

The Wheel Of Nuldoid

By

Russ Woody

EXT. PRESIDIO TERRACE - NIGHT

FONT: "San Francisco 2085"

CAMERA SWEEPS bird-like down the curves of a dark tree-lined street, wet still from a recent rain. We pass FUTURISTIC CARS of the 2080s parked along the street beside MANICURED ESTATES. CAMERA finally STOPS at the foreboding black steel of a MASSIVE WROUGHT IRON GATE.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Now remember, children, Grampa is very sick. And, well... he probably won't be with us much longer.

The gate YAWNS OPEN to a sweeping driveway that wends up to a VICTORIAN MANSION, lit in the cold of night by a few GLOWING WINDOWS. A FORD MAGNETICRAFT FLOATS past the gate and up the driveway.

FATHER (V.O.)

So it's important you put on a brave face when you see him.

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

Back seat, THREE CHILDREN, wide-eyed, terrified -- TWO BOYS (12 and 10) and their LITTLE SISTER, FRANCIE (8).

FRANCIE

Do we have to go?

The MOTHER and FATHER exchange a look. The Mother's SEAT PIVOTS to face the back.

MOTHER

Sweetheart, this is very important to your grandfather.

JOE

But why?

MOTHER

Well, Joe... he wants to tell you something.

HENRY

Aw man, what?

MOTHER

He wouldn't say exactly. He just said it was a secret he "needed" to share with you.

She exchanges a concerned look with her husband as the Ford stops in front of the MANSION'S ENTRANCE.

EXT. MANSION - LATER

CAMERA moves slowly to the LIGHT of an UPSTAIRS BEDROOM. We hear Grampa COUGH and HACK. Then,

GRAMPA (V.O.)

Now... I'm gonna tell you kids about something that happened long ago. It's the most important story that's ever been told. Ever!

INT. GRAMPA'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Henry, Joe and Francie stand now like frozen chickens beside their GRANDFATHER'S bed.

GRAMPA

It happened in 1989, the year before I was born! A kid named Leo traveled to a strange land called Nuldoid. And if he hadn't, you'd all be dead!

JOE

What's Nuldoid?

GRAMPA

A strange land. What'd I just say?

HENRY

But where is it?

GRAMPA

What's your name, son?

HENRY

You know my name. It's Henry.

GRAMPA

I thought you were Joe.

JOE

I'm Joe.

GRAMPA

Well, I'm not gonna argue with you.
Francie, you're still Francie, right?

Francie nods and smiles, revealing a gap where her tooth had been. Grampa draws back in disgust.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

What inna hell happened to you?

FRANCIE

My baby tooth fell out.

GRAMPA

Then stop smiling. Anyway, this kid
Leo was about your age, Henry.

JOE

I'm Joe.

GRAMPA

Don't start that again.
(off them standing)
What'dya got someplace to go? Sit.

They stiffly oblige.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

Now... Leo was a student in my
father's sixth grade class. My father
wrote all about it in his journal.
Which is here... somewhere.
(looks around)
Where did I...

JOE

Is that it there? On your lap?

GRAMPA

Huh? Ah, right where I left it.
Okay, where's my glasses?

FRANCIE

On your head, Grampa.

GRAMPA

I know that.
(he moves them down)
Now, if you're through interrupting,
I'm going to tell you kids the story
of Nuldoid.
(opens the old journal)
October 1989. The year before I
was born. There was a huge
earthquake. Right here in San
Francisco. 1989. Go ahead, look it
up, if you don't believe me!

HENRY

We believe you, Grampa.

GRAMPA

I don't care if you believe me or not, it happened!

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO 1989 - MID-AFTERNOON

A LONG SHOT of the city, highlighting the PAN AMERICAN BUILDING, COIT TOWER, PIER 39, LOMBARD STREET and of course a TROLLEY CAR.

GRAMPA (V.O.)

The third game of the World Series was about to begin...

EXT. CANDLESTICK PARK 1989 - SAME TIME

BALLPLAYERS warming up in the outfield, MILLING FANS in the stands getting situated.

RADIO (V.O.)

Hi, everybody. Welcome back to beautiful Candlestick Park. A few scattered clouds, but a pleasant seventy degrees out...

EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

RADIO CONTINUES OVER a LONG SHOT OF WARREN'S HOUSE, a small Victorian, wedged between similar homes, all slashed by the severe slope of the street -- a typical lower middle-class neighborhood in San Francisco. An aging CHRYSLER is parked in front, PROPPED UP BY A JACK.

RADIO (V.O.)

With the Goodyear Blimp overhead, Bob Welch is down by the A's dugout, heating up the ol' pitchin' arm...

The CAMERA PUSHES PAST THE CAR toward the house.

INT. WARREN'S KITCHEN - SAME TIME

A TRANSISTOR RADIO sits on the table, where WARREN WORST, attractive, mid-thirties, is marking school papers.

GRAMPA (V.O.)

My father was grading papers...

RADIO

...Ken Oberkfell is taking up third base for the Giants today. Matt Williams moves over to shortstop, since Jose Uribe was benched...

A light breeze LIFTS THE CURTAIN over the sink.

GRAMPA (V.O.)

While something very strange was
going on just outside of the city...

EXT. HILLSIDE - SAME TIME

TWO SMALL CREATURES emerge from a crevice in the hillside. They're two-feet tall, big noses, big ears, big feet, overalls. One is bearded, pudgy; the other is thin, younger, a mosquito-like face. Both peer into the crevice -- awaiting the emergence of more creatures.

MORTON

Hurry it up, ya stinkin droibs!

A HAND reaches up from within the crevice. But suddenly the GROUND VIBRATES and THEN JERKS VIOLENTLY. While LIGHTS in the City FLICKER IN UNISON and GO OUT and the CREVICE SLAMS SHUT WITH A THUNDERING ROAR, pinning the outstretched hand like a twig stuck in the dirt. Those below have all been crushed. The two creatures have been tossed to the ground. When the VIOLENCE IS OVER, they struggle to their feet and make their way over to the outstretched hand (we see it has only THREE DIGITS).

MORTON (CONT'D)

Ah, croib! Issa big noodge that's
killed em all dead! Every stinkin
one an all!

The mosquito-like one approaches to look.

KYLE

Bruther, mother is all kaput. Issa
sad day in Oiden Dibble.

MORTON

Sure yeah, they had alla the beer.

INT. WARREN'S KITCHEN - SAME TIME

In SHAMBLES, as CAR ALARMS and SIRENS WAIL across the broken city. Dishes have fallen and shattered, the radio has crashed to the floor. Warren eases his head out from beneath the table, as a CUP ROLLS, SMASHES on the floor, sending him back into hiding. He emerges a moment later, assesses the damage, notices that the CURTAIN ROD over the sink has fallen. He moves to put it back, looks out the window.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - WARREN'S POV - CONTINUOUS

His battered Chrysler, propped precariously on its jack, teeters, then PLOPS ONTO THE SLOPING STREET and ROLLS.

WARREN (O.C.)

Noooooo!

Warren bursts out the front door, while his CAR CALMLY ROLLS DOWNHILL, picking up momentum. He reaches it, jerks the door handle -- it's locked. He tries to stop it, pushing, pulling, grunting. Finally, it rolls into the side of AN OLD WAREHOUSE.

GRAMPA (V.O.)

And that's how my father met my mother.

The warehouse's HUGE STEEL DOOR SLIDES OPEN with a BANG. LILY, 30, attractive, ponytail, work shirt -- pissed.

LILY

What the hell are you doing?

WARREN

I didn't know anybody lived here.

LILY

So you just drive your car into it?

WARREN

Okay, no, I didn't "drive" my car into it. My car fell off its jack and rolled here.

LILY

And it didn't occur to you to make sure it wouldn't fall off the jack?

WARREN

Gee, maybe if I'd used my superpowers to predict the earthquake.

LILY

You live in San Francisco. Hello.

WARREN

(angry)
You know what?

LILY

(in his face)
What?

Warren thinks his words through -- she's really pretty.

WARREN

I'll... make it right.

LILY

You bet you will, buster!

WARREN
 (tempering himself)
 I'll need a pen and some paper.

LILY
 Stay here. You're not coming inside.

She exits into her warehouse.

WARREN
 Don't even want to come inside.

INT. WARREN'S CLASSROOM - DAY

FONT: "A Few Days Later"

Things have been straightened up since the earthquake, books restacked, etc. Warren is HANDING BACK TEST PAPERS to his STUDENTS. He hands one to a girl, smiles.

WARREN
 Alice. Hundred percent. Nice job.

He moves to a SCRUFFY KID with disheveled red hair, freckles.

WARREN (CONT'D)
 Leo. Fifteen percent. Mag-nificent.
 (hands him the paper)
 See me after class, will ya?

The look on Leo's face says this is not new or welcome.

INT. WARREN'S CLASSROOM - LATER

Leo sits slumped in the chair beside Warren's desk. Warren stands in front of him.

WARREN
 What the heck are you doing?

LEO
 You told me to stay after class.

WARREN
 Not what I meant. You answered three out of twenty questions. Why?

LEO
 'Cause those were the ones I knew.

WARREN
 Leo, you're screwing up your life. Your grades are terrible. And instead of applying yourself, you sit in class and doodle in your notebook.

(MORE)

WARREN (CONT'D)

(then)

Give me the notebook.

LEO

What, why?

WARREN

Give me the notebook.

The boy reluctantly reaches into his backpack, pulls out a TATTERED NOTEBOOK, hands it to Warren.

WARREN (CONT'D)

I'll just keep this until the end of the semester.

LEO

Aw man...

Warren proffers a SOCIAL STUDIES TEXT to him.

WARREN

I want you to look up the answers to the other seventeen questions.

Leo looks at Warren, snatches the textbook from him. Warren sits at his desk. When Leo starts to work, Warren leans back and OPENS THE NOTEBOOK. When he does, he's baffled by what he sees. He starts to flip from page to page, as CAMERA ZIPS AROUND to see his POV.

NOTEBOOK - An intricate blueprint-like drawing of a STATIONARY BIKE attached to HUNDREDS OF INTERLOCKING COGWHEELS, large and small, each of them leaning at an angle to create centrifugal force from momentum. It says, "ENERGY."

PAGE FLIPS - to a series of sketches showing a train with a DETACHABLE SIDECAR on a PARALLEL TRACK. The sidecar delivers and receives passengers. It says, "STOPLESS TRAIN."

PAGE FLIPS - to an elaborate sketch of a TELESCOPE, its internal parts exposed, showing a complex series of CONCAVE and CONVEX LENSES that bounce an image in a circle, filtering out the faster vibrations of newer objects. "TELESCOPE TO THE PAST."

WARREN (CONT'D)

Leo? These drawings are incredible.

LEO

Huh?

(shrugs)

My dad says they're stupid.

WARREN

Well, your dad's an idiot.

Warren closes the notebook, hands it back to him.

LEO

I thought you were keeping it?

WARREN

I want to talk to your parents.

LEO

Why? I'm doing the other questions.

WARREN

No, I want to talk to them about you. About what you can do. They need to know. They need to help you, encourage you.

LEO

Yeah, well, you can't. My mom left when I was like six.

WARREN

I didn't know that. What about your dad?

LEO

In jail.

WARREN

So who's looking after you?

LEO

(caught, then)

Uh... my aunt. Elizabeth. Aunt Liz. I'm living with her. But see, she's deaf, so you can't call her. You have to write her a note. I'll give it to her.

WARREN

(narrows his gaze)

Uh-huh.

(stands, then)

Stay here. Finish the questions.

Warren exits.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - LATER

Warren's sitting across from PRINCIPAL Carol Dowd, 50s.

PRINCIPAL

The father's in jail, huh? Well, that doesn't surprise me.

WARREN

But he's not a bad kid, Carol. And he's smart.

PRINCIPAL

Smart? Oh please. Leo Fickett is failing every one of his classes.

WARREN

Well, that's just because he's, I don't know, bored.

PRINCIPAL

Hell, we're all bored, Warren. Tell him to get used to it.

WARREN

I just think, with the right kind of encouragement, this kid --

PRINCIPAL

Warren, "this kid" is nothing but trouble. Last week, he got in a fight with two eighth graders, almost got suspended. Just call Social Services and be done with it. They can place him somewhere. And, with any luck, he'll end up in another district.

INT. CLASSROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Leo's finishing the questions. Warren enters, sits.

WARREN

Look, Leo, I know you're living alone. And you can't do that. Now, I've got some room at my place and, before you say no...

LEO

Sure.

WARREN

Oh. Well, okay then...

EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE - LATER

Warren parks the Chrysler (repaired) in front.

LEO (V.O.)

So... you got a swimming pool, right?

Leo gets out with a bag of clothes, Warren gets out.

WARREN

Leo, you're a constant source of amusement.

As they enter the front door, CAMERA MOVES OMINOUSLY to the side of the house, where the TWO CREATURES from the hillside crevice REMOVE THE GRATE to the basement. The bearded creature looks in, then turns to the other.

MORTON

All looks hunky dorky.

INT. WARREN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Warren and Leo enter. Leo looks around. Warren opens the closet, pulls out a SLEEPING BAG.

WARREN

Make yourself at home.

(tosses the sleeping
bag on the couch)

I'm gonna go pick up some groceries.

Leo drops his backpack on a chair, as a FOLDED PIECE OF PAPER drops out of it. Warren picks it up, opens it.

LEO

Hey, you can't do that!

WARREN

Sure I can. Frankly, you need someone snooping into your life.

(reads)

"Leo. Thanks. Marty W."

(then)

Marty Williams? The fifth grader?

He's a friend of yours?

LEO

(snatches it back)

No.

WARREN

I didn't think so. He's in the stamp club.

LEO

You don't got anything nicer than a ratty ol' sleeping bag?

WARREN

"You don't got"? Nice English. And no, I don't got. So, what was Marty thanking you for?

LEO

Nothin'. What about a pillow?

WARREN

Yeah, I'll get you one.

(MORE)

WARREN (CONT'D)

(then, realizing)

Wait a minute. That note's about the fight you got in, isn't it?

LEO

Nope. You got two bathrooms, right?

WARREN

One. It is about the fight.

LEO

One bathroom, seriously?

WARREN

Marty told me the Ross brothers wouldn't let him into the bathroom. He said some sixth grader stuck up for him. That was you, wasn't it?

LEO

Marty's a dork. Where's my pillow?

WARREN

Why, Leo Fickett, you old softy.

A beat, Warren smiles, Leo doesn't.

LEO

Pillow?

INT. WARREN'S BASEMENT - EVENING

Amidst CARDBOARD BOXES, a broken BBQ GRILL, a dusty BIKE, a beat up FILING CABINET, the thin creature, Kyle, is hunched over a MAP with a FLASHLIGHT. The chubby one, Morton, appears at the side of the cabinet.

MORTON

There doesn't no food round here.

KYLE

All ya does is stuff your eater. We has bigger flaps to flip. Needs we to find help.

MORTON

Ah, we doesn't gonna find no help onna Crust. Is big creatures here that's only gonna make a tasty morsel outta we.

As the flashlight hits the map, we see it is a VIRTUAL TOPOGRAPHY, with moving WATER in the bay next to San Francisco's mountainous terrain.

KYLE

We doesn't has no choice, ya stubb.
Is gonna has to gets we help.

INT. WARREN'S LIVING ROOM - A WHILE LATER

REMOTE IN HAND, Leo's on the couch with a bag of chips, feet on the coffee table, he flips through channels. *Crash! He sits up, MUTES THE TV.*

LEO

Mr. Worst?

He hears SCUFFLING. Sets the remote down. Gets up.

INT. BASEMENT - A MOMENT LATER

In DARKNESS, a HANGING LIGHT BULB CLICKS ON. Leo steps cautiously down the wooden steps to the concrete floor, looks around. Listens. Nothing. Then, *"Ah-Floofff!"*

KYLE (O.C.)

Cover your sneezer, ya stinkin hork!

MORTON (O.C.)

Stinkin hork? Why you...

Suddenly there's more SCUFFLING, an *"Oooff,"* a *"Geeah!"* Leo moves to the filing cabinet, peers around it, sees the creatures, each with his hands on the others' throat.

LEO

Hey.

They freeze. Only their eyes move in Leo's direction.

LEO (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

They SCREAM HIGH-PITCHED SCREAMS, and scramble for cover.

LEO (CONT'D)

Who are you?

Slowly, the younger creature is nudged out. Then,

KYLE

I... is Kyyyyyle.
(nods to the other)
Him there... is Moor-ton.

MORTON

An if ya plans on eatin we, start with him there.

LEO

What are you doing here?

Kyle and Morton exchange a look. Kyle turns back.

KYLE

Needs we help heftin up for transport
a great big... diaaah-mon.

LEO

Diah-mon? You mean... a diamond?

On Leo,

INT. WARREN'S KITCHEN - LATER

Leo, in front of the OPEN FRIDGE, is piling FOOD into his arms -- meat, cheese, olives, jam, bread, chips, etc. Warren enters, WITH GROCERY BAGS, sees him.

WARREN

I'm glad I got groceries, 'cause
you've got an appetite.

He puts the bags down, reaches in fridge for the milk.

LEO

Yeah, well, hungry, hungry. You got
beer, right?

WARREN

(swigs the milk)

Sure. Back of the fridge. But you
can't have any.

LEO

Why not?

WARREN

You're eleven.

LEO

My dad let me have beer.

WARREN

(putting milk back)

Oh, you mean that guy who's in jail?

LEO

Okay then, can I borrow your car?

WARREN

Leo, are you listening to yourself?

LEO

What if I told you it was for
something really important?

WARREN

Yeah? What's that?

LEO
 (thinks, then)
 Nah, you wouldn't get it.

WARREN
 Try me.

Leo studies him for a moment.

LEO
 Okay, I'm gonna be honest with you,
 even though you're an adult.
 (then)
 A couple a guys I met, they're
 hungry, so I'm gonna give them this
 food. But here's the thing -- they
 say they know where a large diamond
 is buried. Now -- maybe they're
 lying, maybe not, but I figure,
 let's play this out.

WARREN
 Uh-huh. And they're where?

LEO
 The basement.

WARREN
 The basement? My basement?

INT. BASEMENT - SAME TIME

Behind the file cabinet, Morton and Kyle are arguing again, as Kyle jabs Morton with a finger.

KYLE
 Ah, ya rotten muddle stump! Ya
 doesn't know your hat fromma mole
 inna hole!

MORTON
 Ya keep up that pingie pokin, an
 ya'll be eatin a big flat lip!

Unseen by either, Warren peers at them from around the file cabinet. Leo is behind him, arms laden with food.

WARREN
 What the...

The creatures SCREAM and scramble to hide.

LEO
 Guys? He's not gonna hurt you.

Leo puts the food down. Morton peeks, then cautiously steps out. Kyle is behind him.

LEO (CONT'D)
That's all I could carry.

MORTON
Hmmmph, doesn't see no beer here.

LEO
Oh.

Leo takes off back up the steps.

WARREN
No! No beer. Leo! I said no beer!

But Leo's gone. The creatures dig into the food.

WARREN (CONT'D)
Okay look, I don't know what you two scoundrels are up to, but it's not gonna work! This business with the diamond, none of it.

MORTON
(eating)
Eh, there doesn't no diah-mon. Is a fat fib we tells that kid. Needs we help gettin to the park ya call Gold Gate.

KYLE
(incredulous to Morton)
What inna flobbs issa point of tellin a fat fib, if ya tells them it's a "fat fib"?

WARREN
Gold Gate? Golden Gate? The park?

MORTON
Issa Crystal there that gives power to Hoidenall.

WARREN
What's Hoidenall?

KYLE
Hoidenall. Ya calls it... ert.
(over-enunciating)
Eeeerrrt.

WARREN
Ert? Earth?
(a smirk)
It powers the earth?

MORTON
Gives Hoidenall that go-round.

WARREN

Oh, I see. It powers Earth's rotation. Well, that explains it.

(then)

Okay, you've got ten seconds to get your things and get out!

Kyle looks at Warren a moment, then he flicks his fingers at him. Warren suddenly grabs his head in pain.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Ow!

KYLE

An we gives ya plenty more where that comes from!

Leo comes down the stairs with a SIX-PACK OF BEER.

LEO

I found it!

He hands them each a beer. The creatures look at the cans, confused, turn them over, examine them closely.

KYLE

Is beer in here, eh?

LEO

Yeah.

(takes one)

Just pull up on the ring.

When they open the cans, Warren sees their hands have only three digits.

WARREN

So, where are you from?

MORTON

Is from Nuldoid. Is Nuldoids we.

They chug the beer. Kyle BELCHES FEROCIOUSLY.

WARREN

Okay, that's it. Get out!

MORTON

Shush yas!

The creatures close their eyes, bow their heads.

KYLE

Thanks we heaps to Lloyd below/For beer we drinks to fill that belly.

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

/An belch we does that's good and smelly,/where drinks we nuff to makes we fatter,/An wee we does to empties bladder.

KYLE/MORTON

Ah... Noid!

With ceremonial reverence, they touch their mouths, their bellies and the crotches of their overalls. Kyle then closes his eyes to concentrate, and BEGINS TO LIFT slightly off the floor. Warren's eyes grow wide.

WARREN

Oh my god! Leo, come on, come on!
Get out of here! Now!

He grabs the boy's arm and pulls him up the stairs.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Warren pulls Leo through, slams the basement door, jams THE DEAD BOLT into place.

LEO

What're you doing?

WARREN

Make sure they don't come up here!

He rushes into the other room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Warren grabs the phone and quickly punches numbers.

WARREN

(into phone)

9-1-1? Listen, there are two creatures in my basement! Little men! They're not human! Send the police! Now!

(then)

No, they're not green!

(then)

No, I'm not on any medication! Look, there are creatures in my basement! There are!

He slams the phone down and looks toward the kitchen, gets up and crosses to it. The BASEMENT DOOR IS WIDE OPEN. A CAR ENGINE FIRES UP outside. Warren bolts to the window, sees HIS CAR TAKING OFF.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Leo!

EXT. WARREN'S STREET - CONTINUOUS

Warren flies out the front door again, sprinting after his car. LEO IS AT THE WHEEL. At the bottom of the hill, the car SQUEALS around the corner and is GONE.

WARREN

Leo!

Warren stops, exhausted, wheezing, puts his hands on his knees to catch his breath. Then he realizes he's next to Lily's warehouse. He thinks about it, POUNDS on the steel door. Finally, IT ROLLS OPEN.

LILY

(fake smile)

Well, isn't this a pleasant surprise.

WARREN

I need to borrow your car!

LILY

No problem. Lemme just get the keys, and dig up some gas money.

She starts to close the door. He stops her.

WARREN

No, you don't understand! My car was stolen! By a kid! And I can't call the cops because I know this kid. Please.

(a beat, then)

He's a good kid. He's just with some bad... guys. I have to stop him before he messes up his life.

She studies him another moment.

INT. LILY'S TRUCK - A MOMENT LATER

Lily's driving her rattling OLD PICKUP, Warren is looking around the seat for a seatbelt.

LILY

So you have no idea where in the park they're headed?

WARREN

They only said Golden Gate.

(then)

Where the heck are the seatbelts?

LILY

Seatbelts? It's a '53 Dodge.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - LATER

The Truck cruises along the CURVES of the park's narrow road near Stow Lake.

WARREN (V.O.)

Wait, slow down! There it is!

Lily's Truck stops beside a LARGE OAK near the STONE BRIDGE, where, beneath the tree's low-hanging branches, is the front end of Warren's Chrysler.

EXT. STRAWBERRY HILL - A MOMENT LATER

As Warren and Lily make their way up the footpath, between trees and foliage, they HEAR A CREATURE'S VOICE.

KYLE (O.C.)

*Where up from down we comes to get/
Then makes we haste away with it/From
weathered Crust of blustery fright/
To where we was when we slept tight.*

Warren and Lily move to the edge of a CIRCULAR CLEARING and duck behind shrubs. From THEIR POV, we see the creatures facing each other at the clearing's center. They're holding a BRASS COMPASS overhead between their hands. Leo sits, nearby, watching.

MORTON/KYLE

Hib nobb del noid!

LILY

What'd they say?

WARREN

"Hip hop" something.

LILY

What's that mean?

Warren shrugs. The creatures shut their eyes.

MORTON/KYLE

Hib nobb del noid!

LILY

(to Warren)

I think it's, "Hib nobb Detroit."

WARREN

Nah, it was, "del noid." Hib nobb del noid.

LILY

Hib nobb del noid?