

WASTED

Written by

Jason Benoit

Story by

Jason Benoit and Kale Bittner

JBenoitFilm@gmail.com

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OVER BLACK:

The THUNDEROUS ROAR OF A MASSIVE MILITARY ASSAULT.

Powerful explosions rip through the theatre, rattling our seats and pulverizing our eardrums. Between concussive booms of mortar blasts and artillery fire...*are laser blasters?!*

Whatever it is, it sounds like the scariest shit imaginable.

SMASH UP ON:

DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES

Thrust right into the heart of the apocalyptic destruction of Planet Earth, courtesy of a HOSTILE ALIEN INVASION.

A huge EXPLOSION of fuel, fire, metal and flesh. Vehicles flung through the air like Matchbox cars. An absolutely awesome display of annihilation.

RISING UP, through the streets...Past BLOWN OUT windows...FIRE engulfing entire floors... CLIMBING rapidly to the roof of--

THE U.S. BANK TOWER

--where a BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER, ablaze, lists precariously above the rooftop. Inside the bay of the fiery chopper stands a GORGEOUS - though understandably terrified - WOMAN.

Below her, atop the roof, A DASHING MALE - total leading man good looks - calls out to her. This hunk's been through hell and back - probably still smells like puppy kisses and crème brûlée though.

DASHING MALE

Jump!

The Woman shakes her head, paralyzed with fear. But the Man is confident, stares deep into the woman's eyes. There's a reassuring calmness about him.

DASHING MALE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Trust me. I will catch you.

MUSIC SWELLS.

The Woman girds herself, closes her eyes...AND LEAPS.

Only to fall short, hit the rooftop and roll, HER MOMENTUM CARRYING HER OVER THE LEDGE OF THE BUILDING.

But the Dashing Male dives, GRABS hold of her hand just as she disappears over the side of the building.

GORGEOUS WOMAN
Don't let go!

DASHING MALE
I got you! You're not going
anywhere!

All the while, DEMONIC ALIENS continue ravaging the city below. Overtaking the sprawling metropolis.

Buildings collapse. People obliterated, as...

WE SLOWLY PULL BACK

...to discover we are actually watching this Roland Emmerich disaster porn of a movie on a TELEVISION SCREEN...

INT. BARRY AND AL'S BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

On the ratty couch, enraptured, sits... BARRY (late 20s, roguish, quick-triggered, life has completely sucked him dry). Beside him is ALECHEETOS aka AL (late 20s, quiet, highly emotional, aspires to be the Hispanic Obama.)

Al wears a crisply pressed UPS uniform. And Barry, aside from a sweat-stained headband, is completely buck-naked. Which Al seems totally unfazed by. Just another Tuesday afternoon.

Oh yeah, and they are both baked out of their minds.

Their house is a bachelor pad of the worst order.

To be more precise, it's actually a 1960s fallout shelter turned underground abode. Biker chick POSTERS on the walls. Old school video games. A seemingly out of place holy vigil in the corner with candles and a JESUS CHRIST cross-stitch.

The guys watch the destruction on TV with stoned fascination.

ANGLE ON - THE TELEVISION

Our Dashing Male strains to hold onto the Woman's hand.

GORGEOUS WOMAN
I'm slipping!

DASHING MALE
No, you're not.

But she is.

DASHING MALE (CONT'D)
 We're going to make it out of here.
 And we're going to get that house.
 With the white fence.

GORGEOUS WOMAN
 (tears in her eyes, this
 is goodbye)
 I love you so much.

DASHING MALE
 This world isn't worth living in
 without you.

Then, the Gorgeous Woman's hand SLIPS from the Dashing Male's grasp -- *and she plummets to her demise.*

DASHING MALE (CONT'D)
 NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Barry and Al are stunned. Heartbroken even.

BARRY
 I did not see that coming.

Al shakes his head, wipes away a tear.

BARRY (CONT'D)
 Dude never even got to see what it
 felt like to tap that fine ass.

An ALARM goes off. Al PAUSES THE TV. Time to head to work.

EXT. BARRY AND AL'S BUNKER - DAY

Barry, in slacks and a wrinkled polo, and Al, in his perfectly pressed UPS uniform, emerge from the underground bunker.

EXT. BARRY AND AL'S BUNKER - FRONT YARD

Al heads for a clunky UPS TRUCK. Barry grabs his BICYCLE.

INT. DRAB OFFICE - DAY

A cubicle farm. The kind where people punch the clock until it's their turn to die... or retire.

In a far back cubicle - directly between the Xerox machine and the men's room - is an inspirational POSTER, "BE YOURSELF EVERYONE ELSE IS ~~ALREADY TAKEN~~ A TWAT". Welcome to...

BARRY'S CUBICLE

What little decoration there is consists of PHOTOS of BARRY (in his better years) doing all sorts of adventurous shit.

Snowboarding out of helicopters... Bungee jumping from hot air balloons... Hang-gliding over the ocean...

Then, these photos take a more gloomy turn:

Barry at the birth of his SON, not exactly a proud Papa...

Barry drinking a beer while apathetically spraying his SON in the face with a garden hose...

ON THE COMPUTER, an appointment reminder: "SCHOOL PICK UP."

Barry raises a finger pistol to his head, pretends to blow out his brains, mock splatter against the wall.

EXT. DRAB OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Barry moves to the bike rack. The bike is gone, just a chain that's been sawed through.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Cheerful mothers and fathers pick up their happy children. Barry takes a hit of his vape pen, awaits as a SCOWLING TEACHER escorts MARK (7, that kid, you know one just like him.)

BARRY

Ah great. What'd he do today?

SCOWLING TEACHER

He called a student a fuck-twat.
I'm not even sure what that means.

Barry half-nods, takes Mark's hand.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Barry and Mark walk home. Mark has a STICK and hits everything in sight. Cars. Parking signs. Some OLD LADY walking her dog.

INT. TACO BELL - DAY

Mark is making an absolute scene. Barry suddenly loses it, grabs the kid by the collar and pulls him in close.

BARRY

If you don't cut that crap out I'm gonna make you disappear and no one will even miss you.

Mark quiets, visibly shaken; *Holy crap, did Barry really just get through to this kid?*

MARK

Eat my ass, dickhead.

Nope.

EXT. BRIANNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Barry drops Mark off at his mother's house.

BARRY

Later, squirt.

Mark flips Barry the bird, marches into the house. Once he's inside, Barry returns his own middle finger. Double birds. Real aggressive-like.

TRENDY TOP 40s GIRL POP rises, carrying us to...

INT./EXT. UPS TRUCK - DAY (MOVING)

A beautiful day in the neighborhood. Al's UPS TRUCK coasts through suburban bliss. Radio at full tilt. Fingers drumming the steering wheel...

--Al is the cock of the walk, whistling as he delivers package after package...

--Waves to LITTLE KIDS... and FLIRTY DRUNKEN HOUSEWIVES...

--Flowers and a high-five to an OFFICE RECEPTIONIST.

INT. UPS TRUCK - DAY

Al fixes his hair in the mirror. Checks his breath.

EXT. CUTE LITTLE CRAFTSMAN

Al climbs out of the truck, moves towards a cute little craftsman where GLENDA (50s, chain smoker, huge knockers) is waiting fervidly for Al's arrival.

As Al approaches - a LARGE DOG lunges from the neighbor's yard - the leash catching him at the last possible second.

Al panics, flings the package at Glenda. Books it back to the safety of his truck, where he properly HYPERVENTILATES.

INT. BARRY AND AL'S BUNKER - NIGHT

Barry and Al return to the couch. Barry rips off his tie. Kicks off his slacks. Al UNPAUSES THE MOVIE from earlier.

Suddenly-- the door of their bomb shelter-apartment bursts open and KIP (30, total hopeless romantic...if he wasn't so unmotivated) barrels down the stairs. He looks distraught.

BARRY

Have you been crying?

KIP

Jan broke up with me. Can you believe that? She just asked me to move out.

Al reacts with pained shock. Barry isn't surprised at all.

AL

What happened?

CUT TO:

SUPER: **Earlier That Day**

INT. JAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

JAN (29, sweet as a button, total kindergarten teacher) is in the middle of breaking up with Kip. Her tone isn't mean, just honest.

JAN

Sure, I like beer pong and flip cup as much as the next person but we're almost 30 now. We've had a good run, Kip, but things haven't exactly evolved from when we started dating in college.

REVERSE ON: Kip, down on one knee. Rose petals strewn about the Crate and Barrel inspired living room. He has a ring.

JAN (CONT'D)

Plus, I haven't had sex with anyone else since I was a senior in college...

KIP

We started dating as juniors.

JAN

...that's six years of prime sexual prowess gone! I think we can both agree it's time we maybe move on to new adventures.

KIP

Whoa. I do not agree. In fact, I strongly disagree.

Jan takes a breath. Time to just rip off the Band-Aid.

JAN

My therapist said this wouldn't be easy.

(then)

Kip, if tomorrow a plague wiped out mankind, if aliens obliterated the planet, if Godzilla himself attacked and you were the last guy left on Earth, I still couldn't marry you.

She exhales, a massive burden finally lifted. She's super proud of herself for being so strong.

Kip, on the other hand, is devastated. The Hiroshima of breakups. He attempts to fight back the waterworks.

KIP

If this is how you felt then why'd you stay with me for so long?

Jan pauses, thinks about it.

JAN

I guess I just hadn't found anything better yet.

At the door, she looks back at Kip. The kind of look a man never forgets. Pity... and years of unspoken regret. Then she disappears out the door...

BACK TO:

INT. BARRY AND AL'S BUNKER - AS WE WERE

Kip is slumped over, emotionally ransacked, as-- A HAND enters frame, pats him on the shoulder.

BARRY (O.S.)

Fucking brutal, bro.

And only now does Kip notice that Barry's testicles are dangling mere inches from his face.

KIP

Come on, man! Really?!

He shoves Barry away, stands.

BARRY

What? You try playing Wii Tennis with clothes on. Things get pretty heated and you know I play my best when unencumbered by the burden of restrictive clothing.

KIP

Jan was the love of my life. What am I supposed to do now?

BARRY

I mean, you had to see this was coming though, right?

KIP

Why would I have possibly seen this coming?!

AL

You can crash with us.

KIP

You mean here?

BARRY

Oh I'm sorry, is the 1960s fallout shelter underneath the yard where the feral neighborhood cat takes its dumps not good enough for you? Do not treat me like I'm the goddamn homeless beggar here.

(then)

Fair warning, this place is a total chick magnet.

In the background, Al shakes his head; *It's not.*

KIP

(convincing himself)

This is just temporary. Jan is going to come to her senses. She just needs a little space to remind her of how awesome I am. She'll see.

Defeated, he sits down on top of the coffee table.

BARRY

Whoa, not on the brand new Regissör, bro! I went all the way to the good IKEA in Burbank last weekend to buy that.

Barry reaches behind the couch, grabs his "Top Gun" BONG - a fighter pilot helmet with a pipe attached to the breathing apparatus. As he packs a bowl...

BARRY (CONT'D)

Just be glad you didn't knock up Jan
'cuz kids are real fuckin' a-holes.
(then, big idea)
Yo, I know what'll cheer you up.

KIP

If you're gonna say get high--

BARRY

We get you so high you forget Jan
ever existed! That's what I do
whenever Brianne tells me how much
of a piece of shit of a father I am.

AL

Which is every single day.

KIP

Thanks and all, but I'm not really
in the mood.

BARRY

(hops up)
Nonsense. This is a fuckin' great
idea.

He disappears into the bedroom, returns a moment later with a plastic baggy filled with COLORFUL PILLS.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Bought these lil' suckers off some
guy in the city. Called 'em "Memory
Erasers." Gotta be fate, amirite?

Kip examines one of the pills. There's a little PICTURE of a BRAIN BEING STRUCK BY A LIGHTNING BOLT.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Dude had a crazy thick accent but
seemed chill as fuck. Said these'll
take you places you've never been.
Which in Al's case probably means
between the legs of a real woman.

AL

And for you into the arms of an
emotionally supportive and stable
relationship.

Barry flips Al the bird. Digs out the pills.

KIP

What if your mom catches us?

BARRY

We are grown ass men. If we want to do drugs in the comfort of our own fallout shelter-slash-bachelor pad then dammit that's what we're gonna do!

(then)

Also, Tuesday is her Zumba day. Plus, she never comes down here. We're so far underground not even God knows we're here.

Al shoots Barry an angry look, does a Sign of the Cross.

Before Kip can wuss out, Barry tosses a pill into Kip's mouth, holds it shut and then blows on his nose like he's giving meds to a dog. Slaps him on the cheek.

BARRY (CONT'D)

You're welcome.

Then, he pops a pill of his own. As does Al.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BARRY AND AL'S BUNKER - LATER

The guys sitting on the couch. Stoic. Quiet.

KIP

I don't feel anything.

Al shakes his head. Then-- in the blink of an eye...

WE SNAP ZOOM INTO THE THREE FRIENDS, AS SIMULTANEOUSLY:

PUPILS dilate at abnormally rapid speed...

The NOISE around them becomes a vacuum of cacophony...

And they SMILE, giant, goofy, stringy drool-dripping smiles.

KIP (CONT'D)

(serious drool)

I feel weird. But, like, good weird.

Commence the fit of GIGGLES. MUSIC UP: KARATE REPRISE by KENNEDY as the drugs hit like a speeding freight train, warping the three friends into a hazy, drunken-like euphoria...

MONTAGE OF KIP, BARRY AND AL HAVING THEIR BRAINS MELTED:

--Kip hides out underneath the kitchen table. Al is on the couch, determined to successfully lick his own elbow. Nearby, Barry manically uses a Gazelle Elliptical Trainer.

--The guys are having a dance party. It's getting a little aggressive. And a little too sexual.

--Kip is curled on the floor crying while looking at PHOTOS of Jan on his phone - as Al and Barry play Wii Tennis. Barry is sweating something fierce, tries to take off his pants.

--The guys have constructed a crude WWE wrestling ring and are pretending to be pro wrestlers. They've made their own costumes. Barry SWAN DIVES off the top rope (aka the couch) -- AND SMASHES THROUGH THE NEW IKEA COFFEE TABLE.

--Eventually, the guys pass out hard-core, spread all about the now desecrated bunker, as we speed headfirst into a RAPID-FIRE TIME LAPSE... Nothing is possibly going to wake them, not even...

As our guys sleep, from beneath the fallout bunker's sealed door, we see FLASHES OF BRIGHT LIGHTS (red, blue, yellow, green). The bunker shakes. Electricity pulsates. Then...

The time lapse comes to an abrupt halt.

The bunker settles. And there is just SILENCE.

Finally, something MOVES beneath a pile of couch cushions. Groaning, Kip's face emerges. Blinks. His stomach GRUMBLES.

Nearby, Barry stirs, naked save for a washcloth strategically draped over his exposed butt.

KIP
Did we die?

With foggy eyes, Barry and Kip scan the room. It's a disaster zone. Then, Barry notices the broken coffee table.

BARRY
Goddammit. Not the Regissör.

Kip checks his phone... *Wait, that can't be right.*

KIP
It's Friday??

BARRY

You mean to tell me we've been out for three days? No wonder I'm so goddamn hungry.

(shouts)

Al, sustenance! Por favor!

Al is asleep on the couch, face shielded. Barry chunks a Nerf ball at his head.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I let you live here rent-free, the least you can do is go get the goddamn Chalupas!

Al groans, rolls over. His face is painted like a Juggalo.

BARRY (CONT'D)

And don't go to the one on Chester Street. They cook their meat in peanut oil.

AL

But they make the tastiest Chalupas.

Al finds his wallet and keys, shuffles to the door.

BARRY

Do you want me to die from my peanut allergy over a fucking Chalupa?! You know what happened last time! Don't you dare wish that evil on me again.

Al pries open the bunker door, BLINDING SUNLIGHT pours inside as Al hisses, then exits.

EXT. BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Al's UPS TRUCK rumbles through town.

INT. UPS TRUCK (MOVING)

Yawning, Al drives. Eyes like two giant buoys, struggling to stay afloat. They briefly lose the battle and Al barely misses taking out a mailbox. Overcorrects.

He futzes with the radio. Nothing.

No static. No music. No shitty shock jock DJ. Just... silence.

The UPS truck passes under the iconic "BAKERSFIELD" SIGN. And as Al obliviously drives, a trend begins to slowly emerge. A growing weirdness settles in.

The streets are empty...

Sidewalks...also empty...

Nothing is destroyed... just deserted and devoid of people.

It is as if the world's biggest parade has just up and left, taking everybody with it.

And, of course, Al fails to notice any of this as his hungover ass rolls up to a red light. No cars moving in either direction.

Green light. Al drives off, blissfully unaware.

EXT. TACO BELL - DAY

The UPS truck rolls into the drive-thru. No line. Pulls right up to the order menu, waits a moment. Finally:

AL

Hello?

No response. So, Al drives forward to the window. The lights are on inside but there are no employees or customers.

Music rises. *What the heck is going on?* And now, Al starts to become more attune to his surroundings.

Looks around-- sees no one. He begins to panic a little.

Climbs out of the truck...

Only to discover he is all alone.

Al's very own VANILLA SKY moment - assuming this shitty Taco Bell parking lot in the middle of town is his Times Square.

Al begins to walk, faster now. All the electricity is still on. He begins to run now, searching for humanity.

He lets out a primal SCREAM, as--

SLAM TO:

INT. BARRY AND AL'S BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

Al bursts inside, out of breath and freaked the fuck out. He's trying to speak but words fail him. Barry and Kip are playing video games on the couch.

BARRY

Where's the Chalupas?

Al stammers, looks like he's seen a ghost. Incoherently mimes something with his hands.

KIP

I think he's having a stroke.

Al wildly shakes his head. Tries to catch his breath.

BARRY

He's high. Are you still high?

Al rounds up the guys, drags them outside.

SMASH TO:

EXT. BARRY AND AL'S BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Suburban silence. No hum of lawn mowers. No kids on bikes. No stay-at-home moms excessively day drinking.

The silence is overwhelming.

KIP

Where the hell is everyone?

AL

Is the rapture.

BARRY

It's not the rapture.

AL

How do you know? Are you God?

KIP

There must be some super rational explanation. Obviously we were so blazed we missed whatever happened.

Kip scratches his head.

KIP (CONT'D)

The houses are all fine. The cars. Nothing's bombed out.

BARRY

(confidently arrogant)

Super secret hi-tech government weapons. Seen 'em in Call of Duty: Advanced Warfare. They just like - ZAPPED - everyone away.

(solemn)

Our parents, our friends--

KIP

Jan!

BARRY

Sure, her too.

Panicked, Kip takes off into a dead sprint...

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MOMENTS LATER

Kip is barely jogging now, and sucking some serious wind. He hasn't even gotten to the end of the block.

Al's UPS truck pulls up beside him.

EXT. JAN'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

UPS truck parked in the middle of the road. Kip barrels towards Jan's apartment, Barry and Al close behind.

AL

I once read this book where people wake up on a plane and everyone is gone, and then these monsters drop out of the skies and eat everything.

BOOM! A massive CLAP OF THUNDER overhead. Al looks warily to the sky, clearly bracing for said monsters.

Instead, it merely just starts to rain.

BARRY

The likelihood that Jan would be here is pretty slim. Plus, like, fuck her. She just dumped you.

KIP

(indignant)

We're just going through a rough patch.

BARRY

Sure, over jagged rocks covered in puss-caked syringes, propped up by poisonous rattlesnakes.

AL

Everyone knows rattlesnakes are already poisonous. Saying as much is superfluous.

Kip ignores them, charges ahead. POUNDS on Jan's door.

KIP
Jan! Open up!

No response. So, Kip backs up, KICKS at the door - but all he manages to do is hurt his knee.

Al tries the door handle. It's unlocked.

INT. JAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Kip, limping, furiously searches the apartment.

BARRY
I'm tellin' ya, she's not here,
bro.

Barry settles onto the couch - as Al rummages through the kitchen for food. He spots a LAPTOP on the counter, opens it.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Forget about that hoe! What she did
to you was just plain dirty, yo!
(then)
Plus, she was hooking up with Billy
Friedman on the side!

Al looks up from the laptop, can hear a pin drop.

Kip quietly reemerges into the living room.

KIP
What was that?

BARRY
I'm sorry, man. I thought you knew.

KIP
Jan would never cheat on me.

BARRY
I'm not trying to be a dick but
everyone knew.

AL
Guys...

KIP
Well it's a dirty lie. And I don't
appreciate you spreading dirty rumors
about my girlfriend like that.

BARRY
Bro, she dumped you.

KIP
It's temporary!

AL
GUYS!

Barry and Kip quiet.

AL (CONT'D)
No one has updated their statuses.
Twitter. Instagram. TikTok.

KIP
Maybe WiFi is just down.

Barry checks his own phone: The last few posts are from...
two days ago.

But their bewilderment is quickly shattered by--

A MALE VOICE MOANING. Followed by:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
How's that feel? You like that?

Kip looks up... THAT'S JAN'S VOICE!

Al fumbles with the laptop, somehow makes the volume LOUDER.

JAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Time to speed it up! Oh yeah!
Speedin' it up!

Kip rips the computer away, sees--

ON THE SCREEN, a VIDEO FILE of Jan giving what can only be assumed is a sloppy tug job to BILLY FRIEDMAN. It's clear from the footage Billy and Jan have been hooking up behind Kip's back for a quite a while.

JAN (O.S.)
I can't believe I'm giving a hand job
to Billy Friedman behind Kip's back.

BILLY FRIEDMAN (O.S.)
Ah yeah, this is awesome. Fuck Kip.

Kip silently backs away from the computer. A digital bullet straight to the heart.

BARRY
 (can't help it)
 Told ya.

Kip bolts for the bathroom. And VOMITS.

INT. JAN'S BATHROOM

Kip wipes his mouth. Flushes. At least the shitter still works. Looking up, his eyes land on a PHOTO of Jan and Kip. Happier times. He rips the photo from the frame. Pockets it.

EXT. JAN'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - LATER

Barry, Al and Kip sit sullenly on the curb in the rain. Al does a Sign of the Cross on himself.

AL
 See, this is the rapture.

BARRY
 False. Because while we definitely masturbate a ton and do a shit ton of drugs, there are WAY worse people out there. Like murderers, rapists, every old person ever. If anything this is just like one of those disaster movies. Betcha the government knew about whatever this is. If other people survived, they'd have headed to big cities.

KIP
 I'm not going anywhere. I'm staying here in case Jan comes back.

BARRY
 (about to lose it)
 I understand you're hurting from this very recent kick in the dick and all, but Jan is gone, man! Look around, they're all fucking gone!

Silent beat. Reality starting to sink in.

BARRY (CONT'D)
 Face it, we're alone now.

Beat.

AL
 So what do we do now?

BARRY

We go to L.A.

KIP

Are you fucking insane?! We have no idea what's even out there! Could be anything. Killer biker gangs. Flesh eating zombies...

AL

Weird Scientology polygamists who want to fuck us and then eat us.

BARRY

You and I both know ain't no rescue team coming to fucking Bakersfield. You know why people live in Bakersfield? Because they were born here or they're too stupid to leave. I hate my life here. My kid is a complete dickhole. My job blows. So does yours.

KIP

That's not true.

BARRY

You're almost 30 and you're still a fucking assistant. We just got a get out of hell free card. Except hell was our everyday fucking lives.

AL

I like my job. It is a calling.

BARRY

For the last time, when they say "Brown works for you," they don't literally mean brown people.

Barry is building up steam. Climbs to his feet.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Look, you guys can stay here if you want but I for one am NOT going to spend the apocalypse in this cesspool waiting to die, or get butt-fucked by neo-nazi methheads.

Barry stomps for the truck. After a beat:

AL

I like my job. They let me wear shorts.

He follows Barry, leaving Kip behind, alone.

I/E. UPS TRUCK - DAY (MOVING)

The rain has stopped. The guys cruise down the road. Al drives, Barry shotgun rifling through undelivered packages, chucking the crappy ones out the window. Meanwhile, Kip is in the cargo bay, staring misty-eyed at the photo of he and Jan.

The truck roars past a SIGN - "Los Angeles - 112 miles" - as unbeknownst to the guys, a LIGHT FLICKERS IN THE SKY ABOVE THEM. As if it's trying to pierce through the sky. Much like an aurora borealis.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DUSK

The UPS truck weaves around vehicles on a wide-open 405.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - VARIOUS - DUSK

The HOLLYWOOD SIGN towers over the muted city. Lights still pulsate from billboards as we find...

The UPS TRUCK moving slowly up a desolate Hollywood Boulevard.

INT. UPS STRUCK - CONTINUOUS

KIP

Where do you think they all went?

AL

Maybe this is purgatory.

BARRY

If this is purgatory, how did we die then smart ass?

AL

Overdose? House fire, maybe. Perhaps while we were sleeping someone broke in, murdered us and then raped us.

BARRY

Murdered then raped?

AL

Yes. Maybe.

They slowly roll past an abandoned GRAUMAN'S THEATRE, the guys jockeying to get a look at the virtual ghost town. Usually swarming with tourists, it's totally deserted.

KIP

Watch out!

Al SLAMS on the brakes, skids to a stop, barely missing a RAVENOUS COYOTE in the middle of the street mauling on a dead animal. The coyote looks up - right at Al - and GROWLS.

Razor sharp teeth, dripping with fresh blood.

BARRY

At least there's still wildlife.

Al swallows the giant lump in his throat, watches as the coyote scampers off.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

(Al stops him)

Relax, ain't no coyote scare me.

He leaps out of the truck, scurries across the street to grab a "MAP TO THE STARS" from a kitschy souvenir shop.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

The UPS truck winds its way up the hills. Past a bevy of high-priced homes. Barry's head buried in the Stars Map.

BARRY

Bingo!

CRASH! Glass SHATTERING as we...

CUT TO:

A HAND reaches inside a broken window, UNLOCKS a door...

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Barry, Kip and Al inside the doorway of an elegant entryway.

BARRY/KIP/AL

(awestruck)

Whoa.

They stare, jaws agape, at a ridiculously oversized oil painting, letting us know that this house once belonged to none other than the Terminator himself, ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER.

BARRY

(bad Arnold accent)

"See you at the party, Richter!"

Like kids on Christmas morning, they sprint off to explore their new abode...

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- An Olympic-sized SWIMMING POOL, with jacuzzi.
- Al wanders into a SCREENING ROOM. Flips on a light and immediately SCREAMS out in terror... because he's staring right at a LIFE-SIZED PREDATOR STATUE.
- A bidet in the MASTER BATH. Barry drops his pants and squats over the toilet, ready to give it a whirl.

BARRY
(jumps a little)
Ooh.

He likes it.

- A WALK-IN HUMIDOR full of Cuban cigars. Kip opens a handcrafted Cherrywood humidor box. It's filled with weed.
- A top-of-the-line HOME GYM. With a Pilates reformer. No, wait, that's just a sex swing.
- Al jumps on a KING-SIZED BED like a giddy school boy.
- Turns out all the guys are jumping on beds in different bedrooms like giddy school boys.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

A million dollar view overlooking Hollywood. A patchwork of sporadic lights. Barry, Kip and Al are smoking out.

KIP
You'd think there's gotta be some
sort of secret government bunker
out there where all of the world's
greatest minds have been taken.

AL
That's how the movies do it.

BARRY
What if... we're not even on Earth
anymore. Least not Earth as we know
it. Instead, this is like some
alternate dimension of Earth. Like
we're frozen in time, never getting
older.

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

Just staying stagnant and the rest of the world has just continued moving forward without us?

AL

Whoa... That's deep.

Barry passes the joint to Al.

KIP

Or, maybe, our consciousness has been uploaded into the cloud? Maybe we're nothing more than holograms. Like in the Matrix.

Al raises his hand, trying to manipulate the Matrix.

BARRY

Maybe this isn't the absolute worst thing ever. Think about it: No more dead-end jobs. No more shitty taxes. No more cheating whorish girlfriends.

AL

What about your son?

BARRY

The world is a far better place without the spawn of Satan's dick.

KIP

I've always wondered, how come you didn't just marry Brianne?

BARRY

Because Brianne was a one-night stand. One night. Not pay for this for the rest of your life night stand. She should've made me wear a condom. Really this is all on her. I'm not the one who let a random dude I just met at a bar squeegee all up inside my lady purse.

KIP

I always thought she was a very lovely lady.

Feeling empowered, Barry rises.

BARRY

Don't you guys get it? The world is literally our playground now.

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

We can do whatever the fuck we want! I can say the N word now.

KIP

Whoa, you can't say the N word.

BARRY

Why not? Who am I offending? Al's brown, not black. You're like the whitest white guy ever. I'm basically the most black person still alive.

AL

One would consider that if we are to be the last humans alive on this planet that we would want to foster a community of communal decency.

BARRY

Nigga, please!

Al SLAPS Barry. Beat.

BARRY (CONT'D)

No, you're right, I deserved that.
(then)
I say we fuck some shit up! Who's with me!?

Barry moves to an expensive piece of yard art. Definitely something phallic. Picks it up...

BARRY (CONT'D)

FUCK THE POLICE!

... and HURLS THE SCULPTURE ACROSS THE YARD, SHATTERING IT.

Why? Because he can. Because it doesn't matter anymore. And what would you do if you and your stoner besties were the only people left in the entire world...

SLAM TO:

THE MOST AWESOME MONTAGE TO EVER GRACE THE SILVER SCREEN:

--Cops & Robbers on the 405 Freeway. Kip, in a FERRARI, flees from a SWAT VAN and Al's UPS truck, which has been outfitted with crude armor plating like it's from MAD MAX.

BARRY (OVER LOUDSPEAKER)

Pull over, you're under arrest for having the world's tiniest penis!

--Wii Tennis on the giant plasma screen at SOFI STADIUM.
Barry is playing naked.

--The guys party in a hot tub filled with beer, blowup dolls,
and the life-sized Predator doll.

--Inside the Los Angeles Police Department as a bulldozer
suddenly RAMS through the wall -- and Barry, Kip, and Al load
the bulldozer full of cool shit. Tracking devices, weapons -
including a GRENADE LAUNCHER - *and bushels of medical-grade
marijuana.*

--Al, in full riot gear, loads a grenade launcher. Hands it
off to Barry... who takes aim... and FIRES--

BLOWING UP KIP'S BRAND NEW FERRARI.

--Round 2. Barry atop the roof of THE W HOTEL, rocket
launcher on his shoulder, as he SCREAMS...

BARRY (CONT'D)
BLACK HAWK DOWN, BITCHES! King Kong
ain't got nothing on me!

WHOOSH! Misses his target entirely - accidentally takes out
the Pantages Theatre.

--High out of their minds, the three friends gorge out on a
mountainous pile of Taco Bell. Hundreds of Chalupas.

- DODGER STADIUM. The guys attempt to play home run derby -
only they can't hit the ball out of the infield.

So, they keep moving closer...and closer to the outfield
fence... Until Kip finally rips one over the wall.

--Cops and Robbers again. Al throws out the spikes -- and
Kip's Ferrari speeds right over them - BOOM - tires explode,
car spins out. Ping-ponging into other deserted vehicles.

--Al and Kip man a giant fire hose, desperately trying to
spray a naked Barry. Only the powerful hose backfires,
jettisoning Al and Kip onto their asses as Barry flees.

--A SNICKERS bar. Barry stares nervously at all that nougat,
caramel and peanuts encased in delicious milk chocolate.

AL
You sure you wanna do this?

Barry nods. Psyching himself up. Then he takes a BITE.

FROM BARRY'S POV: Everything goes fuzzy, and Barry PASSES OUT - just as Kip JAMS an EpiPen into Barry's chest.

BLACK.

One-one-thousand... two-one-thousand...

A MASSIVE GULP OF AIR BEING INHALED, as we--

SLAM INTO:

BARRY JOLTS AWAKE IN AN ADRENALINE-FUELED PANIC.

BARRY
OH MY GOD, THAT WAS SO DELICIOUS!!

He grabs the Snickers, goes in for another bite.

--Atop GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY, the guys smoke weed and watch the sunset. It's almost romantic.

--WORLD FAMOUS KROQ STUDIOS. Drinking Cristal and playing DJ. Barry calls out, somewhat playfully/somewhat sadly:

BARRY (CONT'D)
This one goes out to all my homies...
(pours a little out)
Is anyone out there?!

We travel up to the ROOF - up to the giant SATELLITE TOWER, BARRY'S VOICE echoing out across the vast, barren city...

END MONTAGE.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

INTERCUTTING BETWEEN: Kip, Barry and Al, communicating via walkie-talkies.

KIP
Does this feel kinda homoerotic to anyone else?

BARRY
It's only gay if we were doing it in the same theatre.

REVEAL SPLIT-SCREEN: Each of the guys is in their own movie theatre. Each watching their own porn on their own hundred-foot screen.

A quiet beat - save for, you know, the sounds of people fucking.

KIP
I'm never going to feel Jan's mouth
on my bone ever again.

Beat.

AL
I had a wet dream last night.

BARRY
Lucky.

AL
This hot redhead was riding me -
but then I woke up.

BARRY
Man, I'm horny.

KIP
Me too.

Al nods. Him too.

BARRY
At least God left Adam with Eve.
This is like a way more fucked-up
version.

KIP
We're never going to have sex
again, are we? Eventually the world
is just going to disappear when we
die, seeing as we'll never be able
to reproduce.

AL
Jurassic Park.
(in his best Goldblum)
"Life finds a way."

A pensive beat. Then:

BARRY
I am NOT having sex with either of
you two motherfuckers. Even if it was
the only way to save humanity. Hell
no. Not in my butthole. No way.

A quiet beat.

BARRY (CONT'D)
At the VERY LEAST, I'm a top. Just
so we're clear.

Laughter, as we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Downtown Los Angeles. A bank ALARM is going off...

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - CONTINUOUS

Various MANNEQUINS are strategically placed about the bank. Standing atop a kiosk, rifle in hand, is Barry - although he's dressed in full JOKER costume circa THE DARK KNIGHT.

BARRY
(totally in character)
Nobody make a move or I blow your
heads off!

Suddenly, he spins on a MANNEQUIN in a SECURITY UNIFORM - POP, POP, POP - three (paintball) shots to its plastic skull.

Blows on the barrel of his "smoking" gun.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Let's ride!

Barry hops down off the kiosk as he and Al - dressed as a voluptuous HARLEY QUINN - sprint off...

INT. STAIRWELL, BANK - CONTINUOUS

... and speed down the stairs, to the basement. Al stumbling in his high-heeled boots. Barry SLAMS open the door...

INT. VAULT ROOM, BANK - CONTINUOUS

... and comes face-to-face with a huge VAULT.

CUT TO:

INT. VAULT ROOM, BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Barry watches a YouTube video on Al's phone as he CLAMPS a DRILL to the safe-deposit vault - the bit ROTATES - SLIDES into the metal door.

GRIPS the WHEEL BOLT and SPINS it.

The WHEEL whirls to a stop - the vault DOOR CLUNKS OPEN...

Only, as the door slowly opens they are surprised to find a WOMAN inside. And she's alive. AND SHE'S HOT!

Meet LEIA (20s). If Leia were a car, she'd be an exotic Maserati. Gucci top. Christian Louboutin pumps (I know, I know, another failed Bechdel Test!)

PUSHING IN ON, AL'S FACE: Time slows as something super classy like ETTA JAMES's "AT LAST" crescendoes inside his head.

ETTA JAMES (V.O.)
At last, my love has come along...

PUSHING IN ON, BARRY: LUDACRIS' "WHAT'S YOUR FANTASY".

LUDACRIS (V.O.)
Backseat, windows up, that's the way I like to--

Or, we roll with: KHIA's "MY NECK, MY BACK".

BACK TO:

No music. Leia sees Barry's GUN, and SCREAMS!

LEIA
Don't shoot!

BARRY
Don't worry, it's not real.

He lowers his gun - accidentally SHOOTS Al in the arm. Doesn't even apologize as he gussies up his slicked-back green hair. But before Barry can properly introduce himself...

FOOTSTEPS pound down the stairs as--

KIP, dressed as BATMAN, "flies" into the basement:

KIP
(full Batman growl)
FREEZE! I'M BATMAN!
(sees Leia)
Holy fuck, is that a chick?!

ON LEIA, scared, shivering, and beautiful, when...

A DOG BARKS. Al practically leaps out of his mini-skirt, hides behind Barry - as a TEACUP POODLE (TRIXIE) burrows out of Leia's designer purse.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - LATER

Leia is on the curb, soda in one hand, Trixie in the other. Adrenaline still coursing through her body.

LEIA
Is he okay?

REVEAL: Al, across the street, hiding behind a replica BATMOBILE. Trixie yelps and Al inches further behind the car.

KIP
What were you doing inside the vault?

Leia takes a sip of soda, still shaking. Deep breath...

LEIA
I was picking up an item for a gala later that night...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. BANK VAULT - DAY - FLASHBACK

Inside, Leia (and Trixie) is alone as she opens her security-deposit box. Pulls out an expensive pearl necklace, when--

THE BUILDING BEGINS TO SHAKE. Lights flicker. Something ROARS - a deep, primal guttural noise.

Trixie cowers, ducks inside the handbag.

LEIA (V.O.)
I thought we were having an earthquake. So, I took a Xanax.

She reaches into her bag - pulls out a PILL. Takes it. Gives half of one to the dog as well.

As the building continues to quake, Leia and Trixie slowly FADE INTO A DEEP SLUMBER...

FADE TO BLACK.

AND THEN FADE RIGHT BACK IN ON...

INT. BANK VAULT - FLASHBACK

Leia's eyes flutter open. She checks her phone. No service.

POUNDS at the vault door.

LEIA (V.O.)
I was trapped.

TIME-LAPSE: Leia and Trixie pass time in the vault, until-- the VAULT DOOR finally swings open, revealing...

The Joker, Harley Quinn and Batman to the rescue.

BACK TO:

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - AS WE WERE

Leia looks around in shock at the deserted city. Her current circumstances beginning to truly sink in.

LEIA
I'm never going to see my family
again, am I?

Kip solemnly shakes his head.

LEIA (CONT'D)
Or my fiancé?

Barry, struggling to hide his HUGE grin, shakes his head.

It's all just so much to process. Leia begins to cry.

LEIA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I just need a moment.

She passes Trixie off to Kip, heads back inside.

BARRY/KIP/AL
Of course/Sure thing/Big poop, huh?

The guys all stare at her in transfixed awe as she walks away. As soon as she's inside, they explode:

KIP
Holy shit!

BARRY
Dibs!

AL
Dibs!

BARRY (CONT'D)
Oh, don't you fucking dare! I saw
her first.

Al flicks him off. So, Barry lifts the dog towards Al.

KIP

The poor girl JUST found out everyone she knows and loves is dead. Don't freak her out.

Barry stands akimbo, in his Joker costume. Harley Quinn-Al scratches at his crotch under his mini-skirt.

BARRY

Just because you're still hung up on Jan doesn't mean the rest of our dicks have to suffer.

KIP

This has nothing to do with Jan.

BARRY

Great. It's settled then. You're out of the running for the sex.

FOOTSTEPS approaching...

Leia returns -- only now it's quiet and super awkward.

AL

You must feel so much lighter.

An odd look from Leia.

BARRY

Excuse my friends, they were home-schooled.

(then)

We were just discussing - and while you just met us - we think it's safest if we all stick together. You know, in case there are monster-alien-dinosaur hybrids out there.

Leia thinks this over for a minute, then:

LEIA

I don't even know your names.

BARRY

(tips his 'cap')

Barry. That's Kip. Alecheetos over there hiding behind the car.

Al pokes his head up from behind the Batmobile, waves.

AL

My friends call me Al.

LEIA

I'm Leia. And that's Trixie.

(then)

You think it would be okay if we swing by a store to pick up a few things? I feel disgusting.

CUT TO:

EXT. RODEO DRIVE (OR THE BEVERLY CENTER) - DAY

The (former) epicenter of luxury, fashion and lifestyle. The UPS truck is parked in the road. Kip, Barry and Al splayed around it waiting impatiently.

AL

Maybe it was a solar flare and everyone disintegrated.

BARRY

You guys realize in order to save mankind we're going to have to knock her up. It's the only way.

Leia emerges from the Gucci store, with two rolling suitcases.

Barry and Al immediately leap up, jostling for the bags.

KIP

Just a few essentials, huh?

She looks Kip over.

LEIA

You clearly know nothing about fashion.

KIP

It's the end of the world, so you know, some might argue I'm one of the four-most experts on fashion.

(beat)

Get it. Foremost. Four most.

Deadpan silence.

BARRY

That was a bad joke.

AL

Very much the worst.

LEIA

Do you have a problem with my outfit?

KIP

No, not at all. If we were going clubbing. Just not sure how high heel stilettos and a mini-skirt are all that practical in this new world is all. No offense.

LEIA

Because your sweatpants and flip-flops are so very impressive?

KIP

Noted... except that there's no one left to impress. So.

LEIA

Oh. Okay. I see. You think this has nothing to do with you. You go to your closet and you select... I don't know... that ranch-stained pair of grey sweats, for instance, because you're trying to tell the world you value comfort over fashion. I don't dress this way to impress. I dress this way because I like to. And it makes me feel good. Because a lot of work - and sweat - has gone into being able to rock a size two Oscar de la Renta gown. Plus, these "shoes", these are Christian Louboutin's. They are a way of life. And I would rather die than ever be caught in sweatpants and flip-flops, which you no doubt fished out of some tragic Casual Corner clearance bin.

With a smug grin, Leia bounces toward the truck.

KIP

Devil Wears Prada.

LEIA

Excuse me?

KIP

You just poorly paraphrased Devil Wears Prada. I know because my girlfriend Jan fucking loved that movie.

(MORE)

KIP (CONT'D)

Made me watch it at least a dozen times.

(then)

Also, this isn't ranch. It's dried cum.

Leia stammers - knows she's been bested.

LEIA

Should've went with an Escalade.

She climbs aboard the truck. As Al and Barry are still fighting over her luggage.

BARRY

(to Kip)

Thank you very much, took yourself out of the running all on your own.

AL

Dibs.

BARRY

You can't call dibs!

And thus the backstabbing to woo Leia begins...

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Leia lounges by the lavish pool, sun glistening overhead. Trixie is asleep on a nearby chaise.

After a moment... Barry marches out of the house in super tight spandex shorts, wheeling behind him a SPEAKER. He finds a nice grassy patch. Hits PLAY.

CAPOEIRA MUSIC fills the air as Barry launches into what can only be described as quite possibly the worst Capoeira routine ever performed.

Eventually, Barry stops the music. SHOUTS across the lawn, severely out of breath.

BARRY

What's that?!

LEIA

I didn't say anything.

BARRY

Oh... I bet you were curious what I was doing. Capoeira.

Beat. Leia just stares, expressionless.

BARRY (CONT'D)

It's the Brazilian art of dance fighting. I'm usually more impressive when I do it naked. Let me just take these off real quick--

LEIA

You know what would be really impressive? A mojito.

BARRY

Yeah. Totally. I whip up a mean mojito.

He's already trying to Google how to make a mojito as eager to please he rushes off - returning Leia to her solitude.

Only...Al now struts out of the house, in his bathing suit.

He quietly approaches the edge of the pool and stretches lasciviously, a blatant and defective act of seduction.

Then, HE CANNON BALLS INTO THE POOL. He emerges from the water - only to see that Leia is soaked, and pissed.

AL

Oh no. Lo siento mi amor. I make it up to you. Anything.

Trixie barks.

LEIA

Well... Trixie could use a walk.

A petrified Al points to himself.

LEIA (CONT'D)

Is that a problem?

Off Al's terror-stricken face...

FLASH TO:

QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS:

1) As a YOUNG BOY, Al gets a PUPPY for Christmas, which tackles him with puppy kisses.

2) Al and the puppy play fetch, but the dog chokes on a tennis ball and dies.

3) YEARS LATER, Al has a NEW DOG. He takes it for a walk. The dog paws at its leash.

Al looks around - seems quiet and safe enough - so he unhooks the leash and the dog runs out into the road where-- *WHACK!* Flattened by a passing car.

4) EVEN MORE YEARS LATER, Al walks home from school, passing by some tall hedges. The hedges begin to SHAKE. Then, out of them LEAPS a RABID DOG. At the last moment, a WOMAN intercepts the rabid dog and beats the living fuck out of it with a baseball bat while Young Al looks on, frozen in horror.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION - AS WE WERE

Al's terrified face. He gulps, staring at Trixie's leash.

LEIA

I really appreciate it.

Full-on pouty lips. This girl knows what she's doing.

Al forces down the lump in his throat and with shaking hands reaches for the leash.

INT. MANSION - MEANWHILE

Kip wanders through the house, passing a window that overlooks the backyard, where he sees--

Leia, emerge from the pool, a dripping wet, bikini goddess.

Kip gawks, jaw to the floor. Until Leia looks up, locking eyes with Kip - who immediately lowers his head, shuffles off.

INT. BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Kip furiously jerks off to the picture of Jan.

INT. OUTER BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Toilet FLUSHES and Kip steps out...

...to find Leia is standing right there.

KIP

(nervous deflection)

Uh, just took a massive dump.

Jan's photo is poking out of his pocket. So, he *slyly* shoves the photo deeper into his pants.

KIP (CONT'D)

I was grunting... because it was really big.

Awkward beat. He hurries off.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Al takes Trixie out for a walk, though he's using a Ketch-All Pole to keep the tiny dog as far away from him as possible. He jumps at even Trixie's slightest movements.

Trixie gnaws at the leash. Paws at it. It's pathetic. Finally, Trixie gives up. And lays down. And POUTS.

Al tries to coax her to get up and walk... but she won't.

AL

You don't want to walk, fine. I don't walk either.

Al joins in protest.

Trixie looks away from him. So, Al looks away from her.

Then, slowly, Trixie crawls into Al's lap, causing Al to freeze in petrified terror - as Trixie puts her paws on Al's chest and begins to lick his face.

Soon, Al is laughing.

AL (CONT'D)

Stop it! Stop it!

After a few moments, Trixie sits back down. More pouting.

Al looks around the quiet neighborhood. No cars. No people.

Still, he hesitates... then caves and unclasps the leash.

Trixie races off, BARKING for Al to play with her.

Al chews his lip, and against his better judgment, chases after Trixie. He finds a tennis ball, throws it. Trixie brings the ball right back, tail wagging.

We've never seen Al this happy before.

He throws the ball again, but this time the ball gets stuck in some bushes. So, Al climbs in to help retrieve it. But as Al disappears into the bushes, in the deep background, we see...

A BLACK SUV cruising past. Just as soon as it's gone--

Al reemerges with the ball, none the wiser.

EXT. MANSION - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Barry presides at the head of a fancy dining table. He's wearing a tuxedo and trying to sound super important.

BARRY

Before we dive into this delicious, nourishing spread, that I have slaved all day preparing...

The feast is one fit for a king...if that feast was comprised of Twinkies, pizza rolls, and Kraft mac 'n cheese.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I just want to say how grateful we all are for our new guest. For without my freeing her, certain doom assuredly would have soon followed. I don't want to be called a hero - because the real hero is this young woman who refused to lose hope.

Scattered around the table are Kip, Al and Leia. Trixie is also there, strapped into a high-chair.

Al rolls his eyes, makes a blow job motion that only Barry sees. Finished, Barry sits and the gang dives in.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Hennessy for the lady?

LEIA

Um, okay.

As Barry pours her a glass:

LEIA (CONT'D)

So, what's your guys' story? Have you three always been friends?

BARRY

Well, Alecheetos and I have been best chums since Sunday school days. We met Kip back in high school. I recall it was a particularly overcast day...

FLASH TO:

EXT. GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY - DAY - FLASHBACK

A high school field trip. Classmates are enjoying lunch outside on the lawn when a BLUNT falls out of HIGH SCHOOL KIP's lunch sack. He quickly reaches to pick it up, but--

A WAVY-HAIRED KID, a real Bible thumper this one, beats Kip to the punch. With him are his two equally HOLY CRONIES.

BIBLE THUMPER

Well, well, what do we have here?
Looks like contraband.

KIP

You can hand that back now.

BIBLE THUMPER

Drugs are the devil's candy. My father, the pastor, says weed is a gateway to a life of sin.

Nearby, HIGH SCHOOL BARRY and AL look on. Typical teenage stoners. Lotta hair, lotta Grateful Dead and Wiz Khalifa.

BIBLE THUMPER (CONT'D)

Do you know what will happen when I turn this in? You'll go to juvie, you burnout. Do you know what happens in juvie?

BARRY

(calling over)

Yeah, they fuck little pricks like you.

Barry takes a cool sip of his Shasta Cola, rises slowly.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Now why don't you give the new kid his shit back, Francis.

Bible Boy (FRANCIS) cackles, turns to his lackeys.

BIBLE THUMPER

Should've known... a fellow pothead. In a few years all y'all will be pumping my gas.

Of course, his friends LAUGH. Francis is soooooo clever.

BARRY

How's that funny? It's not even a properly constructed joke.

BIBLE THUMPER
Shut up, stoner.

His Friends laugh again. But Barry's heard enough, turns back to Al - who TOSSES Barry an unopened Mountain Dew can - WHICH BARRY USES TO CLOCK BIBLE BOY UPSIDE THE HEAD.

Immediately, the gang of Bible Bashers jump in to help their ringleader. It's a BRAWL! FISTS fly. Noses EXPLODE.

EXT. GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY - LATER

Kip, Al and Barry - beaten and bruised - sit outside the Observatory in a secluded spot eating PB&J sandwiches and smoking Kip's now-mangled joint.

BARRY
Toldja I'd get you that joint back.

KIP
I think we just became best friends.

They clasp hands in super dramatic fashion, cementing their friendship. Maybe there's an explosion. You know, because this is an overly dramatic retelling of this epic moment.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. MANSION - DINING ROOM - AS WE WERE

Barry smiles proudly.

BARRY
That's exactly how it went down.
And we've been besties ever since.

AL
(whispers, to Kip)
I was the one who hit the Bible kid
with the soda.

Barry sips his Cognac, pinky out.

BARRY
So, Leia, tell us about yourself.

LEIA
Well, um, there's not a whole lot
to tell really. Born and raised
nearby. Dad was a lawyer. Mother a
professional pill popper.

KIP
Speaking of pills, didn't you say
you took a Xanax while you were
inside the vault?

LEIA
It's not like that. I've had some
anxiety lately so I took a couple
of Xanaxes from my fiancé. Only I'm
not so sure now they were actually
Xanax.

The guys all look at one another.

KIP
Was there a picture on it? Like a
brain with...

LEIA
A little lightning bolt? Yes,
actually! How'd you know?

Intense glares now directed Barry's way from the other guys.

LEIA (CONT'D)
Wait, did you guys take pills too?

They all nod.

LEIA (CONT'D)
Oh my god. Do you think maybe the
pills did this to us?

KIP
It's possible.

BARRY
Okay, we don't know that the pills
had anything to do with this. In
fact, for all we know, the pills
are what made us immune to whatever
did happen.

Suddenly, Leia grabs her stomach. She doesn't look so hot.

LEIA
Excuse me.

She quickly darts off (to the bathroom). Al snickers.

BARRY
What's so funny?

AL
 Nothing.
 (then)
 If nothing means I poisoned her.

KIP
 What??

BARRY
 Why the fuck would you poison her!?

AL
 It was only little poison. Un pequito.

KIP
 And you thought poisoning her was a good idea how?

AL
 (duh)
 If she is sick then I take care of her. She will fall for me because I am a man of compassion. Yes?

BARRY
 So by making her shit herself she will want to fuck your brains out? You're a moron. And now she'll be too sick to sleep with any of us!

Beat. Al curses himself in Spanish.

BARRY (CONT'D)
 How far is this going to have to go? What next, you gonna burn down the White House? 'Cause I will burn it down first. Burn it right to the ground!

Barry brandishes a butter knife. Al, a spoon... or is that a spork? Either way, he readies himself for battle.

KIP
 Guys, chill out!
 (then)
 Where did you get a spork?

BARRY
 KFC.

Makes sense.

KIP
 Can't we just call a truce?

BARRY

Do we look like children?
(quickly)
Don't answer that.

KIP

Look, we all wanna play God and be the world savior here, but if all this is going to cause is to rip at the seams of our friendship, then I say it's not worth the cost.

AL

So I win?

BARRY

Fuck no! You're short and have excessive bacne!

AL

You fart in your sleep.

BARRY

Everyone farts in their sleep! IF I have any flaw at all, it's that I care too much.

Both Al and Kip laugh.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Fine. Since Kip's still bitch-titting about Jan, he picks.

AL

Yeah!

KIP

I want no part of this.

BARRY

You're the only one who doesn't want to sleep with her.

KIP

I never said that.

BARRY

Reasons you should choose me: One, I have the biggest dick. Which will satisfy her more and be better with which to make the babies that will repopulate the planet.

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

Two, both of my grandfathers had all of their hair so with proper breeding we may be able to single-handedly wipe out male pattern baldness.

KIP

Why not both just knock her up?

BARRY

We aren't cats, okay?

KIP

I mean, one of you knocks her up first. Then, next time, the other gets to.

BARRY

OR... hear me out here. I have a daughter and in sixteen years you can knock HER up so there aren't any inbreds running around.

KIP

That's fucked up I don't even know where to begin. In fact, this entire conversation is severely fucked up.

BARRY

(petulant)

I don't care. I'm not sharing a snatch with HIM.

Al flips Barry off. The debate is getting heated, and LOUD, as Leia returns - immediately silencing the guys.

Now it just feels super awkward.

LEIA

Did I miss something?

Barry sees his opportunity, leaps forward.

BARRY

You have to choose one of us to have sex with so that we can save the planet. We're pretty much humanity's only hope of repopulating.

(then)

I have the biggest dick.

Al insinuates that Barry has a very tiny penis.

BARRY (CONT'D)
I'll go get the measuring tape
right now! Just say the word.

Beat. They all look at Leia. Then:

LEIA
You're fucking kidding, right?

BARRY
No way, I'll pull it out right
here, right now--

LEIA
Do you seriously think that less
than 24 hours after I just
discovered everyone I love is gone -
INCLUDING MY FIANCÉ - that I'm just
going to spread my legs open and
let some strange guy I just met
knock me up?

BARRY
...I mean, yeah. Pretty much.

LEIA
Wow... Let's get something very
clear: I am not some object to be
drooled over, or "won." Ok? I went
to Stanford. I majored in economics.
I have an MBA.

BARRY
Really?

They're all surprised, in fact.

LEIA
Plus, who's to say I even want kids
in the first place?! 72 hours ago I
was engaged to the heir of the IKEA
empire and now some randos I just
met are propositioning me to have
their babies. Like, what the fuck!

KIP
Technically, I didn't--

LEIA
Shut up!

Leia takes a breath, tries to calm herself.

LEIA (CONT'D)

Just because I like fashion and have actual taste doesn't make me some stupid sex bimbo.

She stares right at Kip, then storms off.

The guys stand in silence for a moment. Then:

BARRY

Real smooth. Way to alienate the ONE female in the entire world!

AL

If I lose out on Leia then I want to be named El Presidente.

BARRY

Bullshit. Besides, this is a dictatorship! First decree, no pants Thursdays!

And he RIPS off his tear-away tuxedo pants.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I'll be in my chambers masturbating if anyone needs me.

Exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. POOL - NIGHT

Leia is alone by the pool, she's been crying. Meanwhile, overhead, the incandescent light in the sky has begun to expand - though Leia doesn't seem to notice.

Kip steps out of the house.

LEIA

(wipes her eyes)
You going to try and seduce me too?
Or did you just come out here to make fun of my "shoes" again?

KIP

Actually, as a matter of fact, I had a fiancé myself. So...

Leia softens.

LEIA

I'm sorry... I didn't know.

Kip motions to a seat. Leia shrugs and Kip joins her.

They both stare out at the city. Sporadic lights still dotting the city below - though in odd patches of light. Like some kind of busted Lite Brite.

KIP

(an icebreaker)

"Everything the light touches is our kingdom."

LEIA

(playing along)

"But father, what about the shadowy places?"

KIP

"That's beyond our borders. You must never go there, Simba."

LEIA

(laughing)

I loved that movie.

KIP

Me too. Until one Sunday morning I'm watching it in the living room only to hear my mom having aggressive sex with her flavor of the month in the other room. Kinda colors things differently when your mother is climaxing during hakuna matata.

Leia can't help herself, cracks up.

KIP (CONT'D)

When we got older, my sister and I finally told her.

LEIA

She must've been mortified.

KIP

Sure, if you call buying a Lion King sweater at Wal-Mart and parading around in it mortified.

LEIA

(dying)

She sounds amazing.

KIP
 Oh she is... Was.
 (beat)
 She tried really hard. She always
 liked Jan.

LEIA
 Is that your fiancé?

Kip nods.

LEIA (CONT'D)
 What was she like?

KIP
 Sweet. A fantastic listener. And
 patient. Too patient maybe.
 (then, like word vomit)
 She gave a hand job to Billy
 Friedman behind my back. I had a
 ring and everything.

Quiet beat.

LEIA
 Sit still and look pretty.

Kip looks up, perplexed.

LEIA (CONT'D)
 That's what Sven, my fiancé, used
 to say to me.
 (gathering speed)
 You know, just because I care about
 what I wear and how I look doesn't
 mean I want to sit still and look
 pretty. I'm not some trophy wife. I
 wanted to be a painter. But Sven
 didn't like me working. Can you
 believe that? Talk about setting
 the feminist movement back.
 (then)
 I must sound like such a women's
 lib cliché, don't I?
 (then, calming)
 I'm sorry for unloading all of this
 on you, this is all just a lot to
 take in right now.

KIP
 Hey, you wanna get angry, I get it.
 Get angry.

Beat.

KIP (CONT'D)

Don't take this the wrong way or anything... but you seem like the kind of girl who always got ample attention.

LEIA

What makes you say that?

KIP

Because you're beautiful. And you're clearly smart. And you probably got whatever you wanted with minimal hardship.

LEIA

Hey, I've had my fair share of hardships, trust me.

KIP

Oh yeah, had to stay at a Holiday Inn once? Personal chef didn't use free-range eggs?

LEIA

Very funny.

KIP

Look, those guys back in there - they aren't bad guys. Crude and socially awkward, sure, but they're not evil. I'll tell the idiots to chill out...but if we all want this to work, it takes two to tango. Which means you can't walk around here thinking you're better than everyone either.

His eyes glide down to her shoes.

LEIA

This still about the shoes?

Kip shrugs.

LEIA (CONT'D)

What do you want? You want me to jump into the pool with them on?

Leia stands, readies to take a running jump into the pool - only she hesitates.

LEIA (CONT'D)

Okay, not with my Christian's on.

Kip laughs as Leia kicks off her shoes.

KIP

You do realize you can have all of the designers shoes you want now.

LEIA

But not these ones. These were a gift from my father. Once, the heel broke. So he had it repaired.

Shows him.

LEIA (CONT'D)

Which cost almost as much as the shoes themselves did, but screw it, I already broke these in. Plus, they make my calves look amazing.

She tosses the shoes to Kip, then takes a running start and leaps into the pool. Kip politely applauds.

LEIA (CONT'D)

You just gonna sit there?

She SPLASHES water at him until Kip stands. He peels off his shirt and sweatpants and...JUMPS into the pool. Playfully splashing and doing backstrokes.

CUT TO:

LATER:

Kip and Leia, still in the pool.

KIP

Is it true your fiancé was really the heir to the IKEA fortune?

LEIA

Ja.

(beat)

That's yes in Swedish.

KIP

Wow... Do you realize how many people wanna punch that guy in the dick? Those fucking things are like impossible to assemble!

LEIA

He once threatened to cut a waiter's testicle off with a butter knife because the guy accidentally spilt a beer on him.

(looks at Kip)

I never told anyone that. I guess in some ways, as scary as this whole thing is, I'd be lying if I didn't admit part of me wasn't actually kind of relieved, ya know?

(then)

Is that sick? Am I like a bad person for thinking that?

KIP

No.

Leia scoffs, chuckles a little to herself.

LEIA

Not like I actually have a choice anymore anyway.

(then)

He never brought me flowers. Bought me a car once but I've never gotten flowers from a guy. Actually, that's not true. Mikey Bowers. Fifth grade. He gave me some weeds from the playground once.

KIP

Jan hated the flowers I got her. She would've wanted the car.

Leia leans back, floating on her back - staring up at the fiery night sky.

LEIA

It's pretty.

KIP

Aurora borealis.

(off Leia's surprise)

It's a fancy name for a geomagnetic storm. Though, I've never heard of one actually being visible in Los Angeles. Probably all the light pollution.

LEIA

You some kind of astronomy nerd?

KIP

(chuckles)

Nah. My dad used to take my sister and I up to the Observatory when we were little. Used to think I could see the whole world from up there.

(then)

I bought a postcard once. After he split, when I couldn't sleep, I'd look at that picture of the lit up Observatory - dreaming one day I'd get rich and buy it and live there.

Leia wades closer to Kip.

KIP (CONT'D)

It's stupid, but... I thought somehow that'd make him proud of me. Or something.

LEIA

I've never been.

KIP

Nothing stopping you now.

Their bodies wade closer in the water. Her lips pushing towards Kip's.

LEIA

I suppose not... Maybe you could take me.

KIP

Uh. Yeah. Sure.

And they kiss. It's hot. The kind of kiss that makes you forget there were ever any others before this one.

FROM THE HOUSE

Al strolls past the WINDOW, sees-- Leia and Kip lip-locked.

BACK IN THE POOL

BARKING rips Leia and Kip back to reality. They notice Trixie at the edge of the pool, barking incessantly.

LEIA

Crap, I forgot to grab her doggie bed. She won't sleep without it.

KIP

I could go with you.

LEIA

It's fine. I could kind of use some time to clear my head anyway. 'Sides, not like some monster is gonna come snatch me up, right?

With a playful grin, she climbs out of the pool.

LEIA (CONT'D)

(points to Kip's sweats)
That's not really...

KIP

Ranch dressing. You were right.

LEIA

In that case...

She grabs the sweats, slips them on over her own soaking wet clothes. Kip's shirt too.

KIP

Better not lose those. They're my favorite pair.

LEIA

Wait up for me?

KIP

Uh, yeah. Yeah...sure.

She disappears inside the house, leaving behind a smitten Kip.

SMASH TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Kip bursts inside in only his soaking wet underwear. He begins to vigorously prep for Leia's return:

- Mouthwash: Check.
- Pushups: Shitty ones but check.
- Flexes in the mirror: Check.
- Puts on the finest of Arnold's silk jammies: Obviously.
- Carefully lays out candles around the room: Check.
- Trims his pubes: Shorter... shorter... *Whoops, too short.*

INT. ARNOLD'S OFFICE - MEANWHILE

Barry wanders into Arnold's personal office. Filled with movie memorabilia and cool Governor shit. He moves to the desk, pretends to play Governorator.

HE SLAMS his hand down like it's a gavel.

BARRY

Death penalty, all of you! Except you. You are hot and thus are recused to spend your life sucking on deez nuts.

Only, he's just caused the desktop computer to WAKE UP.

ON SCREEN appears a DIAGRAM of an elaborate bunker system.

BARRY (CONT'D)

(whoa)
Hasta... la... vista.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD STREETS - NIGHT

Leia cruises through the streets. Music up. Wind in her hair. Big smile creeping across her face, until--

a COYOTE

--rushes out into the middle of the road forcing Leia to swerve, CAREENING HER CAR INTO A LIGHT POLE.

Airbags DEPLOY. Smoke HISSES from the engine block.

Dazed, but unharmed, Leia pulls herself from the mangled car.

She tries to gather her bearings, when she hears...GROWLING.

Slowly turning, Leia finds THREE RAVENOUS COYOTES baring their teeth and circling her like prey.

She's surrounded. As the coyotes are about to pounce--

A BLACK ESCALADE screeches around a street corner, exploding toward the coyotes, HORN BLARING!

One of the coyotes turns, just in time to be greeted by the grill of the Escalade.

The vehicle skids to a stop and the other coyotes scatter.

Leia exhales, until the DOOR opens, and--

A PAIR OF SNAKESKIN BOOTS hit the pavement, leaving a petrified Leia looking on with equal parts shock and fear...

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kip waits impatiently in bed for Leia to arrive. Sniffs his pits. Disappears into the bathroom. SPRAYS something. Returns. Sniffs his pits again. Much better.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER:

Candles burned nearly out. Kip snoring in bed.

INT. AL'S BEDROOM - MEANWHILE

In another bedroom, Al lies awake. He HEARS something moving.

Claws SCRAPING on tile. GROWING LOUDER... CLOSER...

Al trembles under his blanket. Eyes trained on the darkened doorway...

It's in the room now. BREATHING HEAVILY.

Al peers with trepidation over the brim of his blanket, as--

TRIXIE LEAPS UP ONTO THE BED. TAIL WAGGING. PANTING.

Al exhales as Trixie curls up beside him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Kip awakes, quickly notices that Leia is not there.

INT. MANSION - DAY

Kip searches the house. But Leia is nowhere to be found.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Kip wanders into the kitchen, where Barry and Al (who is spoon feeding Trixie) are pouring over DOCUMENTS and MAPS.

KIP

You guys seen Leia this morning?

BARRY

I don't know, you tell us.

KIP
What's that supposed to mean?

BARRY
Al saw you two tongue-fucking in
the pool.

KIP
Okay, it's true. But it wasn't a big
deal.

BARRY
(mockingly)
It wasn't a big deal. Oh really,
Benedict Cumberbatch?

AL
Do you mean Benedict Arnold?

BARRY
Who the fuck is Benedict Arnold?!

AL
Benedict Arnold was a general
during the Revolutionary War who
fought for the American Army but
then defected to the British.

BARRY
Shut up, book whore. This isn't
about no history lesson. This is
about Kip stabbing US in the back.

KIP
Because you called dibs?

BARRY
You damn right I called dibs!

KIP
Jesus, you can't be serious.

BARRY
Or can I? You know, maybe Leia split
because you're a terrible kisser.

KIP
Firstly, I'm a fantastic kisser.

BARRY
Did Jan tell you that?

KIP
Watch yourself.

Barry reacts with mock fear.

KIP (CONT'D)
 Leia is missing. If something
 happened to her--

BARRY
 Fuck Leia. You can have that
 pretentious twat.

KIP
 Twelve hours ago you would have
 given your left nut to bang her.

BARRY
 Yes... but that was before THIS!

He shows Kip the diagram of the BUNKER, which he printed out
 from Arnold's computer.

BARRY (CONT'D)
 Boom! Lick on that taint. Terminator
 leased a bunker somewhere in the
 desert. We're talkin' some Area 51-
 level shit.

KIP
 So?

BARRY
 So? So this is just like that movie
 "Deep Impact," man! This proves
 there is a bunker out there. Which
 means there are potentially other
 survivors. One of which may very
 likely be the Terminator himself!

Al excitedly taps Barry's shoulder.

BARRY (CONT'D)
 Oh, PLUS hotter chicks than that
 silicone mannequin. If I were you,
 I'd blow off that ho and come with us
 to find the bunker...and Arh-nuld!

Kip starts for the door.

KIP
 This is ridiculous. I'm going to
 find Leia. She may need our help.

BARRY
 Or, she left of her own accord.

AL

But she'd never leave behind Trixie.

Trixie licks oatmeal off Al's face...and lips. He giggles.

BARRY

It's a huge city. How are you even gonna find her? You gonna search every ditch?

KIP

If I have to.

He's adamant. Starts to go.

BARRY

Wait!

(then)

If we help you find Leia will you agree to go to the bunker after?

Kip looks at Barry, he can tell something is up.

KIP

What did you do?

BARRY

I didn't do shit...except that I may or may not have put a tracking device on her.

KIP

You chipped her?!

BARRY

Well if Al wasn't so busy being such a cockblock--

AL

That is super creepy.

BARRY

Is it? Or is it super smart now?

AL & KIP

Still creepy.

Barry waves them off, opens up a TRACKING APP on his phone. Sure enough, there's a BLINKING RED DOT.

CUT TO:

BINOCULAR POV: Leia, back in her high fashion attire, is inside a grocery store... Turns out we are--

EXT. RALPHS GROCERY STORE - DAY

Kip, Barry and Al are hidden across the street using binoculars to spy on Leia.

BARRY
See, your princess is fine.

The binoculars now PAN OVER TO SEE THAT--

Leia is flanked by THREE BUFF ACTION HERO-LOOKING MOTHERFUCKERS (We'll get to their names in a moment.)

BARRY (CONT'D)
Who the hell are those goons?

AL
The one on the right looks like Michael Clarke Duncan.

KIP
Who?

AL
The guy from "The Green Mile."

BARRY
That's Ving Rhames, you dumbass.

AL
No, that's--

KIP
Whoever they are, they have Leia!

BARRY
Betcha they kidnapped her and are probably hell-bent on enslaving her to be their baby-making machine. Those assholes.

AL
You basically wanted to do the exact same thing.

BARRY
Whoa, I'm offended, sir. Don't start accusing people of enslaving women, ok? We're nice guys. This is TOTALLY different.

They watch as one of the goons grabs Leia and sucks face.

Kip's blood boils.

KIP
We have to help her.

BARRY
Yeah, and how you wanna do that?

CUT TO:

EXT. UPS TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Full battle rattle. The guys gear up for war. Riot gear. Tasers. Grappling gun. Ninja stars because...*ninja stars*.

Al leaves Trixie behind in the truck -- she WHINES. Damn near breaks Al's heart.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - BACK ALLEY - DAY

Creeping around to the back loading dock, Al and Barry play lookout - as Kip works the backdoor with a cordless drill.

INT. STOCKROOM - GROCERY STORE

Inside, the guys slither past industrial freezers and rows of boxes. One of which is filled with Hostess Cupcakes - which Al shoves into his shirt.

ELSEWHERE

Barry pries open a refrigerator door, peers through expired milk cartons, WATCHING AS--

BIFF, 20s, the kind of meathead who grunts excessively while working out, is eating directly from a carton of ice cream. Finished, he returns the half-eaten carton back to the shelf.

BARRY
Damn heathen.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - MEANWHILE

Kip has found his way inside the manager's office - and a wall of security monitors. He radios Barry.

KIP
Got two bogies in the snack aisle.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STOCKROOM - GROCERY STORE

BARRY
Copy. Goofy lookin' mofo is sampling soft serve in frozen foods.
(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

Some people just want to see the world burn.

(then)

You got a visual on T-Bag yet?

Kip scans the security MONITORS.

KIP

Can we maybe not refer to her as T-bag?

BARRY

You got a better nickname?

KIP

Pretty much anything is better.

BINGO! Kips spots Leia in the PRODUCE SECTION.

KIP (CONT'D)

Produce. And she's solo.

INT. GROCERY STORE - MAIN FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Barry, Kip and Al slide out of the stockroom. Barry fires off complex hand signals, which no one else understands.

BARRY

(sighs, explaining)

Flank left. Al, take my six.

Convene in aisle twelve. Let's go!

CUT TO:

PRODUCE SECTION

Leia picks out fruit as Kip sneaks up behind her, covers her mouth with his hand. Startled, Leia tries to scream.

KIP

(whispers)

Shhh, it's me. We're here to rescue you.

He removes his hand.

LEIA

(low)

You shouldn't be here.

BARRY (O.S.)

Psst.

Leia looks toward the far end of the aisle - where Barry and Al are hiding out. Al frantically scans his six.

LEIA

You don't understand, if they see you--

THICK SWEDISH VOICE (O.S.)

My, my, now what eez we have here?

From the opposite end of the aisle, out struts the bleach-blonde ringleader of our adversaries...

SWEDISH

New friends, yeesh?

KIP

Watch yourself, I got this place covered wall-to-wall. My boys sense something astray and--

He SNAPS his fingers - but the Swedish Man merely dismisses this threat with a hearty cackle, approaches coolly. He wraps his arm around Leia's waist. Now Kip looks confused.

LEIA

Kip, this is Sven. My fiancé.

Yes, SVEN. Leia's blonde-haired, blue-eyed Adonis of a Swedish IKEA-heir fiancé.

SVEN

Eesh pleasure to meet.

Behind Sven appears his lackeys--

Biff and RAY JAY (built like a giant bowling ball, looks eerily like Michael Clarke Duncan...or Ving Rhames.)

SVEN (CONT'D)

Youz are here for my womanz, no?

Kip looks to Leia - there's legitimate concern in her eyes.

Sven, on the other hand, seems super chill about this whole thing.

SVEN (CONT'D)

You want Leia, you takes.

KIP

Wait, for real?

BARRY
Don't trust him. It's a trap.

Sven laughs.

SVEN
I am not monster. If she go to
wish, then she go.

KIP
Alright then.

Kip reaches for Leia's hand - but Sven violently SLAPS it away.

BARRY (O.S.)
You think you tough cowboy? Yee-
haw, ride in on stupid horse, save
day hero?

Barry defiantly approaches, all sorts of gadgets and weapons
hanging off his body. Definitely went a bit overboard here.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Hey, ABBA, you heard my friend. The
lady comes with us.

Quick - or as quickly as Barry can move while overloaded with
excessive tactical gear - he pulls a SMOKE CANISTER.

BARRY (CONT'D)
SMOKE BOMB!

HE TOSSES it... only nothing happens.

Ray Jay casually picks up the canister. Taps the pin.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Bollocks.

Sven signals his lackeys. Now Ray Jay and Biff move in.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Al, NOW!!

Al pops up from behind a fruit stand, lobs a a PINEAPPLE to
Barry - who catches it and SMASHES RAY JAY UPSIDE THE HEAD.

Not even so much as a wince from the big man.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Uh oh.

A FIGHT BREAKS OUT.

Only, it's less of a fight and more of a complete and total beatdown. At one point, Al attempts to taser Biff - only to wind up tasing himself in the leg instead.

With Al out of commission, it's up to Kip and Barry to take down Ray Jay, Sven and Biff on their own.

Barry panics, starts hurling more fruit. FLINGS an apple at Biff - who catches it. Takes a bite. Grins.

Before we know it, Barry and Kip are captured. The rescue mission thwarted.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - LATER

Barry, Kip and Al on the floor, hands and feet bound with duct tape. They've had the shit kicked out of them.

Sven paces before the guys.

SVEN

Eesh unfortunate we find us in sticky predicament. What's to do?

BARRY

Yo, I knew it! I know you! Yeah, you're that dude who sold me those pills last weekend!

SVEN

(suddenly super cordial)
Ah, yes. You buy Regissör, yeah?
How were pills? Good shits, no?

BARRY

Shits was dope... until we ended up here.

SVEN

Yez, that ees unfortunate for us too. As they says, do not eats your own shits.

KIP

I don't think that's what they say.

SVEN

Am sure eesh correct.

KIP

Nope. Not correct.

SVEN
Eez correct!

He lunges forward, SLAPS Kip.

KIP
Agree to disagree.

Ray Jay glowers at Barry. It's pseudo sexual, and more than a little uncomfortable.

BARRY
Anyone ever tell you that you look like Ving Rhames?

RAY JAY
Who?

BARRY
You know that ugly motherfucker from "The Green Mile."

RAY JAY
That's not Ving Rhames.

BARRY
That's totally Ving Rhames.

SVEN
Watch your tone, eesh Michael Clarke Duncan stunt double you speak to.

AL
See! I told ya.

KIP
Don't say it.

BARRY
How the hell would I know, they all look alike.

A collective wince from the crowd. Ray Jay simmers.

BARRY (CONT'D)
What?

SVEN
Eesh very insensitive.

BARRY
Which part?

LEIA

The blatant racism part.

The others nod in agreement. Barry actually feels kind of bad now.

BARRY

He was a real talent. I'm sorry for your loss.

Ray Jay nods.

RAY JAY

The work has not been steady.

Then:

BARRY

Alright, you guys showed us good. You can go ahead and untie us now. Big misunderstanding, amirite?

SVEN

No.

BARRY

Or maybe yez?

SVEN

I cannots has you return like the zombie dead.

KIP

This mean you're gonna chop our testicles off with a butter knife now?

SVEN

Vas one time!

He glares at Leia. Incensed, Sven signals Ray Jay and Biff - *Slash their throats.*

RAY JAY

Gladly.

Grinning, Ray Jay and Biff step forward--

LEIA

Wait!

They freeze.

LEIA (CONT'D)

If it wasn't for these guys I would
have died inside that bank vault.

Sven considers this.

Kip looks at Leia. Clearly something between them.

Doesn't go unmissed by Sven, either.

SVEN

Eesh fuck boy in loves with my girl?

He turns to Leia, testing her allegiance.

LEIA

(hardens)

Ugh, I would never be with him.
Even if he were the last guy on
Earth. And lucky for me, he isn't.

Sven grins, pleased - and Leia kisses him. Long. Hard.

SVEN

Next time yous fuck-jobs not be so
lucky.

He nods to Ray Jay and -- WHACK! A GIANT MEAT CLEAVER OF A
FIST to Kip's head sends us SMASHING TO BLACK.

After a few moments...

FADE IN ON:

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Hazy images pop in and out, slowly steadying into focus.

Our guys are coming back to. Kip nudges Barry and Al. They've
been unbound but left stranded and stripped naked.

AL

Now why would they take our
clothes? That's just disrespectful.

Barry doesn't seem to mind.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

The guys slink back to the UPS truck...

Only to discover that Trixie is gone, too. And now Al starts
to lose it, tears welling in his eyes. He pulls a Hostess
Cupcake from inside his shirt and tearfully bites into it.

Kip pulls a bouquet of flowers he had stashed inside the truck, throws them to the ground.

The boys pile into the truck and sullenly drive off as...

THUNDER pounds overhead. Unbeknownst to the guys, the AURORA BOREALIS is flickering oddly. Something funky is starting to go down.

INT. MANSION - DAY

Kip, Barry and Al eat dinner in stone cold silence. Leia's seat is noticeably empty. As is Trixie's high-chair.

Al snuffles.

BARRY

Fuck that dog. And fuck Leia. She's no different than the rest of 'em. A selfish cunt who uses you and then splits.

KIP

That's not who she is.

BARRY

Oh yeah? You mean kinda like how you thought Jan wasn't the kind of chick who would hand-cream Billy Friedman behind your back? I don't know about you guys but I would rather DIE than be apart of a world where we had to breed with her anyway. We'd just end up as a society of bottle blondes, wearing our skid-marked Gucci underpants, sipping our martinis like total doucheholes. I'd rather put a gun in my mouth and blow my fucking head off. If that Swedish meatball and his butt-tickler buddies are here, then it's only logical others who took those pills could be as well. I say we go and find Arnold's bunker and we fuck those chicks instead!

Barry is energized, ready to leave this instant.

KIP

I'm not going anywhere.

BARRY

Stop pretending like you think she was gonna fuck you. She wasn't gonna fuck you.

KIP

I'm sorry your feelings got hurt with this--

BARRY

(laughs, as if)
Okay, sure.

KIP

It's not my fault you had your chance to be a dad already and you fucked it up.

BARRY

Watch it.

KIP

You're just jealous because Leia wanted me instead of you.

BARRY

Jealous? Oh that's rich!

KIP

Yeah, jealous. You acted the same way when Jan chose me over you and you've been fucking jelly ever since!

BARRY

I don't get jelly. I'm crunchy fuckin' peanut butter, bro!

AL

Guys--

Al tries to intervene but ain't no way he's quelling this raging volcano.

BARRY

Shows how much you know because I could've had Jan!

KIP

Bullshit.

BARRY

Yeah, that's right! She showed up at my house one night with no panties on. Full bush action.

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

I was like "whoa." And she was like
"bush is back."

(turns to Al)

Tell him. You were there.

Kip spins to Al, who tries to feign innocence.

AL

Don't look at me.

BARRY

And she certainly wasn't there for
no limp-wristed HJ's either. But I
didn't fuck her. I left, went to
the bar, got fucking HAMMERED and
knocked up Brianne instead! In
hindsight, I should've fucked Jan!

Kip's heard enough - AND LUNGES ACROSS THE TABLE AT BARRY.

Knocks him to the floor. They wrestle around on the ground
until Kip catches Barry with a STIFF RIGHT HOOK.

Barry stumbles backward, nose bleeding.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Fuck this. I don't have to stand
here subjecting myself to this
bullshit. You're a fucking child.

KIP

Good, leave. Go find your stupid
bunker!

BARRY

I will! And I'll find Arh-nuld,
too! Without you. And we'll watch
"Commando" together! Cause you
fucking suck!

KIP

Good! Great! I hope you and Arh-
nuld get to blow each other while
you pump iron together!

BARRY

Don't be jealous when we do, bro!

Kip does a horrible Austrian accent while pretending that
Arnold is blowing Barry while he's lifting weights.

Barry storms out, hops into a cop car parked out front and
burns rubber out of the driveway.

MEANWHILE - BACK INSIDE

Al is crying again. He has another Hostess Cupcake.

KIP

Oh grow up, you pussy. It wasn't
even your damn dog.

In a fit of tears, Al bolts out of the house - scurries
across the street and into a neighboring mansion.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DUSK

LIGHTENING crackles over the downtown skyline. Then, a CRACK
BEGINS TO FORM in the aurora borealis.

Something BIG is happening...

Large black clouds coalesce - a COLORFUL hole takes shape in
the middle of the fissure. WIND starts to pick up. The
'storm' appears to be aflame with brilliantly colored lights.

Then, WHOOSH! An ELECTRICAL BOLT ROCKETS DOWN FROM THE SKY,
EXPLODING INTO THE STREET. Think very Tom Cruise-"War of the
Worlds."

Followed by, MORE BOLTS OF LIGHTNING STREAKING THROUGH THE
AIR LIKE METEORS... only these are no meteors.

Then...just as quickly as it appears, it's all over and quiet
again... WTF?!?!?

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Alone, and friendless, Kip wanders drunkenly through the house
chugging straight from a bottle of Cognac. He stumbles into...

THE MASTER BEDROOM

...rummages through the closet. Finds a BOX. And inside that
box, a HANDGUN with a fancy laser sight.

He holds up the gun, pretending he's a badass gangster.

KIP

Freeze, you Swedish moose-fucker!

Only as Kip stares down the sights, he finds the gun aimed at
the BAY WINDOW. Outside of which - is THE GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY.

INT. "AL'S MANSION" - MEANWHILE

Al roams through his "new" mansion. He searches the massive bookshelf filled with DVDs. One in particular catches his eye.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Al turns on the TV. Puts a DISC into the player. Settles onto the couch as "HOMEWARD BOUND" begins to play.

EXT. GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

Bottle of booze in one hand, handgun in the other, Kip drunkenly SHOOTs at random things.

A parking sign. A vending machine. A weird-looking tree.

He comes upon a wall-sized mirror. Somberly stares at his own decrepit reflection. Slowly, he raises the gun. Laser sight traveling up Kip's own reflection...settling onto his own forehead...

KIP

This is what it sounds like when doves cry.

BAM! The bullet RICOCHETS off the metallic surface, careening right back at Kip, SKIMMING his shoulder.

KIP (CONT'D)

Fuck, fuck, FUCK!

Kip hops around in agony, curses into the night.

KIP (CONT'D)

Oh that burns. Burns so bad.

Nothing like a flesh wound to sober you right up.

Rubbing his arm, Kip stops and sits, defeated. He lights a blunt, takes a MASSIVE HIT - seriously impressive - and closes his eyes...as BRIGHT LIGHTS dance overhead in the sky.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - MEANWHILE (MOVING)

Barry uses GPS as he flies down the highway. He's got the map to Arnold's bunker on the passenger seat as he speeds out into the middle of the Mojave Desert.

He recites Schwarzenegger lines with a horrible accent.

BARRY

"Your clothes, give them to me now!"
(then)

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)
 "Get to da chopper!"
 (then)
 "It's not a tumor!"

Beat.

BARRY (CONT'D)
 (still in Arnold accent)
 Fuck you, Kip!
 (then)
 You're a tumor, Kip!

As he continues, high above in the night sky, we see the CRACK IN THE AURORA BOREALIS IS SLOWLY WIDENING.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - LATER

Barry checks his GPS, this is the place. Shuts off the car.

EXT. DESERT BUNKER - NIGHT

A remote stretch of desert in the middle of nowhere. It looks more like an abandoned Air Force installation than a state-of-the-art post-apocalyptic bunker carved into the side of a dirt hill.

Flashlight in hand, Barry approaches the huge blast door...

It's cracked open a smidge.

BARRY
 Hello?

His voice ECHOES through the cavernous abyss. No response.

Tentative, Barry enters.

INT. DESERT BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Emergency generators light the dim hallway. Barry continues deeper until he comes upon a LARGE OPEN ROOM. Boxes upon boxes of non-perishables stacked along the walls.

BARRY
 ARNOLD?! You crazy cat, you sure know how to stock up for the apocalypse! Where you at?!

Nothing. No Arnold. No hot chicks. No one.

BARRY (CONT'D)
 Well fuck.

Barry sits down. Begins to roll a blunt. Time to get high.

EXT. IKEA, BURBANK - NIGHT

Like the prom queen of this consumer suburban hellscape, is the one building awash in bright lights... IKEA.

EXT. IKEA - NIGHT

Home furnishings section. A pensive Leia is in one of the living room showrooms painting a portrait of a silhouetted couple, Griffith Observatory on the hill behind them. An aurora borealis glimmering in the sky above.

Leia studies her painting. Smiles.

SVEN (O.S.)

Ees crap.

Sven eyes the painting dismissively.

SVEN (CONT'D)

Ees no good. Yuck.

Then, he notices that Leia is wearing ratty sweatpants... Kip's sweatpants.

SVEN (CONT'D)

You look like dirty immigrant girl.
I only tell you for I love you. Now
put on Givenchy dress. We go out.

As he leaves, Sven looks back at the painting once more.

SVEN (CONT'D)

(scoffs)

Does not even look like me. Such
shitty painting.

(then)

Hurry, we take dee chopper.

OFF LEIA, disheartened...

CUT TO:

INT. DESERT BUNKER - NIGHT

Barry lies splayed on the floor of the bunker, high out of his mind and scrolling through old PHOTOS on his phone.

MARK AND BARRY TOGETHER.

Barry looks almost... remorseful? Then, his stomach RUMBLES.

Rising, he searches for food in the boxes of rations.

Opens a box... *Baby Ruth's*.

Another... *Reese's*.

...*Snickers*.

...*Peanut Butter Crackers*.

...EVEN HUGE TINS OF PLANTERS PEANUTS!

This place is literally Barry's food allergy hell.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Sven's helicopter parked in the middle of the road. Loud Swedish EDM trickles out into the streets...

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Strobe lights pulsate. Sven, Ray Jay and Biff party inside an otherwise empty club. Sven dances with no one, sorta EX MACHINA-like, as Ray Jay and Biff slam back shots.

They're doing all the things you normally do in a club, except no one else is there except for a very bored Leia.

She rises to leave.

SVEN

Why you hurry to go?

LEIA

I'm bored. I want to leave.

SVEN

Bored? Hmph, but this is tits party!

He hits a remote and CONFETTI rains down from the ceiling.

Leia looks over at Ray Jay and Biff doing lines of cocaine.

LEIA

Yeah, I don't think so.

SVEN

(accusatory)
Eez this because of loser in dee
flippy-flopz?

LEIA

...Maybe.

She starts off, but Sven grabs her roughly by the arm. He grins, drunk with power (and lots of drugs.)

INT. DESERT BUNKER - NIGHT

TIGHT ON: Barry's FACE, deep in contemplative thought.

BARRY

(sighs)

This is how it was always meant to
end, wasn't it?

REVEAL: Barry hovers over an unwrapped SNICKERS BAR.

He diligently cuts a piece with a pocketknife.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Goodbye, cruel world.

AND EATS IT.

Savoring the chocolate, peanuty goodness.

After a few moments... Barry's skin gets blotchy. Lips swell.
His airway closing quickly.

Barry falls to the ground CHOKING, his vision getting blurry,
eyes rolling up into the back of his head, as...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP:

ON BARRY'S FACE

He HEARS birds chirping. Wind softly blowing. Barry's eyelids
flutter open, and he sits up, to find himself--

EXT. FARM FIELD - DAY

There's an otherworldly tint to this place as Barry awakens
like Maximus at the end of GLADIATOR.

And he is surrounded by a vast and LUSH FIELD OF WEED!

HOLY VOICE (O.S.)

Are you lost my child?

Nearby, there is a HOUSE with a wraparound porch. And on that
porch, high out of their goddamn minds, are JESUS CHRIST, a
plump BUDDHA, and a crazy-eyed L. RON HUBBARD.

Barry rubs his eyes. *This can't be fucking real.*

BARRY

Jesus Christ.

JESUS CHRIST

Yes?

Buddha has just finished rolling a blunt. Passes it to J.C.

BARRY

J.C., you smoke?

JESUS CHRIST

I know, I know. L. Ron got me started.

(gestures to L. Ron)

Guy's a trip. Dreams up these batshit stories. Aliens, amirite?

L. Ron cackles, too baked to even function. Just a big, goofy-ass, yellowed smile.

BARRY

Where am I? Is this...heaven?

JESUS CHRIST

What is death, really? I died once.

BUDDHA

And then you came back to life. Blah blah blah. Why don't you tell us the one about how you turned water into wine again? I swear, this fucking guy.

(then)

You gonna hit that shit or what?

J.C. takes a rather selfishly large toke.

BARRY

Are you guys like... homies?

JESUS CHRIST

You know it, the best of friends. Sure, we may have our disagreements from time-to-time, but at the end of the day all that matters are the people you surround yourself with. That's what makes life truly worth living, my man.

BARRY

Wow. That's some deep shit, Jesus. So, like, can I get a hit or...

BUDDHA

Nigga, please. You can't handle this shit.

L. Ron is still laughing. One of those silent, full-body belly laughs. *What the fuck is wrong with this guy?*

JESUS CHRIST

Barry, I'm sorry but this is not your time. You still have unfinished business.

BARRY

Yeah 'cause I'm kinda thinking this looks pretty dope right here actually.

JESUS CHRIST

Those who care only of themselves can never truly enjoy the fruits of eternal salvation.

(then)

You must return to Earth, my son.

BUDDHA

Like we did to that trick, Moses.

JESUS CHRIST

Return and lead the people to the Promised Land, or save them, or some shit. The world needs you.

BARRY

Can't you just help them yourself?

JESUS CHRIST

Who do I look like, my old man?

Takes another hit.

JESUS CHRIST (CONT'D)

Now go, my brother.

He dismisses Barry with a flick of the wrist.

BARRY

Wait, but where is the Promised Land? What do I do? What about the women?

JESUS CHRIST

You'll figure it out. Just like those dinosaurs figured out how to pork each other in "Jurassic Park."

BUDDHA

Such a good movie.

J.C. starts WHISTLING the JURASSIC PARK THEME SONG as the blunt in Jesus' hand MAGICALLY TRANSFORMS into an EpiPen and... HE VIOLENTLY STABS BARRY IN THE CHEST WITH IT!

SLAM TO:

INT. DESERT BUNKER - NIGHT

Barry jolts awake with a HUGE GASP. He's disoriented. Looking down, he finds a GIANT NEEDLE jammed into his chest.

BARRY
What the hell?!

FEMALE VOICE (OVER CB RADIO)
Hello... Anyone out there?

Holy shit, that's a WOMAN'S VOICE! Barry scrambles to his feet, finds a CB RADIO crackling to life.

BARRY
Hello?! I'm here. Hello!

FEMALE VOICE (ON RADIO)
Oh my sweet, Lord, I thought we were all alone out here.

BARRY
Where are you?

FEMALE VOICE (ON RADIO)
Colorado.

BARRY
Sorry, did you say "we?"

FEMALE VOICE (ON SCREEN)
Yeah, it's just me and my two girlfriends.

Barry can't believe what he's hearing. It's a goddamn Christmas miracle.

BARRY
Listen to me very carefully, this is super important... Are you hot?

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT BUNKER - NIGHT

Barry stumbles out of the bunker, face still grotesquely swollen. He looks up at the sky-- THE WHOLE DAMN SKY LOOKS LIKE IT'S BEEN SET ON FIRE.

INT. "AL'S MANSION" - NIGHT

A deep, GUTTURAL WAILING... which it turns out is just Al bawling uncontrollably at the end of "Homeward Bound" - the part where the pets reunite with their family.

As Al cries - the EARTH BEGINS TO RUMBLE!

SSSSSHRHHRRRRRROOOOAAAAAARRRRRR!

The WHOLE WORLD seems to shudder as a THUNDEROUS SOUND rips through the city. It's EAR-PIERCING. Unlike anything we've ever heard before. It seems to be coming from ALL AROUND US--

If Al shit his pants in terror because of a dog, then god help his khakis now. But, determined, Al approaches the front door...

EXT. "AL'S MANSION" - CONTINUOUS

...where he steps outside and sees--

THE SKY ABLAZE

--it looks like it's RIPPED OPEN like a nasty gash, revealing an ominous black abyss looming over downtown - AS MASSIVE MONSTER-ALIEN HYBRIDS swoop down out of fissure.

We're talking DEVASTATINGLY ENORMOUS CREATURES, with razor-sharp teeth. The stuff of nightmares.

(The kind of Langoliers only modern VFX can create. Stephen King would be proud of you, ILM.)

Whatever the hell these things are, they are most certainly not of this world - and they are wreaking havoc on the LOS ANGELES SKYLINE.

AL
Ay dios mío!

Spooked, but running on a sudden surge of adrenaline, Al sprints across the street and back to--

INT. ARNOLD'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Al tears through the house...

AL
Kip?!... KIP!!

EXT. MANSION - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Al steps outside, SCREAMS into the night.

AL

KIP!?

Only, Kip is nowhere to be found. And then Al sees it-- the GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY lit up in the distance.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Al's UPS truck hauls butt through Hollywood. In the distance, DOWNTOWN is blanketed in a haze of IMPENETRABLE RED SMOKE.

EXT. GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

The UPS Truck screeches to a stop atop the lawn.

Al hops out, finds Kip drunkenly passed out on the ground. In the same spot where the three best friends first smoked out after their brawl with the Bible Bashers.

Kip's bleeding, gun laying beside him.

AL

No! NO-NO-NO! I came too late!

He drops to his knees in agony. POUNDS on Kip's chest.

KIP

Ow! What the hell?!

AL

Oh my god, you're alive!

Al kisses Kip. Pops off a quick Sign of the Cross as Kip sits up, totally oblivious to the goings-on around him.

He takes a looooong swig of booze. Lets out a breath.

KIP

I almost killed myself. See?

He points to the tiny gash on his arm.

KIP (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I was such an asshole earlier. Can we still be friends?

AL

I am sorry, too.

Kip hugs him.

AL (CONT'D)

We have to go.

KIP
Don't be afraid, just embrace the
love. Breathe it in.

AL
No. For real. We must go.

He directs Kip's head towards...

DOWNTOWN

...and the breach in the aurora borealis, which by now is
pretty apparent isn't an aurora borealis at all.

KIP
What the fu...

What happens next happens FAST. A quick FLASH of MOVEMENT in
the fog. Whatever it was... it's ALIVE. And HUGE.

Kip's breath catches in his throat.

KIP (CONT'D)
Oh my god--

AL
We have to find Leia and get to the
bunker.

KIP
How? Kip's the one who had the
tracker.

Al scans the Observatory - finds a set of TOURIST BINOCULARS.
Starts scanning the valley below.

BARRY
(thinking)
Where the hell are you?

Kip scans the horizon - toward the Valley - and FREEZES.

KIP
I know where she is

SLAM TO:

EXT. STREETS OF LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Al's UPS truck hurtles along canyon roads. Hazy smoke slowly
creeps over the city, handcuffing all visibility.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Al and Barry load up on weapons and ammo. Grenades. Smoke canisters. Assault rifles. Hunting knife strapped to a thigh.

AL

I'm worried about Barry.

KIP

For his sake, I pray to God he found that bunker and locked himself inside.

Al nods, does a quick Sign of the Cross. Then, together, Al and Kip head off to save Leia and Trixie.

EXT. IKEA - NIGHT

A blue and gold fortress of affordable Swedish home furnishings.

INSIDE THE PARKING STRUCTURE

Al and Kip stake out the IKEA. Sven's CHOPPER is on the roof and a CHORUS OF DESTRUCTION can be heard in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Atop the hood of the UPS truck, Kip and Al lay out the groundwork for their rescue plan.

EXT. IKEA - NIGHT

Kip and Al scurry across the street, toward the entrance. Al SHATTERS the glass door with the butt of a rifle.

IT'S REALLY LOUD.

AL

Sorry.

They tense, awaiting an ambush... only no one comes.

Huge sighs of relief and the two friends dart inside.

INT. IKEA - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

Feels like a giant, empty dollhouse. Punctuated by TRENDY POP MUSIC blasting over the store's PA system.

Guns drawn, Kip and Al slowly make their way up the stagnant escalator. The song over the speakers finishes - followed up by one of those annoying SPOTIFY commercials.

KIP
 You would think IKEA would've
 ponied up for the premium account.

Al nods, as they continue up the escalator, stepping out into--

THE MAIN SHOWROOM

Kip and Barry systematically sweep each of the different sections in search of Leia:

LIVING ROOMS... *no Leia.*

KITCHEN... *no Leia.*

DINING... *no Leia.*

Then, Kip HEARS something. Freezes. VOICES.

Kip approaches, peers around a filing cabinet, and sees--

RAY JAY & BIFF

They're playing trash can basketball, and arguing about the rules.

ON KIP

He signals for Al to flank around the left side. Kip takes the right, guns akimbo. They quietly circle into position, only--

Al accidentally BUMPS into an accessories bin. KNOCKS over the whole thing. File cabinets toppling like dominos--

BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG!

AL
 Lo siento.

Al's cover is blown.

Ray Jay and Biff leap up, fumbling for their own weapons.

The goons OPEN FIRE -- as Al frantically dives behind a desk for cover.

INT. IKEA - BEDROOM STORAGE - MEANWHILE

The RATTLE OF GUNFIRE alerts Sven to the intruders. He wrangles up Leia, drags her out of there - leaving Ray Jay and Biff behind to do his bidding.

ON KIP, HIDING BEHIND COVER

Ray Jay and Biff move in slowly on his position.

Kip is trapped, pressed up against a DOOR. Tries the handle. It's UNLOCKED. Slips inside...

INT. UTILITY ROOM

There's a second door on the opposite end of the roof. But first-- Kip rips open the ELECTRICAL PANEL. Flips SWITCHES.

EXT. IKEA - MEANWHILE

Exterior lights FLASH ON AND OFF. To an outsider, it looks like some sort of Morse Code, moths to a flame.

INT. IKEA - MAIN FLOOR

Ray Jay & Biff reach the utility room door. They take aim... and FIRE! Pelting the door with bullets.

Then, THEY KICK IN THE DOOR...

Only, Kip has already slipped out the back exit.

ON KIP

Hustling through the showroom. In fact, he's actually doubling back around from where he came, coming up behind a flummoxed Ray Jay and Biff.

Kip pops out from behind a futon, FIRING!

Sends the goons diving.

With a break in the gunfire, Kip wrangles a frightened Al.

KIP

You okay?

AL

I think I poop my pants.

WHAT ENSUES NEXT IS A GIANT BATTLE THROUGH THE IKEA SHOWROOM.

Guns, explosions, frying pans and cheap Swedish furniture shrapnel in an array of bedroom and kitchen settings.

Eventually, Kip and Al are split up.

Ray Jay & Kip move downstairs into the SELF SERVE FURNITURE AREA while Biff & Al continue to battle in the showroom.

Both Biff and Al run out of ammo and a chase ensues, leading them into--

THE HOME GOODS SECTION

Al fends off Biff with whatever he can find. Lamps. Spatulas. Eventually they find themselves...

OUTSIDE THE STORE

Trading blows and counter blows, until--

THEY HEAR GROWLING. Both men stop fighting. Slowly turning to see that they are being surrounded by...

A PACK OF RAVENOUS COYOTES.

With their prey cornered, the coyotes close in. Gnashing their teeth. Dinner time. Until-- BARKING.

Trixie bursts out of the IKEA, diving right into the fray. Stepping between the hungry coyotes and Al.

She may be small but this one feisty little bitch.

Biff, on the other hand, isn't so fortunate as the coyotes ATTACK. Biff is shredded by the pack. TEETH EXPLODING INTO HIS NECK. Brutal and carnal and quick.

Finished, the coyotes turn their attention back to Trixie and Al. Only, as the coyotes are about to move in for dessert--

BOOM. The WORLD SHAKES.

BOOM. Even LOUDER this time.

SOMETHING APPEARS BEHIND THE PARKING STRUCTURE.

AND IT'S MOVING RIGHT TOWARDS US. In a flash, something swoops down, TEETH LIKE ROWS OF CHAINSAWS, and devours the entire pack of coyotes in a single bite.

Trixie yelps. Sensing an opening, Al scoops her up, bolts back for the safety of the IKEA, where...

INT. IKEA - CONTINUOUS

...inside, they embrace one another. Reunited. For now.

CUT TO:

MEANWHILE - SELF SERVE FURNITURE AREA

A wide OPEN WAREHOUSE. An unwieldy maze of aisles upon aisles of boxes and prefabricated furniture parts.

ON KIP

Quietly tiptoeing through the aisles, head on a swivel.

An ARM seemingly comes out of nowhere, catches Kip in a choke hold from behind. IT'S RAY JAY.

Kip flails, gasping for air. He manages to KICK his legs up, using the crossbar of a shelving unit to SLAM Ray Jay backwards.

Then, AGAIN! This time with enough force to jostle a DISPLAY CHAIR loose from an overhead platform - and it TOPPLES onto Ray Jay, freeing Kip, who dashes off.

But Ray Jay isn't far behind. Gun out.

RAY JAY
Where you at, boy?

Kip DARTS into another aisle. Steadies his breath, watching between slits in the aisles as Ray Jay stalks closer.

MEANWHILE - INSIDE THE MANAGER'S OFFICE

Al, with Trixie, hurries inside SVEN'S OFFICE. He rummages through the desk, yanks open a drawer...

BARRY
(eyes wide)
Bingo.

CUT TO:

BACK INSIDE THE SELF SERVE FURNITURE AREA

FOOTSTEPS approaching - Kip finds a gap in-between some large boxes and shimmies between them as--

RAY JAY tramps past, whistling ominously. Once Ray Jay passes, Kip leaps back out. Gun leveled.

KIP
Hey asshole... you lookin' for something?

Ray Jay freezes.

KIP (CONT'D)
Hands where I can see 'em, bitch.

Ray Jay drops his gun, slowly turns around.

RAY JAY
You gonna shoot me now?

KIP
That's the general idea.

Kip PULLS THE TRIGGER-- *Click*.

Click-click-click. Ah fuck, he's out of bullets.

KIP (CONT'D)
Crap.

And worse, Kip's backed against the end of the aisle, trapped. Ray Jay licks his lips, hungry for blood.

KIP (CONT'D)
Okay now, what are ya gonna do?
Stunt fight me to death? You
probably don't even know how to
throw a real--

WHACK! A shattering blow to Kip's jaw. Followed quickly by a flurry of POWERFUL lefts and rights to Kip's ribs.

Kip drops to his knees, gasping for air. Surely this is the end for him. Ray Jay moves in for the kill shot...

BARRY (O.S.)
Not so fast you ugly Ving Rhames-
Michael Clarke Duncan lookin'
motherfucker.

IT'S BARRY! And he's strapped to the gills, like Arnold in "COMMANDO." Yes, including full war paint.

He comes out blasting, and now it's Ray Jay who is forced to run and hide.

Barry helps Kip back to his feet.

KIP
You do not even know how glad I am
to see you.

BARRY
Save the butt patting 'til we get
out of this mess.

Barry RELOADS his gun (like a bad-ass.)

BARRY (CONT'D)

Did you know there are monsters out there eating the entire city?

Kip nods.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Shit's cray, right?

(beat)

Also, I feel so fucking bad ass right now.

KIP

You look *really* bad ass.

BARRY

Awww, thank you.

Barry hands Kip a gun, and together they head off to track down Ray Jay. The hunted have now become the hunters.

Moving out of Aisle 7, Kip and Barry scan the warehouse...

RAY JAY bursts out of Aisle 19-- POP-POP-POP!

Bullets tears into particle boards above Kip and Barry's heads. A Hemnes dresser combo is BLASTED INTO PIECES.

Kip and Barry split up for cover.

Now on opposite ends of the warehouse, they have to SHOUT to each other over the back-and-forth gunfire:

BARRY (CONT'D)

Just in case we don't make it out of this alive I want you to know that I'm sorry!

KIP

Me too! I was a HUGE dick!

BARRY

Please, I was a WAY bigger dick.

KIP

Go get the measuring tape! I'll whip it out right here!

Barry cracks a smile.

BARRY

It's not your fault I had unprotected sex with a very nice woman who I treated like absolute shit. I'm a terrible father because I was pissed off at my life.

More GUNSHOTS.

KIP

Be honest with me: when Jan came over without her panties on, did you have sex with her?

BARRY

No. I made her leave. Because you're my best friend! And I would never hurt you!

A FLURRY OF BULLETS sends Kip scurrying for new cover.

Barry pulls TWO GRENADES from his vest, rolls one across the floor spewing RED SMOKE. Another spins further out...

BANG! A percussive blast TAKES OUT AN ENTIRE SHELVING UNIT.

Kip and Barry crouch and run, DIVING behind the safety of a checkout register as SHELVES COLLAPSE ALL AROUND THEM.

KIP

How did you find us?

BARRY

You know how I tagged Leia's underpants?

KIP

You didn't...

Kip instinctively feels around inside his underwear. Pulls out an Apple AIRTAG.

KIP (CONT'D)

How did you--

BARRY

It doesn't matter now.

BAM-BAM-BAM! More bullets strafing the registers.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I'm really sorry, man.

KIP

Me too.

They embrace, then quickly separate.

Barry peers out from behind cover, as Ray Jay unloads two more shots. Then... *silence*.

KIP (CONT'D)

I think he's out.

BARRY

Good, 'cuz so are we.

Barry pokes his head out - and Ray Jay flings his gun toward Barry's head. Almost hits him.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Ha! You missed, asshole!

(low, to Kip)

Two-on-one. We can take him.

KIP

Are you nuts? You see how yoked that guy is?

Then, we hear Leia SCREAM!

ANGLE ON: Leia. Sven has her hostage, hands bound, and is forcibly dragging her across the OPPOSITE END OF THE WAREHOUSE.

Kip is torn.

BARRY

Go, I can handle this on my own.

KIP

You sure?

BARRY

I said go!

Kip bolts after Sven and Leia - leaving Barry alone as he steels himself for hand-to-hand combat.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Alright, Barry, time to nut up.

(psyching himself up)

One, two, THREE!

He lets out a PRIMAL SCREAM - as he bursts out from behind cover - JUST AS RAY JAY DARTS FROM BEHIND HIS. Two locomotives barreling toward one another.

The two men converge in the middle of the warehouse in epic fisticuffs - which Ray Jay is way more proficient at.

He greets Barry with an ELBOW TO THE NOSE.

Barry steps back, gathers himself. Nose seriously jacked.

But Barry brushes it off. And squares up once more.

Like two gunslingers in the Old West. Sizing each other up as TRENDY GIRL POP blares over the store's loudspeakers.

For purposes of this read, let's imagine they're fighting while "HANDS TO MYSELF" by SELENA GOMEZ is playing overhead

BARRY (CONT'D)

I can tell you're looking at me right now thinking, "Why's this 185-pound guy look so goddamn confident?" And I answer: It's because I took Capoeira for five weeks in the summer of twenty-fifteen. With Dolph Lundgren. And this...

(re: the music)

This just happens to be my ass kicking jam.

Barry starts in with some Capoeira moves. He sucks something fierce. Ray Jay watches impatiently, until he's had enough and makes his move. He pounces on Barry. Absolutely pummeling him.

There's no nice way to put this...Barry is getting his ass whooped. He tries to flee but Ray Jay is on him like a hippo on an injured gazelle. Few good shots to the grill and Barry's momentum is completely halted.

Ray Jay rises, searches for an endgame. Eyes landing on-- a NAIL GUN.

Ray Jay props a limp Barry against a wall and proceeds to STAPLE GUN him to the wall by his clothing.

BARRY (CONT'D)

(bloody, barely conscious)

Is this because I said all you people look alike? Because I totally apologize for that now. It was really fucked up.

Finished with the nail gun, Ray Jay chucks it. Calmly retreats, leaving Barry strung up and helpless.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Is that all you got?!

After a moment... THE THROATY WHINE OF A MOTOR ECHOES THROUGH THE WAREHOUSE. *Uh oh.*

Around the corner, comes a FORKLIFT, with Ray Jay at the helm. He rumbles towards Barry, hellbent on impaling him.

ON BARRY

Impending doom slowly crawling toward him...

But then, he HEARS the pop music overhead...

And his body, BEGINS TO MOVE... At least as much as it can.

Wiggling his torso and upper body until he's able to squirm free of his ripped shirt and tear-away pants (as yes, this is the only means by which to save himself from imminent death).

That's right...BARRY FIGHTS THE REST OF THIS BATTLE IN THE BUFF (you knew it'd have to come full-circle eventually.)

Freed from the restrictive burden of clothing, Barry seems more agile and just an overall better fighter. He narrowly evades the forklift, as--

BOOM. An ENTIRE WALL of the warehouse shears away - ripped loose by ONE OF THE CHAINSAW-TEETHED MONSTERS.

Before Ray Jay can even finish SCREAMING--

RAY JAY
HOLY FU--

CHOMP! Those razor-sharp teeth slice Ray Jay in half, leaving just a bleeding torso (...and half the forklift behind.)

The monster disappears just as quickly as it arrived.

INT. STAIRWELL, IKEA - MEANWHILE

Sven drags Leia up the stairwell toward the roof. Leia takes a wrong step and a SMALL CRACK forms in the heel of her Christian Louboutin pump.

But Sven has little patience, yanks her by the hair up the rest of the stairs as Kip barrels inside the stairwell below.

KIP
Sven! Let her go!

Sven spins, points his GUN as--

LEIA

No!!!

BAM! ... BUT BARRY DIVES THROUGH THE DOORWAY IN FRONT OF KIP, AND THE BULLET EXPLODES INTO BARRY'S SHOULDER.

Leia tries to break free - but Sven CRACKS her over the head. Knocks her out. Drags her out onto the roof.

MEANWHILE, ON KIP

He checks on a bleeding Barry.

KIP

Holy shit, dude. You got shot.

BARRY

Ain't nothin' but a G-thang. Chicks dig gunshot wounds.

KIP

(notices)

Why are you naked?

BARRY

I told you, I'm much more agile when unencumbered by the burden of clothes. Now go...

(dramatic beat, weakly)

Get...to...da choppa!

KIP

Are you dying?

BARRY

No... I just wanted it to seem super dramatic.

Barry and Kip clasp hands, and Kip uses Barry as leverage to stand up. Putting his full bodyweight right on Barry's wound.

BARRY (CONT'D)

OW!

KIP

Sorry! My bad!

Then, Kip SPRINGS up the last few rungs of the stairwell...

EXT. IKEA ROOFTOP - MEANWHILE

Sven hurries for the chopper with Leia's limp body slung over his shoulder. IN THE DISTANCE, the LA SKYLINE is being chopped down to size by the giant sky-lurking monsters.

Kip explodes out onto the roof. Persistent lil' fucker.

KIP

Sven!

Sven glares back at Kip.

KIP (CONT'D)

Wherever you go, I will find you!
And I will not stop until I do.

SVEN

So be it.

Sven hops out of the chopper, marches back toward Kip. As he does, he rips off his shirt. It's an odd move but definitely an intimidating one. We're talkin' eight pack. Those little side crotch muscle things. Don't lie, you know what I'm talkin' about.

KIP

Jesus...

SVEN

Yees. No carbs. Not once.

(then)

'Nuffs talk, I kill you now.

Sven is impressively quick, CHOPS Kip in the throat. A powerful FIST to the solar plexus. A well-placed BOOT to the knee. He systematically dismantles Kip like Bill the Butcher methodically slicing up a pig. It's not even a fair fight.

With Kip stunned, Sven returns to the chopper. Easily loads the unconscious Leia inside, and FIRES up the engines.

WOMP, WOMP, WOMP -- rotor blades churning.

INSIDE THE CHOPPER

Leia starts to stir, working at the binds around her wrists.

ON KIP

Struggling to regain his breath. He sits up, just as...

THE HELICOPTER BEGINS TO RISE.

Forcing himself to his feet, Kip chases/limps after the chopper, as Leia braces herself inside the bay door.

LEIA

Kip!

KIP
LEIA, JUMP!

Leia looks down, paralyzed with fear. But Kip is confident. He stares deep into her eyes. There's a confident calmness about him...

KIP (CONT'D)
Trust me...

MUSIC SWELLS...

KIP (CONT'D)
I will catch you.

Leia girds herself, closes her eyes... AND LEAPS.

Only upon landing on the roof, her Louboutin heel hits the pavement... AND SNAPS COMPLETELY OFF!

Leia rolls, a heap of Gucci and gold hurtling toward the edge of the roof. She flies over the ledge - but Kip LUNGES, grabs Leia by the hand. Her body dangling precariously above the MONSTERS that are now ravaging the IKEA warehouse below.

LEIA
Don't let go!

KIP
Never!

In the distance, MORE MONSTERS descend on the IKEA.

MEANWHILE - INSIDE THE CHOPPER

Sven is incensed at what he sees. He SPINS the chopper back around, bearing down on Kip and Leia, ready to slice Kip in half with the chopper's blades, when--

BARRY ARRIVES ATOP THE ROOF! *Naked. Limping. Bleeding.*

He deftly unfurls a ROCKET LAUNCHER from his back. Takes aim...

BARRY
Hasta la vista, baby!

WHOOSH! -- The recoil from the rocket launcher sends Barry flying into the wall, knocking him out cold, as...

THE ROCKET WHIZZES through the air, straight toward the helicopter... Just as-- a GIANT MONSTER leaps out of nowhere and SWALLOWS THE ROCKET WHOLE, then... **EXPLODES!!**

The FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION pitches the decapitated monster directly into the helicopter, knocking it off-course.

Flight instruments go HAYWIRE as the chopper's flung into an UNCONTROLLABLE SPIN...

...THE CHOPPER COLLIDES NOSE-FIRST INTO A BUILDING, INCINERATING THE CHOPPER AND SVEN IN A HUGE EXPLOSION OF FUEL, FIRE, METAL AND FLESH!

ANGLE ON: KIP

Straining with all his might to hold onto Leia's hand.

KIP
Don't let go.

But Leia's hand is beginning to SLIP... Kip and Leia peer into each other's eyes; it's hopeless - and they both know it.

LEIA
(this is goodbye)
I should have taken off the stupid shoes.

And with those final words, Leia's hand SLIDES FROM KIP'S GRASP -- and she plummets to her death. Almost instantly, the MONSTERS below devour her in gruesome (and absurd) fashion.

ON BARRY

He groggily comes to, coughs. Looks at the rocket launcher beside him.

BARRY
(grins)
That... was... the tits.

He struggles back to his feet, joins a teary-eyed Kip.

The bad guys (and Leia) may be gone but the battle is far from over. And our guys are seriously fucked.

THEY WATCH AS THE MONSTERS EAT AWAY AT THE IKEA.

KIP
What do we do now?

But for once, Barry is out of bright ideas.

AL (O.S.)
I FOUND IT!

AL AND TRIXIE EMERGE OUT ATOP OF THE ROOF. And in Al's hand he's holding a ZIPLOC BAG... filled with Sven's PILLS!

BARRY

This is no time to get high, Al!

KIP

No, he's right! We have to take the pills. Maybe we'll travel out of here. Just like how we got here.

BARRY

And what if you're wrong?

KIP

Then we die. But at least we'll be super high so it'll be way less painful.

BOOM!

A section of the roof CRUMBLES. No more time to debate. Al quickly dishes out the pills. And one for Trixie.

BARRY

Down the hatch.

Sign of the Cross from Al.

Only... *nothing happens.*

KIP

Uh...guys...I'm not feeling anything.

Not even as a GIANT MONSTER rises up over the ledge of the building like a massive wave, towering over the guys like a beached whale ready to make landfall--

CLOSE ON: THE THREE GUYS (& TRIXIE)

...as TIME SUDDENLY SLOWS TO A CRAWL, the MASSIVE WHALE-SIZED MONSTER with its razor-sharp teeth practically suspended in mid-air--

KIP (CONT'D)

Oh shit, there it is now.

AND JUST LIKE IN THE OPENING OF THE MOVIE, WE SNAP ZOOM INTO THE THREE FRIENDS (& TRIXIE), AS SIMULTANEOUSLY:

PUPILS dilate at abnormally rapid speed...

The NOISE around them becomes a vacuum of cacophony...

Commence big, goofy, DROOLY GIGGLES, as we SMASH TO BLACK.
After beat, just enough to make you squirm a bit, we...

FADE BACK IN ON:

EXT. IKEA ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Barry, Kip, Al and even Trixie awake atop the roof SCREAMING.

Only, the IKEA no longer destroyed. And the sky no longer has a massive chasm gorging through it like the gates of hell.

Oh, yeah, also the monsters are gone. That's important.

The world is seemingly...back to normal.

KIP
You guys okay?

Trixie licks Al's face. He giggles.

INT. IKEA - MOMENTS LATER

See the weekend shoppers. Smell the balsa wood. The place is jam-packed as usual. That guy over there looking at the bunk beds. The young couple picking out a wall unit...

ALL OF THEM STOPPING AND STARING WITH GAWKED EXPRESSIONS NOW.

REVERSE ON: Kip, Barry, Al (& Trixie) walking through the store. Battered and beaten. They look like homeless (and in Barry's case, naked) hobos.

A HORRIFIED MOTHER covers her DAUGHTER's eyes as Barry scratches his bare ass.

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KIP'S CAR - SOME DAYS LATER

Kip inside his car, parked outside of Jan's apartment. He takes a few deep breathes, building up courage.

EXT. JAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

KNOCKING. After a moment, Jan answers the door.

JAN
Kip... What are you doing here? Did you forget something?

KIP
Yeah... Actually, no.

He turns to leave...but then stops:

KIP (CONT'D)

I know you cheated on me. With Billy frickin' Friedman. You... you suck, man. If you were so unhappy you should've just said something.

Not the best insult ever hurled at someone but it's good enough for Kip. He turns and marches off, proud of himself.

On his way down the stairs, Kip passes... BILLY FRIEDMAN.

BILLY FRIEDMAN

(nervous)

Uh, hey Kip...

Kip slows, eyes like daggers. He's eerily quiet for a moment, then slowly leans really close in to Billy, and whispers:

KIP

Next time you cross me, I'm going to saw your nuts off with a dull butter knife. Capiche?

Billy stammers, nods. Kip pushes past.

INT. UPS TRUCK - DAY

Al parked once again outside of that cute little craftsman home. He's nervous. Gussies up his hair. Checks his breath.

Then grabs a package, climbs out of the truck...

EXT. CUTE LITTLE CRAFTSMAN - CONTINUOUS

Al nervously approaches the front porch - and Glenda - when the NEIGHBOR DOG lunges at Barry, HOWLING LIKE MAD.

However, this time Trixie leaps out of the UPS truck - in her own little doggie UPS uniform - and LOUDLY BARKS until the neighbor dog cowers and submits, tail between its legs.

With a grin, Al confidently delivers Glenda her package.

INT. TACO BELL - DAY

Barry looks on as his little shithead son, Mark, is making another scene. He keeps pointing at strangers and SHOUTING:

MARK

FUCK-TWAT! FUCK-TWAT! FUCK-TWAT!

Finally, Barry SLAMS his hand down, silencing Mark (and the restaurant). His voice is stern, eye contact serious.

BARRY

Look, I know you're an angry little bastard because I'm never around and your mother lets you do whatever the hell you want and a lot of that is because you don't have a stable father-figure in your life. But that's going to change from here on out. Understood?

Mark swallows hard...barely manages a scared nod.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Good. Now let me tell you a story about how your dad saved the world.

(then)

I should preface this by telling you that drugs are really bad...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: A COMPUTER SCREEN

A Facebook NOTIFICATION pops up: *"Jan Nealis is in a relationship with Billy Friedman."*

We pull back to find ourselves--

INT. BARRY AND AL'S BUNKER - NIGHT

Kip stares at the laptop, scoffs to himself. Then, types into the search bar: "L-E-I-A..."

Only, he clearly doesn't know Leia's last name. Defeated, Kip closes the laptop as Al and Barry return home from work, collapsing beside him on the couch in silence.

Trixie curls up into Al's lap. Barry kicks off his pants.

BARRY

You guys wanna get high?

Al reaches for the "Top Gun" bong...

But Barry has other ideas. With a devious grin, he pulls out the baggy of Sven's PILLS.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Before I raced back from the desert to save your sorry asses, there were these chicks on a CB radio.

AL
Were they hot?

BARRY
They sounded hot.

Good enough for Al. He holds out his hand.

KIP
Wait, wait, wait, are we sure we
want to do this? What about those
alien-monster things?

The guys look at one another, really mulling it over...

Fuck it! Down the hatch. And one for Trixie as well.

Then-- in the blink of an eye...

WE SNAP ZOOM INTO THE THREE FRIENDS, AS SIMULTANEOUSLY:

PUPILS dilate at abnormally rapid speed...

MUSIC UP: "Karate Reprise" by KENNEDY, as we...

SMASH TO BLACK.

OVER CREDITS:

A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS:

--Kip, Al and Barry with the HOTTEST CHICKS EVER. Al is in a tailored suit with an "AL FOR EL PRESIDENTE" pin on his lapel.

--Oh, and the crazy alien-monster hybrids are there, too. It's like the Garden of Eden -- except with alien-monsters fucking everything up. If Kip is riding one of them like it's a bronco or a stegosaurus, even more awesome.

--Oh, and Barry is also naked in every picture. Strapped to the max like "Commando." Blowing monsters away like confetti with heavy artillery. There may or may not be a tank.

THE END.