

KITCHEN SINK

Written by

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EXT. STREET - OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - DEAD OF NIGHT

Beneath a quarter moon that sparkles in the starry sky, DAG PARKER and LORELEI JONES run for their fucking lives.

The zombie-pocalypse is upon us, which would be bad enough, were it not for the simultaneous arrival of vampire-mageddon.

Chaos and carnage reign, with humans killing zombies killing vampires killing humans in a massive chain of death.

It's as if we've walked into the wrong theater and find ourselves twenty minutes into the third act.

Dag and Lorelei, a couple of all-American blood-soaked teens, race for the farm house at the top of a hill, a few dozen yards ahead of an undead mob of brain-eaters doing the zombie-shuffle, and a phalanx of hemoglobin-drunk blood-suckers.

INT. FARM HOUSE

Dag and Lorelei kick open the DOOR and SLAM it behind them.

Safe! Phew.

CAMERA pans 180 and we see the room is chockablock with human-zombie-vampire madness. They'd have been safer outside.

ARM

punches through the door grabs Dag's head and slams it back into the door. Lorelei shrieks. Real helpful.

A vampire leans in to bite Dag's neck, but the zombie's arm slips right into the vampire's path and it bites the zombie instead, who drops Dag.

Dag and Lorelei are off toward the stairs. Along the way zombies and vampires assault, but they're getting in each other's way, and amazingly, the plucky young teens make it to the staircase.

Dag leads Lorelei up the steps, but she's yanked by the ponytail and pulled back to the landing, where she's beset by a trio of vampires.

Dag breathes deep, bends his knees and launches himself from the top step, torpedoing his body into the back of the middle vampire, a black-haired teen no older than they are.

The pair crash forward into the wall, CLANGING into a pair of yard-long tubular copper door BELLS.

Dag grabs a bell in each hand and yanks them loose. He swings one into the jaw of the vampire to his left, and plunges the other into the chest of the one to his right. Black blood oozes from the protruding end of the tube.

The vampire Dag hit in the jaw recovers and moves to bite Dag's neck and Lorelei screams again.

Dag ducks just as a nerdy-looking zombie slams into the door-bell speared vampire, sending it and the protruding bell straight into and through the about-to-bite-Dag vampire.

The zombie grabs Dag's head and prepares to eat his brain, when the vampire-girl Dag top-roped CLANGS his skull with the other DOOR BELL.

Before Dag can register the pin-wheeling threats, vampire-girl super-punches Dag in the chest, launching him back up to the top of the steps.

LORELEI

Dag!

It's her first word, and her last, as vampire-girl wastes no time in mainlining the blood from her jugular. Yum!

Dag attempts his second leap from the top step, but this time vampire-girl is ready, and she catches him by the throat with one hand. She holds him there, choking him, while she returns to her Lorelei blood-shake.

But she's interrupted by the zombie she clanged in the head, who grabs her hair and yanks her head back. Dag, lashing out at anything near, punches the zombie in the head with both fists. It's vampire on human on zombie on vampire.

And that's when things get bad.

WHITE LIGHT

floods through every window, momentarily blinding everyone.

SHOCK WAVE

hits the house like a wrecking ball, sending Dag, the vampire and the zombie tumbling off the landing and into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

The trio gather themselves and prepare to reengage, but

WHITE LIGHT blinds them again. And

SHOCK WAVE

even bigger this time, blows out the windows and doors, burying shards of glass and splinters of wood into various zombies' brains and vampires' chests.

When the dust settles, we see that after all the fighting and the explosions, the only beings not left completely dead are Dag, the vampire girl and the zombie nerd.

That's it. The rest of the house is dead. Like, dead dead.

The three survivors look at each other, unsure what to do, when the zombie steps toward Dag.

ZOMBIE
Brains!

Dag takes a step backward, eyes wide.

VAMPIRE
Wait!

The zombie looks over at the vampire and cocks his head.

ZOMBIE
(to Vampire)
Brains?

The zombie now advances on the vampire.

DAG
Wait! Just wait a second.

The zombie stops again, extremely confused.

In the quiet of the house, we start to hear sounds from outside. Sounds of trouble.

Dag steps tentatively across the room, over the landing and into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Bodies strewn everywhere, but Dag pays them no heed. He's focused on the BOOMS and SCREAMS and ZIPS and WHIRS that are emanating from outside the house.

Vampire girl arrives behind him and then zombie. All three approach the windows and look outside.

EXT. HILL AND BEYOND

Outside, illuminated by the light of the blazing barn and a half-dozen oak trees, are dozens and dozens of -- I shit you not --

Alien spaceships.

Spilling from the ships like ants from a hole, are thousands upon thousands of silver-hued ALIENS, shimmering in the firelight, like the molten polyalloy terminator from T-2.

Using translucent bowling ball sized orbs that materialize from their palms, the aliens are vaporizing everything in their path.

INT. FARM HOUSE

The trio stare in horror as each of their kind is cut down.

Humans evaporated.

DAG
Oh my god.

Vampires disintegrated.

VAMPIRE
Holy shit.

Zombies vaporized.

ZOMBIE
Uuurrrggggh.

Dag and the vampire look at each other, speechless. Zombie joins the lookfest, eyeing the vampire first, then Dag.

ZOMBIE (CONT'D)
Brains?

DAG
No, not brains. No brains.
(off Zombie's squint)
We've got bigger problems right now.

Zombie looks at Vampire.

VAMPIRE
He's right. We need a cease-fire.
A truce. No biting.

A translucent orb rolls through the front door and comes to a stop in the living room.

DAG
What the --

The orb explodes, completely erasing a ten foot by ten foot spherical chunk of the room. Half a wall, half a piano, and a table full of tchotchkes... gone. Like they never existed.

The teens turn and peer out the window. Aliens, dozens, headed toward the house.

VAMPIRE
What do we do?

DAG
Basement.

Dag leads them over the landing and into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Dag pushes aside the kitchen table and peels back the jute mat below it to reveal a trap door to the basement.

VAMPIRE
How'd you --

DAG
They're my neighbors.

Dag yanks on the door but finds it locked. He KNOCKS on it.

DAG (CONT'D)
Mr. Miller? Mrs. Miller? You in
there?

There's no response, and Dag raps harder on the door.

DAG (CONT'D)
Please, if you're in there. It's
me, Dag.

Another pair of vapor balls hit the house, and a set of
kitchen cabinets no longer supported by a wall tumble into
Dag, knocking him to the floor.

DAG's POV

He sees aliens converging on the house from all sides.

DAG (CONT'D)
Mr. Miller, Mrs. Miller, please...

We HEAR a HEAVY LATCH UNLOCK below them.

Dag tries the door and this time it OPENS!

With sweet relief, Dag ushers Zombie in first, then Vampire,
and then, after pulling the table back over the hole and
placing the mat on top of the door, Dag gently lowers the
door above him and descends into the

BASEMENT

pitch black. Zero light whatsoever.

DAG
Mr. Miller? Mrs. Miller? Hello?

We hear a JANGLE, as Dag bumps into the CHAIN for the lights.

The bulbs pop to life, and what do we see?

Zombie and Vampire feasting on the farmer and his wife.

DAG (CONT'D)
What the...?

VAMPIRE
(sheepish)
Sorry.

DAG
To hell with sorry.

Dag scoops up a shovel and snaps the handle in two over his knee, giving him a stake in one hand and shovel in the other.

DAG (CONT'D)
And to hell with you.

ZOMBIE
(grinning)
Urrrrrrgh!

Zombie and Vampire drop their meals to the floor and the trio eye each other "The Good, The Bad and the Ugly" style.

HEAVY METALLIC FOOTSTEPS above them gives them pause.

DAG
Shit.

The distinct CLANG of the FOOTSTEPS is blurred as more and more aliens arrive in the room directly above the basement.

The STEPS gradually come to a halt, and the room is filled with a muffled alien chatter that sounds like a conversation between two Tivos. PU-PIK. PI-PUK.

The floor bows under the collective weight of the creatures.

PU-PIK... PI-PUK.

More metallic FOOTSTEPS as the aliens exit the house, leaving our three survivors to resume their endgame.

Zombie takes a tentative step forward and Dag raises the shovel over his head. Vampire feints toward Dag, but quickly turns toward Zombie.

ZOMBIE
(at Vampire)
Urrrrgggh.

They all retreat to their initial positions, eyeballing each other warily.

DAG
What's best case scenario here?

VAMPIRE
What do you mean?

DAG
I mean, say we don't all kill each other. What does the victor get, a lonely wait to be vaporized by an alien?

VAMPIRE
Got a better idea?

DAG
The enemy of my enemy is my friend.

ZOMBIE
Urrgh?

DAG
You'd think eating all those brains
would make you smarter.

ZOMBIE
(angry)
Urrrggghh!

DAG
With three of us, don't we have to
stand a greater chance of survival?

VAMPIRE
Not to be a bitch, but you're weak.
How could you possibly help me?

DAG
How long are you going to survive
in here? Off those farmers? And
what happens come daybreak? I
don't suppose you remembered to
pack your V-block?
(beat)
And Zombie here isn't exactly a
rocket scientist. How long would
he survive on his own?

VAMPIRE
But the three of us? *Together?*

DAG
Why not?

VAMPIRE
You mean, other than the fact that
when I look at you I see a Happy
Meal?
(thinking)
On the other hand, I suppose you
could be useful.

DAG
Every Dracula needs a Renfield.
(to Zombie)
What about you? Can you handle
this?

ZOMBIE
Brains?

DAG
No. No brains.

ZOMBIE
(angry)
Urgggh! Brains!

DAG
Brains, yes, brains! But not my
brains. And not hers.

ZOMBIE
(not liking it)
Urggghh...

DAG
Not mine and not hers. Got it?

ZOMBIE
(nodding)
Urgh.

Dag slowly puts down the shovel and stake, then stands and
stares at Vampire and Zombie, who both stay put.

DAG
I'm Dag.

VAMPIRE
Petra.

They turn to Zombie who scrunches up his face and speaks.

ZOMBIE
Urgh.
(that come out wrong)
Urggghh.
(frustrated)
URRGGHH!!

PETRA
He's the hall monitor kid. Nerd.

ZOMBIE
(angry)
Urgggh!

PETRA
Sorry. Ned. His real name's Ned.

ZOMBIE
(happy)
Urg!

DAG
The Heely kid.

ZOMBIE
(very happy)
Urg!

DAG
(to Petra)
You go to Fillmore?

PETRA
Went to, yeah.

DAG
Right. Went to.

There's a long beat as the three of them stare at each other.

PETRA
So now what?

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE OVER

TWO DAYS EARLIER

(beat)

WHEN THINGS WERE NORMAL

(beat)

ISH

EXT. COUNTRY STORE - MORNING

A white Pontiac 6000 stops at the curb and Dag opens the back door and hops out. From the front seat, his square peg mother, um, PEG, hands him a list, and his straight shooter dad, um, SHOOTER, leans over and adds to it.

SHOOTER
Get some milk, too.

INT. COUNTRY STORE

The door opens, and Dag, a gangly bag of knees and elbows, steps inside to see DAISY, the absurdly large-breasted store-owner's wife, standing behind the counter talking to DON JOHNSON, as in the actor, Don Johnson.

Dag takes one look at him and curses underneath his breath.

DON JOHNSON
Morning, Dag.

Dag rolls his eyes, grabs a basket and walks down the aisle.

As Dag shops, Don Johnson regales Daisy with some inane tinseltown story that Daisy eats up like a chocolate sundae.

DON JOHNSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
So finally the S.C., the stunt coordinator, says fine, we'll use your horse.

Dag scoops up a jar of jam, some eggs, a loaf of bread.

DON JOHNSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 And naturally the guy was a hundred
 percent right. My horse, champion
 that she was, sure as heck wasn't
 no stunt horse.

The only unchecked item on Dag's list is milk. He arrives at
 the refrigerator and finds it completely bare.

DON JOHNSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Not only did the stunt man end up
 with a broken neck, but we
 completely wasted the day. Had to
 push back my trip to Turks and
 Caicos and everything. Disaster!

Dag arrives at the counter, where he sees one beautiful glass
 bottle of ice cold milk resting on the counter.

DON JOHNSON (CONT'D)
 Ah, but I can laugh about it now.

DAG
 I hate to interrupt such an epic
 potboiler, but is there any chance
 I can grab that bottle of milk?

DON JOHNSON
 Sorry, Dag, but this is Don
 Johnson's milk.

DAG
 You're buying milk?

DON JOHNSON
 Is that a problem?

DAG
 You're a dairy farmer.

DON JOHNSON
 (voice rising)
 Who really likes milk.

DAISY
 (to Dag)
 Will this be all then?

Dag turns to Daisy and talks directly to her breasts.

DAG
 Yes, ma'am.

Daisy starts ringing and bagging Dag's merchandise.

DON JOHNSON
 So how's that dog of yours, Dag.
 (Dag is lost in cleavage)
 Dag? Hey!

DAG
(resurfacing)
What? My dog? Fine, why?

DON JOHNSON
I'm still having a bit of a
predator problem. Lost another cow
this weekend.

DAG
And you think it's my dog, that it?

DON JOHNSON
It's the fifth cow in five months.
And Raul found a hole in the fence
between your property and mine.

DAG
Look, Mr. Johnson --

DON JOHNSON
Call me Don.

DAG
Look, Don, have you ever considered
that the reason you lose so many
cows is that you're a better actor
than you are a farmer?
(off Don's hesitant smile)
And you're a shit actor.

PEG
(from the front door)
Dag Parker, apologize right now!

DON JOHNSON
(so goddamn charming)
That's alright, Mrs. Parker. The
boy's just feeling his oats.

DAG
Feeling his oats? You're from San
Francisco.

DON JOHNSON
Nash Bridges is from San Francisco.
I'm actually from Flat Creek,
Missouri.

DAG
You should go back.

INT. THE PARKER PONTIAC

Dag sits in the back seat, frowning.

DAG
I hate that smarmy douche. How can
you stomach him coming in here with
all his money and fancy equipment?

SHOOTER

Dag, when you're older you'll understand. Life's all about ups and downs. Mr. Johnson has every right to buy his land and run his business however he wants.

DAG

You guys are pathetic.

SHOOTER

Watch it, Dag.

DAG

He put you out of business. How can you just roll over like that?

SHOOTER

What exactly would you have us do?

DAG

Something? Anything?

PEG

We do what we can, Dag.

DAG

Like what? Name one thing?

SHOOTER

It's complicated, son.

The car pulls up in front of Dag's high school.

DAG

It's not complicated at all.
(opening the door)
You guys are pussies.

Dag slams the door and runs away before he can catch hell.

EXT. MILLARD FILLMORE HIGH - MORNING

Dag vanishes into the sea of students that pours into the front entrance of a fairly large high school.

INT. HALLWAY

An endless sea of lockers. Dag glares at a photo of a hairless dog taped to the front of his locker door.

He scrunches up the paper, yanks open the door and tosses it onto a pile of identical crumpled up pictures.

CAMERA rises straight up, through the ceiling tiles, pipes and tiles of the floor directly above Dag, arriving at

VAMPIRE GIRL'S LOCKER

where VAMPIRE GIRL, also known as PETRA LANE, eyes herself in the mirror at the back of her locker. She's a raven-haired beauty with black eyes and bone china skin, and a nasty two-inch scar on her scalp that she hides behind a wall of bangs.

Her tude says she's hot, she knows it, and you should F off.

But wait a sec, did a look of panic just zip across her face?

No matter. It's gone, as Petra adjusts her mostly-miracle-bra-rack and tugs at the bottom of her just-long-enough-to-be-street-legal dress. Just in time, as here comes

MILAN PINACHE

tall, dark and delicious.

MILAN

You ready for tonight?

PETRA

(a perfect actress)

You bet I'm ready.
(grabs his belt)
You better bring it.

MILAN

(impish smirk)

I'll bring it.

Milan leans in to kiss her, but stops at the BLARING of a WHISTLE, wedged firmly into the mouth of

ZOMBIE

currently known as NED EUSTACE, the Heely-wearing hall monitor, honor student, and weiner extraordinaire.

NED

No PDA on school property.

Milan eyes Ned with benign indifference, and we STAY on

NED

as he rolls down the hall, weaving in and out of packs of kids like a roller skate dancer at Venice Beach. Until a

LEG

materializes out of nowhere in an attempt to trip him.

TRIPPER

Nerd!

Ned, oddly dexterous for a, um, nerd, leaps the leg with aplomb, spins on a dime and Heely's backwards -- Is this even possible? Yes, for Ned, who's figured out the required parabolic whatchamacallits -- down the hall.

NED
 (James Bondian, he thinks)
 The name... is Ned.

Ned spins back around and

WHAM!

his FACE connects with the waiting LID of a garbage can,
 knocking Ned to the ground, hard.

Standing over his prostrate frame is TONY CERONE, no one
 important, but we need an unsympathetic dick character.

TONY
 Whistle on that, Nerd!

EXT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Ned, rubbing his bright red forehead, arrives at the door of
 the teachers' lounge and walks inside.

INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE

In a room darkened by tightly drawn blinds, listless teachers
 with out-of-fashion clothes and never-in-fashion hairstyles
 dot the room, eyeing the clock in anticipation of summer,
 retirement and then death. Toll-booth-working-dentists are
 happier to show up for work.

Whistle dangling around his neck, Ned rolls over to MR.
 KELLER, the world's worst math teacher, who lies on a couch,
 apparently nursing the world's worst hangover.

NED
 Mr. Keller?

MR. KELLER
 (eyes closed)
 Teachers' lounge.

NED
 What?

MR. KELLER
 Teachers' lounge. Teachers'
 lounge. Teachers' lounge.

NED
 Right, but I just had one quick
 question about --

MR. KELLER
 (screaming)
 TEACHERS' LOUNGE!!!! You insolent
 little turd. Piss off and go blow
 your whistle at the cool kids.

NED
(seemingly unfazed)
I'll talk to you after class then.

MR. KELLER
I hope you get hit by a bus and
die.

INT. CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Blinds drawn, Mr. Keller SNORES in his chair at the front of the room, while a class full of students enjoys the break.

Ned, Petra and Dag are all there, although the dozen or so feet between them might as well be galaxies: one of them would have to burst into flames in order to attract the attention of the others.

Dag sits by himself in the far corner of the room, idly doodling a cartoon picture of himself throwing a baseball in a notepad. It's a flip book, and Dag flips the pages to display himself throwing the pitch that wins Fillmore the State Title.

DAG
(as he flips)
Mwaaaa! And the crowd goes wild!

Petra sits at her desk looking anxious. She tugs at her dress constantly and fusses with the hair covering her scar, while beside her a girlfriend chatters mindlessly about heels, parents, sunshine, lollipops and god knows what...

Ned sits at his desk quietly solving differential calculus problems in a college workbook. Cause he's a nerd, get it?

The BELL RINGS, and everyone immediately flees the room. Everyone, that is, except Mr. Keller, who continues snoring, and Ned, who continues working. (See above, re: nerd)

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON

Fifty healthy young bucks throw, hit and catch balls on a perfectly pleasant fall afternoon.

Behind the plate a catcher holds up his mitt in anticipation.

THWAP!

The catcher rips off his mitt and howls in pain.

CATCHER
Damn, dude.

Behind him an ASSISTANT COACH stares in awe at a radar gun.

ASSISTANT COACH

PULL BACK to reveal Dag, on the mound, wearing an awkward grin. Beside him stands the HEAD COACH.

HEAD COACH
Damn, son. What are you eating?

Dag smiles, sheepishly and picks up another ball.

HEAD COACH (CONT'D)
I'm serious, are you cycling?

DAG
(unsure)
My mom drives me.

Teammates titter at Dag's obtuseness.

HEAD COACH
Roids, son. Roids.

DAG
What? No. I just hit a growth spurt.

HEAD COACH
Six inches in a month is some spurt, boy.

CHAZ JR., 6'5", 220lbs, more ripped than a Kate Perry CD...

CHAZ JR.
Maybe hairless wonder finally sprouted a pube.

Dag's shoulders slump.

CHAZ JR. (CONT'D)
Show us, rat dog, show us one pube.

HEAD COACH
Is that true, son? You really spick and span down there?

Dag can't believe this is happening to him.

HEAD COACH (CONT'D)
Cause that's weird, I think. Kid your age.
(to assistant coach)
Is that weird coach? No hair at seventeen?

ASSISTANT COACH
Maybe he shaves it? I read somewhere that they do that now.

HEAD COACH
Boys?

ASSISTANT COACH
Started with the girls, then
spread.

HEAD COACH
Is that it, then? You shave it?

More than one teammate has their phone out at this point,
recording the entire exchange.

DAG
(long beat, near tears)
Can I just pitch or something?

HEAD COACH
We're about to find out, son. Chaz
Jr., get in there.

Chaz Jr. steps to the plate with well-earned bravado.

Beyond the batting cage fence, a sun-dress clad Lorelei sits
on a picnic blanket painting her toenails. Ooh, she's so
purdy. Be a real shame if anything bad happened to her.

CHAZ JR.
Pay attention, Lor. I'm about to
remind this bitch who's finally
gonna beat Harding High and win
Fillmore it's first state title.

LORELEI
(looking up from her toes)
Remind him gently, Jr., that bitch
is my neighbor and he's a nice boy.

CHAZ JR.
(to Dag)
Okay, nice boy. Bring that cheese
in here. Chaz Jr. is 'ungry.

Dag eases his hand into his mitt and grasps the ball, the
slightest hint of a grin peaking out from the corner of his
mouth. This is one of those scenes, with the top jock and
the prom queen and the underdog and Dag recognizes it
immediately. This is his moment to show her what he's made
of. This is the moment she takes notice.

This... is... everything.

SLO-MO/MOS as Dag kicks his leg high, reels his arm back and
whips the ball with more velocity than ever before.

ZOOM slowly into Dag's face, as he follows the path of the
ball, eyes wide in expectation of glory.

But Dag's face morphs from triumph to horror.

FULL SPEED/FULL SOUND, still TIGHT on Dag's face, as we hear
SNAP SNAP

CHAZ JR. (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Aaaaaahhhhhhhhh!!!!

LORELEI (O.S.)
 Chaz!!!!

The horror in Dag's eyes is palpable.

ASSISTANT COACH (O.S.)
 Jesus Christ!

SLOW ZOOM into the black of Dag's pupil as we listen to the gory details.

CHAZ JR. (O.S.)
 Is it broken?

ASSISTANT COACH (O.S.)
 Which one?

Chaz Jr. wails... Lorelei screams... someone vomits...

POST-APOCALYPSE

INT. BASEMENT - MILLER FARM - TIME UNCLEAR

Dag and Petra sit together in the basement, dimly lit by two fluorescent overhead lamps at the far end of the room. Ned, looking like a guy who popped a few too many oxys, lies zonked out in the corner.

Above them, we hear the muffled sounds of aliens watching TV, along with a constant chorus of alien PI-PUKS and PU-PIKS.

PETRA
 How long are they going to stay up there? What the hell are they doing, anyway?

DAG
 You mean other than watching TV?

PETRA
 Seriously? We were overrun by alien couch potatoes?

Dag PEELS open a CAN of peaches, as Petra recoils in disgust.

DAG
 You don't like canned peaches?

PETRA
 No.

DAG
 Is that like, uh, a vampire thing?

PETRA
No, they're just gross.

DAG
But you wouldn't eat them even if
you liked them?

PETRA
No.

DAG
Because all you eat is human blood.

PETRA
I guess so.

DAG
You guess so?

PETRA
I don't know. I mean, I haven't
been a vampire for all that long.
(off Dag's look)
Do we have to talk about this?

Dag looks at Petra, then a drooling Ned, then back at Petra.

DAG
What the hell else are we gonna do?

PETRA
(exhaling)
I don't know... die of boredom?

Dag leans his head against the wall and looks up at the shelf
above his head, which is covered with cans of paint.

TIME CUT:

BASEMENT - LATER

Ned lies unconscious between Dag and Petra, who've each taken
a half of his body to decorate as they see fit.

Dag's side is what you'd expect from an immature teenage boy.
A black eye, a mustache, polished nails...

Petra's side is more thoughtful, with her half of Ned's face
painted to look like Heath Ledger's Joker, and a series of
Tim-Burtonesque spirals and swirls coating his arm.

DAG
You're making me look bad.

PETRA
(self-conscious)
It's nothing.

DAG
Do you, like, paint?

PETRA
Sometimes.
(beat)
Yes.

DAG
Is that embarrassing for some reason?

PETRA
I don't know. It seems lame to admit trying hard at anything.

DAG
Well I think it's cool. People who are just naturally good at things piss me off.

Petra half smiles. Encouraged, Dag grabs Ned's jaw.

DAG (CONT'D)
(working Ned's jaw)
Why... so... serious!

Petra reluctantly laughs. Dag, feeling it now, does it again.

DAG (CONT'D)
(louder, more dramatic)
Why... so... seri --

Ned half wakes with a wild URRRRGGGH!! that sends Dag skittering across the room in a panic.

Petra laughs fully and heartily now, and as Ned drifts back to sleep, Dag grins, happy.

End of the world or not, he just made a pretty girl laugh.

PRE-APOCALYPSE

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Ned still sits in the now pitch black room, still doing calculus by the light of his cell phone.

Mr. Keller SNORES a few more times before finally issuing a GAGGING SOUND that wakes him with a start.

Mr. Keller blinks his eyes a few times and absentmindedly rubs his palms along his chest and audibly SLAPS his TONGUE around his ripe mouth as he rouses from his slumber.

NED
Mr. Keller, if I might have a word
with you about our most recent
exam. I believe there's been an
error.

The look on Mr. Keller's face says it all. This is not the
first time Ned has lingered. This is not the first time Ned
has bothered him.

MR. KELLER
Tell me Ned, is it still considered
an error if it wasn't an accident?

NED
Pardon?

MR. KELLER
You think there's been an error
because you answered all the
questions correctly yet still
received a failing grade.

NED
That's correct.

MR. KELLER
And...

NED
And, I'd like you to correct my
grade. By my calculations this F
will lower my grade in this class
to a B-, which would --

MR. KELLER
Don't you get it, Ned? I'm
teaching you a lesson.

NED
A lesson?

MR. KELLER
Not everything in your life is
under your control. It's best you
learn that now, before you get the
wrong idea.

NED
I'm not sure I follow your logic.
You're deliberately misgrading my
exam as some kind of favor to me?

MR. KELLER
Fine, it's not favor. I've just
had enough. The constant hand-
raising. The constant handing in
of unasked for extra credit work.
The relentless questioning of every
assignment. You're a pest.
(finally looks at Ned)
The fact is I can't stand you.

(MORE)

MR. KELLER (CONT'D)
And that fact, combined with the
fact that I have final say over
your grade, means I can do whatever
I want, whatever I want.

NED
But I might not get into Harvard
because of this.

MR. KELLER
Oh god, that would be sweet.

NED
Mr. Keller, I'm not sure you
understand. If I bring this grade
home to my father he'll murder me.

MR. KELLER
Marvelous.

NED
I'm serious.

MR. KELLER
Me, too. Perhaps he'll put it on
YouTube.

EXT. MILAN'S CAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Milan drives a black hearse with tinted windows.

INT. MILAN'S CAR

Milan and Petra lie in the back of the hearse, Milan bare-
chested, Petra down to her carefully selected maroon
Victoria's Secret Angel Push-Up Bra and panties.

Milan strokes Petra's ivory neck as she runs her fingers
through his hair, the look on her face a mixture of desire
and apprehension. This is really happening. Finally.

PETRA
Is it going to hurt?

MILAN
A little at first. But then...
ecstasy.

Petra stares into Milan's eyes and smiles nervously.

PETRA
Okay, I'm ready.

MILAN
Baby, you're going to love it.

Milan leans in to kiss her neck, as his hand runs down
Petra's back, his fingers catching on the lip of her panties
and inches them down her waist.

PETRA
Ouch! Stop it!

MILAN
What? What's wrong?

PETRA
What are you doing?

MILAN
What do you mean, what am I doing?
You said you were ready.

PETRA
You said you wanted to go all the
way with me.

MILAN
I do.

PETRA
All the way means sex, not... that.

Milan sits up, peeved.

MILAN
Pet, I thought I made myself clear.
I don't enjoy sex with humans.

INT. EUSTACE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

In a fabulously appointed American dining room, Ned sits with his family while a SERVANT serves out healthy portions of steak, potatoes and gravy. Ned is flanked by his dashing father, SENATOR CHAZ EUSTACE, his glamorous mother, CHARLOTTE, and his twin brother, Chaz Jr.

Both of Chaz Jr.'s arms are encased in thick white casts from wrist to shoulder.

SENATOR
With every great disappointment,
comes an opportunity. Pop Pop told
me that, shortly before he vanished
into the Pacific on his second
attempt to circumnavigate the globe
in a hovercraft.
(dramatic pause)
I believe today's disappointment
presents just such an opportunity.

CHAZ JR.
You think I should take up soccer?

SENATOR
(horrified)
Soccer!? Have some self-respect,
son. No, I was thinking about Ned.

CHAZ JR.
(aghast)
What about him?

SENATOR
I spoke to Coach Thompson today,
and seeing as there's now an open
spot on the roster, I recommended
Ned for the position.

Both Chaz Jr. and Ned look positively revolted by the idea.

SENATOR (CONT'D)
Athletics is currently a glaring
hole in your C.V., and --

NED
With all due respect sir, I have
never received less than an A in
gym class.

SENATOR
Gym class? Ned, you need to excel
on the field, not just in the
classroom... Athletics run in this
family as deeply as academics.
Look at your mother, did she drop
out of Harvard while she was
winning all those gold medals?

NED
No, sir.

SENATOR
And did I quit the Yankees when I
was reelected to the Senate?

NED
No, sir.

SENATOR
So when I say you ought to try out
for the baseball team, do you think
that's a suggestion or an order?

NED
Understood, sir.

SENATOR
Your brother is a perfect example,
Ned. Now that his baseball career
is over --

CHAZ JR.
Sir, the doctors said --

SENATOR
The doctors were blowing smoke up
your ass. Face the facts, Jr.,
you're a cripple, and you'll be
setting off airport metal detectors
for the rest of your life.

(MORE)

SENATOR (CONT'D)

(beat)

It's time we moved on. Now, thanks to Chaz's sterling academic record he won't need his baseball prowess in order to get into Yale.

NED

He only has a perfect academic record because -- OU!!

Chaz Jr. instinctively punches his nerd brother in the dick, but moving his broken arms causes him just as much pain and he SHRIEKS as well.

SENATOR

The fact of the matter is, Jr.'s going to Yale. Whereas if you suddenly started failing tests, where would that leave you?

(with disdain)

Princeton?

(with outright horror)

Cornell?

METALLIC CLATTER as Charlotte drops her UTENSILS in horror.

Meanwhile, Ned's hand reaches for the failed test protruding from his back pocket, drawing Jr.'s attention to the paper.

SENATOR (CONT'D)

On that note, let's see 'em.

All color vanishes from Ned's face as his brother's casted arms awkwardly produce a stack of graded tests and papers.

While the Senator flips through Ned's stack - which consists of papers coated in smiley-faced A's - Ned clandestinely pulls the failed math test from his pocket, wraps it around a piece of steak and feeds it to the dog.

SENATOR (CONT'D)

Perfect, as usual, Jr.

(dead serious)

You can stay.

(beat)

Edward?

Ned hands over stacks of tests marked with the same A's, only his aren't accompanied by smiley-faces. The senator flips through them. He nods, nods, nods, then stops.

SENATOR (CONT'D)

What about math?

NED

Uh... I haven't gotten it back yet.

SENATOR

What? Reginald, get Mr. Keller on the phone immediately. This tardiness is unacceptable.

SERVANT
Yes, sir.

NED
Wait!
(off their stunned looks)
He's, um, dead.
(more stunned looks)
Like, dead dead.

CHARLOTTE
That's horrible.

NED
Not really.

INT. DAG'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A typical teenager's bedroom, if one that skews a little bit toward the immature.

Dag lies face down on his bed, quietly sobbing, while his mother sits beside him and strokes his head, and his dad leans uncomfortably against the bedroom door.

SHOOTER
(irritated)
Buddy, enough already.

PEG
Honey!

SHOOTER
I'm serious, he's too old for this.

PEG
We all develop a little slowly in this family. Do I need to dust off the yearbooks?

SHOOTER
No.
(beat)
Still though...

DAG
Dad, you don't understand. Our season is over. The title run is over. And it's all because of me.
(beat)
I'm over.

SHOOTER
Sure, but look on the bright side.

DAG
What bright side?

SHOOTER
You hit 91 on the gun!

PEG
Shooter!

SHOOTER
Look, son... shit happens.
(glances at watch)
Ooh, CSI time!

Shooter scrams, leaving the still stricken Dag behind with his sympathetic mother.

PEG
(yelling after Shooter)
Shit happens? Nice parenting.
(turning to Dag)
Listen, Dag, it's been hard not to notice certain, um, changes in your body lately.

DAG
Ma...

PEG
Now, I know it can be frustrating to be a late bloomer, but trust me, it can be a blessing in disguise.
(off Dag's look)
You can look at me funny all you want, but I'm telling you. The changes that are coming can be, um, dramatic, and kind of scary, so it's not such a bad thing to be a little older when it happens.

DAG
Ma...

PEG
Fine, I'll leave you alone.

Peg leaves the room, closing the door as she goes.

PEG (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(yelling down to Shooter)
Better not have started without me!

Dag sits up in his bed, his eyes red and puffy.

LORELEI (O.S.)
Jeez, I thought they'd never leave.

We TURN to see Lorelei climbing in Dag's window. Man is she pretty and blond and amply-breasted.

DAG
(wiping his eyes)
Oh, hey Lor.

LORELEI
Whattup, Dag, doin' a little weeping?

DAG
Yeah, right. Crying. Ha.

LORELEI
That's okay. I'd cry too if I'd
single-handedly ruined five hundred
students' senior year.

DAG
I believe that may be overstating --

LORELEI
I mean, this was the year we were
finally going to beat Harding High,
and get all that national press
coverage, and CJ was gonna get
scouted by the Yankees, and I'd get
discovered by --

DAG
Did you come by to make me feel
better, or what?

LORELEI
Feel better? What? No, I just
came to get my weed.

Lorelei crosses the room like she owns it -- cause she does --
and retrieves a small bag of pot from Dag's nightstand.

LORELEI (CONT'D)
Thanks, dude.

Lorelei crosses the room and sits on his windowsill, her back
leaned against the frame, one leg still on Dag's floor, the
other perched provocatively on the sill.

From Dag's POV we have a direct view of her pink cotton-
covered promised land.

Lorelei, either not knowing or not caring, opens the bag
packs herself a small bowl.

LORELEI (CONT'D)
(about the bag)
This feels a little light.

DAG
You know I don't smoke.

LORELEI
(exhaling into the room)
Could of fooled me with that pitch
today. Shit, Dag, what were you
thinking?

DAG
(beat, gut-check time)
I don't know. I just wanted --

LORELEI
I mean, you're a nice boy and all,
but man you can be such a retard.

Lorelei blows another cloud of smoke into the bedroom.

DAG
I hate to bring this up again, but -

LORELEI
Relax, dude, your parents are cool.

DAG
Um, they're actually --

LORELEI
So, I was thinking... you probably
shouldn't go back to school. Like,
ever. You should probably move.
To like, Canada.

DAG
If I moved to Canada, who would
hide your weed for you?

LORELEI
(stoned, freaking out)
Oh my god, you're right! That
would so suck. Shit, Dag... what
were you thinking?

DAG
I was thinking about you.

Lorelei laughs at the seeming non sequitur.

DAG (CONT'D)
I wanted to impress you by striking
out Chaz.

LORELEI
(part stoned, part aloof)
Impress me? Why?

DAG
(mustering up everything)
Because I'm in love with you.

Lorelei looks at Dag and they lock eyes.

...This is it...

Then she explodes with laughter.

LORELEI
Dag, you are the weirdest, funniest
boy I know. You totally had me...

DAG
Yeah... I'm just messing around.

LORELEI
 Could you imagine though? You and
 me? It'd have to be like the end
 of the world or something.

DAG
 Right. Well, you never know.

LORELEI
 (laughing again)
 You never know? Dag, you're gonna
 make me piss myself.

From out in the hallway we hear Shooter.

SHOOTER (O.S.)
 Goddamnit, Dag!

LORELEI
 That's my cue!

Lorelei tosses the weed in Dag's lap and ducks out the window
 just as Shooter throws open the door.

SHOOTER
 Dangit, Dag. No wonder you can't
 throw strikes.

POST-APOCALYPSE

INT. BASEMENT - MILLER FARM

Dag and Petra sit in dreary, awkward silence. Above them we
 hear the muffled sounds of alien PI-PUKS.

PETRA
 (stir crazy)
 Dag say something, anything. I'm
 freaking out.

DAG
 Like what?

PETRA
 Anything. What's your story? How
 come I never met you before?

DAG
 That's, um, two different
 questions.

PETRA
 Fine, who were you before all this?

DAG
 I don't know.
 (beat, reluctantly)
 I was on the baseball team.

PETRA
Jock.

DAG
(snorts)
Hardly.

PETRA
(remembering)
Wait a second. You're the hairless
dude who crippled Chaz Jr.

Ned's eyes widen.

DAG
(mortified)
I'm not... He wasn't crippled.

PETRA
Whatever. That was you, right?

NED
(off Dag's nod)
Urrghh! My brother!

Petra and Dag jump with surprise.

PETRA
You talk now?

NED
(struggling mightily)
Urgh. The brains. If I don't eat,
urgh, I get, urgh, smarter.

PETRA
Newsflash... Don't eat 'em!

NED
Who says I want be smarter?

PETRA
But eating brains is a bit --

NED
M-m-mind your business.

PETRA
Jeez.
(to Dag)
I liked him better when he just
moaned.

DAG
(to Ned)
Chaz Jr. was your brother?

PETRA
Chaz Jr. is a major league asshole.

DAG
 (to Ned)
 I didn't know. I mean, I didn't
 even know you before --

PETRA
 (talking over Dag)
 That date-rapist groped me at a
 party last year. Luckily Milan was
 there to kick his ass.

DAG
 Milan Pinache?
 (off Petra's nod)
 I get it. That's what made you
 decide to --

PETRA
 (razor-tongued)
 You don't get anything about me.

DAG
 I just thought --

PETRA
 Well don't, alright? Cause you
 don't know shit.

Dag's face contorts as he fights in vane to ward off tears.

PETRA (CONT'D)
 Oh, Jesus H. Take it easy, sport.

DAG
 I just wanna go home. I miss my
 parents.

Dag looks at the blank expressions on Ned and Petra's faces.

DAG (CONT'D)
 What, you don't miss your parents?

NED
 (wrinkling his nose)
 Urrgghh.

Dag turns to Petra.

PETRA
 My parents are dead.
 (off Dag's look)
 Seven years ago. Car accident.
 That's where I got this.

Petra lifts her bangs to reveal her smooth forehead.

DAG
 That's where you got a forehead?

Petra runs a finger over her forehead and feels nothing. Her
 scar is gone.

PETRA
Oh that's too weird.

DAG
So what, you were raised by wolves?

PETRA
Aunt and uncle. They're okay. But they've got their own kids. Then one day it's like, congrats, your sister's dead! Here's her screwed up twelve-year-old freak-show of a daughter!

(beat, tears welling)
I'm like this other thing they put up with out of some sense of obligation. But it's obvious they don't really give a shit about me.

Petra breaks down. Dag, distressed by Petra's tears, slides over and offers her his shoulder, which she accepts.

And Ned, who's been quietly stewing on the thought of his own cold and uncaring parents, begins to cry as well.

For a moment, the three of them just sit their crying.

DAG
Wow. We're a happy bunch, huh?

PRE-APOCALYPSE

INT. FRONT SEAT - MILAN'S CAR - EARLIER

Petra sits in the passenger seat, her cheeks stained with tear-streaked mascara.

Milan sits behind the wheel looking bored and irritated.

PETRA
I don't understand. I thought we had something.

MILAN
What part of me being a vampire didn't you understand?

PETRA
But you're assimilated. I thought you weren't supposed to do that anymore.

MILAN
Do what, Petra? You said no and I stopped. No means no.

PETRA
But why won't you be with me my
way? What's wrong with --

MILAN
(with a snort)
Please, I've already gone down that
road with Lorelei Jones.

PETRA
You slept with Lorelei?

MILAN
Don't you get it, Petra? Lorelei
had me for twenty minutes, maybe
less. What I'm offering you... We
could be together forever.

Petra stops at that, and the savvier viewer might detect that Milan has probably played out this exact scene more than a few dozen times before. Together forever is like catnip to a teenage girl.

PETRA
Do you really mean that?

MILAN
Petra...
(eyes twinkling)
Do you have any idea how long I've
been waiting for a girl like you?
(teeth engorging)
Centuries.

Petra's eyes widen and her defenses fall.

Game. Set. Snatch.

INT. NED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ned's bedroom looks like the office of an overworked corporate attorney, with stacks of papers piled everywhere and piles of heavy leather-bound books covering the floor.

Ned works at his desk, illuminated by a banker's lamp.

NED'S SHIT-STAINED MATH TEST

slaps down on the desk in front of Ned. He looks up in horror to see the Senator white with rage.

NED
Dad, I can explain.

SENATOR
It's sir, and save your breath.
The punishments are as follows.
Chaz Jr. has been grounded for a
week for being a whistle-blower.

CHAZ JR. (O.S.)
 (through his bedroom wall)
 Worth it!

SENATOR
 Your accomplice, Toodles Two, has
 been put to sleep, which is sadly
 not an option for teenage sons.

NED
 You don't understand. It's Mr.
 Keller. I got every question
 right.

SENATOR
 (not caring or hearing)
 As for you, Ned, seeing as you're
 incompetent both athletically and
 academically, you've left us no
 choice. I'm just off the phone
 with General Clark at West Point.
 (beat)
 You'll start in the fall.

With that, the Senator is gone, leaving Ned, alone in his
 room. His entire world blown up in an instant.

EXT. A PLACE WITH NAMELESS STREETS - LATER

Accompanied by the opening arpeggio of Where The Streets Have
 No Name, our three protagonists pound three separate
 stretches of pavement in solitary silence.

Their paths don't cross, but their moods are identical: Foul.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

Ned wanders the streets listlessly, aimlessly, almost like
 one lone zombie out for an evening stroll.

Perhaps this is what gives him the idea.

EXT. Z-TOWN MAIN GATE - LATER

Massive flood lights illuminate a twenty-foot brick wall with
 a massive iron gate guarded by camo-clad bad-asses with
 tinted visors and M4 carbines.

"Z-TOWN" is spray-painted on one wall beside the gate. On
 the other, "Abandon brains, all ye who enter here."

From behind Ned's shoulder we hear a great SHUFFLING of FEET.

Ned turns to see a herd of twenty zombies out for their
 evening exercise, a quartet of military men prodding them
 along. The zombies are all shackled around the neck, with a
 master shackle running along the length of the group giving
 them the rough formation of a shuffling ice tray.

The dead-eyed zombies' moans grow louder, and they veer hungrily toward's Ned as they pass, only to be corralled back on course by a pair of tazer-wielding guards on either flank.

EXT. Z-TOWN WALL - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Away from the gate, in the light of the quarter moon, Ned Heely's along the wall, raking his fingers across the bricks. From behind the wall we hear HUNDREDS, perhaps THOUSANDS of overlapping MOANS and GROANS.

Ned arrives at a tree branch that has falling beside the wall, giving him an easy ramp up to the top of the wall.

INT. Z-TOWN

From Ned's perspective we see Zombie Town, a District 9-ish refugee camp filled with tin shacks and tents and most importantly, zombies.

Ned sits with his legs dangling over the wall, perilously close to the grasp of the handful of zombies walking the wall on the other side.

ZOMBIE
(seeing Ned, hungry)
Urgggh. Urgggh!!!

A few zombies approach Ned as though he were a magical Big Mac gifted from the gods.

Ned looks down at them with disgust and horror. Maybe this was a mistake.

But then a clever, tent-pole-wielding zombie arrives and chases the others off with a few powerful Urggghs, as well as the occasional blow to the back of the head.

CLEVER ZOMBIE
(conversational)
Urgggh. Hey, man. Urg.

NED
You can talk?

CLEVER ZOMBIE
Sure. Urgggh.

NED
How come you can talk and the others can't?

CLEVER ZOMBIE
Me? Urg. I haven't been here as long. Or maybe I've been here longer.

NED
You don't know how long you've been
in there?

CLEVER ZOMBIE
How long who's been in here?

Ned squints, confused by the confusion.

NED
So what's it like, being a zombie?

CLEVER ZOMBIE
What's it like?

NED
Yeah, what does it feel like?

CLEVER ZOMBIE
What's what like?

NED
Being a zombie.

CLEVER ZOMBIE
Oh, right, urgh.

A zombie approaches from over Clever Zombie's shoulder and without any thought he wheels and CRACKS the zombie in the FACE with the tent pole.

NED
Does it hurt? Are you sad?

CLEVER ZOMBIE
Say what now?

NED
Being a zombie, is it bad?

CLEVER ZOMBIE
I don't know. It's simple. I see
brains and I eat them and they're
yummy.

NED
That's it?

CLEVER ZOMBIE
Urg. Pretty much.

Ned sits on the wall, pondering.

CLEVER ZOMBIE (CONT'D)
Wait, you seem smart.

NED
Pretty smart, yeah.

CLEVER ZOMBIE
So you must have a big brain.

NED
Well, brain mass doesn't have a
direct correlation with
intelligence, but yes, often the
gifted have larger --

Clever grabs hold of Ned's pants-leg and attempts to drag him
off the wall. Ned kicks him off.

CLEVER ZOMBIE
Brains!

NED
Back off.

CLEVER ZOMBIE
I want brains!

NED
Hold on a sec, okay? I can get you
brains.
(off his groan)
But you have to do something for me
in return.

EXT. COW FIELDS - MILLER FARM - NIGHT

A field of cows stand perfectly still in the moonlight. The
night is quiet but for the low RUMBLE of a nearby RIVER, and
an occasional THUD, followed by an exaggerated MOOOOOOOO.

Down at the front edge of an apple orchard, Dag scoops up an
apple. He winds, he fires, and

MOOOOOOOOO

Tears in his eyes, Dag reaches down and grabs another apple.

CELL PHONE RINGS

Dag pulls it out, eyes it, puts it back in his pocket.

THUMP MOOOOOOOO CELL PHONE

Dag pulls it out again and this time, because he's a good
kid, he answers it.

DAG
Dad, I'm fine.

SHOOTER (O.S.)
Where are you? You're not messing
with those cows again, are you?

DAG
No.

Dag smiles and takes a bit out of the apple in his hand.

SHOOTER (O.S.)
 You sure you're okay? Nothing
 weird happening with you lately?

DAG
 Weird like what?

SHOOTER (O.S.)
 I don't know. Just weird.

DAG
 Dad, I'm fine.

SHOOTER (O.S.)
 (relieved)
 Listen, Dag, I'm sorry I was hard
 on you before. I know it's tough
 being a kid, and a little
 recreational marijuana now and --

DAG
 It's not my weed, dad, it's
 Lorelei's. I hold it for her so
 she doesn't get in trouble with her
 folks.

SHOOTER (O.S.)
 You dog... I like your style.

DAG
 My style hasn't even gotten me out
 of the batter's box.

Dag waits for a response, but doesn't get one. In the
 moonlight he eyes the phone and as he sees the words Call
 Dropped, the phone gets brighter and brighter as Dag watches
 one bar after another disappear from the phone's signal
 strength, until finally it's replaced by a big black X.

DAG (CONT'D)
 Piece of shit.

But the whole field is lit up now, and Dag looks up to see

ALIEN SPACE SHIP

hovering above the field.

And another, above downtown.

And another above the high school.

And another. And another. And another.

DAG (CONT'D)
 (in awe)
 Sweet Meredith Baxter Birney.

EXT. MILLARD FILLMORE HIGH - MOMENTS EARLIER

Petra sits alone in the top corner of the bleachers, looking anxious, unsure, worried, drained.

She pulls out her cell phone and dials. Straight to V.M.

MILAN (FILTERED)
Hey, it's Milan. Leave a message
at the beep and I'll bite ya back.

Petra hangs up. Sighs.

She holds the phone up and angles it so that in the glass we see the reflection of the moon. The focus shifts, and now we see Petra's neck, and a pair of fresh puncture wounds.

She dials again.

MILAN (FILTERED) (CONT'D)
Hey, it's Milan --

She hangs up, as she's suddenly bathed in bright white light.

She looks up, shielding her eyes against the light and sees an alien ship hovering over the football field.

EXT. INSIDE Z-TOWN - MOMENTS EARLIER

Ned sits outside Clever Zombie's tent, nursing a gnarly looking full-mouth bite mark. In his hand is a spoonful of gelatinous gray matter. Brain.

Inside the tent behind him, we hear what sounds like someone EATING from a WOODEN BOWL, and in silhouette, we see Clever Zombie polishing off someone's brain like it's a bowl of Fruit Loops. He finishes with a burp and tips the body over, the arms and empty brain pan flopping out through the opening of the tent.

Ned glances over at the corpse, shakes his head ruefully and then SLURPS back the nugget of brain in his hand like an Oyster shooter.

The affect is instantaneous, like a rush of heroin, and Ned leans back against a tree stump, high on his first fix.

An alien ship arrives over the campsite, bathing the entire scene in bright white light, and now we see that both arms of the body are covered in white casts.

Ned zonked out on his first brain buzz, looks up at the sky.

NED
Holy fricking urgggh...

POST-APOCALYPSE

INT. BASEMENT - MILLER FARM

Petra and Ned stand over Dag's prostrate body.

A line of drool slips from Ned's mouth onto Dag's head, waking him, and he skitters back against the wall in terror.

PETRA
Calm down, calm down. We're just --

DAG
Settling in for a meal?

ZOMBIE
(excited at the prospect)
Urg!

PETRA
Dag, come on...
(beat)
Look, the Millers -

DAG
Who you ate...

PETRA
Who we ate, sure. Look, they
packed this basement full of people
food. And while that's all well
and good for you, Nerd and I --

NED
Urgh!!

PETRA
Sorry, Ned and I are kind of
jonesing for some tasty vittles of
our own.

DAG
So?

PETRA
So, seeing as the only edible thing
in this room is, hello, you, I'm
thinking maybe it would be a good
idea for you to help us scrounge up
some non-you grub.

DAG
You make an airtight case,
counselor. What's the plan?

PETRA
Plan?

DAG
You weren't thinking I was going to
race up there and find you some
helpless human to nosh on were you?

PETRA
Um, kinda.

DAG
Well, forget about it. I'm not a murderer.

PETRA
It doesn't have to be alive. Any old carcass'll do.

NED
Urg!

DAG
Sure, but for all we know it's wall to wall alien up there.

PETRA
Uh-huh.

DAG
So why don't you go up there yourself?

PETRA
Because despite the fact that you seem like a nice guy, and you're kind of growing on me, I keep wondering to myself why it is that I don't just drink you?

DAG
Cause I'll spear you in the tits!

PETRA
And he'll eat your brain!

NED
Brains!

DAG
Okay, okay. Chill out, alright? I get it.
(beat)
How long have we been down here?

Petra looks at Dag, and then at Ned, and then back at Dag.

PETRA
No clue.

DAG
It's gotta be, like, at least a couple days, right?

PETRA
I think so.

NED
Urg! A week.

DAG
You're saying we've been down here
for a week?

NED
(without impediment)
Eight days, actually.

PETRA
Hey, that was really clear, Ned!

NED
(blushing)
Urg.

Dag rips on all the lights and we see that nearly the entire
food store has been emptied out.

DAG
Jesus, we've gotta get more food.

PETRA
Now he wants to be helpful. What a
philanthropist.

NED
Philanthropist.

PETRA
Wow. You're really coming around.

INT. FARM HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The trap door slowly lifts up a few inches to reveal the
scared faces of Petra, Ned and Dag, who's wearing a
motorcycle helmet with the visor up.

They scan the room from floor level and we see the house has
been cleaned out. All the earthly corpses are gone.

DAG
(to Petra)
Get out there.

PETRA
Why don't you go?

DAG
I'm just a weakling human...

PETRA
Let's send Ned.

NED
(negative)
Urgghh.

PETRA
 (touching Dag's arm)
 Listen, Dag. You're our only hope.

DAG
 Oh, please. You really think I'm
 that easy?

Petra gives Dag a peck on the cheek, and he nearly falls down the stairs.

PETRA
 (giggling)
 You really are adorable. And I'm
 not just saying that because I'm
 deliberately manipulating you.

Dag rolls his eyes and mans up. He lifts open the trap door, and steps into the kitchen, Farmer Miller's shotgun in hand.

The place is spotless. Dag follows the sounds of the TV and steps toward the landing that leads to the living room.

Dag flips down the visor on his helmet and pops his head out.

LIVING ROOM

Sitting on the couch is a large alien watching TV.

KITCHEN

Dag pops his back into the kitchen, where Petra and Ned look on from the trap door.

PETRA
 What's he doing?

DAG
 Watching TV.

PETRA
 What's he watching?

LIVING ROOM

Dag sticks his visored head around the corner once more.

KITCHEN

Dag lifts the visor to reveal a scrunched up face.

PETRA
 Well?

DAG
He's watching Tosh.O.

PETRA
What?

DAG
It's a clip show. This guy Daniel Tosh --

PETRA
I know what Tosh.O is. Why is he watching it?

DAG
It's pretty funny, actually.

NED
Wwwwweb redemptions.

DAG
Those are good, right?

PETRA
Why is an alien that has taken over the planet sitting in the living room watching Tosh.O?

DAG
I don't know, want me to ask him?

LIVING ROOM

The alien sits and quietly watches Daniel Tosh riff sarcastically about a fat girl skateboarding.

Dag, Petra and Ned all pop their heads around the corner. They stare in confusion at the alien staring at the TV.

Tosh.O PI-PUKS its way to CELEBRITY REHAB, which PU-PIKS its way to MAD MEN.

Dag, Petra and Ned return to the kitchen.

DAG
(heavily sarcastic)
Well that makes sense.

NED
(agreeing)
Urgh, Celebrity Rehab no good.

DAG
I was referring to the fact that there's an alien sitting on the couch flipping channels.

NED
 Oh.
 (beat, confused)
 Urgggh...

DAG
 Just say it.

NED
 Why does it makes sense?

Dag smacks Ned in the side of the head and Ned instinctively whirls and opens his jaws at him.

PETRA
 Can you morons focus on the task at hand?

DAG
 Which is?

PETRA
 Getting me blood. Those bastards cleared out all the corpses.

DAG
 I kind of saw that as a positive.
 I was a little freaked out about seeing Lorelei.

PETRA
 Oh. Sorry about that.

DAG
 About what?

PETRA
 You know, killing your girlfriend and everything.

DAG
 She wasn't my girlfriend.
 (sensing opportunity)
 I just dumped her.

PETRA
 Really? You dumped Lorelei Jones?

DAG
 (looking around)
 Wait. Where's Ned?

Petra looks and sure enough Ned is nowhere to be seen.

Dag and Petra look at each other and then look towards the living room. They poke their heads around the wall and...

There's Ned, placidly sitting on the couch next to the alien watching TWO AND A HALF MEN.

DAG (CONT'D)
 (whisper yelling)
 Ned!

Ned pays no attention.

PETRA
 (slightly louder)
 Ned!

The alien lifts a hand and the TV PI-PUKS over to ALF.

NED
 Urrggh!!

Ned picks up the Tivo remote and PU-PIKS back to TWO AND A HALF MEN.

The alien breaks away from the TV and looks at Ned, his diamond-shaped alien eyes narrowing into menacing slits.

The look on the alien's face and the hand the alien raises toward Ned scares him off the couch, just as

VAPOR BALL

Emerges from the alien's hand and

NED'S HALF OF THE COUCH

vanishes into thin air. Ned races over the landing as the

LANDING, WALLS AND THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRCASE

disintegrate and vanish as well, leaving Ned, Dag and Petra exposed in the kitchen.

PETRA
 Fuddruckers.

The three teens race for the back door as the alien shoots whatever the hell it's shooting at them and spherical piece by spherical piece the house vanishes into thin air.

EXT. BACKYARD - MILLER FARM - DAY

The three teens burst into the yard, and into broad daylight.

Petra immediately falls to the ground and starts screaming.

She's BURNING UP!

Not knowing what else to do, Dag leaps on top of her, placing his arms over her arms, his legs over her legs and his head over her head.

DAG
 It's okay, it's okay, I've got you.

Petra slowly quiets down as the pain dissipates.
Calm, she looks into Dag's eyes, just millimeters from hers.

PETRA
Enjoying yourself?

DAG
(beyond disgusted)
Really? I mean... Really?

PETRA
(beat)
Sorry. Thank you.

DAG
(annoyed)
Whatever.

PETRA
Now what?

NED
Urgggghh!!!!

Petra and Dag turn their heads and see the bad news.

ALIENS

A lot of them, marching lock-step up the hillside, directly towards them.

PRE-APOCALYPSE

INT. GYMNASIUM - MILLARD FILLMORE HIGH - DAY

Hundreds of people fill the gym, where the principal stands addressing the anxious crowd.

PRINCIPAL
I'm not going to waste any more of
your time here people. The man I'm
handing the mike to is General
Marvin S. Clark, who's heading up
the government's response team for
our district. General Clark.

GENERAL CLARK
Okay here's the deal. All we know
right now is that the spacecrafts
arrived all over the earth at
exactly 11:06 p.m. on Thursday
evening. Currently there has been
no contact with the vessels
whatsoever.

CONCERNED STUDENT #1
What do they want?

GENERAL CLARK
Well, we've had no communication as
of yet, so we really can't say.

CONCERNED STUDENT #2
Why did they come?

GENERAL CLARK
That's basically just a rephrasing
of the first question.

CONCERNED STUDENT #3
Who are they?

Near the back of the rows and rows of people in attendance
sit Dag and and a purple-dress-clad Lorelei.

DAG
This is pointless.

LORELEI
Shhh...

DAG
This guy doesn't know any more than
we do.

LORELEI
Shhh...

GENERAL CLARK (O.S.)
Yes, in the purple.

DAG
I'm more concerned about --

LORELEI
(standing)
My boyfriend, Chaz Jr., has gone
missing. Do you know where he is?

The rest of the gym gasps audibly at the loss of Chaz Jr.,
and Dag buries his head in his hands.

GENERAL CLARK
I'm afraid I don't have that
information, miss.
(beat)
Now, if there's no further
questions, I'll --

MR. KELLER (O.S.)
I have a question, General.

Everyone turns to see Mr. Keller, standing beside Milan.

GENERAL CLARK
Yes, go ahead sir.

MR. KELLER
Was this assembly called for humans only?

GENERAL CLARK
No, as your presence ably demonstrates. And it's my understanding that the vampire community will in fact be holding a vampire-only assembly at the blood bank.

MR. KELLER
And what of the zombie community?

GENERAL CLARK
As you're certainly aware, zombie's no longer have the right to assemble.

MR. KELLER
According to whose laws? You know as well as I do that whoever piloted these ships might pose a grave threat to the creatures of this planet, and the disenfranchised and exiled zombie population could prove a valuable asset in any coming confrontation.

GENERAL CLARK
It is the military's opinion at this time, that utilizing the zombie population in any civil defense plan is likely to do more harm than good.

MR. KELLER
And what of the vampire population? How can we be assured the military is not of the opinion that we're next for the refugee camps?

GENERAL CLARK
This has all been settled under the Oslo Accords. Now is not the time --

MR. KELLER
Now is precisely the time, General.

While Mr. Keller speaks, we see Senator Eustace eyeballing notes from a pair of index cards.

MR. KELLER (CONT'D)
My brothers and sisters have walked the earth for thousands of years, and never before have we drawn the attention or ire of an alien species.

CHARLOTTE
Honey, what are you doing?

SENATOR
(rising from his seat)
Hopefully becoming the next
President of the United States.

MR. KELLER
Why should we few pay for the sins
of the many?

SENATOR
Who are you to talk to us about
sin? Last I checked we don't
survive on the blood of others.

MR. KELLER
Are you a vegetarian, Senator?

SENATOR
You're comparing the killing of a
cow to that of a human being?

MR. KELLER
Depends who's doing the killing.

SENATOR
Is that a threat, Mr. Keller?
Because the human race, God's race,
will not stand for it!

INT. PHARMACY - NIGHT

The automatic doors slide open and Petra steps inside.
KYLIE, the not-as-dumb-as-she-looks blond sitting behind the
counter, looks up from a Human People magazine and waves.

KYLIE
Hey, Petra. Cutting out of Aliens
101?

PETRA
Whatever.

KYLIE
I know, right? We're totally sold
out of duct tape and bottled water.
I mean, how stupid can you get?

Petra raises a finger and pulls her cell from her pocket.

PETRA
(wandering down the aisle)
Hey Milan... I've been thinking
about you too... Of course I can
meet you, what time?

Out of eye and earshot, Petra puts the phone down. Before
putting it in her pocket, she dials.

MILAN (O.S.)
Hey, it's Milan. Leave a message --

Petra pockets the phone and walks further down the aisle. She stops, looks over toward Kylie and then at the shelf.

She's staring at the Vampire Sunblock section. She eyeballs Kylie again, who's nose deep in her People magazine.

Petra picks up a bottle imprinted with a picture of a happy vampire couple splashing through the water at the beach. Affixed to the bottle is a thick silver security tag.

Petra eyes Kylie once more, then leans over and pries the security tag off with one unmistakably enlarged fang.

Petra tosses the bottle into her bag and heads for the door.

KYLIE (O.S.)
(bitchy)
Heard your assembly's at the blood bank.

Petra stops and turns around. Kylie nods towards a large round security mirror at the back of the store.

PETRA
Shit.

KYLIE
Never pegged you for a vamp, Petra.

PETRA
I'm not. Well, I mean, I wasn't.
I didn't --

KYLIE
Whatever.
(back to her People)
Too. Cool. For school.

Kylie returns her nose to her magazine, and after a long beat Petra reluctantly turns and walks away.

KYLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hope it was worth your soul.

EXT. Z-TOWN - EVENING

Ned paces back and forth outside of Clever's tent. Clever emerges with a huge smile on his face.

NED
Finally... I thought you were dead or something.

CLEVER ZOMBIE
Urrrrgggh...

NED
Right, Urgh. But what's the deal, where can I get some brains?

CLEVER ZOMBIE
Urrrrrgghh...

NED
C'mon! What's the matter with you?

VOICE (O.S.)
Brain-freeze.

Ned turns to see another zombie with the gift of speech.

CLEVER ZOMBIE #2
Urggh.. Ate too much brains.

NED
How long is he gonna be like that?

CLEVER ZOMBIE #2
Urgh? Three years?

NED
From eating one tiny brain?

CLEVER ZOMBIE #2
(shrugs)
Three days?

NED
Urrrrrggghh!!
(surprised at himself)
Jesus.
(beat, thinking)
Hey, you have any idea how to score
some brains?

CLEVER ZOMBIE #2
Sure!

A smiling Clever #2 stands and stares at Ned.

NED
Can you tell me?
(off his vacant stare)
Where I can find some brains?

CLEVER ZOMBIE #2
Oh. Urggh. Come.

Clever #2 turns toward the center of camp and starts doing the zombie-shuffle.

Ned tries to walk slowly beside him, but the pace is excruciatingly slow.

NED
Can you hurry it up a bit?

CLEVER ZOMBIE #2
Urgh... This is me running.

Ned rolls his eyes and the pair make their way through camp.

To the strains of the Platoon theme, Samuel Barber's "Adagio for Strings", we see the desperate state of the zombie population interred in the camp. We see zombies sitting around, eyes blank, zonked out after a meal of fresh brains. We see zombies gnawing on the skulls of rats and squirrels. We see zombies lying on the ground, rail-thin and listless.

INT. PARKER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Shooter and Peg sit on the couch behind TV tables holding thick juicy steaks, as Dag descends from the stairs in a hoodie and jeans.

SHOOTER
(holding the Tivo remote)
Where're you off to?

DAG
The Eustaces.

PEG
(surprised)
You're going to the meeting?

SHOOTER
That meeting is a bad idea.

DAG
I'm actually just checking to see
if they'd found Chaz Jr.

SHOOTER
Chaz Jr. is not your
responsibility, son. Why not take
a load off, watch CSI with us?

Dag stands, unsure.

SHOOTER (CONT'D)
(at TV)
What the heck?

PEG
What is it?

SHOOTER
Dang Tivo's gone haywire.

PEG
(nervous)
It taped the show, though, right?
We've still got the show.

SHOOTER
I don't know dear.
(at Tivo)
God dangit.

PEG
(frantic)
Shooter, please tell me we're not
missing CSI.

SHOOTER
Peg, dangit. Frozen piece of crap.

Dag slips out of the house, not hanging around for that.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Dag pulls the Parker's beat up Pontiac to the curb beside the insane line of cars parked outside the Eustace residence.

He hops out and heads down the block towards the house.

Right at the front door he loses his nerve and does an about face and heads back to his car. Before he gets very far, the front door swings open.

CHARLOTTE
Chaz Jr.? Is that you?

Dag stops, punches himself in the leg and turns.

DAG
No ma'am. My name is Dag Parker.
I came because I heard --

CHARLOTTE
Oh. You're here for the meeting...

INT. LIVING ROOM - EUSTACE HOUSE

Charlotte escorts Dag through the house by the elbow.

DAG
I was wondering if you'd heard from
Chaz Jr.

CHARLOTTE
(anxious)
He's been gone since last night.
We're worried he might have tried
to be a hero.

DAG
Hero?

KITCHEN

CHARLOTTE
You see it's his brother. We
recently discovered he's a touch
mentally disabled, and he wandered
outside unattended.
(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
 We're worried Chaz Jr. went after
 him and ran into a vampire. In his
 state, he'd be defenseless.

DAG
 But vampires don't attack humans.

CHARLOTTE
 You haven't heard? They've broken
 the truce! Animals.

They arrive at the top of the basement stairs.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
 They're all down there.

BASEMENT

Dag arrives in the basement to find it jam-packed with red-faced humans, all listening closely to the Senator, who stands before them, sleeves rolled-up, mid-barn-burner.

SENATOR
 This is precisely the opportunity
 those icy blood-suckers have been
 waiting for! They know full well
 our attention is diverted, our
 defenses spread thin, and our
 resolve weakened.
 (beat)
 Gentlemen I stand before you and
 tell you that I am privy to top-
 level intel that screams beyond a
 shadow of a doubt that the vampire
 attack is imminent. If we wait for
 them to strike first, we'll be too
 late. We must attack preemptively.

A roar of approval issues up from the crowd.

SENATOR (CONT'D)
 Now, my friends in Washington
 assure me that meetings just like
 this one are going on in towns all
 across this great nation, and we
 will not be alone in this, our
 moment, of triumph and glory.

A second roar of approval springs forth.

SENATOR (CONT'D)
 And I swear, as God is my witness,
 if those undead fascists think they
 can break the Oslo Accord and get
 away with it, well, they've got
 another thing coming, don't they?

More approval.

DAG
But, have they actually broken the
truce yet?

Silence to burst your eardrums.

SENATOR
Excuse me?

DAG
(bright red, sweating)
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to --

SENATOR
No speak son, this is a democracy,
is it not?

DAG
Um, I think it is. Right?

This draws a chuckle.

SENATOR
That's right, son. Now speak your
mind.

DAG
I was just, you know, confused I
guess, about whether the vampires
had or hadn't actually gone ahead
and broken the truce.

SENATOR
Well boy, I'm gonna make this plain
as day to you because I can see I'm
not dealing with what I like to
call an "A Student." Preemptive,
means we strike them before they
strike us.

DAG
But how do we know they're going to
strike us?

SENATOR
I'll let Chaz Jr. answer that.
(beat)
Chaz Jr.? Can you answer that
please? Oh no, that's right, he
can't answer because as we speak
some horrible, evil, God forsaken
vampire is sucking the last of his
life-blood from his neck.
(screaming, spit flying)
People, the vampire apocalypse is
upon us, and there is no way I'm
going to let my son die in vain.
No, we're going to strike now, and
win this thing before another hot-
blooded American soul is taken.

The crowd erupts with applause.

SENATOR (CONT'D)
 (to Dag and Dag alone)
 Now son, if you ain't with us,
 you're against us. So tell me,
 which is it going to be?

DAG
 Not much of a choice, really.

SENATOR
 Are you with us, or against us?

DAG
 I'm with you?

SENATOR
 One hundred percent?

DAG
 (with no feeling)
 One hundred percent.

Dag winces as he receives a few dozen slaps on the back from
 riled up community members.

INT. BLOOD BANK - NIGHT

In a scene all too similar to the one we just left, a large
 gathering of vampires sits and listens to Mr. Keller.

Near the back of the room, Petra leans against the wall
 scanning the crowd for the face of Milan Pinache.

MR. KELLER
 Thirty years ago, my father, in his
infinite wisdom, decided peace,
 assimilation and conscripted blood
 donation was a better answer than
 domination and enslavement. We all
 know where that got him...
 (beat)
 Murdered! Staked through the heart
 in a Bed Bath and Beyond by a quote
 unquote deranged assassin. Tell
 me, do you believe a two thousand
 year-old vampire could be felled by
 an underemployed bathmat-salesman?
 (the crowd chortles)
 No! The humans had the will my
 father lacked, and given that
 opportunity they did not blink.

Petra finally locates Milan near the front of the room.

PETRA
 (whisper shouting)
 Milan! Milan!

Milan turns, sees Petra, and his shoulders visibly slump. He
 turns back to Mr. Keller.

MR. KELLER

I ask you, if we're so assimilated, why hold a humans only meeting? If we're so accepted, why hasn't a single human shown up for their appointed blood donation? I'll tell you why: because assimilation and conscripted donorship was never a solution. It was a tactic.

PETRA

Milan!

The vampires nearest to Petra all turn and SHUSH her.

PETRA (CONT'D)

Shush yourselves.

Milan doesn't even turn to look.

MR. KELLER

Delay. Lay low. Like a coiled cobra, waiting for the next opportunity. The alien arrival, coincidental... or orchestrated... is just such an opportunity.

PETRA

Milan!

This time the vampires turn and bare their fangs at her with a HISS, Petra gets the message and heads out the door.

MR. KELLER

I stand before you, my proud undead brethren, and beg you not to make the same mistake my father made. The time to act is now.

(the crowd hums approval)

We must thin the herd, corral the survivors, and finally seize control of the one resource we require to rule uncontested.

(the hum becomes a cheer)

The reward for action, eternal paradise. The punishment for failure, eternal damnation.

The vampires rise as one, ready for blood.

EXT. BLOOD BANK - LATER

Milan and Mr. Keller walk down the front steps together. Petra, who's been waiting outside, jogs over.

PETRA

Milan.

MR. KELLER

(irked)

Who is this? What is this?

MILAN
It's nothing.

MR. KELLER
(walking away)
Deal with it.

Petra, god bless her poor recently undead soul, sees the writing on the wall but is in complete and total denial.

PETRA
I think there's something wrong
with your phone, I've been trying
you all night.

MILAN
Yeah, Petra, look... The thing is,
with this whole alien thing, and
the coming apocalypse, I'm not
really gonna have time --

PETRA
I can wait. I mean, we have all
eternity, right?

Milan frowns, eyes Mr. Keller who is standing at the passenger door of Milan's hearse, glowering at him.

MILAN
Thing is Petra, I'm just not that
into you.

Petra's face when Milan says this, oh my god.

PETRA
Just not that into me?
(would die if she could)
Just not that into me?

MILAN
Petra chill. Don't make a scene.

PETRA
Don't make a sc -- I'M A VAMPIRE!!
My soul is undead! For all
eternity! Don't make a scene!?

It would appear Petra intends to make a scene. A big one.

Milan shoots out a hand and clamps it over Petra's mouth.

MILAN
Chill, or I'll rip your face off.

Petra breathes deeply through her nose and stares at Milan with wild rage.

MILAN (CONT'D)
Are you chill?

Petra nods and Milan releases his grasp. Petra immediately opens her mouth to resume said scene, but stops when Milan moves to clamp her face again.

PETRA
(beat, calmer)
Just tell me why. Why did you
sleep with Lorelei, but bite me?

Milan offers up a Billy-Zabka-worthy evil smile.

MILAN
Lorelei is a hot blond with huge
tits. She's like a Playboy cover
girl. I'm having sex with that.

PETRA
But you said I was beautiful. You
said we'd be together forever.

MILAN
I see veins like that, I say a lot
of things. It's that pale skin, P,
you're like a walking pop machine.

PETRA
And now I'm a vampire.

MILAN
(dismissively)
You could have said no.

That's it, Petra, fangs out, lunges for Milan, only to be snared, mid-lunge, by the twisted claw of Mr. Keller.

Without a moment's thought, he hurls Petra across the lawn, THROUGH the SIDE of the car parked behind Milan's and out the other SIDE, where she rolls to a stop across the street.

MR. KELLER
When I say deal with it.
(yanks him close, evil)
Deal with it.

MILAN
Yes, sir.

The pair make their way down the sidewalk, as Petra hoists herself to a leaning position and spits out a mouthful of broken glass. Any human would be ridiculously dead.

MILAN (CONT'D)
See Petra, being a vampire ain't
all bad.

We settle on Petra's sad, sad face as Milan offers one last line of encouragement.

MILAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You'll figure it out... Just give
it a couple hundred years.

EXT. Z-TOWN - NIGHT

FROM ABOVE, we see that Z-Town is oddly quiet. Zooming down to ground level we focus on one large shack at the center of the camp.

INT. LARGE SHACK - Z-TOWN

Inside, we see that we've arrived at the secret zombie version of the town hall gathering.

Ned and Clever #2 sit near the back. Standing at the front of the shack is a big bald zombie, the head zombie, the CLEVEREST ZOMBIE of them all.

CLEVEREST ZOMBIE
We have no brains.

ZOMBIE CHORUS
Urgggh!

CLEVEREST ZOMBIE
My brother, the guard who brings us
morgue brains, didn't bring us
morgue brains today.

ZOMBIE CHORUS
URRGGGHH!

CLEVEREST ZOMBIE
I don't know what to do.

ZOMBIE CHORUS
Urrrghh.

CLEVEREST ZOMBIE
Maybe... No.

Cleverest stops and thinks, or whatever it is zombie's do.

CLEVEREST ZOMBIE (CONT'D)
I really want brains.

NED
(to Clever #2)
Urggh. Is this guy for real?

CLEVER ZOMBIE #2
Sure.
(pointing)
He's right there.

CLEVEREST ZOMBIE
Urgh. Could be something to do
with the, urgh, space ships.

NED
(exasperated)
Could be?

CLEVEREST ZOMBIE
Urrrggh!!

NED
(to Clever #2)
No wonder you guys are locked up.

CLEVEREST ZOMBIE
URGGHH!!

The other zombies agree. Urgh.

NED
Do you know where your brother is?
Cleverest squints at Ned, confused.

NED (CONT'D)
Did you ask one of the other guards
where he was?
Cleverest perks up. This one he knows!

CLEVEREST ZOMBIE
Urggh. No guards to ask.

NED
(stunned)
There's no one guarding the gate?
Cleverest squints once more in confusion.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN GATE - Z-TOWN - MOMENTS LATER

Walking briskly, Ned arrives at the abandoned Z-Town gate and takes a look at the massive iron chain that holds the door shut. It's not even locked.

NED
(pulling off the chain)
Unbelievable.

Ned heaves open the heavy metal gate and strides on through, followed about a minute later by the entire zombie horde.

POST-APOCALYPSE

EXT. BACKYARD - MILLER FARM - DAY

Dag remains on top of Petra, with Ned Urgghhing them to move, as the aliens tread up the hill to vaporize them.

PETRA
What do we do?

DAG
I... Uh... I...

NED
Urrrggghh!!

The aliens are getting closer. What are they gonna do?

An idea!

Dag reaches down, briefly exposing Petra's unprotected vampire arms to the sun. She screams as he rips his shirt and hoodie off in one go, up and over his head and down and over Petra's, covering her in his inside out sweatshirt.

Next comes Dag's pants, which he unbuckles and yanks down over his ankles and right back up over Petra's.

She's shielded! But...

Dag's naked. Buck naked. Totally nudie.

PETRA
Dude, ever heard of underwear?

DAG
Long story.

PETRA
I'm curious.

DAG
Now's not really the time.

NED
Urrrgggh! Aliens!

The aliens are indeed getting closer, but they keep running directly into the cows in their way. It's like they have some bizarre inability to see cows.

DAG
(still lying on Petra)
We should split up.

PETRA
Are you nuts? Splitting up is always the exact worst thing to do.

DAG
Yes, but I still think we should.

PETRA
You just want to split up because you're naked.

DAG
No!
(beat)
Maybe.

NED
 He's right. Urgh... Easier target
 together. And, urgh, if we split
 up they'll have to separate.

PETRA
 Wow, you're really coming along.

The first alien vaporizer ball erases a semi-circle of dirt
 just a few feet from their heads.

DAG
 Boys locker room at Fillmore! Go!

Dag doesn't wait for a counter offer as he leaps off Petra
 and runs his naked ass over to the apple orchard.

Another alien vapor ball lands right beside Petra and Ned,
 cueing their immediate flight.

Petra makes for the road on the far side of the farm.

Ned runs to the river we heard earlier and leaps in, the
 current carrying him much faster than his zombie feet could.

As Ned predicted, splitting up proves to be a brilliant idea,
 as the aliens are stymied by the move and the entire regiment
 focuses in on only one of the three. Petra!

As Ned floats down the river to safety, and Dag remains
 unseen in the orchard, Petra is in deep doo doo.

Huge chunks of earth disappear all around her as the aliens
 lob vapor ball after vapor ball in her direction.

Dag sees Petra's plight and biting his lip, he does nothing.

PETRA

runs down the hill at accelerated vampire speed, but even
 still, she's outnumbered, overwhelmed, without hope.

A huge bowl of earth disappears right in her path, and Petra
 falls directly into the massive divot. She rolls over onto
 her back and looks up to see three aliens arrive above her.

A vapor ball grows in the palm of the middle alien and he
 raises his arm to dispatch our pale and veiny heroine, when

THUNK!

A mysterious PROJECTILE plunks the alien in the noggin,
 knocking him ass over teakettle.

The other aliens look at one another and the one on the left
 raises his hand, which holds a budding vapor ball.

THWAK!

Another projectile knocks him to the ground.

The third alien turns just in time to see

NAKED DAG

deliver a ripe red apple about 91 miles an hour directly into his head. Dag is deadly accurate. Amazingly accurate.

DAG (CONT'D)
(to Petra)
Run!

Petra doesn't think twice, leaping out of the hole she's in and zipping off toward the road.

The aliens turn their attention to Dag, sort of. I mean, the kid is dead to rights, utterly surrounded by aliens, but they don't seem to see him.

PLUNK

Dag knocks over another alien, who falls to the ground rubbing his head in surprise.

In response, the aliens all raise their palms and fire vapor balls in seemingly random directions.

Dag cocks his head, confused, relieved, amped. He rifles an apple off the noggin of an alien at the far end of the group, and the aliens respond by turning and firing in the direction of the fallen alien, the exact wrong direction.

Dag, still baffled, backs off, silently edging away from the aliens, until he feels safe enough to turn his back and run.

PRE-APOCALYPSE

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Senator Eustace leads an angry ragtag mob of humans as they march down an utterly deserted street carrying stakes, guns, baseball bats... whatever they had in their garage.

EXT. DIFFERENT STREET - SAME TIME

Ned and his zombie brethren, shuffle slowly down a similarly deserted street, collectively moaning for BRAINS.

EXT. DIFFERENT STREET - SAME TIME

Mr. Keller, flanked by Milan and the rest of the town's vampire population, whip down yet another deserted street.

OVERHEAD SHOT

reveals that each group, the humans, the zombies, and the vampires are each on one of three main arteries that feed directly into the park at the center of the Town Square.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - MIDNIGHT

The three groups meet in the middle and

IT. IS. ON.

Humans ram spears into the chests of vampires, who burst open like balloons filled with blood.

SPLOOSH!

Others tee off on zombies' heads with aluminum baseball bats.

PING!

Vampires pin humans to the ground, their bodies visibly shriveling as the vampires' fangs extract the blood from their jugulars.

THWIP!

Others decapitate zombies' with the ease of children popping the heads off dandelions.

FWUP!

Zombies move like a swarm of ants over a fallen bag of bread crumbs, clutching and grabbing at anything they can get their hands on, chomping on heads, arms, feet, whatever.

BLUNCH!

Ned stands off to one side, sitting on the base of the statue and watching the utter madness with cool detachment.

An anonymous human runs by.

NED
Nope.
 (another)
Nope.
 (another)
Nope.

Then Tony Cerone, garbage-can-lidder and total dick, runs by.

Ned smiles.

EXT. MILLER FARM HOUSE - SAME TIME

Petra wanders aimlessly up the hill. When she reaches the house she stops and turns.

PETRA'S POV

The house has a vantage of the entire town, and we see the alien ships hovering quietly above us, as the human/vampire/zombie war plays out below like a miniaturized LOTR battle.

Uninterested, lost in her own misery, Petra knocks on the front door of the farm.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FARM HOUSE

Petra opens the door and pops her head in the house, the only light coming from the moon and spaceships via the windows.

PETRA

Hello?

Getting no answer, Petra wanders over and watches more of the chaos from one of the windows, then slumps down behind a large plant that stands in the corner.

PETRA (CONT'D)

(mocking)

I've waited centuries for you...

I'm just not that into you...

Lorelei is a big-titted blonde,
you're all pale and veiny.

(freaking out)

Pale and veiny?! Pale and veiny?!

(crying, a teenage girl)

Stupid boys. Stupid slut Lorelei.

INT. PARKER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Dag bursts inside, his shirt torn, but his body uninjured.

DAG

Mom!? Dad!?

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING

Dag bounds upstairs and races toward his parent's bedroom.

DAG

Mom?

INT. DAG'S BEDROOM

Dag rips open his bedroom door and finds Lorelei, lying on his bed as though it were her own, lit joint in hand.

LORELEI

Dude, knock much?

DAG

Have you seen my parents?

LORELEI
 Sure, who do you think rolled this
 joint for me?
 (giggling)
 No, dipshit, I haven't seen 'em.

Dag races over to the window and looks out.

VIEW

A pick-up truck SQUEALS around the corner, a pair of humans SHOOTING MACHINE GUNS from the bed at the supernaturally speedy vampires giving chase.

The truck THUMPS into a mass of zombie, loses control and SLAMS into a tree, ejecting both the passengers and sending the gunners in the bed catapulting up into the tree where they're impaled on jagged branches.

Dag takes it all in, then pours it all out in one giant BARF.

LORELEI (CONT'D)
 Sick! Wait, you've got booze? Is
 it vodka? I'd so kill for a V and
 T right now.

DAG
 Lorelei, we gotta get out of here.

LORELEI
 You stashed it? Nice. Screw Chaz
 Jr. You know that guy didn't
 drink? My body is a temple. Pfft.

DAG
 Lorelei, NOW!

EXT. DAG'S BEDROOM WINDOW

Dag leads Lorelei out by the hand, where she promptly slips in the puke and slides down the edge of the roof, dragging Dag with her.

EXT. LAWN BESIDE PARKER HOUSE

Lorelei lands with a THUD on the lawn and moans in pain. She realizes Dag hasn't landed with a THUD on the lawn.

LORELEI
 Dag? Dag?

DAG (O.S.)
 (through gritted teeth)
 Up here.

Lorelei looks up to see

Dag, hanging three feet below the roof, suspended by his tighty-whites, which snagged on the corner of the gutter.

Uber-wedgie.

LORELEI
Oh shit, dude.

Dag doesn't say anything, due to pain, mortification.

LORELEI (CONT'D)
That's like... the greatest thing
ever.

DAG
Lorelei, please. Hurry.

LORELEI
(snapping into action)
Right, right.

Lorelei pulls out her phone and snaps a pic.

LORELEI (CONT'D)
Facebook!

DAG
(tears welling)
Lorelei, please.

Lorelei puts her phone away and crudely tugs at Dag's feet.

DAG (CONT'D)
Gentle. Gennnntlllle!

She gives a ferocious yank and with a SNAP, Dag breaks free.

The tighty-whiteys remain dangling from the gutter, intact.

LORELEI
How is that even possible?

DAG
Lor, let's go!

LORELEI
Jeez, man, where's the fire?

BOOM

A thunderous detonation and accompanying fireball blooms up from somewhere off behind the house.

LORELEI (CONT'D)
(so stoned)
Ooooo! Pretty!

Before Dag can correct her, Mr. Keller EXPLODES through the Parker's downstairs WINDOW, grabs Lorelei by the neck and prepares to guzzle.

LORELEI (CONT'D)
Aaahhh!!!!

Before Mr. Keller can bite, Senator Eustace drives a stake through his back and out his chest, and Mr. Keller goes

SPLOOSH

bathing Lorelei in blood, Carrie-style.

LORELEI (CONT'D)
AAAhhh!!!!

Before Lorelei can catch her breath, Cleverest Zombie leaps down from fuck-knows-where and lands atop Senator Eustace, chomping apart his face and skull with rapid-fire and savage

CHOMPS.

LORELEI (CONT'D)
AAAHHH!!!!

Before it gets any worse, Dag grabs Lorelei by the wrist and they run off.

EXT. STREET - DEAD OF NIGHT

We've arrived at the first scene of the movie, with Dag and Lorelei racing up the hill for the farm house, while all around them humans are killing zombies who're killing vampires who're killing humans in a massive chain of death.

INT. FARM HOUSE

This time, from Petra's perspective. The room is chockablock with human-zombie-vampire madness, but Petra crouches in the corner, hiding behind a potted plant. She doesn't want anything to do with this. Until...

Dag and Lorelei kick open the door and slam it behind them.

Petra takes one look at Lorelei and her eyes narrow. There goes the one bitch on the planet that Petra wouldn't mind taking for an involuntary blood drive.

An arm punches through the front door, grabbing Dag. A vampire nearly bites him but bites the zombie by mistake.

Dag and Lorelei make their escape and head for the stairs, but before they make it all the way up, Petra grabs Lorelei by the back of her blood-soaked blond hair.

A pair of vampires join Petra on the landing, and she attempts to push them away. She wants Lorelei for her own.

But now she's SLAMMED in the back by a leaping Dag, and the pair crash into the wall, CLANGING into the DOORBELLS.

CUT TO:

NED'S POV

as he sits at the kitchen table, a napkin tucked into his shirt, shoveling brain from Tony Cerone's decapitated head into his mouth with a spoon, completely oblivious to the madness all around him. And then he finishes the brain.

NED
Urrrrggghh!!

Ned hurls Tony's empty head across the room, and turns to see the action on the landing, where Dag is kicking vampire ass with the broken doorbell.

NED (CONT'D)
Brains!

Ned rises and heads straight for Dag, who is about to be bitten by a vampire when Lorelei screams and Dag

DUCKS just as Ned attacks. He misses Dag and slams into the door-bell speared vampire, sending the vampire and the protruding bell straight into and through the biting vampire.

Vampires out of the way, Ned grabs Dag's head and prepares to eat his brain, when Petra CLANGS his skull with the other DOORBELL.

Petra then punches Dag in the chest, launching him back up to the top of the steps, leaving Lorelei finally alone.

LORELEI
Dag!

Petra shuts her up, plunging her fangs into her neck and mainlining the blood from her jugular. Yum!

Dag attempts his second leap from the top step, Petra catches him, gets back to drinking Lorelei, gets interrupted by Ned, who yanks her head back, and Dag, still held aloft by Petra, lashes out at anything near, kicking Ned in the head.

It's Petra on Dag on Ned on Petra. Then

WHITE LIGHT

floods through the windows and we

FADE TO WHITE

POST-APOCALYPSE

INT. MILLARD FILLMORE HIGH

Petra arrives, still wearing Dag's inside-out clothing over her own, and makes her way through the empty, half vaporized hallways. Huge circular sections of lockers, walls and classrooms are simply missing from the structure.

Petra pushes through the staircase doors.

INT. BOYS LOCKER ROOM - MILLARD FILLMORE HIGH

Petra opens the locker room doors and through a perfectly round six-foot-wide hole in a wall of lockers, spots Ned, one row over, curled up in a ball, sweating and shivering.

PETRA
Whoa.

Petra steps around the wall of lockers and approaches Ned.

PETRA (CONT'D)
You alright over there?

Ned looks up, eyes sunken, face ashen.

NED
(shuddering)
I think... I think... Urgggh...
I think I'm having withdrawals.

PETRA
Withdrawals from what?

NED
From brains. From brains, I think.

PETRA
That's messed up.

NED
I'll be okay. I just need some
brains, you know? Hey, urgh, you
got any?

PETRA
Brains?

NED
Yeah, I just need like a taste.
Urgh, just a smidge.

PETRA
(backing away)
Sorry, dude. All out.
(switching gears)
Did Dag make it?

NED
(not looking up)
Showers.

INT. SHOWERS

Petra steps into the shower room and sees Dag in a door-less stall toward the back, washing the caked blood from his hair.

She watches him for a moment, enjoying the view, then whistles a perfect construction worker cat call.

Dag sees Petra and immediately turns around in shame.

PETRA
(smirking)
I thought you were supposed to be hairless?

DAG
I was, but -- Would you just give me back my fricking clothes?

INT. LOCKER ROOM

Dag arrives, his clothes clinging to his damp frame.

DAG
(to Petra)
Glad you made it.

Dag approaches Petra and they share an absurdly awkward hug.

DAG (CONT'D)
(moving on, seeing Ned)
What's up with him?

PETRA
Jonesing for brains. How'd you make it out of there?
(off his cryptic smile)
What?

DAG
You guys will never believe it.

Ned looks up.

PETRA
Try us.

DAG
(beat, embarrassed)
They can't see you when you're naked.

PETRA
They can't see you, or they can't see your mini-pep dispenser?

DAG
Laugh all you want, but I'm serious.

PETRA
(not believing it)
Whatever. You're making that up to get me to take my clothes off.

DAG
 No.
 (beat)
 Maybe.

NED
 It actually makes sense.

They turn to Ned, who still looks like hell, but who is suddenly focused like a bloodhound.

PETRA
 How could naked invisibility
 possibly make sense?

NED
 It makes a lot of sense.

Ned rushes over to the coach's chalkboard at the back of the locker room.

PETRA
 Hello...?

Petra looks at Dag who shrugs back at her. Ned is going crazy at the blackboard, drawing dashes and swirls and hypotenuses of the quadrangles and mathy stuff that's above the heads of most Ivy League professors.

Petra turns and looks at Dag, who looks back at her.

DAG
 What?

PETRA
 I felt it, you know.

DAG
 Felt what?

PETRA
 Your little pez thingy. When you
 were lying on me. Poking me.

Dag flushes cherry red and then goes white with rage.

DAG
 You know what? Screw off. All
 I've ever done is try to protect
 you, and all you ever do is insult
 and humiliate me.

Dag turns and runs over to the door to the coach's office and pulls it -- Nope. Locked.

PETRA
 Dag...

He awkwardly runs to another door and tries that. Nope.

PETRA (CONT'D)

Dag.

He finally finds an open door and is gone, leaving Petra alone with Ned, who's still lost in computational bliss.

INT. BOILER ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Petra pushes open the half-disintegrated door to the boiler room and steps inside. The room is about three-quarters intact, with the other quarter conspicuously absent.

PETRA

Dag? You in here? Hello?

Petra turns to leave.

DAG (O.S.)

In here.

There's a METALLIC CLANG, CLANG, CLANG from inside the closed end of the massive, but partially vaporized BOILER.

PETRA

What are you doing in the boiler?

DAG (O.S.)

I was hiding.

PETRA

Oh.

(beat)

Are you going to come out?

BOILER

Dag sits at the bottom of the boiler, the opening a good fifteen feet off the ground. He jumps, attempting to grab the lip, but he comes nowhere close and slides back down.

DAG

No.

PETRA

(appearing atop the lip)

C'mon Dag, you're being ridiculous.

DAG

No, I want to --

(off Petra sliding in)

No, no, no, ohhhh, shit.

PETRA

What?

DAG

Now we're both stuck in here.

Petra looks up at the lip way up high and laughs.

DAG (CONT'D)
This is funny to you?

PETRA
Um, kind of?

Dag looks at her, ready to flip out, then, with a giggle, the tension starts to flow out of him and he laughs with her.

LOCKER ROOM

Back in the locker room, Ned has filled an entire side of the blackboard with computations. In a near fugue state, he flips the board and keeps going.

BOILER

Petra stands on Dag's shoulders and reaches for the lip. She's close, but can't quite make it.

While she tries, Dag sneaks a few peeks up her skirt.

PETRA
It's no use.

DAG
Keep trying, I can hold you.

PETRA
(rolling her eyes)
I'm sure you can.

Dag lets her down and Petra slides down and leans against the wall of the boiler.

DAG
(pounding on the boiler)
Ned! NED!!! NNNNNNERD!!!!!!

Petra laughs and Dag slides down and leans opposite her.

PETRA
Somewhere he's urrgghhing.

DAG
Urrrrrghhh!

Petra laughs again and they smile at each other. Then Dag's face changes.

PETRA
What?

DAG
I almost died back there.

Dag's face wrinkles up in adolescent processing mode.

DAG (CONT'D)
I saw my life and all that.

PETRA
And what did you see?

Dag exhales deeply, and then, starts crying.

PETRA (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

DAG
Nothing.

PETRA
Tell me. I won't be a bitch.

DAG
(through his tears)
I am telling you. I didn't see anything. I'm like the least important person in the world. I don't know anything. I don't do anything. I don't even know who the hell I am.

PETRA
(silent a beat, then)
I know who you are.

DAG
This is the part where I'm supposed to scream, you don't know me! But you know what? I'm all ears.

PETRA
You're the hero.

DAG
What?

PETRA
You saved my life, Dag. Twice.

DAG
Three times, if you count finding the basement.

PETRA
Three times. See...
(beat)
You're the hero, Ned's the brains, and I'm the femme fatale.

Petra crawls over and climbs onto Dag, straddling him.

DAG
What are you doing?

PETRA
 I told you you were growing on me.
 (beat)
 And now you're really growing on
 me.

Dag looks more terrified than he did facing alien death.

PETRA (CONT'D)
 Why are you so scared?

DAG
 I've never done this before.

PETRA
 I have news for you: neither have
 I.

Dag opens his mouth to reply.

PETRA (CONT'D)
 And don't, do not, say, "Really?"

Petra leans over and kisses Dag, who kisses her back.

DAG
 I was gonna say really.

She places a finger over his lips and takes his hand and places it on her breast. They kiss some more, and then Dag shudders violently. He rests his head on her shoulder.

DAG (CONT'D)
 Shit.

PETRA
 What?

DAG
 I just...

PETRA
 You just what? Oh...
 (beat)
 I get you that excited?

DAG
 You have no idea.

PETRA
 You don't think I'm too pale?

DAG
 Petra, you're the most beautiful,
 amazing, exciting person I've ever
 laid eyes on.

Petra goes flush. Her breathing increases. She looks deep into Dag's eyes and begins grinding herself on top of him.

DAG (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

PETRA
Shhh...

Petra grasps Dag around the neck, closes her eyes and grinds and grinds and grinds.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAME TIME

Ned draws diagrams on the board, accompanied by the unmistakable sounds of a FEMALE ORGASM.

INT. BOILER - SOMETIME LATER

Dag leans against the wall, Petra draped across his chest. Dag playfully curls Petra's hair around his finger.

DAG
This is the best apocalypse ever.

Petra rolls her eyes.

PETRA
I think girls are to boys what
brains are to zombies.

DAG
Shit, Ned! Where the hell is he?

PETRA
Who cares?

DAG
We're still stuck in here,
remember?

PETRA
Speak for yourself.

Petra stands and effortlessly leaps to the lip of the boiler.

DAG
Holy shit!

PETRA
Yeah. I've got mad hops all of a
sudden. C'mon.

Petra leans over and catches Dag when he jumps, then slings him over the wall of the boiler like he's a walnut.

INT. LOCKER ROOM

Dag and Petra arrive in the locker room looking like exactly what they are, two high-schoolers post round of seven minutes in heaven.

NED
Where've you two been?

DAG
Nowhere.

NED
Uh huh. Wanna tip? Next time you want to sneak off and screw, don't do it in an industrial scale tuba.

DAG
Nobody screwed anybody.

PETRA
It's true.
(pointing at the board)
What's all this?

NED
Oh... while you guys were doing whatever you were doing, I was figuring out how to save the world.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Dag and Petra sit on a bench as Ned stands at the blackboard explaining his theories like a coach doings Xs and Os.

NED
Invisibility was the last piece of the puzzle. The alien life forms can only see inorganic matter. That's why they ran right into the cows, and why they couldn't see you when you were naked. They're inorganic life-forms, and as such, only relate to inorganic life forms.

DAG
But Earth has no inorganic life forms.

NED
Not according to us, but to them there are loads of them. They're called Tivos.

PETRA
Uh oh. I think our boy's been noshing on some brains.

NED
Remember that alien on the couch?
He didn't have any problem with me
until I tried to work the Tivo.

PETRA
That's true.

NED
The aliens have made no attempt to
communicate with us, but they're
constantly interacting with Tivos.

DAG
You know, after they landed my dad
had a problem with his Tivo.

NED
You want to know what I think? I
think they think the Tivos are the
ones in charge.
(off their looks)
Look at it from their perspective.
They're out there in space
somewhere, receiving this constant
flood of TV waves beamed out across
galaxy. They think we communicate
via TV waves.

DAG
Whoa.

PETRA
So why are they here?

NED
Well, I calculated the speed TV
waves travel, and compiled a list
of the stars close enough to earth,
and cross-reference that with which
stars have planets that are most
likely to support life, and then -

PETRA
Skip to the part where you know
what the aliens want?

NED
The aliens most likely came from a
planet orbiting alpha centauri,
which is precisely four and a half
light years away, which means the
precipitating event occurred
exactly 9 years ago, which after
the process of elimination leaves --

DAG
Out with it!

NED
The aliens are angry about the
cancellation of Nash Bridges.

PETRA
 Alright, dude, hand over the
 brains.

NED
 Here, look...

Ned flips the board over to display a completely
 incomprehensible string of numbers and figures on one side of
 a giant equals sign, and nothing but a picture of Don Johnson
 on the other.

DAG
 You know, that actually makes
 sense.

PETRA
 It does?

DAG
 No. But you got a better idea?

PETRA
 Nope. Alright. We're all in on
 Don Johnson.

NED
 Excellent. To the country store!
 (off their looks)
 I'll explain on the way.

PETRA
 Uh, I got a problem.

Ned tosses her a bottle of V-Block.

NED
 Got it from the Teachers' Lounge.

PETRA
 Thanks!
 (beat)
 You know, Ned, when you lay off the
 brains, you're pretty goddamned
 smart.

NED
 Not according to my dad.

PETRA
 I mean it, everything you just
 figured out, on your own... You're
 like, the smartest person I've ever
 met. And if your parents are too
 stupid to see it than that's their
 problem, not yours.

DAG
 She's right.
 (beat)
 The only thing I'd figured out so
 far was that aliens are bad.

INT. HALLWAY - MILLARD FILLMORE HIGH

Dag holds the stairway door for Ned and Petra and the trio walk down the hall.

DAG
So if the aliens are after Nash Bridges, why haven't they just grabbed Don Johnson and gotten the hell out of here.

NED
Because they don't know Don Johnson. They can't even see him. They only know the TV wave version of Don Johnson.

DAG
And why aren't we going to Don Johnson's house?

NED
Because, excluding by necessity the distinct possibility that he's already been vaporized, we know that Don Johnson is at the country store via the process of induction.

Dag shoots a glance over at Petra who mouths the word Nerd.

NED (CONT'D)
Fact One: Don Johnson is a dairy farmer.

DAG
Yeah, a shit one.

NED
Be that as it may, he is, in fact, a dairy farmer.

DAG
Yes.

As they move down the hall, they pass the A/V room. Through the windowed door, we see an alien watching TV.

As they pass, the alien turns its head and sees them.

NED
Fact Two: Daisy, the store owner's wife has huge cans.

DAG
Massive.
(off Petra's look)
Not that I've ever noticed.

NED

Fact Three: Don Johnson goes to the country store every morning to buy milk.

DAG

He said he really likes milk.

NED

Conclusion: Don Johnson is totally motorboating the store owner's wife.

METALLIC CLANK

arrives behind them, and they all turn to see a vapor ball rolling right for them.

Petra grabs Dag in one hand and Ned in the other and leaps high in the air, over the reach of the detonating vapor ball, and over the alien's head, landing all three of them directly behind him.

The alien whirls, and raises an arm to shoot another ball.

Dag charges him, but the alien tosses him aside as if he were a toddler, sending him sliding into the hole in the tile floor left by the first vapor ball.

Petra is stronger and faster, but her assault is repelled after a few relatively ineffective punches and kicks.

The alien tosses Petra aside and raises his arm once more, aiming his palm and the growing vapor ball directly at Ned, who cowers in fear against a wall of lockers.

Dag grabs at the first thing he finds, a chunk of concrete from the destroyed floor, and at the precise moment the alien moves to release the ball, Dag zips the concrete at the back of the alien's head.

STRIKE

But too late... As the alien falls, unconscious, the vapor BALL CLANGS to the floor and rolls straight for Ned, who's still pinned to the wall. He curls up tight, raising a hand in a useless defensive gesture as the ball rolls to a stop right in front of him.

He waits for the inevitable.

And waits.

And waits.

And then peeks, curious. The ball is still there, only it never went poof. Ned starts cackling hysterically.

NED (CONT'D)

A dud! A goddamn dud! Do you believe it?

Petra and Dag race over to Ned, amazed, relieved, curious.
 The ball sits there, a glowing, ethereal mass of alien magic.
 Dag reaches out a finger to touch it.

NED (CONT'D)
 Whoa! Whoa! Are you nuts?

DAG
 You said it's a dud.

NED
 It is, but we don't know what kind
 of dud, or if it's still live or
 anything about it.

DAG
 I bet the alien has to consciously
 set it off.

NED
 Maybe, maybe not. We can't risk it.

Petra leans over and touches it.

NED AND DAG IN UNISON
 Petra!

PETRA
 Sorry. I couldn't help it. It's
 so glowy.

She touches it again. The look on her face is inexplicable.

NED
 What does it feel like?

PETRA
 It's indescribable.

Petra scoops up the ball, which seems dense in her hands, but
 light in the air. Dag holds out his hands and Petra hands
 him the ball.

DAG
 Whoa... It's like, magic.

NED
 Any sufficiently advanced
 technology is indistinguishable
 from --

Ned cuts himself off as Dag tosses the ball to him and Ned
 attempts to catch it. Attempts... and - See: Nerd - fails.

KABLOOF!

The ball activates, and Ned, along with a massive chunk of
 the floor and lockers behind him vanishes into thin air.

DAG
Holy shit! Holy shit! Holy shit!

PETRA
You killed Ned!

DAG
Holy shit!

PETRA
You killed Ned!

DAG
I didn't mean it. You saw. It was
an accident.

PETRA
You killed Ned!

NED (O.S.)
I'm fine, actually.

They turn to see Ned arriving via the staircase door.

Both Dag and Petra run over and bear hug him.

DAG
What the hell? I don't understand.
You were vaporized.

NED
Not vaporized, as I previously
hypothesized. Those weapons aren't
matter dispensers, they're
dematerializers.

DAG
Say what?

NED
They take matter, convert it to
energy patterns, then rematerialize
it in a different place.
(beat, reluctantly)
Beam me up, Scottie?

Dag and Petra nod, getting part of it. Then...

DAG
That means...

NED
In all likelihood, everyone who was
hit by those things is still alive.

Dag nearly collapses from relief.

NED (CONT'D)
 You must have knocked that alien
 out before he had a chance to
 complete his settings, so instead
 of going wherever everyone else
 went, I ended up on the roof.

DAG
 So where's everyone else?

NED
 That's the million dollar question.
 (beat)
 Okay, everybody get naked.

EXT. STREET - BROAD DAYLIGHT

Dag, Ned and Petra walk along the the street, buck naked. We
 see them shoulders up, behind cars, trees, etc.

There are aliens everywhere, but they're completely oblivious
 to the presence of the three naked teenagers.

PETRA
 Man, this is totally bizarre.

DAG
 Um, ya think?

They walk on in silence for half a block.

NED
 I thought you were supposed to be
 hairless?

DAG
 For f's sake... What happened to
 averting our eyes?

NED
 I thought that only applied to her.

They watch, as an alien walks right smack into a tree.

NED (CONT'D)
 Dag, I couldn't help but notice
 that when you were throwing apples
 at the aliens you kept hitting them
 directly in the head.

DAG
 (proud)
 Yep.

NED
 And when you threw that chunk of
 concrete you nailed him dead on.

DAG
 Uh huh.

NED
So, logic tells me, beaming Chaz
Jr. probably wasn't accidental.

Dag goes silent, totally and completely busted.

NED (CONT'D)
Don't worry, I'm not angry. My
brother was a complete a-hole.

DAG
Agreed. But you should know that
Chaz Jr. really cared about you.

NED
What are you talking about?

DAG
Your mom said you disappeared after
the aliens arrived. She said Chaz
Jr. went out and tried to find you.

NED
(laughing)
That's what she told you? Those
morons. I traded Chaz Jr. to a
zombie in exchange for a clean bite
and a spoonful of his brains.

DAG
Whoa.

NED
Best thing I ever did. That guy
was the worst. Did you know he
made me do all his homework since
first grade and never once said
thanks? And then when I got one
bad grade he tried to get me sent
to West Point.
(beat)
I only wish my self-righteous prick
of a father suffered the same fate.

DAG
Really?

NED
Hell yes. That guy would sell his
first born, me, for a nickel if he
thought it would get him a shot at
the presidency. Him and that dick-
head Mr. Keller can rot in hell for
all I care.

DAG
Realllly... Then I've got a little
story I think you might enjoy.

INT. COUNTRY STORE - SOMETIME LATER

They arrive in the deserted, but mostly intact country store.

NED
Mr. Johnson! Mr. Johnson!

PETRA
Mr. Johnson!

DAG
Hey jerkoff!

INT. STORE ROOM - COUNTRY STORE - SAME TIME

Don Johnson and Daisy sit in a small hidden area at the back of the store room. It's a love shack, with a bed, a mini-fridge and not much else.

DAISY
There's someone out there.

DON JOHNSON
(terrified)
Who is it? Is it an alien?

DAISY
(listening)
I don't know.

DON JOHNSON
Go check.

DAISY
You go, they're callin your name.

DON JOHNSON
Baby, I'm a TV star. I'm too important to humanity to risk.

DAISY
(under her breath)
Pussy.

Daisy slides open a false door, steps out and returns.

DON JOHNSON
So!? Who is it!?

DAISY
Three kids.
(beat)
And they're naked.

INT. COUNTRY STORE

Dag, Petra and Ned wander around the store. Ned stops in front of a rack of clothing.

NED
Check it out! Organic cotton!

Don Johnson emerges from the back room.

DON JOHNSON
Dag?

INT. COUNTRY STORE - LATER

Dag and Petra are clad in identical outfits of what can best be described as green eco-friendly organic slut dresses.

Petra looks smokin hot. Dag looks like a trannie.

PETRA
(off Dag's look)
At least you're not naked.

DAG
Naked might be better.

DON JOHNSON
So let me get this straight, you think an entire race of aliens packed themselves into space ships and flew twenty-five million miles to earth just to try to get more Nash Bridges?
(Dag and Petra nod)
Sounds plausible to me. So what's the plan?

DAG
Plans are Ned's department.

DON JOHNSON
Okay... Where's Ned?

PETRA
He's in back with Daisy. I'll get him.

Petra heads into the back room and both Dag and Don Johnson ogle her ass as she goes.

DON JOHNSON
Nice pull, kid. Didn't think you had it in ya.
(beat)
You know she's a vampire, right?

DAG
I know and don't care.

DON JOHNSON
(amazed)
Kids.

PETRA (O.S.)
 (screaming)
 No! Ned, no! Bad Ned! Bad!

Dag races into the back room. Don Johnson, a pussy, takes his time. By the time he arrives, Dag reemerges.

DON JOHNSON
 What the hell's going on back there?

DAG
 Nothing.

DON JOHNSON
 Nothing? What the hell was she screaming about?

Petra pops her head out.

PETRA
 Looks like he got all of it.

DAG
 Shit.

DON JOHNSON
 All of what? Out of my way.

Don Johnson pushes Dag aside and storms into the back room.

INT. STORE ROOM

Sitting on the floor of the store room is Ned, zonked out. Beside him lies Daisy, now officially all tits and no brains.

DON JOHNSON
 (backed against the wall)
 Jesus Christ! He's a zombie!

PETRA
 Some detective you are.

DON JOHNSON
 Oh man, this is a big problem.

DAG
 Yeah, we know.

DON JOHNSON
 I mean, a dead mistress!? Goodbye networks!

PETRA
 Actually, the problem is that Ned was the brains of this operation. He's gonna be zonked for a week.

DON JOHNSON
That guy, was the brains of the
operation?

PETRA
Look, Don...
(wobbles on her feet)
Ned was... I feel...

Petra trails off, her knees buckle and she collapses to the floor. Dag races to her side.

DON JOHNSON
What kind of wacko outfit is this?

DAG
(feeling her chest)
She's not breathing!

INT. COUNTRY STORE - SOMETIME LATER

CLOSE on Petra, who lies on a fold-out chaise lounge. We MOVE from her face to her arm, where we see a needle connected to a tube, which we FOLLOW up to the counter where it connects to another needle that Don Johnson is preparing to insert into a vein in Dag's arm.

DON JOHNSON
Miami Vice, season three, episode
sixteen. Crockett was in love with
a heroin-addict named Therese. He
had to inject her to prove he
wasn't a cop.
(about to poke Dag)
Say bananas.

DAG
I'm not four.

DON JOHNSON
Say it.

DAG
Bana -- Ou!

DON JOHNSON
Good boy. I'll get you a lolly.

We watch as blood begins to flow out of Dag, through the tube, and into Petra.

DON JOHNSON (CONT'D)
How long is this gonna --

Petra shoots upward with a CREAKY GASP and inhales practically all the air in the room.

DAG
(to Petra)
Are you okay? Petra? You alright?

PETRA
Dag? What happened?

DAG
You dropped, um, deader. Looks
like your tank was empty.

PETRA
(adoringly)
You saved me... again...

DON JOHNSON
Hot damn, son, you are in business!

PETRA
I... that was a bad place...

DAG
It doesn't matter. You're ok, and
we'll never let that happen again.

PETRA
Dag, listen... I've done bad
things. Lorelei. Mrs. Miller.

DAG
I don't care about that.

PETRA
But I shouldn't have bitten them.
It was wrong.

DAG
And I shouldn't have deliberately
beaned Chaz Jr. We all do bad
things, Pet. It's what we do after
that matters.

DON JOHNSON
He's right. I used to take dumps
in Cheech's trailer. But the past
is the past. So what do you say we
focus on saving the world!

PETRA
Sure, but we still need a plan.

DAG
(the steely eyed hero)
I've got a plan.

INT. STORE ROOM - COUNTRY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Petra and Don Johnson stand and watch while Dag pokes at the
completely incapacitated Ned with a stick.

DON JOHNSON
This, is your plan?

DAG
You got a better idea?

DON JOHNSON
Than poking the zombie with a stick?

PETRA
I have an idea.

DAG
You do?

PETRA
Don't act so surprised. I'm flat-chested, remember? I'm allowed to think.

DON JOHNSON
Okay, princess... what's the big idea?

INT. COUNTRY STORE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Dag, Petra and Don Johnson stand around the counter staring at a pair of walkie talkies sitting beside their packaging.

DAG
No fucking way. It's too dangerous.

DON JOHNSON
I like it.

DAG
That's because you're a pussy.

DON JOHNSON
Be that as it may, the plan is sound.

DAG
I'll do it.

PETRA
Dag, you've saved my life four times. One more time and I'll have to sleep with you.
(off Dag's devastation)
I'm kidding, I'll still sleep with you. But it's my plan, and it's my turn.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - AFTERNOON

Dag, Petra, Ned and Don Johnson walk down the central path. The park is filled with aliens unaware of their presence.

Dag, Petra and Ned are all dressed in eco-slut outfits, but Don Johnson wears a comfy-looking T-shirt and jeans combo.

DAG
You could have told me Daisy sold
other organic clothing before we
got outside.

DON JOHNSON
Could have... didn't.

They arrive at the statue in the center of town.

PETRA
Alright, it's go time.

DAG
Petra, please, you can still change
your mind.

PETRA
Dag!

DAG
Fine.
(grabbing Petra)
You better not die.

PETRA
I'll do my best.

Dag leans over and gives Petra a nice kiss.

DON JOHNSON
Come on bro, you can do better than
that. You might never see her
again.

Dag glares at Don Johnson, then turns back to Petra and now we see a kiss worthy of the moment.

DON JOHNSON (CONT'D)
(to Ned)
Nice, huh?

Ned gives Don Johnson a whacked out Urrgggh, and Don Johnson steps back in fear.

PETRA
Okay. Here goes nothing.

Petra takes Ned by the hand, leaving Dag and Don Johnson leaning against the base of the statue.

She leads Ned over to a pair of empty metal GARBAGE CANS, which she picks up and begins to BANG together over her head.

PETRA (CONT'D)
Hey aliens! Hey you silver
bitches! Come and get us!

In a flash, a dozen aliens turn and raise their arms.

PETRA (CONT'D)
(to Dag)
See you on the other side...

The vapor balls converge on Petra and Ned, and in a flash, they're gone, replaced by a giant hole in the ground.

DON JOHNSON
Wow! Those guys are dead, for sure.

Dag ignore's him, focusing instead on the walkie talkie he pulls from beneath the built in bra of his slut dress.

DAG
Come on, come on, come on...
(beat)
Please, please, please...

DON JOHNSON
I'm telling you kid, they're wasted. Wow!

DAG
Shut up. Petra, come in... Are you there? Petra... Please...

Dag is desperate, losing his mind.

DAG (CONT'D)
Petra, come in... Petra...
Petra...

Don Johnson leans over and turns the volume dial on the walkie talkie from zero to ten.

PETRA (FILTERED)
Dag? You there? Dag?

DAG
Petra! Petra!! I'm here!

PETRA (FILTERED)
Dag! I'm in the stadium.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - SAME TIME

TIGHT on Petra and Ned, who stand in the upper deck of a massive football stadium.

PETRA
We're all in the stadium. Every damn one of us!

PULL BACK to reveal that the stadium is filled to capacity with humans, vampires and zombies.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Dag and Don Johnson make their way to the football stadium.

DON JOHNSON
So, seeing as it's the end of the
days or whatever, let's say you and
me talk straight.

DAG
You're a douche.

DON JOHNSON
Well then. That's pretty straight.

DAG
You made like a million dollars
from a hit TV show -

DON JOHNSON
More like twenty, from two hit TV
shows.

DAG
Whatever. You're rich. Why'd you
have to buy the farm next door to
my family's and run them out of
business?

DON JOHNSON
First of all, money can't buy you
happiness, Dag. Only fame can do
that. Second, I hate to be the one
to break this to you but your
family hasn't been in the milk
business for fifteen years.

DAG
What are you talking about?

DON JOHNSON
Rich people, like me, have a habit
of paying people to manage their
financial affairs. Accountants,
business managers, etc. The land I
bought was the last working dairy
farm in the county, kid. Your
parents stopped milking their cows
long before I got on the scene.

Dag looks at Don Johnson with uncertainty.

DON JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Ask 'em, yourself. I may be a lot
of things, Dag --

DAG
Like a wife-porker.

DON JOHNSON
Former wife-porker, thanks to you.
(beat)
(MORE)

DON JOHNSON (CONT'D)
I'm not lying, Dag. You don't have
to like me...

DAG
I don't.

DON JOHNSON
But I'm just a small-town boy made-
phenomenally, phenomenally good.
I'd never deliberately run some
local couple out of business.

DAG
(reluctantly)
Fine.

DON JOHNSON
Now, about that dog of yours.

DAG
Oh, my god. My dog, that you're so
convinced is attacking your cows?
(beat)
It's a Jack Russell.

DON JOHNSON
You don't say.

DAG
He's fifteen pounds soaking wet.

DON JOHNSON
(beat)
So who the hell is eating my cows?

EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

Dag and Don Johnson approach the stadium, a brightly lit
beacon on an overcast night.

The main entrance is guarded by aliens facing inward, who
take no notice of the organically clad Dag and Don Johnson as
they slip past them and into the arena.

INT. UPPER DECK - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Dag and Don Johnson make their way through the masses of
humans, vampires and zombies, all of whom, for the moment at
least, are peacefully coexisting as prisoners in the stadium.

Dag tugs Don Johnson by the elbow, as he glad-hands and winks
at his many admirers.

Dag sees Petra up ahead, standing with Ned, General Clark and
Dag's parents. Dag races to them, kisses Petra, and bear
hugs his mom and dad.

DAG
(looking around)
No one's fighting.

PETRA
You can thank General Clark for that. He took charge and brought everything back to normal.

GENERAL CLARK
(off his dress)
Hi there, ma'am.

DAG
I'm a boy.

GENERAL CLARK
Sir, then. I hear you might have a solution for our alien trouble?

DAG
Ned figured it out. Then he ate Daisy.

GENERAL CLARK
We can worry about all that later. Right now I've got you set up in the public address box. You ready Mr. Johnson?

DON JOHNSON
As soon as we get through hair and makeup.
(off their looks)
You can't expect me to go on without hair and makeup?

Dag punches Don Johnson in the shoulder.

DON JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Ou! Fine. But SAG's gonna hear about this.

INT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

With humans, zombies and vampires occupying the stands, and aliens guarding them from the field, the MASSIVE VIDEO SCREENS at either end zone BURSTS into life.

VIDEO SCREEN

Don Johnson sits, facing the camera, smiling brightly.

DON JOHNSON
Greetings, alien friends. This is Don Joh - Ur, Nash Bridges!

At the sight of a two-hundred foot Nash Bridges, the aliens go positively bonkers. All of them, immediately, rush to each endzone and stare up in rapt attention.

INTERCUT PUBLIC ADDRESS BOX

Where Dag stands behind a camera pointed right at Don Johnson, who sits on a chair overlooking the field.

DON JOHNSON
 (to Dag)
 Whoa! These guys should be Emmy voters.

Dag throws a pencil at his head.

DON JOHNSON (CONT'D)
 Good aliens, welcome to our fine planet. I understand that you have come because you wish to see more of me.

A huge chorus of PI-PUKS and PU-PIKS erupts from the alien ranks, which are rapidly growing in number as more and more aliens flood into the stadium and gather on the field.

DON JOHNSON (CONT'D)
 And I wish to show you more. Trust me, none of this would have been necessary if the goddamn suits over at CBS hadn't -
 (a pencil hits his head)
 But that is neither here nor there. Great aliens, if you would like to see more Nash Bridges, all you need to do is let my people go.
 (another pencil)
 And by people, I refer to not just humans, but all the beings of earth. For this is not a human earth, or a vampire earth, or a zombie earth. It is one earth for all kinds.
 (beat)
 Including yours.
 (another pencil)
 What? There are millions of those things. I could do a 10-share!
 (another)
 Hit me all you want, but that one earth shit goes for them, too.
 (back to the camera)
 Please, alien friends, stay, join us, and live in peace and plenty.

PI-PUKS and PU-PIKS a plenty ring out.

Then, from the center of the field, a gap forms around one beautiful shimmering alien... their leader.

He finally speaks, loud enough for the whole stadium to hear.

ALIEN
 Benevolent creatures of earth.
 Thank you for delivering to us the great Nash Bridges.

The other aliens PI-PUK and PU-PIK agreement.

ALIEN (CONT'D)
In return for your generosity, we
offer you this, our greatest gift,
the gift of power.

The alien leader produces from his chest a strange, a one-foot long dog-bone-shaped object that glows dimly.

ALIEN (CONT'D)
This one trillion mega-ton isotopic
oxycniptide will explode in exactly
one minute, giving you enough
radiant energy to power yourselves
for the next thousand years.

DON JOHNSON
(on the video screen)
Say what?

The alien sets the square down directly on the fifty yard line and backs away into the mass of aliens on the field.

INT. PUBLIC ADDRESS BOX

Don Johnson and Dag exchange worried looks.

DON JOHNSON
Did he just say one trillion mega-ton explosion?

DAG
That doesn't sound good.

NED (O.S.)
Urgggh!!

They turn to see Ned, Petra, General Clark and Dag's parents, all standing in the box's doorway.

DAG
It's bad?

NED
URRRGGGGHHH!!!!

ON THE FIELD

an alien-looking set of spiraling lights clicks down the time until detonation.

DAG
What do we do?

DON JOHNSON
Don't look at me, you're the director.

The bone begins to glow brighter and brighter, draining the power from the stadium, from the town, as it sucks in the energy it needs to detonate.

The stadium is momentarily thrown into complete darkness, but then the layer of clouds above the stadium finally breaks, revealing a perfectly full moon that illuminates the arena.

And Dag begins to scream.

DON JOHNSON (CONT'D)
You alright, hombre?

Dag screams and scratches at his body, which hurts all over.

PETRA
Dag!

He looks down at his hands, which begin sprouting claws and tufts of hair.

Then his knees SNAP and RESET in grotesque round arcs.

Then his shoulders curl and his mouth swells into a snout and we see that he is at long last mature enough for the transformation his parents have long been hinting at.

Little Dag is no longer a boy, he's finally

A werewolf!

PETRA (CONT'D)
Dag?

With a ferocious howl, Dag licks Petra's face, then bounds out of the box's window and leaps down to the deck below.

Staying in the public address box, we TURN to see

DAG'S PARENTS

who have also turned into werewolves. They're smiling and hugging, tears in their eyes. Their little boy is now a man.

Don Johnson finally solves his mystery.

DON JOHNSON
You cow-thieving motherfuckers!!!!

BACK TO DAG

who, in a flash, has scooped up the bomb in his jaws and races for the stadium exit at impossible speed.

No more than a few seconds later

KABLOOOOOMMMMM!!!!!!

An absurdly gigantic explosion occurs just far enough away that no one in the stadium is injured.

There's nothing but silence in the stadium as all of the earth dwellers breath a huge sigh of relief.

Petra looks up at the still billowing plume of fire, tears streaming down her face, and then...

OUUWOOOOOOOOO!!!!

A lone wolf, cries out in the distance.

Dag made it!

TITLE OVER

NOT LONG AFTER

BACK TO NORMAL

ISH

EXT. MILLARD FILLMORE HIGH - MORNING

Kids, of the human, zombie, vampire AND alien variety all pour into the main doors of the high school.

The Parkers pull their Pontiac to the curb and Dag jumps out.

PEG
Petra coming over for dinner after
the game tonight?

DAG
You bet! One Don Johnson steak,
extra bloody, por favor.

SHOOTER
You got it sport.

INT. CLASSROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Everyone settles into their seats. Dag sits next to Petra, who sits next to a zombie (and his Special Ed aide), who sits next to an alien... It's one big happy family.

A teacher stands at the front of the room beside a TV displaying video of the same teacher for the aliens to watch.

The P.A. system CRACKLES to life.

NED (FILTERED)
 Good morning, urgh, student body.
 It's a big day here at Fillmore,
 urgh, High, as the baseball team
 attempts to win us our very first
 state title.

INT. A/V ROOM

Ned sits behind a desk, microphone in hand.

NED
 Everyone is invited to stick around
 after the game for a sneak peak at
 episode one of the brand new season
 of Nash Bridges.

INT. CLASSROOM - SAME TIME

The aliens in class PI-PUK and PU-PIK with excitement.

NED (FILTERED)
 And remember, on the mound tonight
 for the Fillmore Phillies, your
 hero and mine, the ace who
 simultaneously saved Fillmore High
 and incinerated rival Harding
 High... Dag, The Wolfman, Parker.

The students applaud, Petra fawns, Dag smiles, and everyone
 lives happily ever after.

Except all the kids who went to Harding High.

Those fuckers are toast.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END