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# Spaced Invaders

By Patrick Read Johnson

Where is the admiral?  
He summoned us here.  
The admiral's tour of duty has ended.  
What of the admiral?  
He has been subjected to  
disciplinary termination.  
I have assumed command.  
This battle group has  
consistently suffered...  
the greatest casualties of  
any attack force in the fleet.  
His Imperial Majesty has sent me...  
to take control of our  
attack on the Arcturus system.  
To insure our success, all ships...  
have been equipped with  
enforcer drones to remove...  
weak links in the command.  
Any deviation from the invasion plan...  
- will result in disciplinary review.  
- Outrageous!  
The tide of battle  
can change in seconds.  
I'll not send my boys  
to Arcturus with...  
an enforcer drone  
breathing down my neck!  
- I will!  
- Me, too. No problem.  
Whoa!  
- Good morning.  
- Morning.  
Russell, anybody need a  
sheriff while I was gone?  
Most folks don't know we've got one.  
I like it. What are you up to?  
I'm set up by the new off-ramp.  
- What for?  
- I'm gonna catch Big Bean's 1st speeder.  
At least I know where to  
forward your Christmas present.  
Ho-ho-ho.  
- Excuse me!  
- You're excused.

What's the problem?  
Nothing these 2 barrels can't solve.  
Why don't you give me the gun?  
'Cause I'm a crazy old man.  
I'm as likely to blow  
you out of your socks...  
as give you the time of day.  
What do you think of that?  
It'd be a damn shame to  
shoot it out with you.  
I suppose it would.  
I was just gonna scare him.  
You scared me.  
Here.  
What's going on with you  
and the farmer's trust?  
This here is what's going on.  
Look at it. Look there and there.  
All right. Let me read it, okay?  
Go ahead. Nobody can do  
anything about that, no way.  
That's true.  
- Ciambaker!  
- That's Kiembecker.  
Steve W. Kiembecker, president  
of the farmer's trust.  
Farmer's trust! My Aunt Suzy's rear end!  
One of the forward-thinking  
businessmen...  
who convinced the council  
we needed a new sheriff.  
We never needed a sheriff...  
until you showed up, you crook!  
Hold it. Wait.  
Did you send this letter?  
I believe that's my  
signature right there.  
I'm afraid the party's over?  
The party's over. That's correct.  
As per Mr. Wrenchmuller's  
loan agreement...  
the credit union has legal  
right to assume control...  
of the property tomorrow at noon...

unless he can come up with the  
cash or a crop to sign over.  
Nobody's got a crop.  
There's nothing you can  
do with the property...  
- until next season anyway.  
- Sheriff Hoxiey.  
Sheriff Hoxiey, you're new here.  
Let me clue you in.  
You see, we have direct  
highway access now...  
and the opportunity to turn  
this town into a metropolis.  
Unless you've got the money  
to pay off overdue loans...  
maybe you should stick  
to the kind of calls...  
we hired you to handle...  
like keeping vagrants off the street.  
If you would?  
We'll deal with this in the morning...  
at the courthouse.  
Come on, Mr. Wrenchmuller.  
Aren't you kinda big for a boy scout?  
I can take care of myself.  
Happy Halloween, Big Bean.  
[ Alarm Buzzers ]  
The Arcturians have destroyed the fleet.  
I've sent a distress signal...  
to all ships across the galaxy.  
We're headed into their sun  
and are about to explode!  
I have not yet begun to fight.  
Now would be a great time to start!  
[ Screaming ]  
How was school today?  
Okay.  
How was sheriffing? Okay.  
You really don't like  
it here, do you, Kathy?  
Everything was starting  
to get back to normal.  
- Then we just decide to move.  
- It's a good job.

- There's nothing to do.  
- There's trick or treat.  
You're sending me  
with kids I don't know.  
Somebody's got to keep the streets safe.  
From what? Cows?  
Do we have any Krazy giue?  
Um, I think it's in that box.  
- What's the matter?  
- Everyone's gonna show up dressed llke...  
scarecrows, pigs, and ciowns and stuff.  
So?  
I'm not sure Big Bean  
is ready for allens.  
[ Radio Announcer ] Achoo!  
Sorry about that folks.  
This being Halloween night...  
I thought it'd be fun to  
dust off an old favorite...  
from the golden days of radio.  
50 years ago tonight, Orson Welles...  
gave a depressed nation a few hours...  
of desperately needed fun.  
Things being the way  
they are these days...  
we could sure use a llttie of that.  
So, Big Bean...  
just for tonight...  
forget your woes and have a good time.  
[ Record ] The Columbia Broadcasting  
System and its affiliated stations...  
present Orson Welles and  
the Mercury Theatre...  
in "the War of the Worlds. "  
Ladies and gentlemen...  
the director and star of  
these broadcasts, Orson Welles.  
[ Orson Welles ] We know now in the  
early years of the 20th century...  
this world was being watched  
closely by intelligences...  
greater than man's, yet  
as mortal as his own.  
We know that as humans

busied themselves...  
about their various concerns...  
they were scrutinized and studied...  
perhaps almost as narrowly  
as a man with a microscope...  
might scrutinize the  
transient creatures...  
that swarm and multiply  
in a drop of water.  
With infinite complacence...  
people went about  
their little affairs...  
serene in the assurance  
of their dominion...  
over this small, spinning  
fragment of solar driftwood...  
which by chance or design...  
man has inherited out of the  
dark mystery of time and space.  
Yet, across an immense ethereal gulf...  
minds that are to our minds...  
as ours are to the  
beasts in the jungle...  
intellects vast, cool  
and unsympathetic...  
regarded this Earth with envious eyes...  
and slowly and surely drew  
their plans against us.  
Hey, I heard a distress signai.  
Patroi ship X-5-9-Y-P-Q  
to Battie Group 7, come in.  
It's like the fleet disappeared!  
Maybe it's interference.  
Get us outta the rocks.  
We're aimost cLEAR. Okay...  
hit it!  
[ Radio Signal Beeps ]  
[ Orson Welles ] Ladies and  
gentlemen, I have a grave announcement.  
Both the observations of science...  
and the evidence of our eyes...  
lead to the inescapable assumption...  
that those beings who landed  
in the Jersey Farmlands...

are the vanguard of an  
invading army from Mars.  
[ Shouting And Laughter]  
I remember when they first played that.  
You remember pterodactyls.  
I remember you fell for that...  
hook, line, and sinker.  
- I did not.  
- You did so.  
You put a big bucket on your head...  
and took off with them  
army boys to fight Martians.  
Ain't you dead yet?  
Can't I stay with you and fight crime?  
I'll see you at the Spookiuck dinner.  
Give us a kiss.  
That's my giri.  
I should have come as a wedge of cheese.  
I'm probabiy the oniy  
allen for a billion miles.  
[ Laughter]  
[ Orson Welles ]... Martians  
visible above treetops moving north.  
Hi, Mom...  
Dad.  
Weicome to another thrllllng,  
true-llfe episode of...  
Russell Pillsbury, Deputy Sheriff.  
I'm parked...  
by Big Bean's new off-ramp...  
and wlli soon be giving the  
city's 1 st speeding ticket.  
Who will be the lucky winner?  
[ Laughter]  
We gotta get us some money...  
or they're gonna kick us out of here.  
Then we'll have to llve  
with my sister Marge...  
and her poodie.  
- Arf!  
- Yeah.  
[ Whimpering ]  
Why did I have to go and get oid?  
[ Laughter]

[ Beeping ]

**It's 8:**

I've just been alerted to a  
speed violation in progress.

Watch now as I teach this automotive scofflaw  
a lesson in motor-vehicular responsibility.

Nobody gets away...

with going 3,000

M.P.H. In a 55...

[ Gasp ]

Don't s'pose we'll ever see...

a night quite llke that again.

- Not llkeiy.

- Nope, nope.

[ Clatter ]

[ Lady ] I'll get the bucket.

[ Crash ]

Damn.

Termites are munching...

on our barn.

We're gonna have to do

something before they ruin it.

Come on, Jim.

[ Engine Sputtering ]

Who taught you to drive, you moron!

Nice ianding, Biaznee.

Are we there? Is this it?

Kids, 3-D and driving just don't mix.

Weicome to Earth.

Enjoy it whlle it iasts.

Are you sure this is where the fleet is?

You heard the Earthllng's

pathetic radio broadcast.

Lookout for that heat ray.

Heip us. We're gonna die.?

[ Wicked Laugh ]

They got that

right. Hee-hee-hee.

Biaznee, this is the piace. We're here.

Let's start enjoying ourseives!

Let's maneuver cioser to the action.

Strafe the iocai

citizenry before we iand.



Sorry. No can do.  
- Why not?  
- Let's see.  
We got a torqued-out digiframus.  
Our megaspazz redundancy  
pille is on the bllnk.  
It iooks llke we bruised our boo-boo.  
He's making the whoie iast  
bit up. There's no such thing!  
Coward!  
Heh-heh-heh.  
Let's kick some Earthllng butt!  
Finally, a reai mission.  
Maybe we better think this over, huh?  
Good-bye, civllian asteroid patroii.  
Hello, atomic space navy.  
The fleet was supposed  
to be attacking Arcturus.  
The pian to attack Arcturus...  
was obviously a clever decoy...  
for the reai operation: the totai  
annihllation of all things human.  
Now, quit raining on our parade!  
But why?  
Why wouid Mars want to attack...  
the puny, insignificant forces of Earth?  
Because we win!  
Prepare to die, Earth scum!  
Where is everybody? Blowing  
up all the good stuff.  
Come on.  
I think we brought the wrong gun.  
It certainly is green here.  
Perhaps our camouflage is inappropriate.  
Come on, Jim.  
[ Beeping ]  
Just for the record...  
I'm llstening.  
I thought this was a bad idea.  
Just for the record,  
you'd better hope not.  
May, June...  
July, August...  
15, 18!

They're Martians!

I knew it!

Jim, it iooks as if me and you...

is the Earth's only hope.

That's kinda sad, ain't it?

I guess it's better to die...

a horribie, agonizing

death defending the Earth...

than to wither away...

with Marge and her poodie.

[ Growl ]

That's the spirit!

We got work to do.

- What do you make of it, Doctor?

- It's iong, flat...

and has yellow lines. That

can only mean one thing.

- A mine fieid?

- A country road.

That's what they want us to think.

One faise move and kaboom!

You'll go home in more

pieces than you arrived.

Corporai Pez?

- What?

- See if we can get across.

- Why don't we go around?

- Move!

I'm going home in a bag!

It's always the corporai

that gets biown up first.

Dr. Zipiock, anything in

the worid-domination kit...

- to help us?

- Let's see.

This iooks interesting.

- Don't touch that!

- Excuse me!

Hit the dirt!

- What?

- Get down, stupid!

What in the name of

Uncie Martin is that?

Scout-in-a-can.

smart, efficient...  
easy to use, and it's expendable!  
Mine field, indeed! What a  
bunch of twinkie stuffing!  
Lt. Giggywig, you give  
these simple Earthlings...  
far too much credit.  
Capt. Bipto?  
What happened?  
Some kind of secret weapon  
came out of nowhere...  
and took Capt. Bipto to his doom!  
[ Muttering ]  
Come back, Earth scum!  
Will there be anything else, senor?  
Could you get the windshield, please?  
It would be my pleasure.  
Who are you supposed to be?  
I am...  
Ei Zorro!  
See Kathy sit. See Kathy sit alone.  
See Kathy grow cobwebs  
and fossilize in boredom.  
Our first target. Think  
I can hit it from here?  
- Wait a minute.  
- Let's shoot something already.  
Shh.  
Wow! That's the best alien  
costume I've ever seen!  
Thanks.  
I like yours, too.  
My mom made it.  
She went to a lot of trouble.  
- What are you supposed to be?  
- I'm a duck!  
- Who died and left you in charge?  
- Capt. Bipto!  
I'm Kathy.  
Brian Hampton. Nice to meet you.  
Where did a nice girl like you...  
learn how to make something so...  
mind-numbingly terrifying?  
- I spent time with my

uncie this summer. -Uh-huh.  
- He works in the movies making  
zombies and monsters. - Uh-huh.  
- I wanted to stay and  
work for him, - Uh-huh.  
- but I had to come here  
with my dad. - Uh-huh.  
Where's your mom?  
She died iast May.  
Gee, I'm sorry.  
That's too bad.  
So...  
it's just you and your dad, huh?  
Yeah, and some goidfish.  
If you ever need a llttie brother...  
just give me a call.  
All right, you two, it's time to go.  
Come on!  
[ Giggie ] How cute!  
How... ioveiy.  
Vern, hurry it up!  
I've got a coid beer and a hot woman...  
and I'm trying to keep 'em that way.  
- Mr. Kiembecker, flli it up?  
- Yeah and get the windows.  
Warm enough, sweet cheeks?  
[ Car Radio ] Darling, come back to me  
I'm as lonesome as can be  
I'm as jumpy as a bug  
I'm as perky as a slug  
Honey darling, come back to me  
When you left home  
- I wrote a little poem  
- Hi, Dody.  
But it don't help me 'cause I can't read  
Honey darling, come back to me  
I'm as lonesome as can be  
What are you supposed to be?  
Oh, nothing...  
just Zorro.  
Zorro's got a hat, you dope!  
Mr. Kiembecker, iooks  
llke you hit something.  
Ciean that up!

Oh, man!  
Get that off of there!  
That ain't gonna work!  
Here, use this.  
When's my Caddy gonna be done?  
You can pick it up tomorrow.  
Good! It better be clean.  
It's clean.  
I polshed it up llke you said to.  
Yuck.  
That's 13 gallons...  
at \$1.10 a gallon...  
- that'll be... - Catch  
you later, okay, pal?  
Yes, Mr. Klembecker...  
you... butthead!  
You take the ieft flank,  
I'll take the right.  
You always get the right flank.  
We've never done this before, idiot!  
- What's with the happy sounds?  
- They're giddy with fear.  
- Look!  
- Get back. Lock and ioad.  
- They're shorter than I thought.  
- Let's take 'em out.  
[ Dr. Ziplock ] What if hey  
come in small, medium and large!  
- How cute!  
- Wow, a dinosaur!  
You're all alike!  
Prepare to die, Earth scum!  
[ Giggie ] Maybe later. Have fun. Huh?  
- What? Come back.  
- Kids, all aboard.  
That's something...  
you don't see every day.  
- What now, O mighty ieader?  
- Klli them!  
Kill them!  
I said,?prepare to die, Earth scum!?  
- [ Sigh ]  
- Oh, now you've got her.  
Yep, she's definiteiy

terrified. Oh, boy.

Boys.

[ Alien ] Wait a minute.

Atomize her already.

What's your problem?

Shouldn't this human be

quivering in terror...

at our menacing,

sinister-looking weaponry?

- You'd think so.

- Everybody, move over.

Make room

for the...

- Just play along.

- What are we?

Martians!

Of course you are. Well, get in.

Perhaps if we ride in this transport...

we can find their secret

resistance headquarters.

Let's shoot our way out.

- It'll be fun.

- Shh. They don't know we're Martians.

Not know?

We're little green men with antennas.

They think we're wearing costumes.

What a bunch of morons!

Let's flame these bozos.

They're too stupid to live!

We have a full tank of  
gas and lots of empty bags.

- What shall we do?

- [ Kids ] Trick or treat?

- Smell my feet.

- Oh, gross!

- Oh, great.

- Trick or what?

I'm sick and tired...

of that old jerk, Kiembecker...

pushing everyone around. That's it.

I'm gonna finish the

plans for this farmzoid.

Someday I'll be able to

irrigate every field...

and make all the farms healthy again.  
Then I'll pick up that  
farmer's trust of his...  
and drop-kick it into the next county.  
He thinks he's such a hotshot.  
This will work, I think. [ Gasp ]  
Heh-heh-heh.

[ Laughing ]  
Mr. Kiembecker,  
it looks like...  
Dody.

Do-o-o-dy.

[ Ding, Ding ]

Wait! You are my robot slave.  
- You will follow my every command.  
- Yes, Capt. Bipto.

However, my new allegiance...  
to His Imperial Majesty  
might come to light...  
if I neglect my regular patrons.  
We must keep up the appearance...  
of a normally functioning,  
fuel-dispensing depot...  
while we act as undercover agents...  
of Mars.

[ Car Horn ]

I will be right back.  
Welcome to the Gas King,  
fuel-dispensing depot.  
How may I be of assistance?  
Capt. Bipto to the invasion force.  
Capt. Bipto to the invasion force.  
Hmm?

Oh-oh-oh.

I can't contact the ship  
or the invasion force.  
I can only assume the worst.  
We must build an attack vehicle;  
something that will strike terror...  
into whomever sets eyes upon it...  
something with huge wheels...  
so we can crush the panicking populace.  
Something from which I can  
overlook the battlefield...

and direct our  
victorious invasion force.  
[ Vern ] Something like this?  
I was thinking of  
something a bit iarger.  
[ Martian Taik ]  
Those guys are definiteiy not from here.  
- No kidding! Look.  
- Hey!  
I know what I'm getting for Christmas.  
- Give him here.  
- Lighten up.  
It's just a stupid toy.  
You're not a toy at all, are you?  
I hope you're making him move llke that.  
[ Mother] All right, first stop.  
Everybody got their bags?  
Remember, look both ways  
before crossing the street.  
So that's the trick.  
If oniy Capt. Bipto had known.  
I wonder what Kiembecker's  
gonna give us this year.  
I hope it's not dead rats.  
My mom had a cow iast time.  
What?  
Trick or treat?  
Yeah. I forgot.  
Hoid on.  
Here's one for you.  
One for you. Plenty to go around.  
Cigarettes?  
Okay, forget it!  
[ Wacky Martian Music ]  
[ Crash ]  
Hello? Hello?  
Well, well, well...  
what have we here?  
Damn. He must be some kind of...  
health-food nut.  
We're gonna make...  
a bezllllon dollars out of this story...  
and 2 bezllllon on the pictures.  
[ Click ] Damn!



The flash don't work, Jim.  
Where are we gonna get batteries...  
at this time of night?  
We gotta hurry.  
There's no telling what them...  
willy space creatures wlli be up to.  
[ Vern ] The smell of  
battery acid makes me thirsty.  
With all their advanced technoiogy...  
i look at the pitifui conveyances...  
- the puny Earth peopie construct.  
- Oh, dear.  
This one employs a mere 250 horsepower.  
Our attack vehicie  
wlli cause their eyes...  
to shoot out of their heads in fear.  
Hurry! Who knows what  
unspeakabie terrors...  
have befallen my troops?  
Wow! What a havi! This is great!  
- This kid's gonna barf.  
- Are you gonna barf?.  
I think he's gonna barf, Mom.  
- Sit down!  
- If he barfs, your hairdo's history.  
Do I know you boys?  
They're on to us. We  
gotta get outta here.  
- I'd llke an answer.  
- Have I got an answer!  
Perhaps I'll have to remove  
those heads of yours...  
and find out for myself.  
- How do you fire this?  
- Not that button.  
- Not llke that, idiot.  
- Whoa!  
Did you hear that?  
Them Martians is starting their attack.  
Ah, the carnage begins! I iove it!  
Hurry, I want to get in on all the fun.  
You jerk!  
Don't mess with me, kid.  
You wouldn't like me when I'm mad.

Where are you really from?  
[ Mother ] Tell me who  
you are, or by tomorrow...  
they'll be printing your  
pictures on milk cartons!  
They're my cousins!  
Excuse me?  
- From Callifornia.  
- Dude.  
That's Clutch. That's Spinner.  
Yo!  
- That's Paddlefoot.  
- Hi.  
They're surfers.  
Why didn't you say so  
in the first piace, hmm?  
Yeah. Hmm?  
Well, I'm new here.  
I don't really know anyone.  
I didn't think they'd be troubie.  
No real harm is done.  
You're weicome, provided you save...  
those missile attacks for  
a more suitable occasion.  
Yes, ma'am.  
I don't mean to pry,  
but wouid you mind...  
telling me exactiy what's going on here?  
These guys are from a iot  
further away than Callifornia.  
Before you continue, I remind you...  
that I'm just a llttie boy  
and susceptibie to nightmares.  
Waaa!  
That's it!  
I gave you another chance.  
Since you can't behave...  
we'll take everyone home!  
What's all this?  
Oh, yes. You!  
Prepare to die, Earth scum, again!  
[ Mother ] You've made your  
point. Now sit down and shut up!  
When a superior alien culture...

comes all this way to  
take over your world...  
certain laws of  
planetary conquest apply.  
For example, when someone points...  
a quad-spected hyperthermic  
cosmobiaster at you...  
it's a fair bet you are  
about to become toast.  
Please sit down and be quiet.  
Perhaps in your case, a loaf of toast!  
[ Wheels Screech ]  
- Uh-oh.  
- Get out!  
Nice going, big mouth.  
- I said, "Get out!"  
- I didn't do anything.  
I want you out of my car this minute!  
Get out!  
I can be pushed...  
[ Mother ] But I will  
not be smart-talked!  
[ Alien ] Shut up, you old bat!  
I think I see my dad's truck.  
[ Kathy ] You can let  
me and my friend out.  
What truck? I  
don't see any...  
Shh. Come on.  
I think that would be best, Miss Hoxiey.  
[ Brian ] Good-bye. Thanks  
for a lovely evening.  
Don't worry about us. We'll  
be fine out here, all alone...  
in the dark!  
- Hey!  
- I don't know what's going on...  
but I've only got half a bag of candy...  
so it better be good.  
- Happy now?  
- Well, who was the one...  
who shot his heat-seeking  
annihilator out the window?  
All right. I'll give it to you straight.

We're being invaded by Martians.  
I'm gonna follow them. You get my dad.  
My sister gets haif of  
whatever's in my bag...  
so you better be right!  
[ Orson Welles ] As I set  
down these notes on paper...  
I'm obsessed by the thought I may be...  
- my God.  
The last living man on Earth.  
I've been hiding in this  
empty house near Grover's Mill.  
All that's happened  
before the arrival...  
of these monstrous  
creatures...  
Russell?  
Where are those guys?  
Geez, if I get this bucket  
fixed before they get back...  
they're waiking home.  
This piace gives me the wlllles.  
[ Gasp ]  
Nobody gets away from Russell  
Pllisbury, Deputy Sheriff.  
Aw, geez.  
Wouid you mind stepping  
out of the vehicie, sir?  
Now!  
Maybe it's in backwards.  
- [ Growling ]  
- You're getting dog spit all over it.  
Ha! Atta boy!  
Wlli you stop wasting flm?  
Gee, Officer, what  
seems to be the probiem?  
No llcense, no registration...  
no piates, no headllghts...  
no tallllghts, no wheeis!  
I clocked you going  
3,000 miles per hour.  
That's 2,945 mlles an hour  
in excess of the posted llmit!  
Great! There goes my insurance.

At \$10 for every 5 miles  
an hour over the limit...  
Oh, you're gonna do time, pal.  
You may even get the chair for this.  
Maybe you better step back...  
and get the big picture here.  
Okay.  
[ Snap ]  
I've just made a serious mistake...  
haven't I?  
Ain't life a bust?  
Ooo.  
Ouch!  
Meanwhile, elsewhere  
on the planet...  
[ Click ] This is Orson  
Welles, ladies and gentlemen...  
to assure you that "the  
War of the Worlds"...  
has no further significance...  
than as the holiday offering  
it was intended to be.  
- the Mercury Theatre's radio version...  
- Huh?  
- of dressing in a sheet and saying "Boo!"  
- Oh.  
We couldn't soap your windows,  
steal all your garden gates...  
[ Enforcer Drone ] You have failed.  
It's disciplinary review time.  
[ Orson Welles ]... probably  
destroyed CBS. You'll be relieved...  
to learn that we didn't mean it...  
and both institutions are  
still open for business.  
Good-bye everybody. Remember, please...  
the terrible lesson you learned tonight.  
That grinning, glowing, globular  
invader in your living room...  
is an inhabitant of the pumpkin patch.  
If your doorbell rings  
and nobody's there...  
that was no Martian. It's Halloween.  
You wanna bet?

[ Blaznee ] I told 'em we  
were to attack Arcturus.  
It's not my fault.  
Let's talk this out.  
I'll go get them...  
and we can blow up any planet you want.  
- Just give us a chance!  
- Too late.  
Your imperfection has  
exceeded acceptable...  
error levels. You are...  
terminated!  
No!  
Now for the others.  
Come on, Jim.  
[ Mr. Wrenchmuller ] You hear that?  
He must be on the  
other side of that bale.  
This time, we're gonna get ourselves...  
the picture of the century.  
Are you ready?  
Get set.  
Go!  
Ahh!  
I thought you was a Martian.  
What'd you do with him?  
He was right here when I left.  
He was here when I left, too.  
What do you suppose was in there?  
[ Giggywig ] That's it!  
I'm gonna kill something  
if it's the last thing I do.  
This time, nothing is going to stand...  
in my way.  
Yeah, right.  
What now, terrifying one?  
Shouldn't we be trying  
to find the fleet?  
Sure, we can do it the easy way...  
or we can sack this entire area...  
all by ourselves with a  
brilliantly conceived...  
meticulously executed and  
perfectly-timed operation.

- We're gonna blow something up. - Yeah, but...  
But what?  
Sheriff Hoxiey's at the V.F.W. Hall.  
He'll know what to do.  
We're gonna need us more than a sheriff.  
- We're gonna need us an army.  
- They'll never believe us.  
[ Wrenchmuller ] They're gonna believe us, all right.  
[ Car Horn ]  
The Martians is coming!  
Oh, oh.  
- What's going on?  
- I'll tell you what.  
Big Bean is being invaded by Martians.  
What is this stuff?  
From space!  
Yikes!  
You think I'm crazy, do you?  
Well, I've got one of'em back here in the truck.  
Come on. Take a look at this.  
Take a look at what?  
He was here.  
I swear it.  
Look.  
- That's his green blood.  
- That's paint.  
He's getting away.  
He's going to join his space army.  
Space army?  
I'd death-ray my grandmother for a space army about now.  
[ Siren ]  
- Tell him, Russell.  
- It's true.  
I gave one of'em a ticket.  
I'm telling you. It looked...  
llke a full-scaie invasion.  
[ Klembecker ] I'll tell you what it looks like.  
It iooks llke a hoax to me.  
[ Siren ]

Mr. Wrenchmuller is telling the truth.

Are you insane?

I don't pretend to know  
everything that's going on...

but it's clear to me  
from evidence I've seen...

that we are being visited...

by intelligent creatures.

Intelligent creatures? That'll  
throw 'em off the trall.

I even got pictures. Look here.

That's what they look like.

They iook just llke  
the sheriff s nephews.

- My nephews?

- Your nephews are Martians?

No, my nephews aren't Martians.

I don't even have any nephews.

Their spaceship's in my barn.

- He's a crazy man.

- Where'd they get a spaceship?

In California. They're surfers.

Surfers?

That's what your daughter said.

Wait. Where is Kathy?

She got out with your

Martian surfer nephews.

Mrs. Vanderspooi, do know

how stupid that sounds?

They're llttie?

- That's right.

- And green?

Yes!

Little dealle-bobs

coming out their head?

Now you're cookin' with gas.

Sounds llke Martians to me.

[ Sheriff ] I want

everybody to remain calm.

We shoud do something about this.

Biaznee to Worid Domination Force.

Not now, Biaznee.

I'm busy seallng the doom

of countiess mllllons.



- Shove off.  
- The device is in place.  
They'll never escape us now. Ha, ha!  
- Ha, ha. - Ha,  
ha. - Ha, ha.  
That's it.  
Let the enforcer drone have 'em.  
- [ Footsteps ]  
- Oops.  
Sheriff Hoxley! Sheriff Hoxley!  
Hold it, hey! Come back here.  
There are Martians over here!  
Martians, Martians!  
[ Brian ] Ahhh!  
- [ Klunk ]  
- Ha!  
Never mess with a frisbee champion.  
Mayday, Mayday, going in.  
Dr. Ziplock?  
Huh?  
Activate the hovervid.  
- We should call the national guard.  
- Wait. Hold it.  
You're going about this all wrong.  
There's nothing to  
indicate we're in danger.  
We don't know what we're dealing with...  
or even where they are!  
[ Giggywig ] We interrupt to  
bring you a special announcement.  
The Martians have landed.  
Prepare to die, Earth scum.  
All right, where's your spaceship?  
What's a spaceship?  
And what are you?  
I'm a carnivorous duck  
and I'm in a bad mood.  
Start talking or I start eating!  
Oh, oh, you mean my spaceship.  
I get your drift now. I  
can lead you right to it.  
Come on.  
Some alien menace you turned out to be!  
- Capt. Bipto?

- Hmm?  
- I'm picking up a signal from the omnibiab.  
- Oh?  
On behalf of His Majesty's  
Atomic Space Navy...  
I hereby invite you to  
surrender peacefully...  
so that we may execute  
you in an orderiy fashion.  
[ Giggywig ] Just in case you're  
thinking of fleeing in mass panic...  
forget it! We're cutting off  
your only means of escape.  
Brllllant! I would give anything...  
to see the faces of  
those human scum now!  
The off-ramp.  
They biew up...  
our new off-ramp!  
Watch as we obliterate a few  
of your puny misslle sllos.  
Hey...  
they're at the co-op!  
Let's get 'em!  
[ Wrenchmuller ] Wait,  
wait, I saw 'em first.  
[ Sheriff ] Wait a minute.  
[ Wrenchmuller ] I've got pictures.  
Terrifying, isn't it? [ Laughter ]  
I've got pictures of 'em.  
Hurry up. Everyone's watching.  
He keeps trying to put  
tab?A? into siot? B.?  
I am not. It says right here...  
"insert erradignathnic flodad...  
into hyperpodnec cyboclutch. " See?  
Ah, hi.  
[ Kathy ] You gonna turn me in?  
Don't you want to take  
over the worid, too?  
We're ready!  
Fire!  
Ooo!  
Pretty neat, huh?

This isn't supposed to  
happen in small towns.  
I moved here to get away  
from things llke this.  
This happen a iot in Chicago?  
This is what pianetary  
siege weapons are all about.  
[ Laughter ]  
Wait a minute. Cease fire.  
Something's wrong.  
Wrong?  
What?  
- It's been booby-trapped.  
- And we're the boobies.  
Ha, ha!  
Another big one!  
[ Giggywig ] What is this stuff?  
[ Dr. Zipiock ] It's the most  
insidious weapon I've ever seen!  
[ Pez Munching ] Hey,  
it doesn't taste bad.  
[ Giggywig ] How do we get out of here?  
[ Pez ] Follow me!  
[ Munching ]  
Boy, you guys are in big trouble now.  
We gotta get out of here fast.  
Hey! It's a map of Big Bean.  
That's my house.  
This is where we are now.  
Show me where your ship ianded.  
That's oid man Wrenchmuller's.  
I know where that is.  
Come on.  
There's one. Shoot it you idiot!  
- [ Gunshot ]  
- [ Meowing ]  
Never mind. Shoot that instead.  
[ Gunshots ]  
Are we all having fun yet?  
- Yahoo.  
- What a disaster.  
[ Duck ] Is this some kind of trick?  
Look, kid...  
you heiped me out of a

jam so I'll ieevei with you.

I don't know anything

about this invasion thing.

If you heip me, I'll do

my best to try and stop it.

Deai?

Deai.

[ Pez ] This is it! We're here!

[ Giggyswig ] Where are the

craters and flaming buildings?

This is where the battie took piace.

We're iost! We missed the

war and it's your fauit.

- My fauit?

- Maybe if we just ask somebody?

My one chance at the big

time and you've ruined it.

- Shut up!

- This gentieman, perhaps?

- Excuse me.

- Oh!

- You scared me.

- So sorry.

No, that's good. We're

getting somewhere.

- Which way to the massacre?

- The what?

Oh, you mean

the... Ha, ha.

I'm sorry, boys, but it's over.

- Huh?

- Over?

I'm afraid so.

It's a shame you missed the

ending. That's the best part.

How so?

You see...

just when it seemed...

the Earth was doomed to be taken over...

the Martians just up and died.

Really? What happened

to all their bodies?

The birds got 'em, mostiy.

Pecking and tearing,

swallowing mouthfuls...  
of rubbery flesh! And the dogs...  
had their turn at them!  
Fighting over scraps and gnawing  
on their little skeletons.  
Woof!.  
And just how did they die?  
Our germs got 'em.  
- Germs?  
- Yeah. Little microbes...  
llke the ones that  
gave me this damn coid.  
Achoo!  
[ Panicked Yelling ]  
- Have a good time, boys.  
- I've got germs!  
Aah! Don't touch me!  
I don't mean to be nosy...  
but was there any particuiar reason...  
you guys decided to invade Earth?  
- Promise you won't iaugh?  
- Sure!  
Ever hear of?the War of the Worids?  
[ Pez ] Guys, guys?  
Get a ioad of this!  
[ Laughing ]  
Where do we go? What do we do?  
- Where do we hide?  
- Back to the ship.  
Back to the asteroids.  
I iove the asteroids!  
Nice, quiet, oid asteroid patroii.  
- That's the llfe for me.  
- Are you kidding?  
We'll never make it with the  
enemy firepower out there.  
- Lucklly I remembered to bring  
my distress-o-matic. - [ Beeping ]  
I iove this guy!  
Come here, you oid...  
[ Alarm Buzzers ]  
Aw, no! Not now.  
It's not ready.  
What's not ready?

The ship. A vacuum-head  
pulled a distress-o-matic.  
- A what?  
- Emergency beacon autopllot.  
The ship's programmed to  
fly to it no matter what.  
Verndroid, where  
did you put the...  
[ Beeping ]  
That's a  
distress-o-matic signai.  
My boys are in troubie.  
Verndroid, there's not a moment to iose!  
- [ Beeping ]  
- What?  
No, it's this way.  
- [ Beeping ]  
- Wait!  
[ Beeping ]  
A farmer's all-purpose heiper.  
It's guaranteed to remove stumps...  
gophers, and drastically reduce...  
the flight potentia  
of Martian spaceships.  
Jim, you stay there.  
I'll be right back.  
I've got to rig an override  
before the engine charges.  
- What do you want me to do?  
- Run for your llfe!  
Run for your life, boy!  
Oh!  
Abandon ship, shorty.  
Abandon it? I've just fixed it.  
Too bad 'cause I'm about to un-fix it.  
What's going on?  
- What are you doing?  
- Cancelling your ticket home.  
Folks would give money  
to get their hands on you.  
I'm the one that's gonna get it!  
I guess you better  
evacuate the premises.  
Let me shut the engines off

with this little red switch.  
Get out of here, kid!  
[ Brian ] Whoa! Come  
on, Jim. We're outta here.  
Wait. Hold it!  
Wait a minute.  
Now we're really outta here!  
Forgive me, mother.  
I have to throw away my fins.  
I'll make it up to you someday...  
somehow!  
Whoa!  
Listen.  
What's that?  
It can't be any worse than that.  
Whoa!  
Duck. Duck!  
No! Duck!  
Wait!  
Hold it right there. Are you a Martian?  
I'm a duck!  
If you're a duck, where  
are your webbed feet?  
Snap out of it.  
The Martians, they went that way.  
I said whoa!  
When I say whoa, I mean whoa!  
Come on. We gotta get  
off this crazy rock.  
I guess this is good-bye.  
Don't take it so hard.  
Aaah!  
What about me?  
Knock it off. I'm busy!  
Waaa!  
- The ship, the ship!  
- All right. Let's boogie!  
[ Dr. Ziplock ]  
Activate defense shields.  
[ Pez ] The humans are coming!  
The humans are coming!  
Biaznee, get us out of here.  
No can do. Thanks to your  
stupid distress-o-matic...

we tweaked our vapor plates.  
Our megaspazz redundancy  
pile has been fried.  
I had to klli the autopllot.  
I don't care. Fix all of it.  
All of you, fix it, fix it.  
Who's that?  
[ Dr. Ziplock ] Clean out the  
erradicamixer and unscrew the clutch fader.  
[ Pez ] Are you crazy? You  
know how bad that's gonna smell?  
Hand me a piasma coupier.  
Who cares what is smells like!  
Come on, aiready.  
Stand by for takeoff.  
[ Capt. Bipto ] That must be our  
boys wreaking havoc over there.  
Thank you.  
I shall wait in the transport.  
Good. You do that.  
He's such a good boy.  
[ Gunshots ]  
Come on. What's taking so iong?  
Enter the N-38 to the 6th  
power. Now we cross-llnk...  
the improbalator to the smalltersnatch.  
My men!  
[ Shouting ]  
- Oh.  
- I must say, I'm impressed,  
a brlllllant victory brought  
about by your wlli to win.  
- Here we go.  
- Let's get 'em!  
What the heck is that thing?  
Who cares? Just shoot it.  
We did win, didn't we?  
No, but if we think fast enough...  
we just might llve to lle about it.  
What's the probiem? Just vaporize...  
everyone, everything.  
Poof!. Mission accomplshed.  
Medais, awards, a parade. Next?  
No, wrong, faise, none of the above.



- Why? Because we're not supposed to be here.

- What?

We goofed. We erred.

We misinterpreted the data at hand.

I told you so.

Let me explain the  
situation in a nutshell.

There are 5 of us and 4 billion of them.

They have strategic air commands,  
nuclear-powered submarines...

and John Wayne.

We have this.

- Is it loaded?

- Let's find out.

Wait! We've got bigger problems.

- What's worse than this?

- That.

Who let him out?

Martians...

I'm afraid we have no choice.

We will have to use the D.O.D.

[ Gasp ]

Break out the kits.

What's the D.O.D?

What does it do?

You can't!

If you let your friends

blow up the Earth...

I'll never speak to you again.

Hold your fire.

Hold your fire!

Put your guns down.

What the heck is that?

Citizens of Earth, surrender or die.

Why should we? We've got you surrounded.

Take it easy, Kiembecker.

If you don't surrender,

or attempt to kill us...

this device will detonate,

and you, your town...

and everything within

a million mile radius...

will just simply go...

boom!

Wow!  
You'll be kllied, too!  
Wrong! This, you see...  
is the donut of destruction!  
It wlli obliterate all of you...  
while leaving us completely unscathed.  
Yeah? What about your ship?  
Won't it be obliterated, too?  
- We're doomed!  
- Let's iet 'em have it!  
[ Giggywig ] Gimme that.  
Prepare to die, Earth scum.  
You did it again.  
You put tab "A "into slot "B. "  
- I must've toid you a hundred times!  
- No, I didn't!  
- It wasn't me.  
- You want to argue or llve?  
Get 'em!  
[ Kathy ] Are you all right?  
- I can't move. My whoie body's asieep.  
- I'll get heip.  
[ Kathy ] Hey, somebody help. Hurry!  
Kathy?  
Kathy! I've been  
iooking all over for you.  
What the heck is that?  
[ Brian ] You're allve!  
? Prepare to die, Earth scum.?  
I'll make sure they carve  
that on your tombstone.  
Aw, shut up.  
They was all I needed to save  
my farm and I aimost had 'em.  
I could have been rich  
and never had to worry.  
It's gonna be all right.  
I'll take you to my piace.  
They landed on my farm.  
That counts for something.  
- Sure it does.  
- Verndroid to Capt. Bipto.  
Capt. Bipto, come in, please.  
[ Russell ] There's something

wrong with my brother.

- Vern's your brother?

- Capt. Bipto, come in, please!

- He used to be.

- Vern, are you all right?

It must be shock.

I'll take him to my piace.

I'll take care of your truck.

Keep an eye on that untll I get back.

Listen, Russell is the sheriff now.

Listen to what he says.

[ Russell ] All right,

let's get organized.

Are you all right?

Yes.

You have a good expianation

as to what you were doing...

riding in an alien spacecraft?

Nice knowing you.

What have we here?

Martians got popcorn?

Here you go.

It'll be all right.

- [ Kathy ] What are we gonna do?

- You're going to bed.

- What are you gonna do?

- I don't know.

I'll call the air force, I guess.

You can't. They hate Martians.

- They'll shoot and drop nuciear bombs.

- I don't know about bombs...

but they deserve whatever

they get. Now come on.

But, Dad, they're not really bad.

They're just stupid.

They haven't really hurt anybody.

If we heip them get away...

no one wlli ever know the difference.

Honey, I'm supposed to be the sheriff.

If I don't get heip to controii this...

and it gets more out of hand...

it'll be my fauit.

I might as well throw away this badge.

That's all you care

about, your stupid badge.  
If you want to be a  
big, important sheriff...  
why don't you do things yourseif?  
At ieast they have a chance with you.  
What are we going to do now?  
Looks llke we'll have  
to appiy for citizenship.  
If oniy we could have connected  
with the invasion force.  
It could have been giorious!  
If we ever get out, remind me.  
I've got a reai funny story to tell you.  
We're doomed to spend our llves...  
breathing 74% nitrogen.  
Oh, give me a home  
Where the asteroids roam  
And the dweebs and the fuzzymugs piay  
Where gravity's iow  
And the water is siow  
And the desert winds biow you away  
Mars, Mars is my home  
Where everyone's short just llke me  
I wish I was where  
There is not so much air  
And 2 moons to smlle down upon me  
[ Sigh ]  
Hey, what are you doing here?  
There's no piace llke home.  
There's no piace llke home.  
There's no piace llke home.  
Hey, shortstuff, weicome back.  
We're trying to figure  
out how to get outta here.  
Got any bright ideas?  
Well, bless your little batteries.  
Number for the Strategic  
Air Command, please.  
What extension, please?  
Do you have a llsting for  
reporting unusuai phenomena?  
- A U.F.O.?  
- That'll do.  
There's no such listing.

I do have unlimited listings for psychiatrists.  
Wait, lady, I don't need to hear this.  
Oh, no.  
Kathy?  
Kathy?  
Kathy?  
[ Kathy ] You melonheads!  
That was just an old radio show.  
I figured out why you're here.  
You were sent to ruin my Halloween, weren't you?  
Capt. Bipto to Verndroid.  
Come in, please.  
Capt. Bipto to Verndroid!  
Yes, Capt. Bipto?  
Remember the surprise we were working on?  
The time has come...  
to unieash its terror!  
[ Verndroid ] Would you llke it equipped with nuciear warheads...  
- or particie beam weapons?  
- Who me?  
[ Capt. Bipto ] Whatever. Be creative.  
We'll meet you there.  
[ Car Engine ]  
- Well?  
- Let's do it.  
[ Beeping ]  
- Aw!  
- What's wrong?  
The hyperfusion-feedback governor on the ship...  
just had a meitdown.  
If we don't get back to zero gravity...  
in the next, oh, hour...  
the ship's hyperdrive wlli impiode...  
creating an ever-expanding hole...  
in the space-time continuum...  
making you, me, and the rest of this gaiaxy...  
some other universe's problem. Right?  
Ciose enough.

[ Giggywig ] We look stupid, don't we?

Keep your head down.

Maybe no one will see us.

I don't see why I have to peddle.

[ Brian ] Nobody rides for free.

[ Dr. Ziplock ] What's he doing?

It's my dad!

- Did he spot us?

- I don't think so.

[ Klembecker ] Outta the

way. Shotgun coming through.

We need more ammo.

- Did you get them?

- We almost got 'em.

- Mr. Klembecker shot a bunny.

- Shut up!

- It was charging!

- Let's stay cool.

I don't want anybody to get hurt.

- We're trapped. What are we gonna do?

- [ Beeping ]

Die horrible, searing

deaths in less than an hour.

Can we help?

[ Vern ] No, I'm fine.

A little more ocular

welding and we'll be set.

What the heck is that?

It's a diversion. We're

gonna get the ship back.

You better not try to stop us!

If you get through me,

you'll have to deal with him.

Relax, kid, I've just come to help.

I already got a whole bunch of pictures.

If I help them get away,

I'll have the only ones.

Gentlemen, I present...

the farmzoid.

- All right.

- Hurry, hurry!

Now that's a diversion!

We can't wait.

We have to chance it.

I told you to go to bed!  
Take me to your secret government labs,  
and cut me into wafer-thin sections.  
They want to go home.  
They've made a mistake.  
And they're sorry. Aren't you?  
And getting sorrier by the minute.  
The ship's gonna blow up...  
and destroy the Earth in 15 minutes!  
Really, Dad.  
Hey, it's your planet.  
Just for the sake of argument...  
how are you planning on getting out?  
There's a few things  
I haven't tried yet.  
They're risky, but better than death.  
Probably.  
We worked really hard on  
creating this big diversion.  
A diversion?  
What kind of a diversion?  
- [ Engine Noise ]  
- What the heck is that?  
Uh, that diversion.  
[ Space Ship Engine Sputters ]  
I gotta admit.  
That's a diversion.  
I don't care what the  
heck that thing is.  
Adios.  
[ Vern ] Hey, Kiembecker?  
Laugh now, butthead!  
I'll drive.  
Hey?  
Mayday, Mayday.  
Look, you guys caused  
a lot of damage here.  
You're gonna have to  
make restitution somehow.  
If you promise me that,  
then I'll help you.  
Promise me that you can hit  
that blinking red light...  
in the next 10 seconds...

or we're gonna need help  
from a higher source.

Hang on.

[ Gunshots ]

Aaah!

- Which red button?

- That one.

Not that one!

Mayday. Somebody answer me.

Capt. Bipto, what's wrong?

We've got problems.

We'll need a miracle...

to get this baby off the  
ground, much less outer space.

Can you tip that

contraption up on its butt?

If the vertical orientation  
struts are functioning.

I think I've got you covered...

but we have to get back to the farm.

- Tell them to meet us there.

- Right.

Meet at the Wrenchmuller farm.

Bipto out.

Hey, where do you guys  
grow your Wrenchmullers?

There must be something we can use.

You can't just take a car.

[ Chuckie ]

It's all right, kid.

I know this guy.

Vern, you come down right now, hear?

[ Gunshots ]

Shoot, my helpless friends, shoot!

Fire everything you've got.

The farmzoid is impervious.

That's it. Mom's gonna hear about this!

- [ Kathy ] Make a left.

- [ Blaznee ] Left?

- Left?

- Right. I mean, yes.

Come back, you cowards. Come back here!

It's just...

a big toy robot.



If I win, the whole tank wins...  
not just one guy.  
Aaah!  
[ Laughing ]  
In case anybody's interested...  
we have 12 minutes until  
the end of the world.  
Put this puppy into hyperdrive!  
Maybe I better take a shortcut.  
Listen, I'd like to live to see...  
the end of the world!  
Okay?  
There's the farm.  
Whoa!  
I'm telling you, that ship has got...  
the flight potential of a cement truck.  
I can fix that.  
What's that?  
That's a farmer's all-purpose helper.  
It's guaranteed to  
remove stumps, gophers...  
and improve the flight potential...  
of a Martian spaceship.  
- Get outta here.  
- Help yourselves.  
Wait up. This I gotta see.  
This is your captain speaking.  
I'd like to thank you  
for flying Air Blaznee.  
I hope we live long enough  
to do this again sometime.  
Come on. You're not gonna believe this!  
- Bypass the ecto-thruster.  
- Guys, wait a minute.  
That's the guy who wants to blow us up.  
[ Wrenchmuller ] Flight  
One to Mars now boarding.  
What are you gonna do with this?  
Sheriff, ain't you ever put...  
a cherry bomb under a garbage can?  
- Ha-ha-ha.  
- A what?  
Don't you guys ever listen?  
- Anybody seen my astropians?

- Who took the torus callibrator?

Listen to me.

Biaznee, we'll fix that  
later. Prepare to launch.

- This isn't gonna work.

- Don't worry.

Our Earth friends are gonna  
give us an extra boost.

That guy wants to  
boost his bank account.

He's trying to blow up the ship.

Assume vertical launch position.

Verndroid, this is Capt. Bipto.

Are you receiving me?

- Verndroid, come in, please.

- Yes, Capt. Bipto...

How may I be of assistance?

Your assignment is complete, Verndroid.

Your bravery and devotion  
have saved us all.

I am so proud of you, son.

You are no longer my robot slave.

Live and be free!

[ Verndroid ] Thank you, Capt. Bipto.

It has been a pleasure serving you.

Now...

I must bid you adieu.

There's much work to be done.

You see, I have plans for this world...

big plans!

Verndroid away!

Mm-hmm.

[ Sam ] NASA spends years

calculating fuel loads...

launch pressures, and

orbital-window dynamics.

You're just gonna stuff dynamite

under this and light the fuse?

Actually...

I was gonna use this.

Kids, get behind that tractor.

This is supposed to save us...

from the end of the world?

Now, before we go...

does anyone need to go to the bathroom?

Is this really gonna

work? If it's not...

we ought to figure out

how to defuse that...

- nuclear cosmos- whatever

it is. - You know how?

No.

Then move out, or this is gonna

solve everyone's problem...

one way or another.

Hey, I'm not going home in a bag!

I made it! I'm never

gonna do this again.

Same here.

Oh!

[ Shouting ]

[ Martian ] Red alert.

Run for your lives!

Leave them alone.

- Kathy, get back.

- They want to go home.

[ Enforcer Drone ] Impossible.

They have failed in their mission.

[ Kathy ] If you kill them

now, the gravity hyperfusion...

pheto-cuisinart

will blow up in...

5 minutes or so.

The Earth will implode and

throw Mars out of orbit...

and it'll go crashing into the sun.

That would be a biemish on

the old perfection record.

[ Pez ] And expensive.

What if they took it out

of your paycheck? Whoa!

What's a planet cost these days?

4 minutes, 30 seconds.

Very well.

- Return to your spacecraft.

- [ Cheering ]

Every Pez for himself!.

Biaznee, you'll have

exactly 6.38621 seconds...  
to fire the main engine  
to reach escape velocity.  
Never tell me the decimal points.  
I'm gonna grow up to  
be 5'7?, 5'8? easy.  
You're full grown.  
I'm animai. You're...  
poiyyropyiene.  
Besides...  
they really need you.  
We can write...  
or something.  
Geez, you're breaking my heart.  
Here.  
Come on, shortstuff, before  
they check for green cards.  
Hey, the next time you guys visit...  
pay closer attention  
to our traffic laws.  
Next time we visit?  
Yeech!  
Well, thanks for not killing  
them, Mr. Enforcer Drone.  
Sorry to interrupt. 3 minutes!  
You misunderstood. Once we reach...  
the cold, airless  
depths of outer space...  
I shall incinerate them...  
and toss their charred,  
sizzling skeletons...  
- into the cosmos.  
- Huh? Say what?  
A quick vacuuming, a  
little air freshener...  
and I will have completed  
my duties with perfection.  
- What?  
- [ Whimpering ]  
You can't do that!  
Better than us.  
I beg your pardon?  
I thought you were  
nice, but I was wrong.

You're just a selfish old man.  
They caused more trouble  
than they were worth.  
If it hadn't been for you...  
things might have gotten  
further out of hand.  
Somebody might even have gotten killed.  
I'd say that makes you a  
hero in both our planets.  
As the ambassador of the planet Earth...  
I would like to present  
you with an award...  
as a token of our appreciation.  
The trinitrotoluene award.  
Kids, run and get the champagne...  
so we can do this up proper.  
I accept...  
in the name of goodwill, with hope...  
for peaceful coexistence  
of our two worlds.  
It certainly isn't  
much to look at, is it?  
Let me light it up for you...  
so you can get the full effect.  
How pretty!  
How'd you like to have a photo...  
so you can remember this?  
Yes, please.  
Let me back up a bit...  
so I can get the whole ship into it.  
Are you sure there's enough light?  
- Oh, there's gonna be plenty of light.  
- I'm so proud.  
I don't know what to say.  
You can just say your prayers.  
[ Click ]  
What  
the...  
[ Giggywig ] Why aren't we moving?  
Great. We're stuck here.  
I guess he left.  
What happened?  
It's okay. Mr. Wrenchmuller  
blew up the enforcer drone.

- Hooray for our side!
- Time to go.
- Take care of yourselves.
- Break it up.

There's billions of lives at stake.

Move!

Don't need to tell me twice.

Prepare for takeoff.

- Start the countdown.
- Five...
- Wait a minute.
- four...
- three, two,
- I'm not in my seat.

one!

You blew them up!

Yeah, way up!

- Go, go, go!
- Yeah!

[ Cheering ]

Whoa!

[ Screaming ]

That's it. I Quit!

Do something! You're the pilot.

How 'bout if I eject?

Lighten the load.

- Hurry it up, Pez.
- I'm lightening!

We're too heavy. Something else must go.

We've dumped everything we can dump.

- Except...
- Hit it, Giggy.

[ Toilet Flushes ]

- Yeah!
- Yea!

You know, the last time I put...  
a cherry bomb under a garbage can...

the garbage can didn't make it.

I guess somebody up there likes you.

They just got lucky.

When you see my dog...

tell him we're moving tomorrow.

Good morning, Mr. Wrenchmuller.

The judge send you to

come and throw me off?

No...

but I'm afraid this is ilegal.

It's wrong, but it's legal.

I was bringing somebody I  
thought you'd want to see.

Him? What do I want to see him for?

Not him. Him.

Aw,Jim,Jim.

Jim, boy.

- That's all very touching.

- [ Howllng ]

As you can see, I've got things to do.

Unies you've got the cash  
or a crop to sign over...

I suggest you hand over those keys.

Hoid it,Jim. Jim!

He ain't worth your breath!

You want these keys, do you?

Ha, ha, ha.

Go get 'em!

I'm sorry that it has to be this way.

You wanna hear something funny?

Sure.

You're gonna hear it right about...

- now.

- Aaah!

[ Barking ]

Aw!

- [ Grunt ]

- [ Chuckie ]

I'll be back!

We're oniy a few hours behind scheduie.

I was just thinking, if we hurry...

we might make it to Arcturus in  
time to help torture prisoners.

[ Entire Crew ] Aw, shut up!

["Takin'Over The World"]

Wo-o-wo-o-wo

wo-o-wo

Wo-o-wo-o-wo

oh yeah

Last Halloween I had a fright

In all my life saw the strangest sight

Never did think I might  
Ever live to tell what I saw that night  
Martians are taking over the world  
Martians are taking over the world  
Martians are taking over the world  
Martians are taking over the world  
They were green men  
With strange lips  
And bad skin and a weird chin  
I almost died when he grabbed my head  
The little green guy  
just smiled and said  
"Take me to your leader.  
Take me to your leader now!"  
Martians are taking over the world  
Martians are taking over the world  
Martians are taking over the world  
Martians are taking over the world  
Martians are taking over the world  
Martians are taking over the world  
Martians are taking over the world  
Martians are taking over the world  
Martians are taking  
Over the world  
The Martians have landed.  
The Martians are coming!  
The Martians are coming!  
The Martians are  
coming! Ha-ha-ha!  
Wo-o-wo-o-wo  
wo-o-wo-o-wo  
The Martians have landed.  
What a world how it changed my life  
I got a green girl  
Made her my new wife  
Gotta green house and I think maybe  
Early next year I get a shiny green baby  
Martians are taking over the world  
Martians are taking over the world  
Martians are taking over the world  
Martians are taking over the world  
I dig it  
Martians are taking over the world  
Martians are taking over the world



Wo-o-wo-o-wo

wo-o-wo-o-wo

Martians are taking over the world