

EVIL BONG 3-D: THE WRATH OF BONG

by
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2nd Draft

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EXT. SPACE

In the vastness of outer space, a METEOR hurtles towards us...

As it zooms closer, we can see that it is a strange greenish color, glowing...

ZOOM! It passes us and the camera swings to follow as it drops towards Earth...!

It starts to burn as it enters the atmosphere over the United States...

...and toward Southern California...

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN (we'll call him **THE KILLER**) is sweating after some sort of laborious task. He shovels dirt, and jams the shovel into the ground. The handle bobbing in our faces.

KILLER

Well honey, I hope you're comfortable. I realize it might be a little cold but don't worry, I'm sure it's plenty warm where you're going...

He kneels beside what must be a freshly dug grave.

KILLER (CONT'D)

All I can say is good luck to Satan. That poor sonofabitch is going to need it to deal with your nagging ass.

He reaches down into the hole and pulls out a woman's hand...

KILLER (CONT'D)

You won't be needing these anymore...

He yanks the woman's bracelet and diamond wedding ring off her wrist and hand, shoves them into his pocket.

KILLER (CONT'D)

Consider us divorced.

He laughs and stands to shovel dirt into the grave.

Suddenly a LOUD WHOOSHING SOUND overhead and a FLASH OF BRIGHT LIGHT from offscreen...

BOOM! Something shakes the ground.

KILLER (CONT'D)
What the hell...?

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS/METEOR - NIGHT

The Killer cautiously steps through the woods, shining a flashlight. His hand reaches out to pull branches from his path.

He discovers a strange GREEN METEORITE half-buried in a new crater... It is still smoking, hissing with heat...

The Killer sniffs the air... **(SCRATCH N' SNIFF MOMENT: BURNT RUBBER or SMOKE SCENT)**

KILLER
Wow... that's some kinda smoke...

He seems to be growing light-headed off the aroma...

He shines his flashlight and sees that all around the meteorite, spreading outward from the space rock, a *strange green grass is sprouting and growing...*

Grass that glows under the flashlight beam.

The Killer reaches down and picks some of it, examines it... It looks like some kind of SPACE WEED.

He drops the grass but the tips of his fingers are dyed green...

He sucks on his fingertips but the dye doesn't come off. He doesn't realize it *but his tongue has now turned green* after contact with his green fingertips...

He goes back to examining the meteorite... and sees that part of it *appears to be mechanical...*

KILLER (CONT'D)
This is no meteor...

As he leans closer...

A small hatch suddenly pops open!

He jumps back as something lifts out of the hatch...

A bizarre ALIEN BONG.

KILLER (CONT'D)
Well, well... Hello there...

He reaches over cautiously to touch the thing, expecting it to be hot... but it isn't.

He carefully picks up the Alien Bong and looks at it.

KILLER (CONT'D)
Today is the luckiest day of my
life!

CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE

Credits over shots of outer space and planets...

Moving past Saturn and Jupiter and all the planets we know...

Out into another galaxy...

A planet covered with green...

And from it, space weed drifting through the stars...

Going from planet to planet...

Covering them all with growing green weed...

And then moving on again...

Heading toward our universe...

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS/METEOR - NIGHT

We hear the CLICKING of a Geiger counter...

As feet wearing sharp but sensible shoes make their way across the forest floor...

As we tilt up the body to see the hands holding the Geiger counter, swinging it this way and that, testing radiation levels...

Then the short-sleeved button-up shirt with the pocket protector of pens and a badge for the SPACE INSTITUTE pinned to the shirt...

Then we see the face of **ALISTAIR**. He adjusts his glasses and the hardhat he's wearing...

Then the Geiger counter makes some extra clicking, bringing him to a stop...

He looks down, past the counter to his feet to see that he's stepping in some of that weird glowing green grass...

ALISTAIR

Curious...

He continues forward, cautiously...

As the Geiger counter CLICKS FASTER...

Until he comes into the clearing with the meteorite...

He stops, stunned.

ALISTAIR

Astounding. Simply astounding.

He pulls out a camera and begins snapping pictures, then he stops as if he's forgotten something.

ALISTAIR

Oh my gosh... Alistair, you fool!

He digs a mini-recorder out of his pocket.

ALISTAIR

It's the initial observations that are often the most critical! I can't trust them to memory!

He clicks 'record' and begins talking into the recorder...

ALISTAIR

This is Alistair McDowell for the Space Institute... April 20th at...

(checks watch)

...0213 hundred hours.

(MORE)

ALISTAIR(CONT'D)

After tracking on radar what appeared to be a meteor losing its gravitational orbit, I have entered the woods just north of the city to follow its projected trajectory...

He looks down at the ground, covered in that weird grass.

ALISTAIR

Near the impact site the ground has been littered with what appears to be some type of grass or...

(sniffs the air)

Perhaps a weed of some kind. Unknown at this point if it has any connection to the meteorite. Further data is needed.

He steps closer to the meteorite in its crater, still smoking but not as much as earlier.

ALISTAIR

The meteorite is still heated from its entry into the atmosphere, which would have been nearly three hours ago based on earlier data recorded at the institute upon time of tracking. It appears to be glowing a greenish hue, covered with a plant-like substance similar to that covering the surrounding terrain. I will now take a sample...

He pauses the recorder and pulls a plastic evidence baggie and a set of long tweezers from his pocket.

He leans close to the meteorite and uses the tweezers to pluck some of the glowing grass from the 'rock', dropping it into his baggie and sealing it tight.

He restarts the recorder...

ALISTAIR

Evidence of the substance has been taken from the outer skin of the meteorite...

He looks closer at the meteorite...

ALISTAIR

However, it appears upon closer examination that rather than being formed of high density rock, the meteorite seems to consist of...

He picks up a nearby stick and pokes the meteorite with it, resulting in the PING of metal. He tosses the stick away.

ALISTAIR

Some sort of metal, formed into a crude sphere. Did this happen naturally or was it shaped by some living, sentient beings? More data is needed, but the possibility is exciting.

He leans close to the meteorite again and...

FWOOSH! A small hatch opens and the plate that held the Alien Bong lifts out... but of course it is empty since the bong was taken by The Killer...

ALISTAIR

Curious. By the markings on this plate it appears that something once sat atop it. Perhaps it was jostled loose in space or...

Suddenly, a hand reaches towards his shoulder and someone behind him says:

VOICE

Alright dude, put 'em up.

Alistair complies, slowly raising his hands.

ALISTAIR

Uh... I am unarmed, I assure you.

VOICE

Yeah, right. I never knew a Fed without a piece.

A hand reaches around and feels Alistair's waist...

VOICE (CONT'D)

Hmmm... You must have an ankle piece on you...

Then the hand slides down Alistair's pantleg to feel his ankles but of course finds no gun.

ALISTAIR

I told you, I am unarmed. Nor am I
a... Fed, as you call it. Do you
mean Federal Officer, as in FBI?

We realize that standing behind Alistair is **LARNELL**, wearing
a black hoodie and black sweatpants.

LARNELL

FBI, CIA, NSA, DKNY...

ALISTAIR

DKNY?

LARNELL

They're all part of the same
alphabet soup brother.

ALISTAIR

But--

LARNELL

Turn around slow... No sudden
moves!

Alistair turns around and realizes who he's dealing with.

ALISTAIR

Larnell?

LARNELL

Al!

ALISTAIR

What the heck are YOU doing out
here?

Alistair realizes that Larnell isn't holding a gun, but
rather the very stick he'd just tossed away.

LARNELL

Oh, sorry about that. Can't be too
careful.

Larnell teases him with the stick before tossing it away.

LARNELL (CONT'D)

I thought you might be Federal Po-
po.

ALISTAIR

Clearly, you are incorrect. I work
for the Space Institute.

LARNELL

No kidding? Hey bro, that's great.
Good you got here before the Feds.

ALISTAIR

Why is that?

LARNELL

Maybe we can work together on
this...

Larnell cranes his neck to look around Alistair and finally
sees the glowing green meteorite in its crater.

LARNELL

Holy crap, I was right! I was
tracking this thing from space and
I figured it came down somewhere
around here...

He starts to circle the meteorite...

ALISTAIR

You were tracking it? But how?

LARNELL

Let's just say I have access to
certain equipment. The less you
know the better, Al. Plausible
deniability and all.

ALISTAIR

Why were you worried that I might
be a Federal official?

LARNELL

Dude, they've been covering up UFO
sightings since that flying saucer
crash in '47. They still got the
surviving aliens locked up at Area
51. They been keeping those poor
little dudes alive on beer and Ho-
Hos, hidin' 'em 'cause they don't
think the world can handle the
news. Those Fed goons have been
milkin' the aliens' brains for
technology; computers, microwave
ovens, cell phones, Hot Pockets...

ALISTAIR

Hot Pockets?

LARNELL
And Jim Cameron.

ALISTAIR
Jim Cam...? The movie director?

LARNELL
He's their offspring. The aliens'
I mean. Come on, 'Avatar' is like
a five hour love letter to his home
planet. But Feds figure us dumb
yokels can handle it because we
think it's just a "story". Well
not me baby.

Alistair realizes his best course is just to change the
topic.

ALISTAIR
And what does all this have to do
with the meteorite?

LARNELL
Hey Al, don't snow me brother. I
heard you talkin' into your
recorder before I snuck up on you.
You know this thing ain't no space
rock. It's a spaceSHIP. And you
and me are gonna share it with the
world! The Feds will have no
choice but to let those poor little
Area 51 aliens out of lockup.

ALISTAIR
Well I don't know about all that
but I have to admit this is unlike
any meteorite I've ever studied.

Larnell is sniffing the air... **(SCRATCH N' SNIFF MOMENT:
MARIJUANA SCENT)**

LARNELL
Wow, you smell that?

Alistair sniffs...

LARNELL (CONT'D)
Come on, man, don't tell me you
don't recognize it! Not after all
we've been through together...

A lightbulb seems to go off in Alistair's head.

ALISTAIR

Oh my goodness, you're right. It's like some sort of marijuana...

LARNELL

Dude, it's Galactic Ganja, from another galaxy!

Larnell looks around and sees the glowing grass everywhere.

LARNELL (CONT'D)

Look at all this stuff!

He bends down to pick some but Alistair stops him...

ALISTAIR

Don't touch it! We have no idea of its toxicity.

Alistair pulls out another evidence baggie and his tweezers and bends to collect a sample of the grass from the ground, puts it in his backpack with the other.

LARNELL

Lemme toke some of that shit and I'll take my own fuckin' reading.

ALISTAIR

I think the scientific method will be safer.

LARNELL

Safe. Right. Dude, we're all living on borrowed time anyway. The Armageddon clock is running down, you know.

ALISTAIR

Armageddon? How exactly have you been occupying yourself since I last saw you? What's it been, a couple of years?

LARNELL

Well, Homeland Security is after me. No biggie. A mix-up at the Afghan border.

ALISTAIR

Afghanistan?!

LARNELL

It was totally innocent, bro. I was over there with my old buddy Farook, scoring some high grade poppies and...

ALISTAIR

Wait, wait... Perhaps it's best if you don't tell me. Plausible...

LARNELL

Deniability. Gotcha. Anyway, I been livin further off the grid. Haven't had a cell phone in over a year. Even burners are risky bro. Plus I been training with a ninja master. Gotta protect myself.

ALISTAIR

A ninja master?

LARNELL

Well, 'master' might be pushin' it. Dude works installin' car stereos, but trust me, Wang Dong knows his shit.

Alistair rubs his temple as if he's got a headache.

LARNELL

That's why he's got me dressin all in black, so I can move with the shadows and strike from the heart of darkness.

Larnell does some martial arts 'moves,' punching and spinning wildly and ending with his 'claws' extended towards us in a final pose.

LARNELL

Let's hope you don't ever have to witness it, Al. The claws of the Drunken Monkey are a frightening thing when unleashed. So what do you want to do about our spaceship?

ALISTAIR

Uh, well... I will have to contact the authorities--

LARNELL

Not the Feds! They'll just cover it
up and sweep us under the carpet.
Nobody will ever see us again!

ALISTAIR

The Space Institute are not the
Feds, Larnell.

LARNELL

I'm tellin' you bro, hold off for a
little while, at least until you
and me figure out what we're
dealin' with here.

ALISTAIR

I don't know...

LARNELL

Come on man, didn't I save your
bacon down in South America?
Didn't we kill the King Bong
together?

ALISTAIR

Well, that's true but--

LARNELL

This place is remote enough.
Nobody else is gonna find this
thing, at least for a day or two.
Let's take your samples back to the
lab and figure some shit out, bro.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

(SCRATCH N' SNIFF MOMENT: INCENSE or COTTON CANDY SCENTS)
The freakshow that is the Venice Beach Boardwalk is bustling.
In a flurry of images that capture the excitement, we see:

ROCKIN' RAHIM with his guitar and turban.

ROLLERBLADERS drifting by in a blur.

Insanely inflated BODY BUILDERS lifting weights.

Chainsaw juggling LITTLE PEOPLE.

A Museum of Medical Oddities.

The HORNY HIPPIES aggressively scamming money from a tourist.
The sites are endless. But we finally stop on...

EXT. HEAD SHOP - DAY

A HEAD SHOP tucked away in a corner of Venice Beach.

INT. HEAD SHOP

The door opens and into the store comes The Killer. He's wearing gloves and carrying a backpack. He steps up to the counter.

Amid the shelves full of bongos, water pipes, hookahs, and other various weed paraphernalia he spots a bell on the counter. He reaches over and dings it... only it doesn't ding, it clunks.

He tries it a few more times but gets no ding. No one comes to help him. He looks around some more.

KILLER

Uh... Hello? Anybody here?

Hands slice dramatically through a doorway of hanging beads and finally part them. From out of the back, stepping through, is **BACHMAN**. He comes up to the other side of the counter.

BACHMAN

Whoa dude, keep the noise down.

KILLER

Noise? All I said was 'hello'.

BACHMAN

Correction, you followed that with 'Anybody here?'. And that was after pounding on my bell for like, five minutes.

KILLER

It wasn't five minutes... and if you heard that why didn't you come out earlier?

BACHMAN

Heard what?

KILLER
The bell!

BACHMAN
Bell's broken, dude.

KILLER
Alright, look... I've got something
here you might be interested in.

He puts his backpack on the counter and opens it. From
inside, he pulls out the Alien Bong.

BACHMAN
Whoa.... That thing looks like a
space bong.

KILLER
That's exactly what it is.

BACHMAN
No shit...

He reaches for it but Killer stops him.

KILLER
Not until we discuss price.

BACHMAN
Is it really from space?

KILLER
Yup.

BACHMAN
Prove it.

KILLER
Look at it, man. You ever see
anything like that?

The Killer grins and Bachman notices...

BACHMAN
Dude, you got some fuzztongue.

The Killer sticks out his tongue and tries to see it.
Indeed, the tongue where he sucked on his weed-infected
fingertips is coated with a green fuzz. He quickly shuts his
mouth and adjusts his gloves.

KILLER

Yeah, yeah, I gotta see the doc about that. Anyway, you think your shop could use this thing? Are we gonna do some business?

BACHMAN

We are definitely gonna do some business.

Bachman goes to the cash register and opens the drawer... but it is quickly closed by...

BRETT, who's just come out of the back room.

BRETT

What are you doin'?

BACHMAN

I was just...

KILLER

Hey back off slick, we were doing some business.

BRETT

Back off? I'm the co-owner of this place. Don't be telling me to back off, jack-off!

KILLER

Hey now...

BRETT

I don't want you rippin' us off with some bullshit. I heard you from the back. Space Bong my ass! Thing's a bad movie prop!

BACHMAN

Whoa... You mean like from '2001: A Weed Odyssey?'

Bachman laughs at his own joke. Brett slaps him upside the head.

KILLER

Look man, I'll make you a deal on it. Maybe we can do something for these too...

From his backpack he pulls out the jewels he took from his dead wife... and a deadly looking KNIFE.

KILLER
Knife's only been used once.

BRETT
Listen pud-knocker, this is a head
shop, not a pawn shop!

Bachman picks up the Alien Bong.

BACHMAN
Dude, this thing would look awesome
in the shop.

Brett takes a second look at it.

BRETT
Yeah, well, maybe so, but we ain't
paying out the wazoo for it.

KILLER
I'll take fifty for it.

BRETT
Fifty! I'll give you twenty.

KILLER
It's worth more than that.

BRETT
Hey, I gotta make a profit too.

BACHMAN
Correction, WE gotta make a profit.

KILLER
Let's say fifty and I'll throw in
the jewels and the knife.

BRETT
I don't want your other shit, man.

BACHMAN
Uh...

BRETT
WE don't want your other shit.

Brett shoves the stuff back in the guy's backpack. He opens
the cash register and pulls out a twenty dollar bill.

BRETT
Cash money.

The Killer thinks it over then reaches for the bill. But Brett snatches it away at the last second.

BRETT
What's with the gloves?

KILLER
I uh... got burned.

BRETT
Really? Let's see.

KILLER
No, I can't do that...

BRETT
You want the twenty don't you?

Reluctantly, the Killer pulls off one of the gloves. *His hand is covered in green fuzz!*

BRETT
Whoa!

BACHMAN
Monkey...

BRETT
Dude, you're startin' to mold!

We see: The Killer absently touches the counter-top, *leaving a fuzzy green residue...*

Brett crumples the twenty and throws it in the guy's face. He shoves the backpack off the counter.

BRETT
Take your shit and get outta here!

Pissed off, the Killer picks up the twenty and the backpack, turns to go.

BRETT
And don't touch anything! Fuck!

Bachman is heading toward the back room with the Alien Bong. Brett grabs his arm, stopping him.

BRETT
Hey, where you going?

BACHMAN

Dude, you can't expect me to put new merchandise on the shelf without testing it out first. That would be like, irresponsible.

BRETT

Why I ever went into business with you is beyond me.

BACHMAN

Well... After your career in sports was a wash-out, you had to do something.

Brett smacks Bachman upside the head.

BRETT

Thanks for reminding me.

He snatches the Alien Bong.

BRETT

Nobody's touching this thing until we find out more about it. You know who might know something?

BACHMAN

Who?

BRETT

Al.

BACHMAN

Who?

BRETT

Al! You know, the geek. The one that helped us kill the Evil Bong and the King Bong.

BACHMAN

We didn't really kill the Evil Bong though, dude. Thing was still down there in the jungle when we left. You remember that Poontang Tribe? Talk about National Geographic.

BRETT

National Pornographic you mean.

BACHMAN

They were awesome.

Brett pulls out his cell phone and dials. While he's waiting, he gives the Alien Bong back to Bachman.

BRETT
Put that on the shelf.

BACHMAN
You're not the boss of me.

Brett gives him a withering glare and moves as if to smack him again. Bachman holds up his hands in surrender.

BACHMAN
Violence never solved anything,
man.

Bachman turns to the shelves and starts to put the Alien Bong up...

But when Brett turns away with the phone...

BRETT
Hey Al! It's Brett...

Bachman sneaks the Alien Bong through the beaded doorway and into the back room without Brett seeing him.

CUT TO:

INT. HEAD SHOP/BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bachman is ready to fire up the Alien Bong. A series of lighted hoses extend.

Suddenly, he is distracted by a regal ENGLISH ACCENT.

ALIEN BONG
You are a worm...

BACHMAN
Huh?

He realizes the voice is coming from inside the bong, not an unusual thing given what he's experienced the previous two flicks.

ALIEN BONG
A parasite. Being this close to
you disgusts me.

BACHMAN
Whoa, that's uncalled for.

ALIEN BONG

I tolerate it only because I must.
You are the first step in my quest
for total domination of your world.

BACHMAN

Man, you got nasty 'tude for a
bong. You gotta chill or nobody's
gonna wanna buy you.

Bachman fires up and takes a toke.

Bachman is instantly high, seeming to float through outer space. He transforms into a cloud of smoke above the bong. His dismayed, but very stoned, face stretches towards us like a snake head.

ALIEN BONG

Welcome to my world, worm...

All of a sudden, Bachman realizes what is happening.

BACHMAN

Monkeyyyyyyy!

The cloud snaps back and Bachman is sucked into the bong.

CUT TO:

INT. BONG WORLD

Bachman ends up in a room of strangely colored foam cushions. He sniffs the air. **(SCRATCH N' SNIFF MOMENT: FISH SCENT)** He checks his armpits. Not it. He looks for the source of the smell...

And into the room step TWO ALIEN CHICKS... One with her skin colored green, the other colored blue... (Or maybe they have stripes or polka dots; we'll come to find out each of these alien chicks is painted differently)... And both are completely naked.

BACHMAN

Whoa...

Both girls join him on the cushions. They begin making out with him...

Using their hands and mouths, the girls quickly get Bachman into a state of excitement... until he is twitching in excitement, spasms rocking his body...

BACHMAN (CONT'D)
I'm boldly going where no dude has
gone before...!

But the girls aren't finished with him yet...
Giant colored boobs loom toward his face...

CUT TO:

INT. HEAD SHOP - DAY

Alistair's huge eyeball is enormous as he looks through a magnifying glass... He is examining the Alien Bong. Brett stands nearby.

Larnell paces the room, looking around, peering behind things and under things.

BRETT
Man, would you calm down? You're
making me nervous.

Larnell holds a finger to his lips, whispering:

LARNELL
Don't say anything that could be
incriminating bro. Feds might have
this place bugged.

BRETT
Why the hell would the Feds care
about this place you paranoid
twitch?

Larnell winces, gets closer to Brett, talking softly.

LARNELL
Lower your voice bro. They got
ears everywhere.

BRETT
Dude, you are a few Skittles short
of a full bag. You been chasin'
black helicopters way too long.
And what's with the duds? You look
like a cat burglar.

ALISTAIR
Uh Brett, maybe you shouldn't ask--

LARNELL
I'm a ninja.

BRETT
A ninja.

Larnell strikes a pose, claws out.

LARNELL
Drunken Monkey bro.

Lightning fast, Brett SMACKS him upside the head.

BRETT
You're pretty slow for a ninja.

LARNELL
I will only strike with deadly
force at the enemy, bro.

BRETT
Yeah well, your b.o. is deadly
enough.

(SCRATCH N' SNIFF MOMENT: MILDEW SCENT) Brett waves a hand in
front of his nose.

BRETT (CONT'D)
What do you make of that Bong, Al?

LARNELL
I have a glandular condition.

ALISTAIR
Well it certainly appears to be of
unknown origin. And this material
it's formed of is like nothing I've
ever seen. I'll know more if I
take it back to the lab and run
some tests. We were on our way
there when you called.

BRETT
As much as I love you Al, I'm not
letting that thing out of the shop
until I get my investment back. I
paid sixty bucks for it.

Larnell digs in his pockets, comes out with some coins and
lint. Puts them on the counter and keeps digging.

ALISTAIR

The base of this would fit perfectly on the empty receptacle we discovered on the meteorite.

BRETT

Meteorite?

LARNELL

Spaceship, bro.

BRETT

Are you telling me this thing actually IS from space?

ALISTAIR

Well, the possibility exists.

Suddenly, all hear a WAILING coming from somewhere...

Larnell crouches in ninja stance, at the ready...

LARNELL

Whoa, what was that?

BRETT

Relax, master of Dung Poo. It's just Bachman.

LARNELL

Oh. I thought I recognized his voice. Where is he? Wouldn't mind givin him some hello knucks.

BRETT

He's probably in the back with another one of those fat chicks. I don't know where he finds these cows.

LARNELL

He likes some extra cush-cush for the push-push.

Brett heads through the beaded curtain into the back room...

BRETT

Bachman! Get out here!

Larnell leans to Alistair, in confidence.

LARNELL

Listen bro, I don't have sixty bucks. Livin' off the grid has its disadvantages.

ALISTAIR

I don't have any money on me either.

LARNELL

Bummer. I was hopin' to score some Taco Bell later.

Suddenly the front door opens.

Both guys turn as LUANN steps inside. She lowers her sunglasses and reacts with disappointment when she sees Larnell and Alistair. She is carrying a parasol. She twirls it around before closing it.

LUANN

Oh. You putzes.

LARNELL

It's good to see you too, Luann. As usual you are a sunbeam floating on a cloud of happiness.

LUANN

Did anybody ever tell you black is out?

LARNELL

Shadows don't care about style.

LUANN

Could you be a bigger loser? Is that possible?

ALISTAIR

Uh... It's... Nice to see you Luann. It's been some time.

LUANN

Not long enough. Is this Brett's store?

ALISTAIR

Um... You don't know?

LUANN

Well... Let's just say that him and me kinda lost touch. Is he around?

AT THE BEADED DOOR

Brett is about to reenter the main room when he catches sight of Luann talking to Alistair and Larnell at the counter. He hangs back out of sight.

BACK IN THE SHOP

ALISTAIR

He just went into--

LARNELL

He left for awhile. Don't know when he'll be back.

Alistair isn't sure what Larnell is talking about but goes along with it.

ALISTAIR

Uh, yes. He left us in charge. Temporarily.

Larnell picks up a black water pipe and makes like a used car salesman.

LARNELL

Would you like to purchase a water pipe? Only slightly used but in perfect condition. In fact, we'll give you thirty percent off.

LUANN

What the hell do I need one of those for?

LARNELL

Oh look, it matches your eyes.

He holds the water pipe up to Luann's face and it matches her sunglasses, which are black. She pokes at him with her parasol.

LUANN

Get that away from me, you idiot!

She pulls a scrap of paper from her purse and scribbles something on it, hands it to Alistair.

LUANN (CONT'D)

When Brett comes back tell him to call me. If you think you can remember that.

She opens the parasol and saunters out of the shop.

LARNELL

I don't think she likes us bro.

Brett suddenly emerges from the back.

BRETT

Whoa, that was close! Thanks for getting rid of her.

ALISTAIR

She wants you to call...

He hands the paper to Brett who instantly tears it into little pieces, dropping them into an ashtray.

BRETT

Like that's gonna happen.

He lights the pieces of paper on fire.

ALISTAIR

I take it your relationship is no longer kosher.

BRETT

Not unless you call a Restraining Order kosher.

ALISTAIR

She has a Restraining Order on you?

BRETT

Dude, I'VE got one on HER! I don't know if you've noticed, but she's kind of a handful.

Alistair and Larnell both look at each other.

ALISTAIR

No... Hadn't really noticed...

BRETT

When we had to go down to South America... When I weighed like four hundred pounds... I realized she wasn't very supportive of me.

ALISTAIR

Really?

BRETT

Man, listen to me. 'Not very supportive'. I sound like some kinda Oprah shit. Anyway, thanks for havin' my back, guys.

ALISTAIR

Where's Bachman?

BRETT

He wasn't back there.

LARNELL

But dude, we heard him.

BRETT

(shrugs)

Musta went out the back. So what do you guys want to do about this bong?

LARNELL

Alien Bong.

BRETT

Okay 'X-Files', *Alien* Bong. What the hell do we do?

There is a pregnant pause as the wheels in Larnell's head screech to a halt. Then, as if the booming voice of God...

VOICE (OS)

First thing you do is pray, brothers.

All look to see **RABBIT** entering through the front door. He is dressed in priestly garb, carrying a Bible.

Greetings all around.

ALISTAIR

Mister Rabbit... How are you?

RABBIT

Just Rabbit, brother. Just Rabbit. Here, I brought you something.

Something uncoils from Rabbit's fist. A 'Pope on a Rope' dangles for a moment before he tosses it to Larnell, who snatches it out of the air with catlike reflexes.

BRETT

I can't believe you're still pulling this priest scam.

RABBIT

Oh, it is no scam, I can assure you. Never will I forget my experience with the Poontang Tribe nor my promise to a higher power in exchange for saving my life.

LARNELL

Bro, WE saved your life.

RABBIT

Did you... really? Or were your hands guided by...?

He points skyward.

RABBIT

You see, after being turned into a doobie and shrunk down to microscopic size, one sees the world as it truly is... a microcosm. All of us as specks of dust on the same blue rock. We live as one and must behave as such.

BRETT

Man, have you already been toking today?

RABBIT

I assure you, my vision has never been clearer.

LARNELL

Religious institutions are corrupt, bro. They been coverin' up UFO sightings just like the government. I have it on good authority that the Pope himself has been abducted and probed.

Rabbit chuckles with infinite patience, putting his hand around Larnell's shoulder.

RABBIT

My poor deluded child. I belong to no institution. Just me, myself and I passing along the Good Word.

BRETT

What're you doin' here anyway man?
We're kinda busy with something.

RABBIT

Actually, I stopped in to see
Bachman. He and I were going to
have a spiritual pow-wow.

BRETT

Oh, you mean the kinda pow-wow with
some wow-wow?

(mimes toking weed)

The kinda pow-wow you guys have in
back when the room is fulla smoke?

RABBIT

I'm not sure I know what you're
referring to, brother.

BRETT

Yeah, right. How I ever got hooked
up with you losers is beyond me.

LARNELL

Bro, you had no arm. They drummed
you outta the minor leagues.

Infuriated, Brett grabs something off the counter and chucks
it, nailing Larnell upside the head.

LARNELL

Ow...

BRETT

How's that for an arm, Donkey Kong?

ALISTAIR

Uh... Brett?

BRETT

(whirling on Alistair)

You got some comment to make too?

ALISTAIR

Uh... No... I...

Alistair is pointing at the end of the counter...

Where a tuft of that strange green grass is growing...

BRETT

Holy Shit!

He and Alistair and Larnell race over...

BRETT

That weird dude touched the counter
there earlier...

While their attention is diverted, Rabbit takes the Alien
Bong and sneaks off toward the back room with it...

ALISTAIR

Weird dude?

BRETT

The guy I got the bong from. He
had some green shit all over his
hands.

ALISTAIR

It appears to be the same as the
odd vegetation we discovered at the
crash site of the meteorite.

LARNELL

Spaceship, Al.

ALISTAIR

Very well, spaceship. In fact, I
could compare it to the samples I
took at the crash site...

He opens his backpack and pulls out the two baggies he used
to put the strange grass samples into. The bags are now
completely full of the grass, practically bursting at the
seams.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

What an amazing growth rate!

Larnell reaches for the green grass on the counter, as if
hypnotized. Brett stops his hand.

BRETT

Don't touch it! That other dude
had it growing all over himself.
Like some kinda space fungus.

ALISTAIR

There's a fungus among us. Get it?

LARNELL

You smell that, bro? It's weed for
sure.

Brett sniffs the air.

BRETT
Yeah well, not any weed I'm gonna
smoke I'll tell you that right
fuckin' now.

Alistair notices something...

ALISTAIR
Hey...

The others look...

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)
What happened to the bong?

BRETT
Rabbit, that weasel!

CUT TO:

INT. HEAD SHOP/BACK ROOM - DAY

Rabbit has the Alien Bong before him as he opens his Bible. Inside, the pages have been hollowed out to create a hiding place for his stash of weed.

Rabbit begins putting some weed into the Bong...

ALIEN BONG
This herb is of inferior quality.

RABBIT
I'll have you know that this stuff
is primo-- Hey, waitamminute... Did
you just talk?

ALIEN BONG
I see no one else in this room.

RABBIT
Man, what is it with all these
talking bongs, anyway?

He lifts up the bong, looks closer at it.

RABBIT
You got some kinda voice-activated
chip in here or...?

ALIEN BONG
Unhand me, you worm.

RABBIT
Worm? Man, that is so not cool.

He sets the bong down.

ALIEN BONG
You are repugnant to me. As you might find a maggot distasteful. I tolerate you only because the process is still in its early stages.

RABBIT
Process?

ALIEN BONG
There is the work I must do here, and that which must be done on my world...

RABBIT
So the guys aren't joking about you being some kind of alien bong?

ALIEN BONG
It is no joke. It is the beginning of the end for your world and the dawning of my dominance.

RABBIT
You are a real downer, brother.

Rabbit lights up and takes a toke from the extended hose. Lets the smoke in...

Just as...

AT THE BEADED DOORWAY

Alistair, Brett and Larnell step into the back room and see what Rabbit has just done.

ALISTAIR
Rabbit, no!

But it is too late! With a huge grin on his face, a cloud-like Rabbit *disappears*.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)
Not again...

LARNELL
He's been abducted!

BRETT
The bong got him!

LARNELL
What I said, abducted.

ALISTAIR
Perhaps we can argue semantics
later, gentlemen. The bottom line
is, Rabbit is gone and perhaps the
same thing has happened to Bachman.

BRETT
What is it with these fuckin'
bongs, anyway? Why do we always
end up finding these things?

LARNELL
(ominous)
Bro... THEY find US.

ALISTAIR
We've got to help him!

BRETT
You serious? Remember what
happened last time? The last TWO
times?

ALISTAIR
Well... we made it, didn't we?

BRETT
That's beside the point! We don't
know what the hell is on the other
side!

LARNELL
Dude, I'll bet this Alien Bong
wants to take over the world. It's
part of an invasion plot.

BRETT
Like 'Independence Day'? 'War of
the Worlds'?
(picks up bong)
This little thing?

ALIEN BONG
Unhand me, you parasite.

He tosses the bong in the air and Alistair catches it, tosses it like hot potato to Larnell who catches it and carefully sets it back down.

LARNELL

Don't be mad. We mean you no harm.
We come in peace and all that
stuff.

ALIEN BONG

You insignificant specks of fecal
matter.

Brett picks up a baseball bat and points it at the bong.

BRETT

Here's how we take care of a
fuckin' invasion pal...

Brett swings at the bong but Alistair and Larnell stop him.

ALISTAIR

Wait! If you destroy it we'll
never get Rabbit... or Bachman.

Reluctantly, Brett lowers the bat.

BRETT

Alright then, what do you suggest?

Larnell nods his head to indicate that the three of them
should get out of range of the Alien Bong.

CUT TO:

INT. HEAD SHOP - DAY

Alistair, Brett and Larnell come out of the back room.

Brett picks up a baseball bat The first thing they notice is
at the end of the counter, that strange alien grass has now
grown to about a foot high! And still growing.

BRETT

Whoa! Man, I gotta get some weed-
killer.

LARNELL

Bro, maybe it feeds on the stuff
man. We got to be careful.

ALISTAIR

We appear to have come across some form of alien intelligence, or A.I.

LARNELL

You mean 'A' high. It's a close encounter of the douche kind.

BRETT

Shit. Okay Al, how do you propose we fight this Alien Bong?

ALISTAIR

Well, we were only able to defeat the King Bong with the help of one person... er... maybe not a person, exactly but...

BRETT

You mean the Evil Bong? Yeah right, who wants to see that bitch again?

(raises hand)

NOT! Besides, we left her down in the jungle.

ALISTAIR

No doubt Larnell's grandfather has the bong in his possession. He seemed quite enamored of her.

BRETT

We left the old man down there too. And good fuckin' riddance.

LARNELL

Actually, he isn't down there anymore...

BRETT

How do you know?

LARNELL

I kinda been keepin tabs on him.

ALISTAIR

Why? I was under the impression that your relationship was less than cordial.

BRETT

Yeah, he's been hatin' you since your mom squirted you out.

LARNELL

I didn't want to take the chance of him poppin' outta nowhere and surprising me again, like he did down in South America.

BRETT

So where is he? Running the local butt plug convention?

LARNELL

Let's just say gramps has turned over a new leaf.

Off the baffled looks of the others...

LARNELL

Can I borrow a phone?

CUT TO:

INT. BONG WORLD

Rabbit is in that strange place with colored foam furniture all around. A mist coats the ground, as if he is walking on a cloud.

RABBIT

Could this be The Great Beyond?
Have I passed over...?

Suddenly, one of the Alien Chicks comes out, this one a buxom nude with flowing blonde hair, colored white as snow.

RABBIT

A fair angel!

The White Alien Chick embraces him.

RABBIT

This must be my reward for doing the good work...

Then suddenly the lights go red and...

Another Alien Chick steps out, this one raven-haired, painted with orange devilish flames.

RABBIT

Or perhaps this isn't Heaven at all...

(MORE)

RABBIT(CONT'D)

Well Lord, if it's that other
place, let my punishment begin!

He holds his arms out and the Orange Chick joins him with the
White Chick, shoving him onto one of the cushions and
smothering him with their bodies...

His quivering hand drops his Bible, spilling the stash of
weed out of it...

And soon his twitching body lets loose with a girlish WAIL of
delight. A nearby vase EXPLODES.

Bachman comes into the area with an Alien Chick on each arm.

BACHMAN

Dude, you just sounded like a
chick.

Rabbit sits up and sees Bachman come in. He looks skyward.

RABBIT

This MUST be hell.
(to Bachman)
Ah, friend Bachman. It appears you
too have joined me in the land of
the great reward.

BACHMAN

Well I don't know about all that
bro, but I been bangin' these
chicks since I been here. They
milked so much baby batter outta me
I don't know how I'm still
standing.

RABBIT

What do you mean they milked you?

BACHMAN

For safe keeping, man. For when I'm
sleepy, I guess. That wang-looking
tentacle combines it with alien
spunky to make a super splooge.
That's why it's green. That's not
my normal color, by the way.
They're storing it in these big
jars, like they wanna populate this
place with a bunch of little
Bachman's runnin' around. Cool
huh?

RABBIT

Brother, the idea of that fills me
with a horror you cannot possibly
imagine.

Bachman and his two chicks retire to nearby cushions for more
fun.

BACHMAN

If by horror you mean aaaawesome,
then I concur.

The Angel Chick and Devil Chick begins to please Rabbit
again, each taking an arm and pinning it down.

A strange tentacle with a grotesque sucking mouth slowly
approaches, as if to kiss him. He turns his head and the
tentacle moves on...

To below Rabbit's waist...

RABBIT

Whoa... I don't know about that
girls...

BACHMAN

Just part of their game bro. Go
with it.

RABBIT

Kinky...

The tentacle is apparently 'attached'...

And the Devil Chick goes to work on Rabbit with the Angel
Chick. Until he quivers and screams with orgasmic bliss!

And nearby is a big clear jar into which is plugged the other
end of that tentacle...

Which starts pumping a glowing green liquid into the jar.

CUT TO:

INT. HEAD SHOP - DAY

As Brett and Alistair are putting a sheet over that strange
growth of alien grass on the counter...

The gang hears Rabbit's voice coming out of the back room...

RABBIT (O.S.)

Zowie!

BRETT

Whoa, what the hell was that?

LARNELL

It's Rabbit, bro. From the bong world.

BRETT

Are they killin' him in there or what?

RABBIT (O.S.)

Now that's a bongasm!

ALISTAIR

He doesn't appear to be in distress.

BRETT

He's gettin his rocks off! Doesn't sound like any Alien Invasion I ever heard of.

LARNELL

Don't ya get it bro? That's the genius of it. They attack us where we're weakest. Our libidos.

BRETT

Well I don't know about you pal, but that's where I'm strongest.

He grabs his crotch to punctuate his point.

LARNELL

Against a true alien power, we are all ants bro.

BRETT

Fuck 'em.

Suddenly the front door opens and entering is...

GRAMPS, although he's not quite like he was before. He's dressed in some tie-dye, with a bandana and circular sunglasses. Very 1960s. He's all smiles.

Behind him is a statuesque amazon dressed in a nurse's uniform.

Only on her hat, where the red cross should be, it's a green cross. Two large hair pins hold it in place and stick out high above her head like antennae.

GRAMPS

And who is it that called the good Doctor?

Larnell sheepishly raises his hand.

LARNELL

Uh... that would be me, Gramps.

Gramps lowers his sunglasses to take a better look at Larnell. His smile vanishes.

GRAMPS

You.

LARNELL

Yup. Me. Good to see you.

GRAMPS

I wish I could say the same, but I enjoy my flare-ups of genital Herpes more than seeing your insipid face.

LARNELL

I shoulda known you haven't changed.

GRAMPS

Oh but I have! You may now call me Doctor Weed! And this is my faithful assistant Nurse Hookah.

NURSE HOOKAH bows. The hair pins almost poke our eyes out! She steps up to the counter and places a medicinal bag with a green cross on the side of it.

BRETT

Whoa! You mean you're selling medicinal weed now?!

GRAMPS

After my experience in South America, I decided to join the enemy, if you will. And it's proven quite lucrative. Not that you stupid shits would know anything about making money.

BRETT

Hey pops, I own this joint.

GRAMPS

(looking around)

Some impressive merchandise, I'll grant you. Within two months you will be foreclosed on.

BRETT

Thanks a lot.

ALISTAIR

Uh... I was given to understand that the sale of medicinal marijuana was done out of certain pharmaceutical shops.

GRAMPS

I recall that you were perhaps the brightest of this illiterate group, if indeed such comparisons can be made amongst the lower life forms. But you are correct - *nerd* - when you mention the popularity of the shops. However, those are for amateurs. Morons. Targets for miscreant thieves. Spics and niggers shooting each other just for a taste.

As Gramps talks, Nurse Hookah uses her fingers like gangsta 'guns' to shoot, illustrating the story. (She will often mime in the backgrounds of conversations.)

GRAMPS (CONT'D)

Special delivery is the only way to go.

He pats the bag on the counter.

GRAMPS (CONT'D)

Now, were we going to do some business? Besides the traditional seed and weed, I've got brownies, cookies, ice cream, even newfangled lemonade. One snort will have you over the moon. Haha!

Nurse Hookah mimes toking, eating and a yum-yum tummy rub.

LARNELL
Well, actually Gramps, we kinda
need your help.

GRAMPS
The only help I'd like to give you
is a retro-active abortion!

LARNELL
I kinda figured.

Nurse Hookah mimes pulling at her crotch with a hooked
finger. Then gives Larnell an evil look.

ALISTAIR
But this is serious, Mister...
uh... Gramp... uh, Doctor Weed.

LARNELL
VERY serious. Like the whole world
is screwed kinda serious.

GRAMPS
What are you babbling about?

BRETT
Well, we're not sure, but--

LARNELL
It's an invasion! Aliens from
another world, planning a takeover
of earth!

Both Brett and Alistair wince as Larnell blurts this out.

Nurse Hookah mimes flying saucers invading earth, tentacled
aliens, things blowing up, etc.

GRAMPS
Ever since your mother squeezed you
out of her rectal cavity you have
been nothing but misery to me, my
boy.

Nurse Hookah mimes - daintily of course - taking a poop.

GRAMPS
Now you waste my time with talk of
alien invasions...

Gramps puts his sunglasses back on and turns to go. Nurse
Hookah grabs the medical bag and follows.

ALISTAIR

Uh, wait!

BRETT

We can prove it.

ALISTAIR

We think.

Gramps slowly turns, peering over his sunglasses.

CUT TO:

INT. HEAD SHOP/BACK ROOM

The boys lead Gramps and Nurse Hookah through the beaded doorway and into the back room.

There on the table is the Alien Bong.

LARNELL

There it is. The advance scout of the invasion.

Nurse Hookah puts her downward facing palm against her forehead, as if looking out over a great distance, like an Indian 'scout'.

Gramps gives the bong a cursory once-over.

GRAMPS

What of it? A cheap movie prop.

BRETT

That's what I thought at first too, but...

GRAMPS

But what? Spit it out you incompetent amoeba!

LARNELL

Two of our friends are gone, Gramps. We think...

ALISTAIR

We believe there is a possibility the Bong has taken them.

GRAMPS

You clowns must take me for the biggest rube in history.

He tosses the bong in the air. Larnell clumsily catches it before it hits the floor.

Gramps turns to go, with Nurse Hookah following, out the beaded door, Nurse Hookah waving toodle-loo.

Larnell picks up the Alien Bong, yelling at it, shaking it.

LARNELL

Say something, dammit! Come on,
show your power over us little
ants! Come on!

But the bong is silent.

LARNELL

He's shutting us out, bros. Not
cool. Bong's a d-bag.

Alistair races out the beaded door.

ALISTAIR

Wait! Wait!

INT. HEAD SHOP

Alistair catches Doctor Weed and Nurse Hookah before they reach the front door.

ALISTAIR

There is something else you should
see.

GRAMPS

Boy, my patience is as thin as the
primordial soup from which you were
spawned.

ALISTAIR

It's over here.

Alistair leads Gramps and Nurse Hookah to the far end of the counter, where that sheet covers up...

Alistair pulls it off to uncover that Alien grass, now grown super-high.

Gramps's mouth drops open and he slowly takes off his sunglasses to get a better gander.

GRAMPS

Fucking astounding!

He reaches out to touch it!

ALISTAIR

Don't touch it! Its properties of reproduction and accelerated growth are beyond anything I've encountered.

Gramps sniffs it. So does Nurse Hookah, miming toking a joint.

GRAMPS

Indeed Nurse Hookah. A veritable gold mine.

(to Alistair)

Where did you find it?

ALISTAIR

It was out at--

LARNELL

Hang tight, Al. Gramps gets nothing from us. Not until he gives over something.

GRAMPS

So now you feel you can bargain with me? Why you little...

LARNELL

Hey, I think you got somethin' we can use.

GRAMPS

And what is that?

BRETT

The Evil Bong. The Bitch Bong.

GRAMPS

And what makes you think I have her?

LARNELL

Don't snow me, Gramps. I know you got her. We left you down there in the jungle with her and no way you'd escape without taking her along.

GRAMPS

I still owe you for ditching me down there you pus-dripping pecker.

LARNELL

Let's just call it even for all the crap you dished out on me over the years. Right now, we're just lookin' for a little trade is all... call it a loan.

GRAMPS

I call it extortion. This whole thing stinks like a sumo wrestler just took a dump on a burning tire.

Nurse Hookah mimes a horrible smell and gags.

LARNELL

So where is she?

GRAMPS

Who?

LARNELL

The bitch bong! Who the hell you think?

GRAMPS

I'll have to go get her. She's in a safe place.

LARNELL

Oh, I'll bet she's in a safe place.

Larnell reaches out and grabs Gramps's medical bag. A brief tug of war with Nurse Hookah, which the Nurse wins.

GRAMPS

Very well.

He nods to Nurse Hookah who opens the bag and pulls out some medicinal weed. A syringe, which she squirts. She gets to the bottom of the bag...

And she unveils **EEBEE**, the Evil Bong. Nurse Hookah sets her on the counter.

Eebie's mouth has been duct taped but she rattles around like she wants to talk, mumbling behind the tape.

GRAMPS

There, there, girl.

Gramps gently peels the tape off her mouth.

EEBEE

You tryin' to suffocate a girl?
Dayum!

Gramps strokes her softly.

GRAMPS

Merely a safety precaution, you
understand darling.

The guys are a little thrown by Gramps's gentle side. And
Clearly, Nurse Hookah is more than a little jealous.

EEBEE

Safety my ass! YOUR safety maybe,
honky. Havin' that tape on my
mouth only pisses me off! Can't
keep a woman DOWN like that!

GRAMPS

You're right. I apologize, hon.

LARNELL

Not cool, Gramps. Really foul,
dude.

Eebee hears Larnell's voice and 'turns' her body to see
Alistair, Brett and Larnell.

EEBEE

Aw hell no! Not these crazy white
boys again! How many times you
tried to kill me already?

ALISTAIR

Uh... well, actually, last time we
all destroyed the King Bong
together, if you remember
correctly.

EEBEE

Oh I remember alright! Then you
left me down in that hot sweaty
jungle! All them bugs and spiders
crawlin' all over me...

Eebee shivers.

EEBEE (CONT'D)

Lawdy! How you plan to torture me
this time, you little shits?

LARNELL
 Nonono... No torture. Just asking
 for some advice is all?

EEBEE
 Advice? You mean you want my help?

By this time, Brett has gone into the back room.

LARNELL
 Well, if you want to put it that
 way...

Eebee suddenly gets a whiff of something, sniffing the air.

EEBEE
 WaitaGoddamnminute! What in the
 hell...?

Again, she spins her body to see the tall green alien grass
 growing at the other end of the counter.

EEBEE
 Oooooweee! Now that is some kinda
 sweet sweet weed, wouldn't you say,
 Doctor?

GRAMPS
 Just what the doctor ordered baby.

EEBEE
 We could do something with this on
 the streets. Er, I mean... for
 medicinal purposes of course.

GRAMPS
 Oh, of course.

Both Gramps and Eebee chuckle conspiratorially. Nurse Hookah
 licks her finger and mimes counting money.

LARNELL
 Now wait just a friggin' minute!
 Nobody's gettin' nothin' until we
 get help with our little problem.

EEBEE
 What little problem is that? Yo
 dick?

Eebee cackles. Nurse Hookah puts her thumb and forefinger
 together, about an inch apart.

Brett comes out of the back room.

BRETT
No, this!

He slams the Alien Bong on the counter next to Eebee.

LARNELL
It's from outer space.

EEBEE
Whatchoo talkin' bout, Willis?

LARNELL
I mean this little problem could be
your little problem soon enough.
The WHOLE WORLD'S little problem!

ALISTAIR
In simplest terms, we believe an
alien invasion may be afoot.

EEBEE
You dumb geeks have all done
flipped!

Nurse Hookah sticks her tongue out, crosses her eyes and
circles her finger by her ear.

BRETT
Look, maybe you could just talk to
it...?

EEBEE
Talk to it?! You dumbass cracker,
what am I, some sideshow act
muthufucka?

BRETT
Well no, but I mean, there aren't
many talking bongs around and...

EEBEE
There's only ONE of me and don't
you let your lily white ass forget
it!

LARNELL
But this one was talkin' earlier.
Real asshole too. Comments were
totally uncalled for. And
unprovoked I might add.

EEBEE

This one? Talkin'? Sheeeit.
Thing's nothin' but a piece of
junk. Let's grab some of this
super weed and get outta here.

GRAMPS

I concur, darling.

Gramps carefully lifts Eebee to put her back in the bag...

ALIEN BONG

You dare refer to me as a piece of
junk?

All turn to see the Alien Bong light up as it speaks,
flashing.

ALIEN BONG (CONT'D)

My outward appearance is designed
only to blend better within your
rudimentary world. To better fool
your simple minds.

EEBEE

Who you callin' simple, muthufucka?

ALIEN BONG

You are nothing but trash to be
swept into the gutters of what you
call the ghetto of this world.

EEBEE

SAY WHAT?!?! Lemme at him! I'm
gonna kill him!

She shakes and shimmies in Gramps's hands and he has to do
all he can to keep her under control.

GRAMPS

There, there, girl. Calm down. We
will deal with this miscreant in
due time I assure you.

Nurse Hookah mimes machine-gunning the Alien Bong.

GRAMPS (CONT'D)

What do you boys propose?

Alistair, Brett and Larnell glance to one another, then Brett
takes the Alien Bong through the beaded doorway and into the
back room.

He returns.

LARNELL

Look Gramps, here's what we're thinkin'. We need Eebee's help to figure how to get Bachman and Rabbit back and stop this invasion from happening.

From the back room:

ALIEN BONG (O.S.)

You think I cannot hear you?
Fools!

The guys all lean very close, voices lowered.

LARNELL

She's got to have a clue how to beat it.

EEBEE

I don't know nuthin' about that fucker, 'cept he's an asshole.

BRETT

You want to get your hands on some of that alien weed then you're going to have to help us.

Gramps eyes the tall weed at the end of the counter.

GRAMPS

What do you suggest?

LARNELL

Well... Maybe you take a toke from that thing and go in, do some recon, report back.

GRAMPS

You're insane!

LARNELL

We got to find out what's going on in there somehow.

GRAMPS

Your brain wouldn't even make an appetizer for an anorexic cannibal. Why the hell would I go in there?

BRETT

We've got the weed you want, pops.
And you're not getting it until you
help us.

Gramps thinks a moment, gives a sly nod to Nurse Hookah, who quickly sneaks up behind Brett and grabs him, pinning his arms behind him.

Brett tries to struggle out of her bosomy grasp.

BRETT

Holy shit! This chick is strong!

GRAMPS

Indeed she is. Drafted from the
finest stock.

As Brett struggles, Alistair and Larnell are at a loss.

GRAMPS

Here is the new plan. While I
could get greedy with the weedy and
just take what I want, I have to
admit that I too am somewhat
curious. So... You two...
(meaning Alistair and
Larnell)
Will go into the dragon's lair for
this so-called recon you speak of.
While I stay out here and watch
your useless friend.

Brett struggles but still can't get free from Nurse Hookah's strong grasp.

BRETT

Dudes... don't do it! No way you
can trust this crank-yanker!

GRAMPS

I assure you that Nurse Hookah is
trained in all manner of deadly
arts and is more than prepared to
use them to extinguish the life of
another worthless dweeb.

ALISTAIR

Another? You mean she's done this
before?

Larnell strikes his Drunken Monkey pose, squeals...

Alistair restrains him.

ALISTAIR
Not now Larnell. Perhaps we should
do as he demands.

LARNELL
This ain't right, Al.

ALISTAIR
Agreed.
(considers, then to
Gramps)
But we have one more demand of our
own.

GRAMPS
And what would that be?

ALISTAIR
We need Eebee to go with us.

Gramps clings to Eebee protectively.

GRAMPS
Out of the question!

ALISTAIR
She's necessary for the success of
the mission.

EEBEE
Aw HELL no!

GRAMPS
I won't let them hurt you pookey...
never...

Gramps kisses and smooches Eebee. Weird.

LARNELL
Let's face it Gramps. There could
be a helluva lot more of this space
weed where that came from.

Larnell points to the weed growing on the end of the counter.
This gets Gramps to pay attention.

EEBEE
Oh no you don't old man! I know
that look in your eye, when greed
takes over.

GRAMPS

Think of it Eebee! We finally get what we want... the opportunity to take over the world with the greatest source of grass known to man. And the unchecked, unrivaled rise of Doctor Weed!

EEBEE

And you just gonna leave me out on the street, is that it?

GRAMPS

Oh no, of course not, darling!

EEBEE

Typical honky motherfucker! You gonna dump me for this white piece of ass ain't ya?

Nurse Hookah, still restraining Brett, takes some offense, her eyes narrowing to angry slits.

GRAMPS

Nurse Hookah has her certain... attributes. But no one can compare to you, my dearest.

Gramps smooches on Eebee again.

BRETT

Man this shit is gross!

LARNELL

Come on, Gramps. Make-out sesh is over. Time to do this thing.

Gramps exchanges a long lingering look with Eebee.

EEBEE

I'm gonna get you for this, Dr. Viagra.

CUT TO:

INT. HEAD SHOP/BACK ROOM

Nurse Hookah restrains Brett in a corner.

Alistair and Larnell seat themselves before the coffee table where the Alien Bong sits.

Gramps carefully places Eebee next to the Alien Bong.

EEBEE

Man, this thing creeps me out!

ALIEN BONG

It is only because your simple mind
cannot grasp the untold power
before you.

EEBEE

Who you callin' simple?!

Larnell opens a bag of weed, starts to load the Alien Bong.

ALIEN BONG

I don't believe I gave you
permission to--

LARNELL

Fuck yer permission, bro. We got
to get in there. And pardon me if
I use my own personal stash instead
of some of your alien shit.

ALIEN BONG

The thin, weak earthly vegetation
is an affront to my senses, but do
as you will.

LARNELL

Oh, I will, brother. I will.

The lighted hose rises from the Alien Bong. Larnell puts his
lips to it, ready to toke.

ALIEN BONG

You offend me. You disgust me.
You repulse me. Take me, you worm.

LARNELL

This bong has some issues bro.

Larnell tokes long and deep...

Turns to a cloud and disappears! All are stunned, but let's
face it, the guys have all seen this before.

BRETT

Okay Al. Your turn.

Alistair delicately grabs one of the lighted hoses but
hesitates.

BRETT

Come on, Al! Don't back out, now!

ALISTAIR

Oh, indeed no. Friends need saving. Plus... think of the discovery!

BRETT

Whatever works for ya. Now suck it!

Alistair slowly puts the hose to his lips.

ALIEN BONG

Admirable. Now join me in my world and let me blow your fragile mind!

Alistair tokes and soon... POOF! Gone.

GRAMPS

I hate to break it to you Eebee. But you're next.

EEBEE

You gonna get it, you gonna get it, you gonna get it!

Gramps moves the two bongos closer together...

The Alien Bong reaches out with its hoses, pulling Eebee closer to it, wrapping her up with him.

EEBEE

Ahhhh! I feel like I went to an orgy but nobody gave me no butter!

ALIEN BONG

Silence wench! Let me take you!

Smoke starts to pour from the Alien Bong, encircling them both...

ALIEN BONG

A new day has dawned...

And as the smoke dissipates, Eebee has vanished...

But the Alien Bong remains.

ALIEN BONG

Soon our worlds will unite.

Gramps looks on with a wicked grin.

Brett makes one last futile attempt to pull away from Nurse Hookah, then addresses his buddies, now gone...

BRETT

Good luck, you poor sonsabitches.

CUT TO:

INT. ALIEN WORLD

Larnell sneaks through the alien world, all strange colors and fog floating just above the ground. He is on edge, all senses alert...

He accidentally bumps into something and a strange prop falls over nearby. He whirls, squealing, Drunken Monkey claws extended. Until he realizes that whatever fell is harmless.

LARNELL

Okay bro, okay. Keep it together.
Don't get butt probed. They love
that shit.

Takes a deep breath.

LARNELL (CONT'D)

Find the core bro, seek it out.
One with your inner being. Come on
now, Wang Dung would have your ass
for panicking. It'd be forty
lashes with the whoop stick.

He gathers himself and continues on. Soon, he comes to the room where Rabbit has been laid out on the cushions, exhausted.

Bachman is nowhere to be seen.

Larnell sniffs the air... **(SCRATCH N' SNIFF MOMENT: CLAMS & OYSTERS SCENT)** There is only one of the Alien Chicks around, 'monitoring' Rabbit.

LARNELL (CONT'D)

Rabbit!

The Alien Chick approaches Larnell, running her hands over his chest, clearly ready to take him into the fold. But he's all business, kneeling by Rabbit's side.

RABBIT

(weak)

Oh man... They got me, man....

LARNELL
Bro, what's that noise?

It's a strange CHUG-CHUG-CHUGGING sound that fills the air...

RABBIT
They got me hooked up...

Larnell follows Rabbit's gaze down below his waist
(thankfully off-camera)...

To where a tentacle pumps the glowing goop out of the room...

LARNELL
YUCK! Bro, they're jizz-milkin'
ya!

RABBIT
They want our seed, man.

LARNELL
That is some sick shit.

RABBIT
You gotta get that thing off me.

Larnell leaps away.

LARNELL
I'm not touchin' that!

RABBIT
Dude, come on. Pretty soon I'll be
nothing but a dried up banana husk.

LARNELL
Better you than me. I ain't going
near that thing bro. Or your
banana.

RABBIT
We gotta stop this thing... I mean,
what if they're gonna populate
their world with a bunch of us...
or raise the babies for an army to
invade Earth!

LARNELL
That's a new one.

RABBIT
Or maybe... maybe... they're gonna
raise the babies for FOOD!

(MORE)

RABBIT(CONT'D)

They're a bunch of cannibals!
They'll raise our babies to eat em!
Oh Lord the humanity!

LARNELL

Calm down, man. Where's Bachman?

RABBIT

They got him too. I don't know
where.

LARNELL

Hang tight, bro.

RABBIT

Don't leave me, man...

Larnell picks up Rabbit's Bible and puts it in Rabbit's hand,
closing it around the Good Book.

LARNELL

You're not alone, bro. Be right
back.

Larnell grabs the Alien Chick by the arm.

LARNELL (CONT'D)

Okay, honey... You're comin' with
me.

He drags her out of the room.

Rabbit's head slumps onto the Bible, exhausted.

CUT TO:

INT. ALIEN WORLD/ANOTHER PLACE

Alistair creeps through the fog-enshrouded world...

He makes observations, dictating notes into his little tape
recorder:

ALISTAIR

The Alien World, or Bong World, if
you will, seems comprised of little
physical matter, or perhaps outside
of this space the world is more
defined. In here this fog... these
meager furnishings... perhaps
designed merely to placate our
human minds and to serve no other
function.

(MORE)

ALISTAIR(CONT'D)

Perhaps in fact these images have been taken from our minds and are merely illusion for our benefit.

He occasionally stops and observes props, etc.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

Thus far I have seen no sign of Bachman, Rabbit, or Larnell. For that matter, I have made no sighting of any alien beings.

He pauses, hearing that CHUG-CHUG-CHUG.

ALISTAIR

However, I have discerned the sound of what seems to be some sort of mechanical device.

He holds the recorder up to the air to pick up the sound.

ALISTAIR

Moving to investigate.

INT. ALIEN WORLD/JIZZ FACTORY

Alistair creeps into another area. The CHUGGING sound here is much louder. He has to talk over it into his recorder.

ALISTAIR

There is most definitely a machine at work here...

He swipes his hand through thick fog.

ALISTAIR

But I cannot see it through this fog. ACH!

Suddenly, he trips!

He picks himself up to notice that what he has tripped over is a big hose....

ALISTAIR

I appear to have tripped over a hose of some kind...

Examining closer, he sees that the hose is pulsating and pumping that green, glowing goop....

ALISTAIR

It seems to be a living organism.
And fluid is flowing through it...

Alistair follows the tentacle to....

An area where the tentacle splits off into many sections...
all of them trailing into big clear jugs (think like big
clear Arrowhead jugs)...

And into the jugs is being pumped this green fluid...

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

This fluid is being transferred
from... somewhere else... and into
a series of vast jugs. What it is,
or for what purpose, I cannot say
without further observation.

Alistair slowly creeps up to one of the jugs. Watches the
green fluid spilling down the sides and into it.

He pulls out a handkerchief and carefully uses it to unscrew
the top of the jug, looking inside, but not disturbing the
working of the tentacle.

He sniffs...**(SCRATCH N' SNIFF MOMENT: GARLIC OR ONION SCENT)**
Then recoils.

Then he pulls out a pencil from one of the many in his pocket
protector.

He dips the eraser tip into the jug to scoop some of the
fluid.

He takes the pencil out and cautiously sniffs the goop on the
end of it...

ALISTAIR

The smell is pronounced... and
unpleasant to say the least.

He watches it drip off the end of the pencil...

ALISTAIR

The viscosity seems to have a
similar consistency to--

Suddenly, a hand CLAMPS down on his shoulder from behind,
whirling him around!

It's another ALIEN CHICK. Naked, of course, this one is painted up with all kinds of sexual symbols, including 'artistic' representations of penises and vaginas, like she should be presented in a gallery.

ALISTAIR

Oh my.

He drops his pencil and engages his recorder once again.

ALISTAIR

I have encountered a life form.
Uh... female, by all accounts.
Voluptuous in nature with the
physical attractiveness an average
human male might find appealing.
Again, is this the Alien's natural
form, or has her appearance been
plucked from my memory?

(beat)

Though I don't ever recall
imagining a naked woman painted
with imagery as if her brushstrokes
had been applied by some... sexual
tagger.

The Alien Chick tears the buttons from Alistair's shirt, exposing his skinny bare chest.

ALISTAIR

Oh My...! The Alien is amorous!

The Alien Chick takes Alistair's recorder and drops it into the open jug... it glug-glugs to the bottom of the liquid.

ALISTAIR

No! My field notes!

The Alien Chick pushes Alistair down on a nearby cushion and begins to ravage him. Clearly, he is overmatched...

ALISTAIR

Please no... I... I...
Iiiiiiiiioooooaaahhhh!!!

Soon, he screams with an intense BONGASM!

As Alistair is recovering, the Alien Chick moves aside to reveal...

A tentacle snaking through the air. The puckered end of it is like a mouth with hideous wormy lips... and little teeth inside!

Alistair gets a good look at the horrifying thing as it comes closer...

And dives towards his crotch.

He SCREAMS!

CUT TO:

INT. HEAD SHOP/BACK ROOM - DAY

Brett, still being restrained by Nurse Hookah, hears the sound of Alistair's SCREAM echo from somewhere inside the Alien Bong.

GRAMPS

It seems your friend has made a...
scientific discovery.

Gramps chuckles wickedly.

ALIEN BONG

He is now one with the hive.

BRETT

The hive? What the fuck?

GRAMPS

Yes, a hive! Do you know what a
hive is, you simpleton?

BRETT

Yeah, it's like for bees an' shit.

GRAMPS

For bees, yes. And for all the
insects of earth. Insects meaning
humans.

(to the Alien Bong)

Am I correct?

ALIEN BONG

Rudimentary, but accurate.

GRAMPS

You plan to... assimilate us, if
you will. Not necessarily to...
invade or destroy.

ALIEN BONG

Perrrrrrrhaps.

GRAMPS

You wish to live amongst us, share the world with us. Not rule over us.

ALIEN BONG

That is one concept, yes.

GRAMPS

You see young man? You've been worried over nothing.

BRETT

How much of your weed you been smoking you stupid sag bag? This bong is snowing you!

GRAMPS

I believe after all my years I can discern deception. Even if lately my senses have been slightly... impinged by certain hallucinatory elements.

He chuckles, takes a toke off a blunt.

GRAMPS (CONT'D)

You got any pizza around here?

BRETT

Man, you better not be smoking any of that space grass that's growing out on the counter. You don't know what that shit'll do to you.

GRAMPS

Don't take me for a fool, boy.

BRETT

Well, you haven't been playing this thing too smart so far. Far as I can tell, you're playing right into this Alien Bong's hands. Or... hoses... or whatever.

GRAMPS

(another toke)

I have it allllllll under control.

He passes the blunt to Nurse Hookah, holding it so that she can toke from it while still restraining Brett.

BRETT
 Man, Larnell is right, these
 fuckin' aliens are gonna wipe us
 all out!

For some reason, Gramps finds this incredibly funny and starts to laugh. Nurse Hookah laughs too, but silently.

And the Alien Bong also joins in. Insidious and evil.

Brett glances to one side of the room, where his BASEBALL BAT is lying on a table...

CUT TO:

INT. BONG WORLD

Larnell keeps creeping through the Bong World, eyes and ears on high alert... maybe too high, since he twitches at every sudden movement or sound.

He moves into an area with cushions... a couple of Alien Chicks standing by. The sound of that CHUG-CHUG-CHUGGING...

He hears MOANING....

LARNELL
 Bachman?

BACHMAN
 Uuuuuuhhhh.... duuuuuuuude....

As Larnell gets further into the room, all he sees on one of the cushions is a giant pile of that growing alien weed!

Somewhere underneath it, Bachman is MOANING.

LARNELL
 Bach! What the hell?

BACHMAN
 I've been probed.

LARNELL
 I KNEW it!

Larnell moves to help him but...

Eebie, sitting nearby on a pedestal:

EEBEE
 Hold up, white boy!

Larnell stops.

EEBEE (CONT'D)

You don't want to be touchin' that
shit!

LARNELL

But I gotta help him!

EEBEE

How? Decorate your garden? Use
him for mulch?

Eebee chuckles.

LARNELL

Listen bitch, if you're not gonna
be constructive then zip it up,
alright?

EEBEE

Just tryin' to help.

LARNELL

If you want to help, tell me what
happened to him.

BACHMAN

Dude... They sucked me dry...

The Alien Chicks stands near as the tentacle detaches itself
from somewhere under all that alien grass that was once
Bachman.

EEBEE

He's right. This boy's seed is his-
to-RY! His meat flute ain't
playin' no more tunes!

LARNELL

I told you to shut your pie hole!

BACHMAN

My whacker is toast, bro!

LARNELL

Just hang bro... Just hang... I'll
figure this out...

Larnell is beside himself, wracking his brains, chewing
fingernails, pacing...

Meanwhile, Eebee hums and whistles, as if she's waiting...

Bachman MOANS again, loudly and painfully.

LARNELL (CONT'D)

I got to do something!
 (to Eebee)
 Any suggestions?

EEBEE

Oh, so now you want to hear from me, is that it? Done keepin' a good woman down?

LARNELL

Look, I'm sorry I snapped--

EEBEE

Oppressive cracker.

LARNELL

I need some ideas here, Eebee.

EEBEE

Ideas wouldn't be a bad thing. I wouldn't mind gettin' outta here while the gettin's good.

LARNELL

So?

EEBEE

Okay look numbnuts. These aliens want some human seed. Don't know why and I don't care. My guess is they're raising a bunch of imitation humans to help invade earth...

LARNELL

Yeah, like 'Invasion of the Ninja Snatchers'.

EEBEE

With weed!

LARNELL

The alien weed. If it's not the invasion force, that fuckin' grass will spread all over everything, turning humans to mindless zombies.

Eebee shimmies and shakes.

EEBEE

Ooooo Lordy... Don't be talkin' to me about no zombies now!

Bachman moans from somewhere under all that weed.

BACHMAN

Monkey!

LARNELL

Hang on bro! I'll get you out... somehow.

The tentacle darts toward Larnell. He grabs the end of the tentacle. It snaps at his face. Then his nuts. He kung-fu's it into submission.

The Alien Chick tries to stop him but he startles him off with his ninja skills.

LARNELL (CONT'D)

Keep an eye on him, Eebee.

EEBEE

Oh yeah. I'll do that.

Larnell bolts, following the tentacle.

EEBEE (CONT'D)

Idiot.

Eebee turns and looks around nervously...

EEBEE (CONT'D)

Don't know what kinda alien heebie-jeebies gonna be jumpin' out on me up in here now...

CUT TO:

INT. BONG WORLD/JIZZ FACTORY

Larnell follows the tentacle into the foggy area with all that CHUG-CHUG-CHUGGING.

Soon he finds Alistair, half-clothed, hooked to a different tentacle, being monitored by the graffiti Alien Chick.

LARNELL

Al! Bro, they got ya!

ALISTAIR

You've got to help me, Larnell. I don't want them taking my... essence...

LARNELL

I understand, bro. That is some Mensa splooge. Valuable shit.

ALISTAIR

Not to mention... it amounts to such an extreme... violation.

Tired of this talk, the Alien Chick cranks up the nozzle of the machine and the tentacle begins to pump Alistair harder...

ALISTAIR

AHHHH!

LARNELL

Dude, they want your baby chowder!

ALISTAIR

OOOAAAAAHHHHH!!!

CUT TO:

INT. HEAD SHOP/BACK ROOM

Brett and the others can hear Alistair SCREAMING from the Bong World.

ALIEN BONG

Ahhhh... It sounds as if another has been brought into the fold.

Gramps is practically rubbing his hands together with glee.

BRETT

I don't know what you're so happy about old man!

GRAMPS

It is very simple ignoramus. The Aliens have their intentions set on taking over the world. Well... I for one have no fear because they will need humans of higher learning to assist them in keeping Earth on a functioning level.

BRETT

And you think that's gonna be you?

GRAMPS

I KNOW it will be me. Isn't that right, Mister Alien Bong?

The Alien Bong lights up, blinking...

ALIEN BONG

Why... Of course it is.

But we know he isn't serious.

BRETT

Old man, you're an idiot.

Nurse Hookah GASPS, offended. Brett takes the opportunity and ELBOWS her in the ribs....

Then he kicks at the end of his baseball bat lying on the nearby table...

The bat flips in the air and Brett catches it in his hands.

Wielding it like a pro slugger he spins and CLOCKS Nurse Hookah upside the head! She goes down.

BRETT

Outta the park, bitch!

He whirls on Gramps, but Gramps has already rushed to Nurse Hookah's aid, kneeling beside her.

GRAMPS

Nurse Hookah! My dear... there there...

He pats her gently. She moans, holding her head and coming around.

BRETT

Damn, that bitch got a hard noggin.

Brett whirls and raises his bat to smash the Alien Bong...

GRAMPS

Stop!

Brett pauses his swing.

BRETT

What the fuck? Time to take it out!

GRAMPS

Do you really think that's the best idea?

BRETT

Fucking this thing up is the best idea I've had in a long time!

GRAMPS

But then, how will you get in and save your friends?

Brett has to think on that a moment. He lowers the bat.

BRETT

Okay. Maybe you got something there.

He sits down across from the Alien Bong.

ALIEN BONG

Wise decision. Though ultimately doomed for failure.

BRETT

We'll see about that.

The Alien Bong raises one of its lighted hoses, 'offering' it to Brett.

ALIEN BONG

Put your lips on that, you pathetic maggot.

BRETT

Let's do this.

Before he takes a toke, he again grabs his bat, ready to go...

CUT TO:

INT. BONG WORLD

Brett, with his baseball bat at the ready, creeps through the Bong World. Soon, he comes across Rabbit laid out on the cushions.

BRETT

Rabbit!

Brett helps him sit up.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Dude, you look like shit! What happened?

RABBIT

Brother, these alien bong chicks... they attacked me... I couldn't resist.

BRETT

Dude, didn't you learn anything from last time, down with the Poontang Tribe?

RABBIT

Pooooontaaannngg...

BRETT

Dude, you gotta abstain, restrain, resist temptation.

RABBIT

I know man, I know...

BRETT

Come on, the Bible's fulla that shit.

RABBIT

I know... but it's just so HARD!

BRETT

Come on, you idiot.

Brett helps Rabbit and they take off.

CUT TO:

INT. BONG WORLD/ELSEWHERE

Brett and Rabbit creep through another part of the Bong World. Brett wields his bat while Rabbit clings fearfully to his Bible.

They hear MOANING and soon discover that big pile of alien weed (now grown even taller), completely covering Bachman...

BACHMAN
Monkey...

BRETT
What the hell?!?!

Bachman quivers under all that weed and somehow manages to sit up.

BRETT (CONT'D)
Bachman?

BACHMAN
Bro... it ain't goin' so good.

BRETT
You're a fuckin' Chia Pet!

BACHMAN
(chuckles)
Ch-ch-ch-Chia!

BRETT
You got screwed.

BACHMAN
No shit. You gotta get this stuff
offa me!

BRETT
I ain't touchin' you man!

BACHMAN
Where's the love, bro?

Bachman reaches out to Brett but Brett pokes him away with the bat.

BRETT
Uh-uh dude... I'm outta here.
Anybody with me, come on.

Brett turns to go. Rabbit shrugs at Bachman and follows....

Poor Bachman struggles to get off the cushions.

CUT TO:

INT. BONG WORLD/JIZZ FACTORY

Brett sneaks into the jizz factory, with that loud CHUG-CHUG-CHUGGING going on all around.

Rabbit follows cautiously, and bringing up the rear, Bachman shuffles along covered with that growing green weed, looking like a... well... like a big Chia Pet.

Brett finds some of the tentacles and follows them to those big clear jugs filling with gooey green fluid...

BRETT

Dudes! Look at this shit!

RABBIT

Uh... Brett...

BRETT

What do you think it is? Some kinda alien weapon or something?

RABBIT

Uh... Brett...?

Brett starts pulling tentacles from the jars. That glowing fluid spills all over.

BRETT

Time to fuck these guys up!

RABBIT

Uh, Brett... I wouldn't do that...

Ignoring Rabbit's pleas, Brett cranks back with his bat and lets fly...

SMASH! SMASH! SMASH!

BRETT

Outta the park!

He smashes those jars one by one with his bat. Gooey green fluid flings through the air.

Rabbit takes cover, but Weed-Bachman is slathered with the goop.

And so is Brett, dripping with the stuff. He doesn't seem to mind, thinking he's destroyed an alien menace.

When the damage is done, Brett stops to catch his breath.

BRETT (CONT'D)

That ought to slow them down.

Rabbit comes out from under cover.

RABBIT

Brother, I hate to break it to you,
but you don't want to know what
that shit is all over you right
now.

BRETT

Huh?

Rabbit leans close and whispers in Brett's ear. A horrible
dread washes across Brett's face.

Brett suddenly starts racing around the room, trying to get
the crap off him but at the same time not wanting to touch
it.

BRETT (CONT'D)

SICK! These aliens are sick! FUCK!

RABBIT

It ain't so bad, brother. It's
just some of me... and your buddy
Bachman.

BRETT

AHHHHHH!

Brett keeps running around, helpless to clean himself off.

Finally, he runs smack into Larnell.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Bro! Look at this shit!

LARNELL

You got space wank all over you.

BRETT

Where the hell is Al?

LARNELL

They still got him hooked up.
They're milkin' him pretty good.

Eebee is on one of the pedestals, waving her hoses
frantically.

EEBEE

They want that smart jizz! That's
what they want! They figure they
can take over the world faster with
smarts than with stupid. Gotta
stop 'em!

RABBIT

I think she means that our manhood
is lacking in certain intellectual
properties.

BRETT

Who gives a fuck? Let's get outta
here!

INT. BONG WORLD/JIZZ FACTORY - SOON

The gang finds Alistair hooked to the tentacles, being milked
for all he's worth. Two ALIEN CHICKS tend to his knees.

LARNELL

Al!

Alistair seems barely coherent...

ALISTAIR

I've never felt so... alive... yet
in so much... pain... it's cosmic.

He moans...

LARNELL

Hang on, bro... this might hurt....

Larnell grabs onto the tentacle which Alistair is hooked up
to, ready to give it a yank...

Suddenly the two Alien Chicks rush Larnell to stop him but he
whirls on them with the maddest, baddest kung fu yell and
spin moves we've ever seen.

Larnell delivers a flying slo-mo kick, which knocks both
Alien Chicks out.

LARNELL

I don't usually hit a lady... but
you ain't no ladies.

Bachman, the big Chia Pet, is impressed.

BACHMAN

Monkey...

Alistair manages to sit up, getting some of his strength
back.

ALISTAIR
 Uh... I believe that's 'Drunken
 Monkey'.

LARNELL
 Right on, Al. Right on.

Larnell once again grabs the tentacle.

LARNELL
 On three....

Alistair braces himself.

LARNELL
 One---!

And he suddenly YANKS the tentacle, causing Alistair to
 HOLLER.

When Alistair calms down, Larnell pulls him off the cushions.

LARNELL
 Now let's get that Alien Bong.

BRETT
 And just how do we do that you
 ultimate pud-puller? We're here in
 God knows where and that thing is
 back at the Head Shop.

LARNELL
 Oh yeah.

Eebee waves her hoses.

EEBEE
 I got an idea! I got an idea!

LARNELL
 What you got, Eebee?

EEBEE
 We got to cause us a chain
 reaction!

LARNELL
 Huh?

ALISTAIR
 Wait a second. She might have
 something there. The effects of
 the Bong reach between both worlds.
 (MORE)

ALISTAIR(CONT'D)

Who's to say we can't... reverse
the process somehow?

BRETT

Yeah, but how?

ALISTAIR

Well... first off, I figure we'll
require a very strong catalyst.
Something to... jump start the
process.

RABBIT

And just what do you suggest?

Alistair looks to Bachman the big Chia Pet. Soon, Brett,
Rabbit and Larnell also slowly turn, staring him up and down.

BACHMAN

What?

ALISTAIR

You could be the catalyst.

BACHMAN

Catalyst?

LARNELL

Yeah man... the conduit. That
right, Al?

ALISTAIR

Correct.

RABBIT

Bro... you're the walrus.

BACHMAN

Koo-koo-ka-choo.

BRETT

Question is, who's gonna be smokin'
that shit?

EEBEE

Not me, no sirree!

LARNELL

Well, I'll tell you who should be
first.

CUT TO:

INT. BONG WORLD - LATER

Larnell drags the last of the Alien Chicks into the jizz factory and lays them next to the others. He's taken care of them with his Drunken Monkey powers.

Some are unconscious and a few have their hands tied behind their backs.

LARNELL
Let's get this puppy fired up!

BACHMAN
Huh?

Larnell pulls out a lighter, torches the fringes of Bachman's long, long grass 'hair' that is sprouting all over his body.

BACHMAN
No way!

LARNELL
Yes way! Just hang on.
(to the others)
You guys better hold your noses.

As the smoke wafts into the room...

The Alien Chicks get a good whiff of it. Even the ones who were unconscious awaken at the smell, filling their lungs...

Suddenly... the Chicks begin to quiver and shake spasmodically...

And they EXPLODE one by one!

Showering the room not with blood but with different colored paints and goop...

Heads and arms roll!

CUT TO:

INT. HEAD SHOP/BACK ROOM

On the coffee table, the Alien Bong suddenly begins going nuts, flipping his hoses and hobbling and wobbling around.

ALIEN BONG
No! My female units! My force!

GRAMPS
What's happening?

ALIEN BONG
Those worms! Those bugs! They're
using my own weapon against me!

Nurse Hookah begins acting out a scenario in which she is
cocking invisible weapons and turning them on the Alien Bong.
Then ends with flipping him the bird.

ALIEN BONG
Those scum! Those insignificant
parasites!

GRAMPS
I've been saying the same thing for
years. And especially in the case
of these cretins, parasites are
extreeeeeemly difficult to
exterminate.

ALIEN BONG
NO!!

CUT TO:

INT. BONG WORLD

As pieces of the Alien Chicks twitch and flop all over the
floor... green glowing liquid gooping up everything....

LARNELL
Okay, now it's time we send a
message to the man... uh... the
Bong in charge.

BACHMAN
Bro... gimme the honors.

LARNELL
Dude, you wanna tokе yourself?

BACHMAN
Hey, if you want somethin' done
right...

Larnell shrugs, lifts the lighter once again and sets fire to
the fringes of Bachman's grass...

Bachman lifts the smoking weed closer to his face, takes a long, long, long toke... holding it in.... Relishing in the taste of it...

CUT TO:

INT. HEAD SHOP/BACK ROOM

Suddenly... The Alien Bong stops rotating around. Stops wobbling. Hoses at rest.

ALIEN BONG

Oh no.

GRAMPS

What is it?

Smoke begins to pour from the Alien Bong as if he's overheating...

ALIEN BONG

No... no... no....

Suddenly, the Alien Bong expands to twice its size. Then implodes in on itself like a black hole until... PLOINK!!! It is gone.

GRAMPS

That could have gone better.

CUT TO:

INT. BONG WORLD

All around the gang, alien furniture and machinery begins to vanish...

Pieces of Alien Chicks also disappear...

Soon leaving them all standing in what appears to be nothing more than a black void.

EEBEE

Well, looks like you did it again
you stupid muthufuckas.

Rabbit holds up his Bible.

RABBIT

And once more I got to thank what's
in the Good Book.

He gives the Bible a big smooch.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HEAD SHOP/BACK ROOM - DAY

Brett, Alistair, Larnell, and Rabbit are all relaxing in the back room.

So is Bachman, no longer a big Chia Pet.

BACHMAN

Well I for one would much rather go through life without another alien invasion.

BRETT

For once I gotta agree with you.

LARNELL

We might not have a choice dudes. The Area 51 aliens are gonna get out. No joke. And they are gonna be pissed.

ALISTAIR

I think that conspiracy theory has run its particular course, Larnell.

LARNELL

How do you think you'd feel if you'd been force fed malt balls for the past sixty years?

BRETT

Fat asses won't be able to get outta their own way, let alone be any kind of a threat to us.

RABBIT

Amen, brother, Amen.

Suddenly, Brett's cell phone rings. He checks the caller ID.

BRETT

Shit, it's Luann.

ALISTAIR

What about the Restraining Order?

BRETT

Like she cares about that. Girl's obsessed.

The bell on the front door tinkles.

A second later, Luann enters the back room. She is carrying a bouquet of roses. She hands them to Brett.

LUANN

These are for you, my sexy flower.

She shoves them under his nose. Brett takes a big long whiff of the flowers...

Offscreen, we hear a raunchy fart.

(SCRATCH N' SNIFF MOMENT: MANURE SCENT)

And gags! Larnell fans the air around his ass.

LARNELL

Sorry. I have angry ass today.

Luann glares at them. Then smiles at Brett as she walks out of the beaded door.

The guys all look at Brett. He shrugs.

BRETT

It's been a dry spell.

He leaves the room, takes Luann by the arm and they exit.

The guys can't believe what just happened.

ALISTAIR

I find their gravitational pull positively mystifying.

LARNELL

At least he has... somebody. I wish I could run into Velicity again.

RABBIT

Call her next time you're in the neighborhood... of South America.

BACHMAN

Does anybody smell that?

(SCRATCH N' SNIFF MOMENT: PIZZA SCENT) The beaded door is suddenly parted by a pizza box. Trailing behind it..

LARNELL
VELICITY!?!?!

VELICITY
Did somebody order pizza?

VELICITY has traded her safari garb for city clothes, and is even more beautiful than we remember. She puts the pizza box down and the guys descend on it like vultures. Except for...

LARNELL
What are you doing here?

VELICITY
Would you rather I leave?

LARNELL
Fuck no. I mean... of course not.

VELICITY
Well, just don't stand there like an idiot.

She runs and hugs him, practically knocking him down.

LARNELL
You have no idea how much I missed you. But seriously, what are you doing here?

VELICITY
After your grandfather disappeared in South America, so did my paychecks. He was paying me after all. I decided I needed a change of scenery, so I left one jungle for another one. And here I am.

LARNELL
That's great. Do you plan on being here long?

VELICITY
It depends on how things go.

LARNELL
Go with what?

She plants a peck on his cheek.

LARNELL
I imagine you'll be staying for quite some time then.

She laughs.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Luann is laying on the bed. Squirming with anticipation.

LUANN

Brett, what are you doing in there?
I'm soooo ready for you.

Brett talks to her from the bathroom.

BRETT (O.S.)

I'll be there in a minute.
Actually, I don't know. I'm not
sure if I can do this anymore.

LUANN

What do you mean, snugglebug?

BRETT (O.S.)

Well, you really hurt my feelings
before. I thought you liked me for
who I am...

LUANN

I love you for who you are, hot
stuff. You look so... hot and
stuff.

BRETT (O.S.)

That's just it. I like the way I
look now, too. But you were
repulsed by me when I was heavier.
But I'm the same guy inside.

LUANN

You're so cute with your little
emotions. Those days are gone,
right hunky? This is now, and I
want you so baaaaad.

BRETT (O.S.)

I guess you're right. I'm just
being silly.

Brett enters the room in a robe.

LUANN

Of course you are. Now show me the goods, beefcake.

Brett walks close to her, and whips off his robe.

Luann's smile turns to ghastly horror. Her eyes practically bug out of her skull.

LUANN

Grrrrrossssss!

Luann launches herself out of bed and starts pulling her clothes on.

Brett turns to reveal that Alien Grass is sprouting on his body. It encircles his nipples and lushly covers his groin.

BRETT

What's wrong, babycakes?

She storms out of the room in revulsion and slams the door.

Brett looks down at the Alien Grass covering his crotch.

CUT TO:

INT. HEAD SHOP/BACK ROOM - DAY

Bachman, Alistair and Rabbit continue to pummel the pizza in silence. Larnell and Velicity are the only ones talking.

VELICITY

Y'know? I'm really hungry, and pizza isn't going to cut it. What say you show a little lost girl around this big ol' place?

LARNELL

I think I can manage that.

Larnell extends his elbow. She takes it and they begin to walk through the beaded door.

BACHMAN

Hey ninja master, don't forget to show her your nut-chucks.

Larnell runs back through the beads and slaps Bachman on the head. Then runs right back out to Velicity.

ALISTAIR

You did deserve that one.

BACHMAN

Y'know bros... I realize I'm not
always on top of things.

RABBIT

A few kernels short of a full cob.

BACHMAN

But I can't help but thinking we're
forgetting something...

All of them look to each other...

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS/METEORITE CRASH SITE - NIGHT

Tromping through the woods is Gramps... He's holding Eebee in
his hands as he navigates the thick brush.

Behind them, Nurse Hookah trails, wielding an invisible gun,
'swinging' it back and forth as is she's a Federal Agent
looking for saboteurs.

Suddenly, Gramps's face lights up...

GRAMPS

Ahhhh... there we have it,
Eebee.... Gaze upon it.

They've come upon the 'meteorite' crash, in reality the Alien
Ship... now completely covered with that alien weed.

EEBEE

I'm gazin' but I don't know what
the hell I'm seein buster!

GRAMPS

Very simply...

(SCRATCH N' SNIFF MOMENT: SWEET SWEET ALIEN WEED!) He holds
his hands wide to reveal that all the land around them is
absolutely covered with that high green alien weed, growing
in over-abundance.

The entire surrounding grounds are blanketed with the stuff
(Note: high wide angle FX shot).

GRAMPS (CONT'D)

DESTINY!

The end.

Maybe.