

JERRY
I understand your being upset, Mr.
Slog, but I'm gonna need your help on
the mission and ---

LARRY
(interrupts)
I am not upset. My father was a
robot -- I have no emotions.

JERRY
Really? No emotions? You mean, you
never get unhappy or frustrated or
angry?

LARRY
I told you -- I have no goddam
emotions!

He stalks away. Jerry sighs, turns back to the Leader and
joins him in acknowledging the cheers of the crowd.

JERRY
Thank you, Leader -- this is the
chance I've always dreamed of.

LEADER
It's more than that, Jerry. The
survival of our civilization depends
on your success. You are no longer
Jerry the scud-skubber...

JERRY
Scud-scrubber.

LEADER
... From now on, you are Jerry,
Commander of the...

SMASH CUT TO:

OUTER SPACE

TITLE ZOOMS OUT as the Leader says...

LEADER
... GIRL-GRABBERS FROM VENUS!

TITLES

Under the TITLE SEQUENCE we see VARIOUS SHOTS of a saucer
racing through outer space, approaching Earth.

END TITLES

INT. GLASS BOOTH - DAY - ON MAN'S FACE

Unemotionally, casually, almost bored, he speaks TO CAMERA.

MAN

Why you decadent daughter of a dog's
genitals. I will wrap my armpit hair
around your bowels, you scum-sucking
swine.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - WOMAN

She speaks the same way, right AT US.

WOMAN

Tout ce que j'ai dit, c'est que la
rotation de la recolte de ton pays
pouvue etre ameliore, espece de
bastille arrogante.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - MAN

MAN

Don't talk to me about crop rotation,
you slobbering mass of excremental
fluids. The imperialist rodents who
pay your salary deserve better turds
from your mouth than that.

WIDE SHOT shows the man and the woman sitting next to one another. But they're not talking to each other -- they're not even looking at each other. They wear headphones and stare out a big picture window.

CLOSE IN on window; through it, we see a giant oval-shaped hall.

SUPER: THE UNITED NATIONS

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY FLOOR

A SLAVIC DELEGATE speaks furiously; around him, the other delegates slump in postures of excruciating boredom.

ON SECRETARY-GENERAL

The SECRETARY-GENERAL is an African who, surprisingly, stares at the speaker alertly. After a few moments, though, his eyelids droop, his head slumps and he starts to snooze -- but he rouses himself at the last moment, stares ahead alertly again... then starts to droop.

The Secretary-General's assistant rushes over to his boss and whispers in his ear. The S-G springs to his feet.

SEC-GEN

Vimonde?!

ON THE FLOOR

An aide whispers to the Slavic Delegate, who stops mid-rant.

SLAV
Lecteci tanjiri?!

EXTREME CLOSEUPS - BOOTH

WOMAN
Une secoupe volante?!

MAN
A flying saucer?!

ON THE FLOOR

Everyone jumps to their feet and SHOUTS in their own language -- some point upwards.

EXT. NEW YORK - AERIAL SHOT

A saucer hovers over the city.

EXT. CITY STREET

People look up, SHOUT, and point.

EXT. SKY - SAUCER

The saucer starts to glow and we HEAR a VOICE.

JERRY (V.O.)
(filtered)
People of Earth!

EXT. CITY STREET

A cab SCREECHES to a halt; the car behind SMASHES into it; the car behind SMASHES into it. We HEAR a long SERIES of CRUNCHES which gradually GROW FAINTER.

INT. U.N. FLOOR

The delegates are motionless, listening as Jerry's voice comes over their headphones.

JERRY (V.O.)
(filtered)
People of Earth! Testing, testing...
Is this on?

EXT. CITY STREET

A kid stops in amazement and people gather around him as Jerry's voice comes out of his boom-box.

JERRY (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 Hello, hello...

We hear him TAP the MICROPHONE.

INT. COFFEESHOP

Everything stops -- the diners pause, mouths open, food poised for entry -- as Jerry's voice comes from the shop radio.

JERRY (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 People of Earth!

EXT. CENTRAL PARK

A startled jogger hears Jerry through his WALKMAN and crashes into another jogger; instantly, other joggers crash into them.

JERRY (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 We are from the planet Venus!

INT. SUBWAY CAR

On a stopped train, people look up as Jerry's voice comes over the LOUDSPEAKER.

JERRY (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 All of our women are dead! There was this plague and it got out of control -- it's a long story. If we don't get more women, our civilization will die! So we'd like some of yours.

The riders look at each other in amazement. A TOURIST from India turns to the man next to him.

TOURIST
 (heavy accent)
 Times Square?

INT. U.N. FLOOR

Confused, worried delegates jabber in various languages.

EXT. CITY STREET

People talk to each other and point at the saucer.

JERRY (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 Well?

We hear a MUFFLED VOICE from the saucer.

JERRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (filtered)
 No, they heard it fine.

MUFFLED VOICE.

JERRY (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 No, you cannot kill all the men.

MUFFLED VOICE.

JERRY (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 Look, we'll talk about it later.
 (official again)
 People of Earth! We'll get back to
 you...

The saucer stops glowing and flies off. People stare at each other, baffled.

EXT. SKY

The SAUCER ZOOMS across the morning sky.

INT. SAUCER

Your standard flying saucer interior.

Larry sits at the controls, his leather racing-gloved hands steering the leather-covered wheel while he looks out a large long window.

Jerry stands nearby; Harry sits at a desk making calculations.

LARRY
 Well, we're off to a great start.

JERRY
 Hey, the announcement was your idea.

LARRY
 It would've worked if there'd been some backbone to it. "People of Earth -- we'll get back to you."

JERRY
 Okay, that could've been better phrased. But you said they'd throw flowers at us.

LARRY
 They do on Neptune.

JERRY

Neptune! The girls there don't even have heads!

HARRY

Remember, Commander, we have less than twenty-nine Earth-hours to go.

JERRY

I know. I didn't forget that. It's not like I don't have any idea what to do next.

LARRY

Let's just go down and take 'em!

JERRY

These women must provide the genetic pool for an entire civilization -- we can't just grab the first ones with heads.

LARRY

So what's your plan?

JERRY

My plan! Yeah, my plan!

(beat)

Yeah!

(beat)

Tell you what -- I'll go over in the corner and just polish up a few... details on my plan... and then I'll come back... and tell you what it is!

LARRY

Saucers don't have corners.

JERRY

Okay Larry, good point.

HARRY

(points out window)

Look -- another city!

THEIR POV: CITY

Bright lights twinkle from a city by the sea.

BACK TO SCENE

JERRY

There we go! A city -- but a smaller one. The plan is... we land!

LARRY
 (mutters sarcastically)
 Why didn't I think of that?

Disgusted, he pushes the steering wheel forward.

EXT. SKY ABOVE CITY

A light streaks above the skyline.

SUPER: BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Then, underneath: THE CITY WITH THE LARGEST POPULATION OF CO-EDS IN AMERICA

MUSIC: DRAMATIC STING

EXT. FOREST CLEARING

Smoke shoots out from beneath the saucer as it lands. We see graffiti on its side: SATURN SUCKS and ZORBAK 718.

After a moment, a door slides open with a METALLIC HUM.

Jerry and Larry step out; Harry peeks his head through tentatively. The rim of the saucer is high above the ground.

They look down.

JERRY
 Okay, who brought the ladder?

Silence. Jerry grimaces and turns around then crouches, crawls off the rim, hangs from the side, and drops off.

LARRY
 (mutters sarcastically)
 "Who brought the ladder?"

He jumps off, Harry climbs down nervously.

ON LARRY

He sees trees at the edge of the clearing.

LARRY (CONT'D)
 Earthlings! They've surrounded us!

He whips out a LASER GUN and starts SHOOTING the trees.

JERRY
 Larry!
 (grabs gun)
 Stop it! You can't get top-quality females by killing everyone in sight!

LARRY

Fine.

He walks to a tree, looks it over appreciatively.

LARRY (CONT'D)

So honey -- where you been all my life?

(pats trunk)

You work out?... Hey, it wouldn't kill you to say hello... Listen, nobody plays me for a sap!

He pulls another laser gun from inside his jumpsuit and jabs it into the tree-trunk.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Okay, baby, you're going to Venus.

JERRY

(runs over)

Larry! Don't hassle her!

(takes gun; then, to tree)

Sorry.

He throws the gun into the woods and pulls Larry off to the side as Harry comes over.

HARRY

These creatures aren't right -- we need humanoids!

LARRY

Don't be so picky. Check out the build on that babe.

HARRY

Humanoids. Attractive, healthy and intelligent.

JERRY

He's right. We'll have to try again.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET (BOSTON) - CLOSEUP - HARRY

HARRY

(nervous)

So, um... how ya doin'?

PULL BACK to show him with a little GIRL licking an ice cream cone. An ice cream truck sits nearby. Jerry and Larry watch Harry and the girl from behind a tree.

JERRY

Nope. Nope, I'm telling you -- it's the wrong size. It's a child, just like on Venus.

LARRY

It could be a dwarf. You ever done
it with a dwarf?

JERRY

It's a child -- she doesn't
procreate.

Larry looks at him then steps out from behind the tree.

LARRY

All right, forget it, Harry -- we've
decided she's just a kid.

Jerry comes out; the girl stares at them, licking her cone.

HARRY

Look, I don't make friends easily.
I'll just stay in the saucer. One of
you can get an extra.

JERRY

Don't worry, you'll do great.

LARRY

(to Jerry)

So -- we've landed. What's the rest
of the plan?

JERRY

The rest! Good thinking! I never
told you the rest of the plan. Well
-- first, we land...

(quickly)

... which we've done. Then we, ah...
disguise ourselves as Earthlings...
mingle... and kidnap three females!
Okay?

Larry rolls his eyes, Harry nods.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Okay, this is going great! So now we
need transportation...

A CAR DOOR SLAMS. The Venusians turn to see a MAN step out of
the ice cream truck holding a can of oil. He walks to the
front of the truck and opens the hood.

LARRY

(casually, pulling out
another laser)

I'll go kill him...

JERRY

No!

(takes laser)
(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

I won't be a party to senseless violence.

LARRY

It's not senseless!

JERRY

No, really -- but thanks.

He throws the gun into the woods.

LARRY

(seething)

That was my last laser.

HARRY

So how will we get the vehicle, Commander?

JERRY

Well... First, uh... we'll just ask for it. Politely.

Harry nods; Larry silently mouths "We'll just ask for it -- politely!" with a dopey face.

JERRY (CONT'D)

C'mon.

(The Commander)

Follow me.

He starts off; Harry follows. Larry grits his teeth, follows.

BY THE TRUCK

The man is about to pour the oil when he hears FOOTSTEPS. He looks around the side of the truck and sees three antennaed men wearing silver jumpsuits.

MAN

Oh Jesus. I hope they're a singing group.

JERRY

Greetings, human. What is your name?

MAN

(staring)

Jesus Christ.

JERRY

We need your vehicle, Mr. Christ.

MAN

(raises hands)

Take it. Just take it.

JERRY
 (happily, to others)
 You see?

The little girl appears and sees the man, trembling, with his arms raised.

GIRL
 Are you all right, mister?

JERRY
 Uh-oh. Maybe we better do something.

LARRY
 (mutters to Harry)
 Where does he get these ideas?

JERRY
 Larry, you do a good brain-blend. Go ahead.

LARRY
 (incredibly sarcastic)
 Yes sir!

Larry walks to the man, who backs away in fear. But Larry reaches out suddenly and grabs the man's head with his hands. Larry closes his eyes and concentrates. We hear a WEIRD HIGH VIBRATING TONE. Larry lets go. The TONE STOPS.

The man walks stiffly to the girl and speaks in a zombie-like monotone.

MAN
 Nothing is wrong. Everything is normal. Go away or I'll kill you.

The girl YELLS and runs off. Larry appears quite pleased with himself.

JERRY
 Ah... good! Very good! But, um, y'know, maybe next time you could try, y'know, maybe a little more subtlety.

LARRY
 (seething)
 Jerry... Don't tell me how to brain-blend, I won't tell you how to save Venus.

Harry notices the oil can sitting by the engine. He lifts it up curiously, takes a sip, and is astonished.

HARRY
 Dungle! They got dungle on Earth!

Jerry and Larry look at him -- his lips are black with oil. He hands the can to Larry, who drinks, gives an appreciative nod and offers it to Jerry, who shakes "No".

JERRY

I'm driving.

Larry shrugs and takes another gulp then gives it back to Harry as they get into the truck.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Y'know, you guys should go easy on that stuff. You can't get a female if you're nookered.

LARRY

That's how I always do it.

HARRY

It's okay, Commander -- we're just having a sip to ease the tension.

EXT. HIGHWAY - A LITTLE LATER

The truck wobbles down the highway.

LARRY/HARRY (V.O.)

(to an approximation of
'99 Bottles of Beer')

Ziggedy klanders of dungle below,
Ziggedy klanders of dungle! If one
of those klanders gets vaporized --
BOOGEDY klanders of dungle below!