're happy that you and
your bride-to-be will soon be
together at last. But tonight...
you're still single!

TWO STRIPPERS emerge through the clothes wrappers and dance
for the guys. Their BODYGUARD hits play on a boombox. Evan
shakes his head. It's just a stupid stag party. Turns to go.

NEAL

Can't they take it all off, Paul?

GARY

Yeah, take it all off!

PAUL

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

Evan spins back. *Moving Day?*

GARY

Exactly. His wife's almost here.
Let 'im get the real deal!

Gary refills his glass...with NITROMETHANE from one of the
jars. They're all drinking it. *WTF?*

PAUL

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

What happens next is a blur. The strippers' EYES ROTATE 180
DEGREES, now a GLOWING SILVER. As one dances, from behind, we
can see a strange ALIEN APPENDAGE drop from within her mini
skirt. The impetuous Gary reaches out to cop a feel...

BODYGUARD

Whoa, you can't touch her tail but
her tail can touch you...

Evan stumbles. THUMP. Paul hears. Crosses to the window...there's nobody there. Shuts the blinds. Evan leans against the wall in shock. Fishes for his cell, remembering he DROPPED IT IN THE CRATE.

EVAN
My phone--? Shit!

INT. TRAUTWIGS' KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Evan bursts in to find Abby eating ice cream in her sweats.

ABBY
(mouth full)
I couldn't stay sexy that long.

EVAN
Get dressed!

EXT. DRY CLEANERS - MOMENTS LATER

Evan drags Abby from the Prius, parked a ways down, hushed.

ABBY
An alien?!

EVAN
Yes! Maybe! I don't know!
Something...not human.

They arrive at the window. The blinds are now open and inside is...A BORING DRY CLEANERS. No aliens. No people.

EVAN (CONT'D)
It was--! They were--! It happened,
I swear.
(off her look)
You think I'm making this up?

ABBY
I think you don't wanna be here.

EVAN
What?

ABBY
(sighs, resigned)
Let's go home. To the city. Let's
just pack up and go.

EVAN
Abby, c'mon. I didn't--

ABBY
This whole thing was a big mistake.
I should've never pushed you--

He sees her disappointment. Can't stand it...

EVAN

No. We're not going anywhere.

ABBY

You don't want this, Evan.

EVAN

I do.

ABBY

Really?

(re: dry cleaners)

Then what is all this?

EVAN

I must...just be seeing things. I haven't been sleeping.

(deep breath)

Abby, this is our home.

ABBY

(touched)

Okay.

(then, no nonsense)

But that's it. No more crates. No more aliens. Alright?

EVAN

I promise.

It's a deal. He checks his watch, touches her belly...

EVAN (CONT'D)

Your uterus still has an hour left...

She smiles, takes his hand.

I/E. PRIUS (MOVING) - THE NEXT MORNING

Abby and Evan drive through town. He smiles, really making a go of it.

EVAN

So you met this country club guy at the talk?

ABBY

I know what you're thinking. But I swear he's totally down to Earth.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Evan and Abby ring the doorbell. The door swings open. Evan's face drops. PAUL greets them with open arms, his son Jason (Chelsea's sweet jock) by his side.

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

Evan tries to hold it together as Paul kisses Abby's cheek.

EVAN
Oh my god.

PAUL
(off Evan's awed
expression)
I know. Not too shabby, right? Jack
Nicklaus designed the carpeting.
(then)
C'mere, big man...
(pulls Evan into a tight
embrace)
You're one of the good ones. I can
tell already.

EVAN
You know what, I'm not feeling so
well.

ABBY
What's wrong, Honey?

EVAN
(edging to the door)
I...ate some yogurt before that was
expiring tomorrow and you really
can't chance that, so maybe Abby
and I should just--

PAUL
Bitters and soda. Calm that tum tum
right down.

JASON
I'll get it, Dad.
(shaking Evan's hand)
Nice to meet you, Mr. Trautwig.

As Jason hustles off...

PAUL
My son. You just shook an All-
County arm there, Evan.

EVAN

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

(awkward silence)

Abby, I seriously think we should--

The waving MILF-y HOUSEWIVES from earlier approach. Bob's
first tongue-kiss, MEG COLLINS, is the leader.

PAUL

Ladies, these are the Trautwigs.

MEG

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

ABBY

No.

MEG

Perfect, neither have we.

As the ladies DRAG HER OFF...

EVAN

Wait--!

ABBY

Evan, are you gonna--?

PAUL

Don't worry! I'll take care of him.

(looks at Evan's feet)

What size are you? Like a five?

EVAN

(eeked out)

Eight and a half.

GOLF COURSE - MOMENTS LATER

Evan (now dressed uncomfortably in the cheesiest Greg Norman
Shark Couture) swings and misses completely. Paul watches
from the cart. Evan swings again, hitting himself on the
backswing, wincing in pain. Paul enjoys it. Finally saunters
over.

PAUL

Evan--

Evan spins and SCREAMS, wielding the golf club like a weapon.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Whoa. Just thought I'd give you a
little hand there, killer.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)
Looks like Big Bertha's swinging
you. Here, let me...

Paul gently lowers the club and sidles up behind Evan, like a man might do to a woman.

EVAN
Oh, no, I don't--

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

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

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

PAUL (CONT'D)
Isn't this fun?!

INT. GAME ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

STELLA
You and Evan?

ABBY
Workin' on it.

STELLA
That's the fun part, believe me.

Paul enters, looking as fresh as before. Evan, limping way behind, is disheveled, dripping with sweat, freaked.

PAUL
(hushed)
He seems like a...good guy.

ABBY
(hushed)
Well. He's been a little on edge lately. Last night he thought he saw an alien.

PAUL
(chuckles)
That old suburban legend.

Evan finally reaches them.

ABBY
So...did you have fun?

EVAN
(quickly)
A lot. I love it here. We should
go.

Paul runs to the kids...

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

Evan's heart skips a beat. The kids laugh and scream. Paul
lets them tackle him to the floor, wrestles with them.

JUDY
Paul's great with kids.
(then, re: her baby)
How 'bout you, Evan? Wanna hold
her?

EVAN
Oh, no, we really have to be--

ABBY
Go for it. It'd be good to get some
practice.

STELLA
She won't bite.

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

JUDY
Hold her close.

Evan pulls the baby in tight. *Hey, that's not so bad.* The
baby smiles at him. He doesn't see Paul slink up beside him.

PAUL
Ah-Boo!

Evan nearly drops the baby. Paul grabs it, continuing his
baby talk...

PAUL (CONT'D)
Ah boo boo boo boo. Uncle Paul
sees you.

EVAN
Okay, we're leaving.

ABBY

This was really lovely. All of you.
Thank you so much for having us.

PAUL

It was our pleasure.
(hands Evan a piece of
paper, hushed)
The bill for the threads. You can
pay on the way out.
(as Evan goes)
Oh, Ev!

Paul holds up EVAN'S iPHONE. Evan's eyes grow wide.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I think you dropped this. On the
course.

Paul hands him the phone, looking him right in the eye...

PAUL (CONT'D)

Remember...keep your head down.

Evan goes, giving a nervous look back at the smiling Paul.

EXT. BOB'S HOUSE - LATER

Still in his golf clothes, Evan waits anxiously when Bob
answers, eyeing the new duds...

BOB

Is that Greg Norman's Shark line?
Color me impressed.

EVAN

Bob, there are aliens living in
this town.

BOB

Sure. And as long as it only costs
ten bucks to get my yard done I'm
not asking for green cards.

EVAN

Not illegal aliens! Outer-freaking-
space aliens! And one of them is
friends with my wife!

BOB

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

EVAN

I'm not high, Bob. Look, what if
I'm right?! Think about your
daughter!

BOB

My daughter will be plenty safe
since she's grounded forever!
(calling back inside)
Isn't that right?!

CHELSEA (O.S.)

What lame song is that from?!

EVAN

Bob, we're going to check this guy
out! Tonight! It's not up for
discussion!

BOB

(impressed)

I like this Evan with the Huevos
Rancheros. Okay. See you at eight.

INT. PAUL'S LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Paul cleans a plate in the sink with a scrubby brush.

THE WATCH sit enshrouded in darkness a safe distance up the
block. Evan watches intently through binoculars. The rest of
the guys are bored. Franklin eats Reese's Pieces.

BOB

Dishwashing. Classic alien
behavior.

EVAN

Shut up.

Paul heads toward another room, out of their line of sight.

EVAN (CONT'D)

He's moving. C'mon.

Evan pops out of the car. Bob goes along.

BOB

This oughta be good.

JAMARCUS

We'll stay here in case the
Predator gets in his spaceship.

Evan and Bob take cover behind bushes. Paul collapses on the
couch, flips on *Grey's Anatomy*, petting his ROTTWEILER. Bob
sees Evan, shakes his head at his paranoia...

BOB

Hey, Evstevez. Why does this place
freak you out so much?

EVAN

I dunno. Maybe it's the aliens?

BOB

I'm serious, buddy. What're you
really afraid of? C'mon...
(knocks on Evan's heart)
Knock knock.

Bob keeps knocking. Finally, to stop him...

EVAN

I guess I don't want to become just
another...ordinary suburban drone.

BOB

Yeah, I feel that. Those guys are
the worst.

Bob grabs the binocs.

BOB (CONT'D)

Lemme take a gander...
(sees Paul on couch)
Thrilling.

Bob continues to scan the house. Upstairs in his bedroom,
JASON, shirtless, talks to someone. Jason brushes his hair
back. When he moves his arm we can now see that he's video
iChatting with CHELSEA! Bob snaps...

BOB (CONT'D)

Oh no she didn't!

Dials his cell...

JASON

Where would you get the tattoo?

CHELSEA

(flirtatiously pulls her
shorts down just a bit)
I was thinking right here so my dad
couldn't see.
(answers her cell)
What do you want?

BOB

Get off the computer now!

CHELSEA

I'm not on the computer.

BOB

I know you are! And you're sexting!

Chelsea looks around, trying to figure out how he sees her.

BOB (CONT'D)

You are officially banned from the internet!

Chelsea hangs up. Back to Jason onscreen...

CHELSEA

I gotta go.

As Jason closes his laptop, Evan turns to the still-fuming Bob. His chance to prod back...

EVAN

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

(then)

Maybe you have to let her grow up?

BOB

(shakes his head)

You don't get it yet.

(then)

I still remember the day she was born. No need for the videotape, I play it every day in here...

(points to his head)

...on a loop.

(Evan reacts...ew)

See, for me, there's the time B.C.-- Before Chelsea--and the time A.D.-- After Delivery. Before, I lived for myself. Jaunt with the boys to Titty City? Done. B Joel at the Coliseum? Whatevs. But after you have a kid...everything changes. You change. That old dude is gone.

Evan reacts. This is just what he was afraid of.

BOB (CONT'D)

And it's the best thing in the world. Because B.C. life wasn't really living. When you start living for more than you...that's the special sauce.

Upstairs, Jason shuts his window. Bob's eyes narrow...

BOB (CONT'D)

And when I get home, she's dead.

Paul's PHONE RINGS. He answers. Nods. Heads out.

EVAN

He's on the move. Let's go!

ANOTHER STREET - MOMENTS LATER

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

EVAN (CONT'D)

Where is he going?

BOB

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

EVAN

Really?

BOB

Nope. This is fun.

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

EXT. FARM - MOMENTS LATER

As the Watch guys tiptoe through pine trees, there's a dull noise--vvt vvt vvt vvt.

BOB

What is that?

They stop. The noise stops. They take a few more steps. Again vvt vvt vvt. Bob stops, listens as Evan takes a few more steps in his rather tight jeans...

BOB (CONT'D)

You wore hipster pants to a stakeout.

JAMARCUS

And are those dress shoes?

Evan wears fancy dress-shoe-like black kicks.

EVAN

They're sneakers. By Prada.

Bob shakes his head and continues on. Evan tries to keep his legs apart as they approach the farmhouse. Paul's car is parked alongside several others. In a field, a truck's headlights shine...on nothing but a couple old COWS.

Paul helps a very pregnant woman (CAROLYN) out from one of the other cars. Her husband DAN gets out of the car and helps as well. They head towards the field. A few other people have gathered, what appears to be their extended FAMILY.

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

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

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

Carolyn sits down on the ground. Spreads her legs.

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

Paul pulls up her dress and removes...A FAKE BELLY. Dan drags the cow nearby.

DAN
Here you go, Paul.

PAUL
Just relax, Papa.
(touches the cow's belly)
Mm hmm. It's time.
(then)
Let's hold hands.

Paul and Dan join the family. The cow stands there. The Watch guys share a look. A beat. And then the cow...EXPLODES! Cow guts shoot everywhere. Some even land on our guys.

BOB
That just happened.

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

AN ALIEN CREATURE

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

BOB
Okay, maybe they're aliens.

FRANKLIN
Holy--!

Jamarcus covers Franklin's mouth. Paul calmly steps over and the baby alien, cradling it. He clears its mouth and it begins to cry--really horrid shrieking noises--thrashing about violently.

CAROLYN

Oh, Dan, he has your fangs.

DAN

Mine are not that big.

The Watch guys are horrified.

EVAN

In there!

They rush into THE BARN. Latch the big doors behind them. Take cover behind some bales of hay. Catch their breath.

JAMARCUS

This is not good. This is not good.

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

BOB

What the hell are they, Evan?!

EVAN

I don't know but I'm pretty sure it's not good!

(Bob & Jamarcus stare at him, eyes wide)

What is it now?

BOB

(hushed)

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

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

JAMARCUS

Just be cool. It's only a baby.

EVAN

(through his teeth)

I'm terrible with babies.

Slowly, we see all the other babies awaken, quite cranky...

BOB

I think we're in their nursery.

JAMARCUS
And it's feeding time.

EVAN
Plan? Anyone?

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

FRANKLIN
Second.

And they do just that, the babies chasing after. They throw open the rear barn door, rumbling out into A FIELD.

Lying against the barn are a few kids' DIRT BIKES. The guys hop on, pedal away from the gang of HUNGRY PIRANHA ALIEN BABIES. Evan struggles to keep up--his bike packing a pair of training wheels, his gripless kicks slipping off the pedals.

A SCREECH. Evan spins back to find an alien baby hanging on his leg, teeth bared. It tries to bite at his ankle.

EVAN
Ahh!! There's one on me!

Evan turns to Bob, who has THREE ALIENS stuck to his back. He manages to swat two free. The remaining one BITES HIS NECK. Yowww! Bob hits a bump and the baby bounces loose.

Evan kicks away his alien. It flies and lands on Jamarcus. Evan shrugs *sorry* to Jamarcus, who throws it off.

Another jumps up into Franklin's basket. Franklin SCREAMS. The alien baby screams back. Leaps onto Franklin, chewing through his shirt pocket, eating the bag of REESE'S PIECES. Slumps down in the basket calmly, burps. Then projectile vomits orange, yellow and brown all over Franklin.

They approach A DRAINAGE DITCH, a long way down. A herd of baby aliens chasing behind. Nowhere else to turn.

JAMARCUS
Pissballs.

Franklin looks at the baby in his basket, the empty bag of Reese's. An idea, farfetched, but what the hell...

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

The baby alien turns, sees the nearing cliff, and...BAILS, leaping to the ground. Our guys running out of room.

Bob makes a decision, pedals faster, right at the ravine...

BOB

Jump it!

EVAN

Are you serious?

He is, charging at full speed. No other choice, the others follow, SCREAMING...

BOB

Shiiiiiiiiit!

To John Williams' moving *Theme from E.T.*, the men surge off the cliff, a huge moon behind them as they...fall straight down into a drainage ditch. SPLOOSH! SPLOOSH! SPLOOSH! They land in a river of murky water below.

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

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

PAUL

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

EXT. DOWNSTREAM - MOMENTS LATER

The soggy guys struggle to climb out of the ditch.

JAMARCUS

Is everyone okay?

FRANKLIN

No! I'm not okay! I'm not okay!

(Bob SLAPS him across the face)

What was that for?!

BOB

I was trying to calm you down!

(Franklin SLAPS him back)

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

FRANKLIN

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

EVAN
Look, everybody hold it together!
Let's just-- we'll go get help,
okay?!

Evan marches up the hill.

JAMARCUS
And who exactly is gonna help us?

EVAN
The police.

BOB
Oh hell no. Those jabronis?

EVAN
Anyone have a better idea?

BOB
Yes. We can handle this ourselves.

EVAN
I said a better idea.

EXT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Soggy, the guys sit in the car. Evan swings his door open.
Bob stays put. Eyes Franklin and 'Marcus, who nod their
acquiescence. Evan goes alone.

INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Evan enters to find Brussels doing Sudoku.

EVAN
I need to see the Captain, please.

BRUSSELS
Have a seat.

Brussels exits. Evan sits. SNIFFS at the air, smelling
something. Sees A MUG on Morgan's desk. Leans over, gets a
good whiff. His eyes start to water.

MORGAN (O.S.)
You again.

Evan slams the mug down as Morgan enters, causing a bit of
the liquid to splash onto a newspaper, which sizzles, leaving
a hole. *It's nitromethane!* Morgan sits. Grabs his mug. Takes
a long, knowing sip. Ahhhh.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
You wanted to see me?

EVAN
(rises)
Actually, I'm gonna go.

MORGAN
What's the rush?

EVAN
No, really, I--

MORGAN
Sit down.

Brussels pushes Evan back down into the chair.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
My home is your home.

EVAN
Apparently.

MORGAN
I assume you're here to file a
report. So go ahead. Tell me
everything you know. That way I'll
know the best way to...handle the
situation.

EVAN
Okay. Some...kids...knocked over my
mailbox.

MORGAN
Uh huh. You know, youngsters can be
pretty vicious sometimes. But grown-
ups are even scarier.

EVAN
Yes. So why don't we just...let it
go?

MORGAN
I think that'd be wise.

Evan stands. Run-walks the hell out of there. Morgan watches through the window as Evan hustles to the Tercel. The cop and Bob lock eyes. Bob gives him the finger. As the car pulls away, Morgan and Brussels' eyes morph into an alien shape, their facial skin becoming more transparent, revealing a bit of the extraterrestrial shape beneath. This isn't over.

I/E. WATCH CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

EVAN
They're aliens!

BOB

That's just perfect. As if they
weren't pricks enough.

Evan furiously dials his iPhone...

EVAN

We gotta go beyond this town. I'm
calling the Feds.

FRANKLIN

Don't, uh, mention my name, okay?
It wasn't even my gun.

EVAN

Yes, I'd like to report an alien
sighting. Uh huh...right...

(long pause)

Yes, I have the internet.

(motions for pen)

Dot...gov. Yeah. Two to six weeks.
Super! Thank you.

Evan hangs up, defeated.

FRANKLIN

What now?

BOB

(an idea)

Make a right up here.

INT. LINUS' HOUSE - LATER

Linus sits in a ratty old chair, wearing a wife-beater and
Kang and Kodos boxer shorts, his legs spread wide.

BOB

...so what do you think...?

LINUS

(beat, then)

That sounds crazy.

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

BOB

Linus, a cow really exploded and--

LINUS

(was fucking with them)

I know, Mary. Alien birth and
cattle mutilation. But you remember
that. From Chapter 7 of my book.

BOB

I didn't...entirely read it. I'm
sorry, okay?

LINUS

(shrugs)

You guys mind if I smoke a pipe?

BOB

No, go right ahead.

LINUS

Cool.

(then)

Do any of you guys have a pipe?

Awkward silence, then...

EVAN

So they really...take you?

LINUS

Every third Thursday.

FRANKLIN

That's tonight!

Linus indicates his ratty clothes, dripping with sarcasm...

LINUS

Why do you think I'm all dolled up?

EVAN

That's horrible.

LINUS

I know. I have no idea what
happened on one out of every four
episodes of *The Office*. Did Jim and
Pam make it?

JAMARCUS

What...do you know about them?

LINUS

Well I know Pam was moving to New
York--

JAMARCUS

No, the--

LINUS

Follow me...

INT. DARK SHED - MOMENTS LATER

A garage door rolls up. Linus pulls a chain to illuminate his conspiracy room, its centerpiece a MAKESHIFT SPACESHIP. Coated with a thick layer of dust. Like an old Trans-Am somebody would keep up on blocks in their yard, tinkering with it but never getting it to start.

EVAN

You have a--?

LINUS

Shed? I know. Creepsville, right?

(then, re: ship)

These guys crash all the time. Very lax drunk flying laws. The wrecks leave spare parts.

BOB

Does it work?

LINUS

Not in the technical sense.

(Jamarcus touches gun
glued on the side)

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

EVAN

So why did you build this thing?

LINUS

I always dreamed I'd fly up in the sky--

FRANKLIN

And be free like a bird.

LINUS

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

The walls of the shed are covered with conspiracy-laden bookshelves and alien-related news clippings. Evan spies one...

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

EVAN

(reading)

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

BOB

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

LINUS

Yup. But only the real quality whack jobs know about this.

Linus points to another clipping: *New York Newsday*. A B&W photo. An OLDER MAN and his middle-aged SONS hold SHOVELS and smile, farmland behind them. TEPPERTOWN BREAKS GROUND!

EVAN

(reading)

July 7th 1947--

FRANKLIN

That's the same date.

EVAN

--Alexander Tepper and Sons announce their plan to build 2,000 homes on an old potato farm on Long Island, thus creating the world's first suburb.

LINUS

The Roswell ship crashed before it could reach its destination on the West Coast. But the Teppertown one landed safely right here.

BOB

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

LINUS

The first of many.

Linus has tacked AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS of suburban communities to the wall: AGOURA HILLS, CA. COLUMBIA, MD. BELLEVUE, WA. GARLAND, TX. All identical. This is getting creepy...

EVAN

It makes sense. The same planned communities. Laid out the exact same way...

BOB

But why?

FRANKLIN

Maybe they're looking for something.

LINUS

Dunno, Frankie. But if it was in me
they'd've found it a long time ago.

Linus points to a larger map of the US, the suburbs all
colored in...

LINUS (CONT'D)

What's clear is that they're
surrounding our cities. And that's
the perfect staging area for an
attack.

EVAN

(*holy shit...*)

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

Linus shrugs.

BOB

Like hell it is. These alien
bitches wanna move in here they're
gonna have to move me.

(looks up at the map)

We're gonna stop it.

JAMARCUS

Who?

BOB

(spins back)

The Neighborhood Watch. That's who.

INT. LINUS' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Bob heads in the back door, moving through the house with
purpose, the others trailing.

EVAN

Bob, that's ridiculous.

BOB

You got a better idea?

EVAN

(resigned)

No.

FRANKLIN

I'm in. First thing we should do
get matching tats. I'm thinking a
panther. Riding a shark.

DING! The guys all jump.

EVAN

What the hell was that?!

Linus crosses to the kitchen, grabs a tray...

LINUS

I'm making 'em nachos. Whole thing's over a lot quicker when they've got a snack waiting.

Jamarcus grabs a nacho, takes a bite.

JAMARCUS

Blech! There's no cheese!

LINUS

Yeah, just beans and guac. Don't know why but the aliens hate cheese. I once made 'em dripping with Velveeta. That was a rough night. I can still hear his angry voice echoing through my brain.

An awkward beat. Bob pats Linus on the shoulder.

BOB

Good luck with uh...the um...

LINUS

(matter-of-fact)
The probing?

BOB

Yes, that. Good luck.

LINUS' FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Bob strides to the car...

JAMARCUS

Bob, what exactly are we gonna do?
We're just a bunch of dudes with car magnets.

BOB

It's simple. First we find out who they are, then we destroy them.

As they reach the curb, unnoticed by the guys, a WHITE LIGHT surges down on LINUS' BACKYARD. Our team has no idea as Linus' little silhouetted body drifts up...

BOB (CONT'D)

Now, what do we know about these things?

EVAN
(dismissively)
They don't like cheese.
(then, an idea)
They don't like cheese.

INT. TRAUTWIGS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Evan crawls into bed, cuddles up beside the sleeping Abby.

ABBY
It's late. Is everything alright?

EVAN
Yes, ma'am.

ABBY
What were you doing?

EVAN
Making plans.

ABBY
For what?

EVAN
A barbeque.

ABBY
Where?

EVAN
Here.
(she smiles)
Thought we could invite all our new
neighbors over for some
cheeseburgers. Maybe some fondue...

ABBY
Are you just doing this for me?

EVAN
For us.

She kisses him sweetly.

EXT. TRAUTWIGS'S BACKYARD - THE NEXT DAY

Another oppressively hot day. Evan presses down a piece of cheese on a patty with a spatula. He looks up over the grill lid, nods to...Bob who walks with Bonnie, carrying a huge CHEESE TRAY. Bob spots JASON laughing with Scottie. As he leaves Bonnie with CHELSEA, he whispers to his wife...

BOB
Don't let her out of your sight.

Bob ambles past Morgan and Gary.

BOB (CONT'D)

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

MORGAN

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

BOB

Oh really?

GARY

Good. More for me.

Gary gobbles a cheese-laden cracker down. Bob and Evan exchange a look. They know Gary is an alien. Evan turns to Paul, who chuckles with Neal. They both eat CHEESEBURGERS, heavy on the cheese. Bob continues over to Evan...

BOB

What the hell's going on here, E?

EVAN

I don't know! The ones we already know are eating cheese!

PAUL sneaks up on them...

PAUL

Evbo! So glad I could come over for a meal.

EVAN

Of course.

PAUL

(with a wink)

I'll have to have you sometime.

EVAN

Excuse me?

PAUL

You boys up for a little exercise?

SMASH TO:

A SILVER DISC, SPINNING THROUGH THE AIR

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

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

Evan and he share a tense look.

EVAN
Huh. Yeah. Never heard it called
that before.

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

EVAN
Bring it on.

Moments later, Team Martian (Paul, Morgan, Brussels, and Neal) executes a perfect first drive. They have amazing skills, no doubt heightened by the fact that they are aliens. They can jump higher, run faster and are incredibly strong. But they also have the dexterity of a hippie with years of Frisbee tossing experience. Finger spins, behind the back, the pop off the top of the hand and catch move. The end result is a touchdown, which Morgan catches over Bob.

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

BOB
You're totally gay!

FRANKLIN
Good one.

The Watch guys huddle up. Bob sweats profusely.

EVAN
Dude, you're soaked.

BOB
I know. It's October. Freakin'
global warming.

EVAN
(sees the aliens)
They haven't even broken a sweat.

Something changes in Evan's face. He scans the rest of the party. Abby fans herself. Bonnie puts a cold drink against her forehead. But Gary doesn't sweat at all. He turns back to the other team...completely sweat-free.

EVAN (CONT'D)
They're not sweating!

BOB
No shit, they're kicking our asses.

EVAN
No! That's how we can tell who's an alien! They don't sweat.

FRANKLIN
Jamarcus isn't sweating.

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

BOB
Okay, boys, time to show these extra testicles what we humans are made of. Shake their confidence.

Break! Now it's our guys' drive. Not so easy. Paul and Evan tussle for position, tense...

PAUL
Getting the hang of it?

EVAN
Yup. No sweat.

PAUL
Hey, a little marriage advice?

EVAN
From the divorced guy?

PAUL
Exactly. Unless you want to end up like me, I'd suggest you act like you like it here.

Bob's pass zips right at Evan and he...holds on. Evan celebrates...just as Paul gives him a bone-crunching hit. Little Gary WHOOPS on the sidelines.

ABBY, BONNIE, and CHELSEA watch happily from afar.

ABBY
Oh, how cute is this. Manly men.

CHELSEA

Mom, I'm gonna grab a water. You want anything?

BONNIE

No, thanks, sweetheart.

Chelsea gives a tiny nod to JASON to follow her.

BACK TO THE GAME. Paul tracks Evan in tight man-to-man.

EVAN

A little advice? I'd keep your head down. 'Cause we're onto your asses.

Paul grinds his teeth, perhaps stung.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea slams the door behind Jason. Pushes him against the shower curtain, which he grasps onto.

JASON

I don't think this is such a good idea.

(she kisses him)

God, you taste good.

Her eyes closed, she doesn't see his skin start to become see-through, his eyes morphing to an alien shape...

CHELSEA

It's peach Lipsmackers.

EXT. YARD - CONTINUOUS

The Watch guys huddle

BOB

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

At the line. Hike! Evan runs the route. Paul bites hard on the pump fake, leaving Evan wide open for the touchdown. Bob hurls it beautifully just before he's slammed to the turf by Morgan. Paul turns on the jets. Just as Evan's about to make the catch...Paul cheap shots Evan, ELBOWING him in the jaw. Evan collapses to the ground. Paul intercepts the Frisbee, glancing back...

PAUL

Enjoy your last thirty-six hours.

Thirty-six hours?! Paul wings the discs to Morgan, who catches it for a final score. Team Alien celebrates.

Bob sees Bonnie...alone. His brow furrows...

BOB
Where is she?!

INT. TRAUTWIGS' HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bob throws open the door to see Chelsea and Jason making out.

BOB
Out!

Jason runs. Bob grabs Chelsea and pulls her outside.

BOB (CONT'D)
You're now grounded for your
afterlife!

CHELSEA
Dad!

I/E. PAUL'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Paul and Jason sit, tense.

PAUL
You've gotta learn to control
yourself.

JASON
I wasn't gonna kill her.

PAUL
The way your hormones are raging
right now? You get in a compromised
position like that, who knows what
could happen. Play it smart. The
day after tomorrow, you can do
whatever you want.

INT. COSTCO - LATER

Bruised and battered, the guys hobble through the store
pushing a cart filled with supplies (posterboard, markers).

BOB (O.S., PRELAP)
Alright, gentlemen. I think it's
safe to say we rattled them.

Bob grabs rolls of RECEIPTS from a register cubby.

BOB (O.S., PRELAP) (CONT'D)
So, what have we learned thus far?
One, aliens do not sweat.

INT. VIDEO STORE - LATER

The guys grab movies off the shelves.

BOB (O.S., PRELAP)
Two, something called Moving Day is
coming in 36, well it was 36, now
it's 34 hours.

INT. FALLOUT SHELTER - LATER

The place has been turned into a shabby version of a police station. A detailed pyramid of alien coconspirators. Evan tapes a photo of Paul at its apex. Bob stands before them with a laser pointer, which he shines in Evan's eyes.

BOB
And, three, Evan overcooked the
burgers.

EVAN
Sorry, it was my first time.

BOB
Let's put this jigsaw together.
Franklin, what've you learned?

Franklin ejects a video. Places it atop a stack of others (*Aliens, The Day the Earth Stood Still, ID4, Star Wars, Meet Dave*). He and Jamarcus wear headphones, have been studying.

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

EVAN
Yeah, that's not gonna happen.

BOB
Anything else?

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

EVAN
What about you, Bob? Anything?

Bob sorts through the long Costco receipts.

BOB

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

("By Mennen")

...a Martian.

EVAN

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

BOB

Eh.

(then, reading)

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

(typing on calculator)

So, out of all of our shoppers...

(holy shit)

Fifty seven point four percent of
Teppertowners are aliens.

EVAN

(shocked)

They're everywhere.

BOB

Don't panic. This is good, okay? We
know who they are. Now it's time to
find out how they plan to destroy
life as we know it.

JAMARCUS

Great. And how do we do that?

FRANKLIN

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

BOB

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

EVAN

Right. Just grab an alien. We're
talking about the same monsters who
just beat our asses, right?

BOB
(an idea)
Those were the big guys. But what
about a little one?

INT. CHILI'S - LATER

The Watch guys sit at a table, when Evan's creepy little
neighbor GARY drops off an AWESOME BLOSSOM.

GARY
(dickishly)
Nice game today, gentlemen.
(then, as he goes)
Pretty tough to suck at a hippie
sport.

BOB
Once this place closes we jump the
little prick.

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

FRANKLIN
(mouth full)
Wha?

EVAN
Nothing.

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

EVAN
No. It's disgusting.

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

JAMARCUS
Just try it, man.

EVAN
No, thank you.

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

EVAN

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

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

FRANKLIN

So...?

EVAN

(is he telling the truth?)

Uch.

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

EVAN (CONT'D)

Damnit, it's actually awesome!

BOB

And so it begins...

EVAN

(mouth full, in ecstasy)

It's like eating Jesus.

INT. TRAUTWIGS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The bell rings and Abby answers to find Paul.

PAUL

I left my casserole dish.

ABBY

Man, it's a nice one. I was hoping
you'd forget. Come on in.

INT. CHILI'S - LATER

The restaurant's empty. The Watch guys are stuffed.

EVAN

They don't show you this part in
the commercial. They're just happy
and singing the whole time.

BOB

You've seen the Chili's commercial?
I'm surprised you even have a
television.

EVAN

Oh, I've seen it. It's on like five times every episode of *Idol*.

BOB

(it can't be)

You watch *American Idol*?

EVAN

Only to mock it.

JAMARCUS

Please. You just called it *Idol*.

That's some fan shit.

The only remaining patrons, A COUPLE, head for the door.

BOB

That's the last of 'em.

As Bob's gaze follows them, he catches sight of some photos on the wall of the local pee-wee soccer champs: CHELSEA AGE 11, CHELSEA AGE 12, CHELSEA AGE 13, dotting Coach Bob always right beside her. Evan sees...

EVAN

You alright, Bob?

BOB

They don't make shin pads for your heart.

Gary interrupts, dropping their check.

GARY

No rush. Really. I don't wanna get home at all.

As Gary slogs his way to the kitchen...

FRANKLIN

It's go time.

IN THE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

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

BOB

(cracks his knuckles)

Start talking, ALF.

GARY

About what?

EVAN

We know what you are.

GARY

Oh, do you?

BOB

Let's cut to the chase, alien. Tell us what the plan is.

GARY

Oh, okay. No.

EVAN

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

GARY

Trust me, plenty of people will get hurt.

Little Gary kicks Franklin in the chest, sending him flying into a sink. Motions for the others to bring it. Gary throws Evan, who skids along the tile floor. Smashes Bob's head into a hanging frying pan. Headbutts Jamarcus, who crashes through the pantry. Finally, Gary executes a perfect BACKFLIP, landing right back where he started. As they recover...

EVAN

The little ones are still tough!

BOB

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

FRANKLIN

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

(grabs a PITCHER OF WATER,
tosses it in Gary's face)

...in the water!

(nothing happens)

I knew that ending was too convenient.

JAMARCUS

It stayed true to the book.

Gary wipes his face, even more pissed now. Stalks Franklin, his alien arm popping loose from his human shell, about to strike with his vicious claws when...Jamarcus pinches Gary's neck from behind with one hand. Gary collapses, out cold.

EVAN

What the hell was that?!

JAMARCUS

(shrugs)

Vulcan nerve pinch. We just watched
it in the *Wrath of Khan*.

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

BOB

What's Moving Day?

GARY

(laughs)

You'll find out soon enough!

EVAN

Tell us!

GARY

(dripping with sarcasm)

Oh, okay! Sure. Actually, I'll do
ya one better. Why don't I take you
down to The Hive and show you how
it all works?

BOB

Nice, jackass. Now we know there's
something called The Hive. Where is
it?

GARY

Damnit! I'm not saying another
word!

BOB

Really? Well maybe this will change
your mind?

Bob whacks Gary in the gut with a FRYING PAN. No response.

FRANKLIN

Hit 'im in the balls!

Bob hits Gary's crotch. Gary simply laughs.

BOB

I don't know where their balls are!
(to Gary)
Do you even have balls?

Bob smacks everywhere. More laughter. PHOOOM! Franklin fires
up a BRULEE TORCH. Burns Gary horribly.

GARY

Oh, that feels nice, actually. A
little lower?

More creepy laughter. That's it. Bob grabs a pitcher filled with FROZEN NEON LIQUID.

BOB

Okay, I didn't wanna go here. But if you don't start giving us some answers, we're gonna have to Margaritaboard you. Where's this Hive?

GARY

Go fu--

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

BOB

Oops.

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

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

FRANKLIN

So we know their Kryptonite. The Presidente Margarita.

BOB

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

Bob grabs a pack of frozen peas, presses it into dead Gary's chest, which sizzles.

EVAN

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

BOB

That's alright. He already told us what we need to know. The attack is controlled by this Hive thing.

JAMARCUS

Great. But where is it?

BOB

We know this town. If anyone can find it, it's us.

INT. TRAUTWIGS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

PAUL
Y'gotta start somewhere.

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

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

PAUL
How's he adjusting?

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

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

ABBY
I'm sorry?

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

She looks concerned. He leans in closer.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You have red wine lips.

ABBY
(covers her mouth)
Oh I hate that.

He moves her hand, patting her lips with a napkin, and...
KISSES HER! She quickly pulls away.

ABBY (CONT'D)
I think you should go.

PAUL
Abby, I'm sorry--

ABBY
Right now. Please.

He does. She's shaken, running a finger over her lip.

EXT. TRAUTWIGS' DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

As PAUL gets into his car his phone rings. He answers.

MORGAN (O.S.)
Paul, it's me.

INT. CHILI'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Morgan stands over Gary's corpse.

MORGAN
We've got a problem.

INT. FALLOUT SHELTER - MOMENTS LATER

Franklin flips through Teppertown history books. Evan types at a laptop. Jamarcus checks his phone.

BOB
Alright, let's find this Hive.

JAMARCUS
It'd probably be wherever these
guys first broke ground. What's the
oldest building around here?

FRANKLIN
The Town Hall! Went up in May of
'47 before any of the houses.

BOB
What did I tell you? Let's go get
us some aliens.

EVAN
We can't just go in there unarmed--

BOB
Good point.

QUICK CUTS. Bob grabs a bunch of colorful plastic things. A finger hits FRAPPE on a blender. Frozen liquid is poured. REVEAL our guys with SUPERSOAKERS filled with frozen Margaritas in Bob's kitchen. Chelsea calmly walks by...

CHELSEA
And I'm the child.

Bob nods for them to go, stops her at the steps.

BOB
This is for your own good.

CHELSEA
Tomorrow night's the Homecoming game. Everyone is going.

BOB
Not everyone. Because you're not.

CHELSEA
I got it. Look, I promise I'll stay away from him.

BOB
I don't trust you.

CHELSEA
You can't leave me locked up forever. Dad, I could be missing the best night of my life.

BOB
There'll be plenty more nights.

Bob is thrown by his own words. Will there? This could be it.

CHELSEA
(sighs)
That's not fair.
(then)
You don't want me to end up a little runaway. Some...Daddy's girl who learned fast...all the things he couldn't say.

BOB
(realizing)
Those are Bon Jovi lyrics.

CHELSEA
I learned from the best.
(then)
Please, Dad?

BOB
(beat, then)
Just don't go anywhere near him.

She kisses her father on the cheek.

EXT. TOWN HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The guys and their supersoakers take cover behind the topiary. Bob throws a rock, which lands in a LARGE FOUNTAIN. A SECURITY GUARD puts down his Slurpee to investigate, allowing our guys to crouch-run into the quaint old building.

INT. TOWN HALL - CONTINUOUS

As they enter an atrium, the MILF-y HOUSEWIVES pleasantly amble towards them.

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

BOB
Ladies, PTA meeting's cancelled.
You need to go. Right now.

EVAN
Bob, since when do they hold PTA
meetings at the Town Hall...?

BOB
You're right...

The guys stop short. Something's not right.

JUDY
Why would we have to leave? Is
there something the matter?

FRANKLIN
Yes.
(hushed)
We're standing above a bunch of
space aliens.

STELLA
That's a good one. Space aliens.
Right. With what...drooling jaws?

MEG
And long, spindly limbs?

JUDY
And silver eyes.

All three ladies' eyes spin around to silver. *They're aliens!*
The women POUNCE INTO ACTION, hot soccer moms with Matrix-y
fighting skills.

BOB

Fire!

The guys pump their supersoakers and shoot. But...

EVAN

It's melted!

Bob hadn't thought of that. Bob throws a haymaker which Meg
simply catches in her fist. She tosses him back on his ass.

MEG

My kid hated you as a soccer coach.

BOB

Run!

And they do. The women stalk the guys down a hallway, toying
with them, tossing them around, knocking them down.

The women TRANSFORM INTO FULL ALIEN FORM. Our first time
seeing this--it's truly terrifying.

EVAN

Ahhh! Ahhh! Just-- Ahhh!

BOB

I kissed that. With tongue.

The guys flee upstairs. The alien women follow, CLIMBING UP
THE WALLS! They cling to the ceiling and drop down on them.

JAMARCUS

Down there!

Jamarcus leads them down a set of stairs into the COURTYARD
where the security guard sits with his neck snapped, the
Slurpee still in his hand. Morgan, Brussels, and about 50
other Teppertowners stand waiting. Their eyes ALL GROW ALIEN-
Y, their skin translucent.

MORGAN

Hey, Bob. Funny running into you
like this.

BOB

(suspicious)

You knew we were coming. It was a
setup! We've got a mole...

(turns to Franklin)

You're one of them.

FRANKLIN

What?

BOB

You're the one who led us here.
Told us this was where they first
broke ground. And all your tough-
guy stories...? Trying so hard to
fit in...?

FRANKLIN

Bob, I would never--

Bob grabs the guard's Slurpee. Pours the whole thing on
Franklin. Who is simply struck with goop.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Ew.

BOB

Oh. My bad.

PAUL (O.S.)

Man, you people are stupid.

PAUL strides forward, the alien mob parting for its leader,
who calmly KNOCKS JAMARCUS INTO THE FOUNTAIN. 'Marcus slowly
pulls himself up from the frigid water...hurting from the
chill. He must use his ALIEN ARMS to get out.

PAUL (CONT'D)

He works for me.

Paul pushes Jamarcus into the fountain again, just for fun.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(re: The Watch)

Get these things out of my sight.

The cops grab and cuff our guys, who look at Jamarcus in
shock. He frees himself again, not cold enough to die. Sees
the look on his friends' faces...

JAMARCUS

I'm sorry.

EVAN

You're an--?

JAMARCUS

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

As they cart them off...

BOB
You get drunk with us in a fallout
shelter.

JAMARCUS
Yeah, pretty much that's it.

FRANKLIN
How could you?

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

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

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

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

BRUSSELS
And you can clean up after them.

Paul leans in to Evan.

PAUL
Don't worry, Ev. I'll take good
care of Abby.

Evan fights but is restrained.

INT. TEPPERTOWN JAIL - LATER

A COP sits at a desk, sipping Nitro. The Watch guys are
locked up in a cell down a hallway. Franklin whittles a
toothbrush into a shiv.

BOB
Can you believe that traitor?! I
thought of him as a brother. And
not just a black, calling him 'my
brother' thing, but a real brother.

Evan is lost, hopeless...

EVAN

This is it. I'm never gonna see
Abby again.

Franklin is silent. Bob rests his hand on his shoulder.

BOB

You okay, buddy?

Frank spins around wielding the shiv.

FRANKLIN

You think this is my first time
upstate? I ain't no punk bitch.

EVAN

Franklin, it's just us in here.

FRANKLIN

You got a real pretty mouth, you
know that?

BOB

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

Before Franklin can answer...

JAMARCUS (O.S.)

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

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

BOB

(hushed)

The guard--

JAMARCUS

I ripped his heart out.

FRANKLIN

Awesome.

JAMARCUS

(unlocks the cell)

You think you guys can forgive me?

Franklin looks at the shiv...jabs it in the wooden bench.

FRANKLIN

It's all good in the hood.

JAMARCUS

I need to show you something.

INT. FALLOUT SHELTER - MOMENTS LATER

The team's around the bigscreen. Jamarcus holds a DVD.

JAMARCUS

This was our instruction tape upon arrival.

BOB

You guys use DVDs?

JAMARCUS

We use a technology you can't fathom. But I burned it to DVD.

He slides the disc in. It's a hi-tech, no-nonsense, tactical war-plan. Onscreen, an ALIEN talks to camera IN SPANISH.

BOB

Goddamn SAP!

Jamarcus explains as we see an image of EARTH. Then more imagery: the growth of suburbia, encircling urbanity.

JAMARCUS

We arrived in the '40s and began surrounding your cities.

ON VIDEO: A TEMPERATURE GRAPH like at Abby's lecture.

JAMARCUS (CONT'D)

As you've already discovered, we prefer a warmer climate. Before we could fully colonize, the planet would need to be heated.

ON VIDEO: AEROSOLS, SUVs, PLASTIC WATER BOTTLES.

JAMARCUS (CONT'D)

Once we introduced these new technologies, scientists estimated it would take a hundred years to reach ideal temperature.

(tries to be gentle)

You guys really bought into it. Like a lot. I mean, water bottles? That shit comes from pipes.

(off their looks)

We're there now. Forty years ahead of schedule.

EVAN

Son of a bitch...

BOB

Man, we suck.

JAMARCUS

Moving Day is tomorrow. Teppertown is our Normandy.

(off their blank looks)

Normandy? D Day? Why do I know more about your planet's history than you guys do?

(then)

Our town is the staging area for the whole invasion.

FRANKLIN

Why?

ON VIDEO: AN UNDERGROUND ROOM, at its center A GIANT NANOTECH-Y THROBBING POWER SOURCE--THE HIVE.

JAMARCUS

Because that's here. The Hive. An energy current which sustains us. Like oxygen for you. Or beer.

ON VIDEO: Energy emits from The Hive and through a series of UNDERGROUND TUBES...

JAMARCUS (CONT'D)

Via Transmission Beacons...

The tube ends at a pair of YELLOW GOALPOSTS at our highschool. The goalposts GLOW.

JAMARCUS (CONT'D)

The Hive's already sending its power to our ships, beckoning them nearer...

ON VIDEO: SPACESHIPS land on highschool football fields.

BOB

Bastards are using football. Is nothing sacred?

JAMARCUS

That's what we were doing at the high school the night of the break-in. Prepping the field for landing.

FRANKLIN

Still not a murder, but good.

ON VIDEO: Images of death and destruction. Cities toppled. An aerial simulation of mayhem moving inward from the suburbs.

JAMARCUS

Tomorrow at nine...we move in.

Jamarcus hits pause on an image of unspeakable horror. The men stand there in shock. Finally...

BOB

This is great! Their Hive is right here in Teppertown! We can stop it.

Evan snaps. He's done with this. Points at the screen...

EVAN

Are you kidding?! Look at that! It's over.

BOB

Like hockey sticks it is.

EVAN

Bob--

BOB

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

FRANKLIN

Booyah! I'm in. Whaddawedo?

BOB

We find The Hive and destroy it, there's no Moving Day.

EVAN

Great. Except you don't know where The Hive is. Do you?

Bob turns to Jamarcus.

JAMARCUS

Above my pay grade.

EVAN

(rising)
I'm done.

BOB

Evan--

EVAN

I'm going home!

Evan hustles out the door. Bob follows.

BACKYARD

EVAN

You can't stop this, Bob.

BOB

Of course we can! We're the
Neighborhood Watch!

EVAN

Exactly! We're a bunch of dudes
with car magnets! We're not Will
Smith!

(then)

We're not in save-the-world
territory anymore, okay? We were
just given an extra 24 hours to
live. And I want to spend it with
the woman I love, Bob. In the city
I love. I wanna watch the sun rise
over the river. I wanna jump a
turnstile and ride the subway
anywhere. I wanna eat dinner at Le
Cirque. And order a bottle of
Latour Pauillac, 1990.

BOB

Ah, see, that's just one bottle.
There's free refills on Chianti at
the Olive Garden--

EVAN

My last meal is not gonna feature
crazy bread!

BOB

Evan, the team needs you. You're
one of us now.

EVAN

Bob, I need you to really hear me
for once. I came to you because I
had to protect my wife and I had
nowhere else to turn. But I am not,
nor will I ever be, one of you.

Bob takes this in. Swallows. Then...

BOB

Okay. Okay, I get it. I know how
you see me. You think I'm Mr.
Ordinary. King of the Food Court!
And maybe you're right. But I
wasn't always this guy.

(off Evan's look)

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

Yeah, Tommy Bahama used to go to Manhattan. I dated a Puerto Rican girl. I ate blowfish. Did you know that? It's so cool it's poisonous.

(then)

But when Bonnie got pregnant I settled here. And I'm damn glad I did. Because none of that stuff mattered.

(looks him over)

You think you're some kind of hep cat? Newsflash--you're a grown man in kiddie pants.

(then)

Guess what, Evan? Life's not about your address. It's about your neighbors. I like the people in my life. And they're happy to call me their friend.

EVAN

That's fine, Bob...but I'm just not.

Bob stands there, hurt but stoic. He reaches into his jacket and REMOVES A CD. Hands it to Evan.

EVAN (CONT'D)

What's this?

BOB

I was gonna surprise you.

It's a homemade mix: *NOW THAT'S WHAT BOB CALLS MUSIC '10*.

BOB (CONT'D)

Just take it and go.

INT. TRAUTWIGS' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

BANGING on the back door. Surprised, Abby opens it. Evan, out of breath, paranoid, checks over his shoulder.

ABBY

Why are you--?

As he storms in...

EVAN

They're really aliens!

That's the third strike. She's crushed.

ABBY

Evan, you promised--

EVAN

I know. But, it's true. Look, we only have--

ABBY

You want to go back to the city. I knew it. I knew this was coming.

EVAN

Abby--

ABBY

Tell me the truth. Did you ever really give these people a chance? Or were you just pretending? With your barbecue and your Neighborhood Watch?

EVAN

I tried, but--

ABBY

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

EVAN

Is that really what you think?

ABBY

This is exactly what Paul said would happen.

EVAN

Paul?! What did he say--?!

She looks away. He sees she's hiding something.

EVAN (CONT'D)

What happened?!

ABBY

Look, I was going to tell you. He kissed me--

EVAN

Ah! Oh my god.

ABBY

And I pushed him away.

EVAN
You kissed him?! How could you?!

ABBY
He kissed me!
(then)
But you know what?! Part of me
wanted him to. Because we want the
same things in life.

EVAN
I can't believe this! Do you know
how hard I was trying?! And this is
what you do to me?

POLICE SIRENS, approaching. Evan looks out the window to see
THREE COP CARS screech up in front of the house.

EVAN (CONT'D)
We've gotta get out of here--!

He hustles her to the back door.

ABBY
I'm not going anywhere.

EVAN
Abby, you don't understand--!

ABBY
Get out!

Cops on the front lawn. He GRABS HER ARM, no time for
arguing, pulls her through the door...

EVAN
C'mon--!

She RIPS HER ARM AWAY, backing inside.

ABBY
What the hell has gotten into you?!

EVAN
(reaches out)
Abby--

ABBY
Get off me! Just. Go!

She SLAMS THE DOOR. Evan tries the knob. It's locked.

EVAN
Abby!

The cops RING THE DOORBELL. He sees her go to open the door. *Damn it!* He runs through the yard to his car (parked on the street behind). Dials Bob...

EVAN (CONT'D)
Pick up pick up pick up.

INTERCUT BOB strategizing in the shelter. He sees that it's Evan. Stubbornly doesn't answer. Evan reaches the Prius...

EVAN (CONT'D)
Shit!

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Evan drives, distraught. Lights flash ahead. COP CARS. A ROAD BLOCK. He SWERVES ACROSS THREE LANES, barely making the exit.

TRAIN STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Lights killed, Evan rolls into the deserted parking lot in neutral. Pulls over in the shadows. Checks to see he's alone. Dials again. Bob's voicemail picks up...

BOB (V.O.)
It's Bob. You know what to do.
(ala Outkast's *Hey Ya*)
You know what to dooooo. You know what to--BEEP!

EVAN
Bob, call me. I've got nowhere else to go.

EXT. SAME LOCATION - THE NEXT MORNING

A TRAIN rumbles past. Evan snaps awake, not sure where he is, face covered in spit. The way he's laying, something digs into his side. He reaches into his jacket pocket and removes BOB'S MIX CD. Evan shakes his head. Then opens it. Pops it in the player. The melancholy opening verse of a Bon Jovi ballad begins, over which Bob speaks...

BOB (ON CD)
Let's start off with a little dedication. Robert from Teppertown writes: I once knew this guy. Who moved to this little town. He was scared shitless of losing himself. Becoming the same as everybody else. But he didn't lose anything. He found himself. For the first time.

CHELSEA (ON CD)
Who'd you steal that from, REO
Speedwagon?

BOB (ON CD)
Go to your room!
(then)
Where's the G.D. rewind?
(wrong buttons pushed)
Okay. Ahem.
(back to his cool voice)
So this one's for that guy. My new
best friend.

JON BON JOVI
*I'll be there for you. These five
words I swear to you. When you
breathe, I wanna be the air for
you.*

BOB
I'll be there for you.

JON BON JOVI
I'll be there for you.

Evan shakes his head. It's cheesy. But has it softened him a bit? A TRAIN APPROACHES the station, heading the opposite direction as the previous one.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Eight-forty to New York now
arriving on Track One.

Evan watches the train pull up to the station. A way out. He opens the car door...

FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACKS

The train blocks our view of the Prius. Its doors HISS and the train pulls away, revealing...Evan, still in the car.

He slams the door shut, causing THE COSTCO POTATO KEYCHAIN in the ignition to jiggle. Evan stares at the swaying potato, the moving-ish Jovi continuing. Slowly a realization dawns on him...*That's it!!!* Determined, Evan fires the engine. The Prius races off.

INT. TRAUTWIGS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Abby sits thinking on the couch when the phone rings.

ABBY
Hello?

INTERCUT PAUL in his house.

PAUL

Abby, I'm so sorry about the other night. It'll never happen again. I just--it's been hard for me since Lisa left and--it was unacceptable.

ABBY

Yes, it was.

PAUL

Look, I'm having some people from the town over today to talk about the new recycling plan. You should be there. I'm an ass and I don't deserve you. But your planet does.

ABBY

(considers, then)

Will there be pie?

I/E. PRIUS (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Evan on his cell, calling Abby. It's busy.

EVAN

Damnit!

Tries Bob. INTERCUT BOB. In the Neighborhood Watch car. Driving past Costco.

BOB

Alright, boys. Keep your eyes peeled. We're gonna find this Hive!

Checks his phone. Sees it's Evan again. Still doesn't answer.

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

You know what to--BEEP!

EVAN

Bob, it's me! I know where The Hive is! Call me!

INT. TRAUTWIGS' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Evan rushes in to find an address written on a pad by the phone: "Paul's 425 Maple" No... Marv barks. Evan grabs him and runs...

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

A group of LOCAL BUSINESSPEOPLE kibbitz with Paul and Abby, who rises with her finished plate of food.

ABBY

Anybody need another drink?

She pads to the kitchen. Pours herself a Snapple. Tosses the bottle in the RECYCLING BIN. Which is empty. Now she takes the plate, goes to knock off the scraps into the REGULAR GARBAGE. Which is...FILLED WITH RECYCLABLES! She gasps. Feels a hand on her shoulder. Spins to find Paul.

PAUL
You have no idea.

I/E. PRIUS - CONTINUOUS

Evan races through the Teppertown streets, on his cell. Another BEEP on Bob's voicemail...

EVAN
Bob, pick up, damnit! Paul has Abby!

...skidding to a stop down the block from Paul's house, where his guests stream out, waving goodbye. Evan lowers the window for Marv, who whines.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Stay here.

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

PAUL
Humans.

EVAN
Where is she, you freak?!

The dog BARKS at Evan's aggression.

PAUL
Dahmer, no.

EVAN
You named your dog after Jeffrey Dahmer?

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

Paul calmly takes the last sip from his cocoa mug. Evan sniffs at the air.

EVAN

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

Paul whacks Evan over the head with the mug.

INT. GARAGE - THAT EVENING

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

EVAN

Okay, so I was right about the
aliens. But you were right about
everything else. I made you promise
I wouldn't change but I needed to.
I was scared shitless, Abby. I
still am...but I'm ready now. For
friends and a linen closet and a
baby. I want the special sauce.
(off her puzzled look)
I want my life to be about more
than just me.

Though his hand is bound he manages to pry free his little
finger.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Pinky swear.

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

PAUL

She loves you, too.
(then)
You bind and gag enough people, you
start to understand.
(she struggles again)
Sorry, couldn't catch that.

Paul lowers her gag...

ABBY

Why are you doing this?

PAUL

Our planet's overcrowded. We need a
suburb and this podunk planet is
it. Trust me, had I known what
assholes you were I'd've never
taken the job. My wife couldn't
stand it. Left me here alone.
(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

Do you know what it's like to get a Dear John letter when she's already seven trillion light years away? Kinda stings.

EVAN

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

PAUL

Cute. But it was definitely you people who cost me my Lisa. That's why I've always planned to take one with me. To make things even.

(re-gags Abby)

Abby'll fetch a terrific price in our galaxy.

Paul throws Abby in the back of the Hummer.

EVAN

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

PAUL

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

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

I/E. TERCEL (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Bob can't help but look at his phone. Sees the voicemail light flashing. Cracks...

BOB

I'm gonna check my voicemail. In case Chelsea called.

As he listens, they drive past the HIGH SCHOOL.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Big night out in suburbia. The whole community gathered under the lights for the big game. The marching band playing.

CHELSEA sits in the stands. Sees JASON run off the field after throwing a TD. The CROWD cheers for their star.

But his focus is on Chelsea. He smiles that smile. Rushes up to the edge of the stands.

JASON

Meet me at halftime. The training room.

She's torn...

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

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

EVAN

Marv! Good dog!

A weird GROWL, not from this Earth. Dahmer TEARS OUT of his Rottweiler skin to reveal he is actually some kind of ALIEN CREATURE, equivalent to a dog for them. Kinda like a giant scorpion hyena.

EVAN (CONT'D)

That's not good.

Marv GROWLS back. Takes a tough stance.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Marv, don't. That thing is--

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

EVAN (CONT'D)

Marv--

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

EVAN (CONT'D)

Marv?

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

EVAN (CONT'D)

I'm so glad we adopted.
(realizing)

From a shelter. Here in Teppertown.

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

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

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

EVAN (CONT'D)

Who's a...good boy.

The garage door surges open, the Watch guys on the other side.

BOB

Jamarcus, kill it!

EVAN

No, that's my dog.

Bob shrugs. It's been a weird day. As Bob helps Evan to his feet...

BOB

I got your message.

EVAN

Bob, I'm sorry--

BOB

You don't have to say anything.
It's the end of the world. Feelings
get a little touchy.

Evan holds out a fist for a pound. Very un-Evan. Bob smiles and obliges. But time is short...

EVAN

I know where The Hive is. It's at
the Costco.

BOB

Did you take a blow to the noggin'?

EVAN

I'm serious. It's right on top of
the old potato farm. That's where
they first broke ground. Not Town
Hall.

Evan dangles the keychain.

BOB

First football. Now this.

CLOSE ON EVAN'S HAND

Popping a CD into a stereo. Bon Jovi's new faster, baddass remix of *Wanted Dead or Alive* over a MONTAGE in which the team prepares for battle, *A-Team* style.

* Franklin has a cabinet full of shotguns. Tosses them to our guys.

* Bob cracks open a box of Costco HEADSETS.

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

* In Bob's kitchen, the guys pour the frozen mixture into SHOTGUN SHELLS.

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

JAMARCUS

There'll be a few dozen of 'em
there, protecting The Hive.

* They plug their supersoaker hoses into LARGE DRUMS. Pop chemical ICE PACKS in their pockets.

* A shot of the men in Bob's yard, in slo-mo, walking towards camera, cocking their shotguns, frozen ammunition bandoleros slung over their shoulders, Costco headsets on.

Our montage ends as they approach Franklin's truck, COOL GUY A/C REPAIR written on the side. Bob leans in to Evan, for the first time betraying the tiniest bit of skepticism...

BOB

We really are just a bunch of dudes
with car magnets. You sure we can
do this?

EVAN

Of course we can.
(steely resolve)
We're the goddamn Neighborhood
Watch.
(grabs the keys)
I'll drive.

I/E. FRANKLIN'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Our guys race toward battle. Jamarcus taps on the dashboard clock. 8:38.

JAMARCUS

We've only got twenty-two minutes
to do this.

Evan slams on the gas, surging into the Costco parking lot.

EVAN

Bob, I just wanna let you know. I'm
gonna hurt your Costco right now.

Evan floors it, headed right for the bulk store's GLASS FRONT
ENTRANCE... Bob covers his eyes... Franklin cheers...

CRRRASHHH!!!!

INT. COSTCO - CONTINUOUS

We burst out the truck's rear doors. The dust settles to
reveal...TWO DOZEN ALIENS. Transformed and pissed. It's on.

Bob gives a TACTICAL HANDSIGN to Jamarcus who triggers the
supersoakers...which are connected to Franklin's A/C-repair
FREON DRUMS. When the cold chemical hits them it spreads
through the aliens' bodies which freeze, then EXPLODE like
shards of glass. The supersoakers wipe out the first wave.
More HANDSIGNS. Franklin cuts open a chemical ICE PACK,
tosses it like a grenade. The cover laid down, the guys move
out.

An alien hisses, descending on Bob, who blasts him with the
shotgun. The cold from the nitrogen-tipped bullet explodes
the alien.

BOB

Welcome to the suburbs, bitch.

Now a giant battle erupts. Very real combat amidst the most
mundane of consumer goods. The optometrist. The Christmas
trees.

The three MILFs descend ON BOB.

MEG

I don't usually like to eat people.
All those calories. But for you,
I'll make an exception.

Bob blows away Judy and Stella. But Meg proves tougher,
knocking his gun away. She backs him up against a FROZEN FOOD
CASE filled with Eggo waffles. Just as she's about to rip out
his neck, Bob swings the door open, sending her flying into
the FREEZER. He slams the door shut on her. As the cold
spreads through her body...

BOB

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

FRANKLIN dive-rolls into the drink aisle. Two aliens drop from the ceiling. Frank fires but his GUN JAMS. One alien smiles, runs at him. Franklin throws open a cooler, grabs a cold beer bottle, and smashes it over its head, then jabs it in its heart. Smashes the other's head through the glass. He's like Swayze in *Roadhouse*. Jamarcus watches, slack-jawed.

FRANKLIN

I wasn't kidding about the bar
fights. Shit went down!

The team reunite in the auto section. Evan indicates the TIRE PILE, slid open, the passageway visible.

EVAN

I found the way down.

BOB

Radials. Genius. Haven't sold one
if fifteen years.

They rush in, fighting off aliens, slamming the door shut behind them. Jamarcus smashes his hand into a fusebox, ripping out wires, locking the door, the aliens in Costco now trapped outside. They head down into the

DARK PASSAGE

A labyrinth of winding corridors. It's hot, damp. Sweat dripping down our guys' faces.

HIVE ROOM

The guys emerge into a massive space, awed at the giant beating HIVE in its center. A control panel around it, massive air ducts hanging from the domed ceiling above. They aim their weapons at the Hive...

BOB

On three. One...two...three!

They all FIRE SHELLS at The Hive. It seems to be hit, TURNS BLACK. Then nothing. Suddenly, the shells come surging back out, PINGING around the room, nearly killing our guys...

FRANKLIN

What the hell was that?!

JAMARCUS

(realizes)

Oh dang. The Hive.

EVAN

What about The Hive?! Explain!

JAMARCUS

Well the Hive is like this giant ball of...stuff-- but it's strong and it-- Hive-izes anything but more Hive--

BOB

Really? That's the best you can do?

JAMARCUS

I'd like to see one of you explain photosynthesis.

(then)

Look, it's pure energy. And I'm pretty sure the only thing that can destroy it would be more of that same energy.

BOB

Damnit.

They stand there in silence, wracking their brains.

FRANKLIN

Energy...energy...energy...

JAMARCUS

Repeating it isn't helping.

EVAN

(realizing)

The car battery...

BOB

Yes, it was defective. Why are you bringing this up now?

EVAN

Remember?! The jumper cables. I didn't ground it and it blew the battery. If the only thing that'll blow it is more of itself, maybe we just need to mess with its cables.

BOB

Yes. This good!

(then)

You said this thing is sending its energy out to the ships through the goalposts, right?

JAMARCUS

(nods)

We can access the cable in the high school. The Equipment Room.

BOB

We un-ground that end, it'll send the energy back here and--

EVAN

(looking at The Hive)

Blow the battery.

BOB

Frank, guard the door. Evan, go get Abby.

(to Jamarcus)

Zeddemore, you're coming with me. We're going to school!

Bob and Jamarcus race back out into the tunnels.

Evan scans the Hive room. Sees ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY. Nods goodbye to Franklin. Carefully approaches, gun drawn...

WINDING THROUGH THE ALIEN TUNNELS

Bob counts an exact number of paces, looking up.

BOB (CONT'D)

Aisle sixteen, diapers, toaster strudel, and...the air vent.

They have, indeed, arrived at vent grate. Jamarcus rips it open and they hurry in, climbing a ladder...

PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Bob and 'Marcus pop out the other end, now outside Costco. Look back towards the entrance where the A/C truck EXPLODES.

BOB (CONT'D)

There goes that plan.

Bob looks across to some nearby HOUSES. An idea. Sneaks across the parking lot on foot...

ON EVAN

As he searches these new tunnels. Hears something ahead. Lights flash, like televisions. Tiptoes up to find

THE CONTROL CENTER

A wall of screens monitor the impending attack. Evan walks in, gun drawn.

PAUL (O.S.)
Does this mean you killed my dog?

Paul (in full alien form for the first time, the most vicious one yet) emerges from the shadows, holding little Abby in front of him as a hostage shield.

EVAN
Technically, my dog killed your dog. But, yes.

PAUL
Drop the gun, Evan. Or she dies.

EVAN
We're gonna blow your Hive, Paul.
Let her go and I'll let you walk out of here.

PAUL
(grips her tightly)
I'd rather we all die.

LINUS' HOUSE

Bob and Jamarcus burst in to find Linus on his couch, smoking a pipe, and watching an episode of *The Office* in which Jim is about to propose...

BOB
We need your help.
(Linus hesitates)
I'll get you the DVD!

FOOTBALL FIELD

The ref blows the whistle. Halftime. The team jogs off. CHELSEA bites her lip and...rushes off towards the school.

The BURNOUTS lay on the grass off to the side of the bleachers, again looking up at the sky. Another SHOOTING STAR.

DEBARGE
Hey, look, a shooting--!

But the star freezes in midair. As does another. And another. And a dozen more. Debarge rubs his eyes. The stars, with their linear glinting, begin to ROTATE, revealing that they are, in fact, SPACESHIPS! Hundreds of them. Filling the sky. Descending. Right now. *What the--?*

The scoreboard CLOCK flips from 8:59 to 9:00. The WHOLE CROWD looks up, freaked...

LINUS' SHED

Jamarcus has the hood up on Linus' SPACESHIP. The ENGINE STARTS.

JAMARCUS
You were close. I can't believe you
got this thing to run on a
lawnmower engine.

BOB
Alright. Punch it, Lando!

JAMARCUS
I can't fly this thing.

BOB
What do you know?

JAMARCUS
Can you fly an airplane?

GUNSHOTS ring out. Bob leans out to see a COP CAR on the lawn, MORGAN and BRUSSELS firing...

BOB
They're after us!

Bob hops into the small cockpit, the others following.

LINUS
I got this.

Linus shoves his way in front of the alien controls. No wheel or throttle, just hands in front of a sensor ala *Minority Report*. Doesn't exactly know what he's doing.

LINUS (CONT'D)
Okay, just gotta take off the
emergency brake--

The ship flies backwards, surging through the wooden shed, which is smashed to pieces.

LINUS (CONT'D)
My bad.

The ship SURGES UP into the sky, the cops shooting after in vain.

SKIES ABOVE TEPPERTOWN

Linus flies erratically. Zips through a giant donut atop a donut store. Goes vertical between the legs of the WATER TOWER. Zooms past a COP whose eyes go alien. He gets on his radio, calling it in...

CONTROL CENTER

Tense. Evan and Paul circling. Abby looks up at the alien, then to her husband, decided...

ABBY
Shoot him, honey.

His hand shakes. He could hit her...

EVAN
But what if I--?

ABBY
You can do this.

Evan's hand trembles on the gun. Should he? No. But he has to. Finally...

EVAN
Keep your head down.

CLICK. Out of bullets. Paul smiles.

PAUL
Nice tough guy line.

Paul tosses Abby across the room to the monitor wall. She falls to the ground, unconscious. Evan backs away. Uses the shotgun as a stick, fending off Paul, who swipes at him, enjoying this...

AT THE FOOTBALL FIELD

The marching band does their halftime show, playing John Williams' theme from *Star Wars*. IN THE STANDS people point at the sky, panicked. Suddenly, A SHIP COMES SCREAMING DOWN...

It CRASHES in an endzone and SKIDS TO A STOP at the fifty yard line. Silence. Its hatch opens...FSSHHHH! Our guys pop out.

OLD LADY IN STANDS
They look just like us!

LINUS
I come in peace!

BOB
(hops out)
Let's move!

They rush into the school...

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Throw open the doors to find...MORGAN AND BRUSSELS waiting for them.

BRUSSELS
Ladies.

BOB
How did they--?

JAMARCUS
We didn't exactly take the straightest route.

MORGAN
I'm gonna enjoy this.

Linus' eyes grow wide. He holds his head...

LINUS
The voice... It's you!

MORGAN
(smiles)
That's right, darling.

The cops move in. Jamarcus fires at Brussels, who bounces away. Jamarcus chases.

Bob fires at Morgan who leaps over the shot, landing right at Bob's feet. Knocks his gun away. Throws him down hard. Flicks Linus away.

Jamarcus BLASTS Brussels, who explodes into pieces...

JAMARCUS
I'm not cleaning that up.

...but he's too far to help Bob...Morgan lifts his leg in the air, smiles for the death blow. Stomps down on Bob's chest, exploding a CHEMICAL ICE PACK in his pocket. The stuff freezes Morgan's foot, spreading up his leg. He staggers to the ground, on his back. Linus sees Bob's gun, picks it up, leers over Morgan.

MORGAN
Please, don't! Not like this!

LINUS
You're right.

Beat. Then Linus shoves Morgan onto his stomach. Cocks the gun.

LINUS (CONT'D)
That's better.

BOOM!

Bob turns to Jamarcus.

BOB
Don't let any of 'em in.

Leaving them to guard the door, Bob rushes off...

TRAINING ROOM

Chelsea waits for Jason, pours herself some Gatorade from a barrel on the counter. Jason sidles up behind, kisses her neck. Spins her, aggressive. He's waited long enough.

CHELSEA
Whoa, slow down.
(no answer)
Maybe we should just stop--

His skin gets translucent, the eyes morph.

CONTROL CENTER

Paul stalking Evan, who fends him off with the gun. Paul SMACKS IT AWAY. Evan runs but Paul leaps to the ceiling, skitters along and hops down in front of him.

Paul HURLS EVAN UP BY THE NECK, CHOKING HIM. Evan kicks his legs, helpless. Running out of air. Paul bares his teeth, about to bite down on Evan's face, when...

SLAM! Abby, THROWS A MONITOR down on Paul's head, ELECTROCUTING HIM. As his body convulses on the floor...

ABBY
Alright, what's next?

Evan smiles.

HIVE ROOM

Franklin hears a THUD! Skittering. Rushes out into the doorway to see the SIX REMAINING COSTCO ALIENS storming down the hall, descending from the AIR DUCT that Bob and Jamarcus used. Franklin opens fire, SCREAMING...

FRANKLIN (INTO HEADSET)
Evan, get back here! They're in!
They're in!!! Hurry, Bob!

SCHOOL HALLWAY

Bob nears the Equipment Room when he hears a scream. Across the hall in the Training Room, Chelsea is about to be attacked by Jason, now transformed.

BOB

No--

Bob looks to the Equipment Room. His daughter.

TRAINING ROOM

CLOSE ON CHELSEA her eyes wide with fright.

JASON

I'm glad you're my first.

As Jason reaches toward her...BOOM! A shotgun blast rings out. Blowing a hole in the wall. Reveal Bob. As he struggles to RELOAD, Jason races to him. Grabs the gun and bends it in half. Kicks Bob across the room to the counter.

JASON (CONT'D)

You were always getting in the way.

Jason marches toward Bob. Bob is pinned against the counter, nowhere to run. Jason opens wide. Bob catches sight of something. Just as Jason begins to bite down...

Bob grabs the BARREL OF ICY GATORADE and--SPLOOSH!--dumps it over Jason's head, which freezes and EXPLODES!

Chelsea rushes to her father...

CHELSEA

I should've listened to you.

BOB

Me too.

CHELSEA

(hugs him)

I love you, Daddy.

Bob smiles, finally at peace.

BOB

Get out of here. Run.

CHELSEA

Where should I go?!

BOB
You're a big girl.
(then)
I trust you.

HIVE ROOM

Franklin struggles to hold off the aliens at the door.

FRANKLIN (INTO HEADSET)
Evan, where the hell are you?!

Evan and Abby rush in. Abby grabs Evan's gun. They all fire at the remaining aliens, finally blowing them away. They head back out into the tunnels. Franklin leads them to the vent.

EVAN (INTO HEADSET)
What's going on, Bob?!

EQUIPMENT ROOM

Bob races in, tosses aside some lockers to reveal a CONTROL PANEL. He rips that open to see the giant ENERGY TUBE.

BOB (INTO HEADSET)
I'm in! J-Marc, talk to me...

JAMARCUS (ON HEADSET)
You gotta rip it out and jam it
into the green socket!

BOB (INTO HEADSET)
Are you sure?!

JAMARCUS (ON HEADSET)
Pretty sure!

BOB (INTO HEADSET)
Good. 'Cause I'm pretty sure it's
time to blow this pop stand.
(then)
Hey, Ev, before we do this, I gotta
know. Did you listen to the CD?

VENT

Abby and Franklin make their way up the vent LADDER, Evan about to do so...

EVAN (INTO HEADSET)
I didn't listen to it, Bob...I
heard it.

EQUIPMENT ROOM

Bob cracks the tiniest hint of a smile. Yanks out the giant tube. Energy spews out, threatening to incinerate him. He struggles to get control.

BOB (INTO HEADSET)
Ready. Evan, are you out?

VENT

They near the top of the vent, Evan the last one up.

EVAN (INTO HEADSET)
Do it, Bob!

...when he's GRABBED FROM BEHIND by...PAUL, who's still alive! Paul tries to pull Evan back down, wounded but still strong.

ABBY
Evan!

EQUIPMENT ROOM

BOB (INTO HEADSET)
Not until you're out!

VENT

Paul OPENS HIS JAWS, lifting Evan toward his mouth. Abby and Franklin pulling the other way.

EVAN (INTO HEADSET)
Bob, do it!!!

EQUIPMENT ROOM

Bob plunges the tube into the green outlet. The energy clogs up, surging back the other direction.

HIVE ROOM

The energy hits The Hive, which overloads...

VENT

Evan...KICKS PAUL TWICE right in the face. They lock eyes...

EVAN (CONT'D)
Get the fuck out of my neighborhood.

Evan gives A FINAL KICK, SENDING PAUL FLYING DOWN THE VENT!

BOOOOOOOM! The Costco explodes, flames enveloping Paul within the vent. Evan and company run and take cover.

FOOTBALL FIELD

The crowd looks up in awe at

THE SKIES ABOVE

Their energy source overloaded, the SHIPS EXPLODE, like the greatest fireworks display ever.

THE BURNOUTS

watch...

TUBER

Best Homecoming Rally ever.

OUTSIDE COSTCO

Safely covered from the falling debris, Abby looks at her husband, smiles.

ABBY

The planet is now officially saved.

EVAN

Y'gotta start somewhere.

EXT. TRAUTWIGS' BACKYARD - DUSK - A WHILE LATER

Franklin and his adorable WIFE AND KIDS sit at a table.

FRANKLIN

--and then Daddy smashed him in the head with a Heineken--

Bob and Bonnie walk past Chelsea and a cleaned-up TUBER, their arms around one another. Bob smiles.

BOB

I like this one.

BONNIE

I'm really proud of you.

BOB

Hey, Ace, your girl's old man's got an empty coozy here.

TUBER

Lemme take care of that, sir.

Tuber hops to the ICE-FILLED cooler. Reaches in. Bob watches intently to make sure...

BOB

Nah, a cold one. Really get in there.

Linus, sans bathrobe, whispers with Jamarcus...

LINUS

So what happened to the rest of you?

JAMARCUS

Redeployed. Turns out there were some unforeseen effects of the whole global warming thing. Hurricanes and shit. Rather than launch another attack, we decided to conquer Neptune.

LINUS

There's life on Neptune?

JAMARCUS

Not for long.

LINUS

And you?

JAMARCUS

I'm staying here to finish my research.

(calling out)

Yo Doog!

Jamarcus squirts Bob in the mouth with a Jaeger shot from a supersoaker.

Bob saunters over to EVAN who wears SHORTS--a big step. He slides a spatula under a piece of salmon on cedar planks--a grilling expert.

EVAN

Salmon, Bobber?

BOB

Not bad, buddy. But you'd look better in one of these...

Bob hands over a BLACK APRON with the PRADA logo across the chest.

BOB (CONT'D)

It's a genuine Prada reproduction.

Evan smiles, puts it on.

ABBY stands nearby, unable to hide a grin. Evan sees, pads over.

EVAN
What?

ABBY
Nothing.

EVAN
I know you. You're glowing.
(perhaps still nervous)
Did you pee on something plastic?

ABBY
Four of 'em.

EVAN
And?

ABBY
Pink, right arrow, plus and a
creepy picture of a baby.

Beat, then Evan sweeps her into his arms, kisses her sweetly.

Bob tosses a FRISBEE. Marv (back as a Boston Terrier) jumps fifteen feet in the air and snatches it.

We continue past him up into the sky, just starting to twinkle with stars.

THE END