

BRIDE OF CHUCKY

by

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BRIDE OF CHUCKY ~

FADE IN:

CLOSE on a QUILT SQUARE, white as virgin snow. A needle, guided by an expert finger, weaves a strand of black thread into the cherubic form of CUPID with his arrow.

Then the needle slips, accidentally pricking the finger...and a single drop of bright red BLOOD plummets in SLOW MOTION down upon Cupid, marring the pure whiteness of the quilt -- as well as its sentiment.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the "seamstress" -- a mustachioed, macho-looking MALE COP, sucking on his pricked finger. Call him FRIDAY.

FRIDAY

Damn.

We are in...

INT. POLICE STATION - EVIDENCE DEPOSITORY ANTEROOM - NIGHT

A door opens and a SECOND COP enters -- call him BAILEY. He carries a large manila envelope, marked "POLICE EVIDENCE."

Bailey approaches a desk, where Friday sits knitting. Behind the desk, a barred, high-security door separates this anteroom from the depository proper.

FRIDAY

Evening, Bailey.

BAILEY

Hi.

Friday proudly holds up the blanket.

FRIDAY

Almost done.

BAILEY

It's beautiful.

FRIDAY

Thanks.

BAILEY

(holds up the envelope)
Stuff from the Crystal Lake murders finally came in. I'll take care of it. Why don't you get a doughnut?

FRIDAY
You read my mind.

Putting his knitting aside, Friday gets up. He tosses Bailey a set of keys. Then he heads out, closing the door behind him.

As soon as he's alone, Bailey presses a button, causing the barred door to slide open with an electronic HUM. Nervously glancing over his shoulder to make sure the coast is clear, he hurries into the depository.

INT. POLICE STATION - EVIDENCE DEPOSITORY PROPER - NIGHT

Bailey hurries through the vast, warehouse-like room, which consists of row upon row of lockers in which items pertaining to criminal cases are stored.

Bailey strides purposefully down the aisles, a man on a secret mission. As he passes endless rows of lockers, we glimpse a series of tagged items through wire-mesh doors: a HOCKEY MASK; a white HALLOWEEN MASK in the shape of an impassive face; a CHAIN SAW; a filthy GLOVE with KNIVES attached to the fingers.

Finally, Bailey stops. He's found what he's looking for. Using one of Friday's keys, Bailey unlocks and opens a locker.

Inside is a nondescript black BAG, about the size of a kitchen trash bag, bearing a tag which reads "CASE NO. 22408 -- UNSOLVED."

Once again Bailey nervously glances over his shoulder. Then, he reaches into the locker. He grabs the bag, replacing it with the manila envelope he'd been carrying.

Then he slams the locker shut and hurries away, carrying the bag.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A cop car peels away from the station. Bailey is behind the wheel.

INT. BAILEY'S COP CAR - NIGHT

Bailey punches a number on his personal cell phone. While the phone RINGS, Bailey awkwardly cradles the receiver between his ear and shoulder, then uses his free hand to try to open the bag on the seat next to him. Finally, he speaks into the phone:

BAILEY
I got it. Meet me in twenty minutes.
And don't forget my money.

He hangs up. Still futzing with the bag, he takes his eyes off the road...allowing his car to drift into the opposing lane... where an EIGHTEEN WHEELER is bearing down on him!

The truck's HORN blares. Bailey looks up to see glaring headlights rocketing straight at him! With a startled cry, he swerves the wheel...narrowly averting disaster.

Bailey sighs in relief, wiping sweat from his brow. He keeps his eyes on the road.

Headlights from passing cars sweep across the mysterious bag, creating an illusion of movement from within.

Or is it more than just an illusion?

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Later. Bailey's cop car is parked in the middle of the otherwise empty, lonely lot.

INT./EXT. BAILEY'S COP CAR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Bailey sits behind the wheel, impatiently smoking a cigar, waiting in silence. He glances at his watch, then starts drumming his fingers on the wheel.

Inevitably, he turns to look at the bag. It just sits there, maddeningly present despite its utter stillness, daring Bailey to look inside.

Curiosity is eating away at him. He glances about; there's no one in sight.

Slowly, Bailey reaches toward the bag...when a sudden burst of CHATTER from the POLICE RADIO causes him to jump in shock!

He sighs, feeling stupid. He switches off the radio. Then once again, he reaches for the bag. Slowly, he unties it. He pulls it open.

And then, he peers inside...

He sees only DARKNESS. Whatever's in the bag is deep down inside.

Slowly, tentatively, Bailey reaches into the bag...

INSIDE THE BAG

LOOKING UP at Bailey as he peers curiously down into the bag, his hand reaching down at us...

Then with shocking surprise A MAN suddenly looms up behind Bailey just outside the car's open side window!

It's OFFICER FRIDAY, Bailey's colleague from the police station. In a swift movement, Friday reaches in and CUFFS Bailey's left hand to the steering wheel!

WITH FRIDAY

as he points his gun at a surprised Bailey. Friday is not enjoying this.

FRIDAY
Give me your gun.

BAILEY
What?

FRIDAY
Give me your gun!
(Bailey, ashamed, hands
over his gun)
And your keys.
(Bailey complies)
Now before I read you your rights, you
wanna tell me what the hell you've
gotten yourself into?

BAILEY
Next week's me and Beth's anniversary.
I just wanted to get her something
nice for a change.

FRIDAY
Jesus, Bailey. Why didn't you come to
me?
(Bailey says nothing)
Who are you meeting?

BAILEY
They didn't give me a name.

FRIDAY
All right, look. There's no harm done
yet. Let's just get back before
anyone finds out what a lousy thief
you are.

BAILEY
Thanks.

Friday pulls out a key ring. Suddenly, a loud burst of CHATTER comes from the RADIO in Friday's car, which we now see is parked about fifty yards behind Bailey, its headlights shining brightly.

FRIDAY
(tossing the key ring to
Bailey)
Be right back.

As Friday heads back to his car, we take

A STEALTHY POV

hiding behind Friday's car, spying on the cops, then darting for cover as Friday approaches, unaware that he's being watched. Friday ducks into his car and grabs the radio mike.

WITH BAILEY

as he tries a series of keys on the handcuffs; none unlocks them yet.

Suddenly, a HORN blares shrilly, incessantly. It's Friday's car. Turning around to see what's going on, Bailey squints into Friday's glaring headlights.

BAILEY
Friday?

No answer. Bailey can't make out anything through the blinding light...until a dark FIGURE emerges from the intense luminescence, starkly silhouetted in front of the headlights.

BAILEY
Friday?

It's not Friday, that's for sure. But whoever it is, he's wielding something in his hand. Something sharp.

Friday's HORN continues to blare. Something is very wrong. The dark FIGURE begins advancing toward Bailey's car.

THE FIGURE'S POV

moving implacably toward a panicking Bailey as he desperately tries to unlock the handcuffs, casting fearful glances back at CAMERA, the advancing predator.

BAILEY
No...

BACK TO SCENE

as a terrified Bailey, his shaking hands still futzing with the keys, glances into the side-view mirror and sees the advancing FIGURE, now coming up alongside the car.

Then -- bingo! -- Bailey unlocks the handcuffs.

He SLAMS the door open against the FIGURE; the FIGURE goes reeling back.

Bailey scrambles out of the car. He glances about in desperate panic; the parking lot is deserted, not a soul in sight.

He races back through the blinding headlights to Friday's car.

Friday is slumped over the steering wheel, causing the HORN to blare incessantly. Bailey grabs his friend's shoulder and yanks him back: the HORN CEASES BLARING. In the sudden silence, Friday, his eyes shut, wears an oozing crimson necklace about his SLICED THROAT. Bailey winces in horror.

Then Friday's EYES POP OPEN. He's NOT DEAD. Staring up at Bailey, he's urgently trying to say something.

FRIDAY
(looking past Bailey)
Look out...

Friday slumps over, dead. Bailey spins around...and with shocking surprise the FIGURE is upon him: there's a flash of glinting, sharp silver, a quick RIPPING sound. Bailey's eyes go wide with shock and pain.

He clutches his neck; blood dribbles out from between his fingers. He collapses to the pavement, dead.

The weapon, we now see, is not the knife we may have expected, but a sharp NAIL FILE, wielded by a feminine hand. The assailant casually whittles away at one of her long, polished nails with the bloody file.

CAMERA finally reveals the assailant's face: a gorgeous WOMAN in her late twenties, sporting a dyed blonde coif with dark roots, a leather mini-skirt, and high heels. This is TIFFANY. Looking down at Bailey, she sighs casually.

She moves to Bailey's car. Reaching inside, she pulls out the bag. Then, she reaches into the bag and, with a dramatic flourish, pulls out...

...the CRACKED, CAVED-IN HEAD and BATTERED TORSO of what used to be a GOOD GUY DOLL.

Its scalp is virtually hairless, save for a few pathetic red strands. Its single remaining blue marble eye gapes at an askew angle; the other socket is creepily empty. Its chipped, jagged teeth are bared in a hideous rictus. Its left hand -- the only limb remaining on the torso severed abruptly beneath the waist -- is frozen in a gnarled, clutching posture.

The overall effect is one of death and decay. Tiffany, however, isn't remotely frightened or appalled. Instead, she smiles affectionately at the repulsive thing.

TIFFANY
Well, hell-o dolly.

She dumps the thing back in the bag.

Then, as she goes tottering off across the parking lot, her high heels clicking on the pavement, TITLES BEGIN and MUSIC SWELLS and we begin a HIP, "GOTH" COVER VERSION of the song "HELLO DOLLY": "...It's so nice to have you back where you belong..."

TITLES and SONG CONTINUE as we segue into a MONTAGE:

EXT. PLAY PALS DOLL FACTORY - NIGHT

THUNDER booms and LIGHTNING strobos. RAIN comes down in pummeling sheets.

A looming sign displays the PLAY PALS TOYS logo: a freckled, carrot-topped moppet -- a "Good Guy" -- its hand waving back and forth in mechanical greeting. Towering smokestacks atop the enormous factory belch acrid SMOKE into the STORMY night sky.

Howling WINDS rattle a CHAIN-LINK FENCE surrounding the building, as Tiffany approaches. Kicking off her heels, she starts climbing the fence in utter defiance of a prominently displayed NO TRESPASSING sign.

INSIDE THE FENCE

Tiffany drops to the ground, then hurries through the RAIN to a large DUMPSTER at the base of the factory.

She throws the lid open with a CLANG, as if opening a coffin.

Then she looks inside the dumpster. She smiles in wild-eyed anticipation at what she sees. Reaching inside, she pulls out...

...THE ARM OF A GOOD GUY DOLL. Tiffany stares at the arm, studying it intently amidst the THUNDER and LIGHTNING, a latter-day Frankenstein looting a doll graveyard.

A HIGH ANGLE reveals that the dumpster is FILLED WITH DISCARDED DOLL PARTS -- arms, legs, eyeballs, etc. Reaching into the dumpster with both hands, Tiffany starts rooting about in the doll parts, laughing in maniacal triumph.

EXT. TIFFANY'S TRAILER PARK HOME - NIGHT

TITLES and SONG CONTINUE, as the STORM rages down upon Tiffany's rural trailer park home.

INT. TIFFANY'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TITLES and SONG CONTINUE, while flashes of LIGHTNING reveal the trailer's decor: a no-budget attempt at Better Homes and Gardens' Americana -- chintz curtains, lacy doilies, et. al. -- providing an intriguing contrast with the edgy wardrobe and appearance of the trailer's resident.

Also on conspicuous display are old, yellowing NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS detailing the career of a notorious serial killer named CHARLES LEE RAY. We glimpse a couple of headlines: "SERIAL KILLER RAY GUNNED DOWN IN CHICAGO TOY STORE," and "BOY CLAIMS DOLL POSSESSED BY KILLER'S SOUL."

TIFFANY'S FACE is tense with concentration: she is engaged in some exacting task...

TITLES and SONG CONTINUE -- "You're looking swell, dolly" -- over a SERIES OF SHOTS:

TIFFANY'S HANDS, with their long nails covered in black polish, work with needle and thread, STITCHING something...

We see BLACK STITCHES sewing up fissures in FLESH-COLORED material...

TUFTS OF RED HAIR are STAPLED into FLESH-COLORED material...

A CRACKED, BLUE MARBLE EYE is inserted into a gaping socket...

BLUE DENIM OVERALLS are buttoned up...The laces of RED SNEAKERS are tied...

ON TIFFANY'S FACE as she smiles with satisfaction, looking down at her handiwork...

Then CAMERA LIFTS STRAIGHT UP, affording a God's-eye-view of Tiffany hovering over a table, upon which lies the diminutive form of the newly RESTORED GOOD GUY DOLL.

NEW LIMBS obtained from the dumpster evidently have been sewn onto the ORIGINAL TORSO from the evidence depository; wild tufts of RED HAIR have been grafted onto the previously bald scalp; the disturbingly CRACKED, BLUE MARBLE EYE has been inserted into the previously empty socket; the cracks in the previously caved-in face have been crudely STITCHED UP.

The net effect, reminiscent of Frankenstein's monster, is a creepy perversion of a child's plaything.

TITLES and SONG END: "Dolly don't ever go away again!"

EXT. JADE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An upper-middle-class, suburban home. A BMW pulls up in front of the house; a clean-cut KID in a tuxedo gets out. He's holding a corsage. Opening an umbrella to ward off the RAIN, he hurries up the walk to the house.

INT. JADE'S HOUSE - HER BEDROOM - NIGHT

JADE, a very pretty high school senior, stands before a full-length mirror, adjusting her prom dress. She is evidently very nervous.

She hears the DOORBELL RING downstairs. Looking at herself in the mirror, she takes a deep breath, then crosses herself, like a Catholic.

INT. JADE'S HOUSE - FOYER/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

WARREN JOHNSON, Jade's buttoned-down stepfather, answers the front door to admit Jade's date: his name is DAVID. Warren smiles, pleased to see him. They shake hands.

WARREN

Hello, I'm Warren Johnson, Jade's stepfather.

DAVID

David Collins. Nice to meet you, sir.

WARREN

Come on in.

David steps inside. He puts the corsage on a table. Warren goes to the base of the stairs and shouts:

WARREN

Jade! David's here!
(turning back to David)
I've heard good things about you, David. I understand you got a scholarship to Princeton.

DAVID

Yes, sir.

WARREN

Congratulations. I'm a Harvard man myself.

DAVID

Congratulations.

WARREN
Thank you. What are you going to study?

DAVID
Theatre arts.

WARREN
Uh-huh. On an athletic scholarship, right?

DAVID
(nods)
Diving.

WARREN
That's terrific.
(he shouts upstairs again:)
Jade!

She is already coming down the stairs, a vision in her lovely dress.

JADE
Warren, don't scream.

She turns to David, favoring him with a smile.

JADE
Hi.

DAVID
Hi. You look great.

WARREN
You know, Jade, I have to say, this guy is a big improvement over your last boyfriend. I'm sure your mother would have agreed.

She glares at him.

JADE
I'll be home by midnight.

WARREN
It's your senior prom. One-thirty will be fine.

JADE
You never let me stay out that late before.

WARREN

You never went out with anyone I
trusted before.

She glares at him, then heads for the door, followed by David.
The corsage is left behind, on the table.

WARREN

You forgot something.

DAVID

Oh, right.
(grabbing the corsage, he
gives it to Jade)
This is for you.

JADE

They're beautiful. I love lilies.

DAVID

Actually, they're orchids. Cattleya
orchids.

(to Warren)

Well, good-night, sir.

They head out, climbing into David's BMW. The car zooms off
into the STORMY night. Warren watches them drive away.

INT. DAVID'S BMW - NIGHT

David and Jade are driving away from the house. Jade turns
around to watch the house recede from view, as if making sure
the coast is clear...

...and then ANOTHER GUY suddenly pops up in the back seat,
right in her face! Jade gasps. The guy kisses her deeply.

This is JESSE, a good-looking, scruffy kid in a blue tux with
ruffles which are a bit hard on the eyes.

DAVID

You know, Jesse, technically you're
not supposed to see her before the
wedding. It's bad luck.

JESSE

No one who looks this good could ever
bring me bad luck.

Jade climbs into the back seat, and into his arms. They kiss
passionately. Then Jesse comes up for air.

JESSE

So old Warren fell for it?

JADE
David made quite an impression. I think Warren's in love.

DAVID
Not my type. Hey, I left something for you guys on the floor back there.

Jesse reaches down and finds a bottle of Dom Perignon, a corkscrew, and three paper cups.

JESSE
What a guy.
(as he starts opening the bottle, he turns to Jade)
Nervous?

JADE
Nope. You?

JESSE
No...

JADE
What's the matter?

JESSE
(sheepish)
I couldn't afford to get you a ring.

JADE
You can buy me rings after your first gold record.

They kiss. The cork pops. Jesse pours champagne into the paper cups and passes them around.

DAVID
Hold it! Let's do this right.
(holding up his cup)
As my grandma used to say...(He speaks mellifluously in Italian)

JESSE
What's that mean?

DAVID
May your problems be small ones.

The kids sip their champagne.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

David's BMW is approaching the school, whose parking lot is jam-packed with cars and kids, the latter all dressed in formals as they swarm out of the RAIN into the gym. A prominent sign proclaims: SENIOR PROM TONITE -- LOVE AMONG THE RUINS.

The BMW, instead of turning into the parking lot, races right on past the school...

...passing a COP CAR which is inconspicuously parked on the side of the road.

INT. COP CAR - NIGHT

The COP at the wheel -- call him NEEDLE-NOSE NORTON -- picks up a cell phone and punches a number.

NORTON
(into phone)
I got 'em.

He starts the car and drives off after the BMW.

INT. DAVID'S BMW - NIGHT

Flashing red lights appear behind the BMW. David sees the cop car in his rear-view mirror.

DAVID
Christ. It's Needle-Nose.

Jesse fumbles with the champagne bottle as he hastily tries to hide it, spilling champagne on Jade and himself.

JESSE
Shit!

David steers the car over to the side of the road.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD/BMW - NIGHT

The cop car pulls up behind the BMW. Norton gets out and approaches David's window.

DAVID
Officer Norton.

NORTON
Kids. Hello, Jade.

JADE
(surly)
Hey.

NORTON
(to David)
Can I see your license and
registration, please.

David pulls the stuff out of his wallet and shows him.

DAVID
Is there a problem?

NORTON
Your tail light is out.

DAVID
It is?

NORTON
How much have you kids had to drink
tonight?

DAVID
We haven't been drinking.

NORTON
(sniffing the champagne)
I'm not nearly as stupid as one might
assume.

JADE
Listen, Norton. We had a sip of
champagne, that's all.

NORTON
You're aware the legal drinking age in
this state is twenty-one?

JESSE
Come on, man, give us a break. We're
kind of in a hurry.

Norton just looks at him, a shit-eating grin on his face.

NORTON
Where's the fire?

CUT TO:

A CANDLE BEING LIT, THE FIERY FLAME BURNING BRIGHTLY. We are
in...

INT. TIFFANY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Something is being drawn on the floor in BLACK CHALK...

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that Tiffany is kneeling on the floor, drawing A PENTAGRAM around the diminutive form of the restored Good Guy doll. The pentagram itself is surrounded by burning candles.

Tiffany finishes drawing the pentagram. Then she grabs a book off a table, its cover bearing the title VOODOO FOR DUMMIES. She opens the book, quickly leafing to a particular page, then lays the open book on the floor beside her.

Consulting the book, Tiffany places one hand on the doll's forehead, then raises her other hand in the air, a posture of reverence. As the STORM continues to rage outside, she begins to CHANT:

TIFFANY
Ade Due Damballa...Give me the power,
I beg of you!

Strobing LIGHTNING and booming THUNDER lend Gothic atmosphere to her histrionics.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Leveau mercier du bois chaillot...
secoisse entienne mais pois de morte!
(a beat)
Awake!

She stares expectantly at the doll. Nothing happens.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Awake!

Nothing happens. Tiffany sighs in defeat, tossing the book away in disgust.

TIFFANY
What a crock.

Then, there's a KNOCK at the front door. As Tiffany rises and goes to answer it...

...ONLY WE SEE THE DOLL'S EYES BLINK, THEN FOLLOW TIFFANY AS SHE GOES TO THE DOOR!

Tiffany opens the door...revealing a tall, thin, leather-clad young man with long, dyed jet-black hair, soaking wet from the rain. He carries himself with a self-conscious sense of grimness. This is DAMIEN, a hard-core "Goth" devotee, and Tiffany's current boyfriend.

DAMIEN
Tiffany! Let me in. I'll catch my
death out here.

Tiffany rolls her eyes. She steps aside to admit Damien, then closes the door behind him. He kisses her, then removes his dripping-wet leather jacket, revealing TATTOO-COVERED ARMS.

DAMIEN

What did you do today?

TIFFANY

Oh, same old, same old. You?

He pulls out a Polaroid photo and shows it to her: it luridly depicts a bloody corpse.

TIFFANY

Who's this?

DAMIEN

Some jerk I picked up hitchhiking.

TIFFANY

What happened to him?

DAMIEN

What do you think?

He beams proudly at her. Impressed, she studies the photo with mounting excitement.

TIFFANY

What did you use? Did he struggle?

Did he put up a fight? Did he --

(she pauses, noticing
something in the photo)

You know, Damien, this guy looks awfully familiar.

DAMIEN

Really?

TIFFANY

Yeah, really.

(tossing the photo back
to him)

I recognize the glitter nail polish.

DAMIEN

(glancing at his nails)

Shit.

TIFFANY

What did you use for blood? Corn syrup? Ketchup? You've never actually killed anyone, have you?

DAMIEN

Well...not exactly...not yet...but last week I made some harassing phone calls to this old lady...Told her I was coming to get her, only she'd never know just how or when...Scared the shit out of her.

TIFFANY

You're pathetic.

DAMIEN

Come on, Tiffany, I'm working up to it.

TIFFANY

No, you're not. You're nothing but a posing, preening, yellow-bellied Anne Rice Krispie.

Tiffany shakes her head in contempt, then glances toward the pentagram in the middle of the living room...

THE DOLL IS NO LONGER THERE.

Tiffany gasps in quiet shock. She glances about the room; the doll is nowhere in sight. She smiles, getting excited.

She turns back to Damien, who is standing right next to the couch -- under which the doll easily might be hiding.

Tiffany smiles, tickled by an idea.

TIFFANY

Hon, do me a favor? See if my lipstick is under the couch.

FROM UNDER THE COUCH

Peeking out under the dust ruffle, we see Damien's feet...then his knees as he kneels...

BACK TO SCENE

Tiffany watches, mesmerized, as Damien lifts the dust ruffle and then, pressing his face against the floor, peers into the darkness under the couch...

DAMIEN

There's nothing under here.

A BIG SPIDER immediately comes skittering out from under the couch onto Damien's face! Recoiling, he yelps in shock, desperately batting the spider away. Tiffany sighs.

TIFFANY

Damien, the Lord of the Night is supposed to command the insect world, you know.

He gets to his feet.

Then all the LIGHTS GO OUT.

Tiffany gasps softly. She glances about the shadowy room. LIGHTNING throws fleeting spotlights on dark nooks and crannies. No sign of the doll.

Damien glances out a window.

DAMIEN

That's strange. None of your neighbors' lights are out.

Tiffany is almost breathless with excitement. She heads into the bedroom, keeping an eye out for the doll, moving through the cluttered darkness, passing chairs and closets -- all ideal hiding places for a tiny terror. But no sign of the Little Guy yet.

Damien follows. THUNDER booms and lightning flashes. The doll could be anywhere, ready to pounce.

INT. TIFFANY'S TRAILER - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Entering the bedroom, Tiffany approaches the bed, then stops a few feet before it. From this safe distance, she kneels and checks underneath. She sees nothing.

Damien enters, taking off his shirt as he moves past Tiffany. He reclines on the bed.

DAMIEN

I think I've got what you're looking for right here.

Tiffany looks up from the floor to see him lying there wantonly. She rolls her eyes.

DAMIEN

We've been going out for a month now. You've kept me waiting long enough.

Damien pulls off his leather pants, stripping down to his jockey shorts.

DAMIEN

You know what the French call an orgasm? "Le petit mal" -- "the little death."

He slips under the covers, lying on his side, waiting for Tiffany.

DAMIEN

Come on, Tiffany, let's die a little.

And then Tiffany spots, in the bed with Damien, just behind him, A LUMP slithering BENEATH THE COVERS!

Damien is oblivious. Tiffany giggles. She backs into a chair and sits.

TIFFANY

I want to watch.

DAMIEN

You do?

TIFFANY

Uh-huh.

As THE LUMP slithers ever closer to an oblivious Damien, Tiffany watches, licking her lips in anticipation. Damien of course thinks she's getting excited over him.

Then he SCREAMS in pain and shock, recoiling from the lump!

DAMIEN

What the hell was that?

He ducks beneath the covers, looking to see what's under there with him...

...while a FLASH OF LIGHTNING reveals THE DOLL SITTING RIGHT NEXT TO TIFFANY IN THE CHAIR -- evidently having been there the whole time! She leaps up, gasping in fright.

Damien yanks the covers away...revealing A CAT underneath. He gives the cat a shove; it bounds off the bed with an angry GROWL.

Damien and Tiffany watch as the cat pauses to sniff the doll sitting in the chair. The doll remains motionless. Arching its back, the cat HISSES in fear, then bounds away.

Damien reaches over and grabs the doll out of the chair, holding it up for inspection, chuckling derisively.

DAMIEN

So. We meet at last.

The doll responds interactively:

DOLL
 (Good Guy voice)
 Hi, I'm Chucky! Wanna play?

DAMIEN
 Where did you get this?

TIFFANY
 From the cops. It's the actual doll
 from those murders. I put it back
 together.

DAMIEN
 I knew you were obsessed -- but what
 for? Chucky is so eighties. He isn't
 even scary.

Tiffany suppresses a laugh. Damien tosses the doll away; it
 lands on the floor with a thud.

TIFFANY
 (thinking fast)
 I did it for us.

DAMIEN
 What do you mean?

TIFFANY
 I thought he'd make...an interesting
 toy.

She smiles lasciviously. Catching her drift, he smiles
 gravely.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
 Wanna play?

DAMIEN
 Yes.

Tiffany opens a night stand drawer, revealing several pairs of
 HANDCUFFS. She grabs four of them.

TIFFANY
 First, we do this.

Moving around the bed, she methodically cuffs Damien's wrists
 and ankles to the bed's four posts. Damien, lying on his back,
 swoons in masochistic anticipation.

Finally, Tiffany grabs the doll and positions it on Damien's
 chest. Then she stands at the foot of the bed.

TIFFANY
 Now, you watch me. Both of you.

(she sensually starts
unbuttoning her blouse)
Are you watching me, Damien?

DAMIEN
Oh, yeah.

TIFFANY
Is he watching me?

Damien glances at the doll, whose eyes, though immobile, are indeed fixed in Tiffany's direction.

DAMIEN
Yeah, he's watching you, too.

TIFFANY
Good.

THUNDER booms and LIGHTNING flashes, as Tiffany, removing her blouse, strips down to a black-lace bra. She tosses her blouse at the bed; it brushes against the doll's face, then falls in its lap.

The doll's features remain unchanged.

As Tiffany starts removing her leather skirt:

TIFFANY
You know, Damien, there's something I never told you about Chucky.

DAMIEN
What's that?

TIFFANY
We lived together for years...before the cops killed him...before he passed his soul into the doll. In fact, we were going to get married.

DAMIEN
(paying attention only to
her body)
Really?

TIFFANY
He was an incredible lover. The best I ever had.

DAMIEN
You're kidding me. He doesn't look big enough to satisfy you.

TIFFANY
Did you hear what he said about you,
Chucky?

The doll's placid expression does not change...but what's going on in his head?

TIFFANY
Oh, was he ever jealous. In fact, any
guy who even looked at me...Chucky
took care of him.

DAMIEN
What did he do?

TIFFANY
What do you think?

Damien pants at the thought.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Go ahead, Damien. Tell him what you
want to do to me.

DAMIEN
Well, I've got this fantasy. You
know...

TIFFANY
The one at the rave?

DAMIEN
Yeah. Shit, it'd be so hot...
(to the doll)
Marilyn Manson is playing...The club
is packed...Me and Tiffany are dancing
real close, I can feel how hot she
is...I can't wait, right there on the
dance floor...I just pull up her dress
and--

No reaction from the doll. Tiffany frowns in disappointment.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
And she isn't wearing any underwear.

Nothing from the doll.

Then with shocking surprise CHUCKY SPRINGS TO LIFE, his innocuous doll features contorting furiously as he lets out a HOWL of rage and, grabbing a PILLOW, slams a terrified Damien across the face!

Then, with the pillow lying squarely over Damien's face, Chucky plops down on it, sitting there smothering poor Damien, who struggles and lurches about to no avail, his screams muffled by the pillow.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)

You're gonna learn, asshole -- It ain't the size that counts, it's what you do with it.

Damien goes on struggling pathetically, his screams sounding very far away, as Chucky turns to look at Tiffany. After an awkward silence:

CHUCKY

Hi.

TIFFANY

Hi.

CHUCKY

How ya been?

TIFFANY

Okay. You?

CHUCKY

Fair to middlin', I guess. To tell you the truth, I've been struggling.

TIFFANY

I know. It took me ten years to find you.

CHUCKY

I'm glad you did.

Their reunited-lovers conversation contrasts bizarrely with Damien's protracted death throes. Chucky reaches over to the night stand and picks up Damien's Polaroid.

CHUCKY

(looking at the photo
while Damien struggles
for life beneath him)

That is sick.

(he puts the photo down)

What are you doing with this jerk,
anyway?

TIFFANY

Ten years is a long time, Chucky. Besides, I was never actually "with" him. You know me -- I'll kill anybody, but I'll only sleep with someone I love.

CHUCKY

You look great, Tiff.

TIFFANY

(blushing)

Thanks.

CHUCKY

I mean it. I gotta be honest, I was always afraid you'd let yourself go.

TIFFANY

(stung)

You haven't changed...beyond the obvious.

Damien's body gives one final spasm, then finally lies limp. Chucky holds his arms out to Tiffany.

CHUCKY

Come on, babe, how 'bout a kiss for your old man?

She picks him up, holds him in her arms. He puckers up, waiting for a kiss on the lips. But she just gives him a chaste peck on the cheek. Then she carries him into the living room.

INT. TIFFANY'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

They enter from the bedroom.

CHUCKY

Now, the first thing we gotta do is get me out of this body once and for all.

TIFFANY

Actually, I kind of like you like this.

CHUCKY

Please. This is embarrassing enough as it is.

TIFFANY

No, I mean it. You're kinda cute.
Just like a little baby. Is the
little baby ticklish?

She tickles him; he giggles uncontrollably.

CHUCKY

Stop!

TIFFANY

Okay, Mommy's tired. Time to go to
sleep.

She places Chucky inside a heretofore unseen infant's PLAYPEN filled with myriad toys for toddlers -- Barney, Tickle-Me-Elmo, et. al. As she heads back to the bedroom:

CHUCKY

Where are you going?

TIFFANY

To bed. I've had a long day.

CHUCKY

What about me?

TIFFANY

Oh, I stopped sleeping with dolls a
long time ago.

Chucky glances at the toys strewn about him. Then he looks back to Tiffany, who has a shit-eating grin on her face.

CHUCKY

What the fuck is going on?

Using a gold-plated lighter, she lights a cigarette. Between drags, she speaks:

TIFFANY

Remember all those nights you kept me
waiting here all alone, while you were
out on the town, living it up? Did it
ever occur to you that I might have
enjoyed those killing sprees, too?
Couples are supposed to share the
little things, you know.

CHUCKY

I --

TIFFANY
 (cutting him off)
 Remember all those times you promised
 to marry me?

CHUCKY
 You still sore about that? I'll marry
 you right now, if you want.

TIFFANY
 Sorry. I'm not into short guys.

She laughs uproariously. Chucky stands there in impotent
 humiliation behind the play pen bars. Then Tiffany stops
 laughing, suddenly serious.

TIFFANY
 My mother always told me love is
 supposed to set you free. But I was a
 prisoner of my love for you, Chucky.
 Now, it's payback time.
 (she heads into the
 bedroom)
 Sweet dreams.

CHUCKY
 You let me out of here right now!

INT. TIFFANY'S TRAILER - BEDROOM - NIGHT

She closes the door, shutting out his screams. She starts
 laughing to herself, softly at first, then gradually louder and
 more maniacally.

She reclines luxuriantly on the bed, stretching like a cat --
 right next to Damien's body. She pulls the pillow off his
 face, revealing his blue skin and lifelessly bulging eyes.

Unfazed, Tiffany crimps the pillow and stuffs it under her
 head, a great big smile on her lips.

TIFFANY
 Oh, what a day.

She starts laughing again...

EXT. TIFFANY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Tiffany's maniacal laughter ECHOES throughout the trailer park.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The police station is bustling with prom-night activity: boys in tuxedos, girls in gowns, all of them drunk, and now forced to weather blistering lectures from their parents who have come to pick them up.

Jesse, Jade, and David sit together on a bench. They're all watching Warren -- Jade's stepfather -- talking with Officer Norton across the room. Norton hands Warren a piece of paper. Warren gives Norton a pat on the shoulder, then approaches the kids.

JADE

You had me followed. That's a new low.

WARREN

(he shows her the paper;
it's a MARRIAGE LICENSE
with Jesse and Jade's
names)

What the hell is this?

JADE

It's pretty self-explanatory.

He rips up the license.

JADE

They only cost twenty bucks down at City Hall.

WARREN

Jade, you're seventeen years old. I am not going to let you throw your life away on someone who wears ruffles.

Jesse leaps at Warren. David restrains him.

JESSE

You fuck.

WARREN

But you won't. Not Jade, anyway. Not anymore.

(to Jade)

Now let's go.

JESSE

You know, we'll just get married tomorrow, or the next day.

WARREN

Stay away from her, Jesse...or I
promise you, you'll be very sorry.

Grabbing Jade's arm, he hustles her toward the door. Jesse,
with David at his side, helplessly watches her go.

DAVID

Fuck him. If I were you, I'd take
Jade, get the hell out of Dodge, and
never look back.

As Jesse ponders David's words, we

CUT TO:

A POSTER depicting a lush, tropical beach under a banner which
reads MEXICO -- ESCAPE TO PARADISE. We are in...

INT. JESSE'S TRAILER - DAY

It's the next morning. A shirtless Jesse is lying back on his
bed, staring thoughtfully up at the poster tacked to the wall.

Then, he hears some sort of ruckus going on outside; he glances
through an open window to investigate...

OUTSIDE

TIFFANY, WHO EVIDENTLY LIVES IN THE TRAILER NEXT DOOR, is
having trouble dragging a large and apparently very heavy
suitcase down her front stoop toward her car. Spotting Jesse
looking at her through the window, she pauses. She waves at
him, smiling brightly.

TIFFANY

Jesse!

Jesse gives her an obligatory wave; he doesn't want to talk to
her. But before he can turn away...

TIFFANY

Mind giving me a hand?

He's too much the gentleman to refuse; he nods and waves again.

EXT. JESSE'S TRAILER/TIFFANY'S TRAILER - DAY

Jesse emerges from his trailer, wearing jeans and pulling on a
T-shirt. Approaching Tiffany, he grabs the suitcase.

TIFFANY

Thanks, Sweetface. I owe you one.

JESSE
No problem. You going away?

TIFFANY
No. Just on my way to Good Will.

Tiffany walks beside him as he lugs the suitcase toward her car. He's surprised by how heavy the suitcase is.

JESSE
Jesus. What'cha got in here?

TIFFANY
Oh, odds and ends, really. Stuff that's gone out of style. Ever look at something and realize you're just sick to death of it?

They reach her car. Tiffany unlocks the trunk and Jesse throws the suitcase inside.

TIFFANY
Anyway, what are you up to later?

JESSE
Huh?

TIFFANY
You wanna get a drink?

JESSE
Oh, um, that sounds real nice, Tiffany, but I'm seeing someone.

TIFFANY
I won't tell if you won't.
(he says nothing)
It's that rich chick, huh?
(he smiles uncomfortably)
You know what they say, Jesse -- money can't buy you love.

JESSE
I gotta go.

Then, from inside Tiffany's trailer comes a muffled, angry shout:

CHUCKY (O.S.)
Tiffany!

JESSE
Got company?

TIFFANY
I'm babysitting.

She watches him head back inside his trailer. Then, as she climbs into her car and speeds off, CAMERA lingers on Tiffany's trailer, from whence come the distant sounds of Chucky's angry shouts.

INT. TIFFANY'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - DAY

LATER. CAMERA PANS across the play pen floor: Barney and Tickle-Me-Elmo have been eviscerated, their stuffing strewn messily about; childish -- yet violent -- drawings of a woman, obviously meant to be Tiffany, getting stabbed and decapitated have been rendered in crayon on construction paper; the blocks have been arranged to spell out "KILL TIFFANY SLOW."

CAMERA SETTLES on Chucky, sitting splay-legged in the middle of the play pen. He's completely absorbed in playing with an electronic spelling game, intently pushing the buttons.

GAME

Spell "woman."

(as Chucky punches the
keys, the game intones:)

B-I-T-C-H. That is incorrect. The
correct spelling of "woman" is W--

Chucky angrily hurls the game against the play pen bars, then sneers at it:

CHUCKY

Shows how much you know.

The front door opens and Tiffany enters, carrying a large, festively wrapped package.

TIFFANY

Yoo-hoo, I'm home!

Glancing into the play pen, she sees what Chucky has done to his toys.

TIFFANY

Tsk tsk. If you can't play nice, I
may just have to take all your toys
away.

Chucky says nothing, just glowers at her through the bars.

TIFFANY

I have a surprise for you. I've been
thinking about what you said, about
wanting to get married.

CHUCKY

Yeah?

TIFFANY

I think it would do you good to settle down.

Chucky's surly expression melts in relief.

CHUCKY

Babe, this is great. You won't regret it, I promise. I'm gonna treat you like a princess.

She reaches in and places the package on the play pen floor.

CHUCKY

What's this?

TIFFANY

Your wedding present.

He quickly unwraps the present, revealing...

...a boxed GOOD GAL DOLL, the female counterpart to Good Guys. Her bland face smiles out at Chucky through the box's clear plastic front.

CHUCKY

What the hell is this?

TIFFANY

Your bride.

Chucky pulls the doll out of the box and stands her upright beside him. She's dressed in a flowing white bridal gown, her dark hair done "up" beneath a veil.

Responding interactively to being moved, the doll chirps:

GOOD GAL

With this ring, I thee wed!

Sure enough, she's wearing a glittering, fake DIAMOND RING.

TIFFANY

Oh, Chucky, she's beautiful!

Tiffany throws a handful of rice into the play pen: it comes raining down on him like a shit storm. Tiffany bursts into gales of hysterical, derisive laughter.

In a flash, Chucky charges at the bars like a wild animal, snarling and frothing at the mouth and reaching through the slats in a mad attempt to get at Tiffany. She simply takes a step back.

CHUCKY

You motherfucking bitch! I'm gonna get you if it's the last thing I ever do!

TIFFANY

Congratulations, you two! Now I'm sure you'll want to be alone.

She disappears into the bathroom, her laughter trailing behind her.

Chucky pulls the RING, with its sparkling fake diamond, off the doll's finger.

EXT. TIFFANY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Later that night.

INT. TIFFANY'S TRAILER - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tiffany is soaking luxuriantly in a sunken bathtub, immersed to her neck in soap bubbles; a bottle of GOOD GUYS BUBBLEBATH sits conspicuously in the soap dish.

While idly smoking a cigarette, Tiffany is watching the NEWS on a TV set which sits on a shelf opposite the tub. A REPORTER, microphone in hand, addresses the camera:

REPORTER (ON TV)

While there are still no leads in the murders of Officers Duncan Bailey and John Friday, evidence suggests that their deaths may be linked to another body found earlier today...

On the TV, photos of Bailey and Friday -- the cops killed by Tiffany -- are replaced by a photo of Damien, looking utterly nerdy out of his Goth get-up.

REPORTER (ON T.V.)

Damien Thorn, whose real name was Herbert Fitzwater, was dragged this morning from the Colorado River.

The Reporter approaches a young plainclothes cop, PRESTON.

REPORTER (ON TV)

Lieutenant Preston --

PRESTON (ON TV)
Detective Preston. I haven't been promoted yet.

REPORTER (ON TV)
 Detective Preston, is it fair to say that these murders indicate the activity of a serial killer?

PRESTON (TV)
 I can't comment on that as yet. But I will say that it's important for people to lock their doors at night.

Tiffany giggles. Using a remote, she starts to channel-surf.

INT. TIFFANY'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As CAMERA PANS slowly across the darkened, shadowy room, we hear a soft, though distinct, sound...The sound of rubbing... of friction...of SAWING.

Chucky is using the Good Gal doll's "diamond" ring to saw through one of the play pen's vertical bars. Finally, he completes his task: the bar is sawed in two. Chucky kicks the pieces away.

Then he slips out of the play pen through the resulting space. Clutching a fistful of the Good Gal's hair, he drags the doll behind him, like a cave man. The movement causes the doll to chirp:

GOOD GAL
 I promise to love, honor, and cherish... 'till death do us part!

CHUCKY
 You got that right.

INT. TIFFANY'S TRAILER - KITCHEN - NIGHT

CHUCKY'S HAND yanks open a drawer, then pulls out a sharp, glistening BUTCHER KNIFE. Chucky's diabolically grinning face is reflected in the silvery blade as he assesses the weapon.

Then, with a murderous gleam in his eye, he turns toward the bathroom...

INT. TIFFANY'S TRAILER - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tiffany in the tub, channel-surfing: she settles on LOST IN SPACE.

Behind Tiffany, in the BACKGROUND, a door slowly, silently begins to swing open...

CHUCKY'S POV

Peeking through the crack in the door at an unsuspecting Tiffany...Then creeping through the door on little cats' feet, slowly stalking toward Tiffany in the tub...

BACK TO SCENE

Tiffany is oblivious as Chucky sneaks up behind her. He clutches the glistening KNIFE in one hand, and drags the GOOD GAL DOLL behind him with the other.

On the TV, Robot waves his arms in warning, yelling "Danger! Danger!"

At the sound of Chucky's shoes squeaking on the tile floor, Tiffany turns her surprised face to see the doll's approach. He raises the KNIFE in attack. Tiffany screams.

In a blur of motion, Tiffany pushes Chucky away; dropping the knife, he falls back against the shelves on the opposite wall. The shelves collapse; the TV set crashes to the floor.

But the TV remains operational, still plugged into a wall socket, blaring forth with LOST IN SPACE as it lies there next to the edge of the tub.

Tiffany looks at the TV, then glances up in panic at Chucky. Chucky, inspired, smiles wickedly.

TIFFANY

No!--

Chucky swiftly kicks the humming TV set into the tub; it plunges into the bubbly water with a terrific SPLASH and a high-pitched, whining, ELECTRICAL BUZZ.

UNDERWATER

The TV set plummets down through the sudsy water, diving toward the bottom, its power cord an umbilical which sustains the set in this murky world. The TV screen flashes a ghostly image of Robot, waving his arms against some hideous monster; the music is a distant, tinny drone.

TOPSIDE

The ELECTRICAL BUZZ CRESCENDOS as the water glows luminously from below, and the room's lights begin to STROBE. The surge of electricity in the tub sends SOAP BUBBLES shooting into the steamy air.

On the tiled wall behind the tub, TIFFANY'S SHADOW convulses violently in response to the electrical current. Chucky just stands there a moment, enjoying the spectacle.

Then, he portentously points one hand in Tiffany's direction, and places his other hand on the GOOD GAL DOLL'S forehead.

CHUCKY

Ade Due Damballa...Give me the power,
I beg of you!

Amid the effectively macabre, mad-scientist atmosphere provided by the ELECTRICAL BUZZING and STROBING LIGHTS and popping SOAP BUBBLES, Chucky chants:

CHUCKY (CONT'D)

Leveau mercier du bois chaillot...
Secoisse entienne mais pois de morte!
...Awake!

He looks down at the Good Gal doll: nothing happens.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)

AWAKE!

Nothing happens.

Then, the BUZZING STOPS; the LIGHTS STOP STROBING and GO OUT ENTIRELY. Silence. Chucky frowns down at the Good Gal, which remains frustratingly lifeless.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)

What a crock.

The bathroom is now filled with SOAP BUBBLES, hundreds of them, wafting through the steamy air, absorbing and refracting the soft blue moonlight and shimmering with ever-changing colors. Beautiful but bizarre, a surreal, pearly atmosphere of unease.

Chucky turns to face the tub: Tiffany's body can't be seen, evidently having slipped beneath the sudsy water. The TV's power cord, still plugged into the wall socket, trails down into the murk.

Stepping toward the edge of the tub, Chucky peers down into the water, his back to the Good Gal doll still lying behind him on the floor, below frame.

In the tub, gnarled clutching hands protrude from the layer of suds at the surface, like a bas-relief. A hole in the suds provides a nightmarish glimpse of a wide, lifeless eye, staring sightlessly up at Chucky from under the water.

Tiffany's eye.

Chucky chuckles.

Then the LIGHTS FLASH BACK ON with an ELECTRICAL BUZZ; with shocking surprise TIFFANY'S CORPSE bursts forth from under the water, galvanized by the sudden power surge, arms extended, seeming to reach out for Chucky! Her face is a hideous mask of pain and terror, her mouth twisted in a silent scream!

Chucky yelps in shock, recoiling...

...just as THE GOOD GAL DOLL SITS UP INTO FRAME BEHIND HIM!
Chucky is oblivious!

He unplugs the TV, stopping the surge of electricity. Then he watches Tiffany's corpse slowly sinking back down into the bubbly tub.

He remains unaware of what's happening behind him, as the Good Gal doll blinks dazedly in the sudden fluorescent brightness, glancing about, disoriented.

She looks down at her own tiny plastic hands, curiously examining them.

Her eyes widen in stunned comprehension. THIS IS TIFFANY.

She looks up to see HER OWN HUMAN CORPSE slowly slip beneath the water.

And she SCREAMS in terror.

Before Chucky can even spin around, Tiffany leaps at him, savagely snarling and clawing at his throat -- and knocking him backwards into the tub with a SPLASH!

TIFFANY

You son of a bitch! What have you
done to me?!

UNDERWATER

Chucky's gurgling scream is seen UPSIDE-DOWN as Tiffany holds his head beneath the water, her hands wringing his neck!

Then we see CHUCKY'S POV -- upside-down -- of Tiffany's human corpse and its bulging, lifeless eyes.

TOPSIDE

Chucky's fists angrily pummel Tiffany as she continues to strangle him. Then with one hand, he starts reaching blindly about the adjacent floor in search of his dropped knife... which remains just an inch beyond his reach.

Instead, his searching hand finds the TV power cord. He grabs it tight, then gives it a violent whip-like YANK...

...flinging the little TV set out of the water at Tiffany! She ducks; the glass viewing screen CRASHES squarely onto her head! She goes staggering blindly back across the bathroom, arms flailing, sporting a TV for a head! She smacks against the wall and topples to the floor.

Chucky sits up out of the water, dripping wet. Then, he takes one look at TV-Head and bursts into hysterical laughter. She pulls the TV off her head and scowls up at him, out of breath.

Chucky contemptuously tosses the toy wedding ring at her feet.

CHUCKY

You got your wish...You're mine now, doll...And if you know what's good for you, you're gonna love, honor, and obey.

Grabbing a towel, he starts drying his hair as he heads past her for the door -- obliviously stepping over the dropped knife -- then exiting to the living room.

Tiffany spots the knife. She gets to her feet and snatches it up, hot on Chucky's heels...

INT. TIFFANY'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chucky is entering from the bathroom...

...as Tiffany comes running at him from behind, knife raised, SHRIEKING like a madwoman!

Chucky snatches a LIGHTED CANDELABRA off a table -- sending a lamp crashing to the floor in the process -- then spins to block Tiffany's attack. The whooshing candelabra CLANGS against Tiffany's knife.

TIFFANY

That ring was a fake! It means nothing!

CHUCKY

Hey Raggedy Ann, you looked in the mirror lately? Now's not the time to get picky.

She responds with a furious, slashing assault; Chucky parries with the candelabra. They duel like sword fighters, their weapons CLANGING.

Then the candelabra sets the end of Tiffany's long bridal gown aflame! Screaming, she drops the knife and leaps to pat out the fire, running in circles, hysterical, like a dog chasing its tail. Chucky kicks the knife under the couch, safely away.

In a flash, Tiffany high-kicks the candelabra out of his hand. Then she lets loose with a ferocious display of balletic martial arts moves -- punches and kicks. Poor Chucky doesn't know what's hit him.

She grabs his arm to flip him onto his back -- but the arm POPS RIGHT OUT OF ITS SOCKET! Tiffany, holding the arm, does a quick double-take...

...and then she hauls off and SMASHES CHUCKY ACROSS THE FACE WITH THE ARM. He goes down on his back. Tiffany glowers down at him.

TIFFANY

I wouldn't marry you if you had the body of G.I. Joe...and let's face it, geek...

(she smashes him with the arm)

You're no G.I. Joe!

Chucky starts suffering the double indignity of getting the shit beaten out of him by a woman -- and with his own arm! With his remaining hand, he desperately grabs Tiff's ankle and yanks her to the floor.

Now their fight segues into Hulk Hogan territory, as the dolls wrestle savagely across the floor. Lamps crash. Chairs are knocked over. A table is overturned, scattering the newspaper clippings across the floor. The dolls are making one hell of a mess.

Chucky manages to jump onto Tiffany's back. Holding her down, he grabs his dismembered arm and pops it back into its socket. Then he starts bashing Tiff's forehead repeatedly against the floor! She screams in pain.

Then with a savage wrench, Chucky TWISTS TIFFANY'S HEAD AROUND ON ITS NECK so that she's facing him! He laughs in triumph.

CHUCKY

Face it. I've got you.

Tiffany's backward head snaps viperously at him, biting his nose! He recoils in pain, yanking her off his nose and shoving her away.

Tiffany falls to the floor, then sits up, exhausted. She TWISTS HER HEAD BACK AROUND. Chucky, lying nearby, is utterly spent, too.

CHUCKY

Give it up, Tiff. You need me.
Without me, you're stuck in that body
forever.

TIFFANY

Fuck you. I'll look it up.

She grabs the VOODOO FOR DUMMIES book.

CHUCKY

Go ahead. Chapter six, page 217.
"Astral projection from inorganic
vessels to flesh -- the spell can only
be cast with the aid of Lucifer's
Stone."

TIFFANY

(flipping to the right
page)
What's that?

CHUCKY

A magical amulet, capable of
incredible power...

TIFFANY

Where is it?

CHUCKY

(he grabs one of the old
newspaper clippings)
I was wearing it around my neck the
night I was gunned down in that toy
store, ten years ago. It was buried
with my corpse.

He shows her the newspaper: beneath the headline "SERIAL KILLER
FATALLY SHOT" is a police photo of the deceased Charles Lee Ray
(BRAD DOURIF), lying amidst a clutter of Good Guy dolls in a
toy store; a gaudy AMULET is clearly worn about his neck.

TIFFANY

(throttling Chucky)
Where, goddamn it?!

CHUCKY

L.A.

Getting to her feet, Tiffany moves to a table, grabbing her car
keys.

TIFFANY

Let's go.

CHUCKY

Sure. I'll steer, you can work the pedals.

She freezes, seeing his point. Catching her reflection in a mirror, she frowns, dropping the keys; she doesn't like what she sees.

CHUCKY

We're dolls, ya dope. And before we find us some new bodies, there's a few things you gotta remember.

(re: wound on his arm)

First -- We may be plastic, but if you cut us, we bleed...We feel, we hope, we dream, just like everybody else.

TIFFANY

Can we die?

CHUCKY

Well, I've found that death is sort of a relative term...but yeah, we can die. Your heart's your Achilles heel. Don't break it.

Suddenly feeling vulnerable, she places her hand on her heart.

CHUCKY

Another thing -- Kids are the enemy. They may look harmless, but believe me, they're nothing but trouble. Keep away from 'em.

TIFFANY

Anything else?

CHUCKY

Yeah. You're gonna need this.
(grabbing a container of baby powder, he tosses it to Tiffany)
For the chafing.

Alarmed, she glances quickly down at her thighs, as she reaches for the phone.

INT. JESSE'S TRAILER - HIS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jesse is sitting on the edge of his bed, strumming his guitar as he talks on the cell phone cradled beneath his chin.

INTERCUT WITH TIFFANY IN HER TRAILER.

JESSE
I don't get it. Why don't you just
mail the dolls to L.A.?

Using her gold-plated lighter, Tiffany lights a cigarette.
Between drags, she speaks.

TIFFANY
These dolls are very special.

JESSE
What do you mean "special?"

TIFFANY
I mean there's five hundred bucks in
it for you if you get 'em there by
tomorrow, no questions asked.
(she looks at Chucky as
he gleefully chases the
terrified cat around the
room)
I'd do it myself, but I have to take
care of a sick friend.

Jesse ponders the matter as he stares at the Mexico poster on
his wall. He realizes there's an opportunity here.

JESSE
Okay. I'll do it...but I want a
thousand bucks.

TIFFANY
What?!

JESSE
Otherwise I might get curious about
what makes your dolls so "special."

Searching through her purse, Tiffany pulls out three hundred-
dollar bills, and a wad of twenties and tens.

TIFFANY
Okay, Sweetface. I'll give you half
now. My friend in L.A. will give you
the rest. The key's under the mat.

Jesse hangs up. Then he pulls a suitcase out of his closet.

CUT TO:

TIFFANY'S NAILS as BLACK POLISH is painted on.

CUT TO:

TIFFANY'S EYES as DARK EYE SHADOW is applied.

CUT TO:

TIFFANY'S LIPS as RED LIPSTICK is applied.

CUT TO:

EXT. JESSE'S TRAILER/TIFFANY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Jesse emerges from his trailer, carrying his suitcase. He throws it into a VAN which sports a lovingly customized paint job.

INT. TIFFANY'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chucky, peeking out the window, sees Jesse at his van. He whisper-calls to Tiffany in the bathroom:

CHUCKY

He's coming!

Emerging from the bathroom, Tiffany poses in the doorway, showing off her new look: her HAIR IS DYED BLONDE, WITH DARK ROOTS; her FACE IS HEAVILY MADE UP WITH DARK EYE SHADOW AND RED LIPSTICK; and her NAILS ARE PAINTED BLACK. The look replicates that of the human Tiffany.

Chucky is speechless.

EXT. TIFFANY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Jesse approaches the trailer's front door. Reaching down under the mat, he finds a key.

INT. TIFFANY'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chucky and Tiffany scramble up onto the couch. Chucky expertly assumes the inert doll posture; Tiffany, trying to follow his lead, goes through a series of exaggerated poses, like a bad actress.

CHUCKY

Just act natural!

She tries, vainly.

EXT. TIFFANY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Using the key, Jesse opens the door and steps inside...

INT. TIFFANY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Jesse comes in. Glancing about, he's taken aback by the destruction caused earlier by the dolls' fight.

JESSE

Jesus.

Finally, he spots what he's looking for: Chucky and Tiffany, perfectly still, wearing their bland, factory-made smiles, sitting on the couch. Tiffany's pose -- her least natural yet -- has her lounging dramatically across the couch.

Clutched in Chucky's hand is a folded sheet of construction paper. On the paper, written in crayon: JESSE.

Jesse swipes the sheet of paper out of Chucky's hand. Unfolding it, he finds a wad of cash, as well as written instructions. He reads:

JESSE

"Dear Jesse, please deliver dolls to Forest Lawn Cemetery, Los Angeles, California. Love and kisses, Tiffany." Cemetery?

He shrugs. He pockets the money and the sheet of paper.

Then, he fidgets. Glancing about, he spots the bathroom. He heads inside.

The DOLLS' HEADS SWIVEL SLOWLY, following Jesse...

INT. TIFFANY'S TRAILER - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jesse enters, almost tripping over the busted TV set. He steps over the collapsed shelves. Shaking his head at the mess, he moves straight to the toilet. Unzipping his fly, he starts to pee BELOW FRAME.

He doesn't notice, in the tub across the room behind him, TIFFANY'S HUMAN CORPSE lolling beneath the water...

As he pees, Jesse starts to whistle and glance idly about the bathroom. It's only a matter of time until he glances into the adjacent medicine cabinet mirror -- which clearly REFLECTS THE TUB AND ITS DEAD OCCUPANT.

At the door leading to the living room, Chucky peeks around the jamb, spying on Jesse, clearly worried that he might find the corpse. Chucky clutches the BUTCHER KNIFE in his hand...

Jesse continues peeing, whistling, and glancing about the bathroom. He's about to look into the mirror when...

...he's distracted by something underfoot: glancing down, he sees that he is standing in a thin little stream of sudsy water.

He finishes peeing. He zips up his fly. Then he turns around and sees that the sudsy stream leads across the tile floor... to the bathtub.

Curious, Jesse follows the stream, heading toward the tub, oblivious to the fact that Chucky, knife in hand, is creeping into the bathroom just behind him...

Jesse moves closer and closer to the tub, unaware that Chucky is stalking him from behind...

Then, just before reaching the edge of the tub, Jesse is distracted yet again, his eye caught by something glittering on the floor.

He kneels to investigate...and finds the FAKE DIAMOND RING discarded earlier by Tiffany.

Jesse stares wide-eyed at the ring, clearly inspired by it. He carefully studies the tiny, gleaming stone.

He glances furtively about, like a kid about to raid the cookie jar. He slips the ring into his pocket and gets to his feet. Then, as he turns back toward the door...

...Chucky darts out of the room a millisecond before being spotted. Jesse, still none the wiser, heads back into the living room...

INT. TIFFANY'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jesse goes to the couch. The dolls are sitting there side by side -- only now, they seem to have switched sides.

Jesse stares at the dolls, unsure. Ultimately rejecting the insane idea, he shrugs it off. Then he grabs the dolls roughly by the arms and carries them carelessly out of the trailer, pulling the door shut behind him.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - NIGHT

The van zooms through the night, trailing deafening HEAVY METAL MUSIC.

INT. JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

As he drives, and the MUSIC wails, Jesse punches a number on his cell phone. Jade answers:

JADE (ON PHONE)

Hello?

JESSE

Where are you?

JADE (ON PHONE)
At the drive-in with David.

JESSE
Were you followed?

JADE (ON PHONE)
No, I don't think so.

JESSE
Okay, just stay there.

He hangs up, then floors the accelerator.

IN THE BACK OF THE VAN

Chucky and Tiffany, sitting amidst the van's clutter, "playing dead," are hurled backwards suddenly by the vehicle's acceleration. They crash against the rear door.

CHUCKY AND TIFFANY
Ow!

WITH JESSE

as he reacts to what sounded like voices coming from the back of the van; he can't be sure, what with the loud MUSIC. He glances into the rear-view mirror, which reflects the two dolls, lying in a heap. Perfectly still.

EXT. JADE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The van pulls up in front of Jade's house. Jesse gets out, then sneaks quietly through the expansive, shadowy front yard toward the house.

AT THE VAN

Chucky and Tiffany pop up into view, peeking out one of the van's windows. Tiffany massages the back of her neck.

TIFFANY
I hate playing dead like that.

CHUCKY
That's funny. As I recall, you were always so good at it in bed.

She decks him, and they both go down again, disappearing beneath the window, from whence come the sounds of their scuffling.

AT THE HOUSE - BENEATH JADE'S WINDOW

Jesse climbs up a trellis to the window. He opens it and climbs inside.

After he disappears into the house...WARREN emerges from behind a tree, having witnessed Jesse's stunt.

INT. JADE'S HOUSE - JADE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jesse pulls a suitcase out of a closet. He starts indiscriminately stuffing Jade's clothes into the suitcase. Finding himself holding a pair of Jade's sexy underwear, he clutches the garment to his heart, sighing expansively. He tosses the underwear into the suitcase.

Then he spots a framed photo on the night stand: it depicts Jesse, Jade, David, and a fourth boy, horsing around at the beach. Jesse picks up the photo, stares at it for a moment, smiling nostalgically, then tosses it into the suitcase.

EXT. JADE'S HOUSE - JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

Warren, moving to the van parked at the curb, pulls a tiny cell phone out of his pocket and punches a number. After a couple of rings:

WARREN
Get me the police.

More ringing. Then a gruff voice -- that of Needle-Nose Norton -- answers:

NORTON (OVER PHONE)
Norton.

WARREN
It's me. His van's parked in front of my house as we speak.

NORTON (OVER PHONE)
I'm on my way. Can you stall him?

WARREN
Don't worry. He's not going anywhere.

Warren hangs up. Moving to the front of the van, he pops the hood open. Reaching into the engine, he removes a single fuse.

INT. JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

The dolls, spying on Warren through the windshield, see him pocket the fuse, then close the hood.

TIFFANY

Who's this guy? What's he doing?

CHUCKY

Screwing with our ride, that's what.

EXT. JADE'S HOUSE - JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

Warren reaches into another pocket...and this time pulls out a clear cellophane bag filled with what is obviously COCAINE. He smiles deviously.

He reaches to open the van's sliding side door...but it's locked. He moves forward, to the passenger door. Locked. He circles around to the driver's door. Locked.

Stymied but not defeated, he hurries up the driveway and enters the open garage...never noticing the dolls peeking out at him from inside the van.

INT. JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

CHUCKY

This dickweed has it in for our boy.
Well, have I got a surprise for him.

Reaching into the pouch-like pocket in his overalls, Chucky whips out the butcher knife from Tiffany's kitchen.

TIFFANY

Were you born with that knife grafted onto your hand, or what?

CHUCKY

What are you talking about?

TIFFANY

You are so predictable, Chucky! A proper murder should have some style, some pizazz. You look like you're going to chop up some onions.

CHUCKY

Well, excuse me, Martha Stewart! It's the only weapon I've got!

TIFFANY

What does Martha Stewart tell you to do when guests drop by for dinner and you haven't had time to shop?

Chucky looks at her blankly.

TIFFANY

You improvise.

She glances about the van's messy interior: there's an electric guitar, a grease-stained shirt, a bunch of plastic cups and fast-food containers. Nothing that looks particularly lethal.

Chucky plucks one of the guitar's steel strings.

CHUCKY

Hmm. What about--

TIFFANY

(sing-songy)

Pre-dic-ta-ble.

He sighs, exasperated. Finally, Tiffany spots a package of small NAILS on the floor. She smiles.

TIFFANY

A-ha.

EXT. JADE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Warren emerges from the garage, now carrying a screwdriver. He heads for the van.

AT THE VAN

Warren glances furtively about, making sure the coast is clear. Then he uses the screwdriver to jimmy the lock on the door. Presto. He slides it open...

INT. JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

Warren climbs in. The dolls are nowhere in sight.

Smiling nefariously, Warren plants the bag of coke on the floor near the back of the van. He's about to turn around and leave...

...when he hears the soft, insidious sound of a woman GIGGLING, coming from the FRONT of the van. Startled, he glances up toward the bucket seats: he sees no one, but the high seat-backs prevent a complete view.

And the GIGGLING persists, soft, tinged with malevolence.

WARREN

Who's there?

No answer, just the GIGGLING.

Warren starts making his way up toward the front of the van...

WARREN

Jade?

WARREN'S POV

Approaching the front of the van through the space between the bucket seats: on a small ledge running the length of the dash board, DOZENS OF NAILS have been lined up, their sharp tips pointing out and gleaming in the moonlight.

BACK TO SCENE

as Warren furrows his brow, puzzled by the nails.

And the GIGGLING lures him ever forward...

Finally, he reaches the front seats: Tiffany is sitting in the driver's seat, looking up at Warren, GIGGLING softly. His eyes go wide with shock.

Suddenly Tiffany shouts:

TIFFANY

NOW!

And she immediately dives to the floor beneath the steering wheel.

EXT. UNDERNEATH JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

Lying on his back beneath the van's complicated mechanicals, Chucky, responding to Tiffany's signal, uses his BUTCHER KNIFE to swiftly CUT A WIRE...

INT. JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

...causing the AIR BAGS TO EXPLODE OUT OF THE DASH BOARD, SHOOTING THE WHISTLING NAILS DIRECTLY AT WARREN! His scream is cut off as the force of the impact sends him flying backward, crashing to the floor on his back!

Then silence. Tiffany climbs up from underneath the steering wheel. Like a wide-eyed little girl coming down the stairs on Christmas morning, she hurries to see what's become of Warren.

He's lying there, quite literally dead as a doornail, his staring eyes betraying the horror of his final moment -- with DOZENS OF NAILS imbedded in his face and chest, thin rivers of blood streaming from each wound and coursing down and across his face.

Tiffany claps her hands together in delight. Chucky enters through the still-open rear door. He looks down at Warren -- whose face now resembles that of a certain popular horror anti-hero.

CHUCKY
That looks so familiar...

TIFFANY
See? Now that's the work of a true
homicidal genius.

CHUCKY
Not bad...for an amateur.

TIFFANY
(glancing out the window)
Shit! Here he comes!

EXT. JADE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jesse emerges from Jade's window and starts climbing down the trellis, suitcase in tow.

INT. JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

Chucky closes the sliding door. Panicked, Tiffany looks down at Warren's corpse.

TIFFANY
What do we do with him?!

CHUCKY
(sarcastic)
I don't know. What would Martha
Stewart do?

While Tiffany bustles about in a panic, Chucky calmly opens a bin under one of the rear seats which line the van's walls.

CHUCKY
Here.

EXT. JADE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jesse comes tumbling off the trellis, hitting the ground with a painful thump.

INT. JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

The dolls, each holding one of Warren's feet, grunt and groan with the effort of dragging the corpse across the floor to the bin.

EXT. JADE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Groaning, Jesse gets to his feet.

INT. JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

The dolls stuff the corpse into the bin. Tiffany tries to close the lid, but Warren's head is sticking up too far. Chucky gives the head a kick, stomping it down. Tiffany closes the lid.

EXT. JADE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jesse starts limping his way across the yard toward the van...

INT. JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

Chucky is stuffing the air bag back into the dash board, while Tiffany uses a greasy shirt to mop up the blood on the floor.

Glancing out the window, she sees Jesse approaching. She calls to Chucky:

TIFFANY

Hurry!

Chucky closes up the dash board...

EXT. JADE'S HOUSE - JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

Jesse opens the sliding side door, tossing the suitcase into the van without looking inside...

INT. JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

The suitcase clobbers Tiffany, knocking her flat. Jesse, oblivious, slides the door shut.

EXT. JADE'S HOUSE - JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

Jesse circles around to the driver's door. He inserts the key into the lock...

INT. JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

Chucky hurries to the back of the van; Tiffany wipes up the last of the blood...

...as Jesse opens the door and climbs behind the wheel.

Then, he notices something strange: a single engine fuse (the fuse Warren had removed minutes before), lying on the floor between the bucket seats.

Jesse picks up the fuse. Puzzled, he furrows his brow. He glances to the back of the van, where the dolls are sitting where he left them, smiling their innocent, ready-made smiles.

EXT. JADE'S HOUSE - JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

Moving to the front of the van, Jesse pops the hood and replaces the fuse. Closing the hood, he glances about, suspicious. Then he climbs behind the wheel again.

INT. JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

Jesse starts the engine.

In the back, Chucky glances down at the floor...and spots the forgotten BAG OF COCAINE. With his foot, he quietly drags the bag toward him, then slowly picks it up.

Then he stuffs the bag into Tiffany's bosom, hiding it beneath the neckline of her gown. The bag augments her décolletage, like falsies.

Chucky cops a feel. Tiffany scowls angrily at him.

EXT. JADE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The van zooms off...just as a cop car approaches. It's Norton.

The cop car pauses in front of the house. Norton glances about, sees no one.

Then he follows after the van.

EXT. DRIVE-IN - NIGHT

Festive spotlights crisscross the night sky. The marquee reads:

TWO HORROR CLASSICS
"BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN"
AND
MICHAEL JACKSON IN "THE WIZ"

The lot is packed with cars in which kids are drinking beer, smoking dope, and making out, while on the enormous looming screen, Dr. Frankenstein is shouting his immortal words: "She's alive! Alive!"

David's BMW is among the herd of cars.

INT. DAVID'S BMW - NIGHT

In the front seat, David and an evidently depressed Jade are munching popcorn and candy while watching the movie. On the screen, the just-revived Bride of Frankenstein stares, mesmerized, at her hulking intended mate. David comments:

DAVID

Yeah, she's thinking seven foot three, size nineteen shoe...she's doing the math...

(the Bride screams; David grins)

She's in love.

JADE

David, have you ever been in love?

DAVID

Yeah. Sophomore year. Brad Bottger.

JADE

Brad Bottger?! Oh my God, he's gorgeous. I didn't know he was gay.

DAVID

Neither did he. He was a fast learner, though.

JADE

What happened?

DAVID

His mom found a letter I'd written him. She freaked. She forbid us to see each other. Sound familiar?

JADE

What did you do?

DAVID

We did as we were told. We didn't want to cause trouble. And you know what? -- I've regretted it ever since.

Jesse's van pulls up in the space just to the right. Jesse and Jade glance longingly at one another through the windows. Jesse waves her over.

DAVID

We only get a few chances to be happy in life, Jade. You've gotta grab the brass ring when you can.

She gives David a kiss.

JADE

Thanks.

Then she hurries out of the car.

David glances over at the car on his left, where a CUTE GUY is staring right at him. The Cute Guy offers a speculative smile. David glances about, not sure that it is he who is being smiled at. He looks back at the Cute Guy, who waves David over.

INT. JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

Jade climbs into the van and jumps right into Jesse's lap, smothering him with kisses.

JADE

I can't stand being away from you.

He reaches into his pocket.

JESSE

I have something for you.

He pulls out the ring and proudly shows it to her.

JADE

(looking at the obviously
fake ring)

Oh my God, it's...it's beautiful.

JESSE

I promise I'll get you a real one
someday.

WITH THE DOLLS IN THE BACK OF THE VAN

They're spying on the kids up front. Tiffany angrily whispers to Chucky:

TIFFANY

That's my ring!

WITH JESSE AND JADE

JESSE

I'd do anything for you, Jade.
Anything. Do you believe that?

JADE

Jesse...

JESSE

Do you?

JADE

Yes.

JESSE

Then marry me. Tonight. Let's get out of this stinking town once and for all.

JADE

But my stepfather...

JESSE

Fuck him. We'll disappear. I already packed your bag. We can go to Mexico, like we always dreamed.

JADE

What are we supposed to do for money?

Jesse pulls out the cash he got from Tiffany. He hands the money to Jade.

JADE

Where'd you get this?

JESSE

You know my neighbor Tiffany?

JADE

You mean Morticia Adams?

In the back of the van, Tiffany scowls.

JESSE

(he jerks a thumb back at the dolls)

She's payin' me to take those dolls to a friend of hers in L.A. We'll get another five hundred at the other end.

JADE

A thousand dollars?! Christ, Jesse! What has that freak gotten you into?

JESSE

I don't know and I don't care! All I know is this is our chance. With that money, I could put a down payment on a boat. I could fish, I could give sailing lessons. I could help put you through college.

(a beat)

Come with me, Jade. What do you say?

He slides the ring onto her finger. Melting, she looks at him.

JADE

I say "I do."

They kiss.

WITH THE DOLLS

Chucky is sneering at the tender scene. Tiffany is swooning.

TIFFANY

That is so romantic.

CHUCKY

I give 'em six months. Three if she gains weight.

EXT. DRIVE-IN - NIGHT

Norton's cop car enters the drive-in, a conspicuous interloper in this teen-aged world. As the cop car slithers through the herd of Mustangs, Camaros, et. al., we glimpse, through various windows, kids frantically hiding their beer bottles and snuffing out their joints.

The cop car parks in the space directly to the right of Jesse's van. Norton remains sitting there behind the wheel, staring at Jesse and Jade making out in the van.

ON THE MOVIE SCREEN

The Bride recoils from her intended mate, screaming in revulsion and terror. The rejected suitor mutters sadly: "She hate me."

INT. JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

While the kids are smooching up front, the dolls look past them through the windshield, watching the movie, riveted.

CHUCKY

(whispering)

This is one of my all-time favorites.

Tiffany nods in agreement, weeping, moved by the predicament of the film's monstrous, doomed couple: on the screen, the Monster says to his Bride, "We should be dead."

Tiffany brushes a tear off her cheek.

TIFFANY

(whispering)

It gets me every time.

WITH JESSE AND JADE

Jesse, kissing Jade, glances over her shoulder and spots Norton in his car.

JESSE
Shit.

JADE
What?

JESSE
Needle-Nose.

She follows his gaze. Norton is just sitting there, staring malevolently at them.

Furious, Jade opens her door and gets out of the van.

JESSE
Jade!

He hurries out after her.

EXT. DRIVE-IN - DAVID'S BMW - NIGHT

David and the Cute Guy are leaning on the BMW's hood, chatting away, evidently getting along famously. Then David sees Jade marching over to the cop car, and Jesse rushing to catch her, desperate to prevent the inevitable scene.

DAVID
Oh, shit.

EXT. DRIVE-IN - COP CAR - NIGHT

Jade bangs angrily on Norton's window. He rolls it down a bit.

JADE
How much is he paying you?

NORTON
More than you can offer, that's for sure.

JADE
So what are you gonna do -- follow us around for the rest of our lives?

NORTON
Beats handing out parking tickets. Pays more, too.

Jade explodes: she starts pounding on the side of the car. She reaches to open the door, but Norton LOCKS IT just in time.

JADE
Fuck you! I'll fucking vaporize you!

Jesse tries to restrain her.

AT THE VAN

The dolls are spying on the scene through the window. Chucky, transfixed by Jade's violent antics, eyes her with admiration.

CHUCKY

Wow.

AT THE COP CAR

Jesse pulls a hysterical Jade away from the car, as kids in neighboring cars crane their necks to stare. David and the Cute Guy stare as well. Norton just laughs. Jesse escorts Jade through the flock of cars to

THE CONCESSION STAND

where a queue of impatient kids stands waiting to be served. The bystanders, having already observed Jade's outburst with the cop, now can't help overhearing her heated exchange with Jesse:

JADE

We're screwed! It doesn't matter where we go. They'll find us.

JESSE

Relax, baby.

JADE

What are we going to do?

JESSE

I don't know. Let me get you something to drink.

JADE

(she sighs)

I'll meet you back at the van.

Royally pissed, she disappears around a corner, following a sign which points the way to the rest rooms.

INT. JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

The dolls are looking out the window at the cop car.

CHUCKY

Figures you'd hitch us a ride with The Fugitive. I told you we should have called Federal Express.

Chucky ponders the situation. He stares thoughtfully out the window at the cop car. Then, he turns back to Tiffany.

CHUCKY
Give me your lighter.

She hands him the gold-plated lighter.

TIFFANY
What are you doing?

CHUCKY
Improvising.

He snatches one of Jesse's grease-stained shirts off the floor. Then, he carefully slides the side door open, just a crack. He peeks out, making sure the coast is clear.

CHUCKY
(turning to Tiffany)
Now sit back...and learn from the master.

Carrying the shirt and the lighter, Chucky slips out the door...

EXT. DRIVE-IN - NIGHT

Chucky drops to the ground. Keeping low, he crawls on all fours across the pavement toward the cop car, a distance of about ten feet.

IN A NEARBY STATION WAGON

A LITTLE GIRL spots Chucky creeping across the ground. Terrified by the sight of this living doll, with its grotesque Frankenstein-like face, she starts to shriek and points directly at him. Chucky scowls and flips her the middle finger in response. He crawls on.

The girl's MOMMY takes her wailing daughter into her arms.

MOMMY
Oh honey, it's only a movie.

WITH CHUCKY

as he reaches the cop car. Kneeling near the rear tire on the driver's side, he reaches up and opens the gas tank. He unscrews the cap. He stuffs the greasy shirt into the tank.

AT THE VAN

Tiffany is observing through the window. She smiles despite herself, impressed.

WITH CHUCKY

as he fires the lighter, using it to ignite the dangling end of the shirt. Slowly, it begins to burn...

Back on all fours, Chucky quickly scampers back toward the van...accidentally and obviously DROPPING THE LIGHTER along the way.

He climbs back into the van, shutting the door behind him.

WITH JESSE,

carrying a couple of sodas as he makes his way through the pack of cars, heading back to the van.

WITH JADE

as she emerges from the ladies' room and heads back toward the van, approaching from a different direction than that taken by Jesse.

AT THE COP CAR

The shirt continues to burn toward the gas tank...

INSIDE THE COP CAR

Norton is watching the movie: on screen, Frankenstein's Monster has set fire to the Blind Man's cottage. The Blind Man coughs due to the billowing smoke.

Norton himself starts to cough due to sudden SMOKE. It takes him a moment to wrench himself back to reality, realizing that his smoke is separate and distinct from the movie, and very real. Panicked, he glances about...

...and spots, in the SIDE MIRROR, the shirt burning toward the gas tank, almost there now...

Frantic, he tries to open his door. But it's STILL LOCKED. And seconds count now.

Reaching to unlock the door, he glances over at Jesse's van...

...and sees the two dolls watching him from inside the van, their faces contorted in evil, hysterical laughter. He freezes in shock, his fingers poised on the door-lock button...

EXT. DRIVE-IN - NIGHT

KABOOM! THE COP CAR EXPLODES, A SUDDEN INFERNO ERUPTING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PACKED DRIVE-IN!

Pandemonium ensues. Kids scream. Cars start SCREECHING away, slamming into one another.

Jesse and Jade, on opposite sides of the flaming cop car, look across the inferno at one another, their faces etched in horror, disbelief...and creeping suspicion. Then Jesse calls to her:

JESSE

Come on!

Each races back to the van.

INT. JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

Jesse and Jade pile into the front seats. Jesse fires the ignition and peels out.

IN THE BACK OF THE VAN

The dolls, now sitting beside one another at the rear window, watch the burning cop car recede as the van roars out of the drive-in. It's almost like watching a movie.

Tiffany turns to Chucky, offering a conciliatory smile.

TIFFANY

At least you haven't forgotten how to show a girl a good time.

Chucky tentatively puts his arm around her. She makes no attempt to remove it.

EXT. DRIVE-IN - NIGHT

With the cop car flaming nearby, and chaos all around, David watches in disbelief as Jesse's van roars out of the drive-in, burning rubber as it SCREECHES around a corner onto the highway.

EXT. DRIVE-IN - NIGHT (LATER)

POLICE CARS are on the scene. SIRENS wail, LIGHTS flash. Firemen spray water onto the still-smoldering cop car.

A DRUNK GUY babbles to DETECTIVE PRESTON (the cop Tiffany had been watching on TV):

DRUNK GUY

I'm telling you, Lieutenant...

PRESTON
Detective. Just Detective.

DRUNK GUY
I'm telling you, Detective, this guy was short -- real short, like that guy on Fantasy Island -- with hair as red as the fires of hell itself!

PRESTON
(writing on a pad)
Hellfire. Got it.

Preston's superior officer -- a CAPTAIN -- approaches.

CAPTAIN
What have you got?

Preston shows his Captain a clear plastic pouch which contains Tiffany's lighter.

PRESTON
(referring to his notes)
Their names are Jade Kincaid and Jesse Miller. We've already talked to three dozen witnesses, and they can all attest to motive and intent. Norton was definitely on the take -- the girl's stepfather pretty much owned him. And get this -- now the stepfather's missing.

CAPTAIN
What else?

PRESTON
The van was seen heading west on sixty-six. I put out an APB, and we're setting up a roadblock in Carson. In the meantime, we're checking their phone records. The kid received a call from a Tiffany Taylor earlier tonight. Turns out she lives next door to him. We'll look into it.

CAPTAIN
Better call in the FBI while you're at it.

PRESTON
Charlie, they haven't crossed the state line yet. We don't have to call the Feds for twenty-four hours. Let me run with this, what do you say?

CAPTAIN

Okay, Preston, it's your show. Keep me posted.

Preston gets into his car, clearly fired up. He glances at his reflection in the rear-view mirror.

PRESTON

Lieutenant Preston, Nevada State Police...Lieutenant Preston, you're safe now, ma'am...Lieutenant Preston.

He likes the sound of it. Flashing a big smile, he starts the car and drives off.

CAMERA LINGERS on a concerned David as he watches the cop car zoom away. David evidently had been eavesdropping on the cops' conversation.

EXT. ROUTE 66 - NIGHT

The van zooms past a sign designating the famous highway: ROUTE 66.

INT. JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

The kids are horrified, panic-stricken. Each keeps glancing at the other when the other isn't looking. Finally, they glance at one another simultaneously.

JESSE

What?

JADE

That's all you have to say?

JESSE

What do you want me to say?

JADE

Well, I would think you'd have something to say about what happened back there!

JESSE

I do. I think you're fucking nuts!

JADE

I'm nuts?! You tell me you'll do anything for me, and this is what I get?

JESSE

What do you want? You want me to condone what you've done? Isn't it enough that here I am, abetting your getaway?

JADE

My getaway?! I'm practically your hostage!

IN THE BACK OF THE VAN

The dolls chuckle at the mischief they're causing.

WITH THE KIDS

JESSE

Wait a minute. You think that I...

JADE

Well, didn't you?

JESSE

To be honest, I was thinking the same about you.

JADE

How could you think that?

JESSE

You just announced in front of three hundred people that you were gonna vaporize him!

JADE

That was a figure of speech!

JESSE

Hey! You were just as quick to judge me.

JADE

I didn't do it.

JESSE

Well, neither did I.

They look at one another. Stalemate.

Then Jesse's cell phone RINGS shrilly. He puts the call on the SPEAKER:

JESSE

Hello.

INTERCUT WITH DAVID AT THE DRIVE-IN.

DAVID
What the fuck?

JESSE
Wild shit, huh?

JADE
I don't know what to tell you, David.
I don't know what the hell is going
on.

DAVID
Well, the cops seem to think it's all
pretty cut and dried. They're
thinking Mickey and Mallory, Bonnie
and Clyde, you get the picture?

JESSE
Mickey and Mallory and Bonnie and
Clyde were mass murderers.

DAVID
Multiple murderers, actually. Mass
murders happen all at once, like at
the post office. Multiple murders are
serial killings.

JADE
What does this have to do with us?

DAVID
Your stepfather's missing.

JADE
What?!

The kids eye one another suspiciously.

DAVID
Look, they're setting up a roadblock
in Carson. You guys better lay low
for a while.

JADE
We'll get back to you.

Jesse clicks off. Jade turns and looks toward the back of the
van...where she sees her suitcase.

JADE
Did you see Warren tonight?

DAVID

No.
(beat)
Did you?

JADE

No.

They eye each other warily.

JESSE

No one's going to believe us.

JADE

I know that.

JESSE

We better get off at the next exit.

CLOSE ON THE DOLLS

sitting, smiling, on the back seat...beneath which, as ONLY WE KNOW, Warren has been stuffed.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The van veers onto an exit ramp; a SIGN with an arrow indicates that the exit leads to LAS VEGAS.

EXT. VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

The van inches through heavy traffic along the neon-streaked, casino-lined strip.

Up ahead: a looming CHAPEL, incongruously festooned with kitschy lights. A SIGN reads: "STOP 'N' GET HITCHED."

INT. JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

The kids are staring at the chapel's beckoning sign, an uncomfortable silence between them. Finally, Jesse speaks up:

JESSE

All we've got is each other. If we don't trust each other, then we might as well say good-bye right now. Do you trust me, Jade?

JADE

As much as you trust me, I guess.

They look at one another for a moment. The turn for the chapel is coming up. Finally, Jesse impulsively yanks the wheel...

EXT. VEGAS STRIP - CHAPEL - NIGHT

The van pulls off the strip, entering the parking lot in front of the chapel.

INT. JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

Jesse parks the van and kills the engine. Without looking at Jade...

JESSE
Let's do it.

...he gets out. Jade follows.

Then the dolls come to life, moving to the windows, watching the kids enter the chapel.

TIFFANY
Cute couple.

CHUCKY
You thinking what I'm thinking? We're gonna need new bodies anyway.

TIFFANY
And it would be such a shame to break them up.

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

Jesse and Jade enter as the Justice of the Peace -- dressed and made up to resemble a seventies-era ELVIS, white jumpsuit, rhinestones, and all -- officiates over a slick couple in their early twenties, RUSS and DIANE.

Elvis displays a cynical, disaffected manner toward the proceedings; his voice is flat and toneless. Except for his get-up, there's nothing remotely Elvis-like about him.

ELVIS
I now pronounce you man and wife.
(to Russ)
You may kiss the bride.
(to Diane)
You may kiss your hunk-a-hunk-a-burnin' love.

Elvis, heading away, unenthusiastically tosses a handful of rice onto the couple as they embrace...but they stop short of kissing as they are distracted by Jesse and Jade's entrance. Russ and Diane smile at the kids. They never do kiss.

Elvis meets the kids.

ELVIS
Welcome to Saint Presley's. I'm
Reverend Silverstein. Do you have
your license?

Jesse pulls it out, shows it to him.

ELVIS
Fine. Do you have anyone to stand
witness for you?

Jesse and Jade look at one another. Russ and Diane step
forward.

RUSS
We'll do it.

DIANE
We'd be happy to.

JADE
Thanks.

ELVIS
Fine. Do you have a ring?

Jade holds up her hand, shows him the ring.

ELVIS
Lovely. Let's begin. Now, do you
have anything special you'd like to
say, or shall we just cut right to the
good stuff?

Jesse and Jade are silent. Finally:

JESSE
The good stuff.

INT. JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

The dolls are sitting comfortably in the front seats, listening
to the RADIO, gazing idly out the windshield. Tiffany stares
up at the chapel in all its kitschy-neon grandeur.

TIFFANY
Isn't it beautiful? I always dreamed
of having a big church wedding, with
bridesmaids and a cake and my picture
in the paper -- not just the usual mug
shot, but something really flattering.

She turns away sadly. Chucky can't bear it. He takes a deep breath before forging ahead with something which, for him, is very difficult:

CHUCKY

Tiffany, I know your life hasn't exactly turned out the way you'd hoped. I know I'm...partly...to blame. And I want you to know that I'm really, really sorry.

She turns to him, looking at him with great affection.

TIFFANY

I guess I can't complain. I always wanted us to spend more time together, maybe do some travelling, see the world. Well -- just look at us now!

Chucky can't help himself: he starts to laugh. Tiffany looks at him for a moment, then joins in. Soon, they're both laughing hysterically.

CHUCKY

Yeah. Life sure is full of surprises.

They're both convulsed with laughter...and then with shocking surprise THE BACK-SEAT BIN IS FLUNG OPEN AND WARREN -- BLOOD, NAILS, AND ALL -- POPS OUT LIKE A JACK-IN-THE-BOX, SHOOTING TO HIS FEET AND SCREAMING LIKE A BANSHEE! HE'S NOT DEAD, AFTER ALL!

The dolls shriek in terror. Warren screams anew at the sight of the dolls. Everyone's screaming at once. Bedlam.

Desperate to escape, Warren scrambles out of the bin, still screaming.

TIFFANY

Stop him!

Chucky whips out his knife -- then hesitates, staring at it, unsure. Meanwhile, Warren is making for the door.

TIFFANY

KILL HIM!

Stumbling, Warren falls flat on his face -- in the process driving the nails DEEPER into his face! He screams in agony. Yet still alive and kicking.

Chucky leaps onto Warren's back, raises his knife, and lets him have it. Warren stops screaming, lies still.

Chucky lovingly wipes the bloody blade off on Warren's shirt. Holding up the knife, he turns to Tiffany.

CHUCKY

A true classic never goes out of style.

Tiffany smiles, impressed.

EXT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

Jesse and Jade emerge from the chapel into the parking lot. They are not holding hands.

JESSE

We should probably spend the night somewhere, think about what we're gonna do.

JADE

You're probably right.

Russ and Diane, happy as clams, emerge from the chapel.

RUSS AND DIANE

Congratulations!

JESSE

Thanks. And thanks again for the witness thing.

RUSS

No problem. Hey -- you heading down the strip?

JESSE

Yeah.

RUSS

Could you give me and my girlfriend -- me and my wife, gotta get used to that -- Could you give us a lift to a motel? Our car won't start.

JESSE

Uh...I...

RUSS

It's just a few blocks.

JESSE

(giving in)

Okay. We're right over here.

He points out the van.

INT. JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

Jesse opens the sliding side door and leans into the van. Tiffany is sitting on the rear seat. Making room for his guests, Jesse grabs Tiffany and tosses her forward; she lands -- hard -- between the bucket seats...

...causing the BAG OF COCAINE to fall out onto the floor beside the doll.

Jade, entering through the passenger door, sees the drugs and reacts with silent shock. She looks accusingly at Jesse, who shakes his head helplessly.

Russ and Diane are waiting to get in. Jade quickly stuffs the cocaine back into Tiffany's bosom.

Russ and Diane pile in, sitting on the back seat. They do not notice...

A TINY PIECE OF WARREN'S SHIRT sticking out from inside the bin, along with a thin stream of BLOOD dripping down the seat and puddling on the floor.

EXT. CHAPEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The van pulls out of the lot and into the strip traffic.

EXT. JESSE'S TRAILER/TIFFANY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

A squad of cop cars surrounds the trailers, their lights flashing. Yellow "police line" tape keeps gawking neighbors at bay.

INT. TIFFANY'S TRAILER - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Preston presides as a team of cops and forensic experts surround the tub, examining Tiffany's human corpse. Flash bulbs pop as photos are taken.

Preston is holding some of Tiffany's old newspaper clippings. He looks curiously at the headlines regarding Charles Lee Ray.

A COP enters from the living room. He approaches Preston.

COP

Check it out.

Wearing gloves, he shows Preston the Polaroid of Damien, made up as a bloody corpse.

COP

Recognize the nail polish?

PRESTON

I do: Damien Thorn. Well, boys, I'd say its official -- we really are dealing with Bonnie and Clyde.

CUT TO:

CHUCKY AND TIFFANY, side by side on the floor of...

INT. JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

Jesse driving, Jade riding shotgun, Russ and Diane in back.

Diane grabs Tiffany. Jesse and Jade gulp silently, worried about the drugs.

DIANE

Russ, look! Have you ever seen anything so cute in your life? What a great idea for a wedding gift.

JESSE

Actually, they're not ours. I'm delivering them...to Reno.

He glances significantly at Jade. She understands that he's purposely trying to throw Russ and Diane off their trail.

RUSS

(takes Tiffany from Diane)

Really? That's weird. Don't they sell these things in Reno?

JESSE

These dolls must have sentimental value for someone.

Diane picks Chucky up. She winces at his ravaged, stitched-up face.

DIANE

That must be it. This guy has a face only a mother could love.

CHUCKY

(Good Guy voice)

Hi! I'm Chucky, and I wouldn't talk if I were you! Hidey-ho, ha-ha-ha!

Diane glares at the doll, offended. Then, puzzled, she furrows her brow.

DIANE

Wait a minute. How did it--

RUSS

Chucky! Of course! I remember --
These dolls are programmed to say all
kinds of shit. And that kid a few
years ago who killed his baby-sitter
and went all postal, he said his
Chucky doll did it!

JADE

That's right. It was a big scandal.
They had to recall all the dolls.

DIANE

(gingerly setting Chucky
down)

Well, they're just asking for trouble
with that kind of talk.

EXT. VEGAS MOTEL - NIGHT

The van pulls up in front of another kitsch palace. The sign
out front reads HONEYMOON SWEETS.

INT. JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

JESSE

(to Jade)

Why don't you get us a room. I'll
find a place to park.

Without a word, Jade gets out.

RUSS

I'll go with you.

He gets out, too, leaving Jesse and Diane alone in the van,
along with the dolls. Diane joins Jesse up front. He drives
on, looking for a parking space.

DIANE

So how long have you two been
together?

JESSE

Two-and-a-half years.

DIANE

Two-and-a-half years! You really are
newlyweds. Me and Russ have been
together for going on seven years now.

JESSE
(unenthusiastic)
That's great.

DIANE
Wanna know our secret? Freedom.

JESSE
Yeah?

DIANE
We give each other the freedom to be ourselves, and to take advantage of life's...opportunities.

JESSE
Uh-huh.

DIANE
So what are you up to tonight, Jesse?
You wanna get a drink?

JESSE
(incredulous)
It's my wedding night.

DIANE
Mine, too...and that really turns me on.

Tiffany turns to Chucky, a look of open-mouthed outrage on her face.

INT. VEGAS MOTEL - FRONT DESK - NIGHT

Jade and Russ are at the front desk, waiting for keys to their rooms. We catch them in mid-conversation:

RUSS
Relationships are organic. They're like sharks, they have to keep moving and growing. The minute they stop, they're dead. You have to work to keep it fresh.

JADE
So you're saying that relationships are merciless killing machines that consume everything in their path.

RUSS
(laughing)
No, I'm just saying they demand constant stimulation...Know what I mean?

Jade rolls her eyes.

INT. MOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jesse unlocks the door to his and Jade's room. Russ and Diane are at the next door down the hall.

RUSS

(to Jade)

Hope your throat feels better.

JADE

Thanks.

RUSS

You know, I make this drink with scotch and honey that'll fix you up in a jiffy--

JADE

No, thanks, we're both pretty tired.

DIANE

Too bad. Holler if you need us.

Both couples disappear into their rooms, closing the doors.

INT. MOTEL - JESSE AND JADE'S SUITE - NIGHT

Sitting area, bedroom, bathroom. Heart-shaped water bed, mirrored ceiling, a blazing fire. A bottle of champagne chills in an ice bucket.

Jesse and Jade are oblivious to all of it. They're watching the news on TV: a reporter is interviewing Preston at the drive-in.

REPORTER (ON TV)

Detective, is it true that Jesse and Jade may in fact be the serial killers you've been tracking for the past few weeks?

PRESTON (ON TV)

I can't confirm that at this time. All I can say is that Jesse and Jade are currently at large, thought to be heading west, and are to be considered armed and extremely dangerous.

Jade switches the TV off.

JADE
Any ideas?

JESSE
We stick to the plan: Deliver the dolls, get our money, and take our chances south of the border.

JADE
So this is marriage.

INT. JESSE'S VAN - NIGHT

Tiffany watches as Chucky paces frantically.

TIFFANY
Relax. You're making me nervous.

CHUCKY
Yeah, well, I'll feel better once we got our hands on that amulet.

She comes up behind him, very close.

TIFFANY
Want to play a game to pass the time?

CHUCKY
What kind of game?

TIFFANY
Well, use your imagination...

Chucky is starting to respond to her flirtation...their faces are very close...

Suddenly the window behind them SHATTERS as Russ breaks it from the outside!

CHUCKY
(whispering)
Barbie mode!

The dolls freeze, quickly arranging their features into those factory-made smiles.

Russ reaches in through the busted window. He grabs the two dolls and hurries away.

INT. MOTEL - RUSS AND DIANE'S SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Russ, now shirtless, sits on the edge of the heart-shaped water bed, examining Tiffany -- basically feeling her up. Only we see the furious look on her face. A couple of small GUNS lie next to Russ on the bed -- one a BARETTA, the other a WALTHER PPK.

Diane, in sexy underwear, is examining Chucky. Only we see the lascivious look on his face.

Finally, Russ pulls the bag of coke from Tiffany's bosom. Smiling, he holds the bag up to the light.

RUSS

I knew it.

DIANE

There's nothing in this one...except this.

(holds up Chucky's knife)

Somebody at that toy company has a bizarre sense of humor.

(she puts Chucky down,
turns to Russ)

Russ, I'm horny.

RUSS

Well, technically, we are on our honeymoon.

He pulls her down onto the bed.

DIANE

How old-fashioned.

He kisses her deeply.

While they start making out and undressing one another, Tiffany stares at them, outraged. She whispers to Chucky:

TIFFANY

She doesn't deserve to wear that ring!

CHUCKY

I gotta make a phone call.

He moves quietly into

THE SITTING ROOM

where he picks up the phone.

INTERCUT WITH JESSE

as Jesse answers his RINGING phone.

JESSE
Hello?

CHUCKY
We're not payin' you to bone your wife, asshole. We're payin' you to do your job.

JESSE
Who is this?

CHUCKY
Friend of Tiffany's -- the sort of guy who likes playing with dolls.

JESSE
Really. What do you play -- crack house? How the hell did you find us, anyway?

CHUCKY
It was easy, so don't get too comfy. The cops are morons, but they'll catch up eventually. If you get moving now, you'll hit L.A. by morning.

JESSE
News flash, buddy -- the stakes have changed somewhat. We're running for our lives now; what do I care if you get your stuff?

CHUCKY
I just want the dolls!

JESSE
Well, you're gonna have to sweeten the deal to make it worth our while.

CHUCKY
How?

JESSE
(looking at Jade)
Ten thousand dollars.

CHUCKY
(shrugs)
All right. Sure. Whatever. Ten thousand dollars. Upon delivery. Just get those dolls to L.A.

Chucky hangs up.

INT. RUSS AND DIANE'S SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Russ and Diane are making love on the water bed, their bodies etched in the flickering light from the fire.

CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY AROUND THE BED, watching the couple's sensual exertions in the FOREGROUND...

...while FAR IN THE BACKGROUND and OUT OF FOCUS, Tiffany darts swiftly THROUGH THE FRAME. Russ and Diane are blissfully unaware. Tiffany darts through again, this time in the opposite direction. What's she up to back there?

CAMERA IS STILL MOVING SLOWLY AROUND THE BED...Russ and Diane making love in the FOREGROUND...

Then TIFFANY POPS UP RIGHT AT THE END OF THE BED, big as life, staring furiously at the oblivious lovers just inches away, then ducking down again just in time before getting spotted.

CAMERA KEEPS MOVING AROUND THE BED, watching the lovers. Tiffany could pop back up at any point around the bed. As Russ and Diane thrash about with total abandon, her hand and his leg are thrust dangerously over the edge of the bed...

CLOSE ON DIANE'S FACE

She's on her back, her face filled with ecstasy. Then with hooded cats' eyes she glances up into

THE MIRRORED CEILING

which reflects the whole room. Diane watches her husband make love to her. She's becoming intoxicated by the sight.

She doesn't notice -- at the edge of the mirror -- THE CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE as it is snatched out of the ice bucket by an unseen hand.

Diane is fixated on her and Russ's writhing bodies, the sensual twining of their limbs, the beads of sweat on their skin...

...until she spots -- at the periphery of her vision -- TIFFANY'S FACE IN THE MIRROR, the doll's demonic little eyes staring hatefully out of the darkness at her! Tiffany is holding the champagne bottle.

CLOSE ON DIANE'S FACE

looking up into the mirror, gasping as her eyes go wide with shock.

ON RUSS

as he reacts to Diane: stopping in mid-stroke, he looks down at her.

RUSS

What?

Following her gaze, he glances up into the mirrored ceiling...

...just as Tiffany, standing a few feet from the bed, HURLS THE CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE UP AT THE CEILING...

THE MIRRORED CEILING

reflects Russ and Diane's upturned, SCREAMING faces -- which seem to BREAK APART IN JAGGED PIECES AS THE BOTTLE SHATTERS THE GLASS...

WIDE ON THE ROOM

as THE SHATTERED MIRROR COMES CRASHING DOWN ON RUSS AND DIANE, a heavy rain of thick, glassy shards cutting off their horrified SCREAMS -- among other things -- as well as instantly puncturing the water bed; it explodes in a RUSH OF BLOODY WATER, which in turn flows across the floor to...

...CHUCKY'S FEET. The feet make no attempt to move away; the BLOODY WATER washes right over them.

CAMERA TILTS UP TO CHUCKY'S FACE, as he is looking down, mesmerized, at his shoes. Then he looks up, wide-eyed with amazement at what he has just seen.

Silence...except for the drip drip of water and the tinkling of settling glass...as Chucky walks about the bed, surveying the damage. The flow of expressions across Chucky's face -- open-mouthed disbelief, giving way to wonderment -- tells us all we need to know about the carnage. He steps toward the bed for a closer look.

Tiffany just stands there, slightly out of breath, watching Chucky, waiting for a reaction.

Chucky steps slowly -- reverently -- away from the bed. Then he turns to Tiffany and blurts:

CHUCKY

I love you.

He moves closer to her.

CHUCKY

I've always loved you. As a man, I lived to see you smile...At the moment of my death, I pictured your face, and I was at peace...Then I was born again as this horrible, freakish thing, and all that kept me going was the thought of you...Then I died again, and came back...Died again, came back...How many was that?

She shrugs.

CHUCKY

The point is, I never stopped loving you.

Getting down on one knee, he takes her hand, then reaches past her with his free hand, groping for something in the twisted mess that was Russ and Diane's bed.

Then he holds up his cupped hand to Tiffany...offering her DIANE'S SEVERED RING FINGER, ENCIRCLED BY ITS WEDDING RING.

CHUCKY

I should have asked you this a long time ago: Tiffany, will you be my bride?

She looks at the bloody, severed finger with its glittering ring, then, beaming with joy, looks at Chucky.

TIFFANY

Oh, Chucky...Yes. Yes.

He tries to pull the ring off the finger, but it's stuck. Politely turning his back to Tiffany, he sticks the finger in his mouth and yanks the ring off with his teeth.

Then, tossing the finger away, he places the ring on Tiffany's finger. They embrace.

Tiffany is sobbing quietly, tears of joy. She feels her cheeks, surprised to find the tears there.

TIFFANY

Look...I'm crying...I wonder if all the plumbing works?

CHUCKY

Well, I don't know about you, but I'm starting to feel like Pinnochio here...know what I mean?

She looks at him with wide, hopeful eyes.

CHUCKY

I am anatomically correct, ya know.

Tiffany removes her veil, letting her hair spill out sexily onto her shoulders. The dolls sensually embrace and caress one another.

Then Chucky starts to undress Tiffany, baring her shoulders and décolletage.

The roaring fire silhouettes their passionate kiss, complete with tiny, darting doll tongues. Then the dolls fall to the floor, BELOW FRAME.

INT. MOTEL - JESSE AND JADE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The champagne bottle remains unopened. The kids are lying back to back on opposite sides of the bed.

Jesse is wide awake. He quietly slips out of the bed, pulls on his jeans and shoes, and leaves the room.

CAMERA lingers on the bed, revealing that Jade, too, is wide awake. She stares worriedly after Jesse. As soon as he's gone, she switches on the bedside lamp, pulls out her cell phone, and punches a number.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - HIS BEDROOM - NIGHT

David is awakened from a deep sleep by the RINGING phone. He grabs it.

DAVID

Why?

INTERCUT WITH JADE.

JADE

Sorry to wake you, David.

DAVID

Jade! Where are you?

JADE

Vegas. "The Honeymoon Sweets Motel." Which, believe me, is even worse than it sounds.

DAVID

Are you okay?

JADE

No. I'm married.

DAVID
Uh...Is that bad?

JADE
It is if you realize on your wedding night that you don't know your husband at all.

DAVID
Talk to me.

JADE
I think that maybe he did it, David. I think Jesse has really lost it.

DAVID
Jesus.

JADE
What should I do?

DAVID
Get a divorce?
(a beat)
Sorry. Are you sure?

JADE
Pretty sure.

DAVID
Then you've got to go to the police.

JADE
I don't know if I can do that. I still love him. Is that wrong?

David doesn't know what to say. Then, his CALL WAITING BEEPS.

DAVID
Hold on a second.
(he clicks over)
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH JESSE ON HIS CELL PHONE IN THE MOTEL LOBBY.

JESSE
David, it's me.

DAVID
Hey, Jesse.

JESSE
Look, I'm sorry to call so late, but I got a problem here. It's Jade.

DAVID
What about her?

JESSE
I don't think she knows what she's doing. I'm think she's in way over her head, and the worst part of it is, I know she did it all for me.

DAVID
Wait a minute. You're saying she killed Needle-Nose?

JESSE
And probably her stepfather, too.

David's head is spinning. He doesn't know what to think.

DAVID
Jesse, listen to me. You have to go to the police.

JESSE
I can't. She's my wife. I can't turn in my own wife.

DAVID
You asked for my advice. I'm giving it to you. Go to the police. Now. Before somebody else gets hurt.
(he clicks back to the other line)

Jade?

(no response)

Jade!

She's gone. David hangs up the phone, then scrambles out of bed.

EXT. VEGAS MOTEL - DAY

The next morning.

INT. VEGAS MOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY

A motel MAID comes walking down the corridor, carrying a bottle of PEPTO-BISMOL. Pausing at Russ and Diane's room, she knocks.

MAID
Room service. Hello?
(no response; she knocks again)
Hello?

No response. Using her pass key, she unlocks the door and tentatively steps inside...

INT. VEGAS MOTEL - RUSS AND DIANE'S SUITE - DAY

The Maid enters the sitting area. She looks around, sees no one. She calls out, trying to sound jovial:

MAID
Good morning. I've got your Pepto-Bismol. Did somebody here have a rough night?

She heads into

THE BEDROOM

MAID
Yoo-hoo. Where's the sickie?

Confronted by the pulverized water bed, with its cargo of glass and gore, the Maid freezes, her face blanching, her features contorting in disgust and horror. She doubles over and VOMITS, BELOW FRAME.

INT. VEGAS MOTEL - JESSE AND JADE'S ROOM - DAY

Jade is staring forlornly out the window...Jesse is zipping up his overnight bag...A chilling silence reigns between them...until the kids hear a terrified SCREAM coming from the room next door. They bolt to investigate.

INT. VEGAS MOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Jesse and Jade emerge into the corridor to find the Maid stumbling out of Russ and Diane's room in a SCREAMING panic, clinging desperately to the bottle of Pepto-Bismol.

JESSE
What's the matter? What's wrong?

The hysterically SCREAMING Maid can only point at the open door to Russ and Diane's room.

Jesse and Jade need no more information. They cast accusing -- and frightened -- glances at one another.

EXT. VEGAS MOTEL - PARKING LOT/JESSE'S VAN - DAY

Jesse and Jade come running out of the motel in a panic, their bags in tow. They race through the crowded parking lot to the van. Jesse starts to open the door, but Jade freezes.

JADE
I can't do this.

JESSE
What?

JADE
I can't go with you, Jesse. Not anymore.

JESSE
(sighs)
I was about to say the same thing. I'm kind of relieved you said it first.

JADE
Why?

JESSE
This is just too much for me. Jade, I love you -- I'll always love you -- but there's a limit to how much I can take.

JADE
(she explodes)
Will you please stop talking to me like I'm the one who's crazy?! You're the crazy one! You're the mass murderer!

JESSE
You mean multiple murderer?

JADE
So you admit it!

JESSE
I do not!

JADE
(starting to sob)
I can't take this shit anymore!

Her back is right up against the corner of the van...as DAVID suddenly appears behind her from around the corner!

DAVID
Hey--

Jade shrieks in fright.

DAVID
Sorry.

Jesse and Jade are of course shocked to see him.

DAVID

I took the bus in this morning.

(turning to Jesse, he
points to the van's
broken window)

Hey, man, I think somebody broke into
your van.

Alarmed, Jesse slides open the side door, revealing...

INSIDE THE VAN

Chucky and Tiffany are sitting on the rear seat, their HAIR
DISHEVELED, THEIR FACES MUSSED -- the results, we realize, of
their night of passion.

Jesse furrows his brow, bewildered by the dolls' untidy
appearance. He leans into the van and glances about. Grabbing
Tiffany, he reaches into her bosom...and pulls out the bag of
cocaine. Relieved, he replaces it.

OUTSIDE THE VAN

Jesse pulls his head back out of the van.

JESSE

Nothing's missing.

(turns to David)

What are you doing here?

DAVID

You guys took a wrong turn on the road
to happily ever after. Looks to me
like you could use a fairy godmother.

(they stare at him)

I'm allowed to say things like that.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The van zooms down the highway.

INT. JESSE'S VAN - DAY

Jesse and Jade up front; David on the back seat with the dolls.

DAVID

The thing that struck me was how sure you both sounded. And to me, that meant one of three things: one of you is lying; both of you are whacko; or both of you are wrong. Now, Scooby-Doo demonstrates that the most plausible explanation is usually the right one. Add to that the fact that I've known you both since third grade, and have never seen either of you so much as hurt a fly, and I concluded that what we've got here is...a terrible misunderstanding.

Jesse and Jade ponder what David has said. Then David sniffs the air, making a sour face as he detects an unpleasant odor.

DAVID

Do you guys smell something?

JESSE

(to Jade)

Well, for the sake of argument, if it wasn't you, and it wasn't me...then who else would want to kill Warren and Needle-Nose?

JADE

And that charming couple from last night?

DAVID

You're assuming Warren's dead. He's only missing.

JADE

You're suggesting that Warren --

DAVID

Why not? I'd buy him as a psychopath before you two.

(he sniffs again)

Guys, something really stinks back here.

JADE

(to Jesse)

I told you not to leave your dirty socks in here.

Jesse smiles at her, touched by the reassuring sense of normalcy in her comment. Jade smiles back.

DAVID
This isn't dirty socks.

Trying to pinpoint the source of the smell, David follows his nose; it leads him right to the seat he's been sitting on. Standing, he pulls the dolls off the seat, placing them on the floor.

Then, he reaches for the seat...

On the floor, Chucky's EYES DART towards Tiffany, conveying his alarm; Tiffany RAISES HER EYEBROWS in response...

David lifts the seat...

...AND SEES WARREN'S BLOODY CORPSE HIDDEN IN THE BIN, THE LIFELESS EYES STARING UP AT HIM!

David's eyes go wide with horror. He drops the seat. And suddenly, he feels like a fly caught in a spider's web.

Meanwhile, up front, a reconciliation is in the works.

JESSE
(to Jade)
I feel like an idiot.

JADE
Me, too.

They reach out and hold hands. Then Jesse looks at David in the rear-view mirror.

JESSE
David, what would we do without you?

DAVID
(terrified)
What do you mean?

JESSE
You totally set us straight -- if you'll pardon the expression -- and I'd say that means we owe you one.

JADE
You're a good friend. The best.

Turning around in her seat, she reaches out to hug David. He goes rigid in her embrace. Then, when she withdraws, he turns to Jesse:

DAVID
Do you mind pulling over? I think I'm going to be sick.

Jesse complies.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The van pulls over to the side of the highway. The side door slides open and David comes stumbling out. He immediately hurries away from the van, sticking close to the side of the road.

The traffic is zooming by very fast. David tries to wave down a passing car, but no cigar. He tries again; same result.

He turns to see Jesse and Jade emerging from the van. Jesse disappears into the adjacent woods; Jade approaches David.

JADE
Are you okay?

DAVID
Yeah.

JADE
Then do you want to tell me why you're trying to flag down a car?

He says nothing. He is very scared.

JADE
You've changed your mind about us, haven't you?

DAVID
No.

JADE
Yeah, you have. You look like you've seen a ghost.

She reaches into a pocket and pulls something out. David flinches -- but it's only her cell phone. She punches a number. David is confused.

JADE
This is Jade Kincaid. I want to talk to Detective Preston.

INT. PRESTON'S CAR - ON ANOTHER HIGHWAY - DAY

Preston, driving, answers his RINGING cell phone.

PRESTON
This is Preston.

INTERCUT WITH JADE.

JADE
We want to give ourselves up.

PRESTON
Jade?

JADE
Yeah.

She holds the phone so that David can hear.

PRESTON
Where are you?

JADE
We're on the side of the road on Route
sixty-six, just west of Vegas.

PRESTON
Stay put, Jade. You're doing the
right thing.

JADE
We didn't kill anyone.

PRESTON
Just stay where you are.
(clicks off, then punches
another number)
Get me Nevada Highway Patrol.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Jade clicks off and pockets the phone. She looks at David. He is surprised and relieved...

JADE
Scooby-Doo is never wrong.

...but only for the moment: he glances fearfully toward the woods.

DAVID
Where's Jesse?

JADE
Taking a piss.

DAVID
We've got to get out of here.

He tries to flag down another car. No dice.

JADE
What is wrong with you?

DAVID
You were right about him, Jade. You were right all along.

JADE
What are you talking about?

DAVID
Come on. I have to show you something.

Taking her arm, he marches her back to the van.

JADE
What?

David hesitates at the van's open side door. He glances fearfully toward the woods to make sure that Jesse isn't around. Then he points through the door at the back seat.

DAVID
Look under the seat.

JADE
David, I don't--

DAVID
Just look!

Sighing in exasperation, she climbs into the van...

INT./EXT. VAN

Jade steps over the dolls. She stands beside the back seat, hesitating as she sniffs the appalling odor.

JADE
Jesus.

DAVID
Hurry!

Jade reaches for the seat...

At that moment, Jesse emerges from the woods, heading back toward the van...

Jade lifts the seat...and is shocked to see WARREN'S HIDDEN CORPSE...

JADE
Oh my God.

She drops the seat back down. Then she and David, who is still standing just outside the door, turn to see Jesse approaching...

JESSE
What's going on?

Jade and David stare at him like he's an alien.

JADE
I called the cops, Jesse. They'll be here any minute.

JESSE
Okay.

He climbs into the van.

JADE
You still have time to get away. David and I are staying here.

JESSE
What? We're back to that again?
(sniffs, makes a
disgusted face)
Is that my socks?

He reaches for the seat. He's about to open it when...

...the distant sound of a wailing SIREN is heard. Jesse hesitates. David looks down the highway and sees the flashing lights of a COP CAR, about a hundred yards down the road, and approaching fast.

DAVID
They're coming.

Tiffany gives Chucky a secret jab. Chucky surreptitiously reaches into his pocket...

JADE
Go, Jesse!

JESSE
I'm not going anywhere! I have nothing to hide!

He lifts the seat...revealing WARREN'S CORPSE...Jesse's eyes go wide with shock...

And in a flash CHUCKY SPRINGS TO LIFE, WHIPPING OUT NOT HIS KNIFE...BUT RUSS'S BARETTA!

CHUCKY
Nobody move!

David yelps in shock, reflexively jumping back, away from the dolls, away from the van...

...right INTO THE BUSY HIGHWAY, WHERE A PASSING EIGHTEEN-WHEELER DOING EIGHTY-FIVE MPH SLAMS RIGHT INTO HIM! Jade SCREAMS. David's body disappears under the truck as it SCREECHES to a stop, laying rubber.

Chucky is looking out onto the road at what has happened.

CHUCKY
That works, too.

The approaching cop car SLAMS ON ITS BRAKES to avoid the truck.

Chucky has his gun trained on a terrified Jade; Tiffany pulls out Russ's WALTHER PPK and draws a bead on Jesse. Think "Barbie and Clyde," or "Natural Born Killer Dolls."

CHUCKY
(to Jade)
Close the door!

She's paralyzed with shock and disbelief. Chucky FIRES a warning shot at her feet. She slams the door shut.

TIFFANY
(to Jesse)
You! Get this heap of shit moving!
NOW!

Jesse, terrified beyond belief, scrambles behind the wheel. He fires the engine and peels out.

The van SCREECHES around the eighteen-wheeler, which is now stopped in the middle of the highway.

Jade looks out the window and sees DAVID'S BODY lying -- mercifully -- face-down in the road.

She buries her face in her hands.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The van roars off down the highway. The COP CAR takes off in hot pursuit, SIREN screaming.

INT. JESSE'S VAN - DAY

Chucky, looking through the rear window, sees the cop car coming up fast.

CHUCKY
We got company!

UP FRONT

Tiffany has Jesse at gunpoint.

TIFFANY
Floor it, Sweetface.

Jesse recognizes the moniker...as well as the voice. He stares at Tiffany in disbelief. She prods him with her gun; he floors the accelerator. The speedometer inches past ninety...

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

...but the cop car nevertheless is quickly gaining.

INT. JESSE'S VAN - DAY

Chucky lifts the rear seat, once again revealing Warren's corpse. He grabs one of the corpse's hands, then barks at Jade:

CHUCKY
Gimme a hand!

Jade, a basket case at this point, has no choice but to comply.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The cop car pulls up right behind the van...just as the rear door suddenly opens...

...and WARREN'S CORPSE is tossed out! It comes CRASHING into the cop car's windshield, SHATTERING it and blocking the cop's view!

The cop hits his brakes. SCREEEECH! The car goes SPINNING out of control, careening off the road and CRASHING into a tree!

Chucky, looking out the van's rear door, CACKLES in triumph. Then he pulls the door shut.

INT. JESSE'S VAN - DAY

Jesse and Tiffany, looking through the windshield, see a BLOCKADE OF COP CARS up ahead. Jesse eases up on the gas. Tiffany jabs him with the barrel of her gun.

TIFFANY
Put the goddamn pedal to the metal!
(she calls back to
Chucky:)
Hang on, babe!

Jesse floors it...

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The van thunders implacably toward the blockade. The cops realize that it isn't going to stop. They bolt to the side of the road.

Then, taking aim with SHOTGUNS, they OPEN FIRE on the oncoming van...

INT. JESSE'S VAN - DAY

Jesse and Tiffany duck as the windshield is strafed with GUNFIRE...

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The van CRASHES through the blockade, scattering the cars like toys! The cops continue FIRING at the fast-receding van.

INT. JESSE'S VAN - DAY

Tiffany WHOOPS in exhilaration. Jesse and Jade eye each other helplessly in the rear-view mirror.

EXT. VEGAS MOTEL - DAY

The motel has been transformed into a crime scene: cop cars with flashing lights, yellow "police line" tape, gawking bystanders. Paramedics carry a pair of body bags out of the motel and load them into the coroner's truck.

Preston is talking heatedly with another COP:

PRESTON

She said they were coming in!

COP

Yeah, well, I guess they changed their minds.

PRESTON

Christ.

A SECOND COP approaches Preston. He hands him a sheet of paper.

SECOND COP

You better take a look at this.
Forensics ran a check on the
fingerprints we found in the trailer,
and on the cigarette lighter from the
drive-in.

(a beat)

Peter, the computer says those prints
belong to Charles Lee Ray.

PRESTON

What?! He's been dead and buried for
years!

Preston ponders the situation, very confused.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The van zooms down the road, heading west, into the sunset.

INT. JESSE'S VAN - DAY

Chucky urges Jade toward the front of the van with his gun. He
stares at her admiringly.

CHUCKY

You know, you got a great look. Real
natural. I like that. Are you a
model?

She says nothing. They reach the front of the van, where
Tiffany keeps her gun trained on Jesse.

CHUCKY

I imagine at this point you two must
have a lot of questions. You do know
who I am...?

JESSE

Chucky.

CHUCKY

(he nods, pleased)
And this is Tiffany.

TIFFANY

(she winks at Jesse)
We've met.

The kids stare in disbelief at the dolls.

CHUCKY

Don't think about it. Just accept it.

JESSE

But...How did you end up like this?

CHUCKY

Well, it's a long story. In fact, if it was a movie, it would take three or four installments to really do it justice.

TIFFANY

(hopefully)

Or even more.

JADE

Do you...eat?

CHUCKY

When I'm hungry.

JESSE

Do you go to the bathroom?

CHUCKY

None of your beeswax.

JADE

What are you going to do with us?

CHUCKY

Funny you should ask. Ya see, being a killer doll definitely has its perks -- nobody ever suspects you, and you don't have to clean up the mess. But ultimately, its kinda limiting.

TIFFANY

And that's where you two come in. These bodies are okay, but they're like apartments we're just renting. Now we're moving up, and we're looking to buy.

CHUCKY

You know what they say about real estate -- location, location, location. Well, you guys are definitely in the right place at the wrong time.

Jesse and Jade look at one another in helpless terror. The dolls cackle sadistically. Tiffany switches on the radio.

RADIO

The Jesse and Jade case has gotten even weirder. Now, police have linked the teen-aged maniacs to Charles Lee Ray, the notorious serial killer gunned down in 1988. The exact nature of this link is unknown, but sources confirm that Ray's corpse will be exhumed from its grave in a Los Angeles cemetery, sometime today.

CHUCKY

WHAT?!

TIFFANY

Shit, Chucky! The amulet!

CHUCKY

I know!

TIFFANY

What do we do?!

CHUCKY

Shut up! Just let me think!
 (there is a pause as he
 thinks)

Okay. First, we gotta get some new wheels. Every cop within five hundred miles is looking for this van. What we need is something inconspicuous... but with a little style.

CUT TO:

A HUGE WINNEBAGO CAMPER as it roars AT CAMERA. We are at...

EXT. TRUCK STOP - DUSK

The Winnebago prowls through a vast herd of vehicles -- trucks, cars, and campers -- and then heads out onto the highway, leaving Jesse's van abandoned among the herd.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Winnebago zooms down the highway, passing a sign which reads: LOS ANGELES -- 30 MI.

INT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

Tiffany, smoking a cigarette, her face set in concentration, is using a brush to apply make-up to Jade's face. Jade is TIED TO A CHAIR, and looks rather ill at ease.

TIFFANY

(as she works)

Nothing wrong with these eyes that a little mascara can't fix...There, that's much better...

(she shows Jade her reflection in a compact mirror)

What do you think?

JADE

(struck by an idea)

Hmmm.

TIFFANY

What?

JADE

Well, it's still a little natural-looking, don't you think? What's the point of wearing make-up if you can't even tell it's there?

TIFFANY

Hmmm. I see what you mean.

She starts laying it on really thick.

TIFFANY

You know what, honey, you've got a real cute figure, too. Let me ask you something -- what do you do to maintain it?

JADE

I run ten miles a day.

TIFFANY

(she coughs in surprise, then mashes out her cigarette)

Just my luck.

She takes a step back to study her handiwork: Jade's face now resembles Tiffany's own whorish look, with bright red lipstick and heavy eye shadow.

An oven timer DINGS. Moving to a nearby closet, Tiffany opens the door...revealing A CORPSE propped up inside; evidently the late owner of the Winnebago, the corpse has a fishing cap on its head, and an oozing bullet hole between the eyes.

Tiffany, humming cheerfully to herself, reaches nonchalantly past the corpse...

TIFFANY

'Scuse me.

... and pulls an apron out of the closet. She closes the door, ties on the apron, and dons a pair of insulated gloves.

Then she pulls a batch of freshly baked cookies out of the oven, setting them on the counter to cool. She looks right at home in the camper's small-scale kitchenette.

She slides a new batch of cookie dough into the oven and closes the door. Then, grabbing a plate of fresh cookies off the counter, she sensually starts chewing one right in front of Jade.

TIFFANY

None for you. You're dieting.

As she carries the plate of cookies to the front of the camper, we see that her Walther PPK is holstered in a garter above her ankle.

Up front, Jesse is driving; Chucky, in the passenger seat, keeps his gun aimed at him. Tiffany holds the plate of cookies before Chucky.

TIFFANY

Sweets for my sweet?

CHUCKY

(taking a cookie)

Thanks, pookie.

A quick peck on the cheek, then she heads back to the kitchenette. Chucky turns to Jesse.

CHUCKY

(munching his cookie)

Ain't marriage great? You and me, man, we're the two luckiest guys on earth -- aside from the fact that you'll be dead soon.

Jesse is looking at poor Jade in the rear-view mirror. Following Jesse's gaze, Chucky turns around to see Tiffany working on Jade -- and for the first time, he sees Jade's new look.

CHUCKY

Tiff -- What are you doing?!

TIFFANY

I'm giving the poor girl a much-needed makeover.

CHUCKY

No, no, no!

TIFFANY

That's how I always do my make-up.

CHUCKY

But she doesn't need all that shit!

Take it off!

He turns around in his seat again to resume his chat with Jesse, leaving Tiffany feeling stung by his words.

As Tiffany turns back to Jade, a frighteningly angry look comes over the doll's face -- a look of pure hatred, which sends a shiver up Jade's spine. Jade braces herself as...

Tiffany, angrily wielding the brush like a weapon, starts marking up Jade's face with eye shadow, an artist taking perverse glee in defacing her canvas!

TIFFANY

Let's just see how he likes you like this!...And this!

Up front, Jesse sees what's happening in the rear-view mirror.

JESSE

Hey!

CHUCKY

(turning to see what's happening)

What the hell are you doing?! That's your face you're screwing with, you know!

TIFFANY

No it isn't! It's her face, not mine! But maybe it isn't me you want!

She hurls the brush and the make-up at him.

CHUCKY

Don't be an idiot.

The oven timer dings. Tiffany opens the oven door, pulls out the fresh batch of cookies...and then freezes. She stands there looking at herself, holding the cookies and wearing the apron.

TIFFANY

(to Jade)

You know something? He's right! I am an idiot! I've already let him turn me into a housewife!

(she unties her apron and throws it down)

And for what? Who have I been slaving all day for?...A man who doesn't even appreciate me...A man who always puts his own needs first...A man who isn't really a man at all where it counts, if you catch my drift!

(her voice rising for Chucky's benefit)

Take it from me, honey -- Plastic's no substitute for a nice hunk of wood!

CHUCKY

(to Jesse)

I didn't hear her complaining last night.

Jesse nods at Jade in the rear-view mirror. She nods back. Jesse slowly BUCKLES HIS SEAT BELT.

CHUCKY

Now, if you're finished, Chatty Cathy, I've got a few complaints of my own. First of all -- News flash! -- You always wear too much make-up. Second of all -- any guy would need a hunk of plastic, probably battery-operated, to get a reaction from you in bed. And finally -- where the hell did you learn to bake?

He throws what's left of his cookie at Tiffany.

TIFFANY

How dare you speak to me that way!

CHUCKY

You started it!

TIFFANY

I did not! You--

In a flash, Jade manages to give Tiffany a swift KICK -- right into the hot oven! Using her knee, Jade slams the oven door shut!

Tiffany can be seen through the window, beating her little fists on the glass, her face contorted in a SILENT SCREAM.

CHUCKY

NO!

He FIRES at Jade...but his SHOT GOES WILD as Jesse SHOVES him off his seat. From the floor, Chucky aims at Jade again...

...prompting Jesse to YANK the wheel violently to one side...

...sending both Chucky and Jade flying, Jade still bound to her chair...

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Winnebago goes SCREECHING across the busy highway, prompting a chorus of blaring HORNS and squealing BRAKES.

The Winnebago careens right off the road, FLIPPING ONTO ITS SIDE AND ROCKETING DOWN A STEEP EMBANKMENT!

INT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

The camper goes all topsy-turvy...causing THE CORPSE to come falling out of the closet right onto Jade! She screams.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Winnebago slides to a stop ON ITS SIDE at the bottom of the embankment.

INT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

The LIGHTS BUZZ AND STROBE, creating an eerie, spook-house effect.

Jesse lies disoriented in his seat. He looks about, getting his bearings...

...and sees Jade, still strapped to her chair, lying near the BACK OF THE CAMPER. He calls to her:

JESSE

Jade?

JADE

Jesse, I'm stuck!

JESSE

Hang on.

Unbuckling his seat belt, he gets to his feet and starts making his way toward Jade, carefully moving through the shattered, overturned Winnebago, the STROBING LIGHTS revealing nooks and crannies where Chucky might be hiding.

Then he spots, amidst the wreckage, A STREAM OF GASOLINE flowing inexorably towards A SPARKING WIRE...

WITH JADE

As she lies waiting on her back, strapped to the chair, she looks DIRECTLY OVERHEAD AT THE OVEN, which is still closed. Behind the little window, inside the oven -- darkness.

Craning her neck, Jade tries to peer through the window into the oven.

Then with shocking surprise A PAIR OF EYES appear in the window, staring malevolently out at, and down upon, Jade lying underneath! Jade SCREAMS.

JADE

Jesse!

She lies there, trapped...as the oven door above her is BANGED UPON FROM INSIDE, its occupant trying to get out...

JADE

Jesse, hurry!

She watches helplessly as the oven door starts to CREAK OPEN, bit by bit; a tiny, claw-like DOLL HAND, CHARRED TO A CRISP, can be seen reaching out from inside the oven...

...and then with shocking surprise CHUCKY LEAPS UP FROM BENEATH SOME WRECKAGE RIGHT BESIDE JADE! She SCREAMS. Chucky puts his gun to her head, cocks the hammer, and...

...Jesse gives him a swift kick, sending him flying!

Then the OVEN DOOR ABOVE JADE BANGS COMPLETELY OPEN and TIFFANY -- HIDEOUSLY BURNED -- FALLS, SNARLING AND CLAWING, DOWN UPON THE HELPLESS GIRL! Jade can only SCREAM in terror at Tiffany's savage assault.

Jesse turns back to Jade, sees what's happening, and gives Tiffany a kick...

...but the tenacious little terror manages to CLING TO JESSE'S FOOT, SAVAGELY GNAWING HIS ANKLE! He yelps in pain, desperately trying to shake Tiffany loose.

Jesse repeatedly SMASHES Tiffany up against the wall, finally dislodging her from his foot. She crumples to the floor, lying still.

Jesse goes to Jade, kneeling beside her as he starts untying her.

And the GASOLINE flows ever closer to the SPARKING WIRE...

Meanwhile, Tiffany comes to and gets her bearings. She pulls out her GUN...

...and at that moment spots HER OWN HIDEOUS REFLECTION in the dishwasher door, nearby.

She drops the gun. Moving to the dishwasher, she stares at her reflection, running her hand across her charred, nearly bald head in utter dismay.

TIFFANY

(sobbing)

Oh, no...

Meanwhile, Jesse finishes untying Jade. He helps her to her feet.

He sees the GASOLINE inching toward the SPARKING WIRE...

Then, spotting Tiffany's discarded gun, he quickly snatches it up. He spins around to shoot Tiffany...

...but she's GONE.

The kids' only possible escape route is through the windows, now overhead.

JESSE

(pointing at the window)

Hurry!

He gives Jade a boost up to the window. She reaches up to slide it open...

...and then with shocking surprise CHUCKY appears just outside the window, looking down at her! Jade SCREAMS, recoiling.

Jesse FIRES the gun at Chucky, hitting him in the gut; Chucky goes reeling out of sight.

The GASOLINE has almost reached the SPARKING WIRE...

Jade scrambles up through the window, Jesse on her heels. He's half-way through the window...

...when Tiffany comes leaping out of the darkness at Jesse's vulnerable, dangling legs! He hangs there, holding onto the window frame, while Tiffany CLAWS at his legs with her sharp nails, rending bloody streaks down his shins!

Hanging onto the window frame with one hand, Jesse takes aim and FIRES down at Tiffany; she darts away, taking cover. Jesse scrambles up through the window.

The GASOLINE makes contact with the SPARKING WIRE...

EXT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

The kids, standing on the side of the overturned Winnebago, leap away as...

...the WINNEBAGO EXPLODES IN FLAMES!

ON ONE SIDE OF THE FLAMING WRECKAGE

Jade lies on the ground, disoriented.

JADE

Jesse?

She looks up to see Chucky standing over her, his gun in her face. He's holding his painfully BLEEDING gut, where Jesse shot him.

CHUCKY

Guess again.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FLAMING WRECKAGE

TIFFANY'S WALTHER PPK lies on the ground. Tiffany herself lies nearby, utterly trashed, horribly burned.

Spotting the gun, she starts crawling painfully towards it. Just as she reaches for it...

...JESSE'S FOOT stomps down on her tiny hand. Tiffany yelps in pain. Jesse picks up the gun, then lifts Tiffany by what's left of her frazzled hair, causing her to SCREAM and flail violently.

Then Jesse and Chucky spot one another across the flaming wreckage. Each sees that the other is holding his woman hostage.

JESSE

Jade!

Carrying Tiffany, he takes off running around the blazing Winnebago, towards Jade.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Jade, holding Chucky close -- he has his gun pressed against her ribs -- comes climbing up the embankment to the highway, where motorists have stopped to gawk at the blazing Winnebago.

A young male MOTORIST rolls his window down and calls to Jade.

MOTORIST
You need some help?

Chucky instantly SHOTS the motorist between the eyes! Jade screams. Chucky jabs her with the gun.

CHUCKY
Get in the car!

She has no choice but to comply. She moves to the car.

WITH JESSE

as he comes climbing up the embankment, still carrying Tiffany by her few remaining strands of hair. He sees Jade getting into the car with Chucky.

JESSE
Jade!

Jade goes zooming off into the night.

Jesse, brandishing his gun, marches up to another car and accosts the MOTORIST behind the wheel.

JESSE
Out.

The bad-ass Motorist whips out HIS OWN GUN and points it at Jesse.

MOTORIST
Fuck off.

Tiffany comes to life, looking imploringly at the Motorist:

TIFFANY
Please...Don't make him angry!

The terrified motorist scrambles out of the car. Jesse gets in with Tiffany and roars off after Jade.

INT. JESSE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jesse is driving. Tiffany lies smoldering and coughing on the seat beside him. She's in bad shape.

Jesse's CELL PHONE RINGS. He pulls it out of his pocket and answers it.

JESSE
Jade?

INTERCUT WITH CHUCKY AND JADE IN THEIR CAR -- JADE DRIVING, CHUCKY HOLDING HER AT GUNPOINT, AND THE DEAD MOTORIST SITTING BETWEEN THEM.

CHUCKY
Looks like we each have something the other wants.

JESSE
Yeah.

CHUCKY
Let me talk to her.

Jesse holds the phone near Tiffany.

TIFFANY
(weakly)
Chucky?

CHUCKY
Just hang on, Tiff. We're almost there.

TIFFANY
Chucky, I didn't mean what I said...I'm so sorry...

Jesse takes the phone away.

JESSE
Now put Jade on.

CHUCKY
Sorry, this is costing me money. Meet us at the cemetery. And listen good, kid -- Misery loves company. If Tiffany dies, you can kiss your pretty wife good-bye, too.

He clicks off.

Concerned, Jesse glances over at Tiffany. Her BREATHING IS LABORED. She is obviously on her last legs.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Jesse's car zooms down the highway, passing a SIGN which reads WELCOME TO LOS ANGELES.

EXT. FOREST LAWN CEMETERY - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

A CORONER'S TRUCK drives through the cemetery's main gates, passing a SIGN which reads FOREST LAWN CEMETERY.

The WIND HOWLS, rustling autumnal leaves across lonely fields dotted with gravestones. THUNDER rumbles in the distance. LIGHTNING flashes. A storm is coming.

The truck makes its way among the graves, finally coming to a stop, its headlights sweeping across one particular gravestone, upon which the following is engraved:

CHARLES LEE RAY
1960 - 1988

INT. JESSE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jesse, driving, glances at Tiffany with growing concern. Her BREATHING has become even MORE LABORED.

Suddenly, she GASPS. Then comes a GURGLING COUGH. And with a final, hissing rasp, she STOPS BREATHING.

JESSE

Shit!

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - NIGHT

Jesse's car pulls over with a SCREECH.

INT. JESSE'S CAR - NIGHT

Frantic, Jesse looks down at Tiffany. He hesitates, unsure of what to do.

Placing his hands on the doll's chest, he presses tentatively, halfheartedly administering CPR. Nothing happens. He tries again. Nothing happens.

Then, with a disgusted wince, he leans down and presses his mouth against the doll's charred plastic lips! He breathes into her mouth. Then he presses her chest again. Then he breathes into her mouth. And presses her chest again.

And with a great sputtering cough, Tiffany STARTS BREATHING AGAIN!

Revolted, Jesse opens his door, leans out of the car, and promptly THROWS UP.

Regaining consciousness, Tiffany stares up at Jesse, her savior: her face becomes transformed by an expression of total adoration.

EXT. FOREST LAWN CEMETERY - NIGHT

With the truck's headlights providing illumination, TWO UNIFORMED MEN from the L.A. OFFICE OF THE CORONER are DIGGING UP Charles Lee Ray's grave: presently, they're standing in a hole almost six feet deep. THUNDER booms. LIGHTNING strobos.

One of the Diggers stops working.

FIRST DIGGER

I need a break.

SECOND DIGGER

Come on. Let's just get it over with. This place is giving me the creeps.

FIRST DIGGER

You work with corpses all day long, Gerald. This is where you draw the line?

SECOND DIGGER

Ssh. Did you hear something?

FIRST DIGGER

Nope.

The Second Digger glances about apprehensively, then resumes his work. His shovel finally hits something hard with a CLANG.

SECOND DIGGER

Bingo.

They quickly start clearing the dirt away...revealing the top of a COFFIN. They start unlatching the coffin's bolts.

SECOND DIGGER

Kirk...do you believe in ghosts?

FIRST DIGGER

Give me a break.

SECOND DIGGER

Don't you remember that story? When Charles Lee Ray died, he supposedly transferred his soul into a doll.

FIRST DIGGER

Well, that's not a ghost. That's a living doll. There's a difference.

SECOND DIGGER

But the soul inside the doll is sort of a ghost.

FIRST DIGGER
Uh-uh. That's a spirit.

SECOND DIGGER
Same thing. I think--

Their arguing is cut short by TWO SUDDEN GUNSHOTS! Both men crumple to the grave floor, dead.

CHUCKY is looking down at them from the surface, wielding his smoking gun. Holding his bleeding gut, coughing, bent over from the pain, he turns to Jade.

CHUCKY
Actually, I prefer the term "humanly impaired."
(motioning with the gun)
Get down there.
(she hesitates)
Move!

Scared out of her wits, Jade jumps down into the grave, landing right next to one of the dead diggers. She winces, aghast.

CHUCKY
Open the coffin, Jade.

Grabbing hold of the coffin's lid, she tries to open it, but it's very heavy; it won't budge. Chucky aims his gun at her.

CHUCKY
Hurry up!

JADE
I'm trying, you fucking midget!

He FIRES a warning shot into the grave. Jade flinches. Then, mustering all her strength, she tries to open the lid again.

THUNDER cracks and LIGHTNING flashes, as Jade finally opens the lid with a CREAK...

...revealing the ROTTED CORPSE OF CHARLES LEE RAY. Squealing RATS dart for cover inside the coffin.

CHUCKY
(appalled by his own
corpse)
I really didn't need to see that.

Around the corpse's neck is the AMULET.

CHUCKY
Get the amulet!

Wincing in revulsion as she touches the corpse, Jade yanks the amulet off its neck.

Then she climbs up out of the grave. Chucky takes the amulet from her. He studies it reverently, flashes of LIGHTNING highlighting his obsessed face.

CHUCKY

Now, I'm gonna be born again...again.
And I'm not gonna be short anymore.
In fact, I'm gonna be just as
tall...as your husband.

WITH JESSE'S CAR

as he slowly comes driving through the cemetery.

INT. JESSE'S CAR - NIGHT

The CELL PHONE RINGS. Jesse picks it up.

CHUCKY (OVER PHONE)

Okay, park it right there.

Jesse stops the car.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Jesse's car and Jade's car face each other across a field dotted with gravestones. The cars' opposing headlights provide crisscrossing beams of illumination.

WITH CHUCKY AND JADE

standing beside Jade's car near Charles Lee Ray's grave.

CHUCKY

(into phone)

Now let her go.

JESSE (OVER PHONE)

Let Jade go first.

CHUCKY

(motioning Jade away with
his gun)

Get moving.

Jade slowly begins the trek across the field.

CHUCKY

(calling after her)

And Jade?

(she hesitates, looking
back at Chucky)
See you real soon.

Jade resumes walking.

INT. JESSE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jesse leans past Tiffany, opening the passenger door. Tiffany is staring at him with adoration. Jesse doesn't look at her.

JESSE
Get out.

Tiffany hesitates.

TIFFANY
You saved my life.

Jesse says nothing, just stares straight ahead.

TIFFANY
Thank you.

She climbs down out of the car. Then she turns back to Jesse with a sad smile.

TIFFANY
Why can't I ever get it on with the
real good guys?

She heads away.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

With the blinding, crisscrossing headlights eerily evoking a World War II prison camp, the prisoner exchange is under way: Tiffany and Jade, walking in opposite directions, slowly traverse the gravestone-dotted field. Jesse keeps his Walther PPK trained on Tiffany; Chucky keeps his Baretta fixed on Jade.

It's a macabre sight: Jade walking slowly, carefully, across the cemetery; while Tiffany, this nearly bald, charred little husk of a doll in the singed, tattered remains of a wedding gown, limps along pitifully in the opposite direction.

As the girls pass one another in the middle of the field, Tiffany looks up at Jade.

TIFFANY
You're a lucky girl.

They continue on past each other.

WITH JADE

as she finally reaches Jesse, falling into his arms. Jesse makes sure to keep his gun trained across the field at the dolls.

WITH TIFFANY

as she approaches Chucky; he stares at her ruined condition, appalled. She collapses towards him, but he recoils in revulsion. Tiffany hits the ground with a painful thud.

WITH JESSE AND JADE

as a GUNSHOT suddenly grazes Jesse's shoulder! Jade screams. Jesse yelps in pain, dropping the Walther PPK. The shooter is...

DETECTIVE PRESTON, who emerges from behind a gravestone some distance away. Leading with his own gun, he approaches Jesse and Jade.

PRESTON

Don't move!

The kids comply. Preston kicks the dropped gun safely away.

PRESTON

Turn around. Face the car.

JADE

But--

PRESTON

Now!

The kids do as they're told. Preston comes up behind them, preparing to cuff their hands behind their backs.

PRESTON

You two are gonna make me famous.

JESSE

Look, you don't understand. We didn't--

Then Jade spots Chucky darting among some nearby gravestones.

JADE

(pointing)

There he is!

Preston turns around...

...and A GUNSHOT suddenly rips into his gut! He falls, lifeless, to the ground.

Chucky emerges from behind a gravestone, wielding his gun, confronting the helpless kids. He picks up the Walther PPK which Jesse had dropped, and stuffs it in his pocket.

CHUCKY

It's show time.

MINUTES LATER

THUNDER booms and LIGHTNING strobos. Jesse and Jade are lying on their backs, tied up a la Gulliver's Travels next to Charles Lee Ray's grave. Chucky hovers over them with his gun. In his free hand, he holds the amulet.

He moves to Tiffany, who sits leaning against Charles Lee Ray's gravestone, very weak.

CHUCKY

Are you ready, Tiff?

TIFFANY

Just give me a minute.

She struggles to get to her feet. Then she limps over to Jade. Tiffany looks down at her sadly, even regretfully.

Chucky stands over Jesse. He turns to Tiffany.

CHUCKY

Now, we start our new life together.

Raising the amulet toward the STORMY sky, he begins to CHANT:

CHUCKY

Ade due Damballa...give me the power,
I beg of you!

THUNDER crashes, LIGHTNING flashes.

CHUCKY

Leveau mercier du bois chaillot...
Secoisse entienne mais pois de morte!

The THUNDER and LIGHTNING escalate to an insanely Gothic pitch.

CHUCKY

(to Tiffany)

This is it!

Tiffany, keeping her eye on the kids, witnesses an intimate moment between them: they manage to entwine their fingers in a final, desperate gesture of togetherness. Tiffany's expression shows that she is deeply moved.

TIFFANY
(turning to Chucky)
I love you, Chucky.

CHUCKY
I know.

TIFFANY
We belong together. Forever.
(putting her arms around
him)
Kiss me.

As they kiss, CAMERA MOVES AROUND TO CHUCKY'S BACK...revealing that TIFFANY IS WIELDING A KNIFE -- the same butcher knife she earlier had chided Chucky for using!

With a look of terrible sadness, she PLUNGES THE KNIFE DEEP INTO CHUCKY'S BACK!

His eyes go wide with shock and pain. He staggers back, confused.

CHUCKY
Why...?

TIFFANY
Oh Chucky, just look at us. Don't you see?
(then, she echoes
Frankenstein's line from
the drive-in:)
We should be dead.
(then, with great love
and hopefulness:)
Good-bye, darling. I'll see you in
hell.

Chucky collapses, lifeless, to the ground.

The THUNDER AND LIGHTNING cease.

Moving to Jesse and Jade, Tiffany starts untying them. The kids look up at her, speechless.

Then with shocking surprise A BLOODY GUNSHOT COMES RIPPING OUT OF TIFFANY'S CHEST FROM BEHIND! She collapses at the kids' feet...

...revealing Chucky behind her, still alive, wielding his gun!

CHUCKY
Not if I see you first.

With his free hand, he reaches around and, with an agonized SCREAM, pulls the bloody knife out of his back. He looks at the knife for a moment, then, shaking his head, he tosses it away with a laugh. He approaches the kids.

CHUCKY
(to Jade)
Change of plan, honey. I won't be needing you anymore. Now don't get me wrong -- the sex would've been great -- but without Tiffany, we could never be soul mates.

He aims the gun at Jade's head. Pulls the trigger.

Click. Out of ammo.

He tosses the gun away, then whips the Walther PPK out of his pocket...

...as a SHOVEL comes BASHING into his head, sending him reeling! He drops the gun; it goes clattering across the ground.

His attacker is Tiffany, still alive -- barely -- and wielding one of the Digger's shovels!

Getting to his feet, Chucky grabs the nearest weapon at hand -- the second shovel.

Then the dolls duke it out over the helpless kids' prostrate bodies, the shovels CLANGING like swords!

Meanwhile, Jesse is working his hand free, thanks to Tiffany's having loosened his bonds. With his free hand, Jesse manages to grab Chucky's discarded KNIFE, lying on the ground a few inches away. Using the knife, Jesse starts CUTTING his bonds.

Finally, Chucky BASHES Tiffany very hard on the head. She falls back on her rump, her eyes rolling back into her head.

Then, she plops backward, lifeless.

Chucky freezes. Standing over Tiffany's trashed, lifeless body, looking down at her, his face starts to quiver with emotion.

Then in a flash Jesse lashes out with his entire arm -- now free -- grabbing Tiffany's shovel and BASHING Chucky across the face! Chucky goes reeling back...

...and PLUMMETS DOWN INTO CHARLES LEE RAY'S GRAVE, LANDING RIGHT SMACK ON HIS OWN DECAYED CORPSE!

Chucky FREAKS. He tries to claw his way up the side of the grave...

...but he's way too short.

Meanwhile, Jesse finishes freeing himself and Jade. They embrace.

Then, getting to their feet, they move to the edge of the grave. They look down at Chucky as he starts jumping up and down in pathetic, impotent protest.

CHUCKY

Let me out let me out let me out!

As the kids stand there looking down at Chucky, DETECTIVE PRESTON -- still alive -- comes staggering up behind them, carrying his gun. He pulls off his coat...revealing a BULLET-PROOF VEST underneath.

He looks down into the grave at Chucky jumping up and down.

PRESTON

Now there's something you don't see every day.

Jade snatches up the still-loaded Walther PPK off the ground. Then she FIRES down at Chucky -- BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! -- hitting him in the chest and gut. Blood flies.

Chucky collapses atop the corpse, dead.

LATER

Jesse and Lieutenant Preston are shoveling dirt back into the grave, filling it in.

PRESTON

No one's ever going to believe this. You know that.

JESSE

I know.

JADE

What about us?

Preston's CELL PHONE RINGS.

PRESTON

Preston...Yeah, I'm here now...No, it turned out to be a dead end...Cancel the postmortem on Charles Lee Ray.

(a beat)

Jesse and Jade?

(looking right at the kids)

They got away...No, we don't have any leads.

He clicks off. He smiles at the kids.

JESSE

Thanks.

PRESTON

So I don't make Lieutenant. No big deal. I didn't really want to have to get up that early in the morning anyway.

JESSE

(turning to Jade)

Well, Mrs. Miller?

JADE

Yes, Mr. Miller?

JESSE

Where would you like to spend your honeymoon?

JADE

Mexico sounds nice.

JESSE

Mexico it is.

He offers her his arm; she takes it. They walk off into the night together.

JADE

Jesse, I've been thinking...I'd like to name our first child "David."

JESSE

What if it's a girl?

JADE

(a beat)

Then we'll call her "Dorothy." Or "Barbra." Or "Liza."

Preston watches them leave. Then, carrying a plastic bag marked EVIDENCE, he walks over to what's left of Tiffany. He looks down at her for a moment. Then he picks her up, drops her in the bag, and closes it up.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Preston's cop car zips down the highway.

INT. PRESTON'S COP CAR - NIGHT

Preston drives, listening to the RADIO.

Then comes an insidious RUSTLING sound.

Preston switches off the radio. He listens carefully.

RUSTLE RUSTLE.

He turns to look at the EVIDENCE bag on the seat next to him.

RUSTLE RUSTLE. Movement from within.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The cop car SCREECHES to a halt on the side of the lonely road.

INT. PRESTON'S COP CAR - NIGHT

Preston pulls out his gun. He reaches for the bag. Slowly, carefully, he opens it...

...revealing TIFFANY -- still alive, and letting loose with a horrifying, agonizing SCREAM...

...as, to the ironic accompaniment of a tinkling LULLABY, a HIDEOUS LITTLE DOLL INFANT IS EMERGING FROM BETWEEN TIFFANY'S LEGS!

Tiffany collapses, dead, as the repulsive SON OF CHUCKY, wailing demandingly, and baring sharp FANGS, LEAPS DIRECTLY AT CAMERA WITH A SNARL! We hear Preston's bloodcurdling SCREAM as we

CUT TO BLACK.

As CREDITS ROLL, we reprise the Goth cover version of "HELLO DOLLY."