

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 o 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

Pssh, 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 apacalypto 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 okayness.

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-

Skip. Skip. Skip. Skip.

PODCAST NARRATOR

You don't have time to-  
Skip. Skip. Skip. Skip. Skip.

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 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: Gloooberr 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

here.

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 SHIELD. 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 it's 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 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 salesman 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