



Scripts.com

Planet 51

By Joe Stillman

(SOFT 1950s MUSIC
PLAYING ON CAR RADIO)

(GIRL GIGGLES)

I've never gone
parking before.

I'm really not
that kind of a girl.

Well, I'm not
the kind of a guy
who would go with
that kind of a girl.
Oh, that's so sweet.

I think.

There's nothing
to be scared of.

(BOTH GASP)

(SHRIEKS)

(BOTH SCREAMING)

I knew this would
happen if we made out!

(BOTH SCREAMING)

Good shot, son.

(BOTH SCREAMING)

Uh, General, I think
he's surrendering.

Run! Run!

Fire at will!

(LAUGHING)

Help!

Keep firing. Keep firing! Keep firing!

Kill every last alien!

(LAUGHING)

(EXCLAIMING)

(ALL EXCLAIMING IN FEAR)

You will all become
my alien zombies.

(LAUGHING EVILLY)

(EXCLAIMING)

Ouch, Mom!

Command us, Master!

(PEOPLE CHATTERING)

What did I tell you
about these kind of movies?

It was almost over!

Besides, they're
all the same.

That's not true.

Lollipop, lollipop

Lo! I,! O! I,! O! I

Lollipop, lollipop

Oh, lolli, lolli, lolli

Lollipop

Lollipop, lollipop

Oh, lolli, lolli, lolli

Lollipop, lollipop

Lo! I,! O! I,! O! I

Lollipop, lollipop

Oh, lolli, lolli, lolli

Lollipop

(COOING)

You know, he looks
just like his father.

(BURPS)

(CHUCKLING) Just
like his father.

And when he does

his shakin' rocky dance

Man, I haven't got a chance

I call him Lollipop,

lollipop Oh, lolli, lolli, lolli

Lollipop, lollipop

Lolli, lolli, lolli

Lollipop, lollipop

Oh, lolli, lolli, lolli

Lollipop

Sweeter than candy

on a stick

Huckleberry, cherry or lime

If you had a choice

he'd be your pick

But lollipop is mine

Lollipop, lollipop

Oh, lolli, lolli, lolli

Lollipop, lollipop

Lolli, lolli, lolli

Lollipop, lollipop

Oh, lolli, lolli, lolli

Lollipop

Oh, I hate the rain.

(SIGHS)

Raining rocks and dogs.

Great!

Sweeter than candy
on a stick

Huckleberry, cherry or lime

If you had a choice
he'd be your pick

But lollipop is mine

Lollipop, lollipop

Lolli, lolli, lolli

Lollipop, lollipop

Oh, lolli, lolli, lolli

Lollipop, lollipop

Lolli, lolli, lolli

Holding my lollipop

Lollipop

Space,

a universe of mystery.

Well, today, the mystery

will be unveiled.

Thanks to science,

we now know

the universe is

nearly 500 miles long

and it contains, you're

not going to believe this,

over 1,000 stars.

(YAWNING)

Psst! Lem, come on!

Liven it up.

And still, the only

known intelligent life

is right here

on our planet.

(DRAMATIC MUSIC PLAYING)

(MUSIC SPEEDING UP)

(ALL GASPING)

Huh?

No, not today!

Not today! Please.

What was that?

That's our planet after

the attack of the Humaniacs.
They're gonna eat
our brains for dinner!
(ALL GASPING)
Is that true?
Everybody, please,
that's ridiculous.
Totally ridiculous.
Brains for dinner? Come on!
Brains are for breakfast
with cereal and milk.
Dinner is
organs and eyeballs.
(ALL SHRIEKING)
Okay, everyone, everyone,
please, listen up.
We're not getting eaten
or harvested or having
our brains barbecued.
The universe isn't scary.
It's really amazing.
And don't forget to pick up
your planetary yo-yos.
(YO-YO WARBLING)
We've got one
for each of you.
You're looking at the new
Junior Assistant Curator!
High four! Whoo-hoo!
Well, it's part-time now and
full-time after I graduate.
How did you do, Lem? Got the job!
Knew you would.
Hey, I can see
my whole life.
A house, a car, two kids,
they'll grow up and have kids.
They'll come home
to visit on holidays.
Well?
Got it!
Lem, congratulations
on that job.
I knew you could do it.

(CHUCKLES) Yeah, thanks.

Oh, wow!

There it is.

Just two more days.

Wow.

Humaniacs III:

Battle for Our World.

Victory

or extinction!

(BOTH IMITATING

SOUND EFFECTS)

(BOTH HUMMING MOVIE THEME)

If you guys go

in costume,

I'm pretending

we never met.

Did you just say what

I think you just said?

I'm a planetarium

professional now.

I don't have time for

kids' movies anymore.

(GASPS)

Kids' movies?

I suppose next you'll

say aliens don't exist.

Duh!

Ha! Just as I thought.

You're not Lem.

You're an alien zombie,

like in Humaniacs II.

Skiff, I'm not

a zombie.

Yeah, that's what you

zombies are programmed to say.

Tell me something the

real Lem would know.

Well, I know Skiff

is the only nutcase

who thinks the government is

hiding all alien evidence in Base 9.

And you give candy to your

puppy so he'll poop jelly beans.

(EXCLAIMS
IN DISGUST)

It was just an experiment.
With all due respect,
I've put in the hours and done
a lot of alien research at work.

(STAMMERING) What are
you talking about?

You work in a
comic book store!

The greatest source
of scientific knowledge.

Skiff, time to unpack
the fake alien poop.

Right away,

Mr. Haglug.

You will believe me, Lem, when
aliens put you on the takeout menu.

Wow!

Skiff!

I love
fake-alien-poop day.

So, um, Eckle, do you
think your sister's home?

Why?

I thought maybe...

I thought I might
tell her I got the job.

Why?

(CHUCKLES) Forget it.

You tell her for me. Okay?

Okay, but every time you
tell me to tell her something,
she asks why don't you
just tell her yourself?

What? And then my mom says
it's because you like her,
and then she says that,

"Oh, that's so cute,"

and why don't you just
ask her out already,

'cause she's been waiting

for you to ask her out

ever since we moved next door to you.

(STAMMERING) She has?

The girl of
my dreams likes me?

This is the best
day of my life.

Yeah, we got to see
that kid throw up.

(HUMMING HAPPILY)

Hey, he did it!

He got the job!

Oh, we're so
proud of you.

(LAUGHS)

I hear it's just one easy step
up to Senior Assistant Curator.

(DOOR OPENS)

Oh, my love

My darling

I've hungered
for your touch #

(EXCLAIMS)

Come on, soldier.

Take that hill.

(CHUCKLES)

Hey, Neera.

Hey, Lem.

I wanted to tell you,
I got the job.

(LAUGHS) Lem,
that's great!

Um...

Maybe it's time
that you and me...

Yes?

I mean, would
you want to...

(ENGINE BACKFIRING)

(MUSIC BLARING)

Hey, Neera! I've been
looking all over for you.

(SURPRISED) You've
been looking for me?

The cause needs you.

The what?

The cause.
Glar's involved with something
he calls "protesting."
It's like when you shout about
stuff that makes you upset.
Yeah, like our
school pictures.
Why do they have
to be of our faces?
I mean,
what a bummer.
That means
it's not good.
Neera, we need you!
Righteous momma!
Oh, I'm so honored,
but Lem was about
to ask me something.
Yeah? Man, what do you want to ask her?
It's kind of
private.
No problemo, man!
I mean, I totally
respect that.
(HESITANTLY)
So, Neera...
(SINGING LOUDLY) # Neera and
Lem had a private conversation
And don't want
anybody else around #
Uh, yeah, you know,
we can talk later.
Okay.
Peace.
That means,
"See you later."
(LAUGHING GOOFILY)
Bye!
Bye.
Oh! "The cause, man."
I'd like to cause him
some pain.
(GRUNTS IN PAIN)
I don't want to hear

a single bubble.
(FARTS)
Especially you,
Bubbles.
(WARBLING)
(OVER HEADPHONES) #
Be-bop-a-lula I don't mean maybe
Be-bop-a-lula
She's my baby
Be-bop-a-lula... #
(WOLF-WHISTLES)
(CHIRPS)
(CHIRPS)
Mmm?
(CHIRPS)
(BEEPING)
(GASPS)
(ALARM DRONING)
(WHIMPERING)
Call the General!
Call the General!
(ALARMS BLARING)
(WARBLING)
(THUDDING ON GLASS)
(ALARM SOUNDING)
It's in the Containment Room.
Lock this section down, now!
(ECKLE MIMICKING
SPACESHIP ZOOMING)
(MIMICS EXPLOSION)
(IMITATING ALIEN VOICE) Resistance
is futile. Surrender or die.
(HUMMING DRAMATIC MUSIC)
Come on, Eckle.
Go help your father.
(ON RADIO) # Mr. Sandman
Bring me a dream
Huh?
Mmm?
Mr. Sandman... #
(GASPS)
(CRACKLING)
(SPLASHING)
Oh!

Huh?

Mmm?

(ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA
PLAYING)

(FOOTSTEPS THUDDING)

(HUMMING)

ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA)

(HUMMING FINALE DRAMATICALLY)

(SQUEAKING)

What the...

(REINFLATING)

Duck?

(GULPS)

(CLEARS THROAT)

(WHISTLES)

(EXCLAIMING)

(GASPS)

Wow!

(WHIMPERING)

No! No! No! No! No!

(GRUNTS)

(EXCLAIMING)

Mom! Dad! There's

a ship in the...

(EXCLAIMING)

(PANTING)

(BARKING)

(SHUSHING)

(EXCLAIMING)

(SPITTING IN DISGUST)

(EXCLAIMING)

(EXCLAIMS)

Huh?

My car!

(YELLING)

Whoa! Whoa!

Open wide or the big,

bad monster will get you.

(GROANING)

(SCREAMING)

(BOTH SCREAMING)

(HUMMING)

(BICYCLE BELL RINGING)

(BOTH SCREAMING)

(GROANING)

(SIRENS APPROACHING)

The battle for
our world has begun.

Captain, mobilize
the army.

Yes, sir!

Right, men,
move it!

(DRAMATIC NEWS MUSIC PLAYING)

Are they hostile?

Will our species survive?

One thing we do know is
that they show no respect
for our parking laws.

And speaking of survival,
how will you survive
without a sparkling smile?

Give your smile
that special glow

Try the sparkle action
of Dental Pro #

(PEOPLE CHATTERING)

You know, you're really
good as that toothbrush.
Yeah. But what I really
do best is a suppository.
Now, let's see.

Invasin by giant ants.

Invasin by sea monsters.

Invasin by

50-foot woman?

(BOTH GIGGLING SOFTLY)

Ah! Here it is, So, You've
Been Invaded by Aliens.

(SIGHS)

(HUMPHS INDIGNANTLY)

Keep your eyes
on the aliens.

Aliens?

All right, class,
let's try it one more time.

(SHRIEKING) The aliens
are coming!

Flarc, you were too slow.

Go join the zombies.

(HUMPHS)

I called it.

The only question is,
should I be terrified because
it's the end of the world
or happy because

(GLOATING)

I totally called it?

Me, I have a plan.

They're gonna need
a native to run the mines.
I'll befriend them, show my
executive skills, and bam! I'm in.

Oh! Speaking
of "bam! I'm in..."

A cork?

It's your best defense against the
aliens' favorite form of research.

The probe.

You put it... Uh, yeah,
yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Yeah, yeah. I think I get
it. Oh, wait. This is yours.

I already used that one.

(EXCLAIMS IN DISGUST)

I just remembered,
my job.

Oh! Gotta go.

You know, my boss.

Your boss? No problem.

You guys can share.

(CROAKING)

Uh, Neera,
you have to choose.

It's either me or Glar.

(IN HIGH-PITCHED VOICE)

Oh, Lem, there's no question.

It's you, of course.

(WHISTLING QUIETLY)

(WARBLING)

Huh?

(BOTH GASP)

(BOTH SCREAMING)

Come on! Come on! Come on!

Hello.

This is the alien hotline.

Yes. Hi.

I've found the alien.

(DRAMATIC MUSIC PLAYING) They're here, and no weapon can stop them.

You've got to be kidding.

(BEEPING)

(SCREAMING)

(CLATTERING)

Hello?

Yes, hello.

I've found the alien!

If you've spotted an alien fleet, dial 1.

For pod people, dial 2.

(GASPING)

I can breathe!

I can breathe!

You speak my language.

That's amazing!

You speak my language.

Yeah. That's what I just said.

You just said,

"That's what I just said."

Say something else. Like what?

"Like what."

They're gonna freak back at Kennedy.

I'm Captain

Charles T. Baker, astronaut.

As-tro-nau-t.

Ass...

(CLEARS THROAT) Tro-naut.

(SLOWLY) Lem.

(ENUNCIATING SLOWLY) Lem.

Either your name is Lem, or you want to mate with me.

Houston, we have a little problem.

What do you want?
Thanks for asking.
Coffee, light,
two sugars.
Do you have any
Frappuccino up here?
Any puff pastry,
too. Thanks.
No, I mean are you here
to take over our world
and, like, eat our brains?
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa,
whoa, whoa! Hold on.
What kind of
sick planet is this?
First of all, it's supposed
to be uninhabited, okay?
Not full of sea monkeys
dancing to the oldies.
My mission was to plant Old
Glory, whack a few golf balls
and head back to the Kids'
Choice Awards. I'm getting slimed.
What? You were just talking alien.
Hey, I'm not the
alien here. You are.
Me? You are.
No, you are.
You are. You...
You came to my planet.
(STAMMERING)
An alien planet.
Hello!
Hello.
Not, "Hello."
"Hello!"
Hello... What?
What?
Huh?
Huh?
Huh?
Let's start over.
Look, there's a command module
in orbit right now.

It's running out of fuel.
It has to leave in 74 hours,
and if I'm not on it,
it goes back to Earth
without me. Capiisce?
I have to get to my ship
and go back up in space.
Can you help me?
You want me to take you
to your flying saucer? No!
If they catch me helping you,
who knows what they'll do to me?
I'll lose everything. My
life was just getting perfect.
(SIGHING) Kid...
You are a kid, right?
I mean, you're not like a
thousand-year-old Yoda or anything?
Never mind. Look, kid,
you're my only hope.
But I suppose you
could leave me stranded.
My wife will have
to support the kids.
Eleven. We have 11 kids,
always hungry. Yeah. Yeah.
But, hey, they'll get
by without a father.
The important thing here
is you avoid
(MOCKINGLY)
A little trouble.
(NEW YORK ACCENT) Alien hotline.
What's the nature of your sighting?
Hello?
Are you there?
Hello? Are you there?
(WHISTLING)
Hey, fella.
Who wants a donut?
(YELPS)
(LAUGHING)
Silly dog!
(SIZZLING)

(HUMMING)

(GASPS)

(SNARLING)

(SCREAM BUILDING)

There's your flying saucer. Now what?

Okay, here's the plan.

You knock out that cop,
then you overpower those two.

You neutralize that one
and handcuff the big guy
to the steering wheel.

That's your plan? What
if they start shooting?

You're one of their own. They'll
probably just aim for your legs.

My legs?

Don't your legs
grow back?

No! We're not
like your kind, okay?

(SIGHS)

I'll tell you what,
eat this.

You become invincible.

Oh, good.

Then you do it.

I can't be seen breaking the
law. I've got the right stuff.

The what?

The right stuff.

It means I have
a lot of courage.

Now go!

Go on! Go! Go! Go!

(MARTIAL-ARTS GRUNTING)

Hey, Lem,
something wrong?

(CHUCKLES NERVOUSLY)

Left flank.

Move it! Move it!

As you can see, the army
is taking positions,
just like in

The War of the Worids,

getting ready for our
first close encounter
with invaders
from outer space.
Attention!
So they've come.
Captain!
Sir.
Have your men search
the flying saucer.
Yes, sir! Move!
Hazmat team, go!
Sir!
Now our brave soldiers are
entering the alien spaceship.
It doesn't look big enough
to be a space destroyer.
Ooh,
it's dark in here.
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!
Hey, look!
No sign
of the pilot, sir.
Oops.
(UPBEAT ELECTRONIC
POP MUSIC PLAYING)
(EXCLAIMING)
Are you getting...
(MACARENA PLAYING)
I've never seen
such a heinous weapon.
We are up against
a cruel, sadistic enemy.
Seal off the town. I want
that alien pilot found.
(GUITAR PLAYING)
I protest!
They're bumming me out
with their bad vibrations
Well, there's one thing you
gotta do Never mind, Captain.
The alien is right here. #
And that's stick it to the man
Grab him!

Yes, sir!

Stick it to...

Ow!

Glar's not the alien!

Oh, no? Then what
do you call this?

Hair.

He likes it long.

Very unusual.

You might even say,
very alien!

Excuse me! General! He
does go to the high school.

Glar's just trying to say
the aliens might be friendly.

(CHUCKLES SARCASTICALLY)

Oh, Lem! Lem, you know astronomy.

(CHUCKLING NERVOUSLY) If
an alien came all this way,
wouldn't it be smart
enough to come in peace?

Uh...

No! No! No!

No! No!

Uh...

(STAMMERING) I mean, they've
come to harvest our organs,
make us slaves.

Me?

We should all, all of us,
right now, go home and hide.

Huh?

That's a sensible
young man. Let him go.

And the rest of you, go to your
homes and wait for instructions.

(CHUCKLING NERVOUSLY)

Hi.

Go back to your homes. Show's over.

(PANTING HAPPILY)

(WHISPERING) Okay,
come on, come on.

Hurry up.

Go! Go! Go! Go!

Great! Just great!

Look, I said I'd take you
to your flying saucer, okay?

Well, there it is.

Now, leave.

(SOLDIERS SHOUTING ORDERS)

(SIGHING) I'll get you a blanket
and a pillow for the night.

(SIGHS)

It's a miracle

I'm gonna need.

(WHISTLING)

Mmm?

(SCREAMS)

Oh, you... You like the
stone? You like the stone?

Go! Go! Go get it!

There it is! Stop!

(HORN HONKING)

(ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC PLAYING)

Don't move! # I'm gonna
tell Aunt Mary about Uncle John
He said he has the music
but he got a lot of fun

Oh, baby

Yeah, baby

Whoo, baby

I'm having me
some fun tonight

Well, long, tall Sally

She's built for speed

She got everything

that Uncle John need

Oh, baby

Yeah, baby

Whoo, baby

I'm having me
some fun tonight #

(ANNOUNCER READING ON TV)

Aliens are quite like us, except
they have two sets of teeth,
hypodermic fingertips and
hypnotic eyes to control our brains
and turn us into an army of

zombies and destroy our world.

What?

Remember, anyone
caught helping the aliens
will go to jail.

Jail?

(CHUCKLING)

This is great!
Yesterday,
my life was perfect,
and now, I'm the most wanted
super-criminal in the world.
At least you have a world.
I'll probably
never see mine again.

(CRACKLING)

Our preliminary procedures
have been completed, sir.
The spacecraft
is quarantined.
We're looking for a place for
your headquarters, sir, and...
Still no trace
of the alien, sir.
Where would you hide
if you were an alien?
Hide?

Bravo, General.

An alien invader
spends over \$500
to fly across
the universe
to hide.

You clown! He's here
to take over our minds!

Even yours!

Diabolical!

Captain, place me
under arrest.

Not so fast, General. I've
trained my superior intellect
to recognize
alien mind slaves.

(HUMMING)

You're clean.

But, uh, he's a zombie,
and those two.

How will we know
who is a zombie?

Well, zombies don't
feel any pain.

(BOTH GROAN)

You're clean.

You, too.

General, you must capture the
alien alive and bring it to me.

I will unlock the secrets
of its marvelous brain.

Captain, search the town.

Go door to door if you must,
but find that alien.

Ha, ha! Hello, Plark,
if that really is you.

Have a nice day,

Serbok,

or should I call you
by your alien name?

(EXCLAIMING)

It's you.

It's you!

(SCREAMING) It's you!

How come I have to
go to the dentist
if it's the end
of the world, Mom?

Invasin or not,
you've got to go.

My mom's a zombie! Help!

Huh?

Huh?

(SCREAMING)

Zombie!

Mmm-hmm. Okay, right, so, this is
the last street we're gonna do today.

(HUMMING)

(SNIFFING)

(BARKING)

(WHINING PLAYFULLY)

Okay,
let's start at this end.
Wait. I think
I'm a zombie.
I'm hearing an irritating, piercing
voice in the back of my head.
Oh, shut up.
It's me.
It's there again!
It's me, you moron.
Hey, what's that?
(WHINING)
(BARKING)
Hey, look.
(LAUGHING) That's funny!
Look at it! Look at the dog!
Mom?
Mom? Mom!
Don't come in!
(EXCLAIMS)
(GROANS SLEEPILY)
Rover? Boy, am I glad
to see you! Rover!
Rover?
He's a probe we sent to
take pictures of your world.
Hey! A planet
full of aliens,
and you sent back
pictures of rocks?
Bad boy! Bad boy.
Mom, don't come in!
The alien!
Whoa! Can I get
your autograph?
Eckle, this isn't a comic
book, okay? It's serious.
I don't mind. It comes
with being a national hero.
And... And my
Humaniacs pster?
And my...
And my chest?
Mmm. Uh...

(STAMMERING) Hey,
how about a snapshot?
Get one of me looking up at the stars.
(KNOCKING ON DOOR)
Mom!
I saw the alien
last night. I am so in.
I got this guy wrapped
around my little finger.
Let me tell you,
this alien's not so scary.
(DOOR CLOSES)
(EXCLAIMS)
Uh...
Your personal chef
reporting for duty, sir.
May I give you some tasty
suggestions for tonight?
I've got a list of the
fattest teachers in my school
in case you're looking
for a light snack.
Skiff, stop. He's not here to
eat us or anything. He's harmless
to everyone
but me.
Better let me
do the talking.
I think he's eyeing you for dessert.
(GRUNTS)
Aw!
It's kind of cute,
the way he does that.
(KNOCKING ON DOOR)
Oh, great. Let's
just have a party!
We're doing a routine
search for the alien.
(GASPS)
Don't shoot!
Don't shoot.
It's trying to
control our minds.
What do we do?

Don't look
in its eyes.
That's how they
take over your brain.
Brains? That's right, brains!
(MIMICKING HYPNOTIC VOICE)
You are my zombie slaves.
I want to control your
brains. It's inside my head!
(VOCALIZING) Ooh! Its
will is too strong!
Ooh!
(BOTH GROANING)
Hey, Macarena #
Command us, Master.
Command me, too.
(MUMBLING)
It's not real.
I think I know when I'm
being mind-controlled.
Hey, maybe they
could get me on my ship.
I'm leaning toward
"probably not."
(ROVER WARBLING)
...an extensive search.
But I think I know who can. In
the meantime at the landing site,
just to the left of me here, everything
is checked and double-checked.
The High Command taking
control of the situation...
You want our home
for your headquarters?
Gee, that would be
a great honor.
Honey, tell Lem
we have guests.
Lem, there's someone you'd like to...
Oh!
Check the papers.
Kiss the ship
goodbye, Rover.
You really think

you can get me on TV?
You're the biggest
story in history.
The whole planet
will watch.
The whole planet?
Interesting.
I left my hair products on the
ship, but I could improvise.
You know, astronauts have to
deal with any kind of emergency.
I get it. He can tell
everyone he's peaceful.
All we need is a safe
place, that TV reporter,
and then we can all
get on with our lives.
Skiff, the comic book
store, let's go there.
Okay, but if he's not housebroken,
you're cleaning up his mess.
We need a slogan,
like something that says,
"It's a bummer to make war on the
aliens when we should make..." Uh...
Hey, Neera! Hi! Hi!
Kill any aliens, Lem? Kill any...
Oh, no, you don't understand.
These soldiers aren't...
Oh, great! This day
gets better and better.
General Grawl, you better
take a look at this.
Professor, take a look.
Hmm.
This is obviously
alien writing.
It says,
"Surrender or die,"
and this is a list
of surrender terms.
Diabolical.
What are you doing
in Lem's room?

I'm afraid your son
is a zombie.
(BOTH GASP)
Hey, kid,
what's bugging you?
Neera.
What is that,
like an alien hernia?
Well, sort of.
It's the girl of my dreams,
and now she hates me.
Whoa! Hate's
a strong word.
Maybe she just
dislikes you.
Plus, there's
another guy, Glar.
Okay. You know
your problem?
It's not Glar or Neera.
It's Lem.
Look at you.
You're so left-brain.
Or is it right brain?
Whatever.
You're like the chief of
control. You've got to loosen up.
We've got a little time.
You, my friend, are in luck.
The doctor is in.
Me and green bean
need to talk.
(DOOR CLOSES)
Before we begin,
I have a technical question.
Are you considered
very ugly on this planet?
What?
Because I can't tell.
No.
I mean, I'm okay.
Oh, good. Good.
(TANGO MUSIC PLAYING)
Why do chicks dig me?

Because I'm handsome?
Because I'm an astronaut?
Yes, and yes.
But it's also because of Chuck
Baker's three steps to romance.
Spot your prey.
Make your move.
Show no mercy.
Hey, baby.
(INHALING SEDUCTIVELY)
I saw you
across the bar.
Are sparks flying
or is this place
on fire?
Uh...
You're sure you're
not ugly, right?
I think so.
Baby, tomorrow I go up in
space, maybe never to return.
Let's make our last night a night
(WHISPERING)
To remember.
(GASPS)
Lem! The cork!
The cork!
Remember the plan!
The only plan here
is to get Chuck on TV.
I'll be right back with the
reporter. I'm leaving you in charge.
In charge?
(WITH AUTHORITY)
You heard him.
Things are going to be
different around here.
My wish is
your command.
Come on, boys, let's
track down this story.
We need an alien

for the 6:

Wait! Stop! Hey! Uh...
We're really upset!
(APATHETICALLY) Yeah.
Upset we really are!
Yeah.
Are we upset, really?
Neera! I need
to talk to you.
Oh. I thought you were
after the alien.
That's not
what's going on.
Then what is?
I...
Lem!
Mysterious Lem
Tell us the secrets
of your heart #
Uh...
I can't say.
(GRUNTS DISMISSIVELY)
(SIGHS) Lem, I always
thought we'd be together,
but I need someone who doesn't
always believe what he's been told.
It's like Glar says,
"The times,
"they are a-different."
Maybe you should go.
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh #
(GRUNTS)
Hey, baby.
What?
Is this place sparking
or is fire making this
a night to show no mercy?
Did I happen to mention
I'm not ugly?
Whoa!
Are you crazy?
(CHUCKLES)
Whoa!
(EXCLAIMING)
Hey, is this guy

giving you bad vibrations?

(DEJECTEDLY)

Lem was just leaving.

I'm hungry, guys.

(THUNDER RUMBLING)

Are you kidding me?

If you have to do a number
one, use these papers.

If you have to do a
number two, go outside.

And, if it's
number three,

I can't help you.

Got you, alien!

Victory or extinction!

Oh, yeah? In space,
no one can hear you scream!

(ROARING PLAYFULLY)

You missed!

Crush, kill, destroy.

Bang, bang! Ha, ha!

Hey, Master! We want
to be destroyed, too!

Quick,

cover the camera!

If it gets damaged again,
we'll have to pay for it.

(THUNDER RUMBLING)

(WHINING)

You're afraid of a widdle
storm. It's nothing. You see?

Rover!

(SINGIN' IN THE RAIN

INSTRUMENTAL PLAYING)

Rover!

Sit, Rover! Sit! Stop! Heel!

Roll over! Come back! Listen...

You can't escape the tractor beam.

It's pulling you to your doom!

(SCREAMING)

6:

here we go.

(ON TV) ...going on a journey. Huh?

Soon, we will crush the rebel
alliance and control the galaxy.

(CROWD GASPING)

(ALL APPLAUDING) Thank
you. Thank you. Thank you.
You are a rebel spy
and a traitor to the Empire.
Take her away.

Skiff!

(HORNS BLARING)

Hasta la vista, baby.
You are terminated.
General, over there.
Aren't those comic books?
Captain, get your men!
We gotta get
out of here now!
Move it! Move it!
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go!
Chuck, come on!
Sorry, pal. Too dangerous. But...

Out!

You there! Stop!

Don't lose him, sir!

Wow!

Don't you ever
run off like that.

What if they took you to the
pound? How would I find you?

Whoa!

Lem?

Oh, boy!

We'd better run!

Let's move!

Move! Move!

Move! Move! Move!

Move it!

Move it! Move it! Go!

(BOTH SIGH)

(BOTH GASP)

Let the doctor
handle this.

(CLEARS THROAT) Ladies, who
wants to meet an astronaut?

(LADIES SHRIEKING)

Ow! Ladies! One at a time! Chuck!

I'm on Facebook!

(PANTING)

(GASPS)

Ready?

(WARBLING)

Look out!

The monster!

It's getting away!

Got you!

Rover? No!

Quick,

hotwire the car!

What?

Hotwire the who?

When are you green goobers
going to evolve?

Attention, all personnel.

What's the matter?

(CRYING)

Why did he do it?

I was gonna teach him
to beg and everything.

Amazing! The alien's
brain is so powerful,
it's controlling them
even now.

What is it

telling you to do?

Um, I think I'm supposed to
dig a hive for the alien queen.

Yeah. I'm supposed
to blow up things.

I mean, unless you
need help with the hive.

Oh, no, I'm good.

You sure?

I'm good.

Never mind them,

Professor.

This thing has
all the answers.

Where's your master? Talk!

The flying saucer is going
to an undisclosed location
to be taken
apart and studied.

This reporter is now going to
reveal to you where that location is.

Uh, this reporter has just
been told that if I do that,
I will be taken apart
and studied.

Oh, look. That's perfect. That's great.

Oh, just great!

Perfect!

John Glenn goes around the
world, he's a senator for life.

I went across
the fricking universe!
I should be governor,
minimum!

But, no, I'm marooned
here on this stupid rock!

Uh...

This stupid rock
is my home,
or it was until you came
along and ruined everything!

I want my life back,
unless, I don't know,
maybe there's something
else you want to ruin.

Who's that?

(SIGHS) My boss.

Sorry, Mr. Hucklo. It's
just for one little night.

Maybe a week.

I really hope this doesn't
affect our working relationship.

(TAPPING ON DOOR)

Huh?

Oh, great!

Just great! Fired.

Say, why don't you
just harvest my organs
and get it over with?

(DOOR SLAMS)

(TAPPING ON DOOR)

Oh, great. Now look what you
did. You made him really upset.

Lem?

You're looking
right at my home.

See that star,
the little red one?

Circling that star is
a planet called Earth.

It's about 20 billion
miles away, give or take.

There's no way
space is that big.

What?

Are you kidding?

There's billions
of galaxies,
and each galaxy has
billions of stars.

Next to that, kid, our planets
are just dust in the wind.

So, nothing

I knew was right?

Come on.

You knew about Neera.

I mean, look at her.

Lose the antennae, get some
plastic surgery, she's a hottie.

I don't have the right stuff, like you.

Kid...

I never had
the right stuff.

I'm a button pusher,
Spam in a can.

I don't even fly the ship.

It's all automatic.

I only got this far on charm
and my rugged good looks.

You risked everything to help
a stranger from another world.

You're the one

with the right stuff.

Get out of here.
Finally! We've been
looking for you!
Guys!
Great hiding spot.
I call the closet.
No way! Let's go
fight the army.
How's your species
at hiding?
Can you change your
skin to this color?
Your call, Captain Baker. What's
it going to be, fight or hide?
Neither.
I think Lem's saying
he wants the closet.
I'll tell you what
it's going to be.
We're gonna go get
Chuck back to his ship.
Skiff, you were right
about Base 9.
That's where
they have his ship.
But we don't
know where it is.
Yes, we do.
Rover found me. He's also
programmed to find my ship.
Wait,
where is Rover?
(SOBBING)
It's too painful
to talk about.
It's okay.
They've got him at
the comic book shop.
Well, then, we've got to go get him.
Hold on. The whole army's
looking for you two.
You can't just
stroll through town.
Wait, wait, that new movie,

doesn't that open tonight?

Yeah. Why?

(FANFARE PLAYING)

(PEOPLE CHATTERING EXCITEDLY)

The citizens of Glipforg are
undaunted by alien invaders
and are bravely going about
their normal routines.

Ow!

Got you!

There's the comic book store. Let's go.

(GASPS)

What great
costumes!

You two are finalists.

Up on stage.

Oh, uh, we're not here
to enter the contest.

Then why are you
dressed like aliens?

Uh, we're here
to win
the contest.

What? (NERVOUSLY) Yeah, good.

(WHISPERING)

Trust me. Trust me.

Mmm-hmm.

Private,
come here.

Hold your fire, soldier.

Take us to your leader.

Welcome to the Humaniacs
III Costume Contest.

We're really upset!

We're really upset!

Let's hear it
for the finalists.

(CROWD APPLAUDING)

What are we
supposed to do?

Give them their daily
minimum dose of Chuck.

Hello, Humaniacs!

#... overhead lifters and

four-barrel carbs Oh, yeah
Greased Lightning
Go, Greased Lightning
A fuel-injection cut-off
and chrome-plated rods Oh, yeah
Greased Lightning
Go, Greased Lightning
Come on, Lem!
You know you'll be a hit
When you get right into it
Greased Lightning
Go, Greased Lightning You're
burning up the quarter mile
(SIGHS) # Greased Lightning
Go, Greased Lightning
Look at me.
Watch this.
Go, Greased Lightning You 're
coasting through the heat lap trial
Greased Lightning
Go, Greased Lightning
You are supreme
You're such a dream
Yeah! That's it!
Greased Lightning
Oh, yeah! Bust a
move, green machine.
Greased Lightning, go!
(WHOOPS)
Go, go, go
Greased Lightning
You are supreme
You're such a dream
Greased Lightning #
All right!
(LAUGHING)
(SIGHS)
(WHOOPIING)
(ALL GASPING)
The alien!
(ALL SCREAMING)
Lem!
Over here!
There he is!

All of these costumes! Sir,
how do we find the alien?
Simple, Captain. Like us,
the alien is in uniform.
Grab him!
I got you!
Chuck!
No! No! Get off!
(GROANS)
Okay,
keep back.
Move.
(GASPS)
Time to meet the monster face to face.
(CROWD GASPING)
Look at it, Professor.
It's hideous.
And that smell...
Hey, you try wearing the
same suit for three weeks.
What a remarkable brain
you must have.
An incision here and here,
it should pop right out.
Huh?
No! You're making a
mistake! He's friendly!
Oh! This poor boy's
obviously a zombie.
I'll remove
his brain, too.
(GRUNTS)
(VOCALIZING) Ooh!
(MIMICKING HYPNOTIC VOICE) You
are no longer needed, slave.
I release you. Return
to your puny life.
Kid, I'm going down anyway.
There's no need
for you to come with me.
Thanks for everything.
How about it,
Professor?
Hmm.

Difficult to tell.
Do you still believe
the alien is friendly?
(SIGHS)
(SOFTLY) No.
This boy is free!
(CROWD CHEERING)
Oh, Lem! We're so glad
you're not a zombie!
What about
the alien spawn, sir?
I want it destroyed, one
little piece at a time.
All right, let's get
these aliens to Base 9!
(CROWD GASPING)
Not that it exists.
Move it!
Go on.
Get in!
We're here to honor
a young man who survived
a harrowing ordeal at the
hands of the alien monster.
Lem, come on out!
(FANFARE PLAYING)
(CROWD APPLAUDING)
Son?
Lem, I understand you'll be working
right here after you graduate,
teaching about
the mysteries of space.
Give us a preview
of what we'll learn.
(HESITANTLY) Well, we know
everything about our universe.
It's 500 miles long
500 miles!
Remarkable!
I can't.
Space isn't 500 miles.
It's not. It's so much
bigger than we can imagine.
There's billions

of galaxies,
and each galaxy has
billions of stars,
and next to that,
our planet is just...

Excuse me.

Lem?

I know I was
kind of harsh.

I'm really sorry.

Ouch!

Oh, hi, Neera.

What are you doing?

It's called hotwiring.

It's how they
start cars on Earth.

Lem, um,

I was thinking...

Well, you know, now
that this is all over...

Yeah, Neera?

Maybe we could...

(ENGINE STARTS)

(PANTING)

Lem, you left
everyone hanging!

I'm going to
go find Chuck.

But how? It's impossible without Rover!

My little Rovie.

(SOBBING) I can still hear
his wagging little antenna.

(WARBLING)

Rover?

Rover!

Rover! Rover!

You're alive!

But how did you get out?

Good going, boy!

Rover, Rover, can you find Chuck?

Where's Chuck?

You're going with me?

Mmm-hmm.

All right!

Thought you could
take over our world?
Your kind knows
no decency.
(CHUCKLES) You mean
chick magnets?
No, aliens.
Tell us your
invasion plans!
And don't bother
taking over my mind.
If you do, Captain Kisno has
orders to shoot me.
If you take over
Captain Kisno's mind,
Lieutenant Groit has
orders to shoot him.
If you take over
Lieutenant Groit's mind,
Sergeant York will shoot Captain Kisno,
Lieutenant Groit and myself,
along with these
three soldiers.
Each man has a designated target
in the squad.
Should you succeed
in taking over all our minds,
Corporal Hisk has orders
to electrocute everyone.
If this fails, the entire base is
rigged to blow at the touch of a button.
Uh, General, sir? Am I supposed
to shoot Hecknavar or Kolski?
I shoot Kolski.
No. You shoot Meckavoy.
Well, then who
shoots Kolski?
I can shoot myself.
That won't be necessary. Hecknavar,
you shoot Kolski, Captain Kisno
and graze
Corporal Hisk.
Yes, sir!
Ow!

Not yet!
Drop your weapon!
You.
No! You first.
You're mine,
Hecknavar!
I'm not taking my eyes off Kisno.
Drop it, dirtbag!
Oops!
(SCREAMING)
Hold your fire!
(GRUNTING)
Hold your fire!
Captain Kisno,
get everyone out of here.
You're not thinking
all this is my fault, right?
All right,
if you won't tell us,
there's another way
to unlock the secrets of your brain.
Professor Kipple!
He's all yours.
(CHUCKLING SOFTLY)
(SQUAWKING)
He thinks
we've found him.
Hang on, Chuck.
We'll find you.
Ah! There you are.
I was just warming up for you.
Ah! Now, we'll have
that brain out in no time.
You don't want my brain.
It's useless.
I spent four years at a party school.
Trust me, it's mush.
Hello?
Anyone here?
(DOOR OPENING)
Skiff, what are you doing?
Oh, come on.
No one's around.
I'm not going to

get caught.

(CLICKING)

Hey! Look, look, look.

I'm paying! I'm paying!

(ALARM BLARING)

The thing with the...

I mean, it just

went over the...

Wow!

(IN AWE) Base 9.

This is amazing!

I was right again!

(SKIFF WHOOPS)

How do we get in

without being seen?

(DISTANT VOICES YELLING)

Huh?

(SOLDIERS CHATTERING)

(GLAR SINGING IN THE DISTANCE)

Well, I tried to get along

Tried to play along happily

But I'm sorry, Officer

Your rules ain't no good for me

There's one thing

you've got to do

And that's

stick it to the man

Stick it to the

Stick it to the...

Stick it to...

(BEATING SOUNDS)

Ow! Ooh! Ah!

Now!

(GLAR GROANING)

Cool.

(SCREAMING)

I don't suppose your planet's

invented painkillers?

(SCREAMING)

(KIPPLE CACKLING)

(SCREAMING)

Yeah! Good work, Rover!

Guys! This is

so Luke Skywalker!

Uh, by the way, you're not
brother and sister, right?
How much time
is left?
Just enough.
Rover here will take us
right to my ship.
That's a funny place
for his antenna.
Captain, I want the whole base
on red alert!
Yes, sir!
General, you must
save its brain!
I'm more concerned
with saving a world.
(GASPING)
That professor's a genius.
positively effervescent.
In fine fettle.
What a salubrious experience!
Well said.
Cheers!
Huh?
My ship!
Way to go, kid!
Step away
from the flying saucer!
And put your
hands in the air.
There was never
a chance you'd get away.
(GASPING)
You'd destroy the whole base
just to get me?
That is sick!
Actually, it's
kind of flattering.
Sick?
Sick, young lady, is helping the enemy
of your world.
Sick is befriending a creature
that's so completely
different.

Sick is...

Well, look, it's right
in front of you!

I'm sorry, Professor.

It's too dangerous
to let the alien
live another minute.

(GRUMBLING)

Wait! Wait! Wait! Stop!

General, I know
what you're afraid of,
and it's not Chuck.

It's not monsters
or aliens.

It's the unknown.

I've spent my whole life
running from it,
and I think
maybe you have, too,
but I'm telling you, the unknown isn't
something to be afraid of.

It can be
your best friend.

And just when you think that it means
the end of everything you know,
it's really
just the beginning.

(DETONATOR BEEPS)

(ALARM BLARING)

(OVER PA)

Base destruct, two minutes.

(STAMMERING)

What are you looking at? Run!

(SCREAMING)

Take that!

Everyone on board!

Let's go!

Attention, all personnel.
Evacuate base immediately.

What are you doing?

I can't leave him here.

Why not?

Because he's got
the right stuff.

(GROANING)

Base destruct, 60 seconds.

There's no time
for autopilot.

What's the matter now?

I'm going to have
to pilot this bucket.

(ENGINES POWERING UP)

Base destruct in 15 seconds.

She is so heavy!

Ten, nine, eight, seven, six,
five, four, three, two, one.

Yeah!

(ALL EXCLAIMING)

You guys should
check this out.

(CHUCKLING) Whoa.

(WHISPERING) Whoa.

Hey, what
do you think?

Such a big universe.

I am definitely
coming back here.

(ALL EXCLAIMING IN AWE)

Am I a zombie now?

(CHUCKLES)

This guy reads
too many comic books.

Hey, Neera,
um, now that
this is all over,
would you want to...

- Yes.

But you didn't hear
what I was gonna...

Gross!

Strap in, everyone,
'cause I'm taking you home.

(WHOOSHING)

Hey, it's Lem!

Hi!

The General, too.

(SCREAMS)

The monster!

It's all right, Chief.
He's with me.
Soldiers,
attention!
There is among us
an astronaut.
Captain, thanks for
coming back for me.
A pleasure, General.
Maybe next time
you have guests
you'll throw
a better party.
Kid, how would you
like to be president
of the local Chuck Baker,
Party Maker Fan Club?
(GASPS)
Oh, yeah!
(BOYS EXCLAIMING)
Oh, can I join?
Be a good boy,
(STIFLING SOBS)
And don't forget to drink your oil.
Rover, you coming?
Or do you want
to stay here?
(SNIFFLING)
Rover! My
little bitty boy!
(BEEPING)
Lem,
you saved my life.
You saved mine, too.
That was a, uh,
man hug, just then.
It's very big
on my planet.
Mmm?
Hey, take care
of this guy, okay?
(SHOUTING) You're a great planet,
and your '50s are fine,
but give me a call

when you get to the '60s,
'cause that's gonna be fun.

(BARKING)

I've got a point to make
I ain't being nasty
Operation turning our nation
to an army
They're trying to hold us down
with their new revelations
They're bumming me out
with their bad vibrations
Well, I tried to get along
Tried to play along constantly
But I'm sorry, Officer.
Your rules ain't no good for me
Well, there's one thing
you've got to do
And that's
stick it to the man
Stick it to the
Stick it to the man
Join the cause
and fight the system
Sit outside your house
until you stop and listen
Well, I've got a girl
who's fighting with me
She's got long hair, green skin
And totally digs me
Well, I tried to get along
Tried to sing along constantly
But I'm sorry, Officer
Your rules ain't no good for me
But there's one thing
I've learned in this town
That is
the man's a clown
So come on
Don't let me down
You got to stick it
to the man
Stick it to the
Stick it to the man
I don't want to protest

on my own
Stick it to the
Stick it to the man
(PANTING)
(GASPS)
Doc, that brain
operation was inspired.
You simply must try it.
No, no, no, no!
No! No, no.
Stick it to the
Stick it to the man
Stick it to the
Stick it to the man #
(BARKING)
Oh, no, no, boy. Easy, easy.
Not the tongue.
Not the...
(SLURPING)
(CHUCK GRUNTING)
(SPITTING)
(SIGHS)
This is gonna be a long trip.
Well, I tried
to save the world
But we ran out
of words to say
So instead I write this song
With a guitar
full of chords to play
Well, I didn't really
write them anyway
Well I tried to build a boat
So I could sail myself away
But I ran out of wood
Left standing
on the harbor in the rain
Well, I'll only
get seasick anyway
Yeah, I'll only
get seasick anyway
Who can it be
Knocking at my door?
I hope it ain't the man

Coming to start a war
against me
Who can it be
Knocking at my door?
I hope it ain't the man
Coming to start a war
against me
It's a sight
I never hope to