APPENDICES
SHAQUILLE: Help! Help! Am I dead?

DISTORTED SOUTHERN MALE VOICE: You're not dead. You've been taken against your will.

SHAQUILLE: Kobe? Who is that? Dr. Phil? What the hell's going on?

DR. PHIL: I don't know. I was doing a show on teens with abandonment issues...and suddenly, I woke up here. Man, those kids are gonna be pissed.

MALE VOICE: Hello, gentlemen. You don't know me, but I know you. You both play games with other people for a living...but, today, you play a game for your lives. Right now, you are both breathing in a deadly nerve gas. You have 120 seconds to reach the antidote...or you die.

SHAQUILLE: Oh, my God! We better get out of here!

MALE VOICE: Let the game begin.

SHAQUILLE: There!

DR. PHIL: Hit the metal arm with something. There.

SHAQUILLE: Damn it! Sorry.

DR. PHIL: Shaquille, I'm not angry at you...but we are one minute away from death. Just shut out the "No" voice. Own your success. Oh! Just make the damn basket! What the hell was that for?

SHAQUILLE: You hurt my feelings.

DR. PHIL: Your feelings? To hell with your feelings! Everybody with their feelings! "I'm obese." "My kid's a brat." "Help me. Help me."

SHAQUILLE: Just shut up!

DR. PHIL: Why can't I fix anyone? I'm so dumb and worthless! Mama was right! Mama was right!

SHAQUILLE: Hey, hey! Pull yourself together. You're a brilliant doctor.

DR. PHIL: Not exactly.
SHAQUILLE: What? I-I just tell people to "get real."

DR. PHIL: I'm not even a psychologist. I'm... an electrician. I failed you, Shaq. I failed you. 30 seconds left!

SHAQUILLE: This will never work.

DR. PHIL: Of course- he wants us to cut through our feet.

SHAQUILLE: You go first.

DR. PHIL: Bullshit.

SHAQUILLE: Yeah. You're probably not man enough. I guess your mama was right.

DR. PHIL: Never! Who's the coward now, Mama?

SHAQUILLE: Candy from a baby.

DR. PHIL: Oh, my God! I did it. We're saved. What's wrong?

SHAQUILLE: Wrong foot.

DR. PHIL: Motherfu-

JAMES EARLIONES (voice-over): No one believed in the early years of the 21st century that our world was being watched...the way a man with a microscope might scrutinize the creatures in a drop of water. Yet across the gulf of space a terrible evil prepared to unleash itself upon an unsuspecting human race.

WOMAN 1: You're up early. Come back to bed.

WOMAN 2: Come on.

WOMAN 3: Please.

CINDY: Hello? Hello? Tom! Oh! I know you missed me. Oh, I missed you too. God, you look great. I wanted to come by to thank you for setting up that job interview for me.

TOM: This isn't a good time.
CINDY: I just need something to keep me busy now that Cody's out of the house. He just turned 11. I enrolled him in military school last year. It's supposed to be a great program. Boy, kids, you know, they just grow up so fast. So I heard that you were dating again. Knowing you, I bet she's brainy.

WOMAN 1: "Quixotic."
WOMAN 2: 90 points!

CINDY: Oh, you know, your work with the elderly really inspired me, Tom. I mean, they have so much to teach us...and we have so much to teach them. You know, ultimately, they...really are just like us...only...older.

CINDY: Anyway, I'm hoping that a new career will help keep my mind off of...bad memories. I'm sure you have memories, too. He's the kind of person you never forget. Sometimes, I wake up in the middle of the night wondering where he is, and then I remember, I know you miss him, too, but it's really been hardest on me. I'm rattling on, but if you don't vent your emotions...they just well up inside of you and burst out. The harder you try, the harder it all gets...till you just can't shake it off anymore. Like you're carrying around this enormous burden. Sometimes your problems get so big. And then what do you say to yourself?

TOM: Jesus!

CINDY: Yes, you can turn to religion or family and friends...but in the end, you're still in agony. Maybe that's why I want to become a nurse. I'm just- I'm so in tune with everyone's emotions. I guess I've always had a knack for being- Oh, my-

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A MAN: Ryan, go home. You've been working 16 straight hours.

TOM: Come on, I need the overtime. Don't worry. Okay? I'm wide-

A MAN: Ryan! What are you doing? That was gold bullion- No, not the monkeys! They're loose!

ED: Damn it, Tom! What the hell happened back there?

TOM: Aw, come on, Ed. That could've happened to anyone.

ED: Oh, yeah? You know what your problem is? As soon as the going gets tough, you give up.
TOM: You're right. I quit.

ED: Ah, you don't get it, do you? You could be the best, if only you'd see things through.

TOM: I don't know. Give me a break. What can I tell you, Ed? I guess I'm no good. Maybe I just don't have what it takes.

ED: What are you talking about? You secured that tricky H-500 unit, didn't you?

TOM: Aw, come on. That was easy.

A WOMAN: Tom Ryan. I haven't seen you in a while.

TOM: Well, I spend every waking minute of my life operating a crane. God, I hate my job.

MAHALIK: Yo, Tom! Where you been?

TOM: Mahalik.

MAHALIK: Yo, C.J., this is my boy Tom Ryan. We used to work together down at the docks.

CJ: Ya-hi! Ya-hi! Ya-hi!

MAHALIK: Hey, Tom. How's the family, man? You remember Marilyn? Your lovely wife-

TOM: How could I forget? She dumped me.

MAHALIK: Yeah, I know. I slept with her a few times.

TOM: What?

CJ: Me too.

A WOMAN: You guys talking about Marilyn? Great lay.

MAHALIK: My pops introduced me to her.

TOM: Ever since the divorce, it's like my life has no purpose. Half the time I walk around feeling like a zombie.
CJ: Yo, don't joke about zombies. That shit there- that's real.

MAHALIK: Yo, you know Nashawn, down on 120th Street? She told me that she heard a zombie going through her trash the other day. The next morning, she turned up missing.

CJ: Uh- What? Okay, back up. How in the hell do you "turn up missing"?

MAHALIK: Cause nobody knows where you are when they realize you ain't there!

TOM: Guys, I'm trying to ask-

CJ: So you telling me that you can appear and disappear at the same time.

MAHALIK: No, man. You can't appear and disappear at the same time. The bitch ain't David Copperfield!

TOM: Uh, guys-

CJ: Mmm. No, no. But you can't be gone from one place and show up somewhere else entirely. So when you turn up, you're never missing. And when you're missing, you never turn up.

MAHALIK: Unless...you a zombie.

CJ: Damn! Hey, that's some plausible shit right there. You should blog about that.

MAHALIK: I'm gonna put that on MySpace.

CJ: You do that!

MAHALIK: Hey, Tom. You know what you need to do, man? You need to get away from all this. You need to take a break.

TOM: Oh, I don't know.

CJ: No, no. He's right, man. You should come fishing with us one weekend. Me and Mahalik, we found this great spot last summer.

MAHALIK: Yeah. A great spot.

A MAN: Hey. You cold?

MAHALIK: L-Little bit.

A MAN: Hmm.

MAHALIK: Hey. Look, man, um- I'm not on the down-low or nothing, all right?
A MAN: Oh, that's cool, man. Me, neither.

MAHALIK: Hey, what you doing?

CJ: Relax, man. I'm just trying to grab some nuts.

MAHALIK: C.J., what are you doin'?


MAHALIK: Ooh, baby. Yeah...we caught a lot of fish. Yeah. Black cod.

CJ: Damn. Tom, you don't- I don't want you thinking that- Hopefully, this doesn't affect your opin- Why would you do that, and that's my first time meeting him?

MARYLIN: Late again, Tom.

TOM: Hey, Marilyn. I thought you were moving. It's all I can afford right now. You took everything in the divorce except my name.

MARYLIN: No, actually, the judge granted me that yesterday. You're now officially known as "Horace P. MacTitties."

TOM: I'm sure your new husband is pleased.


TOM: Hey, that's not true. I'm a great dad. Kids!

RACHEL: Dad? Hi, Dad.

TOM: Hey, Rachel. How's it going there, uh...Princess?

RACHEL: It's locked.

TOM: Hey! Let me help you with that, muffin.

RACHEL: I should do that. It's no problem.

TOM: I honestly don't mind.

RACHEL: Neither do I. Fine. You take it.
TOM: I'll see you on Tuesday. Hey, Marilyn, that's a good look for you, being pregnant.

MARYLIN: I'm not pregnant!

TOM: I didn't mean to- I'm sorry.

MARYLIN: If you want to make things right, maybe you should start with our kids.

TOM: You're right. Those kids are all I have in this world. Well, the kids...and my car.

SECRETARY: Mr. Koji, looks like we need someone new for the Norris account.

MR. KOJI: Again? Every day we don't have someone looking after this woman, I lose big money. What happened to last girl?

SECRETARY: Yoko. Take a look.

MR. KOJI: Holy shit! Someone put a towel under her or something. Christ!

SECRETARY: It's the Norris house, Mr. Koji. They say it's cursed.

MR. KOJI: There no such thing as a curse. Don't be ridiculous. Those just old wives' tales. I need someone there today or I'm in big trouble.

CINDY: Hello. I'm Cindy Campbell. I'm looking for a job in home health care. I was recommended by a family friend, but unfortunately, he committed- Oh, my God!

MR. KOJI: Don't mind her. She slip and fall. You my new best employee. Ready start today?

CINDY: Oh, it's so fast. I don't know.

MR. KOJI: Oh, trust me. Uh, you're gonna love this job. Come on, I show you. We can be there 10 minutes.

MR. KOJI: Come! Come!

CINDY: Mr. Koji? Hello? Oh, my God! Oh! Okay, oh. Oh, let's get you up and- Okay, come on. Here we go.

MR. KOJI: Oh, I'm sorry. There you are. I see you've met Mrs. Norris- she catatonic.
CINDY: Yes, I was just trying to get her back up on the bed. I was afraid that she would be hurt. You know, when I came in, I just saw her lying here on the floor.

(00:17:24)

MR. KOJI: Of course, of course. I help. You grab her legs, I grab her arms.

(00:17:26)

CINDY: Mrs. Norris, I'm here to take care of you. Yes, I'm very happy to meet you, too.

(00:17:34)

MR. KOJI: See? This job perfect for you. Let me show you rest of house. Right this way. So, what do you think?

(00:17:42)

CINDY: I don't know. There's something strange about this house. A presence.

(00:17:48)

MR. KOJI: A presence? Don't be silly. Nothing wrong with this house. It's funny.

(00:17:53)

CINDY: I always dreamt I would live in a house like this with my husband...but I guess that's all just in the...past.

(00:18:02)

MR. KOJI: Who wants to see upstairs? It's a nice neighborhood close to schools and shopping. There are hardwood floors throughout. Passed almost every inspection. Big backyard goes back 100 feet. And in here is the bathroom. Very big, very...nice.

(00:18:28)

CINDY: It is nice. It seems like it'd be a great place to work...but I just can't shake this feeling of...evil.

(00:18:35)

MR. KOJI: Evil? That crazy talk.

(00:18:42)

CINDY: Do you know anything about the people who used to live here?

(00:18:45)

MR. KOJI: People? No, nothing about people. I don't remember anything.

(00:18:48)

CINDY: Mr. Koji, did something strange happen in this house?

(00:18:52)

MR. KOJI: Strange? Don't be silly. This house perfectly normal.

(00:18:55)

CINDY: I'm sure you're right, and yet...it's as if someone's watching us. Mr. Koji?

(00:19:04)

MR. KOJI: That was me...just excited about hiring you. Very, very enthusiastic! We offer medical and dental and two weeks' paid vacation! I'm hoping...you can start today! Maybe get in a whole week! You put in for this job...we got wonderful opportunities for you.

(00:19:26)

CINDY: Mr. Koji, is there something you're not telling me about this?

(00:19:35)

MR. KOJI: I was... dirty. So...the job?

(00:19:44)

CINDY: I'll take it.
TOM: Get your glove! I'm in the backyard! Robbie, come on. Let's go!

ROBBIE: That's not how you're going to get through to him. Look, Rach, this is guy stuff. You got to trust me.

TOM: All right, Robbie, you ready for the Tom Ryan Express?

ROBBIE: Yeah, maybe, one day, I can grow up to be just like you.

TOM: All right, I know I let you kids down...but you have no idea how hard it is to be a father.

ROBBIE: Well, when you start, let me know.

TOM: You okay?

CINDY: My eyes! My eyes! Oh, much better.

TOM: I'm so sorry.

CINDY: Oh, that's okay. I've taken balls to the face before. Hi. I'm Cindy Campbell, your new neighbor.

TOM: Tom, Tom Ryan. You, uh, live here all by yourself?

CINDY: Well, I'm-I'm taking care of Mrs. Norris...but...yes, for the first time in my life, I'm on my own.

I know that feeling. It wasn't always that way.

CINDY: I know.

TOM: You thought you'd found your soul mate.

CINDY: Yes.

TOM: And then one day you come home...and find your so-called soul mate in bed with a complete stranger. Well, not a complete stranger- Sammy Sosa. Sound familiar?

CINDY: No, not at all. But I do know what it's like to be in that much pain...and the worst part is you have to suffer through it-
TOM: Alone?
CINDY: It looks like we have a lot in-
TOM: Common.
CINDY: We're already finishing each other's-
TOM: Dinner.
CINDY: Sentences.
TOM: Well... maybe all we really need is a friend.
CINDY: I'd like that. Well, I better get back to Mrs. Norris. It's time to put her catheter in, and then after that...I've got to scrub in between her fat folds...and I've got to lance her boils. I've got to open her up and then...empty the colostomy bag and...Mop up the drool.
TOM: That's wonderful.
CINDY: I'll see you around?
TOM: Definitely.
CINDY: Okay. Okay, Mrs. Norris, time to dig out that doody bubble. Mrs. Norris? Have you noticed anything strange about this house? Yes! Yes! No? Yes! Oh, you're probably right. Guess I'm just being silly. Just relax now. Here we go. Okay. Oh, you poor thing. You don't have to be scared. I'm here to take care of you. You know, I think you and I are going to be wonderful friends. I do. That's right. Just relax. Let's get in those ears. Okay. All right. That's right. Oh, it feels good. Okay. You love this, don't you? It's nice and warm. Feels good, doesn't it? Oh, my God! Oh! Oh! I'm so sorry!

TOM: Robbie! Come on! Let's toss the old pigskin! Ooh. I'm so sorry. I didn't see you there. Are you all right?
CINDY: It's okay. My throat cushioned the blow.
CINDY: Oh, nothing. It's just- There's something going on in this house. Last night, I saw a face.
TOM: Did it have a nose?
CINDY: Yes.
TOM: That does sound like a face.
CINDY: And then there was this weird hand in the shower... and this horrible thing on the stairs. I can't go through this all again.
TOM: Oh, I get it. There's some other guy. You still love him, don't you? I wish you both the best.
CINDY: Wait! You don't understand. It's painful to talk about, but you deserve to know. I was married once.
CINDY’S FIRST EX HUSBAND: Get out the way, bitch!
CINDY: don’t call me a bitch! You ain't shit!
CINDY’S FIRST EX HUSBAND: Shut your ass up, snow ho!
CINDY: Well... actually, married twice. My husband and I were living our dream.
REPORTER: Ladies and gentlemen, your challenger, Cindy Campbell.
GEORGE: Stay loose, Cindy. Remember your training. Keep your focus. Always think, where's the next punch coming-
A MAN: After 20 fights, I was undefeated. Only one fighter stood between me and the belt. You got this chick. She's nothing. Tiffany Stone!
GEORGE: Cindy, listen to me. I know you're scared, but I believe in you. You can win this.
CINDY: And if I do win, George, then will you tell me what my nickname means?
GEORGE: Yes. I promise. Okay. Now just stick with the jab and lead with your right. Watch your footwork. Let's go! Whoa, whoa! You do that one more time, I'm taking a point off, you hear me?
CINDY: I got it, I got it! Dude, check it out!
CINDY: I can't take it anymore! And that's when I lost my cool and made the biggest mistake of my life.
GEORGE: Cindy, no!

REFEREE: Ooh, a nickel! No! Get out of the way!

Cindy: George! No!

Cindy: If I hadn't have thrown that punch, none of it would've happened. I blame myself for it all.

Tom: As well you should. But, Cindy, the past is the past. Maybe you ought to think about your future.

CINDY: If I'm ever going to love again...it has to be with somebody who'll be there for me.

TOM: Well, I don't have a great track record in that department. Just ask my son.

CINDY: I have. What's an "cock monger"?

TOM: Uh...that's not really important. What matters is I've let a lot of people down. Oh. I should go.

CINDY: Wait! Maybe I'm just not meant to be happy...but something about you makes me want to try.

TOM: I don't know! Why is the sky so dark? Why is the wind moving towards the storm?

A WOMAN: Why don't any of us have driers?

CINDY: I've never seen clouds like that before!

TOM: You okay?

CINDY: Yeah.

TOM: Can you believe that thunder?

CINDY: No.

TOM: That storm is so fierce. I've never seen anything like it.

CINDY: I haven't either.
TOM: Imagine being out there.
(00:32:11)
CINDY: That last one sounded really close.
(00:32:15)
TOM: Don't worry- lightning never strikes in the same place twice. Where's Rachel?
(00:32:23)
CINDY: I thought she was with you.
(00:32:27)
TOM: Oh, there you are. Okay. That's it. We're fine.
(00:32:40)
CINDY: That last bolt of lightning smelled like a-
(00:32:42)
RACHEL: Giant turd.
(00:32:45)
TOM: Yes, the...lightning. I'll go look for Robbie.
(00:32:55)
MAN 1: Turn it again, see if it'll start.
(00:32:57)
MAN 2: I don't know what's going on. The car's not working, it's just not working. Start! Go!
(00:33:07)
MAN 1: My bowels have stopped moving! Why?
(00:33:11)
TOM: How's it going, Marvin?
(00:33:14)
MARVIN: I just had this car working; now it's dead.
(00:33:14)
TOM: Try changing the solenoid.
(00:33:17)
MARVIN: Good idea.
(00:33:17)
A MAN: Death to America! Aw, shit! Run!
(00:34:35)
WOMAN 1: Beautiful outfit!
(00:34:38)
WOMAN 2: Thanks.
(00:34:41)
MAN 1: Where's your ride, G?
(00:34:44)
MAN 2: Move it, dawg!

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(00:35:00)
CINDY: Hello? "Haro" (hello)?
(00:35:07)
CINDY: Hibachi. Benihana. Teriyaki. (Do you live here?).
(00:35:09)
dishonor my ears).
(00:35:13)
(00:35:17)
THE GHOST: Nissan. Honda. Mitsubishi. Subaru. (Yes, I was killed and my soul walks
the earth).
(00:35:21)
(00:35:24)
(00:35:34)
CINDY: Buddha! Shitake kimono! (My God! Tell me!).
(00:35:37)
THE GHOST: Tempura. Sushi. Sashimi! (The answer is within my father’s heart! Follow
the blood!).
(00:35:41)
CINDY: Fujitsu! (Wait!). I can't read that. That's better.

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TOM: Let's go, honey! Let's go! Let's go!
(00:36:00)
RACHEL: Robbie, Dad's home!
(00:36:03)
ROBBIE: What is it? What's going on?
(00:36:11)
TOM: Death.
(00:36:25)
ROBBIE: Dad, talk to me. What's happening?
(00:36:28)
TOM: There's no time to explain.
(00:36:28)
A MAN: Aliens attack!
(00:36:30)
TOM: Well, actually, that about sums it up. Fill this up with food. We're leaving this
house in 60 seconds. My ass! Penis. We gotta go.
(00:36:53)
TOM: Cindy!
(00:36:55)
CINDY: Tom!
CINDY: Run for it!
TOM: Where are you going?
CINDY: Someone's out there, somebody who knows a way to stop all of this.
CINDY: Oh, you wouldn't understand.
TOM: I understand.
CINDY: Come with me.
TOM: Oh, I'd like to, but my kids. I...guess this is good-bye.
CINDY: When this is all over, promise me that you'll find me, that you'll never forget me...that you won't give up until I'm back in your arms.
TOM: Alive?
CINDY: Yes.
TOM: I promise. Good-bye, Cindy. Hey, wait! A solenoid...for luck.
TOM: Marvin! You put a solenoid in?
MARVIN: Yeah, I got one from that crackhead over there.
TOM: Get in.
ROBBIE: Why should we?
TOM: Because you're my responsibility now, and like it or not, I'm all you've got.
MARVIN: Hey. Hey!
TOM: Thank God.
MARVIN: Hey! What are you doing?
TOM: Get in the car, Marvin.
MARVIN: Come on, Tom, stop joking around.
TOM: Get in the car, Marvin, or you're gonna die.
MARVIN: Okay, fine.
TOM: No, wait for me to-
MARVIN: Still locked.
TOM: Why are you reaching at the same time?
MARVIN: What do you mean?
TOM: All right, on three.
MARVIN: You counting now?
TOM: One, two, three, open the door!
MARVIN: Okay, on three.
TOM: One, two- Three.
TOM: Don't do that. You're trying to annoy me.
MARVIN: It's still locked.
TOM: I'm going on three. One, two- Don't count when I count. I have a problem with that.
MARVIN: What's the matter with you?
TOM: Turn your mouth sideways. If you look at me I lose count.
MARVIN: What are you crazy?
TOM: One, two, three!
MARVIN: Two, three!
TOM: Don't do it the same time.
MARVIN: You said "three."
TOM: You go on "four." Can you count?
MARVIN: Four. So on your "three" or my "four"?
TOM: There's only one "three."
MARVIN: I'm tryin' to get in the car.
TOM: Then you do it on "four."
MARVIN: You said, "three." So are you doin' it on "three" or am I doin' it on "two"?
TOM: For Christ's sake!
MARVIN: I heard "three."
TOM: If the count is "three," you do it on "four."
MARVIN: Now it's "four."
TOM: Why would you go on "four"?
MARVIN: You gave me "four" first and you stole my "four."
TOM: But I have to count to "three" first.
MARVIN: You stole my "four."
TOM: Just let me say "three."
MARVIN: I've got wait on you now, huh?
TOM: You want the black man to wait again?
MARVIN: Do whatever you want.
TOM: That's what I've been doin'.
MARVIN: Why would you do that?
TOM: Why would you reach for it when I say "three"? That's what this is about.
MARVIN: Do I still go on "four"?
TOM: When I say "three," don't worry about "four."
MARVIN: You got all the time in the world!
TOM: You can go home, watch television and come back and then open the door!
MARVIN: Fine.
TOM: One-
(00:39:24)
MARVIN: No. No "one." I'm out. No thank you. I'll take the next one. Does that work for you?
(00:39:30)
TOM: Jesus. Attitude.
(00:39:35)
MARVIN: Seriously, I'd rather be dead.

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A GIRL: "A girl had a pet duck. She fed and took care of her pet duck. But one day, the duck got loose and ran away from the girl. The duck ran down the road and kept running...until he found a pond."

A BLACK MAN: Mr. President, we've just received word...the planet is under attack by aliens.

MR. PRESIDENT: Oh. Okay. "The duck went back"-

A BLACK MAN: Sir? They've already wiped out some of our cities. If nothing is done, they'll kill us all.

MR. PRESIDENT: I see. Well, I'll handle that in a minute. But right now, I need to find out what's happening with the duck.

A BLACK MAN: Sir, with each passing moment, more people will die.

MR. PRESIDENT: The people are gonna die regardless...but this duck still has a fighting chance.

A BLACK MAN: I've read the story before, Mr. President. The duck dies.

MR. PRESIDENT: My God! That's horrible.

A BLACK MAN: Mr. President, the aliens? We're under attack.

MR. PRESIDENT: You mean, right now all of these children's parents could be dead? Kids! Kids, please! It's not as bad as it seems. They didn't die alone. I'm sure they died with all the other people you loved.

A BOY: Even Santa Claus?
MR. PRESIDENT: No, of course not. There's no such thing as Santa Claus. Just like the Tooth Fairy, completely made up. Easter Bunny- Never existed. The female orgasm. Wait and see what happens when you try to find it. What's wrong? Your parents all getting divorces? I can give them a little advice, if you'd like. Oh, I forgot. They're all dead. All right now, let's go on to another story, "Rumpelforeskin."

A BLACK MAN: "Stiltzkin," sir. We have to get you to the White House.

MR. PRESIDENT: I just don't get kids. Remind me to sign that abortion bill.

A BLACK MAN: Yes, sir. You may leave through the forward exit doors...or the gaping hole in the side of the plane. We realize you have a choice in airlines...and we appreciate you flying with Southern Coast Air. Thank you. Hello?

BRENDA: Hey! That's mine! I found it! Cindy?

CINDY: Brenda?

BRENDA: Oh, my God. It's been so long.

CINDY: Yeah, too long. I thought you were dead.

BRENDA: Oh, I thought you were dead, too.

CINDY: What are you doing here? Were you on this plane?

BRENDA: No, I'm trying to get a good story. I'm a reporter now. I work for the local news.

CINDY: Wow, you're really doing well for yourself.

BRENDA: I was on assignment. Take a look at this. Here's Detroit. And here's Detroit after the attack.

CINDY: Oh, my God.

BRENDA: The attack was devastating. It's over, Cindy. Humanity has lost the war.

CINDY: No, no. There's still hope. I have reason to believe that there's someone here that has the answers...maybe even a way for us to fight back. Come on. It would make a great story.
BRENDA: Maybe. But how are we supposed to get there? None of these cars work.

CINDY: Wait. See if this works.

A MAN: Hey! I got the last working car in New York! This is our road, bitches! Ha-ha!

BRENDA: You're right, Cindy. That worked pretty well. Look at all the injured. It's so sad.

MAHALIK: Big-ass rat, man!

CJ: Oh! That sewer took forever to fix!

MAHALIK: Man, I'm gonna need a hot bath after all of that-

CJ: What the hell happened here?

MAHALIK: Zombies!

CJ: Damn!

MAHALIK: Let's go! Don't let 'em bite you!

CJ: Good news! They can still feel electricity.

MAHALIK: Grandma? The zombies have got my grandma! Die, Grandma! Die! Die! I loved you! I loved you!

BRENDA: Mahalik?

MAHALIK: Look what they did to my grandmama! That woman raised me from birth.

A MAN: Hey, he's got a car. He's got a car. Give us the car and the keys!

TOM: This isn't my car. I would, but I can't. It's not my car. It's not my car. Don't worry, kids. The doors are locked. There's no possible way they can- Pull the robot out of chocolate. But that's just common sense. Oh, waiter!

RACHEL: Daddy!

TOM: Kids!
(00:45:03)
MAN A: Get back! Get back! Gimme the gun. I'm taking the car.
(00:45:12)
TOM: What do I do about him?
(00:45:14)
MAN B: I don't want the car. I just need a gun.
(00:45:17)
MAN A: No way I'm giving up the gun. I want the car.
(00:45:19)
TOM: So, you need a gun, and you want a car.
(00:45:23)
MAN B: What do you want?
(00:45:26)
TOM: Well, I've never owned a knife.
(00:45:26)
MAN A: Okay. Let's all switch on three. One, two, three.
(00:45:34)
MAN B: Is this right?
(00:45:36)
MAN A: I don't think so.
(00:45:41)
ROBBIE: Dad, they're taking the car.
(00:45:44)
TOM: Yes, well, uh, let's keep going.
(00:45:48)
ROBBIE: What? That's it? You're giving up?
(00:45:51)
TOM: Yeah, that's right. I'm giving up. You want a hero? Go find someone else.
(00:45:56)
ROBBIE: Why?
(00:45:59)
TOM: Let's go.

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(00:46:02)
MR. PRESIDENT: Now, let me get this straight: The girl hugged the duck, and then it dies?
(00:46:09)
A BLACK MAN: Mr. President, the nation is under attack.
(00:46:11)
MR. PRESIDENT: Get me Homer Landsquiddy.
(00:46:13)
A BLACK MAN: You mean, "Homeland Security."
(00:46:17)
ANOTHER MAN: Sir, this woman was an eyewitness to one of the attacks.
(00:46:20)
MR. PRESIDENT: What can you tell us?
(00:46:22)
A WOMAN: They're indestructible. The clothing was burned off everyone's bodies. There were naked people everywhere.
(00:46:28)
MR. PRESIDENT: Were you naked?
(00:46:30)
A WOMAN: No.
(00:46:30)
MR. PRESIDENT: Thank God. Some good news at last. Get her a souvenir.

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(00:46:54)
BRENDA: Lil' Kim- Lil' Kim got my sandwich. Look out- Russell Crowe's got a phone! R. Kelly, don't pee on me! My lovely lady lumps! Where are we?
(00:47:10)
CINDY: I'm not sure, but I think we're close. It's supposed to be near mile 62.
(00:47:17)
BRENDA: Is something wrong?
(00:47:19)
CINDY: No, it's just...I met this guy, and I wonder if he's safe. Oh, you'd love him, Brenda.
(00:47:26)
(00:47:30)
CINDY: Tom Ryan.
(00:47:31)
BRENDA: Yeah, did him. Big, fat Chinese guy?
(00:47:35)
CINDY: No... No. But he is the kind of guy that I'd like to share the rest of my life with.
(00:47:46)
BRENDA: Cindy! Look! What is this place?
(00:47:58)
CINDY: I don't know, but the boy's father's somewhere in there. We'll have to sneak our way in.
(00:48:03)
BRENDA: But we're not gonna blend in dressed like this.
(00:48:05)
CINDY: Brenda, look.
(00:48:08)
BRENDA: He's a wonderful boy.
(00:48:36)
HOLLY: Ezekiel? Ezekiel, where are you? Ezekiel, shall we have a foot race? No cheating.
BRENDA: That's him! He's cute.

HENRY: Friends, friends. Do not fear the noise of those of whom we do not speak. There is a gentle truce between our village and the creatures beyond their borders. Now, who would like to say grace? Ah, Ezekiel.

EZEKIEL: Pee-pee. Pee-pee vagina.

PEOPLE: Amen.

HOLLY: Father?

HENRY: Holly. For what purpose do you interrupt the celebration of the domestic partnership of Mordecai and Hoss?

HOLLY: The guards caught two outsiders near the cabin.

HENRY: Who are you?

CINDY: I must speak with you. I was sent by your son.

HENRY: Don't be ridiculous. I have no son.

CINDY: That's not true! I know who you are. I've seen the pictures.

HENRY: I was young. I needed the work.

CINDY: No. At Mrs. Norris's house.

HENRY: I didn't know whose house it was. They drugged me. Never mind that. You're outsiders. The council will decide your fates.

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HENRY: The question of the outsiders is now at hand. But first, Martha, have you some tidings?

MARTHA: Nathaniel Winston and Alice Smith have informed me of their intentions. He intends to have sex with her as soon as possible. She intends to put up a mild fight and then give in.
HENRY: Amos, something does trouble you? We now have a majority of those who wish to say "I'm"... instead of "I am."

MAN 1: I'm for that.

MAN 2: I am against it.

HENRY: Silence! We have more important matters to discuss. I fear that the presence of the outsiders will attract those of whom we do not speak.

AN OLD WOMAN: If you talk about those of whom we do not speak... have you not spoken of that about which we do not talk?

HENRY: Do not speak of that of which we talk of not speaking... about.

JEREMIAH: Elder Hale. We should welcome the outsiders among us.

HENRY: Jeremiah, ought not your tongue be held?

JEREMIAH: I am sorry, Elder Hale... but sometimes my tongue wiggles beyond my ability to control it.

BRENDA: This is a problem with which I have had much experience. Maybe I could help him in a room in which there are no others. Or you can all watch. I don't give a shit.

HENRY: Silence.

BRENDA: After this, how about you take your thing of which we do not speak... and slide it up in my place of which I like-

HENRY: Silence! The elders will consult.

HOLLY: Ah. Much better. I'm not in my house, am I?

HENRY: No. Outsiders, we have decided to let you stay with us. So that you'll be safe from those from of whom we do not- Or don't. Speak. But now that you are a part of our village... understand this: You may never leave.

CINDY: No! No! How did your son die? The fate of the world is at stake. You know what to do. Was it you? Did you kill him?

BRENDA: This is some shit up with which we will not put.

MAN 1: I'm for that.
MAN 2: I am against it.
CINDY: This village isn't what it used to be.

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PRESENTER: Just hours after the devastating alien attack...world leaders have gathered at the United Nations. In this, mankind's darkest hour...the human race has turned, as one...to the wisdom and leadership of the President of the United States. Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States.

MR. PRESIDENT: Go get 'em, tiger.

A BLACK MAN: They mean you, sir.

MR. PRESIDENT: Oh, yes, of course. So...an Indian, a Frenchman and the Pope are all on a plane. The pilot says, "Hey, are any of you not circumcised?" So the Pope lifts up his robe and says..."Shut up, stupid. You don't even speak English." The Israeli asked the Japanese guy to open his eyes...but the Japanese man says, "I'm not squinting, you crazy Jew. You're the one who sold me these cheap glasses." What's the difference between a Belgian and a lump of dog shit? The Belgian drinks wine, but the dog shit smells good. But, on a serious note, I'm here today at the, uh..."un"...because the Earth has been attacked. I'm happy to report that we may have found a way to fight back. My military advisers at the Pentagram have managed to do the impossible. They have captured one of the alien heat ray guns. As you know, the heat ray destroys the body, leaving behind nothing but clothes. Our engineers have managed to reverse the polarity of the weapon in the hopes that it can now be turned against the alien invaders. Well, where was I? Ah, yes. We expect that the alien shields will be vulnerable to this reconfigured weapon. People, please! Please! Please, people. Now, I know that this new technology may seem frightening...but I believe that deep down inside this heat cannon is our best chance. Let me give you a demonstration. Now let's see if this thing is plugged in.

A MAN: Uh... it's not a very pretty sight. Everything's loose and flapping around. Look at this little pink thing.

MR. PRESIDENT: Someone get some lubricant, and we'll slather it around in here. There, Harper. Good God, these people are all naked. Have you no shame? Have you no decency?

HARPER: Sir, you're naked, too.

MR. PRESIDENT: I am? I thought this was a wrinkly leather coat.
MR. PRESIDENT: These aren't buttons?
HARPER: No!
MR. PRESIDENT: I've been pulling this thing up and down like a zipper.
HARPER: Mr. President, please.
MR. PRESIDENT: There goes that duck again.

***

A MAN: Yo, man, you see this red weed?
TOM: Nope.
ROBBIE: Dad, how much further till Mom's?
TOM: I don't know. I'm not sure how much longer I can carry your sister. I've been walking this entire time.
A MAN: Then who the hell is-
TOM: I'll pay you. Stay close, Rachel.
ROBBIE: Dad, look! Hey! Hey! You guys! I want to help!
TOM: Robbie! Oh, no. Don't move. For God's sake, stay right there. I'll be right back!
ROBBIE: Hey! Hey, you guys! I want to help. Awesome! Wait!
TOM: Are you crazy?
ROBBIE: No! They'll pay for half my college. Kick ass.
TOM: Robbie!
ROBBIE: Yes!
TOM: What's the matter with you?
ROBBIE: Hey, look at that guy. This is so cool!
TOM: Robbie! Robbie! Rachel! Rachel!
A FAKE MICHAEL JACKSON: Little girl, are you alone? You need to come with me. I'll keep you safe, right, kids? Do you have a little brother?

TOM: Get away from her! Run away, kids! Toward the tripod, if you have to!

A FAKE MICHAEL JACKSON: Don't go! I've got a Ferris wheel and a chimp...and a big, soft bed we can all get in. No, please! Not my real face! Not my real face! No!

HOLLY: Over here. Follow me to safety. Ow!

CINDY: Follow me to safety.

HOLLY: I don't know about this.

CINDY: I'm an excellent judge of character.

JEREMIAH: All right. Yeah.

BRENDA: That's it.

JEREMIAH: Oh, Brenda. Yes! You did it! You have learned quickly and produced splendid butter. Are you sure you have not churned before?

BRENDA: Well, we don't call it churning where I come from.

EZEKIEL: Pee-pee vagina.

HOLLY: Quick! Into the cellar.

CINDY: No! This is the cellar. That's the cesspool.

HOLLY: Damn it!

CINDY: Quick!


CINDY: Hey! You're not monsters.

JEREMIAH: Old Lady Henderson? And Pig-Face Joe!
CINDY: What happened?

AN OLD PRIEST: It is Henry. He has suffered a heart attack brought on by this knife.

CINDY: Who did this?

AN OLD PRIEST: It was...Ezekiel.

CINDY: Henry, you need a hospital. It's not too late. We can help you.

HENRY: Perhaps you could start by not leaning on the knife.

AN OLD PRIEST: Do not be concerned for him, Cindy. We have sent our most qualified villager for medicines.

HENRY: I am so dead. Please, leave me alone with Cindy and Brenda. I have much to tell them. Listen carefully to me. I am not long for this world.

BRENDA: Pussy.

CINDY: Brenda!


CINDY: Tell me, Henry, who killed the boy? Was it you?

HENRY: No, I loved him and his mother very much. I should have been with him when he died. It was horrible.

CINDY: What happened? You must tell me.

HENRY: They went to a boxing match. It was a women's championship title fight. And there was a terrible accident.

CINDY: Oh, my God. Only in America! All this time, I've been searching for his killer when it was me, Brenda. It was all my fault. Henry, your son told me that if I found his killer...I would know how to defeat the aliens. And he was right. Don't you see?

HENRY: All you have to do is- Who the hell let his ass out of jail?

AN OLD PRIEST: His brother, the sheriff.

HENRY: Fuckin' "A."
(01:04:09)
TOM: There you go, sweetie.
(01:04:11)
RACHEL: We're gonna die, aren't we?
(01:04:13)
TOM: Hey, nothing's gonna happen to you. I haven't lost anyone yet.
(01:04:18)
RACHEL: You've lost Robbie.
(01:04:21)
TOM: Except Robbie. None of that matters right now. What's important is that I'm here with you. Try and get some sleep, okay?
(01:04:29)
RACHEL: Sing me "Lullaby and Good Night"?
(01:04:33)
TOM: I don't know that one.
(01:04:35)
RACHEL: Sing me "Hushabye Mountain"?
(01:04:38)
TOM: I'm sorry, Rachel, I don't that one, either.

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(01:05:17)
TOM: Hey. Come on in. Have a seat.
(01:05:22)
OLIVER: The name's Oliver.
(01:05:25)
TOM: Tom Ryan. I found this place. Plenty of food- Along with two freshly killed busybodies upstairs...who "owned" the place. We could stay here forever.
(01:05:37)
OLIVER: Are you afraid?
(01:05:39)
TOM: Of course I'm afraid.
(01:05:39)
OLIVER: I'm not. I've been around death plenty. I used to drive an ambulance in the city...but, apparently, I wasn't a very strong driver. It seems I was killing more people than I was saving. Something about that siren got me excited. Wham! Carnage. But this is different. This is a war.
(01:05:59)
TOM: No, it's an extermination. It's no more of a war than there's a war between men and maggots...or dragons and wolves...or men riding dragons, throwing wolves at maggots.
(01:06:11)
OLIVER: Damn it, Tom. Can't you understand what I'm trying to tell you?
TOM: These aliens must have a weakness. I heard that the Japs killed a few of ’em over in Kikkoman.

OLIVER: Kikkoman. That's-That's soy sauce.

TOM: Right, yeah. Low sodium.

OLIVER: What I'm trying to say, Tom, is that you and I should be fighting these things. It's us that should be coming up from under the ground. Of course, we'll have to bury ourselves first...but it'll be worth it. Cool breeze. No sunblock. Worms. When we build our own tripods, they'll have four legs. I gotta show ya something. We'll tunnel up from behind and scare the piss out of ’em. Wish we had some shovels, don't you?

RACHEL: Dad. Daddy!

TOM: Rachel! Rachel! Rachel!

CINDY: What's the secret, Brenda? What am I missing? Oh, please! More fake monsters?

BRENDA: Cindy! Help! Help!

TOM: I promised I'd find you, didn't I?

CINDY: Where are we? What is this?

TOM: Some kind of basket attached to the tripod.

CINDY: Jesus! I know, it's horrible. But why? What are the aliens gonna do to us?

TOM: I don't know, but they're taking everyone- young, old, rich, poor, Chingy.

RACHEL: Daddy!

TOM: Rachel! No!

RACHEL: Daddy! Help!

CINDY: Tom!

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CINDY: Am I dead?
BRENDA: You're not dead.
CINDY: Brenda!
BRENDA: Cindy!
TOM: Hey...could be worse.
BRENDA: You want to switch?
TOM: Okay.
CINDY: Brenda, look!
BRENDA: I don't believe it! The aliens killed a dinosaur!
DISTORTED MALE VOICE (ZOLTAR): Hello, humans. Welcome to the inside of the command tripod.
TOM: Where's Rachel? What have you done with my daughter?
ZOLTAR: All in good time, Tom. But first, I want to play a game. The devices you wear will trigger in 60 seconds. The switch on the wall behind Cindy will disable them.
CINDY: But where is the key?
ZOLTAR: I'll give you a hint, Cindy. Let the game begin.
CINDY: I...I don't get it.
ZOLTAR: Okay...maybe this will help you "see."
CINDY: You want me to...cut something?
ZOLTAR: That should be obvious, yes. No. No! The key is behind your eye, okay?
CINDY: Fake eye. Bad bar fight in '96. Oh...oh, I hope this doesn't come between us.
TOM: Of course not. Is it too late for me to try this on?
TOM: Rachel!
RACHEL: Daddy!
TOM: Robbie!
ROBBIE: Daddy!
ZOLTAR: The only thing keeping your children alive, Tom, is you.
TOM: Well, we had a good run.
ZOLTAR: Ha! You weren't expecting that, were you? On the contrary, I was counting on it. I call it..."the nutcracker."
TOM: Why?
ZOLTAR: Of course.
A GHOST: Tempura. Sushi. Sashimi! (The answer is within my father’s heart! Follow the blood!).
CINDY: Oh, my- Oh, my gosh. Of course. Follow the blood. Henry was his stepdad. You're the little boy's real father!
CINDY: Where did you even meet her?
ZOLTAR: It was spring break in Cabo. So what? I blended in. Seriously, who gives a crap?
TOM: What's this?
ZOLTAR: Enjoy your purple nurple, Tom.
CINDY: Please, your son wouldn't want this. His soul walks the Earth because of the pain you've caused him.
ZOLTAR: No. I have crossed a galaxy for revenge.
CINDY: But it's my fault. Let the others go.
ZOLTAR: Oh, I don't think so. Look upon him as he writhes!
BRENDA: Hey, Cindy! Look, I'm on TV, y'all! Check it out! I'm gonna give a shout out to all my peeps!
ZOLTAR’S FRIEND: Have you lost your mind?
(01:14:15)
BRENDA: No one...bitch slaps...Brenda!
(01:14:18)
ZOLTAR'S FRIEND: Zoltar, help!
(01:14:20)
ZOLTAR: Oh, oh! This is some bullshit!
(01:14:24)
CINDY: I know you hold a grudge against humanity for your son's death, but-
(01:14:27)
BRENDA: Oh, wet willy!
(01:14:30)
CINDY: Killing us won't bring your little boy back.
(01:14:33)
ZOLTAR: No. You will all pay for what you have done. Besides, I've already built this thing. When the trap closes on you, it will lock the chain in place. Your children will be saved...but you will suffer a terrible death. Can you hang on to the ones you love? You have 60 seconds.
(01:14:54)
RACHEL AND ROBBIE: No.
(01:14:57)
TOM: Don't worry, kids. I won't quit on you.
(01:14:59)
RACHEL: It's okay to let go, Dad. All you ever had to do was show that you loved me.
(01:15:05)
ROBBIE: And show me what it means to be a man.
(01:15:07)
CINDY: And show me that I could love again.
(01:15:11)
RACHEL: We forgive you, Dad.
(01:15:24)
TOM: The spikes- they stopped! Kids!
(01:15:32)
RACHEL AND ROBBIE: Daddy!
(01:15:36)
CINDY: Are you...sparing our lives?
(01:15:39)
ZOLTAR: Anyone can hold a grudge...but it takes real courage to forgive. The invasion is over.
(01:15:47)
CINDY: And?
(01:15:47)
ZOLTAR: And I guess I'm sorry or something. I don't know. Like you mean it. Okay. I'm sorry for killing millions of people. Whatever!
(01:15:57)
CINDY: Wait...where's Brenda? What?
BRENDA: We're at peace now. I was just sealing the deal.

CINDY: Come on, Brenda. Let's go.

BRENDA: Bye! Don't lose my number!

ZOLTAR: Tell me you didn't catch something.

ZOLTAR’S FRIEND: Nah, it's cool. She said she was a virgin. We are so fucked.

RACHEL: Mommy!

MARYLIN: Thank you.

TOM: Hey, look, kids- Grandpa.

MARYLIN: No, that's my new husband.

CINDY: Oh, I think it's romantic- the way love can find anyone.

JAMES EARLIONES (voice-over): And so, love triumphed in the end…and the invaders were destroyed. For this world, our world…is the world of man. We have earned the right to live here…and as long as we love, humanity will prevail. Each of our enemies has failed in their quest to defeat us…each has been undone by their own nefarious plans. Among all worlds, across all galaxies…we stand above, we stand alone. None can threaten our existence, none can challenge our spirit. And why? Of all the qualities that make us unique…it is love that is our greatest strength…and because of love, mankind-

PRESENTER: Thank you. Hello, and welcome to the show. We have got a very special man with some very special news. That's right- he's in the building! The man who saved the world! Put your hands together for Tom Ryan! Yes! My best friend.

TOM: Whoo! Wow. That's it?
PRESENTER: Okay. So, you're in love.
(01:18:53)
TOM: I am. I'm in love.
(01:18:58)
PRESENTER: He's lost it. The boy's lost it.
(01:19:01)
TOM: Yeah! Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!
(01:19:09)
PRESENTER: You are adorable when you are in love.
(01:19:12)
TOM: Thank you.
(01:19:12)
PRESENTER: Tell us all about her.
(01:19:15)
TOM: She's great. She's really terrific. So it's complicated.
(01:19:17)
PRESENTER: Yeah, you were saying that-that she's complex, I guess.
(01:19:19)
TOM: Shut up!
(01:19:30)
PRESENTER: Ow! You're insane. Tom Ryan is insane!
(01:19:33)
TOM: I'm insane!
(01:19:35)
PRESENTER: Are you happy? You're happy?
(01:19:37)
TOM: I'm so happy. Hey! Look! Whoa!
(01:19:42)
PRESENTER: Tom. Okay, you've got balls.
(01:19:46)
TOM: Yeah! Shoe! I love Cindy Campbell! I can jump on things! Whoa! Wowee-wowee-wowee-wowee-wowee! Wowee-wowee-wowee-wowee! Ya-ha! Whoa!
(01:20:21)
PRESENTER: Okay, um, Tom...isn't Cindy here?
(01:20:23)
TOM: I know she's here. Cindy, I know you're in the building. Cindy! Cindy! Cindy! Cindy! Let's bring her out right now! I love this woman! I love this woman!
(01:20:42)
PRESENTER: Oh, God! God! Oh, God!

THE END