EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

(POV - running monster, about the size of a Labrador) We are chasing a running young person in an over-sized black hoodie. HOODIE steps onto a discarded milk crate, hops onto a large garbage can, and dives over a cyclone gate into a residential back yard. We hear growling as the camera spies on Hoodie getting up off the ground, running to a concrete patio and down a small set of stairs to a basement and frantically pounding on the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

We still hear pounding on the basement door as a slovenly dressed man in his late 20s walks towards it while eating a bowl of cereal. Let's call him DAVE. He removes a two by four from across the threshold and opens the door. Hoodie enters, quickly shuts the door and attempts to bar it, failing.

DAVE
Oh, let me get the door. It's a little tricky.

Dave turns the bar the other way and slides the locks in place in a methodical fashion as Hoodie watches.

We see that the hoodie has the word FIGHT silk screened in the lapel area. Its hood is lowered revealing a woman in her late 20s.

DAVE
(to Hoodie)
How's it looking out there, Rose?

ROSE
Better. I locked your front door while I was out there, but I might have locked some of those things inside.

DAVE
Well, that will only be a problem if they get hungry and desperate and decide to bust through to down here.

ROSE
Yeah.

DAVE
We got two doors between us.
ROSE

Yeah.

DAVE

Cereal?

CUT TO

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

Dave and Rose sit on a couch in a semi-finished basement eating cereal, expressionlessly. We hear screams, explosions, grunts, growls and sirens.

SUPERIMPOSE: Basement Decorum

Rose turns to Dave.

ROSE

This milk still good?

DAVE

It's probably fine.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

We see more of the basement now. It has a fair amount of clutter and well-worn furniture. A few unlit candles and dirty dishes can be seen strewn about the room. Rose is leaning against a wall. She is sweating.

ROSE

It's hot.

Rose unzips her hoodie revealing a tank top and yoga pants.

DAVE (O.S.)

There's no AC. But it normally stays pretty cool down here.

ROSE

It's hot now.

DAVE (O.S.)

Well, yeah.

We pan to Dave and we see him laying across a beaten up chair wearing only his boxer shorts. He is playing a Nintendo DS.

ROSE

I hate this whole situation.
DAVE
(Staring at his game)
How long do you think we're going to have to be down here?

ROSE
I don't know, Dave.

DAVE
I know you don't know, but when do you think?

ROSE
I really don't have any way of making any sort of useful guess. I mean my last guess was that these things would be gone by sunrise.

DAVE
(Still playing)
Yeah. That guess sucked.

ROSE
Shouldn't you be saving your batteries for something more practical?

DAVE
What?
(a glance)
Oh. No these don't take batteries, they plug into the wall. I mean, it's an internal thing.

ROSE
You don't have to say it like I'm the biggest idiot in the world, you know.

DAVE
Well, I don't mean- Whatever.

ROSE
Yeah, whatever.

DAVE
Hold on, Rose! I think I can make a portal gun with the powers of my Nintendo handheld.

ROSE
Don't be a jerk.
DAVE
I can power the nonexistent air conditioner if only I hadn't evolved my Snorlax!

ROSE
Well, I wish you'd put your Snorlax away.

DAVE
Munchlax.

ROSE
Excuse me?!

DAVE
Oh, no, I evolved my Snorlax into a Munchlax. I wasn't saying-

ROSE
I was talking about your privates.

DAVE
My privates? They're away!

ROSE
Barely.

DAVE
Barely covered is still covered. How much more do you need?

ROSE
You know, if you wouldn't have forgotten those tickets-

DAVE
What? If I remembered them we might be dead now.

Rose starts to say something then stops herself.

A moment of silence.

ROSE
Yeah.

Rose pulls a soft pack of cigarette's from her hoodie pocket. She goes to light one, looks around then slides the cigarette back into the pack.
DAVE
I think, in general, that, um, the house's no smoking rule can be lifted during apocalypses, monster infestations and things like that.

ROSE
I only have ten. I want to ration.

DAVE
Jesus, how long do you think this thing is going to last?

ROSE
I already said that I don't know.
(A beat)
Can you please just put some more clothes on?

DAVE
It's hot.

ROSE
But it normally stays pretty cool down here.

DAVE
I'm covered. Why are you so sexually oppressed?

ROSE
It's repressed, and I'm not. I just don't want to see your wangdoodle.

DAVE
Then don't look at my wangdoodle. Jesus.

ROSE
Just put on some pants.

DAVE
It's my house, and you can't make me. And only a sexually repressed person would say "wangdoodle".

LATER

Dave lets out a grunt of frustration as his DS runs out of power. He sets aside the game angrily. He sees Rose stretching in various Yoga poses on the basement floor.
Reaction shot of Dave's male gaze.

Rose stretching.

Dave's gaze.

CUT TO:

Dave sits on the couch in baggy clothes. He smiles a cheesy smile.

Rose is sitting on the floor, smoking.

ROSE
Well, thanks for putting on clothes.
Sorry, if I've been a bit grouchy.

A metallic scraping noise can be heard.

DAVE
Oh, um, I haven't noticed.

We can hear bang, with a bit of reverb, like a metallic drum.

ROSE
Sure. Hey, do you think you might have any clothes that I could borrow? I mean, who knows how long we'll be here. I'm probably pretty, well not to be crude, but, um, ripe.

BANG BANG BANG

Dave and Rose look at each other. Dave grabs an aluminum baseball bat and Rose grabs a tire iron. They head toward the source of the noise.

The noise has stopped now.

Dave and Rose look at the back door. There are no signs of distress.

BANG

They turn their attention to the left of the door, where we find a washer and a dryer. Upon closer examination, we see that the metal ventilation pipe leading from the dryer to the outside is damaged.

Dave examines the dryer vent tube.
BANG.

The noise is coming from inside the dryer.

BANG BANG

Dave opens the dryer door and immediately closes it.

DAVE

The noise is coming from inside the dryer.

ROSE

Did you really need to open the door to figure that out?

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD OVER BLACK:

LAST NIGHT

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - EVENING

We see Dave sitting at a small table set up in a sidewalk cafe. He is wearing the FIGHT hoodie and staring at his phone. We can see inside the glass doors of the attached coffee shop/bakery. It's mostly abandoned with only a few loaves of bread left. A bored BARISTA reads a book near the register.

Rose enters. She is wearing a white tunic over yoga pants and carrying a small green purse.

ROSE

Dave?

Dave stands up awkwardly, nearly flipping over his table and very much spilling his coffee.

DAVE

Yeah! Oh, jeez. Sorry.

ROSE

No harm done. I mean, it was your coffee.

DAVE

Yeah, well, now that we've got all the awkwardness out of the way-
ROSE
Sorry I'm late. I was waiting in the restaurant next door.

DAVE
Oh. I thought that Mattie said the coffee shop.

ROSE
That's fine. I guess I just assumed. Did you want to go in and eat?

In the background the barista slumps over the counter.

DAVE
Oh. I ate like, two hours ago. I'm sorry, I thought this was just a meetup for coffee before the show.

ROSE
All right, that's fine.

DAVE
I mean we can go into the restaurant and I can just drink coffee in there. I mean, I am all out. I'm all out of coffee.

ROSE
No, that's weird. I'm not going to make you sit there and watch me eat.

The barista, still slumped, starts twitching.

DAVE
Oh. I guess that requires a certain level of familiarity, huh?

ROSE
I'll just grab something here.

The barista, unconscious, slides from on top of the counter to behind the counter just as Rose looks in that direction.

DAVE
Okay. I feel terrible. I always just eat dinner at six. I forget that cool, young people don't do that.

ROSE
I'm not that cool or that young. What
time is the show?

DAVE
I think nine, but I'll double check the tickets.

He checks for the tickets.

ROSE
So we really didn't have time to eat a proper meal anyway.

DAVE
(Realizing)
Fuck. I left the tickets at my house.

ROSE
Ugh.

DAVE
Look, I live like a five minute walk from here. I can run home, you can eat something here, I'll run back and we can get a Lyft over to the show.

Rose turns to the counter. No one is there. She reconsiders and turns back to Dave.

ROSE
That's dumb. I'm fine. I'll walk over with you.

The barista stands up behind the counter. Her eyes are solid black.

DAVE
You gonna grab some food?

ROSE
Eh, I'm fine.

DAVE
Eager to come back to my place, huh?

ROSE
Don't be gross.

DAVE
Sorry, I, uh, sorry.

Dave and Rose walk away from the coffee shop. We see the
barista tilt her head awkwardly. She vomits something huge and wet and pink all over the counter.

We can just see the outline of a creature, something like a giant pink salamander, twitching in the vomit.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Rose and Dave are walking on the sidewalk of a residential area.

DAVE
So, what do you do for fun.

ROSE
Nothing too exciting. Drink on Fridays, sports on Saturdays, read on Sundays. Listen to podcasts on my commute. The youjz.

DAVE
Oh. What do you read?

ROSE
I think you're the first guy to ask about reading after I gave him that list.

DAVE
Well, I am very special. Wait was there something better on it? Like dirt bikes or robot fighting?

ROSE
I read this and that. I just finished a lot of non-fiction stuff. Do you know Lawrence Krauss?

DAVE
Personally, no. Professionally, also no.

ROSE
What about you?

DAVE
What about me?

ROSE
What do you do for fun?
DAVE
Oh, I don't have any fun.

ROSE
We're going to a show tonight.

DAVE
Okay, I guess I have some fun.

ROSE
Cool. I think I won round one of-

DAVE
Dating?

ROSE
Yes.

DAVE
Then you get to control the board for round two.

ROSE
All right. So, um, where do you see yourself in five years?

DAVE
Oh, God. Can I pass? Am I allowed to pass?

ROSE
You're allotted one pass and one Phone-a-friend.

DAVE
I'm a pass. That question is giving me a little PTSD from my last interview.

ROSE
I take it you didn't get the job.

DAVE
Worse, I did.

ROSE
Look, I'll give you a softball question.

DAVE
I don't know much about softball, either. The ball isn't actually
softer, right?

ROSE
I'm going to ignore that as a bad joke.

DAVE
Probably for the best.

ROSE
Tell me-

DAVE
Actually, I do know a bit about softball. My mom used to play a lot.

ROSE
Okay.

DAVE
I just don't want to start this relationship on a big lie like that.

ROSE
So, Dave, tell me something you love that nobody else talks about.

DAVE
Easy.

ROSE
Oh, that one's easy?

DAVE
I would never have a bad interview experience if that were one of the questions.

ROSE
Oh, so you're stalling?

DAVE
Something I love that nobody else ever talks about-

ROSE
Just tell me.

DAVE
I love Halloween episodes of sitcoms.
ROSE
Huh?

DAVE
Halloween episodes of sitcoms are one of my favorite things.

ROSE
That is an answer I've never heard before.

DAVE
Well, I am very special.

ROSE
I've heard that somewhere before.

DAVE
So, did I get the job?

ROSE
Our next round of interviews will be in a few weeks. We'll let you know.

DAVE
This is the first time I've directly asked a lady for a job on the first date.

ROSE
Don't be gross.

DAVE
I didn't mean it like that.

ROSE
Sure.

It starts to rain. Dave looks up and gets a big drop to the face.

DAVE
Man, I know how to show a lady a good time, huh?

ROSE
Ehh, don't worry about it.

Rose pulls a compact umbrella from her small purse.

DAVE
You get that purse from Mary Poppins?

ROSE
There's room for you underneath.

DAVE
The purse?
   (a beat)
The umbrella! Naw, you keep it. It's just sprinkling. I can change my clothes if I get too, you know, wet.

ROSE
Don't be gross.

DAVE
I did not mean it like that!

They pass by a NEIGHBOR standing stock still watering his lawn in the rain. He's about 70, thin, and wears those big over the eyeglasses sunglasses. They pay him no mind.

DAVE
   (Gesturing to a house)
   This one is me.

They arrive at a modest but well-kept single family house.

ROSE
You own a house?

DAVE
Well...

Dave walks up the steps and unlocks the front door.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is set up like an older couple lives there: nice, but slightly out of date furniture, knick-knacks on tables, and large house plants. Rose and Dave walk through the house while talking.

ROSE
Really?

DAVE
It's temporary. My roommate got married and she moved in, and we didn't want a weird-
ROSE
They kicked you out?

DAVE
Yes ma'am.

ROSE
So, Is it strange living in your childhood bedroom? I mean, you're like 30.

DAVE
No and rude. First off I am 28. Second off, I live in the basement.

ROSE
Oh, pardon me.

DAVE
It's nice. It's all set up like an apartment.

ROSE
Uh-huh.

DAVE
Don't worry. I'm not one of those basement neckbeards who comments on YouTube videos and calls female semi-celebrities whores on Twitter and who's like "not all men" and who says, "um actually it's about ethics in journalism" or anything like that.

ROSE
That's good. I-

DAVE
Yep, I routinely shave my neck, and I only call A-listers whores. I've got standards. Here they are.

Dave grabs the tickets.

ROSE
Your standards?

DAVE
No the tickets. Oh good, 9:30!

They walk back toward the door.
ROSE
This house is a little feminine. Your dad doesn't mind?

DAVE
Oh, my real dad isn't around. My mom's got a live-in girlfriend that I sometimes call my dad. They used to run a ice cream shop together.

ROSE
Lesbian ice cream?

DAVE
Not exclusively.

ROSE
Actually, what would lesbian ice cream be?

DAVE
Klondike bars?

Dave pulls out his phone as they approach the door.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Dave locks the door behind him with one hand while playing with his phone with the other.

ROSE
So what wrong in your last relationship for you to be part of a set-up?

DAVE
I could ask you the same. Ugh. I can't get Uber or Lyft to load.

ROSE
I'll try on my phone.

She does that thing.

DAVE
It says I have no connection. I thought just the wifi was down in the house, but it says I have no internet here with or without wifi.

ROSE
At least your mom has wifi. My mom still watches a tube tv and uses a landline.

DAVE
Well, she mostly uses it to watch wrestling on her Kindle.

ROSE
So, your mom is a wrestling loving, ice cream making lesbian with an e-reader?

DAVE
I know, that old stereotype.

ROSE
That's funny. I can't connect to anything either.

DAVE
Well, we can catch the 24 bus, and then it's like a five minute walk. We should be able to make it in plenty of time.

They walk towards the main road, approaching the neighbor who is still standing in the same spot watering his grass in the rain. Rose notices him.

ROSE
Is he okay?

DAVE
I don't know.

They walk closer to the neighbor.

DAVE
Everything okay, Mr. Jefferson?

No reaction

DAVE
Alan? Buddy?

No reaction.

ROSE
Did he have a stroke or something?
DAVE
I don't know.

ROSE
I'll check his pulse.

DAVE
Careful. Do you know what you're doing?

ROSE
I did some CPR training years ago.

DAVE
He's standing up though. Is that normal?

ROSE
I don't know. I was a camp counselor not an EMT.

Rose slowly moves her index and middle finger toward the throat of Mr. Jefferson.

DAVE
Well?

ROSE
It's hard to tell, he-

Mr. Jefferson vomits pink slime all over Rose's tunic. A pink salamander like creature, roughly the size of a house cat, bounces off of Rose's chest and starts scurrying on the lawn.

Dave screams.

Dave grabs Mr. Jefferson. Mr. Jefferson's body collapses in on itself like a puppet with its strings cut.

Dave screams more.

DAVE
I do not like what is happening!

Rose pulls off her blouse in one smooth motion like John Cena taking off a t-shirt. She stalks, then covers the creature with it.

ROSE
Kill it!
DAVE
What?

ROSE
Please kick this thing to death.

The creature rips a small hole in the tunic.

DAVE
I don't want to!

ROSE
Come on!

A slimy pink claw reaches through the hole.

DAVE
What if it's peaceful?

Glances exchanged.

DAVE
Okay! I see your point.

Dave spies a cinder-block upon which rests a garden gnome. He gently sets the gnome onto the ground.

ROSE
Hurry up!

DAVE
I am doing it!

Dave picks up the cinder-block with both hands and positions it over the creature.

ROSE
I'm going to move out of the way, throw it down!

Dave grimaces as he lifts the cinder block head high. He positions himself above the creature and lets go. The blouse grows pinker beneath the block.

ROSE
Is it dead?

DAVE
I don't know. It's flat, mostly?
ROSE
What the heck was that?

DAVE
I don't know.

ROSE
Well, what do we do now?

DAVE
I don't know.

ROSE
I'm going to try calling 911.

DAVE
Is that appropriate? They charge you if-

ROSE
Yes, Dave.

Rose moves the phone around.

DAVE
Can you get anything?

ROSE
No.

DAVE
I'll try on mine too.

They both stand around the cinder block on their phones as more pink goo oozes from underneath.

ROSE
I managed to connect, but it's a busy signal.

DAVE
911 is busy? That's a not so good thing right?

ROSE
No.

Rose looks around. We can hear sirens off in the distance. A street light flickers.

DAVE
I don't like it out here.

ROSE
All right, let's go to your mom's house and try the landline. And maybe there's something on the news.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Back at Dave's mom's house, Dave walks to the kitchen for the landline and Rose tries the television in the living room. We focus on Rose staring at the television that reads NO SIGNAL on a dark grey screen.

ROSE
What input does it need to be to get TV?

DAVE (O.S.)
It should be on it already. Try HDMI 1, and if that doesn't work, we can see if there is anything on the Antenna.

ROSE
It's on HDMI 1. What else did you say?

DAVE (O.S.)
Antenna.

ROSE
It says "Air".

DAVE (O.S.)
Do that then.

ROSE
Any luck over there?

DAVE (O.S.)
Busy signal.

ROSE
Here. Let's switch.

DAVE
Okay.

They do that thing. Dave cycles through the inputs hoping for some sort of signal. We see mostly blank blue or dark grey screens, with a 1/2 second flash of some slimy spider-like
creature.

We follow Rose in the kitchen as she tries the phone and gets a busy signal.

She tries again and gets a busy signal.

Rose stares at the object in her hand for a moment. It is a big black cordless phone.

ROSE
Why didn't you just take the phone into the living room?

DAVE (O.S.)
I'm not really thinking super clear right now.

ROSE
Fair.

She tries the phone again, and it stops working altogether.

Rose pushes random buttons, but no noise comes out of the phone.

The lights go out.

Everything is dark.

We hear a crashing noise from the living room.

DAVE (O.S.)
Fuck!

ROSE
Dave?

DAVE (O.S.)
It's fine. I just stubbed my toe on the coffee table.

ROSE
Okay.

Rose takes her cell phone out and turns on the flashlight. She walks toward the living room, shining the light on Dave who is rubbing his toe.

The light causes him to cover his eyes.
Rose moves the flashlight over, trying not to blind Dave. The light reveals that they left the front door open.

ROSE
Dave!

Three larger versions of the creature see the light from across the street and charge toward it.

More creatures are coming into view behind them.

DAVE
Shit! Run to the basement! We can lock that!

ROSE
I don't know where that is!

Dave runs past Rose and motions for her to follow. He opens a door that leads to a set of basement steps.

DAVE
Go past me! I've got to lock it.

They do those things. Dave deadbolts the door and shoves a nearby towel underneath it. The bottom of the stairs leads to a second, heavier door.

ROSE
This one is locked.

DAVE
Oh fuck. I left my keys in- Shit!

ROSE
Dave!

DAVE
Oh, no, wait I have them.

ROSE
Get your life together, Dave!

Dave unlocks the door and they enter the Basement.

INT. BASEMENT - EVENING

It's very dark. Rose still has her phone flashlight on and does a quick scan of the basement. On one side is a heavy duty door to the backyard. On that wall to the right of the door is a fridge, a shelf of canned foods. To the left of
that door are a washing machine and dryer.

The bulk of the basement is set up like a small living room with a coffee table, a futon (set in couch mode) and a butterfly chair. A messy computer desk dominates one wall.

Two doors are off of this "living room", one to a bedroom and one to a bathroom.

ROSE
This is, uh, so, what do we do now?

Dave locks the stair door, checks the lock, then checks the lock to the outside door. He grabs a two by four and drops it into metal brackets bolted into the wall.

DAVE
I don't know what we do now.

Rose looks at Dave and at his door bar.

DAVE
This wasn't always the best neighborhood.

ROSE
All right, let's give it some time for the power to hopefully come back on or for the data networks or cell service or whatever to come back up.

DAVE
How much time?

ROSE
I don't think we're making it to the show tonight.

DAVE
Naw. Screw that. I can miss my cousin's improv show.

ROSE
(Disgusted)
You were taking me to improv?

DAVE
Well, they do sketch too.

ROSE
All right, so worst case scenario is,
well, let's not think of that. Most likely scenario is that everything will be back up and running by morning.

DAVE
I could handle that. What were those things?

ROSE
I don't know. Hopefully the sun will scare them away in the morning. And we can-

DAVE
Did you see Mr. Jefferson collapse like that? It was so gross!

ROSE
I was a little preoccupied.

DAVE
Yeah, but ugh, I mean, I don't think I ever want to- ugh-

Rose takes Dave's arm.

ROSE
Why don't we sit down on the couch for a bit?

DAVE
Okay.

They sit on the futon.

ROSE
Now, I want to save my battery as long as I can. Do you have any candles around here?

DAVE
There are some birthday candles in the junk drawer in the kitchen.

ROSE
Any other candles?

DAVE
Oh yeah. There's a big rubbermaid under the futon.
Rose looks under the futon and drags an oblong storage box from underneath it. Inside are a few framed photos of Dave and his family, a collection of various candles in bags, and a few trays for the candles.

She sets up two large candles on the coffee table, grabs a butane lighter from her purse and lights both of the candles.

ROSE
We don't need to worry about rationing yet, right?

DAVE
Right. That candle is apple pie and that candle is cloves. Together they smell like cider.

ROSE
Yeah, they do.

DAVE
Excuse me.

Dave stands up from the futon, and walks through the bathroom door.

Rose stares at the fire and listens to him puke.

ROSE
This is like something out of a horror movie, huh?

DAVE (O.S.)
Hopefully it ends better than one of them.

ROSE
I don't know. Usually they beat the monsters, right?

DAVE (O.S.)
You do. I have to sacrifice myself heroically in the final act.

He vomits.

ROSE
I'm not saying you have to, but I would appreciate it.

DAVE (O.S.)
Aw fuck.

ROSE
What?

DAVE (O.S.)
You said you were a camp counselor.

ROSE
Yeah, well-

Dave vomits.

Rose sighs.

The toilet flushes.

ROSE
Well, at least that works.

We hear the sink running and Dave re-emerges.

DAVE
We're probably in this for at least the night. My bedroom is that a way.

ROSE
I'll just stay on the couch. It's no big deal.

DAVE
Are you sure?

ROSE
It's fine.

DAVE
Okay. Well, it's a futon, so it can fold down into a bed.

ROSE
Couch mode is fine. Don't even worry about it.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Dave is lying awake in his bed, staring at the ceiling, listening to the sounds of the apocalypse.
Rose is lying awake on the futon, staring at the ceiling. She stares at her phone.

She reaches for it.

She stops herself.

She stares at the ceiling again.

She grabs her phone absentmindedly, and checks it.

No signal.

No connection.

33 percent power.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

Dave is lying in his bed. He is drooling on his pillow. He opens his eyes to see Rose standing above him, wearing his hoodie.

    ROSE
    I'm going to check things out. I'll be back in under an hour. Lock the door behind me.

    DAVE
    Okay. Do you want me to-

    ROSE
    If I run into anything bad, I'll turn right back around.

    DAVE
    Okay but-

Rose leaves. Dave quickly gets out of bed and closes the door behind her.

    DAVE
    At least some of last night must have been a dream.

We watch Dave make and eat a bowl of cereal in fast forward. (Noting that there is still no power and the light in the fridge does not turn on.) Dave prepares a second bowl, and we hear Rose pounding on the door!
ROSE (O.S.)
Open up!

Dave slowly walks to the door, and removes the bar from across the threshold. He unlocks the door. Rose enters.

DAVE
How's it looking out there, Rose?

ROSE
Better.

We fastforward through the beginning of the film, eventually coming to:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

We return to Rose and Dave by the dryer with the monster in it. The creature is banging on the dryer door, trying to get out. Dave is sitting in front of the dryer, leaning on the door in order to keep it from opening.

DAVE
Try turning it on!

ROSE
There's no power.

DAVE
It's gas!

ROSE
It still needs electricity.

DAVE
Can you just try?

Rose fiddles with the knobs, unsure how to work the machine.

DAVE
Turn it to timed dry, extra hot, and then push the start button on the left.

Rose does those things, but nothing happens. There is no power.

ROSE
Nothing. Do you think I should put in a dryer sheet?
DAVE
Trade places with me. I want to try.

ROSE
Are you serious?

DAVE
Just trade places with me!

Rose complies.

Dave attempts to turn on the machine to no avail.

DAVE
No power.

ROSE
Yeah, I'm a little-

DAVE
Wait! Stay there. I have an idea.

We see Rose growing more and more annoyed as Dave disappears for a few moments. We can here him shuffling, dumping things onto the floor, and rummaging throughout the basement.

ROSE
Dave!

Dave returns.

DAVE
I've got it!

Dave brandishes a roll of Duct Tape with cartoon characters on it.

DAVE
Okay move!

Dave wraps tape all the way around the dryer, three times.

ROSE
(sarcastic)
Oh yeah. Problem solved.

DAVE
It's not a perfect world, Rose.

The creature bangs on the dryer door.
INT. BASEMENT - EVENING

A few candles are lit around the room. Rose is sitting on the couch, trying to twirl her cheap butane lighter around her fingers like a baton. Dave enters the room holding an aluminum can in each hand.

DAVE
For tonight's menu I have sirloin burger soup or spaghetti rings. So, basically, you have the option to eat like a seventy year old or a seven year old.

ROSE
Dibs on the rings.

DAVE
And here I thought that I was the childish one.

He opens both cans with a mechanical can opener.

ROSE
Oh, you are. I just don't eat red meat.

DAVE
What are your opinions on, uh, greyish-brown meat?

CUT TO:

Dave and Rose are sitting on opposite ends of the couch. Each is eating their dinner with a table spoon straight out of the can. They stare forward, idly spooning foods into their mouths.

Screams, sirens and what might be an explosion can be heard in the background. Rose takes a last spoonful, and then holds the can towards Dave to offer him the rest. He smiles at her and politely waves it off.

It grows quiet for a moment.

Then, the dryer creature starts banging.

Dave digs around the bottom of his can with his spoon and starts to sing softly "Cockles and Muscles".
DAVE
(singing)
In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty, I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone, as she wheeled her wheel-barrow, through the streets broad and narrow, singing, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Rose looks at Dave, who just stares straight ahead and begins to sing louder.

DAVE
(singing)
"Alive, alive, oh, Alive, alive, oh," crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh".

Dave pauses his song and looks at Rose, who is staring straight ahead.

DAVE
(singing)
She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no wonder, for so were her father and mother before, and they all wheeled their barrows, through streets broad and narrow, crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Rose starts singing along, but she clearly does not know the song at all.

BOTH
(singing)
"Alive, alive, oh, alive, alive, oh," crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh".

Rose stops, thinking the song is done.

DAVE
(singing more slowly)
She died of a fever, and no one could save her, and that was the end of sweet Molly Malone. But her ghost wheels a barrow, through streets broad and narrow, crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Rose looks at Dave.
DAVE
(softly)
"Alive, alive, oh-

BOTH
(Softly)
"Alive, alive, oh," crying "Cockles
and mussels, alive, alive, oh".

Things go quieter again, with only the soft banging of the
dryer creature in the background. Dave rests his arm on the
arm of the couch and rests his head in his hand.

The relative silence is broken by the sounds of a distant
traffic accident and screaming.

A moment passes.

DAVE
Rose?

ROSE
Yeah, Dave?

DAVE
You've got a lousy singing voice.

Rose punches Dave in the shoulder and smiles a short-lived
smile.

ROSE
I could go for a drink.

DAVE
Today was supposed to be shopping day.
I think I've got a little bit of gin,
a bottle of blue coo-rocko-

ROSE
-curacao-

DAVE
-and some ancient vermouth. I don't
think you can make anything with that.

ROSE
Those are literally the ingredients to
a sapphire martini.

DAVE
Sapphire martini, huh? Doesn't the
curacao make it look like window cleaner?

ROSE
Sure does. And depending on the gin, it might smell like it too.

INT. BASEMENT NIGHT -

Dave and Rose are both planted on the couch. Each is holding a large blue drink in a clear glass coffee mug. Each stares forward, blankly. Sirens and yelling can be heard in the background.

Both of them take a big drink.

DAVE
Turquoise Manhattan, huh?

ROSE
Sapphire martini.

DAVE
This isn't terrible.

ROSE
Yeah it is.

Dave finishes his drink.

DAVE
All right, I'm ready to answer your question.

ROSE
What question?

DAVE
The set-up thing. I have not had a serious girlfriend in three years.

ROSE
Okay.

DAVE
We were serious though. We were going to move in together. And she finished her degree and got a job out in San Jose.

ROSE
Okay.

DAVE
We looked for apartments out there together, online. Thinking about neighborhoods and commutes. I started packing my things, to move across the country, and you know what she says to me?

ROSE
Based on current evidence, I could hazard a guess.

DAVE
She wanted this to be a completely fresh start. And I guess I just wasn't fresh enough.

ROSE
That's rough.

DAVE
She de-friended me on Facebook. Who does that.

ROSE
Rough.

DAVE
Okay, you're turn.

ROSE
What?

DAVE
How are you broken, that you got set-up with me?

ROSE
I'm two years removed from my last relationship.

DAVE
Psshh, lightweight. Who was this jerk?

ROSE
My fiance, he had really brain cancer. We tried to move up the wedding to get married before he, um, but he had this seizure, and he died before we could—
(a pause)

I still have his grandmother's ring. I had just taken it off for this date, so-

Dave is crying.

ROSE
Are you okay.

DAVE
I'm very sad for you.

They hug.

DAVE
And I'm a little pissed that your story was sadder than mine.

Rose pinches Dave on the back of his arms.

DAVE
Ow!

LATER:

Rose is lying on the couch while Dave sits on the floor. Scratches, groans and creaks can be heard off in the distance. There is only one candle burning, and it is much smaller than before.

DAVE
Rose. Hey Rose.

ROSE
What is it, Dave?

DAVE
Do you think we should check out there again?

ROSE
Yes, we should... in the morning.

DAVE
It sounds less bad out there. I think we should check it out.

ROSE
Now?
DAVE
Yeah!

ROSE
To what end?

DAVE
Um, what do you mean by that?

ROSE
If it is, by some chance, better or worse or the same out there, then what, pray tell, are you going to do about it?

DAVE
Well, I just, I don't know. I just kinda gotta know.

ROSE
No you don't, Dave.

The sound of gunfire, off in the distance.

DAVE
I'll be real quick.

ROSE
It's the middle of the night. Don't be stupid.

DAVE
I'm not fucking stupid.

ROSE
Listen, let me sleep, 2 hours. Then you sleep after I wake up. After that it should be light out again and you can go nuts and check out whatever you want.

DAVE
Sleep as long as you want. I'm too wired. I'm, like too paranoid. I'm not sure if I'll ever get to sleep again. I'm just gonna wake you up at the crack of dawn and then I am going to check out the situation. You know? I think I have a lug bar or a crow bar around here or, like, something to protect me. Protect us, you know? I
feel like I should be keeping you safe.

Rose has turned to face the back of the couch. She lets out a sound along the lines of "Uh-huh" but she is more than half asleep.

DAVE
But first more of another saffron martinus.

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

Dave is asleep upside down in the butterfly chair, clutching a tire iron and snoring with his mouth wide open. We see that he is wearing soccer shin pads.

Rose pulls a cigarette out of the pack. There's only two left. With some reluctance, she lights it.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Dave and Rose are standing by the basement door. Dave is wearing a parka, oven mitts, jeans tucked into his boots, the shin pads over his jeans and a catcher's mask. He's holding the tire iron in his right hand. In his left hand he has an aluminum baseball bat.

He considers the bat for a moment, shakes his head, and sets it down on the floor.

ROSE
Are you ready?

DAVE
I was born ready.

ROSE
Seriously, though.

DAVE
As ready as I'll ever be? I don't know. I am very scared now that I am sober.

ROSE
Don't worry. You're not that sober.

DAVE
Oh, just do it.

Rose makes slow and deliberate movements. She slides the bar up from the basement door. Rose looks into Dave's eyes as best as she can through the ridiculous mask. She moves one hand to the door knob, and holds out three fingers with the other.

Two fingers.

One finger.

BANG BANG BANG.

There is a pounding at the door that makes both characters jump.

    MALE VOICE (O.S.)
    Anybody in there?

    DAVE
    Uh, no!

Rose looks at Dave like he were the biggest idiot in the world.

    DAVE
    I'm not that sober.

    ROSE
    (Quietly to Dave)
    We can't let somebody else in here.

    DAVE
    Well, wait. What if he's hurt?

    MALE VOICE (O.S.)
    Please, man, let me in! I'm hurt.

    DAVE
    (Quietly to Rose)
    See?
    (Loudly to door)
    Hold on. I got a lot of locks to unlock.

    ROSE
    (Quietly to Dave)
    He could be lying. He could be carrying a monster in him. We don't know how any of this works! He could
be a monster himself.

DAVE
(Quietly to Rose)
Like a raper?

ROSE
(Quietly to Dave)
I wasn't thinking that, but now I am.

DAVE
(Quietly to Rose)
I'm sorry. I've got to help him. I'm sorry. Take the beat stick-

ROSE
It's a tire iron.

DAVE
(Quietly to Rose)
Take the tire iron and go hide.
(He hands her the tire iron)
I'll make sure he's not a monster and if he is, you can get the drop on him.

ROSE
You plan really stinks.

She starts to walk away.

ROSE
You don't have to do this. You look terrified.

Dave looks terrified.

DAVE
I am terrified.

Rose looks at Dave. Dave picks up the aluminum bat.

DAVE
Just go!

Rose walks off screen. Dave focuses on the door.

DAVE
Okay. I'm opening the door!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Yes, please do!
DAVE
Three, two, one!

Dave awkwardly opens the door still holding the bat.

Bob (35) falls through the door. He is wearing a dirty and slightly torn t-shirt, dirty and slightly torn track pants, and one tennis shoe. He has some cuts and bruises, a few of which are still oozing.

Dave awkwardly re-locks the door, holding the bat. He stares at Bob.

DAVE
(Recognizing)
Bob?

BOB
Huh?

DAVE
Oh right.

Dave takes off the Catcher's mask. Bob stares at Dave for a moment.

BOB
Oh, uh, hey.

DAVE
How you doing, man?

BOB
Uh, I'm okay, uh-

DAVE
You shoulda just told me it was you, man! Rose thought you were a raper.

BOB
Oh, okay. Who's Rose?

DAVE
She and me were on a date when thinks went all apocalyptic out there.

BOB
Thanks for opening the door.

DAVE
Oh, gosh, don't even--
BOB
I don't want to be rude but do you have any band-aids or anything. I might have been overstating my okay-ness.

DAVE
Oh, man, where are my manners? Here, I got a whole bathroom! Band-aids, Immodium, some expired Vicodin from when I had strep. Come on in, take a seat!

Dave helps Bob to the living room area. He sets Bob and the aluminum bat on the couch. Dave walks into the bathroom to search through his medicine cabinet.

BOB
Thanks for opening the door. I wasn't sure how much longer I was going to last.

DAVE
How did you find me?

BOB
Totally dumb luck. This was the first house on the block that wasn't flattened, and I tried all the other doors and windows first.

DAVE
That's probably for the best. Rose locked some monsters upstairs.

BOB
What? How would-

DAVE
Not on purpose.

Dave approaches Bob with a plastic first aid box, roughly the size of a kid's lunchbox. He sets it down on the couch between Bob and bat.

DAVE
How'd ya get so banged up? You're not infected are you? Actually, do you know how people get infected?

BOB
Infected? I, uh, I got hurt running away. I tried to hop over a guard rail.

Bob stares at the box.

**DAVE**
Jesus. How many were chasing you?

**BOB**
Just the one.

Bob stares at the bat.

**DAVE**
(Disappointed)
Really?

Bob nods.

**DAVE**
Rose and I managed to kill one, and we trapped another one, apart from the ones upstairs. Oh, you know what? Rose knows CPR from when she was a camp counselor. She probably knows other first aid-y things. Hey, Rose!

Bob looks around the room, staring at various objects that might be "Rose." He sees

a coat rack,
a volleyball,
a hat,
and a doll.

He turns back to the volleyball, then back to the doll.

He looks at Dave who is smiling like an idiot.

**BOB**
Can I see Rose? Is she here with us now?

**DAVE**
Oh yeah!

Dave spins around.
DAVE
Rose! Come on out! It's Bob! I know him! He's not gonna rape you! He's a gay!

BOB
Usually, you don't need to say the "a".

DAVE
She's probably hiding in the bedroom.

Dave goes into the bedroom, but see no sign of Rose. He turns to his closet door.

DAVE
She's got to be in here.

Dave reaches for the handle.

Bob looks at the aluminum bat.

Dave grabs the handle.

Bob looks at the aluminum bat.

Dave quickly opens the closet door, dramatically revealing that the closet is . . .

. . . completely full of giant rubbermaid tubs labeled with various holidays and bedding.

DAVE
Yeah, I guess she couldn't've fit in there.

Dave peeks under the bed, but finds it similarly filled with storage containers.

Bob stares at the aluminum bat.

Dave returns to the living room area.

DAVE
That's weird. It's like she disappeared.

BOB
(nervous)
Yeah. Weird.
DAVE
I mean, I guess it's dark since we got no electricity, but she'd be really good at Hide N Seek.

BOB
Yeah.

DAVE
I mean, if one of those things got her, there'd be some sort of sign, right?

BOB
Yeah. I think you'd be missing a wall or something.

DAVE
Yeah. Wait, what? How big do they get? I've seen like a dozen-

BOB
A dozen?

DAVE
Give or take. The biggest one was maybe the size of a dog. Like a big dog, but you know, not Clifford.

BOB
Clifford?
   (a beat)
Is he here, too?

DAVE
No. Clifford, the big, red dog. You know?

BOB
No.

DAVE
It was a kid book and a cartoon? You're looking at me like I'm crazy.

BOB
I'm not calling you crazy.

DAVE
You're looking at me as though I were crazy.
BOB
Don't, just, uh, relax, man.

DAVE
I'm not crazy. I'm not even drunk any more. Mostly. I don't think.

BOB
Look, you're talking about invisible women and these things being able to sneak in your house. The monsters I ran away from were bigger than your house. That's all I'm saying.

DAVE
That doesn't make any sense.

BOB
None of this makes any sense.

DAVE
No, the things I've seen were slimy little pink Gila monsters that people vomited up. I killed one with a cinder block.

BOB
Okay. Let me tell you, the things I ran away from looked like spiders crossed with elephants. Huge, fuzzy, four legged things with long trunks on the sides of their mouths that grab you and shove you inside. There's three or four of them, stomping all over the city. A cinder block is not going to help you.

DAVE
But-

BOB
I was talking to my friend Rachel one minute, and the next minute, she was in the air and-

DAVE
But-

BOB
Listen, I know what I saw.
DAVE
There are different types of monsters out there?

BOB
I only know about the one type. If you don't believe me, you can peek your head out there. I would not recommend it.

DAVE
This doesn't make any sense. I mean, I've still got the one in the dryer!

BOB
I don't know what to tell you.

DAVE
Why are you lying to me, Bob? Why are you lying to me?

BOB
Dude, I'm not lying to you.

DAVE
Are you trying to get me to go outside, so you can lock me out?

BOB
Why would I want that?

DAVE
I don't know. Why don't you tell me?

BOB
God's honest truth, man.

DAVE
(realizing)
You don't know my name.

BOB
What?

DAVE
You don't know my name, and you don't know Clifford the big, red, dog.

BOB
So?
DAVE
Are you one of those things?

BOB
What? No!

DAVE
Then what is my name? I've known you for three years!

BOB
Okay, so, I don't know your name, listen-

DAVE
You don't know my name!?

BOB
Just calm down. I was just your waiter. I've given you some food. Uh, Tuesdays! You were there on Tuesdays.

DAVE
How do I get my burger?

BOB
What?

DAVE
Prove to me you're not a monster! How do I order my cheeseburger?

BOB
With cheddar and bacon, no garnish-

DAVE
And!

BOB
Medium rare! Extra Mayo!

Dave freezes in thought for a moment, staring at Bob.

DAVE
(Calm)
Cool, that checks out. Now where is Rose?

Dave turns around and Bob smashes him in the back of the head with the baseball bat.
Bob breathes heavily. Dave groans on the floor.

Bob looks at the bat in his hands and drops it.

**BOB**
I'm sorry, man. You're acting fucking crazy.

Dave groans.

**BOB**
I got to get out of here.

Dave groans.

Bob opens the first aid kit and pulls out a roll of gauze.

He starts taking his shirt off. Blood sticks it to his chest in a few spots, but he manages to pull it off. Bob assesses his wounds. There are cuts and bruises, but nothing too serious. A gash under his arm looks to be the worst of it as it is still bleeding.

**DAVE**
Ow, Jesus.

**BOB**
I'm sorry man. I can't take any chances with crazy folk.

**DAVE**
Ow.

**BOB**
But look, I just hit you the one time. I'm not trying to hurt you. I dropped the bat. I'm not going to kill you or rape you or anything.

**DAVE**
Why would you even say that?

**BOB**
Maybe I was a bit, uh, overzealous. It smells like cider in here. Is there cider?

Bob continues to dress his wounds as Dave holds his head on the floor. Bob wraps tape around his arm then notices a piece of metal touching his neck.
Rose appears behind Dave with the tire iron.

    ROSE
    (to Bob)
    Get on the floor!

    BOB
    Oh shit! You're real!

    ROSE
    I said, get on the floor!

    BOB
    Oh, uh, sure.

Bob does that thing, sitting cross legged on the floor.

    BOB
    You know I wouldn't have hit bacon-cheeseburger over there if you hadn't have stayed-

    ROSE
    Shut up!

    BOB
    Ok.

    ROSE
    Face down.

Bob looks at himself and sees that he is still sitting "Indian style."

    BOB
    I'm not that flexible!

    ROSE
    Lie down on your belly!

    BOB
    Okay, okay!

Bob awkwardly follows Rose's instructions. He is slow and graceless.

    DAVE
    It's okay. I'm okay.

He tries to get up.
ROSE
Dave, you stay down too!

DAVE
What? I'm fine!

BOB
Dave! Aw, shit, I did know that! Dave Spadoni. I've read that credit card a hundred times!

DAVE
It's okay, Bob.

BOB
My bad.

ROSE
Everybody, shut up!

DAVE
Rose, why didn't you just come out? You made me look crazy, and now I'm gonna get CTE and Alzheimer's and-

ROSE
Are you kidding me? You're blaming me? I just saved you!

BOB
Well, what he's saying is that he only needed saving because of-

ROSE
Shut up!

DAVE
Well, what Bob is saying-

ROSE
I swear that I will beat the mansplaining out of you two.

BOB
Listen, whatever you say. You're the boss!

DAVE
Rose, can you hand me an ibuprofen? And maybe drop the beat stick?
BOB
It's a tire iron.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD OVER BLACK:

BOB'S STORY

EXT. STREETS - DUSK

We see Bob as he exits an apartment building. He is wearing the clean and untorn version of his t-shirt and track pants. He wears both tennis shoes.

Bob is standing on the steps. He takes his earbuds out of his pants pocket, and spends some time untangling the cord.

He has some trouble.

He plugs the earbuds into his phone, places the phone in his pants pocket and zips the pocket shut just enough to let the cord out. He places one earbuds in his ears, and clips the cord to his collar.

Bob squeezes a button on the cord and starts to limber up. We hear the audio from his earbuds.

PODCAST NARRATOR
-listening to the Gredunza network,
available thr-

Bob unzips his pocket and takes the phone out of it. He hits the skip button.

PODCAST NARRATOR
-found. Support for this show is-

Skip. Skip.

PODCAST NARRATOR
-Mattresses. Put in our promo code-

Skip. Skip. Skip.

PODCAST NARRATOR
For a free-


PODCAST NARRATOR
You don't have time to-


PODCAST NARRATOR
-joy the show!

Upbeat theme music starts playing. Bob puts his phone back into his pocket.

He zips the pocket back up.

He starts jogging.

PODCAST VOICE 1
Welcome to another episode of Paul and Don's Parking and Weather! With me as always is Paul!

PAUL (O.S.)
And beside me is Don.

Bob turns a corner.

DON (O.S.)
And our mostly silent audio guy.

The noise of a duck call.

PAUL (O.S.)
Who now has a duck call.

DON (O.S.)
Hey Paul.

PAUL (O.S.)
Yes Don?

DON (O.S.)
I told you not to have kids, right?

PAUL (O.S.)
Done.

DON (O.S.)
So I take my youngest to the playground today. Great slides and swings and all that-

PAUL (O.S.)
You got to have dem slides!
DON (O.S.)
Dem slides, doh. But of course he makes a beeline for the sandbox, and this thing is just home to the most disgusting cesspool of germs you've ever seen.

Bob carefully jogs through a street filled with rubble.

PAUL (O.S.)
Barf. So, your whole family has pinkeye now.

DON (O.S.)
The whole pre-k. It's just one big conjunctivitis junction.

PAUL (O.S.)
(singing)
Conjunctivitis junction, what's it's function? Picking up germs from butt holes to eye holes.

DON (O.S.)
Okay, stop! No, no pinkeye, well yet. No, so his tiny brain hones in on an abandoned police car.

PAUL (O.S.)
I'm assuming a like a Fischer Price, and not like a full sized Crown Vic?

DON (O.S.)
Not Fischer Price, but a full on busted metal matchbox car.

PAUL (O.S.)
Oh, no. Danger!

DON (O.S.)
Right?

Bob jogs in place to allow a speeding cop car to go through the intersection, lights, flashing.

PAUL (O.S.)
Has he got that D-tap? Or is it T-dap? I think one is for kids, and one is for adults.

DON (O.S.)
His mom takes him for the shots. I don't know. I know he had his rabies and distemper-

A woman is frantically running away from something in the background.

**PAUL (O.S.)**
Your son is safe from kennel cough.

**DON (O.S.)**
I dunno, I assume he had his tetanus?

Bob checks his pulse.

**PAUL (O.S.)**
You got to watch out for that lockjaw.

**DON (O.S.)**
No, but worse than all that, there is something between him and the Hot Wheels.

**PAUL (O.S.)**
Hold on, son, you said it was a matchbox car. . .

A car catches fire in the background.

**DON (O.S.)**
Matchbox, Hot Wheels, some tiny car with a name evocative of fire, will you just let me tell the story? I'm not going to fact check the brand name of the toy.

**PAUL (O.S.)**
Potential sponsors.

**DON (O.S.)**
Anyways, between him and the toy car, it's a full on turd.

**PAUL (O.S.)**
So you burnt that playground to the ground!

Bob fans the air in front of him as he jogs through a thick cloud of smoke.

**DON (O.S.)**
Well, the whole time I'm thinking, "is this dog shit, or is this kid shit?"

PAUL (O.S.)
Is this the time for a scientific inquiry?! Grab the kid and get out of there!

DON (O.S.)
I'm all about that science, though. I'm thinking, I dunno, should I measure it? It's pretty runny—No, it's just disgusting, and I know I didn't really want to look at it. And then—

PAUL (O.S.)
Then you realized that it doesn't matter if it was man or beast that had an explosive discharge of bodily fluids.

Bob runs past a storefront and there is an explosion of blood behind him.

DON (O.S.)
Exactly!

PAUL (O.S.)
I'm still waiting for you to have burned this park to the ground.

The sound of a duck call.

PAUL (O.S.)
He's on my side too.

DON (O.S.)
Well, so I left. And the kid starts screaming.

A woman is screaming off in the distance.

PAUL (O.S.)
You did not prepare your exit strategy.

DON (O.S.)
No! I should have said, hey, let's go get ice cream and then play at the better park.
PAUL (O.S.)
Shit, I would have gone with you. Ice cream? Come on!

DON (O.S.)
I know that. You are very easy to abduct.

PAUL (O.S.)
I'll leave right now, you get me some ice cream. No joke.

DON (O.S.)
So, the way I did settle him down with would've worked for you.

PAUL (O.S.)
Chili's?

DON (O.S.)
(sarcastically)
Yes, I took the toddler to Chili's.

PAUL (O.S.)
Don't play. Them toddler's love them baby back ribs. They're not just for babies anymore!

Bob narrowly avoids what looks to be human bones on the sidewalk.

DON (O.S.)
I took him to Target for toys.

PAUL (O.S.)
My man.

DON (O.S.)
Yep.

PAUL (O.S.)
You promise me a trip to Target for toys and I would get in the windowless van with you right now.

Glass shatters just after Bob passes a window.

DON (O.S.)
I'm all like, c'mon, son, you can have all these matchbox cars. You can have the another Lightning McQueen, the
police car, the fire truck and the ambulance.

Bob jogs through an intersection moments before a speeding firetruck t-bones an ambulance. (Just off-frame of course, because who wants to spend that money?)

PAUL (O.S.)
It's gotta be cheaper than pinkeye.

DON (O.S.)
I don't know what my pinkeye co-pay is.

PAUL (O.S.)
I've got that listed on the front of my insurance card. Get out of pinkeye free!

DON (O.S.)
That's not your insurance card. That's a card from a board game.

PAUL (O.S.)
It's real. It says right here Community Chest Insurance.

DON (O.S.)
You took a chance on them.

PAUL (O.S.)
Well, I mean I had to go with them, they've basically got a monopoly.

DON (O.S.)
We got there!

Bob stops at a large black pole in the street!

PAUL (O.S.)
We got there. Audio High five!

DON (O.S.)
Nailed it!

Bob taps on his cord to stop the podcast. He examines the giant pole in front of him.

It's fuzzy.

It moves.
Bob looks up.

And up.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Bob is finishing his story, with Dave and Rose paying close attention.

BOB
So I ran away from the giant monster leg. It was like it was everywhere, it was hard to figure out which way "away" was.

DAVE
Totally.

ROSE
How big was this thing again?

BOB
It looked really big, and it's legs were really long, so it was far away, so it was probably, um, even bigger than that.

DAVE
Cool!

ROSE
Cool?

DAVE
This is the longest I've gone without watching TV, so, yeah, cool.

BOB
So, I ran and ran, until that thing was small enough to cover with my hand. I ran into my friend, Rachel. I mean, literally. I knocked her over.

DAVE
Was she okay?

BOB
Well, she got some cuts and bruises. But I guess she's dead now, so she's totally got bigger problems.
ROSE
Or none.

BOB
Fair.

DAVE
It doesn't sound fair.

BOB
So we holed up in this condo over by the library. Rachel walks dogs, so she keeps a bunch of keys in her purse.

ROSE
Where are those keys now?

BOB
I think the monster ate them? I'm pretty sure she had her purse on her when the monster, um, ate her. I wasn't paying much attention to the details, if I'm being honest.

ROSE
Why did you leave the condo, anyway?

BOB
The roof was caving in. We barely got out. I mean, it was close. We had a second to breathe and I said to Rachel, "Boy, we got lucky there." Next thing I know, slurp.

ROSE
Slurp?

BOB
Gobbled right up.

DAVE
Rough stuff. Now, let me ask you: Do you feel guilty?

BOB
What?

DAVE
Because you said that? You don't say "we got lucky" in a situation like that.
ROSE
He didn't make it happen by saying that, Dave. Don't be simple.

DAVE
I mean, I-

BOB
I feel guilty to be alive when she's not, but maybe not as much as I should? I think I mostly feel guilty because I think I should feel guilty, if that makes sense.

ROSE
I think I know what you mean.

DAVE
I'm just saying, you don't say a thing like that in monster situations.

ROSE
Hey Dave? Things could be worse.

DAVE
Don't kid around, Rose. That's some bad juju.

ROSE
Things couldn't get worse?

DAVE
Well, that's no better!

ROSE
We can cover more ground if we split up.

DAVE
Okay. Stop it.

ROSE
(laughing)
I think we're safe, now.

DAVE
You know I'm going to be the one laughing when we are all exploding salamanders out of our mouths and being eaten by octopus dragons.
BOB
They were more like spider-elephants.

ROSE
Dave, We're gonna be all right!

DAVE
Not funny.

ROSE
Everything is going to be just fine
from now on!

DAVE
Can you hear my eyes roll?

BOB
Hey guys, I'll be right back.

ROSE
Ooh, that's a good one.

BOB
No, I'm going to hit the head.

ROSE
Oh.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD OVER BLACK:

Several Hours Later

INT. BASEMENT - EVENING

Bob, Dave and Rose are in the living room area.

Rose is sitting on the floor doing butterfly stretches.

Bob is leaning against a wall, periodically lifting his body
from the wall and then letting it smack back into it.

Dave is sitting with his body on the floor and his legs in a
chair.

DAVE
Guys, I'm bored.

ROSE
Uh-huh.
BOB
Should we check outside again?

ROSE
We just checked. Remember?

Bob bangs against the wall.

BOB
Oh right. We're up to five confirmed monsters in the upstairs living room.

DAVE
And two more in the family room. How long ago was that?

ROSE
About half an hour.

BOB
Was that all?

ROSE
That's my guess. My phone is long dead.

Bob bangs against the wall.

DAVE
Next apocalypse, I'm going to find an old guy who still wears a watch.

ROSE
You do that, Dave.

DAVE
My head still really hurts and I'm tired.

ROSE
Go to sleep.

Bob bangs against the wall.

BOB
Isn't he not supposed to go to sleep if he has a concussion?

ROSE
No, that's just a tv thing.
BOB
Are you sure. I mean, if he goes to sleep and dies, it's kinda my fault.

DAVE
More than kinda, Bob.

ROSE
Go to sleep, you'll be fine.

DAVE
I don't wanna go to sleep. Tell me a story.

ROSE
Are you kidding me?

BOB
I could go for a story.

ROSE
You want to know what story I want to hear? I want to know how we ended up with two different types of monsters at the same time. That's seems crazy unlikely.

DAVE
I would put the likelihood at 100 percent as it is currently happening.

ROSE
Dave, I'm saying a monster attack should be a one in a billion dice roll. So two concurrent monster attacks should be a billion times a billion.

BOB
Which is a lot. Let's see-

ROSE
It would be a one in a quintillion chance.

BOB
A billion is six zeroes?

DAVE
Nine zeroes.
ROSE
It's one in a quintillion chance.

BOB
So you'd add up all the zeroes-

DAVE
Eighteen zeroes.

ROSE
It's one in a quintillion.

BOB
So, wait, it's million then billion then trillion then-

DAVE
Quadrillion I think. I don't know what would come next.

BOB
Well if it is bi, tri, quad, it's probably something that means five, right? Like pent? But it's weird that 5 would mean 18, right?

DAVE
Bicycle, tricycle, quad, what's something with five wheels?

ROSE
Quint. You are looking for quint like quintuplets. Quintillion comes next. It has eighteen zeroes.

DAVE
So that would make it a one in a quintillion chance.

BOB
I think you're right Dave.

ROSE
(sarcastically)
Why, that seems like a very small chance.

BOB
Maybe it's not actually that small of a chance though. Maybe it happened something like this-
We see an animated version of the following events as described in *Bob's Monster Story*.

**BOB (V. O.)**

We have hurricanes, earthquakes, global warming and all that stuff. One of those could have opened a portal to other dimensions.

A drawing of storms transitions into a drawing of an other worldly portal before being scratched out. We then see cartoons of the following scenarios as they are being described.

**BOB (V. O.)**

Actually no, a big storm caused hundreds or thousands or millions of portals to just open up. Maybe even just for like a fraction of a second, they just pop in and out of existence. And you know, and maybe a hundred different monsters decided to crawl in the holes and see what they find, you know?

We see drawings of each of the following monsters.

**BOB (V. O.)**

So, maybe here we have your salamander things and my giant spider elephants, but maybe on the west side they got hobgoblins and maybe in Miami they got dragons and maybe in Buffalo they got a bunch of vampires, and maybe a portal dropped a bunch of werewolves into the middle of the Indian Ocean because what do portals know or care about where cities are? All the lines of communication have been gone since things went nuts, so for all we know Australia is being taken over by a bunch of singing and dancing silverware.

End of animation.

**ROSE**

Well, I hope that the people of Canberra aren't suffering through some *Beauty and the Beast* style nightmare right now.
DAVE
Be our guest, or else!

BOB
I'm not saying that is for sure happening.

ROSE
How would a storm open up a dimensional gateway?

DAVE
Storms do that all the time, Rose. That's how Dorothy got to Oz!

BOB
Is it?

DAVE
I thought you were a gay?

BOB
You don't have to say the "a."

ROSE
It's a twister!

BOB
But, wait, it was all a dream.

DAVE
In the movie and the play, but in the books Oz is a real place.

ROSE
Like Narnia?

DAVE
No, I think Narnia is made up.

BOB
What about Wonderland?

DAVE
I dunno, drugs?

ROSE
What if instead of a weirdo storm of portals, it went something like this:

We see a claymation version of the descriptions given in
**Rose's Monster Story.**

ROSE (V.O.)
We'll keep global warming, because we can pin just about anything on global warming. Antarctica and the north pole are disappearing and the melting ice caps free an ancient evil, something that was buried, frozen, for millions of years after.

We see the ancient evil. It looks like a classic sheet ghost, just with a black bedsheet.

ROSE (V.O.)
Maybe it was eating dinosaurs in the Jurassic period, or maybe the Cretaceous period, or maybe, well, I digress.

We see the sheet ghost eat a pterodactyl and a stegosaurus. After it eats the stegosaurus, we see little lumps under its sheet like the spikes of the dinosaur.

ROSE (V.O.)
Maybe this thing or these things change shape based on the fears of what they encounter.

Our ghost changes shape to match Rose's descriptions.

ROSE (V.O.)
Maybe there was one that ate a guy who was reading Lovecraft and made a giant unnameable horror. And maybe another one, well it ate a guy who had just seen Alien or a guy who just watched a zombie movie. So maybe Bob is right and we have thousands of different monsters out there. Killer clowns, zombies, radioactive slugs, evil snowmen!

End of Claymation.

BOB
Radioactive slugs? Is that from Tiny Toons?

ROSE
Yes.
DAVE
While I appreciate the combinations of *The Thing*, *Phantoms*, *It*, and the end of *Ghostbusters*, we are roughly 900 miles away from the coast of any ocean and twice that from the arctic. I think Canada or New York City or somebody would've given us a heads up if an ancient entity were awakened from the melting icecaps.

BOB
What do they call those things in *Harry Potter* that change shapes like that? Bogeys?

DAVE
I think those are what the British call boogers.

BOB
Why don't they just say boogers?

ROSE
What's your idea then?

DAVE
My idea?

We see marionettes in front of crude cut-out sets re-enact the events in *Dave's Monster Story*.

DAVE (V.O.)
Exterior: Space! We open on a spaceship hovering above the dark side of the moon, which is just maggoty with alien bases. The spaceship looks like one of those weird Christmas cookies your aunt makes that tastes like licorice for some reason. It's covered with antennas and dishes. Like, satellite dishes, not like *Beauty and the Beast*. Interior: Space Ship, we see a studio with a live studio audience. Everybody is there.

A single representative puppet is pulled on screen as Dave names the various types of aliens.

DAVE (V.O.)
We see Grays and Reptilians and
Pleiadians and Andromedans and a few Anunnaki. Maybe a few TV aliens with forehead wrinkles. Enter an intergalactic games show host, he's 12 feet tall, handsome, and looks like he is made up entirely of giraffe tongues. He starts talking: Gloooober Glomer Floyd. The universal translators that each of the aliens wears picks up the signal and interprets it into a language that makes sense to them. So for one alien it becomes: Eep oop ork! And then for another one it becomes: Gabba gabba hey. And then for another alien it's like Klaatu-

ROSE (O.S.)
We got, it Dave.

DAVE (V.O.)
Well you get the idea. Mr. Tongues welcomes everybody to the Amazing Space Race or whatever it's called. He introduces the two, or maybe more than two, contestants: the pink guys and the big guys and whoever else.

We see a cute puppet versions of the two monsters as well as an all black marionette with a big question mark over its body.

BOB (O.S.)
West Side Hobgoblins!

DAVE (V.O.)
Sure! West side hobgoblins. The audience bets on which one can kill more earthlings in the allotted time.

We see an alien puppet wearing a translucent green visor, and an outfit like something out of *the Sting*, taking bets.

DAVE (V.O.)
Tongue guy pulls out a big space hour glass, and everybody joins in for the big countdown. Wej, cha', wa'! Then he turns the big hour glass over. And thankfully, now they've got artificial gravity because the first time they did it they had to have somebody spin
the hourglass to get the sand to go from one side to another. Like, if you were ever a kid and had a bucket of water, and you wanted to test centrifugal force. But anyways, alien monsters beam down to earth, easy peasy, lemon squeezy.

End of Marionette story.

ROSE
So, we're the setting of an alien reality show?

DAVE
We're the Upolu of the universe.

BOB
Why was the alien made out of tongues?

DAVE
Because guys, I have a serious head injury.

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

We hear the sound of the shower running. Rose wakes up to find Bob sitting on the floor reading a trade paperback of a comic.

ROSE
What time is it.

BOB
(Not looking up from his comic)
I have no idea.

ROSE
Right.

BOB
Dave's been in the shower for 20 minutes. At what point do I check on him?

ROSE
Let me think. Nope, don't care.

BOB
It's got to be ice cold. We haven't had any hot water since I've been
ROSE
I am so greasy, I think I should go next. You think Dave has any clean clothes that will fit me?

BOB
I don't know if Dave has any clean clothes.

ROSE
What you reading?

BOB
Some comic about super-hero archaeologists.

ROSE
Neat.

BOB
I have literally no idea what is going on in this.

The shower shuts off.

ROSE
So, don't read a lot of comics?

BOB
I've seen some of the movies.

ROSE
Really?

BOB
Why do you?

ROSE
Um, a few.

BOB
Like what?

ROSE
Mostly Marvel.

Dave runs of the bathroom wearing a towel.

DAVE
Oh my god, we could have been talking about comics this whole time. Quick: who are your top five heroes! Top five villains! Top five mutants! No, heroes first!

ROSE
Um, Mockingbird, Hawkeye, Captain America, Silver Surfer, and Dick Grayson.

DAVE
Wait, who is Mockingbird?

ROSE
Bobbi Morse?

BOB
Who is he?

ROSE
She is a biologist who had Ka-zar as a love interest. Then she was revealed to be an agent of S.H.I.E.L.D. After that she became a super-hero called the Huntress, but DC had one of those so she became Mockingbird. She worked with Hawkeye, and they had a fling, and ended up eloping in the Poconos! They teamed up on the West Coast Avengers, or maybe Avengers West Coast. I never remember which was which. Anyway, they got sent back in time to the old west, where she was brainwashed and sexually assaulted by a ghost cowboy. So she kills that dude. Well, through her inaction, she kills the ghost cowboy. Hawkeye is super ticked about this, but Bobbi is all, "screw off" and she joins up with Moon Knight and Tigra. Now Tigra started off as a Uchicago feminist but got turned into a weird furry in a bikini-

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

BOB
Oh, thank god.

DAVE
I'm going to get that, but remember where you were as this is the greatest thing that has ever happened to me.

ROSE
Dave, you are wearing a towel and we are surrounded by monsters.

DAVE
Oh. I should put some pants on.

Dave steps into a pair of pants on the floor and pulls them up while dropping his towel. He put the FIGHT hoodie on and zips it up over his naked chest.

ROSE
Do I still have to tell you not to open the door?

DAVE
But that's how we got Bob. Don't you like Bob?

BOB
I am not so sure you should open the door.

DAVE
You're like a racist immigrant or something.

BOB
What?

DAVE
Listen: Your points are heard. Both of you go hide with weapons or something until I make sure that they aren't rapers.

ROSE
How are there even people knocking on the door? I mean what are the chances-

DAVE
Yeah, weird, right?

CUT TO:

A hand written sign taped to the front door of Dave's mom's house. It reads:
Welcome

WARNING: MONSTERS INSIDE

but just on the main floor

Survivors safe downstairs

Come around back!

CUT TO:

Dave is standing by the door, hesitating about lifting the bar.

DAVE
You aren't a monster, right?

FEMALE VOICE
No, sir.

DAVE
Because, if you're a monster you have to tell me; that's the rules.

FEMALE VOICE
Are you joking?

DAVE
I've had a head injury.

CUT TO:

Rose and Bob are hiding in the dark in the bedroom. Rose is pressed flat against a wall with the aluminum baseball bat. Bob has the tire iron.

Rose tries to control her breathing.

BOB
So, she's Hawkeye's wife? Like Linda Cardellini?

Rose gives Bob some strong side eye.

CUT TO:

Dave places his hand on the bar and slowly lifts it up.

DAVE
I'm opening the door. Come in slowly
and orderly please.

Three figures quickly run into the basement with guns drawn. The first is a woman (35) dressed like a BIKER. The second is a woman (40) who looks to be a COP. The third is a man (24) dressed in a TANK TOP and jean shorts.

Biker and Cop point their guns at Dave.

COP
Get on the floor! Get on the floor!

DAVE
Sure, um, I'm gonna lock the door first, though. It's a little tricky, and it's just easier if I do it.

COP
Motherfucker I said get on the gr-

BIKER
If it's tricky, just let him.

Biker and Cop bicker while Dave locks the door behind them. They continue arguing as Dave lays a towel from a pile of laundry onto the floor. He sits down on the towel and leans back with his head in his hands until he is lying down, face up, on the floor.

Tank Top directs Cop's and Biker's attention to this. They stop bickering.

TANK TOP
I don't think that this guy is a threat.

COP
On the floor the other way.

DAVE
Oh.

Dave spins on his butt 180 degrees, still facing up. He smiles at them, looking for approval.

BIKER
Just get up. You got any food?

DAVE
Do I ever!
Dave shows the three to a cupboard with three cans of spaghetti, five cans of creamed corn, four cans of green beans and a single can of cream of mushroom soup.

DAVE
I've got some dried pasta down below, but no way to cook it. I kinda like chewing on the spaghetti noodles, but, you know, it's not really a meal.

BIKER
How the fuck has this guy stayed alive so long?

COP
Never mind that. Scan the perimeter.

BIKER
The perimeter? We're in a residential basement, not an enemy base. What do you think, he's got ninjas and bazookas behind his dryer or some shit?

A banging noise comes from the taped shut dryer.

DAVE
My mom keeps extra dish soap behind the dryer. I think it's too far from the kitchen, but you know, they get set in their ways.

A louder banging.

COP
What the fuck do you got in there?

DAVE
A monster. One of the little ones. It's not like the spider-elephants would fit in there. He's been there for a while now. I honestly keep on forgetting about him. Do you think that's allegory?

COP
(to Dave)
You, shut up.
(to Biker)
What should we do about-
DAVE
It's Dave.

COP
What?

DAVE
My name is Dave.

COP
Great. Now-

TANK TOP
Open up the dryer and I'll shoot the monster.

DAVE
Oh, he's not bothering anybody. Plus, there's a lot of tape on there.

BIKER
Oh, move!

The Biker shoves Dave out of the way. She removes a knife from her boot and begins to cut the tape away.

DAVE
I'm gonna-

Dave scrambles back a few steps.

COP
All right, on three.

TANK TOP
I was gonna.

COP
You, just stand there in case it runs out.

TANK TOP
Fine.

COP
Ready?

Biker squats by the dryer door.

COP
One-
Biker reaches toward the handle.

COP

Two-

Biker leans in just as the door explodes open smacking her in the head with a loud clang.

The creature, now the size of a pitbull, dives out of the dryer and begins gnawing on Tank Top's leg, tearing flesh from bone.

The Cop shoots the monster in the center of mass. It lets go and turns its head to her.

Two bullets explode the monster's head.

DAVE
That was super gross.

TANK TOP
Guys, I think, I'm hurt.

We see Tank Top's exposed shin bone.

DAVE
I've got a first aid kit, hold on.

Dave moves toward the bathroom.

A bullet goes through Tank Top's head.

BIKER
I've got your first aid, right here.

COP
It had to be done. It wasn't pretty but in order to-

DAVE
That's dumb. You guys are dumb.

BIKER
Excuse me?

DAVE
I said that you guys are dumb. Super dumb, which is more than regular dumb.

COP
Listen, Dave, you haven't been out
there. You have had a nice cozy set-up and you have no idea what we've-

DAVE
Whatever dummies. You can't just go killing people.

BIKER
The fuck I can't.

DAVE
Do you even know what happens when you get bitten?

COP
Do you?

DAVE
No. That's why I'm not shooting anybody!

BIKER
It's not worth the risk!

DAVE
Oh, fuck off with that. Listen, I've got some food if you want, but I think you should go.

BIKER
What?

DAVE
I don't want to hang out with you. Take some food and just go.

COP
Listen, Dave-

DAVE
I can offer you some triple A batteries if you want, too. And I have some expired Vicodin, but I've got no guns or ammo or gasoline or anything, and I think you should go. You've all got a lousy attitude.

COP
Dave-

DAVE
I'll go search the perimeter. You guys just get out of here. We don't need this.

BIKER
What if we don't want to go?

DAVE
I'll ask more politely.

COP
C'mon. Fuck this guy. For all we know he's got more creatures crawling in every room.

DAVE
I straight up have at least seven monsters upstairs.

COP
See? Let's just get out of here.

BIKER
Fuck this guy!

An exchanged glance.

BIKER
Well, I'm taking all the green beans.

DAVE
There's a canvas bag next to the fridge. Just because its the apocalypse doesn't mean we can stop worrying about the environment.

She grabs the cans.

BIKER
Fuck off!

They leave. Dave bars the door.

DAVE
Green beans are gross. Nobody likes them.

BOB (O.S.)
I like them!

DAVE
I meant canned.

BOB
Oh yeah, canned are gross.

Rose and Bob walk to Dave still brandishing their weapons.

ROSE
What is wrong with you?

DAVE
I have a head injury.

Bob hugs Dave.

BOB
Again, I'm sorry about that.

ROSE
Guys, what should we do about-

She gestures over to Tank Top's body.

DAVE
I suppose we should bury him.

BOB
What if we use him as bait. We toss his body up to the top floor and attract all the monsters that are still up there. Maybe we can clear it out and re-supply.

ROSE
I like every part of that except the part where we drag a 200 pound dead guy up a flight of stairs. Oh and the part where we clear out half a dozen monsters.

DAVE
He's probably only 175. He looks short.

ROSE
Oh, well in that case.

BOB
Does he look weird to you?

We see that the corpse has started to writhe on the floor.
DAVE
Is he still alive?

His stomach shrivels and caves in like a rotten potato.

ROSE
Probably not.

The corpse sits up and gyrates from side to side like a fire hose.

Bob and Rose grab their weapons. Dave grabs a can of food from the shelf.

The corpse falls face first onto the cement floor.

Slowly, we see one of the creatures climbing out of the bullet hole in Tank Top's head.

Dave drops his can of food and drags the corpse over to the dryer.

The creature finishes its escape. Dave kicks it into the dryer and closes the door.

Dave grabs the roll of duct tape and re-seals the dryer door.

DAVE
(with a flourish)
Homeostasis.

ROSE
Or, you could have thrown the towel over it and we could have smashed it.

DAVE
That is true.

BOB
Well, he's probably easier to move now.

DAVE
I think that thing done ate all the good meat.

ROSE
I'll drag him outside. Bob you just watch my back, okay?
BOB
Sure. Pass me that beat stick.

ROSE AND BOB
It's a tire iron.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT
Bob, Dave and Rose are all lying on the futon, which has finally been set to bed mode. Bob and Rose are both snoring.

Dave looks annoyed and restless.

Then his expression changes, and he gains a small, almost sad, smile.

Rose elbows him in the face.

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING
Dave, Bob and Rose are all sitting around the living room reading comics. The futon is still in bed mode.

DAVE
I didn't tell my joke.

ROSE
What joke? You say these things like we were in the middle of a conversation, and we have no idea what you are talking about.

BOB
I could go for a joke.

DAVE
It's like us last night. That's what I was thinking about. There were these three traveling salesmen out in a car in the middle of nowhere. A terrible storm is coming, and the radio is telling them that they have to get off the road. There's nothing around for miles, but eventually they find a farmhouse. The farmer, he's a good man, but he doesn't want these strangers wandering around his house at night. So he offers them a spot in his guest bedroom. Thing is, it's just the one bed. The salesmen are grateful to have it, though. They say they'll
make it work. The storm was huge and terrible, but each man managed to sleep the night. Their alarm goes off at seven and the salesmen on the right side of the bed says, "Wow, I just had the craziest dream. I dreamed that a beautiful blonde appeared out of the eye of the storm and gave me the greatest handjob of my life."

ROSE
Don't be- never mind.

DAVE
The salesman on the left side of the bed says, "That's crazy. I had a dream where this beautiful red head appeared out of the middle of the storm, and she came to me and gave me the greatest handjob of my life!" Then the guy in the middle of the bed says, "That's crazy! I had the strangest dream where I was cross country skiing!"

Dave mimes the arm motions of cross country skiing.

A knock on the door causes all three to jump.

Bob, Dave and Rose all walk to the back door.

DAVE
You guys want to hide?

ROSE
So far, I don't think that has worked out well.

BOB
Could've gone better.

ROSE
(yelling to door)
Hello out there!

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
Yes, hello! Listen, this whole neighborhood is being cleared of monsters. We're going to have to put you in a quarantine for a bit, but you should be safe now.
DAVE
He shouldn't be saying that!

ROSE
Shh! Listen, how do we know that you're a person and not a monster?

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
Okay, umm, everybody says Nickelback sucks, but somebody must've bought all those albums.

DAVE
(To Rose)
His story checks out.

ROSE
How did you get rid of all of the monsters?

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
We shot them... with our guns.

BOB
What about the giant monsters?

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
We used much bigger guns.

DAVE
That tracks.

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
There are a few hobgoblins still on the west side, but their mostly harmless.

Bob smacks Rose and Dave on the arm.

BOB
I totally called that!

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
Bus is out front. You got five minutes to get your shit together.

BOB
Wait a minute! Tom?

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
Bob?
BOB
Holy shit! How have you been man?

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
As you can imagine, I've been better.

BOB
(whispering)
Tom and I used to date. We had the worst breakup you can imagine.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Rose is gathering her things together.

DAVE
So, was this the longest first date you've ever been on?

ROSE
Definitely the longest blind date.

DAVE
Oh, so, you've been on longer first dates?

ROSE
Oh yeah. All the time.

DAVE
Well, yeah, but those guys never provide their own Bob.

BOB
That's probably true, you know.

Rose heads towards the door.

DAVE
You know, I'm pretty sure they rescheduled that show. They'll probably let me swap those tickets.

ROSE
Dave, you're a good guy. I don't want you to take it personally if I never want to date you again.

DAVE
Oh. All right. I wasn't talking about-

BOB
I'm just going to go on the bus now. Catch up with Tom. I'll see you guys there, all right?

ROSE
See you in a minute.

DAVE
Listen, I'm not saying we should-

ROSE
Hey, I've been on worse dates. We had candlelight dinners, I got serenaded, you let me smoke in your house, and uh-

DAVE
You got to see me in my underpants.

ROSE
That I did. Not my jam.

DAVE
I was saying we should just hang out. As friends. I was going to friend zone you!

ROSE
Look, Dave, you're a good guy, but you're always going to remind me of that time I almost died.

DAVE
I understand. But I'm going to text you, and I'm going to think about you and that time we almost died but didn't.

ROSE
Well, we'll get to hang out for who knows how long in quarantine.

DAVE
Yeah.

Rose kisses Dave on the cheek.

ROSE
I'll see you on the bus.

She leaves.

Dave looks around the basement and sighs.

He grabs a can of spaghetti rings from the shelf.

He heads out the door and hears a bang.

The creature in the dryer snarls and bangs.

**DAVE**

Um, you guys! Um, hold up!

Dave runs out of the basement.

Roll Credits

During the credits we see a montage of Photos labeled:

OUR QUARANTINE EXPERIENCE

Picture of the Quarantine Room which looks a lot like the basement.

Picture of Dave eating an MRE and giving a thumbs up.

Picture of Dave, Rose and Bob playing cards.

Picture of Rose trying to teach Dave yoga.

Picture of Rose kissing Dave.

Picture of Rose and Dave each looking disgusted at having done that thing.

Picture of Dave and Bob kissing.

Picture of Bob Looking disgusted and Dave giving a so-so hand gesture.

Picture of Bob kissing Rose.

Second picture of Bob Kissing Rose with Dave rolling his eyes.

Picture of all three together with the caption:

WE SURVIVED THE END OF THE WORLD
The rest of the words fade leaving only

THE END