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FADE IN:

INT. LONG ISLAND RESIDENTIAL AREA - NIGHT

A gray 1994 Buick LeSabre speeds down the block, crosses center line several times, then slows down just enough so driver can turn left into driveway. Car SQUEALS to a stop.

IVORY BLACKMAN -- early 40's, unruly blonde hair, lean but with developing pot belly, ominous and dark aura underneath casual exterior -- pops out of the vehicle.

His eyes, blurry from booze, also harbor a layer of agitation that borders on panic. Ivory carries Starbucks travel mug with 1800 Tequila in it. He knocks back rest of the tequila, takes cover off to make sure it's really empty.

It is. He looks around.

IVORY
(Yelling)
Shaggy, here kitty, kitty, kitty.

Shaggy, ORANGE TABBY (3 1/2 years old), emerges from a hedge across the street. Cat glances both ways, then dashes across the street. Cat comes up Ivory, stands on its hind legs, puts front paws on owner's left knee.

IVORY (CONT'D)
I'm glad to see you too, partner.
But we got major, major issues.

Cat MEOWS.

IVORY (CONT'D)
Unfortunately I was right about the end-of-the-world thing, you know, the 12/21/12 deal. Turns out, it was a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Shaggy stares blankly at him, paws still on Ivory's knee.

IVORY (CONT'D)
Listen, it's complicated but we don't have much time. I'll explain while I haul a half ton of cat food down into the underground bunker.

He sets empty drink on roof of the car, then opens the back door on the driver's side. Ten fifty-pound bags of Purina cat chow take up entire back seat.

IVORY (CONT'D)

There's ten more bags in the trunk.
Hey, if I'd encountered a blizzard,
I would have had plenty of traction
with all this weight in back.

He looks over at the Starbucks mug.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Hold tight, Shag Man. I need a
refill.

Ivory opens up front door on driver's side, reaches in and
grabs a bottle of 1800 Tequila. He fills most of the mug,
sets bottle on the roof of the car. He gulps down more
tequila, grimaces, SIGHS and prepares to haul cat food into
the underground bunker.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - DAY

Ivory opens up BAGGY FILLED WITH PSYCHEDELIC MUSHROOMS, takes
out four shrooms, eats them and chases with tequila.

IVORY

Okay Shaggy, here's the deal. A
high-ranking Chinese military
official bought into the 12/21/12
scare. He was convinced the end of
the world was imminent and decided
to get revenge on four countries,
including the U.S., before all the
shit hit the fan. So the Chinese
launched five nuclear warheads, two
of them at America.

He pauses, regards his beloved house cat.

IVORY (CONT'D)

You following me so far?

Shaggy issues heartfelt MEOW.

IVORY (CONT'D)

I'll take that for a yes. Okay, so
the Chinese attack resulted in a
shit load of countries, between
twenty-five and thirty, to launch
their own weapons of mass
destruction, mostly at China but
some at other countries they were
pissed off at.

(MORE)

IVORY (CONT'D)

So the Earth is going to turn into one giant mushroom cloud any minute now.

Shaggy jumps into his lap, nuzzles Ivory's chin.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Yeah, yeah, I love you too. I'm not crazy about psycho government leaders but I'm crazy about you.

He looks around kerosene-lamp-lit space. On the right, bookshelves crammed full of mostly novels take up most of the wall. On the left, liquor bottles, mostly 1800 Tequila and high-end vodkas ala Grey Goose, take up entire wall except for two refrigerators.

At far end is a FIVE-FOOT HIGH STACK OF BOARD GAMES: Aggravation, checkers, Monopoly, Batman, etc.

In the rear right-hand corner is a DIESEL GENERATOR and TRUNK FULL OF BATTERIES OF ASSORTED SIZES.

On Ivory's end is a recliner, card table with computer, keyboard and mouse on top, litter box and Shaggy's food and water dishes below. Twelve flashlights are lined up next to computer.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Sorry Shaggy, I'm getting up.

Cat jumps onto the floor. Ivory brings glass of 1800 with as he meanders to bookshelves. He extracts "War and Peace", returns to recliner.

IVORY (CONT'D)

What the hell, I got plenty of time.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - DAY

Ivory sits in recliner, passed out with "War and Peace" open to page three. Shaggy snoozes peacefully in his lap.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - DAY

Ivory wakes up, carefully moves book from underneath Shaggy and stares at the page.

IVORY

What the fuck, what happened on pages one and two?

He turns to page one and starts over.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

Ivory wakes up, sees he's on page four, shakes his head, and returns to page one.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - DAY

Ivory wakes up, sees he's on page three, and heaves "War and Peace" toward the middle of the bunker. Shaggy scatters into farthest corner of the bunker.

Ivory strains, struggles, hefts his drunken self up. He weaves way over to bookshelf, sifts through books until he finds the one he wants, and takes it back to recliner.

He opens up "CliffsNotes of War and Peace", turns to page one.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - DAY

Ivory and Shaggy play checkers. Shaggy sits on far side of checkerboard. Ivory, high on mushrooms, smiles big. He moves one of his red pieces, then jumps two of Shaggy's pieces.

IVORY

So whaddya think of that move my
feline friend?

He peers at Shaggy. Distorted by the mushrooms, the light from kerosene lamp and two flashlights make Shaggy's eyes glow devil-red. Ivory is transfixed by spectacle.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Sorry, I won't do that again.

Shaggy hops off card table and goes to food dish.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Ah, um, Mr. Prince of Darkness,
Sir, we 're not done playing here.

Ivory stands, glares at the cat. Shaggy ignores him.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Do that again and next time I'll
just play with myself. I mean in
checkers, smart ass.

EXT. IVORY'S BACKYARD - FIVE YEARS LATER

Door to underground bunker opens. Ivory emerges. He wears a backpack and carries bow and arrow. Shaggy is right behind.

Ivory takes in the joy of open spaces and God willing, nuclear-radiation-free air.

IVORY
Holy fucking God, the world is
still here.

EXT. HIGHWAY LEADING INTO NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Every lane going into and out of the city is full of unmoving vehicle. Ivory and Shaggy get out of car and walk between vehicles filled with corpses.

Ivory takes out last three 'shrooms, chows them down. He chases with swig of 1800 Tequila.

IVORY
Out of mushrooms and almost out of
the wet hooch. But that's okay.
There's a a ton of dead people in
New York City and shit loads of
unused drugs and booze.

He looks down at his cat.

IVORY (CONT'D)
You ready for a nice long stroll in
the city?

Shaggy MEOWS an affirmative.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - STREET OUTSIDE HARD ROCK CAFE - NIGHT

Ivory and cat approach Jeep Cherokee sitting in right-hand lane of Broadway. He opens door, finds FIVE SERIOUSLY DECOMPOSED CORPSES. Ivory jumps back, covers nose because of the stench. He points at corpses.

IVORY
Don't worry, there's a good use for
you.

He drags corpses, one by one, into Hard Rock Cafe.

INT. HARD ROCK CAFE - NIGHT

Ivory and five corpses sit at bar. Illumination comes from SIX FLASHLIGHTS sitting on the bar. Shaggy explores other parts of the space. Behind the counter, Ivory has set up a CARDBOARD CUT-OUT OF ELVIS PRESLEY.

IVORY

I brought you all together today to discuss the state of the world.

Corpses and Elvis, from Ivory's perspective, thanks to the 'shrooms, appear to hang on his every word.

IVORY (CONT'D)

I don't like to be negative but from what I can see, metaphorically speaking, we're screwed with a capitol F.

He peers at The King, who appears to be on the verge of breaking into a dance. Shadows gyrate and swirl on the bony faces of the corpses. They all appear to smile at Ivory.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Don't get me wrong. I'm happy to be alive. Well, okay, that's not really true. I'd be happy to be alive if after a half a fucking decade of not talking to anyone except myself and a really cool cat, I could interact with human beings (looks at corpses), living human beings, that is.

He grabs GREY GOOSE BOTTLE and takes giant swig.

IVORY (CONT'D)

But after five years of getting drunk and high a lot, well, okay, getting wasted on a daily basis, I'm thinking this whole living thing is overrated.

He knocks back more Grey Goose.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Man, I think someone dumped out the booze and filled this thing with water. Holy shit, is that ever smooth. Anyway, I need your guys' input. What's the best way to end my sorry, perpetually wasted life?

He rushes over to nearest corpse, grabs jaw bone, moves it up and down as Ivory speaks with Bronx dialect.

IVORY (CONT'D)
Break a bottle of booze and slit
your fuckin' wrists with it.

Ivory jumps over to next collection of skin and bones. He moves jaw bones up and down while speaking in British accent.

IVORY (CONT'D)
Dear boy, arsenic is the way to go.
It's subtle, quick and efficient,
the English way for everything.

He zips over to next corpse, speaks in Swedish accent.

IVORY (CONT'D)
Yeah, don't yah know, the way to go
is freezin' to death. Course with
global warming' I don't know if
that's possible anymore. Good luck
to yah, tho'.

Onto next corps, this time he speaks like TV evangelist.

IVORY (CONT'D)
Praise the Lord, you should die
like our blessed savior did,
suffocating and dying of exposure
on a cross with criminals on both
sides of you.

Ivory shakes his head no, moves back to his bar stool.

IVORY (CONT'D)
Well thanks to everyone for your
insightful, well-intentioned feed --

He's cut off by the fifth corpse.

CORPSE #5
(In Southern drawl)
Hold on there, friend.

Ivory jumps up from bar stool, backpedals until he hits wall.

CORPSE #5 (CONT'D)
Where I come from, a .357 Magnum
shoved in the mouth does wonders.

IVORY
Really?

CORPSE #5

Shore does, pardner. My great uncle Zeke was the last one in a long line of Jeffersons to meet his maker after havin' a come-to-Jesus moment and then shoving a big-ass gun barrel in his mouth.

Ivory, back plastered against the wall, swallows hard, nods.

IVORY

Why did Zeke kill himself?

CORPSE #5

While he was drunk out of his mind and drivin' his Ford 150, he hit and killed his great-nephew Henry and great-niece Sophie.

IVORY

I don't blame him for killing himself.

Corpse peers at Ivory.

CORPSE #5

Death wasn't good enough for him and he wasn't good enough for life.

IVORY

I see your point.

CORPSE #5

It's the same with you, son. It doesn't matter how you kill yourself but make sure you do it.

IVORY

Ah, um, yeah, I'll take your input under advisement.

Totally spooked and overwhelmed, Ivory bolts. Shaggy struggles to catch up.

EXT. BROADWAY - NIGHT

Ivory has FLASHLIGHT in right hand, BOTTLE OF 1800 in left hand. He admires his improvised miniature golf course.

Ivory moves flashlight beam slowly over 18-hole course. Cubicle walls and thick boards serve as fairways that run from the roof (or underside if the vehicle has flipped onto its roof) of one vehicle, mostly Yellow cabs, many partially destroyed by nuclear bombs, to another vehicle. Coffee mugs laying on their sides serve as holes. Greens are made of indoor/outdoor carpeting.

Ivory climbs onto roof of Yellow cab to tee off on first hole, which is a double-dogleg par five. Cubicle wall (fairway) runs diagonally to the right, then back to the left.

Player's approach to green must clear a kiddie swimming pool full of water that stands on the street. Black and white print of The Three Stooges entitled "Play Golf With Your Friends" serves as a bridge over the chasm with swimming pool at bottom.

A tractor tire encircles green and keeps ball from falling off.

Shaggy hops onto roof of black Escalade on Ivory's left. Ivory prepares to tee off with his orange fluorescent ball.

IVORY

Shaggy, I'm giving up drugs. When you think you hear a corpse tell you how to kill yourself, that's a sure sign you need to quit.

He returns focus to golf. He sets tequila bottle down, gauges how hard to hit the putt and whacks away. Ball rolls across fairway, comes to rest a foot short of the next fairway.

Ivory WHOOPS with drunken delight.

IVORY (CONT'D)

That's what I'm talkin' about.

EXT. BROADWAY - NIGHT

Ivory taps in on last hole. He enters score on his cell phone calculator. Bottle of 1800 is almost empty.

IVORY

Holy fucking shit, I must have forgotten to put in one, or more, of my scores. There's no way I shot a 63.

He turns to Shaggy.

IVORY (CONT'D)
I knew I should have had you keep
score. Well hell, let's go find us
more joy juice, shall we?

He staggers from cab-filled street to sidewalk. Ivory
stumbles down sidewalk past ruins of buildings. Cat shadows
him like the perfect detective.

IVORY (CONT'D)
You know what, Shaggy? I'm thinking
we need to get the hell out of the
city. Go west and see what, and
hopefully who, we can see.

Feline MEOWS his agreement.

IVORY (CONT'D)
But first, we need more booze and a
vehicle.

INT/EXT. NEW YORKER ON HIGHWAY EAST OF PEORIA - NIGHT

Sprawling maroon New Yorker weaves around abandoned and
stalled vehicles on Interstate Highway 80 near Peoria. Ivory
drives with both hands on steering wheel, bottle of 1800
tequila between his legs.

They fly past an Illinois state trooper car. Ivory glances in
rearview mirror.

IVORY (CONT'D)
(Slurring)
You can't get me, copper!

He laughs drunkenly, grabs bottle and throws down more
tequila. Car speeds toward semi, Ivory's drunk-ass self
reacts late. He cranks wheel hard left. New Yorker is on two
wheels.

IVORY (CONT'D)
Hang on, Shaggy.

Cat SCREECHES, crashes up against Ivory, who's plastered
against driver's side door. Car careens out of control, flips
upside down. Ivory and Shaggy are on their backs as car
slides over to left lane and then into grassy median.

Ivory looks around overturned New Yorker. There's no sign of
Shaggy.

IVORY (CONT'D)
Fuck. Shaggy, where you at?

He tries to crawl out of the open driver's side window, GROANS in pain. He brings left hand to his head. He bleeds from gash on left side of his head.

Grimacing, he crawls out the window yelling cat's name. Ivory jumps to his feet, grabs his back.

IVORY (CONT'D)
Damn, that hurts. Shaggy, where in the fuck are you?

Shaggy, unscathed, trots over to him. Ivory leans over, GROANS in pain, and scoops up the feline. He peers into luminous green eyes.

IVORY (CONT'D)
Sorry, old buddy. I was a little tipsy and shouldn't have been driving so fast. Hell, I shouldn't have been driving period. God, am I a mess or what?

He kisses Shaggy on the snout, gently sets him on the ground. Ivory bends over, gets onto hands and knees and peers into overturned car.

IVORY (CONT'D)
God I hope the 1800 bottle didn't break.

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY 80 - MORNING

Ivory speeds down highway on a Harley-Davidson hog. Shaggy's head pokes out of backpack on driver's back. Cycle zips between lines of cars and trucks. Tequila bottle has given way to DOS EQUIS BEER BOTTLE.

INT. PEORIA POLICE DEPARTMENT ARMORY - DAY

Ivory shakes his head in amazement at the variety of ways humans can kill one another, or one's self, with weapons. He taps right foot while he contemplates his options.

Ivory grabs a Glock Mode 20 10MM, .357 Magnum, AK-47 assault rifle, and SIG Sauer P226 9MM.

IVORY
It's good to have options.

He sticks each firearm into his backpack along side bow and arrow. Ivory starts to leave, then spots bunch of GRENADES. He grabs those too.

IVORY (CONT'D)
It's better to have even more
options.

He turns and looks for Shaggy. He WHISTLES loudly.

IVORY (CONT'D)
(Yelling)
Hey Shaggy, where you --

Feline dashes out from a pile of rubble and zips over to him.

IVORY (CONT'D)
Never mind, I see where you're at.

He carefully places grenades into backpack, leaves armory
with Shaggy at his heels.

EXT. HIGHEAY LEADING INTO CHICAGO - DAY

Ivory, with Shaggy in backpack amidst weapons, rides on
Harley towards the Windy City. A despondent Ivory is back to
1800 Tequila, the beer a short-lived experiment.

Chicago's downtown, dominated by the Willis (formerly Sears)
Tower, waits for them.

EXT. WALMART PARKING LOT - DAY

Drunken Ivory pulls up to the entrance, shuts off engine and
gets off. He takes backpack off, extracts Shaggy and gently
sets him on the ground.

Ivory expels deep breath.

IVORY
I think, I'd pray if I believed in
a god, that you'll like it here.

He staggers up, tries to pry glass doors open. No deal. He
stares, with hands on hips, at the doors.

IVORY (CONT'D)
Pieces of fucking shit.

He extracts 1800 Tequila bottle from backpack and guzzles
more poison. Ivory looks around the parking lot, then settles
gaze on his beloved feline.

IVORY (CONT'D)
Where there's a will, there's
usually a dead person. And a way.

He takes out .357 Magnum, marches to nearest car, a 1998 Dodge Intrepid, and blows a hole in the trunk just above lock on trunk. Ivory reaches in, finds mechanism to unlock trunk.

Ivory grabs a TIRE IRON from trunk, smiles. He strides over to entrance, brings out .357 and fires. It blows a hole in the glass.

Ivory uses tire iron to enlarge the hole. After ten swings, he fires another shot from gun, then uses tire iron again.

Hole is big enough for him to fit through. Ivory picks up Shaggy, kisses him on nose and drops him onto floor just beyond glass doors.

Ivory squeezes through opening, drops onto floor. Shaggy rubs up against Ivory's leg.

IVORY (CONT'D)

I love you too, Shaggy.

Cat jumps up on top of Ivory, crawls onto his chest and stares down owner.

IVORY (CONT'D)

I know you're the cutest cat on the planet but I have to let you go.

Ivory tears up, kisses Shaggy, and hugs the cat.

INT. CHICAGO WALMART - DAY

Ivory finds paint section, grabs FIVE CANS OF DAYGLO GREEN SPRAY PAINT, and walks to pet section. He opens fifty-pound bag of Purina cat food, then another one, and then twenty more.

He pours bottled water into a bunch of METAL WATER DISHES. Ivory runs to toy part of pet section, grabs a bunch of CAT TOYS, runs back and drops them by food and water.

IVORY

Okay buddy, that's all I got.

With tears in his eyes, he bends over and scoops up Shaggy.

IVORY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry you got stuck with a loser of an owner. Maybe you'll find another human being alive who isn't a hopeless drunk.

He kisses feline on the snout, hugs him and sets him next to food, water and toys. Ivory points at Shaggy.

IVORY (CONT'D)
Don't follow me, okay? I'm serious.

Shaggy understands in his cat way, watches with concern as Ivory staggers toward front doors.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE WILLIS TOWER - DAY

Ivory roars down city streets past vacant but intact buildings. The nuclear Armageddon spared structures in Chicago but didn't spare people's lives.

Ivory rides Harley up to the Willis Tower, shuts engine off, parks motorcycle and extracts a CAN OF DAYGLO GREEN SPRAY PAINT from backpack. He weaves out onto the street, starts to spell out a sentence:

Ivory was...

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE WILLIS TOWER - DAY

Ivory finishes up, stands back. He smiles his approval.

IVORY
That's going to look really cool
after it gets dark.

He hops on Harley, starts up engine and approaches revolving door. He slows bike down, then gases it. Front tire hits revolving door. Ivory almost loses balance, stays up and enters the lobby.

Door to stairs is propped open. Ivory kills engine, gets off Harley and enters stairwell.

He walks up stairs to second floor, opens metal door in stairwell and finds an office area. Ivory stares at NETWORK OF CUBICLES.

Ivory looks back at stairwell, then back at cubicle walls.

IVORY (CONT'D)
I don't need no fucking ramps to
drive up. I'll do a shit load of
wheelies.

MONTAGE OF IVORY WALKING UP STAIRS IN WILLIS TOWER

-- 10th floor: Ivory pauses, swigs tequila, goes on.

- 18th floor: Ivory stops, drinks tequila, goes on.
- 27th floor: Ivory pauses, consumes more 1800, goes on.
- 39th floor: Ivory sees bottle is nearly empty, doesn't take a drink.
- 45th floor: Ivory takes a small sip of 1800, goes on.
- 57th floor: Ivory stops, polishes off 1800, and tosses empty bottle over railing.
- 69th floor: Ivory weaves from side to side, but keeps going.
- 78th floor: Ivory continues drunken ascension.
- 85th floor: Ivory, breathing hard, drunk, rests for two seconds, then forces himself to go on.
- 90th floor: Ivory opens door leading to office area.

END MONTAGE

INT. WILLIS TOWER - 90TH FLOOR OFFICE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Ivory staggers toward nearest cubicle, rummages through desk, finds THREE-HOLE PUNCH. He comes out, turns left and goes toward windows.

Five yards from window, he pulls out Magnum .357, aims and fires three shots through the glass. He shakes his head no.

IVORY

Damn it, that's not big enough.

He fires three more shots. Hole expands into a jagged circle three feet in diameter.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Getting there.

He takes THREE-HOLE PUNCH and bashes the window over and over. Glass cracks but doesn't break anymore.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Shit.

He looks around, spots a FIRE EXTINGUISHER next to the stairwell door. Ivory rushes drunkenly over, yanks it off the wall and brings it over to the window.

Ivory batters away at the window. The hole grows to six feet high by four feet wide. Bathed in sweat and panting, Ivory drops the fire extinguisher on the floor to the right of the opening.

IVORY (CONT'D)
Presidents Bush Jr. and Obama,
that's an exit strategy.

He strides toward the stairwell.

INT. WILLIS TOWER - LOBBY - DAY

Ivory has fresh bottle of 1800 Tequila. He uncaps it, takes a drink, puts cap on, starts up Harley, and speeds toward stairwell.

He squeezes motorcycle through the doorway, pulls front wheel up into air and speeds up the first set of stairs on the rear wheel. Ivory doesn't turn in time. His right shoulder bounces off the wall. Ivory cranks wheel hard left and does wheelie up the next set of stairs.

On the second floor, he turns in time, misses wall and starts up next set of stairs.

Ivory, alternately grinning and on the verge of tears, climbs the stairwell on the Harley.

On the 35th floor, he shuts off engine, parks motorcycle, and takes tequila break.

IVORY
Man, that's good shit. Good old to
kill yah.

He starts up engine, caps bottle, sticks in backpack and continues upward.

INT. WILLIS TOWER - 89TH FLOOR - DAY

Ivory, 1800 bottle in left hand, guns engine, speeds up final set of stairs, strays to the right, bounces off wall and nearly tips over.

IVORY
Hell, that was close but we're
still upright, baby! Here we go,
baby. So long, suckers!

He zips through open door, speeds towards the hole in the window. Ivory takes one last drink of tequila, and hangs on for the last few seconds of his desperately off-course life.

Two seconds away from target, Ivory realizes he's too far right. He tries to correct but he's too drunk. Instead of doing a wheelie through the hole in the glass, Ivory hits right edge of the opening in the glass.

Motorcycle CRASHES to the floor. Ivory's right shoulder hits edge of opening. He spins around, ends up with back to hole in the glass wall, his ass and back hanging over the window's edge.

IVORY (CONT'D)

That's a start. Now for the finale.

He starts to fall backwards out of the window like a scuba diver off a boat when a FEMALE HAND grabs the tequila bottle, which Ivory still holds onto.

UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE

Not on my watch.

Woman yanks Ivory back inside the building. He lands on his back. Ivory stares up at RHONDA STEWART -- 38, blonde, fifty pounds too heavy, sparkling blue eyes, kind to everyone but herself. She has Marlboro Light between her lips.

IVORY

Thanks, I think, for that.

RHONDA

I'm no Mother Teresa. I'm lonely so there was no way I was going to let you kill your sorry-ass self.

She extends right hand. Ivory takes it. Together they pull him to standing position.

IVORY

Sorry-ass self is right. You shouldn't have bothered.

RHONDA

Things are never so bad you need to kill yourself.

IVORY

That's one person's uninformed opinion. If you were me, besides being way skinnier, you'd feel differently.

She takes cigarette out of her mouth, flings it out Ivory's suicide portal.

RHONDA

Listen pal, you need to start treating your savior with more respect. I may enjoy unhealthy food and nicotine more than the average person but at least I'm not polluting my mind, and body, with alcohol.

IVORY

Yeah well maybe you should start. At least with booze you attain the coveted altered-state status.

Rhonda nods toward the hole in the glass wall.

RHONDA

No thanks. I see where your altered-state leads.

IVORY

Don't blame al-key-hall for that. It's my own twisted mind.

RHONDA

Partly but just maybe it was the alcohol that made your twisted mind even more twisted. Anyway, I'm Rhonda Stewart.

IVORY

Ivory Blackman. Thanks for, you know...

He nods at the hole in the window.

RHONDA

No problem.

She yanks tequila bottle out of his hand, tosses it through suicide portal.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

To avoid a repeat of that stunt, you need to quit that shit.

IVORY

I'll be the one to decide that. Hey, some people like to smoke and overeat.

(MORE)

IVORY (CONT'D)

You don't see me throwing away your cigarettes and triple-deluxe cheeseburgers.

RHONDA

Oh my god, that sounds so good. If I could just find unspoiled beef, I'd have like three of them for lunch.

She looks down at her hips and then around to her butt.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Besides, I don't normally eat that much. When you're alone in an underground bunker for three and a half years, and then you return to the real world, such that it is, and there's so much food around, how can you not help yourself?

Ivory walks toward suicide portal.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Hey, what the hell do you think you're doing?

IVORY

Don't worry, I just want to see how my project looks from ninety floors up. Trust me, now that I know I'm not the only human alive on Planet Earth, I don't want to die.

RHONDA

Okay but if you kill yourself, I'm going to really curse you out and besmirch your mother's name after you're dead.

IVORY

It's a deal.

Rhonda grabs his left wrist, holds tight as they walk over to hole in the glass wall. Ivory, then Rhonda, slowly peek their heads out the opening.

Ivory's glowing green handiwork takes up over quarter of a block: "Ivory was, and still is, here."

IVORY (CONT'D)

See, that was where I was going to land.

RHONDA

That is wrong on so many levels.
Well actually on just one level but
it's so wrong on that level.

IVORY

My parents said I should strive to
leave my mark on the world.

Rhonda tries to stifle her laughter but fails miserably. She
doubles over with laughter, starts to lose her balance. She
SCREAMS. Ivory yanks her up and back inside the building.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Okay, now we're even.

RHONDA

No, you're the one who made me go
over to that damn opening in the
first place and then made me laugh
like a maniac and lose my balance.

IVORY

This is the thanks I get for saving
your life?

RHONDA

Thanks for putting me in mortal
danger, making me laugh and then at
the last second saving me from
leaving my own mark on the world.

IVORY

You're welcome. Okay, enough chit
chat. I gotta find another bottle
of booze.

RHONDA

You can't be serious. After what
just --

IVORY

(Interrupting)

I was kidding. You're right. I need
to give up the booze or else I'll
go insane. In fact, instead of
drink, I could really use something
to eat right now.

RHONDA

That I can help you with. You'd be
amazed at how many vending machines
are in this building.

(MORE)

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Between them and all the junk food people stash in their desks, I've got like a ten-year food supply.

EXT. DENVER AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY

A mother (33) and son (12) explore amusement park. With no electricity to power rides, and most of them have been destroyed or severely damaged by the nuclear bombs anyway, they go to GAMES OF CHANCE ON THE MIDWAY, which is partially intact.

The son, ANTHONY BROWN -- timid, tall, athletic, loves basketball but has trouble communicating with teammates -- finds basketball hoop.

His mother, PAMELA BROWN -- vigilant guardian of her son, cautiously optimistic, lanky, wears Denver Broncos T-shirt -- watches her son loft shots toward the hoop.

Anthony sinks three, four, five shots in a row. He misses sixth one.

PAMELA

Aw, good try. You had a nice run.

ANTHONY

Thanks, Mom.

He makes next two, misses. Anthony prepares to shoot again. Pamela turns and is about to check out a ring-tossing stand.

She sees NORMA ALLEN -- late 70's, gray hair in a bun, floral-print dress, big smile -- walking towards them. Norma waves.

NORMA

Hi there. I'm so happy to see there are other survivors. I was beginning to think I was the only one left alive.

PAMELA

Oh no, you're not. In fact, besides my son and I, there is a commune of about thirty people in the old Denver Broncos stadium.

NORMA

Really?

She take out ELECTRONIC DEVICE resembling cellphone and studies the screen.

PAMELA

I still use my phone but of course,
not as a real phone. It's a great
clock, camera and calendar.

Norma flashes a smile, nods her comprehension.

ON ELECTRONIC DEVICE SCREEN

Most recent satellite scan shows 37 left, all in the central
area of the United States.

BACK TO SCENE

Norma sticks device back into dress pocket.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

I'm Pamela Brown. That's my son,
Anthony.

NORMA

How very nice to meet you, dear. I
am Norma Allen. How many people,
exactly, live in your commune?

PAMELA

I said about 30, ah, let me see,
there's the Smith family of five,
O'Brien family of three, Eide clan,
which includes three families, that
have a total of twelve, plus
there's three more families of
three and two more couples so that
makes, ah, um --

NORMA

(Interrupting)
Thirty-three.

PAMELA

Oh, okay, thirty-three plus Anthony
and I.

NORMA

Thirty-five total.

PAMELA

Yep, I guess that's right. Thirty-
five left from around eight
billion. Wow, that's sad. But maybe
there's more survivors in other
parts of the world.

NORMA

No.

PAMELA

How would you know?

NORMA

I meant no, there's probably not. I'm a pessimistic person, a realist, by nature. Now you said the commune is located in a stadium of some kind, right?

PAMELA

Yes, it's called, or was called the Sports Authority Field at Mile High. Before the end, the Broncos played there.

NORMA

There is a stadium for horses to play around in? I thought that was done on farms or racetracks or something like that.

Pamela laughs long and hard.

PAMELA

That's funny. You're not much of a sports fan. Either that or you're not from around here.

NORMA

Actually both.

The grandmotherly facade dissolves, reveals ALIEN CREATURE underneath. JANITOR MAN -- 1,289 years old (doesn't look a day over 1,000); seven feet tall; alligator-like snout and face; green, scaly and muscular body -- stands up to full height while simultaneously grabbing SNAKE PROJECTILE LAUNCHER from holster.

Pamela jumps back, SCREAMS. Anthony drops basketball and runs toward them. Janitor Man pulls trigger, shoots Pamela in the chest. The bullet casing bursts, unleashes coiled BOA CONSTRICTOR-LIKE SNAKE that traps Pamela in death grip.

A horrified Anthony rushes over, tries to yank snake off his mother. Pamela grasps and struggles to no avail. Anthony kicks, punches snake but it's no good. Pamela suffocates, dies in front of her son.

Anthony turns to Janitor Man.

ANTHONY

What in the hell is wrong with --

Alien shoots Anthony in the forehead, knocking him onto his back. He starts to scream but the snake covers up his mouth. Anthony's skull implodes from tremendous pressure.

JANITOR MAN

Just doing my job.

Towering alien goes to dead bodies and retrieves bullet casings.

JANITOR MAN (CONT'D)

Return to dormant state.

Giant black snakes immediately shrink and fold in on themselves until they're bullet-sized once again. Janitor Man wraps them in casings, uses smaller barrel on weapon to squeeze sealant on casings. Alien inserts bullets into weapon, puts weapon back into holster.

Janitor Man brings out electronic device, touches screen and hits DOWN button icon. Number of survivors is now 35. Creature presses another button on device. A metallic gray SPACESHIP emerges from cloaking mode, stands 300 yards away. Alien pockets device as it strides to spaceship.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SPORTS AUTHORITY FIELD AT MILE HIGH STADIUM - DAY

Spaceship lands, door opens and Janitor Man, in its Norma Allen disguise, walks out. Janitor Man puts spaceship back in cloaking mode. Norma, in "her" floral dress and gray hair, strides through stadium gates.

EXT. SPORTS AUTHORITY FIELD AT MILE HIGH STADIUM - NIGHT

RALPH SIMPSON -- 54, florid complexion from too much whisky and exposure to sun, basically an okay guy -- leads Norma to a Denali motor home parked on the 50 yard-line. He opens passenger side door in front of vehicle.

RALPH

Do you remember meetin' the Eides at supper?

NORMA

I surely do. They seem like such sweet folks.

RALPH

Y'all got that right., ma'am.
Anyhow, eight Eides, two families
of four, sleep in this one. Your
bed is gonna be at the very rear of
this here motor home. It's on the
left.

NORMA

Thank you, and bless your sweet
heart, Mr. Simpson. I much
appreciate you folks allowing me to
join your little community.

RALPH

Our pleasure, ma'am. Good night.

NORMA

Bye bye.

Norma climbs inside.

INT. DENALI MOTOR HOME - CONTINUOUS

Norma carefully counts the sleeping bodies. There's eight as
Ralph said.

Disguised alien finds food prep area, opens one drawer, then
another, finds BUTCHER KNIFE and CARVING KNIFE, takes them
both with it as alien creeps to back of the Denali.

DENISE EIDE -- 20, short black hair, wears Minnesota Vikings
pajamas.

Norma facade dissolves to reveal Janitor Man. Alien cannot
stand up to full height because of the low ceiling.

Janitor Man sets carving knife down on the bed next to
Denise, grips handle of butcher knife with both scaly hands
and plunges blade through Denise's throat and sinks into
mattress underneath.

Janitor Man covers her mouth to silence her. Denise's eyes
pop open. She strains to escape but can't. Bod convulses,
eyes go from terrified panic to lifeless stare after five
secondes.

Janitor Man yanks knife free of mattress, then out of
Denise's throat and moves into next bed.

Next is a married couple in their 50's. TOM EIDE -- male-pattern baldness, thick glasses, huge gut, trucker before The End came -- lies next to DELORES EIDE -- prodigious, gravity-defying breasts, blonde hair dyed to hide gray streaks, flirtatious but ultimately monogamous wife.

Alien sets knives down, bends over and simultaneously grabs Tom and Delores by their throats. Just before they can make choking sounds, alien smashes their heads against each other. They're dead almost instantaneously.

SCOTT EIDE -- 28, lanky, tobacco chewer, put in 70 hours/week on family farm before The End, lies on top of covers in red and black plaid boxers -- is next.

Janitor Man slits his throat with carving knife, then quickly jams butcher knife through larynx. Another dead one.

Alien moves onto other side of motor home, chokes another married Eide couple and bashes their heads together. CRACK. They're dead.

The couple's daughter, SOPHIE EIDE -- 12, angelic face, sweet smile, wears Winnie the Pooh pajamas, sleeps in next bed. Janitor Man plunges knives through both eyes and all the way through her skull and embed into mattress. Alien covers her mouth as she dies.

TOMMY EIDE -- 19, heavily tattooed, loves to ride motorcycles -- struggles to comprehend the carnage around him. He thinks it must be an extraordinarily realistic nightmare.

TOMMY EIDE

What the fuck have you done?

Janitor Man takes out snake projectile weapon and shoots Tommy in the face. Snakes envelope him in less than three seconds and start to squeeze life out of him.

JANITOR MAN

Just doing my job.

Alien extracts electronic device, hits DOWN ARROW eight times. New number: 25.

JANITOR MAN (CONT'D)

Now we're getting somewhere.

It retrieves knives, multi-purpose weapon and moves onto next motor home.

ALIEN KILLING SPREE MONTAGE

- A) Janitor Man emerges from Winnebago, brings out electronic device, presses DOWN four times, nods its satisfaction.
- B) Janitor Man goes into blue and white Jayco motor home.
- C) Janitor Man comes out of Jayco, presses DOWN button three times. Screen reads 18.
- D) Alien enters maroon and aqua Explorer II.
- E) Alien comes out, pushes DOWN five times. Screen: 13.
- F) Alien enters silver Airstream.
- G) Alien emerges, pushes DOWN button three times. Screen: 10
- H) Janitor Man goes into and out of remaining three motor homes. Screen changes after each attack: 8, 5, 2.

END MONTAGE

After last three people in commune -- Trudy, Chad and Bruce Hartman -- are slaughtered, and Janitor Man updates device accordingly, alien gets a call on the electronic device.

Janitor Man answers call, puts it on speaker phone as it plops down next to and rests back against the Hartmans' stylish Wanderer motor home.

JANITOR MAN (CONT'D)
Clean-up Specialist Argon Nebula,
code name Janitor Man, speaking.

COMMANDER ZENITH (V.O.)
What is your status, Nebula?

JANITOR MAN
Just doing my job, Commander. And
may I add, doing it extremely well.

COMMANDER ZENITH (V.O.)
So you have exterminated the last
37 human beings on the planet?

JANITOR MAN
Almost, sir. I eliminated 35.

COMMANDER ZENITH (V.O.)
35 is not 37, Nebula.

JANITOR MAN

I realize that, Sir. I need to know the last two targets' known positions so I can locate and eliminate them.

COMMANDER ZENITH (V.O.)

One was in New York but has moved west to Chicago, where one other human is.

JANITOR MAN

Thank you. I will go there and finish my mission. I will update you after I finish the job.

COMMANDER ZENITH 9V

Very good, Nebula. If you complete the mission before the deadline, as you seem poised to do, that will make your record much less tarnished than it currently is.

JANITOR MAN

I cannot change the past, Sir. I really thought the human-race project would come around. Perhaps I was deceived by my father's legendary selling abilities.

COMMANDER ZENITH (V.O.)

That and a natural tendency to favor the views of one's own close relatives. At any rate, the new species seedlings are en-route to Earth as we speak. Take care of business so we can start with a clean slate.

JANITOR MAN

Yes, sir.

Call ends. Janitor Man stands, then enters Wanderer.

MONTAGE OF JANITOR MAN GATHERING UP DEAD BODIES

Janitor Man enters each of the motor homes, comes out with slaughtered victims and carefully arranges them, one body propped against another. Eventually Janitor Man has all 33 murder victims together.

END MONTAGE

Janitor Man, with 16 pairs of corpses sitting back to back and the odd one, Ralph Simpson, one the end, does laps around them as he addresses the dead.

JANITOR MAN (CONT'D)

Look, despite how it appeared a little while ago, I was an advocate for your race. I was the one arguing for us to stay out of your affairs. But over my protestations, my government used the end-of-the-world fears some of you had about the Mayan calendar ending to actually make the end of the world a reality. Our race used advanced technology to send a psychic message to the high-ranking Chinese government official who ordered the country's military commander to fire the nuclear warheads that led to your race's annihilation.

Janitor Man pauses to get a breath, collect his thoughts.

JANITOR MAN (CONT'D)

I was against this because wiping the human race would end the grand experiment the Raxonese, my race, began so long ago. It was actually my father who spearheaded the design, genesis and implementation of life on Earth. After my father grew older and his health began to decline, I was took over the oversight of the Human Project.

Janitor Man glances at the corpses. They're still dead.

JANITOR MAN (CONT'D)

So while it was painfully obvious there were significant issues with the experiment -- human beings have killing, betraying, fighting with and stealing from other human beings from the very beginning -- I believed your race was on the cusp of a new era of peace, love and giant leaps of technological and scientific advances.

Alien continues to pace in a circle around the dead.

JANITOR MAN (CONT'D)

But the powers that be, including Commander Zenith, ran out of patience. They wanted to erase the chalkboard and start over with a new race. That meant they needed someone to come down to Earth to kill off any survivors, to clean up the human debris as my boss put it. So that's why I did what I did in such merciless and seemingly cruel fashion.

Alien stops, leans over, puts hands on knees and smiles.

JANITOR MAN (CONT'D)

So you see, I'm not such a bad guy after all. I was just doing my job.

Creature straightens up, resumes his circular pacing.

JANITOR MAN (CONT'D)

But now I am having second thoughts about finishing the extermination process. If I kill off the last two remaining human beings, that will make me, and my family name, synonymous with failure on a planetary scale.

Towering alien stops, peers at corpse of Ralph Simpson.

JANITOR MAN (CONT'D)

You were so kind to me and look how I responded. Your kindness to a stranger, and the way you and other strangers came together to form this commune, shows your species has some redeeming qualities.

It looks away from the Simpson corpse and towards the outside of the stadium where its spaceship landed.

JANITOR MAN (CONT'D)

I know what to do.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SPORTS AUTHORITY FIELD AT MILE HIGH STADIUM - DAY

Janitor Man deactivates cloaking device, goes around to rear of craft, opens up panel and peers at complicated engine set-up. It yanks out a TITANIUM CONNECTING ROD, flings it away from spaceship.

Alien extracts electronic device, makes intergalactic call to HQ, puts call on speaker.

COMMANDER ZENITH (V.O.)
What have you got for me, Nebula?

JANITOR MAN
Sir, there is a mechanical issue with the XXR19-Z899. Strangest thing, the engine seems to be missing a part.

INT. WILLIS TOWER - OFFICE AREA - NIGHT

Ivory and Rhonda sit at sprawling table in spacious conference room on the 90th floor.

Empty Cellophane wrappers from Scotcharoo knockoffs are piled up on the table. Crumpled up Frito and Lays potato chip bags and pop cans threaten to spill out of four plastic garbage receptacles scattered around the room, which is lit by numerous candles and several flashlights in middle of the table.

Ivory shakes head in protest at taste of warm Pepsi.

IVORY
Shit, I give up booze and I'm stuck with warm Pepsi? That's not right.

RHONDA
Hey, you'll get used to it, trust me. And you won't have a hangover after drinking six or seven.

IVORY
I haven't had a hangover in like a decade. When you drink as much as I did, your body comes to expect drunkenness. You don't feel daisy fresh the next morning but you're not obliterated either.

Rhonda rips open bag of Fritos, crunches down a third of the bag in almost no time.

RHONDA
Where was your underground shelter?

IVORY
In the backyard.

RHONDA
Smart ass. I mean which city.

IVORY
Staten Island. What about you?

RHONDA
San Carlos. It's about an hour from
San Francisco.

IVORY
You haven't met other survivors?

RHONDA
Nope. You're it, my friend.

Ivory takes half full can of warm soda and flips it into
heaping garbage. Can falls off. Pop rushes onto carpeting.

IVORY
Have the building's manager bill me
to remove that stain, all right?

RHONDA
I'll e-mail myself a note.

IVORY
Sweet. Okay, so you came from the
west coast and didn't meet any
survivors. I came from the east
coast and didn't meet any
survivors. That doesn't mean
there's no one else alive. It might
mean that the upper quarter of what
used to be the U.S. has no
survivors, other than us two.

Rhonda eats Fritos, starts on square of Scotcharoo knockoff.

RHONDA
I think we're it, honey.

IVORY
How do you know? We haven't
explored even an entire state.
There could be hundreds, hell,
thousands, of survivors out there.

RHONDA
I highly doubt it.

IVORY

What makes you think that out of about eight billion folks, we're the only ones still alive?

RHONDA

Apocalypse-survivor's intuition.

IVORY

I should have known, ASI. While I've got ASI too, the male version, and I think you're way off base.

RHONDA

That's nice but I don't give a rat's ass what you think. Nothing personal but your mind is so messed up from alcohol that you've lost touch with your spiritual, intuitive side.

Ivory jumps up, leans across table, jabs finger at her.

IVORY

You know what, Miss Know It All, you're probably fucking right.

He plops back down in his chair.

RHONDA

Damn right I'm right.

IVORY

You realize that if you're right and we indeed are the only ones left, then in order to keep the human race going, we're going to have to, ah, well, you know...

He brings hands in front of him, makes a circle with index finger and thumb of left hand, then thrusts index finger of right hand through the circle.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Mate, connect carnally, dance on the sheets, do the horizontal bop --

RHONDA

I get the picture. But if you're right and there all these other people out there, then mating won't be necessary.

Ivory nods, sizes up her considerable breasts, moves down to hips and crotch.

IVORY

Yes but why take the chance?

He flashes her a lusty smile.

RHONDA

We'll see.

IVORY

We're not going to know if there's anyone else left unless we explore.

RHONDA

I like it here. I've been in this tower for almost a year and a half. Other than the hole in the window you made, this is a perfect urban castle. I'm staying here in Castle Rhonda. If there are other survivors, maybe they'll come here.

IVORY

The odds of that happening seriously suck. It'd do you good to get your ass out of here and among the living, well, mostly dead but maybe there's a few live ones sprinkled in there.

RHONDA

No thanks. I'm fine here.

IVORY

I'm going to head south on Interstate 57. After I pick up Shaggy, that is. You're way welcome to come along.

Rhonda is confused, frowns at him.

RHONDA

You said you didn't meet any survivors. Who's Shaggy?

Ivory laughs.

IVORY

Shaggy is my cat. I took him into the bunker with me.

RHONDA
So where's the cat now?

IVORY
At a Walmart store a few miles
away. Come along. You'll love him.

RHONDA
I prefer dogs.

IVORY
Dogs are cool too but cats can be
cool too. Hey, Shaggy is the only
pussy I've had for, well, a helluva
long time.

RHONDA
Men are such pigs.

IVORY
That's true but it keeps the
species going. Besides, women want
sex too but it's their job to
pretend they don't.

Rhonda lights cigarette, takes a drag.

RHONDA
Go get your pussy, ah, go get your
kitty and come on back here. We can
discuss this further while Shaggy
explores Castle Rhonda.

Ivory considers it, paces in front of the table.

IVORY
No, that won't work. I quit
drinking. When I'm not sleeping or
eating, I have to keep moving. If I
hang out here drinking warm Pepsi
and eating Scotcharoo thingees
while trying not to think about
alcohol, I'll go stark raving mad.
Or go back to drinking.

Rhonda thinks as she sucks on her cigarette.

RHONDA
I know it's only one building but
it's a super big building. Use your
imagination, get used to being
sober and embrace the new "After
the End" diet craze.

Like a model from "The Price is Right" in front of a new sports car, she makes showy motions with left hand towards vending-machine array of snacks.

IVORY

No one's got enough imagination to make this scenario work. Sorry, I'm leaving. If you're not coming along, then at least I know where to find you.

RHONDA

You're going south on Interstate 57, right?

IVORY

Yeah.

RHONDA

Once in awhile, when I get stir crazy, I take the VW Bug on a little road trip. I've been on that stretch of highway a few times.

IVORY

Okay, that's where the cat and I will be heading.

RHONDA

Good luck. I hope to see you again.

IVORY

Me too. Thanks again for saving my sorry ass.

RHONDA

You are most welcome.

She checks out his butt.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

And it's not such a sorry ass. I mean for a raging, suicidal drunk with a messed-up plan to kill himself.

IVORY

Thanks, I think.

He eaves, smiles sadly and heads for open door.

RHONDA

I really think you should stay here. We both need to be around other people.

IVORY

I agree but like I said, if I'm not drinking, I gotta be doing something more active and constructive than bouncing off the walls of Castle Rhonda. I know where you live if life on the road doesn't work out.

RHONDA

I'll make sure to not fill the moat with piranhas in case you return.

IVORY

I appreciate that.

INT. WALMART STORE - DAY

Ivory finds Shaggy, picks up cat and hugs him.

IVORY

You ready for a road trip?

Shaggy MEOWS yes.

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY 57 - NIGHT

Ivory and Shaggy fly down the highway, this time more in control. Ivory smoothly weaves between abandoned vehicles. He also avoids dead bodies on the highway and shoulder.

IVORY POV

Two-hundred yards ahead on the right shoulder, a man appears to get up and rush off into a field next to the highway. With no artificial illumination for the motorcycle's headlights, it's as if the night swallowed him up.

IVORY

Hey there, hold on! Don't run away. I'm a friend, not a foe.

He angles Harley onto the shoulder and then off into the field in search of the fleeing figure. Headlights move up and down in concert with uneven terrain.

IVORY (CONT'D)
 ((Yelling))
 Whoever you are, hold up. Let's
 talk. I mean you no harm, really.

He runs over two skeletons, throws him off balance. Ivory
 tries to compensate but can't. Shaggy leaps from backpack as
 Harley and rider go down.

Headlights stay on for several seconds, then go out. Ivory
 finds cellphone, powers it on and uses as a flashlight to
 search backpack. He finds a real FLASHLIGHT and turns it on.

IVORY (CONT'D)
 Shaggy, where are you, buddy?

He shines BEAM THROUGH DARKNESS. It crawls over long grass,
 weeds, then GIANT OAK TREE ten feet away. He approaches oak.

IVORY (CONT'D)
 Shaggy, and that person I just saw
 run away, come out, come out,
 wherever you.

A distorted, taunting, demonic voice fills Ivory's head.

VOICE IN IVORY'S HEAD
 You are a clueless, delusional
 drunk. There's no one here except
 us dead folks, which God willing,
 you'll become part of real soon.

IVORY
 (To voice in his head)
 No, it's not time for me to die
 yet. I've got important stuff to
 do. I'm on a mission here.

Ivory moves flashlight to his right, illuminates GRINNING
 SKELETON sitting with its back against a spruce tree.
 Skeleton's JAW MOVES.

SKELETON AGAINST TREE
 A mission? That's funny. I thought
 your mission was to separate
 yourself from the world by getting
 drunk on your ass every day.

Ivory backs away from skeleton.

IVORY
 No, no, no, that was my mission.
 That's all changed.

Skeleton slaps its knee, LAUGHS UPROARIOUSLY.

SKELETON AGAINST TREE

That's a good one. With almost everyone on the planet dead and the available, free liquor and you think you're going to pass that all up? You sure you haven't been drinking?

It laughs again. Outside the flashlight beam's reach, Ivory thinks he sees movement. Forms rise up from the ground, begin to move toward him.

IVORY

I'm serious. I'm clean now. I'm through polluting my mind and body with that fucking poison.

The shapes, their outlines -- wavering, shifting, breathing -- close in on Ivory. He grabs his chest, struggles to breathe.

SKELETON AGAINST TREE

Feeling stressed out, my friend? Feel like life, and death, are too much for you? Here, have a drink!

Skeleton produces BOTTLE OF 1800 TEQUILA. Ivory puts out his right hand, moves it back and forth in a "no no" gesture.

IVORY

I'm done with that shit.

Skeleton shakes head in disagreement.

SKELETON AGAINST TREE

Oh no, you and tequila are friends to the end.

IVORY

That's where you're dead wrong.

He turns to run but a REANIMATED CORPSE -- 23, female, blonde hair, left side of face, head crushed -- stands in the way.

REANIMATED CORPSE

Remember me, I'm the one you hit while driving drunk after the bars closed. The cops never caught you but I got you now.

She reaches out with pale, bony arms for Ivory. He turns to run, finds arms and disfigured, grinning faces, bodies made of writhing snakes.

IVORY

No, fuck you all. Go back to the
deepest pit of hell.

He backs up, senses reanimated corpse's presence, turns hard right and makes run around his imaginary pursuers. Ivory, panting, stumbling, sweating, runs for the highway.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Get away from me. I'm not that bad anymore. I'm trying to act like a real human being.

He brushes away imaginary fingers and hands, struggles to catch his breath while he runs towards Interstate.

Ivory, breathless, heart on verge of exploding, staggers onto shoulder, then falls onto his knees. He crawls onto outer lane of the highway.

IVORY (CONT'D)

(To self)

I give up drinking and drugs and I still have fucking hallucinations. Oh my god, Shaggy, where in the hell are you?

Shaggy scampers onto shoulder of the highway, declares presence with loud MEOW. Ivory turns, plops down on his ass, and puts arms out.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Thank God you made it through the undead over there. Come to Daddy, little kitty.

Shaggy starts to approach, stops when HEADLIGHTS from APPROACHING VW BUG hit Ivory's face.

DRIVER POV

Rhonda sees Ivory, jerks wheel hard left. VW skids. Ivory covers his face, rolls toward shoulder of highway. Ivory disappears from her view. Retro VW Bug smashes into BLACK ESCALADE in left lane. Rhonda's forehead smashes into windshield.

VW comes to a stop, hood smashed up on driver's side. Rhonda, dazed from crashing into windshield, grabs door handle.

BACK TO SCENE

Ivory lays on his back, eyes closed. Shaggy approaches him from one side, Rhonda from the other.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Rhonda and Shaggy sit on a chair next to a hospital bed. A FEMALE DOCTOR (43) holds a chart, has grim expression.

DOCTOR

We've done all we can for him. His vital signs are present but just barely. He's in God's hands, if there is a god, now.

She looks at Ivory, who lies there with IV'S, TUBES running into his body. Small peaks and troughs crawl across screen of heart monitor next to bed.

Doctor pats Rhonda on the shoulder, rubs Shaggy under his chin. She silently shuffles out of the room.

Rhonda hugs Shaggy. Heart monitor screen goes FLAT LINE. Monitor alarm SCREECHES.

EXT. HIGHWAY 57 - NIGHT

Ivory's eyes pop open. He bolts into sitting position.

IVORY

(Yelling)

I don't want to die, I don't want to die, I don't --

Rhonda grabs his left shoulder.

RHONDA

You're not dead, honey.

Confused and dazed, Ivory peers at her. The headlights from VW Bug provide enough light to show Rhonda's face. She reaches down, hugs him. He latches onto her like a Titanic passenger gripping edge of a lifeboat.

Shaggy rubs up against his right side, nuzzles his chin. Ivory picks up cat, hugs him while still embracing Rhonda.

He lets go of her, strokes Shaggy's back and tail.

IVORY

What the fuck is going on? I thought quitting drinking would be good for me.

RHONDA

What happened?

IVORY

I thought I saw, and heard, a skeleton talking.

RHONDA

Oh my, that's not good.

IVORY

It's happened before.

RHONDA

What!?

IVORY

The other time I was seriously drunk and tripping on 'shrooms so that can be explained. Tonight, I was stone-cold sober but the skeleton and other, ah, things coming after me, seemed so real.

RHONDA

What kind of things do you mean?

Ivory waves it off.

IVORY

I don't want to discuss it.

RHONDA

Well my dear friend, it sounds like you had a severe case of alcohol withdrawal. I have heard stories about people hearing voices and seeing things that aren't there after quitting alcohol cold turkey.

Ivory SNAPS his fingers.

IVORY

Ah shit, yeah, they call it the DDT's. Stands for something with delirium in it.

RHONDA

If this were a normal, civilized world, we'd go to an ER or Urgent Care. But it's not so you're stuck with Amateur Nurse Rhonda and your beloved feline friend here.

IVORY

His name is Shaggy.

Cat perks up at sound of his name.

RHONDA

Right, Shaggy. He is a cutie pie, I have to admit. Okay, you're in no shape to travel except back to Castle Rhonda. Since my car isn't fit to drive, we'll have to take your Harley. I'm a little light-headed from the crash but I'm in much better condition than you.

IVORY

I love that bike but I'm not going back there, especially in the dark.

RHONDA

Shaggy and I will go with you. It'll be fine. We can do this.

She walks over and retrieves the flashlight Ivory dropped on the shoulder of the highway.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Let's go get your hog.

Ivory stands up. Shaggy lands on his feet. Rhonda points flashlight toward the woods. With Rhonda leading, they plunge into the darkness.

IVORY

What was that?

RHONDA

What was what?

IVORY

The rustling sounds.

RHONDA

Probably us. There's no one else around but us.

IVORY

Logically, intellectually, I'm almost sure you're right. But there's the crazy, delusional, paranoid side of me that is convinced otherwise.

RHONDA

It's all in your head.

IVORY

What's in my head is all I got.

Rhonda stops, steps back so she's next to Ivory, and grabs his right hand with her left hand. She peers into his eyes.

RHONDA

You're going to be fine. It's just you, me and Shaggy here, all right?

Ivory looks all around, his ears perked and listening for sounds that aren't there.

IVORY

All right, let's get the Harley and get the hell out of here.

Rhonda leads them along the trail left by the motorcycle's tires. They plod through the darkness.

VOICE IN IVORY'S HEAD

You're going to trust this bitch to get your beloved motorcycle back? You don't know her from Adam, or Eve for that matter. She's probably just leading you out here so she can slit your throat skin your cat and steal your Harley.

IVORY

(To the voice)
Shut the fuck up!

Rhonda stares at him.

RHONDA

Excuse me?

IVORY

I wasn't talking to you.

He points at his head.

RHONDA

Oh, I get it. Oh my god, you poor dear, you've got it bad. I wish I had medical training so I at least knew what kind of drug to give you to treat alcohol withdrawal.

IVORY

Yeah well you don't know and I don't know so I'm stuck with my messed-up mind.

Ivory finds her hand. They go on.

Flashlight shows a GRINNING SKULL. TWO SKELETONS wait for them. Rhonda leads them around the human remains. Ivory closes his eyes, keeps going. They reach the Harley.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Now we're talking.

Rhonda shines flashlight over bike until she finds IGNITION. Ivory kneels down on one knee, grabs handlebars. He jerks head to his right, peers into the blackness.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Did you hear that? There's something moving over there.

RHONDA

Ivory honey, you're hearing things that just aren't there. You're fine. Just lift the motorcycle up, turn on the key and we can --

A shape springs from the darkness, lands on Ivory's back. He SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER. Rhonda SCREAMS, points FLASHLIGHT at the attacker. Ivory sits on ground as Shaggy stands between them.

Ivory leans forward, clutches his chest as he catches breath.

IVORY

Shaggy, if you ever do that again, I'll, ah, be better prepared.

RHONDA

Let's start the bike and go.

IVORY

You drive, Shaggy and I will copilot.

He picks up feline and gently sets him in backpack. Ivory starts the Harley, Rhonda hops on the front while Ivory and cat take the rear. They ROAR back onto the highway.

INT. WILLIS TOWER - LOBBY - DAY

Ivory and Rhonda finish setting up AA-like meeting "room" in the lobby. Three round wooden tables stand in a triangle by the main entrance. Six flashlights pointed upward and arranged in a circle on each table provide illumination.

Store mannequins fill all but two of the folding chairs. Rhonda and Ivory occupy the other two. A lit Marlboro Light lies in ashtray in front of Rhonda. Ivory looks around the area, seems satisfied with the set-up.

IVORY

I'm Ivory and I was a fucking, raging alcoholic. But I'm better now. I'm a recovering alcoholic.

He looks at Rhonda. She smiles, give a thumbs up.

IVORY (CONT'D)

My life, in many respects, has been a deplorable waste. I haven't used God's gifts like I should have. Even before The End, I liked alcohol too much. The End gave me an excuse and opportunity to show my alcohol and drug addictions.

He takes drink of ice water, fights back tears, goes on.

IVORY (CONT'D)

But thanks to an angel named Rhonda, I am alive today to tell my story. She believed in me when no one else did. Of course, there is apparently no one else around who could believe in me but still, Rhonda seriously rocks.

He and Rhonda exchange a smile. She looks away after a beat.

IVORY (CONT'D)

The main thing is that I'm more than my sick, dysfunctional past. My old motto was 'I drink, therefore I am'. Now it's 'I don't drink, therefore I can be'.

He catches Rhonda's eye. She makes "so so" hand gesture.

IVORY (CONT'D)

At any rate, I'm a free man. I was imprisoned but no more. Rock on, everyone.

He starts to sit down. Rhonda jumps to feet and claps. Ivory glares at her.

IVORY (CONT'D)

You don't clap at AA meetings unless someone has reached a sobriety milestone of some kind.

RHONDA

Hey, you haven't drank for over three days, that something, right?

IVORY

Actually yes, that is a god damned major achievement. I'm sorry, continue your applause.

She does. Ivory nods and waves to the "crowd".

IVORY (CONT'D)

I want to thank all the little people, and you know who are, for helping make this happen.

He tracks down Shaggy, picks him up and sits next to Rhonda.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Is there anything you want to add?

RHONDA

Not really, I mean you summed it up so well. Wait, there is something I want to say. If you can give drinking and drugs, then as a show of solidarity and empathy, I'm going to quit smoking.

Ivory does double take.

IVORY

Wow, that is awesome. But that means there's going to be two really cranky people around each other. We might have to wear body armor in case things get too bad.

RHONDA

I don't think it'll come to that. I hope. Was there anything else, dear?

Ivory momentarily draws a blank, then remembers.

IVORY

Yes, actually there is. Before us three go on the road in search of other survivors, I need to rest up and let the toxins drain out of my system.

Rhonda frowns.

RHONDA

Excuse me, dear, I wasn't aware we were going to go on the road. I thought Castle Rhonda was big enough and interesting enough for the both, the three of us.

IVORY

It's fine for the very short-term but we need to try to connect with others, if there are any other survivors.

RHONDA

We'll see.

IVORY

As I was saying, while I rest up and detoxify, I need an activity, that I can channel my energy and focus into now that I'm no longer drinking. So I'm hoping to get some ideas from you all.

He scans the room, focuses on mannequin with Romney mask.

IVORY (CONT'D)

What, you say buy my own company, Mr. Romney? Well that's a fascinating concept but the problem is there are no companies to buy out, Governor.

He moves over to mannequin with Obama mask.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Wow, in a way, you really caught a break.

(MORE)

IVORY (CONT'D)

The war to end all wars bailed you out of having to try to fix a broken economy.

He continues to stare down the President Obama dummy.

IVORY (CONT'D)

I am in a unique position to carry on your work. If you have any words of wisdom, or WOW's for short, now is the time to impart them.

Barack, besides a smile, has nothing.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Oh that's right, you were an evil smoking president. Hey, I don't hold that against you. Us vice-loving, middle-aged males have to stick together, right?

He wraps arm around the mannequin, lets go a beat later.

RHONDA

Dear, I have an idea.

IVORY

Praise the Lord, let's hear it.

RHONDA

I have read, and heard from several friends of mine, that it's possible to achieve a natural high from strenuous exercising.

Ivory considers this.

IVORY

Really?

RHONDA

Yes. In fact, scientists claim the high from working out is very similar to having sex.

IVORY

You're making that up.

Rhonda holds up both hands in front of her.

+RHONDA

I'm serious. If there was still an Internet, you could look it up on there. I guess now you'd have to go to a library and read it in a book.

IVORY

That is so last century but you know what, I'll take your word for it. Anyone who saves me from jumping to my death from the 90th floor is someone to be trusted.

He appears dazed, like a boxer whose opponent just connected with a right-left combination.

IVORY (CONT'D)

I think we're done here. I'd like to thank you all for coming today. Not that you had any choice except for you.

He smiles at Rhonda. She shrugs shoulders.

RHONDA

My social calendar, amazingly, was wide open today so I figured, what the hell, why not?

IVORY

I appreciate your sincere support.

RHONDA

My pleasure.

IVORY

Let's find Shaggy and then maybe later I'll do something physical and that's good for me.

He gets up. Rhonda puts out cigarette and follows.

INT. WILLIS TOWER - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Ivory, wearing sleeveless T-shirt and Nike bottoms, chugs up stairs. He makes it through three levels, then rests. Rhonda, dressed in BLACK BUTTON-DOWN SHORT-SLEEVE SHIRT AND LEVI'S, sits halfway up next set of stairs.

RHONDA

That's a good start, sweetie. Don't quit now.

She unbuttons three buttons of her shirt. Her AMPLE CLEAVAGE comes into view.

She hops up and walks up stairs.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

If yo make it up to the seventh floor, back down to five and then up to seven, I'll reveal more.

IVORY

If I had realized how this exercising thing really worked, I'd have started a long time ago.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SPORTS AUTHORITY FIELD AT MILE HIGH STADIUM - NIGHT

Janitor man emerges from spaceship carrying a COMPUTER, BLACK METAL OBJECT about same size as laptop and SMALL GRAY CARRYING CASE labeled "Documentaries About Planet Earth".

The alien enters the stadium through main gates.

EXT. SPORTS AUTHROTIY FIELD AT MILE HIGH STADIUM - NIGHT

Janitor Man powers on computer, presses button on black object. The OBJECT unfolds, spreads while growing higher until it becomes large movie screen. The ET hooks up movie screen to computer and retrieves FOLDING CHAIR and TV TRAY from the Wanderer II and returns to computer.

Janitor Man sets computer on TV tray, inserts disk in computer.

ON SCREEN

NEZZEH FROCKMAN -- (990's), three heads (two male, one female), upper body female (large breasts, slender stomach), lower body male, wears orange jumpsuit with tie covered with Venus Fly Trap plants -- sits in a director's chair next to a roaring fireplace.

NEZZEH

(Male head #1)

Good day, all. The story of the Grand Human Beings Experiment on Planet Earth is a fascinating story, indeed.

(MORE)

NEZZEH (CONT'D)

The Raxonese, the most powerful galactic empire the known universe has ever seen, planted the seeds that gave birth to life on Earth.

Film footage from a camera mounted on bottom of Raxonese spaceship shows aerial view of T-Rex chasing after a caveman. The caveman rushes into a cave just before the giant dinosaur can kill him.

NEZZEH (CONT'D)

((Male head #2)

In the beginning, humans were on the defensive, too busy just surviving. But a comet hit Earth and led to the dinosaurs' extinction.

NEZZEH (CONT'D)

(Female head)

From then on, the human race was on a continual up trend.

Film footage (in full color) of cities being built, Egyptian pyramids, Mayan buildings and stone calendar. Then it's on to Jesus healing a blind man, Jesus being arrested and shivering, suffocating on cross between two criminals. Screen goes black for a couple of seconds.

Screen then shows Jesus emerging from tomb, and later talking with his disciples.

NEZZEH (CONT'D)

(Male head #1)

Not quite continual up trend. Even after the Son of God came to Earth, died and rose again, most of the species either forgot it ever happened or didn't believe it really happened. On the whole, human kind became obsessed with the idea of hurting or killing others in order to further selfish desires and manufactured needs. Greed, sexual desire, sometimes violence just for the sheer sport of it, became widespread.

Armies from the Civil, Vietnam and both World Wars, plus Russian Revolutionary War and several armed conflicts and civilian uprisings, flash across the screen.

Film clips from "Scarface", "Godfather" "Kill Bill", "Seven", "Friday the 13th" and "Halloween" follow.

NEZZEH (CONT'D)

(Male head #2)

Human beings were either killing one another in real life or watching portrayal of same on TV or movie screens. The message of hope, love and peace preached and practiced by Jesus was mostly forgotten or ignored.

NEZZEH (CONT'D)

(Female head)

While there were significant advances in communications technology (shots of people talking and texting with phones, using Internet on computers), true connections among people were rare. Moreover, not only were human beings inflicting violence on one another, their greed led to the formation of companies that abused the environment in the form of air and water pollution and severe deforestation.

Images of a cloud of smog over Los Angeles, close-up of New York's Hudson River and bare hillside in Vermont follow.

NEZZEH (CONT'D)

(Male head #1)

Humans treated their planet, generally speaking, like they treated one another: as a thing to be conquered and manipulated for one's own short-term gain.

Screen shows a Scotland Yard policeman kneeling over a slain prostitute in Whitechapel district of London in 1888, then several more similar scenes and then a newspaper headline: "Ripper Strikes Again".

NEZZEH (CONT'D)

(Male head #2)

Perhaps the most disturbing and revealing evidence of the species' dysfunctionality, other the formalized mass murders called wars, is the phenomenon of a serial killer, a type of living being that's unheard of anywhere else in the known universe.

Video clips: Ted Bundy sweet talks a young coed into getting into his car, Elizabeth Bathory (The Blood Countess) bathes in blood of one of her virgin victim's, and John Wayne Gacy painting a portrayal of one of his victims while in prison cell.

NEZZEH (CONT'D)

(Female head)

As disturbing as that is, in terms of numbers, as one of my counterparts just mentioned, is the occurrence of war, in essence genocide or legalized mass murder.

Nazi death camps, Civil War battles, and Vietnam conflict march across screen. Men shoot, get shot or stabbed; Jewish men, women and children are executed, their bodies piled in giant trenches.

Janitor Man looks at collection of corpses.

JANITOR MAN

What is wrong with you people? Not you people in particular as you're dead but I mean with your species in general. How can you justify that kind of extreme violence? Yes, I killed thirty-five of you but I was merely doing my job. That is different, you see.

Alien hits STOP, ejects disk, put it back into storage case and looks over the hundreds of movie DVD's behind it. Janitor Man pulls out "American Beauty" and inserts it into computer.

JANITOR MAN (CONT'D)

(To self)

Let's see what kind of stories they liked. Perhaps there is hope for them after all.

INT. WILLIS TOWER - STAIRWELL - 10TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Ivory pants, sweats profusely as he pauses to catch his breath. He spots a shirtless Rhonda jiggling up the stairs to the eleventh floor.

RHONDA

The bra comes off next.

IVORY

In honor of you quitting smoking,
I'm going to remove an article or
two, at least, of my clothing.

RHONDA (O.S.)

That's so generous of you.

IVORY

That's just the kind of guy I am.

INT. WILLIS TOWER - STAIRWELL - 13TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Ivory forces himself to finish the last five steps, then falls onto the landing of the thirteenth floor. He lands next to Rhonda. Both are down to their underwear. She hands him a canteen of water to him. He smiles.

IVORY

Bless your almost totally naked
self.

He gulps down a mouthful, pauses, drinks more as he arms layers of sweat from his forehead. Another drink, then he hands canteen back to her.

RHONDA

What happened to Shaggy?

IVORY

He lost interest around the sixth
floor.

RHONDA

So it's just us two.

IVORY

"Fraid so. You're stuck with me.

RHONDA

I think I can handle that.

He rolls over on top of her, kisses her long and lustfully on the lips, moves down and caresses her left breast. She GROANS, he moves to other breast. Ivory breathes hard again. Rhonda does too.

Ivory slips off her panties, then his boxers. He rubs her crotch. She GROANS LOUDER, closes her eyes.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

There you go. That's nice.

He keeps rubbing and sucking. Rhonda is visibly more aroused.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

You got something bigger for mez?

Ivory looks at his crotch, shakes his head no.

IVORY

In my younger, pre-raging-alcoholic days, the answer would have been a resounding yes. Unfortunately I can't say that now.

RHONDA

What's a matter, does my bounciness turn you off?

IVORY

Oh God no, it's not you, honey. It's all me. All those years of boozing and 'shrooming has robbed a certain organ of mine of its get up and go.

RHONDA

Fuck.

IVORY

Trust me, I'd love to if I could. But we can still have fun.

He moves his head towards Rhonda's pleasure center.

RHONDA

There you go. I'll have enough orgasms for the both of us.

IVORY

After a little recovery time, my body should snap back to its old, younger self.

RHONDA

Plus there's like a million lifetimes supply of Viagra and the like around.

Ivory LAUGHS, then gets serious about pleasure.

EXT. SPORTS AUTHORITY FIELD AT MILE HIGH STADIUM - DAY

Janitor Man takes "Batman" out of computer, returns to case, takes out "Dexter - Season 1". It puts into computer.

JANITOR MAN
(To computer)
Summarize "Dexter".

Two seconds later, computer responds.

ON SCREEN

One of the most popular series on cable TV starring a character named, logically enough, Dexter. He is a blood analyst for the homicide division of the Miami Police Department and also a serial killer whose victims are mostly unpunished, violent criminals.

BACK TO SCENE

Janitor Man hits PLAY icon.

EXT. CHICAGO PARK TENNIS COURTS - DAY

Ivory and Rhonda peer at the netless courts.

IVORY
Where do you suppose the city parks
and recreation staff put the nets?

RHONDA
Probably in one of those.

She points at three wooden, locked buildings nearby.

IVORY
I could blow off the lock with my
Magnum .357.

RHONDA
But you'd probably end up like
Ralphie in "Christmas Story".

Ivory smiles, looks over at her.

IVORY AND RHONDA
(Simultaneously)
You'll shoot your eye out, kid!.

They laugh, then stare at the courts with no nets. Ivory turns gaze to the Chicago skyline and migrates naturally to Castle Rhonda, the tallest structure in the city's arsenal.

He SNAPS HIS FINGERS.

IVORY
I have an idea.

RHONDA

What?

IVORY

Let's go back to your castle.
You'll see.

EXT. CHICAGO PARK TENNIS COURTS - DAY

Ivory and Rhonda pull into parking lot in a black Silverado truck. The flat bed is filled with piles of cubicle walls and mannequins.

MONTAGE OF LOVERS SETTING UP TENNIS COURT

1) Ivory and Rhonda, at opposite ends of cubicle panel, haul panels onto tennis court.

2) Ivory and Rhonda each carry eight mannequins, two at a time, onto the court.

3) Shaggy bats and chases tennis ball around the court while humans et things up.

END MONTAGE

Ivory and Rhonda area bout to start to play. Three cubicle panels are spread across court where net normally is. Four mannequins on each side of the "net" kneel next to the cube walls. They have both hands stretched out and lay on the panels so they appear to be hold the panels in place.

On each side of the court, five feet from beginning of the doubles alley, six cubicle panels stand. They keep stray shots from rolling too far away. .

Ivory practices a few serves. First two fall short, hit makeshift net and bounce back to him. The third one lands in the court. Rhonda can't get the return over the net.

Ivory raises both hands over his head, drops to hi sknees like he's just won Wimbledon.

IVORY

(Yelling)

Yes, I still got it, baby.

RHONDA

Lucky shot. I was so shocked it made it over the net I froze up.

IVORY

Did I mention I lettered in high school tennis three times?

RHONDA

Good for you.

Ivory whacks another serve. It lands right on the back service line, deep to Rhonda's backhand. She lunges, flicks a return that zips past Ivory for a winner.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Did I mention I was on the varsity tennis team in high school and college?

IVORY

No shit?

RHONDA

That's right. UCLA women's team. I haven't played since a year before the bombs hit so I'm a little rusty. Now that I'm not smoking, my endurance will be better.

IVORY

So you're saying bring my A game?

RHONDA

Just bring it. Period.

IVORY

Game on.

EXT. SPORTS AUTHORITY FIELD AT MILE HIGH STADIUM - NIGHT

On the screen, Dexter plunges knife into chest of yet another victim in the final episode of Season 5.

Janitor Man leaps up from his chair.

JANITOR MAN

(Yelling)

That is this race's idea of a hero? A vigilante serial killer who drugs, binds, stabs victim and slices up their body before he dumps it into the ocean? That's it, the race needs to become extinct.

INT. WILLIS TOWER - LOBBY - DAY

Ivory wears black sweatpants, sleeveless Nike shirt and black Starter high-tops. Rhonda chews Nicorette, wears blue denim skirt and white short-sleeve top. She holds tennis racquet in right hand, a duffel bag slung over her right shoulder.

Shaggy carefully stalks imaginary mouse by front doors.

RHONDA

You sure you don't want to come with me?

IVORY

I'll be by after I do the stairs. You can practice your serve or whatever until I get there.

RHONDA

Not that I need extra practice to beat the likes of you.

IVORY

Of course not. Based on the last match, I should be the one getting in extra practice.

He grabs her by the hips, stares at her lovingly. She smiles sweetly back, lays left hand on his shoulder.

RHONDA

Speaking of love and balls, I need to tell you something.

IVORY

You like the size of my racquet?

She laughs.

RHONDA

I really do like the size and feel of your racquet and of course, the fuzzy balls.

IVORY

Keep talking like that and I'll skip the stairs altogether.

RHONDA

Maybe later, after tennis. Anyway, lately my body has like a run-on sentence.

Ivory frowns, waits for clarification.

IVORY

Ah, um, a really smart and clever guy would have figured out what the means but you're stuck with me.

RHONDA

I missed my period. I'm like 99.9999% sure I'm pregnant.

IVORY

No fucking way.

RHONDA

I'm as serious as a nuclear war.

IVORY

Wow, that's exactly what we were shooting for.

RHONDA

Yes, that's right. But what sucks is that I'll be gaining weight right when I was planning to keep losing weight.

Ivory waves the thought away.

IVORY

It's just a temporary deal. You'll become more pregnant, gain weight, have the baby and boom, lose weight. It's all good.

RHONDA

Yeah, I guess you're right. As long as we're together, good things will happen.

IVORY

Damn fucking straight.

RHONDA

One thing. You're going to need to clean up your language before the kid comes out.

IVORY

What fucking ever.

They kiss, long and soulful. She breaks away.

RHONDA

Okay hon, I'll see you in an hour.

IVORY

Right around that. I'll do the stairs, come back down, hop on the hog and be over to the courts right afterwards.

RHONDA

Sweet. I love you.

IVORY

Right back atcha.

INT. WILLIS TOWER - STAIRWELL - 90TH FLOOR - DAY

Ivory, out of breath, sweating, smiling, staggers toward the hole in the window, now covered with Duck and electrician's tape.

He smiles as he sees the message he painted on the street way below. Ivory takes deep breath, rests hands on the wall as he peers at the Chicago skyline.

He does double take. A METAL GRAY SPACESHIP speeds through the sky. It flies past the Willis Tower, aka Castle Rhonda, and out of sight.

IVORY

(To self)

What the fuck?

He turns, sees Shaggy has followed him up the stairs.

IVORY (CONT'D)

(To cat)

Did you see that? Probably not. Well trust me, I just saw a fucking UFO and I'm not one of those clueless, drunken hillbilly types the media always seems to interview.

Shaggy seems okay with his explanation.

IVORY (CONT'D)

(To cat)

Let's go try to see where the UFO lands, alright?

He picks up Shaggy and heads for stairwell.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE WILLIS TOWER - DAY

Ivory is on the Harley, beloved cat in backpack. They roar north on South Wacker Drive, take a right on West Monroe. Ivory keeps speed down to thirty MPH.

He scans sky and ground for the spaceship. Nothing but scattered vehicles with decaying corpses or skeletons in them and an occasional body laying on the sidewalk or street.

They continue east on West Monroe. Street changes to East Monroe. Ivory scans ground and sky but no spaceship.

IVORY

(To Shaggy)

I really saw a damned spaceship.
I'm not delusional and I'm sure not
drunk or tripping on hallucinogenic
mushrooms.

Shaggy is oblivious. Cat takes in rushing air and checks out passing trees, bushes and buildings.

They pass by South Columbus Street. Ivory slows down, turns left, jumps the curb and pulls up next to bushes bordering south end of southern set of three courts. There is another set of courts in the north end of the Chicago Park.

Ivory jumps off motorcycle, extracts cat from backpack and sets him on the ground. Ivory approaches tennis courts .

He stops, stares at Rhonda. She plays singles with a grandmotherly type. The elderly woman moves surprisingly fast, hits ball with authority. So hard that the stranger's last backhand passing shot zips right past Rhonda.

RHONDA

Wow, nice shot, Norma.

She starts to return to baseline, sees Ivory.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Oh hi. The most amazing thing
happened. This sweet woman also
survived The End. Honey, this is
Norma Allen.

Disguised alien smiles, takes several steps toward Ivory, waves with left hand.

NORMA

So nice to meet you, ah --

IVORY

Ivory Blackman. It's great to meet you too. Rhonda and I were afraid we were the only ones left.

NORMA

You are.

IVORY

Excuse me?

NORMA

I mean besides myself, you two are probably the only ones. I've traveled extensively since coming out from my underground shelter and you're the first ones I've met.

IVORY

Really? Where have you been?

NORMA

All over the planet.

RHONDA

But how did you cross the oceans?

NORMA

I flew. An airplane, I mean. You see, I was a pilot for various commercial airlines for over thirty years before I retired just prior to The End.

RHONDA

How interesting. It's terribly sexist but when I think of a commercial airlines pilot, I assume it's a man.

Norma starts to say something, stops, shrugs shoulders.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

And she plays a mean game of tennis too. I can't believe how strong and agile you are for a retired pilot.

NORMA

A healthy diet and regular exercise do wonders, dear.

IVORY

Sorry to interrupt your match but I need to have a private moment with Rhonda.

Norma smiles brightly.

RHONDA

Oh certainly, you two take as much time as you need.

Ivory enters court area, puts left arm around Rhonda and leads her toward fence in back of the court.

IVORY

(Softly)

This is so strange.

RHONDA

(Softly)

Yeah, we meet another survivor. You were right after all.

IVORY

(Softly)

Not only that but I just saw a fucking UFO fly by Castle Rhonda. That's why I got here so fast. I was trying to see where, and if, it landed.

RHONDA

(Softly)

Oh my god, that's incredible. Are you sure it was a spaceship?

He glances over at Norma. She peers at them. Ivory keeps his body positioned so he can keep watch on the stranger as he speaks with Rhonda. Both continue to speak in whispers.

IVORY

Absolutely, one-hundred percent sure. But I haven't seen it again so maybe it kept flying to wherever its final destination is.
1

RHONDA

It's such a coincidence it arrived at almost the same time as Norma.

They exchange a look.

IVORY

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

RHONDA

If you're thinking you don't believe in coincidences, then yes, I'm thinking what you're thinking. I think.

Ivory studies Norma. She peers at them.

IVORY

There's got to be a connection between the two events.

RHONDA

What kind of connection?

IVORY

That's the million-dollar question, my dear. I'm not completely sure. I don't know, let's play it by ear. We just need to be wary around this Norma person or whoever she is.

He takes arm off her shoulder, picks up racquet.

IVORY (CONT'D)

(Loudly, to Norma)

How about we play Australian doubles?

Norma looks confused.

IVORY (CONT'D)

That's two against one, as in us two against you.

NORMA

Oh, I see. Sure, dear, whatever you'd like to do.

Rhonda prepares to serve as Ivory goes to the net.

IVORY

Where are you from? I mean before you did all the traveling?

NORMA

New York City.

IVORY

No fu -- I mean really? That's where I'm from. What part of the city?

Rhonda hesitates, doesn't serve yet.

NORMA

Eastern.

IVORY

I mean which borough -- Queens, the Bronx, Manhattan, or Staten Island?

NORMA

Ah, um, the Bronx.

Ivory straightens up from his crouch.

IVORY

No shit? I mean really? I would have pegged you being from Staten island or Manhattan. What about baseball, were you a Yankees fan?

NORMA

Professional baseball, oh yes, of course. I loved the Brooklyn Dodgers.

IVORY

Before my time.

NORMA

I was a Brooklyn Dodgers fan until The End.

IVORY

What? The Dodgers moved to LA in '57. They were the Los Angeles Dodgers from then on. Yankees were a baseball dynasty. They played their home games in the Bronx.

NORMA

Oh, I'm sorry. I was mistaken.

IVORY

Who in hell are you? I mean really.

Norma Allen drops tennis racquet, loses facade and shows Janitor Man in all its alien glory. Janitor Man has snake projectile set in firing position within a second.

JANITOR MAN

My word, you Earthlings have a serious fixation on spectator sports.

Alien fires two shots, one at Ivory and one at Rhonda. Ivory uses tennis racquet to deflect shot away from him while Rhonda drops down to barely avoid the second shot.

Both shots bounce off the metal interlocking fence at north end of court. Boa-constrictor-like snakes explode into action, seeks targets but find nothing within reach.

Ivory rushes towards Rhonda, leads her to east gate in back of court. Janitor Man fires again.

The shot flies at Rhonda's head. Ivory swats the projective away, Another snake without a victim springs into life Ivory and Rhonda slip out the gate and run behind the hedge.

Janitor Man comes after them, yells "Return to dormant stage" at the snakes. Each one curls into a ball, shrinks and folds in on itself.

The alien SIGHS.

JANITOR MAN (CONT'D)

(To self)

I will retrieve those later.

Janitor Man rushes out the gate after the human

EXT.WOODED AREA BETWEEN TENNIS COURTS AND EAST MONROE - DAY

Ivory and Rhonda are about to jump on motorcycle.

IVORY

Shit, I've got to go get Shaggy.

RHONDA

You can't be serious.

IVORY

Hell yes I am. He's one kick-ass house cat.

He uses racquet to point to his left.

IVORY (CONT'D)

You lure Alien breath that way. I'll circle back around the other way. We'll go from there.

RHONDA
That's a plan?

IVORY
That's the best I can do on short
notice.

She races into wooded area by the next set of courts, about two-hundred yards away. Ivory circles back around on west side of courts they were just playing on.

Janitor Man emerges from behind hedge, sprints down walking/biking path. Alien glimpses Rhonda as she flees to creature's left, takes off after her.

EXT. WOODED AREA IN PARK - CONTINUOUS

She takes off for wooded area by the next set of tennis courts, about two-hundred yards away. Ivory circles back around on west side of the tennis court they were just on.

Janitor Man emerges from behind hedge, sprints down walking/biking path after the prey. It glimpses Rhonda fleeing to creature's left, takes off with weapon in hand after her.

EXT. CHICAGO PARK TENNIS COURTS - DAY

Ivory bolts through gate. Shaggy trots up to him.

IVORY
Come to Daddy, big guy.

He quickly scoops up feline, doesn't notice DORMANT SNAKE PROJECTILE in Shaggy's mouth. Ivory puts cat into backpack, retrieves BOW AND ARROW and runs through gate.

EXT. CHICAGO PARK TENNIS COURTS (WEST) - CONTINUOUS

Ivory runs past hedge, takes right and runs straight head for fifty yards, then diagonally, straightens out and sees Janitor Man standing two-hundred yards away.

Ivory tries to accelerate but he can't, keeps going. Fifty yards away from the towering ET, Ivory sees Janitor Man take aim at Rhonda, who lays on the ground holding her left ankle.

RHONDA
(To Janitor Man)
Don't do this.

JANITOR MAN
Just doing my job.

Alien starts to pull trigger. Ivory stops, takes aim, and shoots an arrow that sinks into the flesh of Janitor Man's right hand. Janitor Man CRIES OUT IN PAIN as it fires weapon.

Ivory's shot causes Janitor Man's shot to miss Rhonda by six inches to her right. Snake explode into life, sees Rhonda and slithers right for her face.

She scrambles to her feet, snake starts to wrap around her right ankle. Rhonda KICKS free of the giant snake, hobbles toward Ivory and the alien.

Janitor Man yanks out ARROW from where it was embedded on top its right hand, Ivory uses opportunity to shoot alien in its right ankle. ARROWHEAD penetrates deeply, comes out OTHER SIDE OF ANKLE.

Alien ROARS in pain, drops its weapon and tries to pull arrow out of its ankle. Rhonda veers toward alien, kicks weapon away from Janitor Man. Janitor Man tries to grab Rhonda, but barely misses.

He looks at Rhonda as Janitor Man tugs on arrow and crawls toward its weapon.

IVORY
What happened to your ankle?

RHONDA
I tripped on a tree root sticking
Out of the ground. It's just a
sprain, I think.

IVORY
You can rest while we ride off.

He starts to pick her up.

RHONDA
What are you doing?

IVORY
Carrying you to the Harley.

RHONDA
You sure you're up to this?

IVORY
Of course.

He scoops her up, strains under the weight and carries her to the motorcycle as Shaggy looks on from backpack.

Janitor Man grimaces, SWEARS IN NATIVE LANGUAGE, rips arrow out of ankle and reaches for weapon. Alien changes setting to SEALANT on weapon, fires at the hole in its ankle. An adhesive material wraps around ankle, stops blow of BLUE ALIEN BLOOD.

Janitor Man strains onto its feet, glares at Ivory and Rhonda as they reach motorcycle.

JANITOR MAN

You are going to pay for that when
I finish the job.

Janitor Man limps toward the spaceship parked in Millennium Park, over a half mile away. Janitor Man spots a one-speed bicycle, a La Jolla cruiser, on the ground.

It limps over to tan bicycle, moves setting on weapon to RESIDUAL ENERGY ACTIVATOR and fires BEAM OF PURPLE LIGHT at the bike.

La Jolla vibrates with restored life. Janitor Man picks up bike. The wheels begin to roll by themselves. Alien hops on bicycle and rolls toward the spaceship.

EXT. WEST ADAMS STREET - DAY

Shaggy is in the backpack, protected by a human sandwich, as Ivory has Harley maxed out at 140. Ivory speeds past and weaves in and out of traffic as needed.

RHONDA

(Yelling)

I think we should get off the
motorcycle and hide out someplace.

IVORY

(Yelling)

But we've got the jump on alien
breath.

RHONDA

(Yelling)

I know but its spaceship is at
least a thousand times faster than
this motorcycle. It won't take long
for it to catch up.

IVORY
 (Yelling)
 That's assuming it knows which
 direction we're heading.

RHONDA
 (Yelling)
 If it's as smart as I think it is,
 it will fly in concentric circles
 gradually expanding its orbit so it
 covers the entire state and then
 neighboring states until it finds
 us.

IVORY
 (Yelling)
 Wow, you are one smart lady.

He slows Harley down as they approach South Clinton Street.

IVORY (CONT'D)
 (Yelling)
 How about we turn here?

RHONDA
 (Yelling)
 Go for it.

He does. UNION STATION dominates block on their left.

IVORY
 (Yelling)
 That looks like a good place to
 hide out.

RHONDA
 (Yelling)
 Let's do it, baby.

Ivory pulls Harley up to a once bustling transportation hub.

INT. JANITOR MAN SPACESHIP - DAY

Towering green, scaly alien looks at viewing screen. It shows
 streets and highway down below. There's no sign of the
 targets. An incoming message appears on computer screen.

COMPUTER SCREEN

What is the status of your mission? My superiors tell me the
 new-species program is slated to begin in 14 Earth days.

BACK TO SCENE

Janitor Man replies by speaking. Ship software captures voice as text on computer screen.

JANITOR MAN

I am in pursuit right now. It would be very helpful if HQ can send satellite scans of the Chicago area to aid in tracking them.

COMPUTER SCREEN

Image of COMMANDER ZENITH -- 1,532 years old, military uniform with numerous medals, all business aura -- replaces text.

COMMANDER ZENITH

Nebula, I expected to hear that you wrapped up your mission by now.

JANITOR MAN

I am about to do that but I need the requested satellite scans to accomplish said mission.

COMMANDER ZENITH

That is not possible. The communications software between headquarters and Earth requires considerable computing resources. With our aggressive expansion campaign, the computer systems are straining to keep up with new territory acquisitions. We disabled the link and are using the computer resources in a different region.

JANITOR MAN

I see. I will have to get along without the satellite scans.

COMMANDER ZENITH

You do that, Nebula. I need not state the obvious.

JANITOR MAN

That failure is not an option? That the only way to salvage my career is cleaning up the last remnants of a race gone bad?

COMMANDER ZENITH

I could not have said it better myself. Well, perhaps a little better but you are close enough.

(MORE)

COMMANDER ZENITH (CONT'D)
The next time I hear your voice, it
better be to report you've
completed the mission objective.

JANITOR MAN
Yes, Commander.

Commander Zenith disappears from the screen. Janitor Man
peers at the computer screen.

JANITOR MAN (CONT'D)
(To Ship's Navigation
System)
Listen carefully, this is the
pattern the ship needs to fly in.
Are you listening?

NAVIGATION SYSTEM (O.S.)
Yes, go ahead.

JANITOR MAN
Fly in a outwardly spiraling
pattern. Make the initial orbit
three Earth miles in diameter, then
alter the flight path so the next
orbit is six miles in diameter, and
keep increasing diameter of the
orbit by three Earth miles.

NAVIGATION SYSTEM (O.S.)
Understood.

JANITOR MAN
If either the ship's surveillance
system or myself spot the targets,
switch to stealth mode immediately
and draw to within one-hundred
standard units before firing the
laser cannon.

NAVIGATION SYSTEM (O.S.)
Understood.

JANITOR MAN
That is all for now.

Alien opens DVD case.

JANITOR MAN (CONT'D)
Perhaps "Dexter" was an anomaly.

INT. UNION STATION - THE GREAT HALL - NIGHT

Ivory and Rhonda play strip poker amongst the myriad skeletons and remains in various states of decay in The Great Hall. The walls soar to 110 feet, ending in a sprawling vaulted skylight. The Roaring 20's atmosphere from the transportation center prototype's hey days seems far away.

Shaggy snoozes in the middle of the oversized wooden bench. Ivory and Rhonda play their game on. Ivory's down to black and red boxers, a noticeably slimmer Rhonda is down to bra and panties.

IVORY

So Miss Smarty Pants, or should I say Miss Smarty Panties, how long should we hide out here?

RHONDA

Not that long. Presuming the spaceship hauls galactic ass, it won't take long to do the outward-spiral orbit.

IVORY

So I presume after Alien Breath doesn't find us on the outward-concentric-orbit-path system, it'll reverse its course and move inward, right?'

RHONDA

Very good. That was exactly what I was thinking. If we stay down here long enough, the ET will arrive back in Chicago without having ever found us.

IVORY

Excuse me, don't forget we have a game going on here.

Rhonda discards, picks up three cards.

RHONDA

The million-dollar question is how far out does the alien go before it decides to reverse course?

IVORY

The millon-and-one-dollar question is what kind of hand do you have?

He lays down his cards: THREE KINGS.

RHONDA

Shit.

She lays down her cards: THREE JACKS. She unhooks brad, drops it on Shaggy. He ignores it, continues to chill out.

IVORY

Nice, ah, assets you have there.

RHONDA

Thank you. I've spent a lifetime getting them into their present state.

IVORY

Illinois?

RHONDA

Smart ass. Anyway, there are a lot of other questions I have. Like why does this alien want to kill us, for one.

Ivory scoops up cards, shuffles them. He deals a new hand.

IVORY

And were aliens involved in starting the war that led to The End?

RHONDA

And will this alien's friends join him in the near future to help him kill off the remaining survivors:?

IVORY

Man, life is full of questions. You think you have the answers but then you discover you were wrong again. It's like Charlie Brown trying to kick that fucking football and Lucy pulls it every time.

RHONDA

Hurry up and deal. I'm getting cold.

Ivory leers at her chest.

IVORY

Yeah, I can see that.

INT. ALIEN SPACESHIP - NIGHT

Janitor Man puts "Close Encounters of the Third Kind (#1) back into case.

JANITOR MAN

(To self)

Now that was quasi-thoughtful,
insightful entertainment.

Communications software informs of incoming message.

JANITOR MAN (CONT'D)

Yes, Commander?

COMMANDER ZENITH

How close are you to completing
your mission? I expected to hear
from you by now that you'd wrapped
up everything.

JANITOR MAN

It would be helpful if headquarters
could provide assistance in the
form of satellite scans. But if
that's not feasible, then at least
send additional personnel and ships
to aid in the search.

COMMANDER ZENITH (V.O.)

Impossible. We are stretched to the
maximum. The Emperor's grand vision
for universal colonization outpaces
the available resources. We need
every soldier available to help
with the Galaxy UXZ-11 campaign,
among others.

Janitor Man shales head on frustration.

JANITOR MAN

Well then you will have allow for
more time. There is only so much
one soldier, even if it's
extraordinarily capable, dedicated
and focused, can do.

COMMANDER ZENITH (O.S.)

The Emperor is not acquainted with
the word patience. You are on your
own. Make this mission's original
deadline or forget about any future
promotions.

(MORE)

COMMANDER ZENITH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

In fact, you may have
consider getting out of the
military entirely should this not
work out.

JANITOR MAN

It will work out, trust me,
Commander. I shall do whatever is
necessary to get the job done.

COMMANDER ZENITH (V.O.)

That's the spirit, Nebula.
Exterminate the pest, rid the
planet of the unsavory life forms
so we can start fresh.

JANITOR MAN

Yes, Commander.

Call ends. Janitor Man looks at monitor showing view outside
the spaceship. Below is downtown Minneapolis. The IDS and
Norwest Towers rise above everything else. Target Field and
Target Center stand on the eastern edge of downtown, in the
warehouse district.

JANITOR MAN (CONT'D)

(To navigational system)
Cease outward spiral, and reverse
course until told otherwise.

NAVIGATION SYSTEM (V.O.)

Understood.

Janitor Man sneers, drums long, scaly fingers on armchair.

JANITOR MAN

(To navigation system)
Correction: reverse spiral reaching
three-hundred miles from Chicago.
Then go into constant, circular
path.

NAVIGATION SYSTEM (V.O.)

If you do not mind my asking, why
the change?

JANITOR MAN

(To navigational system)
The human targets will grow
restless and try to escape.
(MORE)

JANITOR MAN (CONT'D)

I am unsure of what direction they will flee so instead of actively pursuing them, I have decided to maintain a constant orbit.

NAVIGATION SYSTEM (V.O.)

Ah, so you are waiting for targets to come to you.

JANITOR MAN

Precisely.

NAVIGATION SYSTEM (V.O.)

For a non-computerized entity, you are exceptionally intelligent.

JANITOR MAN

Thank you. That is all.

INT. UNION STATION - THE GREAT HALL - DAY

Ivory finishes daily jog, rests, does 25 push-ups, rests and finishes with 75 jumping jacks.

Rhonda chews Nicorette, practices serve over imaginary net. Shaggy chases after her last serve.

IVORY

It's time to blow this Popsicle stand. I'm going stir crazy.

RHONDA

And just where do you want to go?

IVORY

I'm thinking Red Wing, Minnesota. My brother Ray and his family lived there until The End. And the state had the Vikings, my favorite football team. Y know, being from New York I should have been a Giants fan but something about the frozen tundra and raping/marauding Vikings deal appealed to me.

RHONDA

Nice.

IVORY

You have a better idea?

RHONDA

I wouldn't mind heading west, I mean home was San Francisco so at least we'd be heading in that general direction.

Ivory looks at Shaggy, who rubs against his ankles.

IVORY

Shag Man, you ready to go west?

Cat gets on hinds legs, puts front paws on owner's left knee.

IVORY (CONT'D)

It's unanimous. We're going west.

EXT. HIG TEN LEADING INTO DURAND, WISCONSIN - NIGHT

Ivory and company, on the Harley, approach Chippawa River.

INT. ALLEN SPACESHIP - NIGHT

Janitor Man sees motorcycle come into view.

JANITOR MAN

Finally. Navigation system, after that motorcycle.

NAVIGATION SYSTEM (V.O.)

Understood.

Spaceship speeds toward Earth and the roaring motorcycle. Right after the human trio cross the river, a BLUE BLAST FROM LASER CANNON whizzes past Harley Davidson, blasts chunk of highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY IN DURAND, WISCONSIN - CONTINUOUS

Ivory sees chunk of highway come flying back, barely misses then.

IVORY

Holy fucking shit!

He and Rhonda glance behind them, don't see Janitor Man because spaceship is in cloaking mode.

IVORY (CONT'D)

(Yelling)

I'm going to go out on a limb and guess that our alien friend must have put spaceship into cloaking mode. You keep your eyes on the rear and tell which direction I need to move, left or right, to avoid the next attempt on our lives.

RHONDA

(Yelling)

It's a deal.

A half second later, another laser beam hits six inches behind the rear wheel. The force of the blast nearly knocks the motorcycle to the ground.

IVORY

(Yelling)

You were supposed to warn me.

RHONDA

Sorry, I'll try to do better next --

Another LASER BLAST whizzes three inches over their heads.

IVORY

(Yelling)

That's it, you've been relieved of your duties.

RHONDA

(Yelling)

Wow, that was the shortest job I ever had.

Ivory slows down to seventy, sixty, fifty, and suddenly veers off the highway and toward forest to the left of the road. Harley bounces as it flies off highway and onto lower ground.

A BLUE LASER BLAST whizzes within two inches of their left shoulders, implodes into giant oak tree just ahead. Tree trunk and branch parts fly through the air. Ivory speeds up to seventy, barely avoids next laser shot.

EXT FOREST WEST OF HIGHWAY TEN - CONTINUOUS

Motorcycle flies between oak and maple trees at dizzying speed. They barely avoid numerous trees.

RHONDA

You're not Luke Skywalker in the
"Star Wars" movie with the Ewoks.
Slow down before you kill us.

He slows Harley way down.

IVORY

The bastard from outer space can't
shoot us in here.

RHONDA

Not from the spaceship but I'm sure
the ET from hell will give its best
shot after it lands the ship.

IVORY

While the alien lands the ship, we
need to come up with a game plan.

RHONDA

Got any ideas?

Ivory gets off motorcycle, marches toward highway. Rhonda follows.

IVORY

First off, we need to see exactly
where it lands the spaceship.

They watch as Janitor Man lands ship on left shoulder of the highway. Ivory stops, turns to Rhonda.

IVORY (CONT'D)

I'[l lure big, green and scaly away
from the spaceship. You sneak
inside and disable said spaceship.
Then we ride away on the Harley.

RHONDA

How do I disable the spaceship?

IVORY

I have no idea but with your vast
intellect and imagination, I'm sure
you'll come up with something.

EXT. FOREST WEST OF HIGHWAY TEN - NIGHT

Janitor Man strides into wooded area, weapon in hand. It spots Harley, fires and hits fuel tank. Cycle dies a fiery, EXPLOSIVE death. Ivory steps out from behind giant oak tree.

IVORY
You giant piece of alien shit. I
loved that bike.

He zips behind oak, runs away. Janitor Man pursues Ivory into the forest.

EXT. FOREST WEST OF HIGHWAY TEN - CONTINUOUS

Janitor Man catches up with Ivory. He turns toward alien.

IVORY
Okay, you got me.

JANITOR MAN
Where is the female?

IVORY
What female?

Alien takes two strides toward him, stands five feet away.

JANITOR MAN
Being clever, huh? Or is that
sarcastic?

IVORY
A little of both, actually.

Janitor Man scans woods, doesn't see Rhonda.

JANITOR MAN
That is fine. I will deal with her
after I finish you off.

IVORY
Good plan.

He backs away from Janitor Man.

IVORY (CONT'D)
So why do you want to kill us?

JANITOR MAN
Nothing personal. My people, who
planted the seeds of life on this
planet, have decided to replace
your race with a better one. I need
to exterminate any survivors so we
can start with a clean slate.

IVORY

Personally I think humans, despite our many faults, aren't so bad. I know we fucoid up a lot of things, try to kill or harm one another a lot but we did the Woodstock and Farm Aid deals. And we had Ghandi and of course, Jesus and Buddha.

JANITOR MAN

Your species is pathetic. Your history is dominated by war, violent crime and dysfunctional personal interactions.

IVORY

That's one view. But we're a complex race. Human beings help each other out all the time.

Janitor Man aims weapon at Ivory's face.

JANITOR MAN

Not anymore you're not.

Alien fires. Ivory jumps out of the way. Projectile hits oak tree. Snake looks for someone to wrap around but finds none. Ivory flees towards forest.

EXT. HIGHWAY TEN - NIGHT

Rhonda chews Nicorette, stands by spaceship. She searches for a way to enter the craft, shakes head in frustration. Finally she shrugs shoulders, tries something.

RHONDA

Spaceship, open the door.

NAVIGATION SYSTEM (V.O.)

Unrecognized voice.

RHONDA

Override and allow entry.

NAVIGATION SYSTEM (V.O.)

Confirm override.

RHONDA

Confirm override.

The door opens. Rhonda zips in, finds navigation consul.

RHONDA (CONT'D)
 Spaceship, open access panel to
 ship's engine.

NAVIGATION SYSTEM (V.O.)
 Request denied. Unauthorized
 source.

RHONDA
 Listen, I'm practicing my
 impression of the last living
 female of the human species so I
 can disguise myself as her and then
 launch a sneak attack on the male.

NAVIGATION SYSTEM (V.O.)
 That is a brilliant idea,

RHONDA
 Thanks. Now open the access panel,
 please.

NAVIGATION SYSTEM (V.O.)
 As you wish.

A panel to the right of main computer screen slides open.
 Rhonda sees COMPLEX SYSTEM OF INTERLOCKING PARTS.

She shakes head in confusion. Rhonda searches for something
 to disable engine with. She takes Nicorette gum out of her
 mouth, sticks it against engine part. It makes HISSING SOUND.

Rhonda takes entire PACK OF NICORETTE GUM out of her pocket,
 sticks three pieces into her mouth, quickly chews them and
 sticks them into engine compartment.

Engine makes a LOUDER HISSING SOUND. Smoke rises from the
 engine. She quickly chews three more pieces, repeats until
 she's out of gum.

NAVIGATION SYSTEM (V.O.)
 System alert. Primary ship energy
 source is overheating. Action
 required.

Rhonda smiles, gives herself a thumbs up.

RHONDA
 (To self)
 That's the ticket.

She looks around, finds refrigerator with plastic bottles of
 a brownish liquid in them. She uncaps a container and pours
 onto engine. Smoke intensifies, ALARMS go off.

Rhonda pours more liquid on engine, then rushes out of ship.

EXT. FOREST WEST OF HIGHWAY TEN - NIGHT

Ivory tries to find hiding place, can't, pats Shaggy on top of the head, quickly takes out bow and arrow, loads arrow and after alien is within range, he shoots the arrow. It hits target just below the neck.

JANITOR MAN
That is all you have?

IVORY
I'll put down my weapon if you put yours down. Let's fight man to alien.

Janitor Man shrugs.

JANITOR MAN
Fine with me.

It tosses weapon on the ground. Ivory does likewise., comes out from behind the tree. Ivory sets Shaggy and backpack on the ground.

IVORY
(To Shaggy)
Stay out of the way. I'll be back for you.

Feline stays put as Ivory strides up to the alien, sees how tall and muscular he opponent is.

IVORY (CONT'D)
On second thought, can we do the long-distance fighting thing?

Janitor Man grabs Ivory by left shoulder, pulls him closer and punches him in the face. Ivory breaks free, avoids alien's reach, ducks when the ET throws a punch. Ivory drops down and kicks alien's injured ankle. Alien CRIES OUT in pain, tries to grab Ivory but misses.

Alien scowls, GROWLS, hobbles toward Ivory, latches onto Ivory's right ankle. Ivory can't kick free. Assassin throws right at Ivory's stomach but he blocks it with left forearm.

The ET dives on top of Ivory, subdues him, and pummels away.

IVORY (CONT'D)
I guess this means no to the long-distance fighting, huh?

Alien brings right hand way and bashes Ivory in jaw. It's about to hit him again. Rhonda swoops in, kicks Janitor Man in crotch as Shaggy bites injured ankle. She helps injured and dazed lover to his feet.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Oh my god, saved by two favorite pussies.

Rhonda rears back to punch Ivory, grabs him instead and they run away. Shaggy is right behind them.

Trio reach the highway. Janitor Man hobbles after them, a hundred yards away. It firers snake bullet at Ivory. He jumps out of the way at last instant. Alien fires again. Ivory again barely avoids it.

They run hand in hand toward a black late 90's Dodge Intrepid on the right shoulder of the highway. A skeleton lies a few feet from the rear of the car. Ivory glances behind, sees pursuer is a hundred and fifty yards behind them. He nods at the skeleton on the ground.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Hopefully that was the car's owner.
You check his pants pocket for
keys. I'll try to slow down tall,
green and ugly,

RHONDA

Sounds good.

They stop running. Rhonda scoops up cat as Ivory pulls out bow and arrow, takes aim at opponent. Alien halts, takes aim with its weapon and pulls trigger. Nothing happens.

IVORY

Aw, that is so sad. The big tough
ET is out of snake ammo.

JANITOR MAN

The name is Janitor Man and I have
more ammunition back in the --

Alien is interrupted by the sound of IMPLODING SPACESHIP. Ivory and Janitor Man peer at fiery spectacle. Parts of the craft fly outward, rain down on highway and in the forest.

Janitor Man whirls around just as Ivory releases arrow. Alien throws left hand up to block it. Arrow sinks into its wrist.

In the Dodge, Rhonda turns the key. Engine makes a sound but won't start. Rhonda tries again and again but no dice.

Janitor Man grimaces, manages to not scream in pain as it extracts arrow from wrist. Blue blood pours out of the wound. Creature changes setting on weapon to SEALANT and covers wounded area with quick-acting material.

Rhonda jumps out the Intrepid as Ivory approaches.

IVORY

Yeah, I heard. Piece of shit doesn't start. We keep going until we find one that does. The good news is that Janitor Man, as he calls himself, is out of ammo.

RHONDA

So why is he aiming the gun at us?

Ivory spins around, sees GREEN LASER BEAM flying at them. He tackles Rhonda to the ground just in time avoid blast.

IVORY

Correction, it's out of snake ammo. Damn it. Guess we'll have to run a little faster than I'd planned.

They get up. Ivory picks up Shaggy, puts in backpack.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Okay, let's run like hell. I see a AMC Pacer up there.

A rust-colored Pacer sits on the right hand shoulder.

IVORY (CONT'D)

No offense but it'll be faster if we don't hold hands.

RHONDA

I so understand.

Ivory runs straight ahead for ten yards, then veers down into grassy median, returns to highway for twenty yards, goes back into median for a ten yards and comes back on highway. Rhonda is right behind him.

Ivory cuts diagonally across the highway. The hobbling alien is a good five-hundred yards behind them. Ivory turns, sees how far behind pursuer is and that it's about at them again.

IVORY

He just fired. Go to your right.

They bolt to the right, avoid deadly blast of energy.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Tell you what, I'll backpedal so I can warn you when the thing shoots at us. But you have to tell me if I'm about to run into anything.

RHONDA

It's a deal.

Ivory runs backwards while Rhonda goes in front of him.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

There's a dip the road just ahead and I don't mean you.

He laughs, turns to face her and side steps pothole. He resumes backpedaling sees laser beam whizzing at them.

IVORY

Quick, to go to the right, I mean left. Your left!

He turns around as he bolts to the left, grabs Rhonda by right shoulder and pushes her down just before laser beam hits her. Shaggy flies out of the backpack, onto the ground.

Ivory scoops up cat and helps Rhonda to her feet. They're less than a hundred yards from the Pacer.

Breathless and sweating, they force themselves to finish the last sprint to the Pacer. Ivory alternates look between Rhonda and Janitor Man. Alien fires another laser beam.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Go hard right!

They go hard right. Laser beam whizzes within a foot of Ivory's head.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Yikes, that was close. Let's hope like hell this one starts.

RHONDA

Have a little faith. Okay, it's a Pacer. Have a lot of faith.

Skeleton of a male (Minnesota Vikings T-shirt, blue jeans and Nikes) sits in the passenger's seat. Rhonda grimaces as she grabs the driver and hauls the body out of the car. Rhonda hops in, turns key. Pacer roars to life just as Ivory staggers up.

Ivory races around to passenger's side, barely avoids another laser shot, yanks male skeleton out and tosses on the highway. He takes off backpack as he falls onto the seat. Rhonda's already got in gear. She floors it before Ivory closes his door.

They speed past numerous cars and trucks, some in the middle of the highway. Skeletal faces grin out of most of the vehicles.

Laser blaster rips through rear window first, then continues on through front window as goes right between the two of them. Shaggy MEOWS loudly from his spot on the floor between his owner's feet; Ivory curses; Rhonda screams. Glass shards rain down on them all. Rhonda almost loses control of the car but regains control just before the Pacer slides into the ditch.

IVORY

I really hope that piece of shit runs out of that kind of ammo too.

RHONDA

We should be out of its range real soon.

She glances at fuel. It's almost on EMPTY.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

For a little while, until we run out of gas. We could try to find a different vehicle with more fuel.

IVORY

No, we should have just enough gas to lose him before he can commandeer a vehicle and find us.

EXT. HIGHWAY TEN - NIGHT

Janitor Man hobbles up to where the AMC Pacer was parked. Less than a football field away stands a red Dodge Ram truck in the left lane.

Janitor Man limps quickly toward and then into the truck. It shoves male corpse over to passenger's seat, finds ignition key in the partially decomposed corpse's pants pocket, sticks key in ignition.

Engine doesn't even make a noise. Janitor Man whips out weapon, changes setting to RESIDUAL ENERGY ACTIVATOR, gets out of truck and opens the hood. Alien shoots engine with blue beam of light. Engine sparks into life.

Janitor Man climbs into truck, uses activator on skeleton's body, then its skull. Skeleton looks at Janitor Man.

CORPSE IN TRUCK

Who in the hell are you?

Corpse looks into rear-view mirror.

CORPSE IN TRUCK (CONT'D)

And who in the hell am I?

JANITOR MAN

My birth name is Nebular but I'm known as Janitor Man because its my job to clean up the human debris left on this planet. Your name is of no consequence. All you need to remember is to do what I tell you.

CORPSE IN TRUCK

Why not? I mean what else do I have to do?

Janitor Man puts Dodge into gear, SCREECHES forward and speeds ahead, weaves between vehicles on the highway. Accelerator climbs up to 100 MPH. It won't go any higher.

JANITOR MAN

After we catch up to the two human targets, you and as many other reanimated corpses as I can gather up are going to assist me in killing the targets.

CORPSE IN TRUCK

Could be fun.

JANITOR MAN

Fun is not the point. I am just doing my job.

EXT. HIGHWAY TEN ON EASTERN EDGE OF ELLSWORTH, WI - NIGHT

Pacer's engine sputters. Gas gauge is on empty.

RHONDA

Well honey, this thing's not going much further. There was that white Buick a little ways back.

IVORY

I don't want to go backwards. We'd be doing the alien's job for him.

RHONDA

So what's your plan?

IVORY

Go on foot and see what we find. Maybe we'll luck out and Janitor Man will fly past so fast he won't see that we ran out of gas.

RHONDA

Yeah, that could happen, I guess. I wouldn't count on it, though.

IVORY

I'm not counting on anything except the firm belief and desperate hope that we're not going to be its last two victims.

RHONDA

Okay, it's time to move.

Engine dies. Rhonda kills headlights, then the three of them get of the Pacer.

EXT./INT. RAM TRUCK - NIGHT

Janitor Man and undead assistant speed down Highway Ten/Main Street in Ellsworth. Headlights show Ivory and Rhonda as they run down sidewalk. Ivory and Rhonda turn around, see truck as it speeds after them. They turn, run down sidewalk and veer right onto North Broadway. Alien points at them.

JANITOR MAN

Those are the two we must kill.

Corpse turns face (left side of face down to bone in most places, no eye).

CORPSE IN TRUCK

I see. Well, with one eye I do.

Janitor Man shuts headlights off, slows down as they approach turn off for North Main Street. The alien puts on NightVision goggles and turns right.

Three-hundred feet away on right side of the block, Ivory and Rhonda hurry into front door of the Never Ending Pouring.

JANITOR MAN

Listen carefully. I am going to get out of this truck and watch that building to make sure they don't try to escape.

It hands weapon, set to RESIDUAL ENERGY ACTIVATOR, to corpse.

JANITOR MAN (CONT'D)

You drive around the immediate area, use this device to reanimate every dead body you find, tell them they are to follow you back to me. I will then give them their marching orders.

CORPSE IN TRUCK

How long do I have?

JANITOR MAN

Twenty short standard time units, minutes, I believe you call them.

Corpse glances at BROKEN WRISTWATCH. Janitor Man uses energy activator to start up the watch.

JANITOR MAN (CONT'D)

By 2:39 on your watch, I want the undead army in front of me. Clear?

CORPSE IN TRUCK

Okie dokie.

JANITOR MAN

And gather up as many weapons as you can, guns, knives, etc.

CORPSE IN TRUCK

Got it.

INT. NEVER ENDING POURING - NIGHT

Candles on eight tables provide shadowy illumination in the bar. Four big-screen TV's, like the rest of the electronic appliances and devices on the planet, are powerless.

Ivory hauls a patron's dead body toward a stairway leading into the cellar of the bar. Rhonda holds her nose as she pulls back curtain to peer out window at the street.

Ivory grimaces as he drops the body, a male wearing an Aaron Rodgers jersey and Packers green warm-up pants, on the top stair. Ivory gives body a kick. Corpses rolls and bumps down the stairs. Short journey ends when it adds to the pile of corpses, mostly males wearing Packers attire, on the cellar floor.

Rhonda peers out the window, shakes her head, confused.

RHONDA

I don't get it. Why is it just standing there staring this way?

IVORY

Probably figuring out the best way to kill us.

RHONDA

But the truck the alien was driving did a U-turn and headed off in the opposite direction.

IVORY

Oh great, the thing got reinforcements from Planet X or wherever the hell it's from.

RHONDA

But why did the reinforcements go away from us?

Ivory glances over at the bar's sole pool table. Shaggy crouches on top of it, prepares to pounce on the two ball.

Ivory smiles, walks over and puts arm around Rhonda's shoulder. He sticks his face next to hers and peers through window at Janitor Man.

IVORY

Well dear, they are more advanced race than us. They think differently, presumably better, than us lowly humans.

RHONDA

Slaughtering another species is more advanced thinking?

IVORY

Humans did it for thousands of years. Except for vegetarians, and vegans of course, we contributed to slaughter of billions of chickens, cows, etc. One person's slaughter is another person's diet.

RHONDA

Yeah, I suppose we are like a lower life form to them, which would justify, in their alien-species minds, the slaughter. Do you ever get sick of being right?

IVORY

Actually it's a novel concept for me. I've been making wrong decisions for most of my life. But after you pulled me back inside the Willis Tower, things have been falling into place for me.

RHONDA

You call being hunted down by a giant alien falling into place?

IVORY

Well, except for that. And as long as we're together, we'll be fine.

RHONDA

You're so sweet and weird, like the chocolate pie pancakes my grandma used to make.

They kiss long and soulfully. Ivory pulls away.

IVORY

Sorry but I have to make sure the guns are loaded properly.

RHONDA

God forbid we go into a war half cocked.

Ivory reaches into the backpack, takes out all the weapons and ammunition he took from the police armory: Glock Mode 20 10MM, .357 MAGNUM, AK-47 assault rifle and SIG Sauer P226 9MM and then the five grenades.

Ivory scowls as he brings DORMANT SNAKE PROJECTILE out of the backpack.

IVORY
What in the hell is this?

RHONDA
That was in your backpack?

Ivory, deep in thought, nods.

IVORY
I didn't put it there. I'm no ballistics expert but it doesn't resemble any ammo from Planet Earth that I'm familiar with.

RHONDA
You know, that looks like what Janitor Man tried to kill us with on the tennis courts.

Ivory takes a closer look at the object.

IVORY
It does but how did it get in the backpack?

He, then Rhonda, look at Shaggy sitting on pool table.

IVORY (CONT'D)
Shit, Shaggy must have found it and had this in his mouth when I picked him up. I was in too much of a hurry to reach you before Janitor man could harm you that I didn't notice it in his mouth.

RHONDA
Something's happening outside.

Ivory comes to the window, peers out at over a hundred undead in various states of decay. They're grinning like the insane or stare numbly like a mass murderer who's just gunned down a classroom full of children. Twenty-five of them carry burning torches. About fifteen have a gun. Twelve brandish knives of some kind. In the middle of them is Janitor Man.

IVORY
What the hell, those aren't aliens. I mean they're alien but they're not aliens.

Corpse from truck hands Janitor Man the multi-use weapon.

Janitor Man shakes its heads no, gives weapon back to the corpse, says something to the corpse and nods in general direction of the town. Corpse returns to the Ram truck, hops in, does U-turn and drives back towards Main Street.

RHONDA

Uh oh, looks like they getting even more reinforcements.

IVORY

Alien breath is out of ammo but that gadget of his is full of other surprises, none of them positive.

The undead army, with the armed ones in front, march toward the front door. Ivory runs over to pool table where their cache of weapons is. He grabs AK-47, hustles back to front entrance, motions for Rhonda to open the door.

IVORY (CONT'D)

The buck, and the army of undead, stops here.

He bursts outside and opens FIRE. He starts on his left and sweeps to the right. Undead don't have time to scream or fire weapons as Ivory blows away first two rows of attackers with a barrage of bullets.

Ivory moves onto Janitor Man. He hits Janitor Man with at least twenty bullets, knocks it onto its back. Janitor Man gets up. Ivory empties rest of the double stack magazines' at the towering alien. Bullets knock Janitor Man back and then off its feet but it gets back up.

Meanwhile the rest of the undead army, unarmed except for burning torches, are almost on top of them.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Shit, Janitor Man must be wearing body armor. Oh well, get me another gun and make it quick.

RHONDA

Which one?

IVORY

Doesn't matter. Just do it fast.

She runs back to get another gun. Ivory uses bayonet on nearest zombie -- 36, male, wears Packers 2010 Super Bowl winner T-shirt.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Vikings rule, Packers drool.

He plunges bayonet through undead's right eye, yanks it out, takes out other eye, yanks tip out. The eyeless corpse swings lit torch at Ivory, He ducks, backs away as five more undead close in on him.

RHONDA

Die again, you pieces of shit!

She blows away Packer T-shirt zombie with .357 blast to its face. She moves onto next one -- 25, female, business casual attire -- and kills with shot to the head.

Rhonda sends three more undead into eternal life.

IVORY

Nice shootin', Tex.

She blows away imaginary smoke from gun barrel.

RHONDA

Why thank you, handsome stranger.

IVORY

You were supposed to get a gun for me, not use it yourself.

RHONDA

Well excuse the hell out of me. It looked like you were running a little short on time so I took the liberty of using the gun myself.

IVORY

Okay, well don't let it happen again.

Another wave of zombies approach.

RHONDA

I know, get you another gun.

IVORY

Great minds really do think alike.

She zips back for another weapon. He brandishes bayonet at the lead zombie -- 18, female, Justin Bieber T-shirt, serious tattoos, blonde. Reanimated corpse SNARLS, GROWLS, and unleashes Judo kick. Ivory, surprised at energy level of undead woman, barely evades the kick.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Nice try, honey. Chew on this.

He plunges bayonet into its throat. Ivory keeps pressure up until it comes out the back of its throat. Justin Bieber fan makes CHOKING sound, staggers around. Ivory yanks point out, uses kick to the stomach to knock it down.

RHONDA

Here you go, killer.

She tosses Glock Mode 20 10MM to him. She keeps SIG Sauer P226 9MM for herself. Ivory tosses AK-47 to her.

IVORY

Here you go. There's a ton of ammo back there but I'm not sure if any of it is for the AK-47.

A zombie grabs Ivory by the shoulder. Rhonda aims her SIG Sauer at it but doesn't fire at that one. Ivory knocks the zombie hand away, kills it with shot to the forehead. Rhonda takes out female undead -- 50, chesty cougar, looking for action -- with two shots to the head.

Ivory and Rhonda fire away at nearest undead attackers. MOANS, GROANS, GRUNTS, GUNSHOTS fill the night air. Twelve more undead are really dead now. Humans are out of bullets. Ivory runs back to Rhonda, who stands just outside of the front doors of the The Never Ending Pouring. The next wave of undead begin to cross the street towards them.

IVORY (CONT'D)

I'll reload the AK-47, give it to you and then while you keep the bad guys away, I'm going to rustle up some special cocktails.

RHONDA

Ivory Blackman, this is no time for a relapse!

IVORY

I'm not. You'll see what I mean.

He runs back, grabs the AK double stack mags, takes out spent ones, replaces with full ones. He tosses gun to Rhonda.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Happy zombie killing.

RHONDA

Thanks, dear.

She opens door as ten undead rush at her.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Here goes, ah, something, I hope.

She grimaces, closes her eyes as she sprays an explosive barrage of lethal force from left to right. Rhonda blows zombie bodies onto their backs, brain matter, skull fragments UNDEAD SCREAMS and GROANS are everywhere.

Rhonda, dazed, looks at the gun, then at the freshly dead again undead, No time to admire her work. Eight more undead, mostly males, march toward her, including two with guns and three with knives.

She brings up barrel of AK-47, grimaces, lets go another LETHAL CLIP OF SHELLS, cuts down all eight.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

(To self)

Man, I love the smell of fresh undead kill at night.

IVORY

Remind me to never challenge you to a duel.

SHE TURNS TO:

INT. NEVER ENDING POURING - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Ivory has moved a table right inside the front door. On the table sits a VARIETY OF LIQUOR BOTTLES -- VODKA, RUM, WHISKY, TEQUILA. A pile of bar towels and several packs of matches sit in front of the liquor bottles.

IVORY

Out of the way, girly. It's the unhappy hour at the zombie bar.

He uncaps Karkov vodka bottle, rips bar towel to shreds soaks towel fragments in vodka, grabs bottle of Bud, uncaps and dumps out all the beer. He quickly opens 151 Rum bottle into bottom of empty bottle. Ivory sticks soaked bar towel remnant into bottle, strikes match to ignite towel, and throws it above advancing row of zombies.

Janitor Man, still in the same spot in the middle of the street, is too busy directing zombie traffic to notice the fiery, incoming Molotov cocktail. It hits Janitor Man in left shoulder. Flames mix with 151, EXPLODES IN FIREBALL.

The alien issues startled SCREAM as fire spreads from shoulder over to left side of its face. Janitor Man falls to the ground, rolls desperately around. Fire is extinguished.

Alien stares at injured area, grimaces, peers at Ivory, then back at rest of zombie horde.

JANITOR MAN

(Yells furiously)

All of you, attack now. I want them both dead, particularly the male!

The zombies run un-George-Romero-like towards the bar in undead frenzy. Rhonda guns down twenty of them. Ivory lobs three more Molotov cocktails. Two of them explode in fiery flashes, other one is a dud.

Janitor Man shifts focus from attacking to survey carnage. There's only two left of first legion of undead. Ivory grabs bow and arrow, loads snake projectile, takes aim, and fires.

Alien doesn't see Ivory's shot coming at it until it's too late. Janitor Man turns just in time to see snake projectile fly into its slightly open mouth.

Boa constrictor-like snake erupts from shell casing. Snake expands, stretches alien head to the maximum, then Janitor Man, eyes wild with fear and dread, can do nothing as its head IMPLODES.

Alien's towering body staggers, falls onto the street. Snake starts to wrap itself around the chest, then senses its prey is already dead or about to be. Snake slithers down to right hand, starts to eat it.

Ivory WHOOPS, raises bow in triumph as Rhonda guns down last two undead. They fall to the sidewalk. Dead again.

RHONDA

Let me guess, you were aiming for the tiny opening between Janitor Man's lips, right?

IVORY

What can I say? When you got it, you got it.

RHONDA

You got delusional of grandeur.

They turn, see that a SECOND WAVE OF UNDEAD has gathered in the street right outside the bar.

Corpse in the truck, the one with Janitor Man's residual energy activator, yells at the one-hundred or so undead, POINTS AT THE BAR, and heads back west toward main part of Ellsworth to find more bodies to bring to life.

Ivory makes, throws four Molotov cocktails, gives two to Rhonda, keeps two for himself. They lob them one at a time. All four explode, set three zombies on fire, seems to scare the others. The horde of undead pause their attack. For the moment.

Ivory looks at amount of 151 Rum left -- only three fingers left. He runs over to pool table to check ammunition supply. He finds .357 Magnum bullets, reloads, and hustles back to join his beloved.

Rhonda lobs another explosive cocktail. It falls harmlessly to the ground in front of the target zombie.

RHONDA (CONT'D)
Shit and god damn it!

IVORY
Not crazy about your aim but I love your spirit. And the rest of your lovely self.

RHONDA
If there weren't a horde of zombies outside intent on killing us and eating our flesh, I'd be really horny right now.

IVORY
That's my girl.

He assembles another Molotov cocktail, hurls it and takes out a young female undead with iPod and holes in jeans.

RHONDA
Nice shot.

IVORY
Thanks.

He tenderly kisses her on the left cheek, switches gun to left hand, slips right hand around her right side. Ivory guns down zombie in denim overalls and baseball cap coming down left side.

IVORY (CONT'D)
Anything left in AK-47?

She shakes her head no.

IVORY (CONT'D)
Fuck.

RHONDA

Why do you ask?

IVORY

Taking stock of our weapons supply.

Rhonda makes, throws another Molotov cocktail. It lands on living corpse wearing Milwaukee Brewers cap and jersey, explodes in fireball, brings zombie to its knees.

RHONDA

We are running pretty low, aren't we?

IVORY

Really low. After I empty this Magnum .357 and the rum's gone, we're screwed with a capital F.

RHONDA

So Mr. Idea Man, got any left?

IVORY

Actually dear, cupcake, love of my life, I do have a plan.

Ivory grimaces, clears his throat, sees a 1800 TEQUILA BOTTLE on the table, reaches over and grabs it with right hand. He fires another shot with gun, blows away a busty cougar with a MY SON IS AN HONOR STUDENT T-shirt.

Rhonda uses bow to fire a Molotov cocktail at nearest undead, a priest wearing a collar, that's five yards away. It hits, explodes, sets priestly zombie afire. It screams, dies anew.

IVORY (CONT'D)

That was a lovely shot, by the way. Okay dearest, I have a rather unconventional plan but hear me out, okay?

RHONDA

Sure.

Fifty yards away, five undead growl, snarl, rush at them. Ivory bends over, snaps up AK-47, fires it. There's still ammo left after all. A fire storm of bullets takes out the five undead, gives other undead pause.

IVORY

Yeah, well, okay honey, here it is. Since it's almost certain that you and I, and our lovely child-to-be, are the only living human beings left, it's imperative that you and the child, must survive. At all costs, right?

RHONDA

Um, ah, yeah, for sure. I agree with you so far. What's the plan?

Ivory blasts a businessman-zombie in the face. It dies with briefcase in one hand and a machete in the other.

IVORY

I will run out into the midst of the zombie horde to distract them long enough for you and our fantastic, lovely, future brilliant and beautiful person, hopefully a male, child, to escape out the back door. While I battle the undead horde, you and our child escape.

RHONDA

But you're die for sure.

IVORY

Yeah, almost 99.9999% sure I will. But you never know, lightning could strike, start a fire that spreads and engulfs the entire zombie nation.

RHONDA

You are so full of shit.

She uses last of 151 Rum to throw one last explosive cocktail. It works to perfection, engulfs teen-age zombie with Marilyn Mansion T-shirt and baggy pants.

IVORY

Sometimes I am but now I'm way serious. We're now almost out of ammo and there's fifty undead out there and more on the way.

He grabs her by shoulders, looks into her luminous blue eyes.

IVORY (CONT'D)

If there was a way for both of us to survive, I'd do it in less than a heartbeat. But there's not. If we both try to live, we'll both end up dying. At least with my plan, there's a chance you and the child, and Shaggy too, will survive.

RHONDA

I want our child to survive.

IVORY

Well then, we're on the same page.

RHONDA

But I want you to live too.

IVORY

So do I but that's not going to happen if you want to save our child.

With tears in her eyes, she stares at him. He sees five more zombies ten feet away, rushes out with AK- 47 like it's still got ammo, yells and points it at the undead. They turn around and take several steps back. Ivory runs back to Rhonda.

IVORY (CONT'D)

As I was saying, the only way for our son or daughter, you and the human race, to survive, is if you sneak out the back door while I distract the piece-of-shit zombie army by attacking them.

Rhonda turns away, walks to pool table. Shaggy bats around the three-ball. Three ball falls into corner pocket.

RHONDA

Nice shot, kitty.

She leans over, kisses cat on the forehead, returns to Ivory.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

You son of a bitch, you're right again.

IVORY

I usually love when I'm right. This time it sucks.

RHONDA

I'm going to miss your ass, and every other part of you, after you're gone.

IVORY

That goes a million fold for me. About you, that is.

He glances, sees three zombies ten feet away, grabs AK-47, uses last of bullets to blow them away. The rest of the zombie army is still in the street.

RHONDA

So this is it, huh?

IVORY

As Jim Morrison once sang, "This is the end." For me, hopefully not you and the baby.

RHONDA

I hated The Doors except for "The Whisky Bar" song.

IVORY

And there is one more thing I will point out in case your super-intelligent mind hasn't already thought of this.

RHONDA

And that would be what?

He glances outside, sees nearest zombie is fifty yards away.

IVORY

Assuming you survive tonight and give birth, and God willing it's a boy, as soon as the boy is old enough to understand, you and he will have to, ah, have, you know --

He makes THRUSTING MOTIONS with hips. Rhonda jumps back, scowls.

RHONDA

That is sick. Have sex with our child?

IVORY

Normally I would totally agree with you but given the survival of the human race requires breeding activity and you two would be the only members of the opposite sex alive to do that, it'll be a necessary evil.

Zombies move in closer.

RHONDA

Wow, you're on a roll with the being-right thing, aren't you?

IVORY

I have my moments.

Rhonda seems overwhelmed. She takes deep breathes, shakes her head, closes eyes.

RHONDA

We'll just have to take it one dysfunctional, historically unique moment at a time.

IVORY

That's the spirit, honey. And please take good care of Shaggy.

RHONDA

Don't worry, he's one of the family.

Zombies are twenty yards away.

IVORY

All right, it's almost show time. Good bye, my sweet.

They kiss long, soulfully and with desperation.

IVORY (CONT'D)

Now get your sweet ass, my pussy cat and our child out the back door as fast as humanly possible.

Rhonda, fights back tears, goes to pool table, snaps up Shaggy and runs for the back door. Ivory rips open front door and sprints into the midst of the undead.

As Frank Sinatra's "Some Enchanted Evening" plays in background, Ivory fights with every last ounce of energy and determination he has.

First undead -- 15, male, South Park T-shirt, baggy jeans shows skeletal ass, carries machete -- grins as it swings machete at Ivory's face. Ivory ducks, rips machete away from zombie and decapitates it with machete.

As heads rolls around on the ground, ten, twelve, then fourteen undead hands grabs Ivory, throw him on the ground. He's beaten, kicked, knifed, and then shot by undead in a three-piece Brooks Brothers suit.

The horde falls on Ivory, starts to eat his flesh.

EXT. STATEN ISLAND WALMART PARKING LOT - DAY

Walmart is now a UniversalMart. The parking lot is closer to a hangar as owners leave their HOVERCRAFTS (small versions of flying saucers) in the lot when they shop.

The customers, the new and improved race started by the Raxonese, in most ways, don't look very much different than human beings. They have a head, torso, two arms, two hands, two legs, two feet and even the same sexual organs.

The one glaring difference is that all males and females look remarkably like every other one of their respective genders. Everyone has the same coffee-with-a-touch-of-cream colored skin. Everyone has vibrant, luminous blue eyes. Everyone looks physically fit. Everyone seems perfect. Everyone is the same.

Janitor Man's boss, Commander Zenith, and his bosses, are very pleased.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAIN CAVE - NIGHT

Rhonda and IVORY JR. -- 10, unruly blonde hair, sculpted facial features, same hazel, unreadable eyes as his father -- stand in cave entrance, peer out at a cloudless night sky.

They both wear stocking cap, snowmobile suit and insulated black boots, Twenty feet from the cave, laying on the snow are TWO HEADSTONES with DUCT TAPE lettering. One reads "Ivory Blackman, 1969 - 5 3/4 years after THE END". The other reads "Shaggy, ???? - 9 1/2 years after THE END".

Rhonda turns to Ivory, Jr.

RHONDA

Son, lets' go inside. We need to talk.

They go inside the cave. Rhonda and Ivory push makeshift metal door into place that fits exactly into cave opening. Five battery-powered space heaters keep cave nice and comfy. Green Astroturf covers the cave floor.

In the rear of the cave are the sleeping quarters, Ivory Jr.'s on the left, Rhonda's on the right. Two sheets of plywood, kept standing by three METAL TWO-DRAWER FILING CABINETS on each side, act as walls.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Tonight you can sleep with me.

IVORY JR.

What do you mean?

RHONDA

Well it's just a phrase that means you do more than sleep together. It's something that under normal circumstances, a parent would never do with their child or any other direct relation other than their spouse. However, these are, well, really abnormal circumstances.

IVORY JR.

You want to have sex with me?!

RHONDA

I don't want to but kind of have to. Look, just have a seat on my bed and I'll explain, and show you, some things.

She takes him by the hand, leads him to her bed, opens up door of night stand and produces BOTTLE OF 1800 TEQUILA.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

This what your dear, sweet, lovable father used to drink a lot of before we met.

IVORY JR.

What do you use it for?

RHONDA

To make things normally unacceptable more acceptable. It's better to learn to do that without using this. But on a rare occasions, like this one, it can't be avoided.

IVORY JR.
What can be so bad?

Rhonda takes plastic seal off, uncaps bottle, and takes a drink. She nearly spits it out.

RHONDA
Holy shit, I mean holy cow, that is disgusting.

IVORY JR.
Then don't drink it.

RHONDA
If it were only that simple. Plus I think you kind of get used to the taste.

She grimaces down another swig, sets bottle on night stand. Ivory takes off his snowmobile suit and boots. Rhonda does same, then unbuttons her black shirt.

A satin red bra strains to contain her considerable God-given assets. She takes off shirt, tosses it on the floor. Ivory Jr. is transfixed by her chest.

RHONDA (CONT'D)
Remember, when you grow older, you will hopefully find another surviving female who's not related to you that you really care about. That's the kind of person you should mate with. But as I said earlier, these are unusual circumstances. Do you understand?

He can't speak, can barely nod as Rhonda takes her blue jeans off to reveal matching red thongs. She forces down more tequila.

RHONDA (CONT'D)
You see, you and I, the only humans left on this planet that's been taken over by another race of beings from out space, as I've explained before, are being held prisoner.

(MORE)

RHONDA (CONT'D)

The only way that we have a chance to some day break free of our imprisonment is for our population to grow large enough that we can build first a town, then another town, then more towns and cities until eventually we're large enough to establish a country. Then the aliens that have taken over will hopefully recognize us as a legitimate nation.

IVORY JR.

It sounds complicated, will take a long time to happen and may not ever happen.

RHONDA

That's how it was in America before it became a country. Sometimes despite all outward appearances, things work out when logically they shouldn't.

IVORY JR.

If you say, Mom.

RHONDA

Okay good, now take your clothes off and let's get this over with.

FADE TO BLACK.

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