

INVADER ZIM
#32A
"Mopiness of Doom"
by
Danielle Koenig

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Record Draft, Rev. 1

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EXT. ZIM'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

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Dib chases ZIM down the street. Dib has almost caught up with ZIM as he turns toward his house. Right before he gets to the gate, Dib jumps in front of him holding up a spooky-looking talisman.

DIB
It's over, ZIM! There's nowhere left for you to hide!

ZIM
What about my house?

DIB
Oh, yeah, I guess you can hide there...
HEY WAIT! NO! Stay where you are!

ZIM
Or what, you're gonna stop me with your oven mitt?

DIB
It's not an oven mitt, you lizard, it's a genuine freezing talisman. There's no way you'll escape its power.

ZIM
Your loony "PARA-CHUTING" powers don't scare me, Dib. All it does is make you look stupid!

DIB
It's para-NORMAL, and you're wrong, it makes me look cool! NOW TAKE THIS!
(chanting like a lunatic)
BLOOGA BLOOGY WABLOOPY SHMOOPY BOOOPEE!!
(extended dialogue)

*

Dib cavorts like he's afflicted with something horrible and moronic. The talisman sparks and lets loose a pathetic display of confetti and some feeble floating bunnies.

ZIM
That was sadder than I expected.

(CONTINUED)

DIB (TO HIMSELF)

I knew I shouldn't have shopped at that Wizardry store in the mall.

Dib bitterly looks up from his talisman, and is taken by surprise when the floating bunnies, possibly angered by Dib's remark, attack him. Dib rolls and wails as the bunnies gnaw. ZIM gestures to Dib that he's going into his house. When Dib doesn't respond, ZIM just walks inside.

INT. MEMBRANE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dib walks in gloomy, with one bunny still attached to his head. He pulls it out and tosses it out the window. Membrane sits at the table, working on an experiment. The Professor sternly stares at a kitten on a table, occasionally tapping it with a spoon then jotting down some notes. Membrane notices his son's sorry appearance.

MEMBRANE

Son, I detect you're not happy about something.

DIB

Dad, is it okay if you change what you want to do with your life?

MEMBRANE

Well of course! There's nothing wrong with changing your mind, son. Unless you're me, because I am a scientist, I have always wanted to be a scientist, and I am good at being a scientist!

DIB

But what about me? You think maybe I should give up my lifelong dream of being a paranormal investigator?

MEMBRANE (LAUGHS)

Of COURSE I do, son! Of cooourse I do! I knew you wouldn't be able to resist the allure of REAL SCIENCE!

Membrane quickly taps the kitten one more time. The kitten sprouts cybernetic attachments, fires lasers from its eyes, and flies out of the room.

MEMBRANE (cont'd)

AHA!! SUCCESS! And they said it couldn't be done!!

MEMBRANE runs into the kitchen after the kitten. Lasers and meowing emanate from the other room. Dib holds the spoon up.

DIB (TO HIMSELF)
Hmm. Real science.

*

INT. SKOOL CAFETERIA - THE NEXT DAY

ZIM is in the middle of attaching a metal, cage-like contraption onto Gretchen as Dib approaches. ZIM cleverly puts his back to Gretchen's in an attempt to hide his work.

ZIM
You are covered in lies, human Dib!

DIB
I didn't say anything.

ZIM
Cleverrrrr!!

DIB
You don't have to worry about me anymore, ZIM. No more werewolves or nosferatus or stupid, idiotic, moronic green aliens who are stupid and bent on taking over the world for me! I'm going to be like my dad and study...REAL SCIENCE!!

ZIM eyes Dib suspiciously, then satisfied, raises his arms victoriously. He rattles Gretchen's cage furiously, jostling her around. He roars and laughs like a lunatic. Dib just looks irritated.

ZIM
VICTORY! SWEET VICTORY FOR ZIM! The human has been defeated by...

ZIM notices the crowd of onlookers he has attracted.

ZIM (TO CROWD) (CONT'D)
Eh, ah...By the OTHER human that is me!
Human ZIM! Yes..yesss, cuz I'm human,
see? I'm ZIM, human.

*
*
*

The crowd looks away, satisfied. ZIM turns to resume his Dib taunting.

ZIM (CONT'D)
And I shall always beat you Dib, al-

Dib has been walking away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

4.

ZIM (DISAPPOINTED, QUIET) (CONT'D)
Hey, where's the stink boy going?

*

INT. MEMBRANE'S HOME LAB - THAT NIGHT

Membrane and Dib (wearing a white trenchcoat now) are busy at work. Membrane looks at a file.

MEMBRANE

Son, your calculations are flawless!
Excellent work! I can't tell you how
happy it makes me to have you working
right alongside your amazing father!

DIB (EXCITED)

Thanks Dad. Hey, I've been working on a
new theory involving replacing human
blood with tiny coffee beans.

As they talk, ZIM, disguised as a lab technician, listens in.

MEMBRANE

That's fascinating, son! I once conducted
a similar study but there were laws
against those particular methods.

DIB

Dad, I just want you to know that I
really like working with you and I'm
sorry I wasted all that time chasing
vampires and stupid aliens.

MEMBRANE

Now, now son, that's all behind you.
Tell me about this blood theory of yours.

Dib excitedly shows his dad his work.

Angle on: ZIM, looking confused and perhaps a bit scared.

EXT. ZIM'S HOUSE - LATER

ZIM runs out of his house holding a computer print out above
his head.

ZIM

I've done it! ZIM has done it! Using my
new plan, Earth will bow at the superior
feet of ZIM! WHO DARES STOP ME!? Heh?

*

ZIM looks around. The street has never been quieter.
Deflated, he heads back in.

INT. ZIM'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ZIM enters, listless. GIR sits on the couch watching TV.

ZIM
Any calls?

GIR
I call you a monkey. YOU A MONKEY!

ZIM shoots GIR a nasty look hears a sound from outside. He perks up as he hears a meowing out the window.

ZIM
That cat sounded like the Dib!

ZIM sees it's just a cat.

ZIM (CONT'D)
Oh, it was just a cat. Ah well, it's all for the best. Without the boy nuisance around, I can conquer the world in peace! I admit it was fun to repeatedly humiliate Dib but...Off to conquer!

ZIM heads to his lab but something on the TV catches his eye. After a moment of watching, he sort of half-sits on the arm of the couch. A hamburger slaps ZIM on the top of his head. ZIM looks up and sees a huge hole in the ceiling, stuffed with hamburgers. GIR notices ZIM's gaze and looks up.

GIR
Oh yeah! Hee hee. I made that! Don't tell no one where I hid them.

ZIM looks angry for a millisecond, then shrugs and goes back to watching TV.

GIR (CONT'D) (CHEERILY) (CONT'D)
You gonna yell at me now!?

ZIM
Nah...maybe later.

GIR looks stunned. He slowly backs out of the room.

INT. DIB'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dib sits at his desk, looking through a microscope and taking notes. Gaz, TV guide in hand, enters, very suspicious.

(CONTINUED)

GAZ

HEY! Why aren't you downstairs irritating me and trying to watch Mysterious Mysteries on the big TV.

DIB

I only watched that show when I was a kid, Gaz. Those days are behind me.

Gaz eyes Dib like he's lost his mind. She holds up the TV guide, the cover of which shows a fanged doughnut.

GAZ

I'm not falling for this. And there's no way you can resist the Vampire Doughnut Special that they're showing tonight.

*

Dib looks interested, and reaches out for the TV guide. Membrane walks by and peaks his head in.

MEMBRANE

Just wanted to congratulate you, son, on another day of excellent work in the field of legitimate science!

Dib, with much internal struggling, looks back and forth between the doughnut picture Gaz holds up, and his dad still looking in from the door. Finally, he settles on his dad.

DIB (CHEERFUL)

Thanks Dad. REAL SCIENCE

MEMBRANE

YOU MY SON!!

*

Membrane gives Dib the thumbs up and walks off. Dib grabs the TV guide, throws it in the trash and continues working.

GAZ (SHAKING, LOSING IT)

SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT HERE!

INT. ZIM'S LIVING ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

ZIM sits on the couch, watching TV. He is surrounded with magazines with Dib and Membrane on the covers. GIR strolls in wearing a fedora.

GIR (RIDICULOUS MANLY VOICE)

And how was skool, son?!

ZIM (MUTTERING)

Didn't go to skool today. Don't have to nomore. What's the point when...NO!

*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZIM (MUTTERING) (CONT'D)
 LOOKIT ME! So Dib's not trying to
 destroy me anymore. Big Deal! I won't
 grow lazy and pathetic just because I
 have no mortal enemy anymore! I AM ZIM,
 and ZIM SHALL RULE!

TITLE: Two minutes later.

ZIM, taking up the whole couch, is now covered in filth and,
 for some reason, wears a white tank-top (like one you'd see
 on Cops). GIR looks shocked. The front door is wide-open.
 In the b.g., kids play with a ball, giggling. *

ZIM (CONT'D)
 Yep, watching TV is just as good a form
 of research as any.

ZIM stares into an empty bowl as he shakes it. He looks like
 he might almost cry.

ZIM (CONT'D)
 I'm all outta snacks! WHY? WHY does
 everything want to hurt ZIM!? I dunno.

GIR stares longingly at the couch.

GIR (QUIET AND SAD)
 I miss you, Couch. I miss you so much.

INT. MEMBRANE LABS - DAY

Dib pours liquid into a beaker.

DIB
 Three parts nitro- hey where's ZIM's been
 lately? He hasn't been at skool in
 weeks. Oh well it doesn't matter
 anymore. Everything's changed. Except me
 talking to myself, of course. That's the
 same. *

GIR bursts in, hysterical.

GIR
 Listen to me, he needs you Mary! You two
 such good friends! Like hot dogs!
 Please hunt my master again! COUCH!!

GIR goes into a wild crying jag and throws himself on the
 floor.

DIB
 Sorry, ZIM's evil robot dog thingy. I'm
 not going after ZIM anymore.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIB (CONT'D)

I have a different life now. I'm happy,
and no one laughs at me for being weird.

GIR picks himself up and then immediately falls back to the floor bawling. He then laughs all crazy-like and flies through the ceiling. Dib looks irritated.

Membrane enters.

MEMBRANE

Everything going well in here, I trust.

DIB (DISTRACTED)

YEP! Here's my latest calculations.

Dib hands his dad some calculations.

MEMBRANE

Mm hmm..very good, nice, ah splendid, and
BOOM! How can this be? *

DIB (SNAPS OUT OF IT)

What?

MEMBRANE

This formula is incorrect. Here, on line
four thousand sixty two! You used a sine
when you should have used a cosine!

DIB

Oh.

MEMBRANE

This is obviously a cry for help!
(getting down on one knee) What is it
son? You can tell me.

DIB

I'm fine, I jus- *

MEMBRANE

C'mon now, son! I can tell you're not
happy! If something's troubling you,
just do whatever it takes to fix the
problem. It's the scientific way!

DIB (GETTING REVVED UP)

YOU'RE RIGHT DAD! I FEEL EMPTY INSIDE!
This REAL SCIENCE bores me to death!!
Maybe I'm not really doing what I was
meant to do. Because what I was meant to
do was catch me that alien!!

(CONTINUED)

Dib heroically dashes out. Membrane bangs his head on the table.

EXT. ZIM'S HOUSE - LATER

Dib races up to ZIM's door and knocks on it.

ZIM (O.S.)
It's open!

Dib throws the door open and sees ZIM, in a robe and slippers, lying on the couch. His eyes are closed and he's covered in Cheetos and rats. GIR sits on the floor, looking at photos of himself on the couch.

ZIM (CONT'D)
Shut the door, GIR. You're letting out my new sick couch smell.

DIB
I'm back, ZIM, and I've renewed my pledge to expose you as the alien menace you are! GET UP AND FACE ME!!

GIR
YAAAYYY! COUCH!!!

ZIM, pushes a watermelon rind off of him and sits up. He squints at Dib, like an old man, and, now pudgier than before, waddles over to him.

ZIM (IN A DAZE)
(gasps)
Dib, is that you? Is it really you?
You're back to your old self?

DIB
I SURE AM YOU UGLY SPACE MONSTER!

ZIM
You have no idea how happy that makes me, you revolting little worm!

DIB
YEAAAAAHHHHH!

ZIM whips out a strange IRKEN device and traps Dib in a levitating bubble. The bubble follows ZIM towards a rising elevator.

ZIM (CHEERFUL)
I'm GONNA DESTROY YOU NOW!

(CONTINUED)

ZIM
Dookie!

*
*

DIB
Dookie-do!

*
*

ZIM
Dookie back atchoo!

*
*

DIB
Double dooks!

*
*

ZIM
Smelly human stink-beast!

*
*

ZIM and Dib vanish down the elevator, as ZIM laughs maniacally. GIR wipes a tear of joy from his eyes.

ZIM and Dib continue arguing (off-screen) as GIR rolls around in the filth, laughing.

*

INT. MEMBRANE'S LAB

Membrane is banging his head on the table. Gaz walks by and watches.

MEMBRANE
Where did I go wrong!!?

GAZ (TO HERSELF, RELIEVED)
All is right with the world
again...Stupid world.

Membrane just keeps banging away. The little cyborg kitten pats him on the shoulder, trying to comfort him.

END.