


Invader ZIM

#130a

"Ten Minutes To Doom"

by

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INVADER ZIM

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"TEN MINUTES TO DOOM"  
Draft 2 by Rob Hummel

FADE IN:

**FRONT YARD**

EXT. SKOOL ~~PLAYGROUND~~ AFTERNOON

High drama... Slow motion... The Skool BELL RINGS. It's three o'clock and all of the kids are heading home.

As credits roll, we see ZIM walking happily. Dib and Torque Smacky stand nearby. Dib turns to Torque and says something. Torque CHUCKLES menacingly and throws a ball at ZIM. ZIM falls to the ground, dislodging his backpack. Everyone LAUGHS at ZIM. Slow motion laughter is creepy. Torque sees Dib laughing and gets disgusted at the unpopular kid's enjoyment. ZIM hits the floor and everything goes back to REAL-TIME as ZIM's PAK pops off of his back. Dib's eyes light up in shock at the sight and he quickly takes action. He holds it for a beat, awed, then runs off with it. We push in on ZIM's dazed face, into BLACK as he passes out.

OVER BLACK:

We hear a strange, alien HEARTBEAT. A CLOCK appears on the screen, counting down from ten minutes.

ZIM (V.O.)

Ughh... Whuh? My lifeclock? Why?  
Lifeclocks don't come on unless...

**FRONT YARD**

EXT. SKOOL ~~PLAYGROUND~~ - AFTERNOON

ZIM snaps awake, frantic. He reaches around to feel his back.

ZIM (CONT'D)

AAAAAAGH!!! My PAK! IT'S GONE!!

The CLOCK moves to the corner of the screen, where it will remain for the rest of the episode. The first thing ZIM sees are the faces of his skoolmates circled above him. All the kids point in one direction: down the hall. ZIM follows the pointed fingers with his eyes and sees... DIB, standing at the end of the hall and clutching ZIM's pak to his chest. Dib looks guilty as hell, realizing he's been caught. He bolts around a corner. ZIM chases him around for a few turns until he loses him in an open area with a huge crowd of kids, but no Dib. ZIM loses it, whirling about in the middle of the crowd, searching with his eyes.

ZIM (SHOUTING INTO CROWD) (CONT'D)

GIVE ME BACK MY PAK, DIB! I need it to  
LIVE!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZIM (SHOUTING INTO CROWD) (CONT'D)

Without it I can only survive for ten minutes and the countdown has already started! I am NOT going to expire on this filthy planet because of youuu!!

(ZIM notices that the crowd is staring at him)

Ehh...forget all that "need my backpack to live" stuff. Yeah. Um, it's just that... uh... it was full of sandwiches, and I love sandwiches.

Behind a nearby pillar on a raised part of a nearby building, Dib has overheard the whole thing. He cradles ZIM's PAK like it's taken on a whole new meaning. ZIM can be seen below.

DIB (TO HIMSELF)

This thing's even more important than I thought. Oh hi, Screamy.

SCREAMY, a happy locking kid, walks by and stops in front of Dib. Immediately after speaking, Dib covers his mouth in horror of what he has just invited.

SCREAMY (AT THE TOP OF HIS LUNGS)

HI, DIB!! HOW YA DOIN!??!!

The whole crowd, including ZIM, looks up at the sound.

DIB (WHISPERING LOUDLY)

No, Screamy! SHHH!!! Don't say any-

SCREAMY

HOW COME YOU'RE WHISPERIN', DIB!?! HUH, DIB?! HUH?! I LIKE YOUR NAME: DIB!!!

Dib screams, terrified. He clamps his hands over Screamy's mouth, but then runs screaming at the site of ZIM pushing his way through the crowd towards him. Once again, ZIM arrives too late and Dib is gone. He grabs Screamy by the shirt.

ZIM

SCREAMY! Where did he go? Where did the little thief run to?!

SCREAMY

I DUNNO, BUT HE SURE DID RUN! AH YOU SHOULDA SEEN'IM! LIKE A GAZELLE! A GAZELLE I SAY! WOW, I SURE WISH I-

\*

ZIM flinches at Screamy's onslaught of sound.

ZIM

Come on, Screamy, think! THINK LIKE NEVER BEFORE!! WHICH WAY DID HE GO?

(CONTINUED)

SCREAMY  
LET ME THINK! LET MEE...UHHH!! UHHHH!!!

SCREAMY thinks about it. He thinks real hard. ZIM is insane with waiting for SCREAMY. The strain of thinking is too much and the top of SCREAMY's head explodes. Black smoke pours out. ZIM drops **a moaning and twitching** SCREAMY to the ground.

ZIM (FURIOUS)  
NOOOOO! Feeble humans!

ZIM's eye catches a security camera. Then another, and another. From the looks of things, the Skool is monitored by hundreds of security cameras. ZIM looks like he's just thought of something, and he runs off.

INT. SKOOL SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ZIM bursts into the security room, waking the Security Officer, who sits in front of a huge bank of monitors.

ZIM  
Quickly! My backpack's been stolen!  
Everything that I am is in that PAK! My  
memory drive, my charging cell, my  
atmospheric processor! My ZIMNESS!

The Officer just stares at him. ZIM rethinks his approach.

ZIM (CONT'D)  
Heh. It also gots my baby brother inside! \*

SECURITY OFFICER  
SWEET DONKEY! My baby brother was taken  
away in my backpack once, too! What can  
I do to help?

ZIM  
I need to find the thief Dib!

The Officer turns to a keyboard and starts typing.

SECURITY OFFICER  
I'm not really supposed to tell you this,  
but you kids are implanted with a homing  
chip so we can find you at all times...

ZIM looks a little uneasy at this bit of information, but he's got more important things on his mind right now...

SECURITY OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Ha! Found him... \*

(CONTINUED)

5. ZIM  
1

EXT. SKOOL - CONTINUOUS

Dib gets dragged off into the streets. Shortly after, ZIM explodes from the skool, having escaped the beating, with Torque not far behind.

TORQUE  
TAKE IT BACK! TAKE BACK THE  
DOOKIEWEENIE!! Ahhhhhhh!

ZIM runs into a crowd of pedestrians, ditching Torque for the moment. ZIM stops to catch his breath against the leg of a standing pedestrian.

ZIM  
So... weak... No! My body shell... is  
already starting to deteriorate! My  
amazing intelligence... draining. Must  
reconnect with brain.

TORQUE  
ZIM!

ZIM's been spotted, and now he runs again, desperately looking around for a way out. ZIM spots something that gives him hope. He sprints madly and leaps... directly into THE FATTEST SUMO WRESTLER WE HAVE EVER SEEN. He sinks into his girth. Torque walks by, confused. He looks for ZIM but can't find him anywhere. He runs off.

Beat.

Another beat.

Finally, ZIM's fist shoots out from between two folds of flesh on the SUMO WRESTLER. Triumphant music plays. His face pops out, gasping for air. He flops to the ground. He looks up to see Torque, a block away. Torque doesn't see ZIM. ZIM looks around. He's running out of time. He spots GAZ playing a NINJA FIGHTING video game in an ARCADE.

ZIM  
The sibling. Maybe she could... No! An  
INVADER needs help from no... helper!

He coughs sickly and wobbles woozily, steadying himself on a nearby doggy. He looks desperate.

INT. CITY BUS - CONTINUOUS

Dib, sitting on the bus, getting many stares, has finally contained the wild PAK, holding it tight against his chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

6. ZIM  
2

The PAK suddenly stops struggling. Dib looks alarmed, then relaxes, glad the resistance is over with for now.

DIB

Well, I guess I wore this thing out.  
I... huh?

He tugs at the PAK and finds that it's stuck to his chest, attached by two strong cables that seem to actually go INTO him! He rolls around on the floor, pulling at the thing. He eventually calms down.

DIB (CONT'D)

Okay... don't panic... Dad'll know how to get this off. I just have to get to his lab... and then take over the filthy Earth.

Dib slaps his hands over his mouth, shocked to have just spoken those words.

INT. VIDEO GAME ARCADE - CONTINUOUS

The arcade has no front wall and Gaz plays a game nearest the sidewalk. A half dead ZIM wobbles dangerously, riding the doggy like a horse. The dog stops and ZIM flops off to the sidewalk, lying face up. Gaz stares at him then gives him a lazy kick to the side. He quickly shoots upright, then immediately goes more slack. His eyes look off in two different directions. His speech is slurred and almost incoherent.

ZIM

(all one stream of words...)  
Dibsister! Dib stole my backpack and he takes it to your father's lab for experimenting on it and if I don't get it back soon, I won't live no more filthy earth human.

GAZ

You're not making any sense.

ZIM (EVEN MORE SLURRED)

Backpak have brain thing make ZIM act like ZIM. Need pak for think stuff.

GAZ

Oh yeah... that's MUCH better.

ZIM beats his head against the wall, knocking his eyes back into alignment. Gaz turns her head at the sound of her game (that she had been ignoring since ZIM arrived) ending.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

7.

ZIM sees the GAMESLAVE 2 poking out of Gaz's pocket and snatches it while she's distracted. He stuffs it into his pocket.

ZIM

He also stole your Game device and wants to experiment on it too!

Gaz searches her pocket. She looks furious.

GAZ

Where did you say he was going?

ZIM has started to go wall-eyed again.

ZIM

Can't tell you... have to SHOW you... ZIM weak... need Dibsister to carry.

Gaz looks angry... she finally grabs ZIM by the ankle and drags him like a doll down the street.

INT. MEMBRANE'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

MEMBRANE and another scientist stand next to each other. They have identical workstations, each with a brain in a tray. Next to each of them stand inactive robots with empty heads. A tense crowd of lab technicians watches. One of them holds a stopwatch. Membrane completes whatever he is doing to HIS brain before the other scientist and stuffs the brain into the robot on his side. The robot springs to life.

ROBOT

I am FOODIO, the robot that will end world hunger. OFF I GO!

Foodio runs off. The stopwatch holder clicks to stop the timer and holds Membrane's arm up victoriously. The crowd cheers Membrane, while the other scientist grudgingly hands Membrane a wad of cash. The crowd leaves the room. Membrane poses heroically as cameras zoom in from seemingly nowhere to snap his picture. Dib runs in, scaring the cameras away.

DIB

Dad!

PROFESSOR MEMBRANE

How did you get in here, little boy?

DIB

Dad, it's ME, ZIM! I mean Dib! I want you to have a look at this! NOW LOOK, FILTHY HUMAN!! I mean... dad.

(CONTINUED)

He gestures towards the PAK on his chest.

PROFESSOR MEMBRANE

Son, I don't like to get involved in your fashion matters, but that big metal shirt of yours is-

DIB

IT'S NOT A SHIRT! It's taking over my inferior human mind! You have to analyze it! I'm sure you'll be amazed.

Dib activates the spider legs to show off the technology.

PROFESSOR MEMBRANE

FASCINATING! Perhaps just a quick look.

EXT. STREET LEADING TO MEMBRANE LABS - CONTINUOUS

Gaz rides a motorcycle with a feeble ZIM hanging on behind her **and an exceptionally safe looking helmet on her head.** The sound is deafening.

ZIM (REALLY OUT OF IT)

...hurry...there don't be enough time left...life...draining...ZIM..

Gaz speeds up, looking angry and determined.

INT. MEMBRANE'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

Membrane uses some scanning tools and probes at the PAK.

DIB

It's some kind of parasite! Get it off before... I AM ZIM! Hurry, dad! It's doing something to my brains!

PROFESSOR MEMBRANE

I've almost got it off of you here...

EXT. MEMBRANE LABS - CONTINUOUS

Gaz zooms past the guards, riding ZIM like a horse. ZIM looks exhausted and drooly, and then confused.

INT. MEMBRANE'S LABS -CONTINUOUS

DIB

Careful... Dad, do you know what this means? This device... it IS ZIM. It's his brain and his life support...That means his body is just...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ZIM  
3  
A



CONTINUED:

DIB (CONT'D)  
 something to carry this PAK around.  
 It's... I AM ZIM AND I WILL RULE YOU  
 ALLLLL!!!

He uses the legs to push Membrane over. Dib, with robot legs protruding from his belly, scuttles away towards the remaining robot from earlier.

Gaz bursts into the lab.

PROFESSOR MEMBRANE  
 Gaz! Your brother wants to rule us all!  
 We have to stop him!

GAZ  
 Yeah Yeah. He stole my GameSlave and now  
 he's gonna pay.

ZIM flops through the door looking barely alive. He drools sick goo. The counter is down to about thirty seconds.

ZIM  
 ...give up, Dib...ZIM here now...prepare  
 for...Flooooooog. ZIM FLOOOOOOG!!  
 DuuhhhhHHHhh...

Dib does some quick work on the robot brain, laughing evilly all the while. He plops the brain into the robot and the robot comes to life, looking insane and spooky.

ROBOT #2  
 I AM DESTRUCTIO! THE ROBOT THAT WILL END  
 ALL LIFE ON EARTH! OFF I GO!!

\*

Destructio smashes through a wall and runs into the city.  
 Dib rubs his hands evilly, enjoying his work.

PROFESSOR MEMBRANE  
 Noooooo!

ZIM (WELLING UP SOME STRENGTH)  
 Dibsister! Attack!!

GAZ  
 Give me my GameSlave back now and I'll  
 let you keep ONE of your limbs, Dib.

ZIM  
 BLUUAAAAGH?!!

Dib is too busy LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY to notice his sister's threats. When her rage reaches its peak, she leaps up, executes a series of ninja moves and knocks the backpack off of Dib. It falls to the ground right next to ZIM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Stupid ZIM looks at it for a moment as though trying to remember what it is. He stumbles over and picks it up. He tries to put it on his head like a hat. The clock is counting down... five seconds, four... he tries to stand on it... three, two... finally, he puts it on his back. The clock stops with one second left on it. ZIM's body rejuvenates, looking full and healthy green again. His eyes flash as the data floods back into him. He levitates for a second, full of power.

ZIM (CONT'D)

I AM ZIM!

Dib raises his head to see the victorious ZIM.

ZIM (CONT'D)

You have no idea what you were toying with, Dib. Your filthy human body chemistry isn't compatible with the PAK. It would've destroyed you! You're lucky I defeated you. HAH!!

He raises his arms in victory. As he raises his arms, the GameSlave falls out of his pocket. Gaz, standing over her dazed brother and preparing to make good on her threat of limb removal, sees this and her eyes go wide with anger.

ZIM sees the advancing wave of evil that is Gaz, SHRIEKS and runs away. Gaz chases him through the hole in the wall left by Destructio. Dib watches them go, then remembers something very important.

DIB

OH NO! I MUST STOP DESTRUCTIO!

Dib runs out to stop the monster. Membrane is alone in his ruined laboratory. He shakes his head sadly.

MEMBRANE

That boy and his friends....

Another wall comes down, revealing a furious Torque Smacky, still running after ZIM. He runs through the hole that ZIM and Gaz just left from.

TORQUE

**DOOOOOOOKIEEEEEWEEEEENIE!!!**

Membrane turns the lights off and leaves the room, disgusted.

end.