

PAUL
(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

PAUL: (GROANS).- Oh, who's knocking? Stop it.

CLIVE: - What are you doing?

PAUL: (GRUNTING) I'll hide in here.

CLIVE - Don't come out.

- PAUL: Why would I come out?

CLIVE : Who is it?

RUTH : It's Ruth.

CLIVE: Ooh... Don't you dare open that door.

GRAHAM : Hi.

RUTH : Hi Good morning. May I come in?

CLIVE: - No. I don't think you should come in. I'm not really dressed.

GRAHAM - Sure.

RUTH: So, where's the other one?

CLIVE: The other one? It's just...

RUTH: Oh, oh. I t's okay, we don't charge by the person. There were three shadows I saw dancing around the RV last night, right?

GRAHAM : The other one. The other one.

CLIVE: - Oh... He...

PAUL: I'm in the can. I ate a closed pistachio. (FARTING) I'm paying for it.

GRAHAM: That's a nice T-shirt.

RUTH: Oh, thanks. I got it at my church. It's Jesus shooting Charles Darwin.

GRAHAM: Why would Jesus want to shoot Charles Darwin?

RUTH: Because of his blasphemous theories. Are you men of God?

CLIVE: We're men of science, you know. We believe in the establishment of a biological order through the maelstrom of physical and chemical chaos.

RUTH: The world is 4,000 years old and can only be the product of intelligent design.

- PAUL: Oh, that's horseshit.

RUTH - Oh!(SCOFFS) All right, well, then, please explain how something as complex as the human eye simply just comes into being. (LAUGHS)

PAUL: It's doesn't come into being. It is the culmination of billions of years of development across countless fucking species.

RUTH: What are you talking about?

PAUL: Evolution, baby.

RUTH: - Oh!- Blasphemy! Nothing that you can say or do can shake my belief or faith in the sure and certain knowledge that God made heaven and earth and created us all in His own image.

PAUL: - Oh, his own image?

RUTH: Yeah.

PAUL: Well, I got a question. How do you explain me? (Ruth gasps and faints)

PAUL: She's going, she's falling. Catch... And that's Jenga.

GRAHAM - Why did you do that?

PAUL - (STAMMERING) She fainted! We've gone through this! They faint!

GRAHAM: But we're going to have to take her with us now!

CLIVE: No! No!

PAUL: This is America. Kidnapping a Christian? That's worse than harboring a fugitive.

GRAHAM : - But she's seen you. If we leave her, she's going to call the police!

PAUL: Who gives a shit? No one's going to believe this God-bothering Cyclops . Let's just dump her on the road! Just roll her up in the rug.

GRAHAM: We can't risk that! If we take her with us, then we can get her on our side!

CLIVE: You'd love to get her on her side, wouldn't you?

PAUL: That doesn't make sense.

GRAHAM: Look. She'll be fine. We're quite nice.

CLIVE: All right. What about my passport?

PAUL: Oh, Gosh!



GRAHAM: Ruth! Ruth, wait!

RUTH: Leave me alone!

GRAHAM: Please, please, stop. I've got shin splints.

RUTH: (GROANING) He cannot be from space! It's not possible. He's from somewhere else.

GRAHAM: Ruth, you saw it for yourself, okay? He showed you. There's probably billions of intelligent civilizations out there.

RUTH: (SCOFFS) So where is everybody? Hmm?

GRAHAM: But one of them's there!

PAUL: Are they looking? Are they looking? Are they looking right now? (LAUGHING)

CLIVE: Sorry. That's pathetic.

PAUL: What's your beef, Clive?

CLIVE: I don't have a beef.

PAUL: (CHUCKLES) I'm from outer space. You're a science-fiction writer. We should be best buds.

CLIVE: It's not you. It's me. (INAUDIBLE)

PAUL: Is that what this is? You're jealous? Of her?

CLIVE: It's not just that.

PAUL: Whoa. Of me? This is because me and Graham? got two minutes of face-time while you were sleeping? Is that what this is?

CLIVE: I wanted this to be special, you know? I have dreamt about meeting you (CHUCKLES) ever since I saw Mac and Me. And I blew it. Now you two are friendly, and he's off talking to girls and it's like, where am I?

PAUL: Come on, man. This is special. You guys being all nerdy and shit and meeting me. That is fate. Who cares if you pissed your pants, man? When I first got here, first time I saw a human, I puked. You guys are weird looking. You have giant bodies. You have tiny, little, tiny heads.

CLIVE: - You're just being nice now.

PAUL: - (LAUGHS) No. Look, you want a little sugar?

CLIVE: (NERVOUS GROAN)

PAUL: It's just knowledge and experience, man. You're a writer. Might give you some inspiration.

CLIVE: Will it hurt?

PAUL: Only if you struggle.

CLIVE: All right. (GRUNTS) (HORN HONKING)

RUTH: So there's no heaven. No hell, no right, no wrong, no sin?

GRAHAM: Well...

RUTH: I can drink?

GRAHAM: If you like.

RUTH: - I can fornicate?

GRAHAM:- Maybe.

RUTH: I can curse?

GRAHAM: Well, yeah.

RUTH: - Penises!

GRAHAM : Ruth.

RUTH: Assing, hairy boobs, poop-farting buttoholes!

GRAHAM: Ruth, I'm not sure this is helping. What are you doing? - (EXCLAIMS) Stop it!

RUTH: Why? Why should I stop?

GRAHAM: (EXCLAIMS) This is not... Because you have your whole life to explore new things. Okay? It doesn't necessarily mean you should be exploring mine right now. You said you wanted to travel, to see new stuff? This is your chance. I really think you should come with us.

RUTH: Where would I sleep?

GRAHAM: I'll sleep on the sofa. And then you can have my bed. But I'd push the tissues off with a pen, if I were you, because I've had a cold. (back to the RV (REGGAE MUSIC PLAYING ON STEREO) Ruth has decided that she would like to come with us.

CLIVE: Wicked.

RUTH: I'm gonna go freshen up.

PAUL: Hey, Ruth. Wait up.

GRAHAM (to Clive) You don't smoke.

PAUL (to Ruth) I just wanted to say thanks. I know this has been weird for you, but you saved my life and I owe you one, okay? Okay. What have you got there, by the way? Severe epiretinal membrane complicated by macular edema in your left vitreous cavity?

RUTH: How did you know that?

PAUL: Lucky guess. Do you mind if I take a look at it for one second? What does it say in the Old Testament? "An eye for an eye"?

RUTH: - Wait, I don't...

PAUL: It's okay. You can trust me.

RUTH: - I don't know...

PAUL: Just have a little faith, okay?

RUTH: (GRUNTING)(CONTINUES GRUNTING) (GASPS) Oh! How did you do that?

PAUL: Evolution, baby. (PAUL CHUCKLES)

RUTH: Graham?

GRAHAM: Yeah?

GRAHAM: GRAEME: Oh, my God. Clive.

CLIVE: Oh, my God.