

COOTIES

Written by

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Based on an idea by Josh Waller

PRODUCTION NUMBERED DRAFT - 5/14/13

1 INT. FACTORY CHICKEN FARM - DAY 1

Cluck, cluck.

The distinct mewl of chickens stabs through the darkness. A flashlight beam arcs down onto a dirty floor. It catches glimpses of twitching hens, flitting away from the light.

The bearer of the flashlight is a REDNECK FARMER. He grips a syringe. He catches chickens by the throat, injecting them with some unnamed liquid. We do not see it, but we hear it.

AWAY FROM THE FARMER, we see a chicken in the corner, separate from the others. As still and sullen as a sculpture.

CLOSE ON the eye of our chicken. Blistered. Bloodshot. Rabid. The noise it makes is a low snarl - nothing like a cluck.

The redneck wheels around, scanning for suspects. His light finds the silent hen. He approaches.

Closer...closer.

SUDDENLY - the chicken ATTACKS. In a flurry of feathers it launches up at the redneck's face and STRIKES with its talons. The redneck JERKS BACK with a YIP. Livid, the redneck SNATCHES UP the offending chicken, walking it out into a -- *

BEGIN OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE: *

2 INT. PRODUCTION LINE, FACTORY CHICKEN FARM - CONTINUOUS 2

-- cacophonous barn clogged with machinery. He drops the chicken into a chute at the top of a large machine.

2A We HEAR the SHRILL SCREAM of the chicken as the machinery 2A does its worst. We PAN DOWN across the machine, following the sound of the chicken making its way through the nasty tools of factory chicken farming.

2B Finally, we reach a conveyor belt. A metal spigot spits out 2B liquefied chicken goop onto the belt in small blobs. We TRACK with ONE PARTICULAR BLOB as it makes its way into a FRYER.

2C The blob whirs out the other side of the oven as a chicken 2C nugget. The only thing is - THERE IS AN EYE staring out of this nugget.

2D A factory worker steps in, boxing up the offending nugget 2D with a whole bunch of others and walking it to a TRUCK where the boxes are being loaded.

The rear gate to the truck is closed and we are plunged into darkness.

3 EXT. FORT CHICKEN ELEMENTARY - DAY 3

The gate rises and daylight floods in. We track with our box as a delivery man loads it onto a dolly. We follow him into --

4 INT. KITCHEN, FORT CHICKEN ELEMENTARY CAFETERIA - DAY 4

-- a dour kitchen. A bored looking lunch lady takes the box, ripping it open and dumping the chicken nuggets into a DEEP FRYER. We watch as the fryer is removed and the nuggets are carried into --

5 INT. CAFETERIA, FORT CHICKEN ELEMENTARY - DAY 5

-- A few school children crowd the counter to get at their breakfast. Our HERO NUGGET sits atop a pile. A plain looking young girl with two shit brown pigtails, SHELLEY (10), hands her meal ticket forward. The lunch lady grabs a small tray of nuggets and hands them through. *

Shelley turns to walk away - picks up the nugget - *our nugget* - and puts it in her mouth. *

M6 WE SEE THE FILM'S TITLE: **COOTIES**. M6 *

7 INT. BEDROOM, THE HADSON HOME - MORNING 7

Another close up of a KIDS FACE.

We PULL BACK from this school photo to reveal we are in a BEDROOM, clearly the room of a young boy, filled with toys and posters - only to land instead on the sleeping face of a man: CLINT HADSON (33).

His feet hang over the edge of the bed. AN ALARM SCREECHES. Clint JOLTS, reaching over and smacking the SNOOZE button. It is six am. Clint is the embodiment of the modern American man: he has never been in a fight, never fixed an engine with his hands and never gone camping.

There is a stapled manuscript resting on his stomach. A pen hangs from his mouth. As soon as he sits up, he begins work on the manuscript, crossing things out and making notes.

A cheery woman pokes her head in. This is CHARMAN HADSON (61).

CHARMAN

Good morning, honey! Rise and shine!

CLINT

It's not morning, mom. It's the middle of the night.

CHARMAN

How's the book going?

CLINT

Good. I've been...really working on it. Rewriting it. It's a first draft, you know. Did you get a chance to read the manuscript?

CHARMAN

Yes, I did. I loved it!

CLINT

Any thoughts on it? Criticisms?

CHARMAN

No, I thought it was wonderful.

CLINT

I'm not going to become a better writer if I don't get constructive criticism. *Please*. I'm begging you.

CHARMAN

Well...I did think the characters were a tiny bit...unlikable.

CLINT

That's more like it. Noted.

CHARMAN

And it was a little...slow. I was a bit bored to be honest.

CLINT

I heart *honesty*. I asked, you gave.

CHARMAN

I also didn't really know what was going on or where we were, it wasn't explained very well. There was no specificity in the writing in terms of time and place. And where was the inciting incident?

CLINT

Okay! This is - wow. Thank you!

CHARMAN

Mostly I loved it though. Now it's
time to get on up and teach all
those Summer school kids how to
write like you.

*
*
*

She leaves. Clint deflates back onto the bed, depressed.

CLINT

Kill me.

8 EXT. CAR - MOVING - MORNING

8

Clint's '91 Honda Civic Hatchback sputters past a bland outer
suburban landscape. Walmart. Tract homes. A beige nightmare.

The car is filthy and streaked with dust. On the rear window,
someone has written 'EAT A COCK'.

*

9 INT. CAR - MOVING - MORNING

9

In keeping with the exterior, the interior of his car
resembles a dumpster - papers and food wrappers are strewn
everywhere. He scoops up a mini tape recorder.

CLINT

(into recorder)

Chapter one. The boat was
evil...but he loved the boat.
Chapter one. The boat was evil...
but he didn't know just how evil.

Clint approaches Fort Chicken Elementary, pulling up behind a
school bus. A dozen kids tumble out.

*

An electronic marquee reads "Welcome to Summer School"

*

A baseball diamond yawns out beyond the bus. A sign on the
fence reads 'FORT CHICKEN ELEMENTARY - HOME OF THE CHICKEN
HAWKS'. The bus lurches away, revealing the full sign. Below
the 'HOME OF THE CHICKEN HAWKS' bit, it says "NO FOWL BALLS!"

CLINT (CONT'D)

Jesus...I've come full circle. How
very, very utterly depressing.

10 EXT. SCHOOL GATE - MORNING

10

A crossing guard, RICK BURTON (25), waves some kids across a
cross walk and onto the campus. He is very stoned.

*
*

Clint pulls up in his Honda, lowers the window. Rick leans in, handing him a wad of cash.

RICK
What's up, amigo?
(noticing)
Hey...you're not my dealer.

CLINT
No...I'm a substitute for today. Is
there anywhere I should park?

RICK
Oh...yeah. Okay, so...you go down
the driveway. Past the baseball
field. Keep going until you see the
gym. Go past that... *

CLINT
Uh huh.

RICK
Then, I think there's a hockey
field...

CLINT
Okay. Do you think maybe I could
just park right here?

There are a ton of empty spaces surrounding them.

RICK
Totally.

CLINT
Thanks.

RICK
Hey, you don't sell 'shrooms, do
you? *

Rick's WALKIE-TALKIE chatters. *

PRINCIPAL (V.O.)
Rick? Is that Mr. Hudson? *

Rick looks at Clint. *

CLINT
Hudson. *

Ricks clicks the button on his electric gate opener. The door
opens and Clint drives in. *

RICK

So, that's a "no" on the shrooms?

*
*

11 EXT. PARKING LOT, FORT CHICKEN ELEMENTARY - MORNING 11

Clint pulls in, shutting his car off. He's about to get out when one of those huge pick-ups with two extra wheels on the back pulls in next to him, blaring country music. A giant trailer hitch with a CHROME ROOSTER where the ball should be.

*
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SONG LYRICS

(from radio)

*"Yeah I love this land, under God
and a rifle, and I'll introduce you
to 'em both, if you come up 'ere
and trifle with meeeeeee."*

A big ex-linebacker type - WADE JOHNSON (34) - kills the radio and disembarks. He's gained a bit of weight since his glory days, but he's still living them.

Clint tries to open his door but is parked in by the truck.

CLINT

Excuse me, I'm having trouble...

Wade is gone. Clint clambers over the backseat, exiting through the rear hatch. He slams it shut and notices "Eat a Cock". He wipes it clean with his sleeve.

*
*

12 EXT. YARD, FORT CHICKEN ELEMENTARY - MORNING 12

Clint plods across the yard, toting a tattered shoulder bag. He sees a few parents dropping off their kids. One set of parents cry as they hug their child.

*

CHILD

It's okay mom, I'll be back in a few hours.

MOTHER

We're just gonna miss you so much.

At another car, a kid is wearing a padded safety helmet.

SAFETY HELMET BOY

Can't I take it off?

MOTHER

No. A playground is a war zone.

He spots another girl applying lip-stick, using the surface of a car as a mirror. As he walks, he is almost tripped up.

VOICE (O.S.)

Watch it!

He looks down to see a nine year girl arching her back over a yoga mat.

CLINT

Sorry, didn't see you there.

YOGA GIRL

Maybe you should take in your surroundings more.

*

Clint, put in his place, forges on towards the front doors.

*

13 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MORNING

13

Clint enters the principals office, nodding to his secretary MRS. GORDON (32). PRINCIPAL SIMMS (65) rises to meet Clint. He's an old school educator with the leadership skills of a fart. His Tommy Bahamas shirt is tucked into his cargo shorts. WALKIE-TALKIE clipped to his belt.

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PRINCIPAL SIMMS

Mr. Hudson!

CLINT

Hadson. Hi. Call me Clint.

PRINCIPAL SIMMS

Righteous. Thanks so much for coming on such short notice. Looks like Mrs. Kenner's down with a stomach flu. Or maybe she's pregnant! She is Mormon, so that's always a possibility.

So lame.

PRINCIPAL SIMMS (CONT'D)

The teachers' lounge is right across the way, go get yourself a hot cuppa joe, although it's not strong enough for my taste, to deal with these *terrors* I need the *high-octane* stuff, isn't that right, Mrs. Gordon?

Mrs. Gordon ignores this man she so clearly hates.

PRINCIPAL SIMMS (CONT'D)
Got a cell phone?

CLINT
Um, yeah.

The principal holds out a wire basket, filled with phones.

PRINCIPAL SIMMS
I'm gonna need to take it.

CLINT
Are you serious?

PRINCIPAL SIMMS
I'm afraid so. This is a --
(making an X with his
forearms)
"NO CELLPHONE CAMPUS". And we can't
ask the kids to give up something
we're not willing to, so hand over
that *crackberry*!

*

He really thinks he thought of that. Clint hands his over.

PRINCIPAL SIMMS (CONT'D)
Boo-yah.
(beat)
Yeah, I run a pretty tight ship.

*

*

CLINT
Love ships.

*

*

PRINCIPAL SIMMS
Kids today aren't like they were
when I grew up. So I do my best to
change that. No celphones, no being
indoors during recess, enjoy that
fresh air! Heck, I lock 'em out.

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Clint nods, knowing this sounds completely crazy.

*

PRINCIPAL SIMMS (CONT'D)
Now. Mrs. Kenner's in room 12,
here's a map of the school...

*

CLINT
Oh, I don't need it. I used to go
here. Class of '88.

PRINCIPAL SIMMS
 Hey hey! You know what *that* is?
 (clicking his tongue,
 double six-shooters)
Outta sight.

14 INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE - MORNING

14

A floppy-haired art teacher, TRACY SIMMONS (30), is talking to his overweight, uninterested co-worker MRS. BIRK (50).

TRACY
 Trust me, I'm telling you. Slippery
 Elm. I swear by it. I put all my
 actors on it the second they walk
 through my door. After all,
 without thespians, there's just no
 Solstice Celebration.

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Clint goes to the coffee machine, where a tall BLONDE in a bright red pant-suit, REBEKKAH HALVERSON (28), puts ten Splendas in her cup. Her posture is perfect. She means business.

CLINT
 Hi there. Do you know which mug is
 Mrs. Kenner's?

Rebekkah wheels around and reveals a small beeper-like device with a red button on it clipped to her belt.

REBEKKAH
 No, but I know what this is. *This is a rape button.* It emits an ear-splitting alarm and signal that will inform the local police, who arrive within two minutes should you get too close. You know why I have a rape button? Because the government of the state of Illinois does not trust its citizenry enough to pass safe, sensible conceal and carry laws.

She walks past him. Clint stands, stunned. Wade, the guy with the truck, appears and pours himself a cup of coffee.

CLINT
 (to Wade)
 She's a little tightly wound, huh?

Wade turns squarely to Clint and serenely takes a sip of coffee, then walks off. Clint is dumbfounded.

Then something catches his eye - a pretty, petite brunette has taken a seat at one of the tables. This is LUCY MC CORMICK (32). Lucy is not an eternal optimist - she is an *aggressive optimist*. Lucy thinks everything is awesome - or at least she says she does.

CLINT (CONT'D)
Oh my god! Lucy?

LUCY
(confused)
Hi...

CLINT
It's Clint Hadson. We went to school together!

LUCY
(recognizing him)
Oh my god. Wow. What are you doing here? *

CLINT
I'm subbing for Mrs. Kenner.

LUCY
Oh my god, that's amazing. I heard you lived in New York!

CLINT
I did. In Brooklyn. And now I'm in town for a while. I'm staying at Rick and Linda's.

LUCY
Oh. Who are Rick and Linda?

CLINT
They're my parents.

The tiniest awkward beat.

LUCY
So you're a teacher now?

CLINT
No. I mean, *yes*, I ended up subbing a little in New York, but, *really* I'm a writer.

As they talk, a nervous, ruffled man wearing a tie with a polo shirt joins them, eaves dropping. This is DOUG DAVIS (33). *

LUCY
That's so great!

Wade notices them talking and helps himself to a seat next to them. Things are uncomfortable.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Uh, Clint, have you met Wade?

They shake hands awkwardly.

CLINT
Actually, we have. You parked me in earlier.

WADE
What are you talking about?

CLINT
Nothing, it's fine. It's just...
your truck was parked so close that
I couldn't get out of my car.

WADE
Sorry, it's dual rear wheel.

When Wade says 'dual rear wheel', it comes out like 'dool weeow weeow'. It is impossible to say.

CLINT
I'm sorry?

WADE
Dool weeow wee...ooh.
Dual...weeah...dual...weahh...wheel.
(beat)
My truck has two extra wheels on
it.

Clint and Lucy stare at him.

WADE (CONT'D)
So Clint, I overheard that you're a
writer. What have you written?

CLINT
Ah...nothing you've read. Yet.
I'm actually working on my first
novel.

LUCY
Really?

CLINT

Yeah, that's why I'm home. Just to hunker down, you know, just bang out the story, but...needed a few *sheckels*.

Doug laughs, too loudly. Everyone ignores him.

DOUG

Sheckels.

LUCY

Wow! Good for you! That's exciting.

WADE

So what's the book about?

CLINT

Actually it's a horror novel. It's about a guy who inherits a boat, but the boat ends up being possessed.

WADE

So it's like "Christine"?

CLINT

Sorry?

WADE

"Christine". Stephen King. It's about a car that ends up being possessed.

CLINT

Um, but...this is about a boat.

WADE

So it's like "Speed 2"?

A long beat of silence. The bell rings. Wade gets up.

LUCY

(to Clint)

Your classroom's right next to mine, Clint. I'll walk you.

15

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

15

Lucy gives Clint the tour, ambling down the corridor.
Principal Simms strolls by and salutes them. He passes.

*
*

LUCY

I'm not sure Principal Simms knows
what to do anymore. He's a little
"dated". A student brought a live
hand grenade to show'n'tell and he
gave them a five-minute time-out.

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She waves as they pass the weathered face of MR. HATACHI
(70), the Japanese janitor.

*
*

LUCY (CONT'D)

That's Mr. Hatachi.

*

Hatachi passes silently. Nods to them. Out of respect.

*
*

LUCY (CONT'D)

(to Clint)

He's from Japan. All sorts of
rumors going around about him.

*
*

CLINT

I remember him!

*
*

LUCY

Yeah. 32 years on staff. I think
it's been narrowed down to him
being a former Yakuza who came to
the states to escape assassination
or that his likeness was used as
inspiration for the Ninja Turtles.

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CLINT

Both realistic options.

*
*

LUCY

(back to the tour)

So the kindergarten's down that
way, and this is first grade.

Through the window we can see Rebekkah starting her class.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Rebekkah teaches that. She's a
little uptight...

WHIP TO:

REBEKKAH

I mean, who can say? *Maybe* we were created in the image of an all-knowing God who sent down his only son who bled for us and died on the cross so that we could be washed of sin and live forever in his eternal glory, or *maybe* we crawled out of the swamp and became monkeys. Who can say? *I can't*, because the State of Illinois doesn't allow me to.

The kids seem confused.

BACK TO:

17 INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

17

Lucy leans in, speaking in hushed conspiratorial tones.

LUCY

Just don't try to hug her or anything, she wears a rape button.

They pass another classroom. Doug writes on the board inside.

LUCY (CONT'D)

That's Doug. He teaches third. He's really smart. Used to be a quantum physicist. But he has social performance disorder because he got hit in the head with a lawn dart at a science convention in Waikiki. So sometimes he's really quiet, and then other times you just wish he was really quiet.

*
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WHIP TO:

18 INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE - MORNING - FLASHBACK

18

Doug bounces into a full teachers' lounge with his finger marking a page in a book. He's peppy and awkward.

DOUG

Okay, joke time. How many child molesters does it take to screw a light bulb into a child's anus?

Crickets. Really, really inappropriate. Doug squirms.

DOUG (CONT'D)
So...what a day, huh?

LUCY
Is that a joke book, Doug?

He shakes his head, then turns and goes.

BACK TO:

19 INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

19

Clint cranes his neck to get a good look at Doug.

LUCY
Next there's Tracy, he teaches art
and directs the school play. I
didn't think he was gay, but then
one time he started talking about
his "partner".

WHIP TO:

20 INT. TEACHERS LOUNGE - MORNING - FLASHBACK

20

Tracy enthusiastically relates a story to a fellow teacher.

TRACY
Yeah, my partner's name is David,
he's *AWESOME*. He's *older*, but he's
weirdly got like this *fantastic*
body. If I'm being honest, my
stroke is better, his sort of
leaves something to be desired, but
he actually has these fantastic
balls that I love playing with.
They're so much nicer than mine.
It's weird, they're like, *firmer*,
and like, way more *fuzzy*.

He looks up. Every eye in the room is trained on him.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Tennis partner. David's my tennis
partner.

BACK TO:

21 INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

21

They arrive at the end of the road.

LUCY

And here we are. Here's fourth grade, that's me, you're right over there. Good luck. Holler if you need anything, or you can ask Wade - the athletic office is right there, just inside the gym.

CLINT

Yeah, what's with that guy? He seems like bit of a dick.

LUCY

Ha. He's my boyfriend.

She strides into her classroom, leaving Clint stunned. He gawks through the window at his unruly class. Sighs deeply.

22

INT. CLINT'S CLASSROOM - DAY

22

The rotten, entitled face of modern youth fills the screen. Staring at us. The kids name is PATRIOT (10). No joke.

PATRIOT

(voice cracking at times)

You are so fucking ugly.

*

WIDER, we reveal another kid standing next to him, DINK (10).

PATRIOT (CONT'D)

If my asshole had a asshole,
that's what you'd look like.

DINK

You look like my asshole's ass.

PULL BACK to reveal the target of their torment - Shelley, who looks very ill. Her face is blotchy and discolored, small blisters forming around her mouth. There is an empty, inhuman look in her eyes. A look of evil.

PATRIOT

You look like you got chicken pox,
if chicken pox was made out of
hemorrhoids.

DINK

If chicken pox was made out of my
ass.

PATRIOT

It looks like your face was on fire
and someone put it out with a wet
chain.

DINK

And then put the chain up your ass.

Patriot looks at Dink. So hard to find good help these days.
A low growl rattles from Shelley's throat as she eyes them,
menacing. At that, Clint bounds in, chipper.

CLINT

Hey, did somebody order a *sub*?

Crickets. Patriot and Dink take their seats.

CLINT (CONT'D)

Tough crowd. Okay guys, I know I'm
the substitute, but I'm also a
friend.

Clint notices a few of the students removing pills from
little orange pill bottles and swallowing them down. Prozac,
Ritalin - all the big names.

CLINT (CONT'D)

It wasn't so long ago that I was
sitting right where you guys are.
In fact, don't tell any of those
other teachers, but I want you to
call me by my first name.

He writes CLINT on the blackboard and stands back.

DINK

Cunt?

Big laughter.

CLINT

What? No? You can't say --

He glances back at the board. It does kind of look like CUNT.

CLINT (CONT'D)

Okay, no. My name is Clint.

(beat)

You know what? Just call me Mr.
Hadson. I'm actually not even a
teacher though. I'm only
substituting to pay the bills. I'm
actually writing a *horror novel*.
Pretty cool huh?

No reaction. The kids stare at him, dead eyed.

PATRIOT
Yeah real cool, asshole.

CLINT
Excuse me? What's your name?

Patriot is scrolling through pictures on his iphone.

PATRIOT
(not looking up)
Patriot.

*

CALVIN
He got held back.

*

*

PATRIOT
Shut up!

*

*

CLINT
Your name is Patriot?

PATRIOT
That's right. I was born on
September 11th. I was sent by God
on that day. That's why on my 18th
birthday I'm joining the Marines to
kick some towelhead ass.

*

CLINT
Wow. A lot to unpack there. First
off, could you keep the language
down please, Patriot? Otherwise
I'll send you outside. Wait, how
old are you?

*

*

PATRIOT
Yeah while you were just talking? I
looked at a hundred vaginas.

He holds up the phone. Clint walks over, extends his hand.

CLINT
Give me that.

PATRIOT
Why?

CLINT
Because you are not allowed to have
that. Your principal told me.

PATRIOT

How about I start crying and suggest to my parents that you touched me inappropriately?

Clint is stunned. Another phone goes off with a ping and Dink takes his out. Reads the text and laughs.

CLINT

Wait...did you just text him?

PATRIOT

Yeah.

Clint lets it go, returns to his desk. He opens his shoulder bag, extracting the dog-eared first draft of his novel.

CLINT

So, I actually have the first draft of my novel with me. Who would like to read the first chapter out loud? Then you guys can give me some feedback.

A hand goes up. A sweet African-American kid, CALVIN (10).

CLINT (CONT'D)

Great! What's your name?

PATRIOT

Douche!

*
*

CALVIN

Calvin.

*

CLINT

Calvin! Come on down!

Patriot swivels around to face Shelley. She is still staring at her lap, catatonic.

PATRIOT

You'd be good in a horror novel.

No response. Calvin clears his throat.

CALVIN

Chapter One. Trent always loved boats. But when he spent his life savings on the Anna Marie, he didn't know he'd just chartered a course to *evil*.

Clint listens with his eyes closed, loving the sound of his own words.

CLINT
(sotto)
Chills.

Calvin reads on as Patriot pokes Shelley. *

PATRIOT
Hey! Are you listening to me?

He grabs one of her pigtails and pulls on it -- it rips out along with a meaty chunk of scalp! She looks up, her face now wearing an eerie rictus grin. *
*
*

She SCREECHES and LEAPS out of her seat, SINKING HER TEETH INTO HIS CHEEK. *

The fatty flesh pops and a jetstream of blood arcs across the room. Patriot SCREAMS like a little girl. Clint is stunned. He runs at Shelley, hauling her off Patriot. She pushes off Clint, scratching his finger. *
*

CLINT
Oww! *

She SCREECHES again, scrambling into the corner, limbs flailing wildly. Staring at them, wild eyed, crazed. Blood staining her teeth. She HISSES. The other students scream. *

CLINT (CONT'D)
Calm down. It's okay.

He approaches her. She screeches and takes off, bolting through the classroom door. Clint burns out after her, just as she rounds a distant corner. A slight GIGGLE echoing. Clint comes back in. *
*
*

CLINT (CONT'D)
Alright everyone, calm down. Wait here, I'm taking Patriot to the nurse's office. *

23 INT. SCHOOL NURSES OFFICE - DAY

23

The school nurse, RHONDA (52), attempts to pry Patriot's fingers away from his face.

RHONDA
Come on, let me look at it.

Patriot seems despondent. His skin is pale, sweat dotting his forehead. Clint watches on. His skin also slightly white with a cold sweat forming.

*
*

RHONDA (CONT'D)

This is going to need stitches.
Nothing that I can do here though.
He's going to have to go to the
hospital.

*
*
*
*

Clint puts a bandaid on his cut. Turns and pats his hand on Patriot's shoulder.

*
*

CLINT

That's okay. Patriot can take it.
He's a Marine. Right, Patriot?

Patriot doesn't respond. His breathing becomes rasped and rapid.

*

24 EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE FORT CHICKEN ELEMENTARY - DAY 24

A Honda Civic pulls away as Rick sneakily pockets a baggie and skips to his car. Sees Shelley sprinting across the playground towards the fenceline. Thinks nothing of it.

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*

25 INT. BLUE ASTROVAN - CONTINUOUS 25

Rick slams the door shut and examines his baggie.

RICK

Beautiful, beautiful 'shrooms.

He pops one in his mouth and turns up his cassette deck. It's the Grateful Dead's "Sugar Magnolia".

RICK (CONT'D)

Hey, Jerry! *What's u-u-up???*

He reclines his seat out of frame.

SFX - RECESS BUZZER

*

26 INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE - DAY 26

Tracy has Rebekkah cornered by the coffee machine.

TRACY

I'm not accusing you of anything.
I'm just *saying*, I asked one of
your first graders to draw a
picture of a monkey and she said
she couldn't because she thought
she'd go to hell, and then she
mumbled under her breath about how
she didn't approve of my *lifestyle*,
which didn't make any sense. Why
would anyone care that I lead an
active lifestyle?

Clint enters and beelines right for the table where Lucy
sits. The morning appears to have gotten to him.

CLINT

So one of my students tried to eat
another ones' face off. How is
everyone else's day going?
(with purpose, to Lucy)
I'm really sorry about this
morning.

LUCY

Oh my god, what happened?

CLINT

When I said your boyfriend was a
dick. I didn't know you guys were
dating and now I feel really
awkward...

LUCY

No, I mean in your *classroom*. What
happened?

CLINT

Oh. This girl just went apeshit on
this kid. She was biting him. I had
to send him to the nurse.

LUCY

Oh my god. Did you send her down to
the principal?

CLINT

Are you kidding? I wanted to high-
five her. The kid was a dick.

27 EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

27

The children of Fort Chicken Elementary are spread out across the yard in groups...

...except for one kid:

Shelley is at the far end of the playground fence line. Burrowing. Dink approaches, looking nervous.

Nearby, Wade is on yard duty, but is spending it perfecting his three-pointer. He hasn't made a basket. He's getting frustrated.

DINK

You bit my friend's face.

A strange rattle rises in Shelley's larynx as she breathes.

DINK (CONT'D)

Are you sick or something?

She doesn't answer. Just continues whatever it is she's doing.

DINK (CONT'D)

Hey, you scab!

Shelley lashes back and scratches Dink across the cheek. Her face gnarled and bloody from trying to chew through the chain link fence. She goes back to burrowing.

Dink stumbles back, his hand to his face. He drops to a knee. His breathing starting to pick up. Slowly stands and drifts towards the soccer field.

28 INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE -- DAY

28

Clint's still unloading on Lucy. Through the window behind him, we see the scene that is unfolding in the playground. Dink going from kid to kid. Children dropping to their knees on the field. It almost looks like a game of tag.

CLINT

I wanted to say to them, like, guys, I'm a writer who just moved here from New York City! I'm way cooler than your regular teacher! This day *could've* been super fun.

LUCY

Kids are always rough on subs.

CLINT

Yeah but this is different from what we were like growing up. It's like they're not even kids, they're like...*miniature adults*. They all have cell phones and black belts and therapists and Adderall...

LUCY

Parenting *has* changed a lot in the last few decades. But in some ways, it's *better*, I think...

CLINT

I just don't understand why you just can't *whack* a kid now and then! My grandpa? He used to beat the *crap* out of me. With a *cane*. I mean, he also tried to burn our house down once, so he wasn't the *greatest* role model. Sort of an *awful* man...

She laughs loudly. They share a moment.

LUCY

Did you forget to pack a snack?

*

CLINT

Shit.

LUCY

Here.

She hands him some of hers. His face totally brightens. Maybe this teaching thing isn't so bad after all.

29 INT. BLUE ASTROVAN - DAY

29

The Grateful Dead blasts from the stereo as RICK leans back, soaking up the trip. He sees a girl straddling a boy.

RICK

Those two are goin' at it. *Nice*.

30 EXT. PLAYGROUND - SAME TIME

30

Dink has a girl pinned against a tree at the edge of the field. He is biting her face. Meanwhile --

*

*

*

31 EXT. KICKBALL FIELD, PLAYGROUND - SAME TIME 31

A teacher, MR. PEDERSON (44), notices a boy, LINCOLN(9), on his hands and knees. He walks over and rests his hand on Lincoln's shoulder. *

MR. PEDERSEN
Hey son. Are you alright? *

Mr. Pedersen looks up and notices that several other kids on the field are on their knees. *

MR. PEDERSEN (CONT'D)
What the... *

Lincoln whips around. His lips stretched back into an eerie grin. His eyes a cold black. Mr. Pedersen SQUEALS as Dink springs at his neck. *

32 INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE -- DAY 32

Lucy and Clint, however, are still deep in conversation.

LUCY
So single! Ooh-la-la! *

A dogpile is forming out on the playground -- A dogpile of children on Mr. Pedersen. *

CLINT
Right.

LUCY
Well, you're going to have a *great* time meeting girls in Fort Chicken. *

At that, Doug walks in with purpose, his finger marking a book page in one hand, the other holding up a bag.

DOUG
Oh, hey guys! Look! *Somebody* packed their lunch in an airline sickness bag! *Outrageous!*

Clint and Lucy hide their faces.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Wanna hear a good one? Why did the Holocaust survivor move next to a bakery?

LUCY
Seriously, Doug. Just...don't.

33 EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

33

Wade is now trying to shoot free throws, none of which are going in. He literally has not made one basket. He's so angry that he's oblivious to the chaos around him.

The playground is now a BATTLE GROUND.

It's a maelstrom of kids biting other kids. Clusters of rabid kids chasing down terrified screaming ones. The scene is made even more macabre by the fact that all of the afflicted children are SMILING AND LAUGHING. They are kids ramped up to a thousand - hollering like possessed jackals.

A teacher, MISS NASH (29), quickly moves to the dogpile to break it up.

*
*

MISS NASH
What is happening here...?

*
*

She tries to pull the kids away and reveals a half-eaten Mr. Pedersen. Still alive but he looks as if Piranhas have been at him. If he used to have skin, you'd never know it.

*
*
*

The kids GIGGLE and LUNGE at Miss Nash, taking her down.

*

34 INT. ASTROVAN - SAME TIME

34

A particularly blood-curdling scream SNAPS Rick out of a daze and he rolls down the window, mildly curious. He takes in the chaos but isn't sure if he should really trust his eyes. Reaches slowly for his walkie.

*
*
*
*

35 INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE - DAY

35

Doug marches over to Tracy and Rebekkah, who are arguing. He peeks down at the book hidden in his jacket, with the title "*How to Have a Normal Conversation*". He runs his finger down the page to a bullet point: "*Talk About the Weather*".

*
*
*

DOUG
Did you know that the Farmers'
Almanac can predict the weather for
the upcoming year with 100%
accuracy?

They ignore him. He does the two-fingered Tom Cruise point.

*

DOUG (CONT'D)
Okay, I'm gonna go get my teach on.
Check ya later.

He marches away with purpose, ditching his book in a potted plant and strolling through a door, slamming it behind him.

TRACY

Um... he just walked into a closet. *

(a beat)

I don't think he's coming out.

REBEKKAH

Like you should talk. *

A35 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

A35

Principal Simms sits behind his desk, reading texts off of everyone's celphones. The Walkie-talkie rests on his desk and clatters to life. *

RICK (V.O.) *

Sir? *

Principal Simms startles and drags his arm over the desk, dumping the celphones back into the basket. Grabs the walkie. *

PRINCIPAL SIMMS *

That's a "go" for Simms. *

B35 INT. ASTROVAN -- SAME TIME

B35

Rick stares out the window towards the playground. The carnivorous bedlam that is ensuing. *

RICK *

(in the walkie) *

So. I happen to be on some medication for a medical condition, which means I may not be seeing things correctly, but I'm pretty sure that I'm seeing some of your students playing soccer with Mr. Pedersen's head. *

C35 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME

C35

Simms rolls his chair over to the window looks through the blinds. Indeed it looks like something "different" is happening. *

RICK (V.O.) *

Again, could be the medication. *

Principal Simms closes the blinds, sets the walkie on the desk, and heads out.

*
*

INT. HALLWAY -- SAME TIME

*

Principal Simms is a man on a mission. Breezing past the Nurse's office as he exits the building. Not noticing -

*
*

A small BLOODY HAND slamming up against the window of the Nurse's office. A sadistic giggle from behind the door.

*
*

36 EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

36

PRINCIPAL SIMMS (O.S.)
Come on guys, let's settle down.

*
*

A few Cooties kids look back towards Principal Simms, confidently making his way towards them. They sprint to him.

*
*

PRINCIPAL SIMMS (CONT'D)
It's great to see you all taking
advantage of this beautiful outdoor
weather, but looks like you may be
getting a bit too ornery --

*
*
*
*
*

He's marauded by a clutch of several kids. Torn to shreds.

*

INT. ASTROVAN - SAME TIME

*

Rick just stares at Simms going down. His mouth agape.

*

39 INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE - DAY

39

Despite the anarchy, Clint and Lucy are still in la la land.

LUCY
It's good to see you, Clint.

Doug takes this chance to noiselessly sneak out of the closet, then notices all the bloodshed outside.

DOUG
(brightly)
Oh, look! Carnage!

TRACY
Oh my God...

Everyone stands and stares, slack-jawed, at the panorama outside.

*
*

LUCY
Somebody call the police.

*

42 EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

42

*

Wade now tries a lay up...*and misses again.*

*

WADE
*OH MY GOD! WHAT THE FUCK IS
HAPPENING?!*

*

*

*

He punts the ball in anger. As he does, he sees Clint and Lucy through the teachers lounge window. *Clint's arm around Lucy.* Wade GLARES at them.

*

*

*

Until a SCREAM breaks him out of it. For the first time, he sees what is occurring in the playground around him - a BLOODBATH.

*

*

*

WADE (CONT'D)
Wait...what the fuck *is* happening?

*

*

Wade creeps through the playground. He spots a mound of kids gorging on something, tossing Principal Simms' shoe over their shoulders. A picked-clean femur is sticking out of it.

The kids are all pale, monstrous versions of their normal pink-cheeked selves. One of the kids looks up and spots Wade. She bolts towards him.

WADE (CONT'D)
Listen kids, don't make me hurt
you!

She doesn't listen. In fact, other kids have joined her. Wade hot-foots it towards his truck.

*

*

INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE -- SAME TIME

*

LUCY
It's Wade!!

*

*

They watch as Wade leaps over kids, juking and stiff-arming kids, just like the old days.

*

*

DOUG
Wow. He's just like OJ Simpson.

*

*

Even at the speed he's going, the kids are close behind.

*

EXT. PLAYGROUND -- SAME TIME

WADE

Come on, Johnson! Go Johnson go!

The kids are gaining. More join them. A group cuts him off from the parking lot! Wade banks a hard left!

He dodges and leaps - negotiating the pack and reaching the back door to the school. It's locked!!

He starts fumbling with the mass of keys on his belt. Fumbling, until -- He finds it! In with the key! Turns! Opens! Slams it behind him --

WHOMP!!!

WADE (CONT'D)

Jesus H!!

The throng of pre-pubescent demons SLAM into the double doors.

43 INT. TEACHERS LOUNGE - SAME TIME

43

Tracy is still on the phone with the police.

TRACY

They attacked the principal, literally attacked him. And then chased...hello? The phone went dead.

44 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

44

Patriot has ripped out the hard line for the phone. Right after he ripped out the throat of Mrs. Gordon. Part of it still in his mouth.

45 INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE - DAY

45

Tracy, Doug, Rebekkah, Clint, Lucy, Miss Birk, the music teacher, MR. PECK (42), and the upbeat MR. HENDERSON (27) are all glaring through the windows.

Wade EXPLODES into the room, out of breath. They all scream.

REBEKKAH

What the hell is going on?

Wade hunches over, trying to speak through heaving breaths.

WADE

Those kids are fast...
(breath)
...I was twice voted...
(breath)
...running back of the year...
(breath)
...in Kerry county...
(breath)
...I should have won a...
(breath)
...third year...
(breath)
...but it was political...

REBEKKAH

Wade, for fuck's sake!

WADE

(catching his breath)
Nobody...go out there. They're
killers. They're...not human. If
you go out there...you're dead.
(off their shock)
They killed...Mr. Pedersen. They
ate him. They ate them all.

*

DOUG

Cannibalism...

Everyone looks up to see the Cooties kids bolting towards the windows of the teachers lounge. The teachers lurch back.

*

The glass CRACKS as the kids smack on it. Tracy waves at one girl.

*

TRACY

Angela? It's me, Mr. Simmons!

DOUG

It's not Angela anymore.

SUDDENLY - the kids stop pounding on the window. They all whirl around in unison. A POLICE CRUISER has pulled into the driveway.

WADE

It's Dave!

The kids bolt towards the police car.

A45 INT. ASTROVAN -- SAME TIME A45 *

Rick spots the fuzz and begins to have a serious meltdown. *

RICK *

It's Dave. *

He sits up in the driver seat and strikes a pose very far from natural. Until all the kids start running past. Then he just freezes. *

46 EXT. FORT CHICKEN ELEMENTARY - DAY 46 *

A strapping cop, SHERIFF DAVE JOHNSON (35), clambers out of his car and walks over to the fenceline. The children line it. Blood on their clothes. The kids for him as best they can through the chain link. Drool seeping from their mouths. *

DAVE *

Alright kids, calm down. You little guys need to tell me what is going on. *

He kneels down to their level.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I'm here to help. Think of me just like Batman. I'm a helper.

He reaches out to touch one of the kids. With a snarl, the kid bites two of his fingers off. Dave screams like a girl. *

47 INT. TEACHERS LOUNGE - SAME TIME 47

TRACY *

Dave! *

Horrificed, the teachers watch as the sheriff falls to the ground and fumble his way back to his car, three fingers missing. *

They also see something moving beyond the fence. Something small and fast. Shelley. She's making her way into the police cruiser. *

CLINT *

That's the girl! *

WADE

(fighting tears)

Fuck this. I've gotta help him.

A47 EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME TIME A47 *

Dave manages to get to his feet. Holding his bleeding hand tight to his ribcage. He makes his way around to the driver's side, all the while the children laughing. He shuts the car door. Then sees her... *

B47 INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE - SAME TIME B47 *

ALL OF THEM *

Whoa! *

Sheriff Dave is dead. Tracy jumps in between Wade and the door. *

TRACY *

Wade, you can't go out there. *

WADE

Out of my way.

He shoves Tracy aside and flings open the door to the teachers lounge - and is instantly set upon by PATRIOT!

Wade scrambles back into the room, Patriot clawing at his face. Everyone SCREAMS, huddling in the corner. With gym-rat might, Wade HURLS Patriot across the room. His body sails through the air and smashes into the wall, then plunges down onto a desk - landing on a paper spike. In a second he is on his feet again, snarling.

He charges at Clint next. Clint reaches out to the first weapon he can grab - the coffee pot. He snatches it up and bombs it at Patriots head.

SMASH!! It connects - with the wrong person. Yep, it hits Wade. He howls as the searing coffee scalds his leg.

WADE (CONT'D)

You asshole!

Patriot BARRELS into Clint and they stumble back, WALLOPING into the refrigerator.

CLINT

Help!

They roll across the floor like kids wrestling. Clint THWACKS Patriot with his shoulder bag. They stop at the feet of the huddled, terrified teachers. Tracy leaps up onto a chair.

CLINT (CONT'D)

Help me!

Lucy grabs an umbrella and THWACKS Patriot across the head with it. Patriot's snaps his jaws, inches from Clint's face.

DOUG
He's trying to bite into your neck!

CLINT
Yes, I know!

Rebekkah seizes a can of PEPPER SPRAY from within her coat - unloading into Patriot's face. Unfortunately, Clint cops part of the dose too.

CLINT (CONT'D)
Aaaahhhh!!!!

Patriot just gets pissed off and LEAPS at Rebekkah. He rips the can from her hand, using it as a breath spray with two short bursts in his mouth, then hurls the can aside.

REBEKKAH
No, not my face!!

Rebekkah scrambles backwards, bumping into Miss Birk who is cowering by the OPEN LOCKER. Patriot WHAMS into her, biting into his face as they collapse into the open locker. Door slamming behind them!

WADE
Let's go!!

CLINT
We can't leave her.

WADE
Does anyone know the combo?

No one does. Patriot pounds on the door, denting it - but he's stuck.

TRACY
Where do we go?

LUCY
The music room! There's no windows in there!

The frazzled group scurries to the door.

The group stampede down the hall, Cooties kids banging on the front door of the school. Locked but trying to get in.

Clint still squinting in pain. Wade limps, his coffee burn hobbling him.

Mr. Henderson panics and makes a break for a side door.

WADE
No, they're out there!

LUCY
This way!

A48 EXT. SCHOOLYARD -- SAME TIME

A48

Mr. Henderson bursts through the side door. The door closes behind him. Looks to the left. Nothing. To the right. Nothing. Behind him --

A child leaps onto his back, biting into his neck. He wails as more kids appear and SWARM him.

B48 INT. ASTROVAN -- SAME TIME

B48

Rick watches through his window as Mr. Henderson is taken down. Kids running past the minivan.

RICK
Damn. This shit is strong.

49 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

49

The gang of teachers bank around a corner and spot a kid coming towards them!

They all SCREAM in unison, flinching back.

LUCY
In here!!

She steers them into the library --

A49 INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

A49

-- where they weave between abandoned desks and bookshelves. SUDDENLY the kid walks in the library at the opposite end. It's Calvin.

They all SCREAM again.

REBEKKAH
Kill him! Kill him now!

TRACY

No! Wait! He's not like the others!

(then, to him)

I didn't say that because you're the only black student at this school. Our differences are what makes life wonderful!

CALVIN

What's going on?

*
*

REBEKKAH

Kill him!

LUCY

No, stop! Tracy's right!

She tentatively steps forward.

LUCY (CONT'D (CONT'D)

Calvin, are you feeling okay? You don't have a thirst for blood or anything?

CALVIN

Why would I do that? I'm studying for my English test.

DOUG

That's great! How's the studying coming?

WADE

Forget the fucking test, we've got to keep going! Now!

LUCY

Come on, Calvin, come with us.

They grab him and exit the library.

*

B49 INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE -- SAME TIME

B49

*

The locker with Patriot and Miss Birk is strangely calm.

*

SLAMM!!

*

The door swings open. Patriot covered in blood and gizzards. Still smilin'.

*
*

50 INT. MUSIC ROOM -- DAY

50

Quick head count: Tracy, Rebekkah, Lucy, Wade, Doug, Clint, and Calvin hurry into the music room, barricading the door behind them.

*

NOTE: Clint still has the bag containing his novel slung over his shoulder. He will always have it and never wants to lose sight of it.

WADE

Is everybody okay?

LUCY

I think we lost Mr. Henderson.

*

BANG!! Sheriff Dave's head SPLATS up against the doors narrow safety-glassed window.

*

TRACY

Oh dear god.

LUCY

And Dave?

*

*

Another face appears in the window - SHELLEY. Nearly unrecognizable now through the blisters. Her demonic eyes peer in eerily. Fixed on them like lunch.

*

*

CALVIN

(backing up)

It's Shelley...

*

TRACY

Calvin, don't look.

(beat)

How'd they get in? The outside doors are locked.

*

*

*

A50 INT. FRONT ENTRANCE, FORT CHICKEN ELEMENTARY - CONTINUOUS A50

*

Patriot holds the double doors open as Cooties kids funnel into the hallways. Think the exact opposite of the last day of school.

*

*

*

B50 INT. MUSIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

B50

*

Tracy leads Calvin away by the shoulders. Unfazed, Doug leans in close to the window. Examining Shelley.

*

*

DOUG

Blisters...

*

WADE

I think we're safe in here. Doors
are locked and they can't get
through these windows.

He's right. The room's only windows are reinforced and too
narrow even for a child. Lucy rushes into an adjacent office.

*
*

Lucy appears, frantic.

LUCY

The phone's out in here, too.

*

DOUG

(definitive)

I blame rap music.

REBEKKAH

CAN SOMEONE PLEASE EXPLAIN WHAT THE
HELL IS GOING ON HERE?!?!

*

CLINT

I mean, I hated my teachers in
school. *Haaated* them. But I never
tried to eat them.

*

CALVIN

(quiet)

They got cooties...

Doug clocks this. Everybody looks to Calvin.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

That's what they're always saying
that girl Shelley has - cooties.
She's dirty.

LUCY

Calvin, that's not very nice.

DOUG

No, I think he might be right. In a
way...

Doug taps on the window.

LUCY

Wade, you didn't get bitten did
you?

*

WADE

I don't know. I don't think so.

LUCY

So we're safe here, right?
Everybody's feels okay and we're
safe! I knew we'd work it all out.

*

51 INT. ASTROVAN

51

*

Rick sits in his car. He is now experiencing the full effects
of "shroom vision".

*

*

52 INT. MUSIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

52

Doug stares out of the window. Pressed against the glass,
he's eye-to-eye with Shelley.

*

*

DOUG

I would love to get inside your
head.

*

*

*

WADE

Alright, here's the plan. We get up
on the roof, jump down and hustle
like Green Bay linebackers to our
cars. Boom.

*

CLINT

Ah...didn't you just try outrunning
them? You said they were too fast
for you.

*

*

Wade scoops up a nearby violin.

WADE

Yeah, but I wasn't armed.

CLINT

A violin?

WADE

Well, what's your big idea Tom
Clancy? At least I'm offering
leadership. The only skills you
have are throwing pots of boiling
fucking coffee at people and
writing a shitty book that nobody
wants to read because it's about
some dude who wants to fuck a boat.

CLINT

Well, see, there's this invention
called a cell phone that your
shitty school confiscated.

(MORE)

CLINT (CONT'D)

We need to go back to the principal's office, get our phones and call someone who can come down here and contain those kids.

WADE

They're waiting out there in hallway for us, genius. How do you propose getting back there?

*
*

CLINT

Well, it's a better idea than using a violin to relive your glory days as a running back--

Clint and Wade start shouting over each other.

*

54 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

54

Patriot creeps inside, breath wheezing.

He spots an open drawer with the box of teachers' cell phones inside.

He steps through Mrs. Gordon's mutilated remains. He wrenches the box out, then pops open a drawer in Mrs. Gordon's adjacent desk. It is filled with booze and cigarettes cartons.

*

*

Patriot pours vodka over the cell phones, then strikes a match and lights them up.

55 INT. MUSIC ROOM - DAY

55

Clint and Wade are still going at it.

WADE

Come on book boy! Tell me how!

CLINT

No, you're right. The violin is a much better idea.

LUCY

Both of you be quiet! We're not going to get anywhere if we don't keep a positive attitude and try to get along, okay?

(to Clint)

I think going back for our cell phones may be a bad idea.

(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

Even though it's great that you're trying and we welcome all suggestions.

CLINT

Wait! I just thought of something!

He pulls out a notebook, and writes something down.

LUCY

What is it?

CLINT

Oh, nothing. It's just an idea for "Keel Them All". The hero's trapped on the boat and my mom had this note where she didn't know why he wouldn't call for help. But then I just realized: he left his phone on the dock.

LUCY

What are you talking about?

CLINT

Oh, sorry. My book.

Clint's stomach rumbles. A loud, unsettled growl from deep within his bowels. They all notice but say nothing.

*
*

LUCY

Your book is called "Keel Them All"?

CLINT

Yeah. It was either that, or "All Hands on Death".

LUCY

(gently)

Have you ever thought of using a title that maybe *isn't* a pun?

WADE

You think we could maybe schedule the book club meeting for another time, ladies?

LUCY

Wade, I also think that trying to get to our cars is, maybe, an unwise idea also.

WADE

Then what do you suggest?

LUCY

I think we should wait here until
three o'clock.

CLINT

And what happens at 3 o'clock?

LUCY

At three o'clock, the parents will
come to pick up their kids. We get
up on the roof and signal to them
for help.

It's a pretty good idea. Even Wade and Clint have to admit.

*

CLINT

I like that idea. It's sensible.
Good one.

WADE

Better than your fucking idea.
(beat)
Nice herpes.

*

*

*

CLINT

What?

*

*

Doug clocks this, too. Clint feels his lip and he does,
indeed, have what looks to be some sort of blister.

*

*

DOUG

Clint, were you bitten?

*

*

CLINT

(hesitant)
Does a scratch count?

*

*

*

He peels up his bandaid. His small scratch from Shelley now
looks a bit infected.

*

*

WADE

Sonofabitch.

*

*

Clint is shoved into a practice space off the main room.

*

CLINT

Wait, I feel fine. It's just a
fever blister.

*

*

*

WADE

Sorry, bud. They scratched you.
You have cooties.

CLINT

No! *I don't do well in tight
spaces!*

They slam the door, locking Clint in. He pounds on the
window, desperately. Doug keeps staring in, fascinated.

CLINT (CONT'D)

Please. Listen. You gotta let me
out.

DOUG

Hmm. You've got blisters around
your mouth.

Tracy grabs Calvin, who looks really unnerved.

TRACY

Hey, Calvin! How about you and I
snag a practice room and we run
through your solo for the Solstice
Celebration?

Calvin shrugs, "okay". Rebekkah, clearly still about to
explode with anxiety stands up, blurting out:

REBEKKAH

Sorry. I don't think you should be
allowed to be alone around kids.

TRACY

Wait, what?

REBEKKAH

I think it's better for you, so you
won't be *tempted* to act out on some
of your *tendencies*, particularly at
a moment like this, when everyone's
emotions are running a little *high*.

TRACY

(hushed)

I'm not a pedophile.

REBEKKAH

Tomato, tomahto.

TRACY

Whoa. Wait a second. You know I'm
not gay, right?

REBEKKAH

Pfft. *Please*. Your name is *Tracy*.

TRACY

Well, I didn't name myself!

*

Doug marches to the center of the room.

*

DOUG

Excuse me, listen up, please. Could everyone listen up?

Everyone stops talking and turns to Doug.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Guys, don't make me ask again. Quiet please.

(still doing it)

Please. *Please* quiet down.

REBEKKAH

None of us are talking!

DOUG

Rebekkah? Quiet please. Thank you. Now - from what I can see, it is my opinion that Clint has been infected with whatever the kids have.

*

Quiet alarm from everyone.

DOUG (CONT'D)

...but for some reason it's not affecting him the same way. It just seems like he has a really bad flu.

REBEKKAH

How did you figure all this out?

DOUG

I examined Clint with two of history's oldest scientific instruments. My eyes.

*

*

*

*

REBEKKAH

You guessed.

*

*

DOUG

It's called a hypothesis.

*

*

Silence.

*

DOUG (CONT'D)

I guessed.

WADE

Well, whatever it's called, the sub
stays in the closet. If he's got a
clean bill'o'health at 3, then we
can talk.

Lucy looks at Clint through the glass. Wade notices.

A55 INT/EXT. FORT CHICKEN ELEMENTARY - PASSAGE OF TIME

A55

We use this time to become a "fly on the wall". Experiencing
the world of the Cooties Kids. One child jumps rope on the
playground, albeit with a human intestine. One child is in
Arts & Crafts room, blowing balloons(gutted organs). Another
is walking on stilts(actual human legs). Two kids playing
marbles(eye balls). A dozen kids pulling an extended
parachute out, human limbs bouncing high into the air.

FADE TO:

56 INT. MUSIC ROOM - DAY

56

CLOSE on the clock. It reads 2:55. Wade stands atop the
stepladder, using his fist to break through the skylight.

WADE

It's go time.

Meanwhile, Tracy is talking intimately to Clint through the
glass window of the door.

TRACY

That's just crazy. I'm not. I am
not a...a gay...homosexual. I love
vaginas. I can't get enough,
actually. They're *awesome*. They're
like an awesomely pungent...
flower.

Calvin stands at Tracy's side. Listens, curious. So this is
what adults talk about.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Whereas *penises* are disgusting.
Totally gross. I don't even like
mine! I don't even like seeing it
in my hand.

CLINT

Mmmhmm.

TRACY

There's no way I would ever put one
of those things near my face, or...

He trails off.

CLINT

I think however you want to live
your life is up to you. America is
one big melting pot!

Doug claps Tracy on the shoulder.

DOUG

I love when he gets like this.

TRACY

Don't talk like that, you make us
sound like a couple. We hung out
one time!

Tracy leads Calvin away to the ladder. Doug turns to Clint,
rolling his eyes. Let's Clint out of the closet.

57 EXT. ROOF, FORT CHICKEN ELEMENTARY - DAY

57

Wade worms through the hole in the skylight.

Soon, they are all on the roof. Clint is last to climb
through, rejoining the group.

LUCY

(to Clint)

How you feeling?

CLINT

Better, thanks.

RINNNNNNGGGG!!

The school bell rings marking the end of another school day.
A desolate silence blows across the plains beyond the school.

TRACY

Where is everybody?

No one is coming. Literally. There would normally be cars
stacking up by this time. Then - a car.

A large, silver SUV. It is heading towards the front gate.

LUCY

Oh my gosh...I know that car.
That's the PTA President, Racer
Dobkins mom.

*

CLINT

Racer? Okay, when did all the
fucking parents of the world
starting naming their kids from
their DVD collections?

Everyone waves their arms, screaming out to the car.

*

REBEKKAH

Those little bastards will kill
her!

LUCY

It's fine. She's going to be fine.
A child's bond with their mother is
too strong for bodily
dismemberment.

58 INT. SUV - DAY

58

EMILY DOBKINS (35) is a woman on the move. In the dictionary
next to 'Soccer Mom', there is a photo of her. An earpiece
for her cellphone dangles from her ear. She clicks a remote
which opens the front gate.

*

*

A baby boy gurgles in the backseat, strapped into a baby
chair. Emily turns to face him. There are TV's facing the
baby in the back, displaying some sort of educational cartoon
on mute.

*

*

*

EMILY

Who's a genius? Who's a special
little one of a kind genius? Yes.
You are. You are.

*

*

*

*

She faces the front again - jolting when she sees her son,
RACER (5), standing in front of the car.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Come on, Racer. Get in. We gotta
go. You wanna go to soccer practice
or not honeypuckle?

She opens the back door for him without looking. She doesn't
notice his ghastly appearance.

*

59 EXT. ROOF, FORT CHICKEN ELEMENTARY - SAME TIME 59
 The teachers jump and down, waving their arms. *

60 INT. SUV - SAME TIME 60
 Racer walks around to the back and climbs in. His breathing is raspy and hollow.

EMILY
 Alright, off we go.

Emily starts the car. Racer stares at his baby brother with crazed, bloodshot eyes. From the front we hear the BABY SHRIEK. We do not see what is happening. *

EMILY (CONT'D)
 Hold on, Racer, what the hell are you doing back there? What did you do to your brother? *

Emily glances in the rearview mirror. *

SUDDENLY - the baby ATTACKS WITH A SHRIEK, BITING INTO EMILY'S SHOULDER!! The baby has cooties!! Emily lets out a blood-curdling scream. *

61 EXT. SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS 61 *

The SUV rocks back and forth. Emily screaming from within. On the bumper are two stickers: BABY ON BOARD & FORT CHICKEN HONOR STUDENT. *

62 EXT. ROOF, FORT CHICKEN ELEMENTARY - SAME TIME 62 *

The teachers watch helplessly as the SUV rocks violently. *

TRACY
 I told you. *

The SUV spins it's wheels in reverse and slams hard into the front gate, cracking an opening in the fence line. *

LUCY
 Where's the other parents?? *

Then -- Dozens of kids sprint from all corners headed for the open country. *

A HAND suddenly clamps Tracey's leg!! He flails and looks
down - a girl is attempting to clamber up onto the roof. Her
name is TAMRA (11). *
*
*

TRACY *
AAAGGHH!! *

The swarm of Cooties kids stop dead in their tracks. Spot the
teachers, then start sprinting back to the school! *

TAMRA *
Help me! *

TRACY *
Get her off me! *

DOUG
She's not one of them!

TRACY
How do you know?!

DOUG
Because her face isn't covered in
pox!

TAMRA
I've been hiding! They tried to
kill me! Help me up!

Some of the Cooties kids look up, spotting Tamra. They charge
towards her.

Clint and Lucy haul her up onto the roof - or try to. Her
legs struggle to get a grip, slipping.

The Cooties kids gather below her climbing the trees and rain
gutters, laughing and smiling like...well, like children at
play. *

One of them reaches out, snatching Tamra's foot. Wade throws
his weight in and they HEAVE Tamra onto the roof.

CLINT
They're coming up!

The teachers drop through the shattered skylight. As they do,
rabid Cooties kids claw their way onto the rooftop.

A62 EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS A62 *

Shelley is left standing along in the parking lot. All the Cooties kids bolting back to the school. She turns to gate and runs off. *

63 INT. MUSIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS 63

The group races to the doors, flinging them open as Cooties kids drop into the room through the skylight. *

64 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 64

The banshee shriek of the Cooties kids reverberates through the school as our group sprints back down the hall. *

CLINT

Where do we go?

WADE

The gym! Come on!

They barrel down the hall, kids starting to reappear from outside. *

65 INT. GYM - CONTINUOUS 65

Wade hip-checks the door open, still limping from the coffee burn. He frantically waves the rest of them in. *

The last is Doug. He flails forward in his rather poor running style. Wade moves to slam the door behind him - but a kid has Doug's leg and he falls forward hard. Cracking his head open on the floor. *

It's DINK! *

The door slams on the Cooties kid's waist. With inhuman strength, Dink drags Doug back toward the door.

DOUG

Help! Help!!

Rebekkah and Clint grab on to Doug's arms trying to pull him back. Dink worms and wriggles forward, his jaws agape. He sinks his teeth hard into Doug's leg. Takes a good sized chunk of meat out. The group screams in unison. *

DOUG (CONT'D)

Get him off me!! *

Then:

*

WHOMP!! Wade brings a field hockey stick down onto the kid's head. He keeps hitting, frenzied.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

Flecks of blood spatter across the group. Doug scurries away, his leg released. A blistered-faced Dink lays lifeless on the gym floor with a hole in his head. Everyone is quiet.

REBEKKAH

Oh my god...you just killed a kid.

Wade drops the hockey stick. It clatters on the parquet.

WADE

That's not a kid.

He backs off in a daze towards his office. He passes Lucy, who puts a hand on his arm --

LUCY

Wade...

-- which he shakes off. Doug takes off his tie and wraps it around his bleeding cranium. Tamra stares at the body, shocked, and starts to cry. Lucy puts an arm around her.

*

*

LUCY (CONT'D)

Hey, Tammy, why don't you and Calvin come with me?

Calvin doesn't seemed freaked out at all. Calm, in fact.

CALVIN

That guy was always cheating off me.

LUCY

Calvin.

He turns and goes with Lucy. Clint hurries off, with purpose.

CLINT

I'll make sure all the doors are sealed.

Tracy, Rebekkah and Doug all gape at the lifeless form - limbs akimbo, motionless. Finally, Doug grips the Cooties corpse by the ankles and lugs it across the gym floor.

*

*

TRACY

Doug, where are you taking *sweet
jesus there's black stuff pouring
out of the head.*

Sure enough, as Doug schlepps the body, a putrid black plasma weeps out of the fissure in the skull, leaving a trail of goo.

DOUG

I'd like to dissect him.

Tracy and Rebekkah stand in stunned silence. Nearby, Lucy is slumped next to the bathroom door with the kids. Tamra is still ashen.

TAMRA

I feel sick.

LUCY

I know. So do I. But we're going to find a way to get you home to your parents. All we have to is get out of here by finding a...I mean, we just have to wait for someone to...

Her relentlessly sunny disposition is cracking.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Everything is going to turn out fine!

With the worst possible timing, Doug hauls the dead Cootie past them into the bathroom, the corpse squelching as it pulled along the court surface. Tracy and Rebekkah follow.

DOUG

(politely)

Excu-u-use me.

TAMRA

Wait, so you're going to like, cut her open?

(losing it)

Mr. Johnson killed that boy!

LUCY

Yes he did. Yes he did. But that boy wasn't a boy anymore. But you and me? Look at us. We're fine! We're still us! So we've got nothing to worry about. You know why? Because we didn't get bitten.

*

Tamra's eyes well up. She pulls up her sleeve, revealing a festering scratch on her arm.

TAMRA

I did.

Lucy's eyes widen. Totally freaked out.

LUCY

Oh!

(brightly)

Well, why don't you go into the bathroom and clean it off with some soap so it doesn't get infected, what do you say?

Tamra nods, and goes into the girls bathroom. Lucy grabs the handle behind her, wedging all her weight against it. Clint wanders past.

LUCY (CONT'D)

(through the door)

You going to be okay in there?

TAMRA (O.S.)

I just threw up.

CLINT

(softly)

What's going on?

LUCY

(whispering)

She's been scratched.

(then)

Oh! Well, that's okay! Hey, don't even worry about it!

66

INT. BOYS BATHROOM, GYM - DAY

66

The corpse is hauled into the center of the bathroom. Doug hunches down, fishing a pocket-knife out of his...pocket. He cuts a sleeve off of Dink's jacket and wraps it around the bite on his leg.

*
*
*

TRACY

I can't believe you're going to do this.

REBEKKAH

(staring at the urinals)

I can't believe boys pee in those.

*

TRACY
Is that a pocket knife?

DOUG
Yes. Lucky mine has a little saw!

TRACY
Oh, sweet merciful Christ.

Tracy and Rebekkah "get into it" as Doug commences sawing into the Cooties corpse. They are oblivious though.

*
*

NOTE: WE DON'T SEE ANYTHING. THIS IS ALL SOUND DESIGN AND SPLATTERING OF BLACK GOO ONTO DOUG'S FACE.

*
*

REBEKKAH
I seriously think there should be dividers. That's disgusting. What keeps little boys from looking at each other's penises?

TRACY
Oh, please. There's nothing wrong with that.

REBEKKAH
Nothing wrong with *what*?

*

TRACY
Well, sometimes, the person next to you is *shaking* it and...your eye is attracted to the motion. That didn't come out right.

*

DOUG
Well, this is interesting.
Almost entirely decomposed.

*

TRACY
What I meant was--
(noticing Doug)
Oh my God.

He almost pukes. Rebekkah looks over and also gags. Doug has his entire fist in the skull - like he's stuffing a turkey.

DOUG
I'm going to extract the brain.

A67 INT. ASTROVAN - NIGHT

A67 *

Rick sits in his van staring up at the stars. Or what he
thinks are stars - He's staring at the ceiling of his van. *

68 INT. COACH'S OFFICE, GYM - NIGHT

68

Ouch. Wade examines the singed skin on his leg. He sprays
disinfectant on it, wincing. There's a gentle knock, then
Lucy enters.

LUCY

Hey.

Wade doesn't look up, slumped in his chair with his leg
propped up on his desk.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

WADE

Yep.

LUCY

Can I get you anything?

WADE

Nope.

LUCY

How's the burn?

WADE

I'd sorta prefer to be alone.

LUCY

Wade, can we *please* talk?

WADE

I really don't want to talk, Lucy.

LUCY

I know you don't, but *I* do! Today
has been traumatic and *I* need to
talk about it, Wade! I need you.

WADE

Why don't you just talk about it
with your boyfriend?

LUCY

What is that supposed to mean?

WADE

I don't know. What does that mean?

LUCY

Clint and I went to school together. I haven't seen him in *fifteen years*.

WADE

I walked in this morning, and that dude was fucking hitting on you, and you were *eating it up*.

LUCY

Are you kidding me?

WADE

No, Lucy, I'm not.

LUCY

Clint and I were just talking, Wade. I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings. I didn't mean to.

WADE

Yeah, don't mention it.

LUCY

Look, I'm sorry. But we're both a little stressed out. I know this isn't how *either* of us thought the day would go when we woke up this morning. But *sometimes* --

WADE

No, it *isn't*. This is *not* how I thought today was going to end up. I thought today was going to be a day I'd remember. I bought a ring yesterday, Lucy, and I was going to ask you to marry me.

(then)

You're always saying how you didn't know where this relationship was headed. Well, I thought I finally did. And then I saw you talking to that asshole and the way you were smiling at him, you know what I said to myself? "Wow. She's really pretty when she smiles. Why has she never smiled at me like that?"

*

Lucy is floored.

WADE (CONT'D)

And, if that wasn't enough, I just
killed a... killed a...

*
*
*

He can't get it out. Lucy steps towards him but --

*

WADE (CONT'D)

So I'll see you later, Lucy. Go
fuck yourself.

Crushed, she turns and walks away. Wade watches her go, then
glances over at a TROPHY WALL. All of Wade's past
achievements are documented there. In the center of the wall
is his old jersey and a large trophy. The All State
championship trophy. Wade stares at the trophy.

69 INT. STAGE, GYM - NIGHT

69

Clint and Calvin hunch over a long table, fake food laid out
before them. They're on the set of the Solstice Celebration.

*

CALVIN

King me.

Calvin is winning a game of checkers.

CLINT

Dang. I feel like I used to be
better at this.

CALVIN

You do know the rules, right? Your
pieces jump over my pieces.

CLINT

Yeah, yeah. Come on, Bobby Fischer.

CALVIN

King me again.

CLINT

Fuck! Sorry. Don't use that word.
It's an adult word.

CALVIN

So how come you like writing horror
stories? You like scaring people?

CLINT

Yeah. I guess I do.

He looks up, giving the question some real thought.

CLINT (CONT'D)
Actually, I love telling any kind
of story. I always have.

CALVIN
So when is your book coming out?

CLINT
Soon. I don't know. Maybe never.

CALVIN
So how will people read it then?

Clint stops playing, suddenly melancholy.

CLINT
Good question. I guess it's like
that tree falling in the forest
thing. If I write a book and nobody
reads it, am I really a writer?

Calvin looks up at him.

CALVIN
No. You're a teacher.

The weight of reality sinks into Clint. This nine year old
kid just really got to him. Lucy shuffles across the stage
toward them. She slumps against the backdrop, lost in
thought.

CLINT
You okay?

LUCY
Yeah. I'm fine.

Lucy forces a smile through teary eyes. A long beat passes,
each of them alone with their thoughts.

CALVIN
I got a role in the Solstice
Celebration to play the Sun.
Patriot said I couldn't be the Sun
because my skin wasn't bright
enough. I got the part anyway. I
was gonna sing a solo in front of
everyone. And now I'm not gonna get
to.

*
*
*
*
*

Clint eyes off a recorder in the corner.

CLINT
I think we can fix that.

70 INT. GYM - MOMENTS LATER

70

Clint and Lucy sit as Calvin troops to the lip of the stage in an ill-fitting Sun costume, nervous.

*

CALVIN

This song is called "The Loneliest Star."

*

Clint plays the intro to the song on a recorder. For a moment, the rest of the world melts away.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

"I'm a lonely Star who has lost his way. I'm a lonely Star during Winter's grey! Lost in the sky with the clouds all around, won't somebody pray for them all to come down..."

*
*
*
*
*
*

Lucy turns to Clint, smiling for real. Clint smiles back.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

"I wish there was a Season I could call my own, one without clouds where I could shine all alone."

*
*
*

Clint plays the outro on the recorder, then applauds with Lucy. Calvin takes a bow.

LUCY

That was adorable.

Tracy races from the bathroom.

TRACY

Wait, is someone singing "The Loneliest Star?!?"

*

Rebekkah emerges from behind, a little woozy.

REBEKKAH

Listen up, everyone. Doug has a little something for show and tell.

71 INT. GYM - NIGHT

71

A mass of pink and black brain matter slaps onto the ground. PAN UP to Doug, who crouches just outside the two bathrooms. He's got a few blisters on his face. Cold sweat.

*
*

DOUG

This is what their brain looks like.

Everyone congregates around Doug, pinching their noses.

DOUG (CONT'D)

All of the gray and white matter has been eaten away. All that's left is the brain stem and part of the cerebellum. They can jump and eat and breathe, even hunt, but they're not really human anymore.

REBEKKAH

How do you know all this?

DOUG

I learned all about the brain when I had a six-inch spike lodged in my skull. Which is the reason why you may have noticed that sometimes when I'm talking, I use the wrong rowboat.

LUCY

(correcting him)

Word.

Doug winks, does an awkward "street gesture".

DOUG

Werd. Now, bacteria can't cross the blood-brain barrier, so it's more likely a virus.

WADE

What sort of virus does *that*?

DOUG

A nasty one. Now, Calvin said the first one to bite was Shelley Linker...

CLINT

Wait, so what about you? What about *me*? You seem fine. I mean, relatively. All it did was make us sick.

*
*
*

LUCY

Yeah, the same with Tamra. It's like you just got a bad case of the flu.

*

DOUG
I have a theory.
(knocking)
Tamra?

TAMRA (O.S.)
Yes?

DOUG
Have you achieved menses?

TAMRA (O.S.)
What?

LUCY
He's asking if you've had your
period yet.

TAMRA (O.S.)
Um...I really don't want to say.

DOUG
You wear a bra, right?

TAMRA
Yeah...

DOUG
Thank you.
(as a sidebar)
I gave you an A in Sex Ed, Tamra.
I'm a little dismayed you don't
know what menses are.

CLINT
Why is Sex Ed always taught by the
creepiest teacher in school?

DOUG
It looks like the virus is
susceptible to androgens. The
prepubescent body has testosterone
and estrogen. But at puberty, the
body's glands create a feedback
cycle and the level of those
gonadotropins increases by about
2000 percent, which must render the
virus non-aggressive.

REBEKKAH
Talk like a regular person!

DOUG

The virus is only dangerous if you
haven't gone through puberty.

SUDDENLY - the LIGHTS go out. They are plunged into darkness.
Panicked voices in the dark.

A71 INT. ELECTRICAL PANEL ROOM - SAME TIME A71 *

Patriot has shut down the grid. He stands in darkness and
turns to us. His wounds, black ooze and all, glowing a
translucent red in the pitch black. *

B71 INT. GYM - CONTINUOUS B71 *

REBEKKAH

Who did that? Was that them? How
could they do that, they're
children with rotted brains?!

WADE

Everyone stay calm.

CLINT

(to himself)

Calvin...

(looking around)

Holy shit! Calvin! Over here!

Calvin is splayed out on the ground, unconscious.

SMASH TO:

72 INT. GYM - NIGHT - LATER 72

The teachers hover over Calvin, worried sick.

LUCY

Wake up. Calvin, wake up.

She gently slaps his face as Clint and Tracy look on.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Calvin!

CALVIN

(groggy)

Quit slappin' me...

LUCY
He needs to eat something. We need
to get him a candy bar or a soda.

CLINT
Yeah, he's probably just hungry.

LUCY
(panicked)
I can't *believe* I forgot.

CLINT
What?

LUCY
He's diabetic.

CLINT
Wade, do you have anything to eat
in your office?

WADE
Creatine.

CLINT
He needs something with sugar!

WADE
My office is a no-carb zone.

SUDDENLY - a noise startles the whole group.

TRACY
What was that?

REBEKKAH
Probably the kids with cooties,
genius.

TRACY
No, it's coming from over there.

Tracy points to the opposite doors. That's *not* how they came
in.

WADE
They're in the boiler room.

CLINT
Don't worry. I checked the doors.
They're locked.

They freeze and listen to the clomping of FEET coming up the stairs. The door rattles. Then, the jiggle of something else. KEYS. The latch turns, and everyone FREAKS OUT. Very fast:

DOUG

Holy shit, they have keys!

REBEKKAH

*Ohmygodtheyregonnagetinhere...WE'RE
GONNA DIE!!!*

CLINT

This can't be the end, I'm not even published yet!

LUCY

Wade, I've thought about it, I don't think I can marry you! Sorry!

The door groans open. Everyone takes in a breath, holding each other, ready to die. A glare of a flashlight beam assaults them, blinding. They squint at the light, still holding their breath...

VOICE (O.S.)

What for the power gone and you
naked like the pelican?

WADE

Wait...who is that?

The figure holds the flashlight under his chin, illuminating Mr. Hatachi. *

MR. HATACHI

Hatachi. Always Hatachi to be say
hello all of you. *

REBEKKAH

Jesus, it's the fucking janitor.

MR. HATACHI

I am here for cleaning of night
shift. *

73

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

73

Mr. Hatachi troops down a flight of stairs, the flashlight cutting a light-sabre path in front of him. The other teachers huddle behind, following him into the bowels of the school. Rusted pipes strangle the ceiling. *

Mr. Hatachi leads them to an aging warhorse - the boiler. *
Flames inside it lick at the glass window, throwing light
onto the group. Next to the boiler is a tattered cot.

The basement around them is stacked to the brim with the
discarded detritus of school life: photocopiers, desks,
chairs, science equipment, bats and balls, theatre props etc.

DOUG
You sleep down here?

MR. HATACHI *
Yes. For sometimes when cleaning
long time and always on the Golden
Girls. Fountains. Cats.

DOUG
I have no idea what you just said.

Clint grabs a handful of flashlights.

CLINT
We've got a kid up there who needs *
help. He's diabetic. Do you have *
anything to eat?

He offers dried seaweed. *

LUCY *
Afraid that won't work. *

Mr. HATACHI scoops up a walkie-talkie. *

MR. HATACHI *
To help, there are no voices. I put
only the Mona Lisa in the
refrigerator.

He scrolls his dial on the walkie, static crackling through *
the tiny speakers.

MR. HATACHI (CONT'D) *
To be strange is to be quiet, and
Eddie Murphy is finished. No funny.

DOUG
He's right. This is a battery
powered radio picking up signals
from the air. It is strange that
there are no stations being
received on it.

(beat)
We're all alone.
(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

(beat)

He's also right about Eddie Murphy.

Everyone shares a grim look.

MR. HATACHI

Place of food is cafeteria. The
Golden Girls, only in reruns.

WADE

Right, but how do we get to the
cafeteria?

Mr. Hatachi unfurls the grimy blueprints for the school,
indicting a duct ruled through the middle.

MR. HATACHI

The conditioning of air.

Everyone stares at the blueprints, elated by a sliver of
optimism. Clint lights up. Yep, he has an idea.

CLINT

Wait, does this air duct lead to
every room?

LUCY

Yeah...

CLINT

So then it leads to Principal Simms
office too. If we can get into
those air conditioning ducts, we
could get into the lounge, get
Calvin something to eat from the
snack machine, get the celphones
out of his office and call for
help.

DOUG

Good plan. So, who's the gopher?

Everyone turns to Clint. He looks incredulous.

CLINT

Me?! No, no. I don't like tight
spaces and I definitely don't do
brave stuff. I've never even been
camping. I have a blog. I get
excited about new Apple products. I
saw The Arcade Fire before they were
big. That's what I'm comfortable
with.

They keep glaring at him. He sighs.

74 INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT 74 *

The gang stands at the foot of an AIR DUCT OPENING on the floor. This is where it all starts. Clint hands his shoulder bag - his prized novel - to Tracy. *

CLINT
By letting you guard this, I'm
trusting you with my entire life.

Tracy takes it. Clint takes a deep breath. Sweat dots his brow. He kneels down and crawls into the shaft. *

TRACY
Check out the heroics on the
substitute. *

A74 INT. AIR-CONDITIONING DUCT - CONTINUOUS A74 *

Clint is in. He pulls himself through. The walkie-talkie clipped to his belt crackles. Doug's voice chirps from it, but we can also hear him back in the basement. *

DOUG (V.O.)
(from walkie-talkie)
Remember, if you don't get the
candy bar, Calvin will die. *

CLINT
Thanks, Doug. *

Clint shuts his eyes, trembling.

B74 INT. BOILER ROOM - CONTINUOUS B74 *

Wade shakes his head, lying on the floor with his leg wrapped in toilet paper.

WADE
I should be doing this. *

Lucy shakes her head. Grabs the walkie from Doug. *

C74 INT. AIR-CONDITIONING DUCT - C74 *

Clint is making some distance. His walkie crackles. *

LUCY (V.O.)
(from walkie-talkie)
You can do it. I believe in you.

CLINT
Thanks.

He starts to murmur a prayer.

D74 INT. BOILER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

D74

Rebekkah hears the prayer echo down the duct.

REBEKKAH
He's praying. See? There are no
atheists in a foxhole, folks.

Wade glares at Lucy. Still pissed. She grabs the walkie
again.

LUCY
You're doing great, Clint. Just
trust yourself. You can do anything
you put your mind to.

WADE
Sheesh. I bet he's got a thick
cock, too.

Lucy looks over. Exchanges a look with Wade.

LUCY
You know what? I'm going too.
(to Wade)
He's going to need help. I can do
it if he can.

WADE
No. Absolutely not.

LUCY
You CAN'T STOP ME FROM DOING SHIT!

Everyone freezes, mouths agape. They have NEVER heard Lucy
utter anything even vaguely negative. And she's not done.

LUCY (CONT'D)
If I want to go in the fucking air
conditioning duct, I'll go!
(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna die anyway - just like
the rest of you assholes - so why
not do something brave as a final
gesture of pointless kindness in
this cruel, shitty world that
enjoys taking gestures of kindness
and shitting and peeing on them.
And by the way, seeing as we're all
gonna be dead soon, I should tell
you - I hate all of you!

*

She tosses the walkie-talkie at Wade. Enters the duct and
disappears from sight. Everyone stunned.

*

*

E74 INT. AIR-CONDITIONING DUCT - CONTINUOUS

E74

*

Once inside, she's suddenly not so confident. But she's
smaller than Clint and moves quickly through the duct. She
rounds a corner and has already caught up to Clint.

*

*

*

CLINT

What are you doing? You could kill
yourself!

LUCY

Yeah, I just realized that, Clint!

F74 INT. BOILER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

F74

*

Tracy is now pacing.

*

TRACY

This is making me so nervous.

*

Doug turns to Rebekkah, rolls his eyes.

DOUG

He hates stuff like this. He's such
a baby.

*

TRACY

Stop saying things like that! We
hung out ONE TIME!

WADE

(into the walkie)
You better not let anything happen
to her, asshole!

*

*

*

*

75 INT. AIR-CONDITIONING DUCT - CONTINUOUS

75

Frustrated, Clint grabs the walkie.

*

CLINT

*

Really? I was thinking that would
be the easiest solution to this!

*

*

Lucy and Clint are very close in the cramped vent. Their
faces an inch from each other.

*

CLINT (CONT'D)

*

Thanks for coming to help.

*

LUCY

*

No problem.

A tense beat. The walkie-talkie on Clint's belt squawks.

TRACY (V.O.)

(from walkie-talkie)

No making out.

CLINT

Shhh. We have to be quiet from here
on. If those kids hear us...

Lucy nods gravely. Clint squirms to reach the flashlight. He
flicks it on. The beam of light spears down the pitch black
tunnel that yawns out in front of them. Clint wrestles the
blueprints out of his pocket.

*

*

CLINT (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Okay, if we're looking at this
right, we keep going for about
twenty feet then take a left. That
should take us to the teachers
lounge.

LUCY

Wait--

She turns the map around.

LUCY (CONT'D)

It's upside down - the music room
is behind us. So we take a right.

Clint looks at her, smiles.

CLINT

Alright, I'm officially glad you're
here.

(MORE)

CLINT (CONT'D)
 (beat; into walkie)
 Stay off the radio guys.

DOUG (V.O.)
 (from walkie-talkie)
 No problem. Don't forget to say
 'over' though. Over.

*
 *

CLINT
 Shut up, Doug. Over.

Using his elbows, Clint soldier-crawls his way forward. Lucy stays close behind. The duct creaks under their weight. The aluminum walls rattle, air rumbling through the vent. Distant noises drift towards them from out of the darkness. It's a claustrophobe's worst nightmare.

Clint and Lucy come to a crossroads, the duct hitting a T-intersection and bending off to the left and right.

CLINT (CONT'D)
 Right?

LUCY
 I hope so.

They wriggle around to the right, greeted by more darkness. They keep crawling until Clint spots a faint beam of light shining down.

*
 *

He switches off the flashlight, holding a finger to his lips and miming for Lucy to be silent. They inch forward, reaching a vent. They spy up through the floor grate at a kindergarten playroom.

*

In the darkness, they can see a FIVE YEAR OLD GIRL circling on a tricycle...around and around. Muttering to herself insanely. Circling over the vent.

*
 *

A chimed melody plays in the background, lilting out of a plastic toy. Farm animal noises squawk and screech as the eerie melody plays.

She is a miniature madman stuck in a loop. Then suddenly the music stops. The little girl abruptly stops the trike when the music stops.

With a frozen grin fixed on her face below a set of dead eyes, she dismounts the bike and wanders over to the music box, resetting it.

77 INT. AIR-CONDITIONING DUCT - SAME TIME 77

Clint drops his flashlight. It clatters on the tin. Clint and Lucy stop breathing.

78 INT. KINDERGARTEN - SAME TIME 78

The little girl gets on her trike and looks down into the vent. Mere inches away from Clint and Lucy. A long beat passes. *

She begins to pedal the trike and continues her circles. *

79 INT. AIR-CONDITIONING DUCT - SAME TIME 79

Clint and Lucy breathe out, then keep crawling. They reach another vent.

CLINT

I think this is it. We're right under the teachers lounge. *

Clint pushes on the grate as forcefully and quietly as he can. Nothing. He maneuvers himself to give it a good nudge with his elbow. *

CRACK!! It pops off. *

It might as well be dynamite. Clint and Lucy wince, waiting for the worst. No response. *

80 INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE - NIGHT 80

Clint crawls from the vent and emerges. The room eerily devoid of life. He lifts Lucy out and they share a moment. *

They tip-toe through the room, keeping low. They creep over to a vending machine, loaded with sodas and candy. Clint searches his wallet. Then, embarrassed: *

CLINT

Umm...do you have a dollar?

Lucy fishes in her pocket, retrieving a crumpled bill.

CLINT (CONT'D)

A dollar forty five for a fucking Butterfinger bar? That's rape.

(beat)

I need another dollar.

Lucy hands him another dollar. *

LUCY *
I'm going for the phones. *

CLINT *
No, wait for me. *

LUCY *
We don't have time. You get the *
candy, I'll get a phone. *

CLINT *
Ok. Be careful. *

Lucy stalks over to the vent, past the locker with the bloody *
remains of Miss Birk. She dips into the vent and looks back. *
They share a nod and with that -- she's gone. *

Clint continues to try and feed a dollar into the machine. *
The machine whirs loudly as it eats it. Just as he is about *
to feed the next one when the door at the far end CREAKS OPEN *
.

The squeaking sound of a tricycle is followed by the actual *
trike. She peers into the teacher's lounge. *

Empty. *

She slowly pedals her trike inside. Not seeing Clint tucked *
behind the vending machine - The dollar bill still sticking *
out of it. *

Meanwhile -- *

A80 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME A80 *

A pair of petite fingers reach through the floor vent. *
Pushing it off. Lucy sticks her head up. Her eyes scan the *
room at floor level. Nothing. *

Lucy pulls herself up into the room. Still nothing. Not *
taking her eyes off of the door, she walks over to the drawer *
with all the celphones -- *

Melted. All destroyed. *

LUCY *
(sotto) *
Shit. *

B80 INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE -- SAME TIME B80 *

Tricycle girl is preoccupied with the remains of Miss Birk. *
Playing with her guts. Clint presses his hand over his mouth *
as hard as possible. Trying to keep it all in. *

C80 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME C80 *

Lucy dips down into the air duct, headed back to Clint. She *
reaches over, grabs the grate, and pulls it back down into *
place -- *

As a kid limps forward into the doorway and looks in. It's *
Patriot. His wheezing breath filling the room -- The empty *
room. *

D80 INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE -- SAME TIME D80 *

The girl is getting closer to Clint. Merely feet away. Clint *
grips the flashlight, ready to strike. An agonizing beat. *

TRACY
(from walkie)
How are you guys doing?!

The girl WHIPS her head up. Her shrill SCREECH is deafening. *

E80 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME E80 *

Patriot snaps his head in the direction of the scream. Darts *
out of sight. *

F80 INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE -- SAME TIME F80 *

Clint is running around the room, doing his best to avoid the *
little girl. She's fast on that trike! Pushing chairs and *
tables in between them. *

Lucy pops up through the vent to see the madness. *

LUCY *
Oh my god! *

CLINT *
(startled) *
Aaghh! *

LUCY *
Did you get the bar!?

Clint running back and forth. *

CLINT
I've been babysitting! I'll keep
her busy. See if you can get that
fucking dollar in there! *

Lucy jumps into the room. Tries to feed the other dollar into
the machine. *

LUCY
Come on!

The machine spits the dollar out. *

CLINT
You gotta be fucking kidding!

She tries it again - no good. Patriot is only twenty yards
away now. Lucy smooths out the dollar, then feeds it back in.
It ejects. *

CLINT (CONT'D)
Save yourself!! *

She feeds the note in one more time - and it works!! *

Patriot appears in the doorway. His screech louder than
anything you could imagine. Other Cooties kids have heard the
ruckus and are pouring into the room. *

A Butteringer bar drops into the tray just as Patriot LEAPS.
Lucy snatches up the candy bar and heads for the vent. She
drops in. Clint overturns a lunch table. Patriot misses him. *

Clint dives into the vent! -- just as dozens of Cooties kids
rake at his feet. *

81 INT. AIR-CONDITIONING DUCT - CONTINUOUS

81

With Lucy at the lead, she and Clint throw stealth to the
wind this time and CLOMP through the shaft at top speed.
Behind them, Cooties kids scabble their way through the
vent, their squeals reverberating like bats in a cave.

CLINT
Go! Go!

They can see the duct leading into the boiler room ahead of
them. A Cooties kid catches up, his talons clutching Clint's
ankle. His teeth are agape. *

Clint writhes, but the grip is strong. He kicks out at the kid. Lucy PUNCHES a vent in front of her, knocking it out.

LUCY

Up here!

She climbs up into the room, the Butterfinger dropping into the vent. Clint heaves it down the vent!

CLINT

Heads up!!!

The candy bar slides down the vent towards the rest of the crew.

82 INT. BOILER ROOM - SAME TIME

82

The candy bar sails through the vent, Wade catches it.

WADE

They did it!

He rushes towards Calvin, who is lying on the floor.

84 INT. SECOND GRADE CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

84

Mission accomplished, Clint and Lucy find themselves in a dark classroom. Immediately scrambling to put the vent cover back into place. Several Cooties kids hammer on it.

Lucy bolts to the classroom door, shutting it and sliding the teachers desk in front of it. Clint stands on top of the vent, but the kids are pushing it up.

CLINT

I don't know how long I can hold this!

Lucy dashes into action, pushing another table onto the vent. Still holding the vent in place, Clint clambers up onto it. Grabs chairs and more desks to stack on top.

The tenuous makeshift structure shudders as the Cooties kids whale on the vent, snorting and grunting with animal rage.

Clint and Lucy back away. As they back up, they stumble on something. Clint SWATS the flashlight down onto it - it is a BODY. The partially eaten body of a teacher.

LUCY

Oh God...Miss Hanford.

Tears spring to her eyes. She buries her face in Clint's shoulder. He shields her, waiting for the worst. And then the hammering stops. And the grunting.

Lucy stops crying and lifts her head. Then they hear it The kids scuttling through the duct. Clint thumbs the walkie on.

*
*

CLINT
Guys, look out, they're in the vents!

WADE
(from walkie)
What?

CLINT
The kids got into the vent, they're coming toward you!

85 INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

85 *

Wade springs into action.

WADE
Everybody grab something heavy!

*

87 INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

87

SMACK!! A Cooties kid pops out of the duct. Then another. Then another. The gym has been breached!

*
*

88 INT. BASEMENT - SAME TIME

88

The group has covered up the vent with random heavy objects.

*

SLAMM!! The kids reach the vent.

*

SLAMM!! Small fists pound at the basement door with big power.

*

TRACY
Why do they pound?! What does all the pounding accomplish?

CLINT
(from walkie)
Are you guys okay?

WADE
(into walkie)
Yeah, we're all good.

TRACY

No, we are not all good! We're trapped in here! Oh, Christ. I do *not do well in enclosed spaces...*

He looks guiltily to the children. Calvin gobbles up his Butterfinger bar, his strength returning.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Seriously. I'm *extremely* claustrophobic. Does anyone have any Valium, or anything?

WADE

Dude. Take a chill pill.

TRACY

That's what I'm *asking*. Literally, does anyone have a chill pill?

REBEKKAH

Tracy, we totally get what you're saying, but you gotta calm down.

He takes a breath.

TRACY

Okay. Fine. Sorry. I'm calm.

Doug slaps him.

TRACY (CONT'D)

I just said I was *calm*! I had already calmed down!

WADE

(into walkie)

Lucy, are you okay?

89

INT. SECOND GRADE CLASSROOM - NIGHT

89

Lucy listens to the hissy crackle of Wade's voice.

LUCY

(into walkie)

Yeah, we're fine.

WADE (V.O.)

Just stay there. I'm going to come get you.

LUCY (V.O.)
No, Wade, don't. Stay where you
are. We're safe here.

WADE
Alright. Just let me figure out a
plan.

The walkie clicks off. Clint is now rooting through a drawer.
He finds birthday candles, lighting them.

CLINT
Maybe we should just run for it.

LUCY
No. They'll kill us.

She starts to cry. Clint nestles next to her and props his
arm around her shoulders.

LUCY (CONT'D)
This is, like, the worst fucking
Monday ever.

A long beat passes.

CLINT
I have a confession to make. When I
saw you this morning, I was only
pretending to be surprised. I knew
that you taught here.

LUCY
Oh. Wait, *really*?

CLINT
I've been pretty depressed lately,
and I just wanted to see you. It's
stupid. I haven't had a
conversation with you in 15 years.

LUCY
Well, you could've *called* me or
something.

CLINT
You're not on Facebook.
(then)
I came home and I heard you were
teaching here and I like, *missed*
you, somehow. Sorry, that's so
creepy.

LUCY

It's not *creepy*, I'm just *surprised*. I heard you were off in New York, following your dream...

CLINT

Yeah, and look where it got me! I'm a 32 year-old bad writer who lives with his mom and collects action figures. At night? I lay my head to sleep on those crinkly plastic pillows because I used to get nosebleeds.

LUCY

Yeah, but Clint, how exciting! You get to say you're a *writer* -- !

CLINT

I have another confession. Remember when I said I wasn't a teacher? That was a lie, too. That's what I was doing in New York.

LUCY

Really?

CLINT

Yeah. I've been teaching first grade for two years. At first I thought I could write in my free time, then I noticed there *is* no free time. Teaching's the hardest job in the world.

(then)

Then I started to look out at the kids in my class, and I found myself getting...*jealous* of them. It was like, here they are, their whole *lives* ahead of them, filled with *endless* possibility. They have all these opportunities that have already passed me by.

Lucy opens her mouth to disagree, then stops herself.

CLINT (CONT'D)

What?

LUCY

Nothing. I was going to tell you you were wrong, but you sort of have a point.

CLINT

That's super comforting. Thanks.

They share a little laugh. Then, their eyes lock. A moment. They kiss. At first it's tentative, then they both surrender to it. Then it's over.

LUCY

I probably shouldn't have done that.

CLINT

I know. I can't just barge into your life.

(teasing)

Even if I do hate your boyfriend.

LUCY

All we need is a bottle of wine.

CLINT

Right? There's probably beer in one of those backpacks.

LUCY

Definitely Ritalin. Probably Adderal, too.

A light bulb. They both spring to their feet.

90

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

90

The teachers are cross-legged in a circle, the flashlight at the center. Calvin and Tamra sleep on mats in the corner.

REBEKKAH

There's still so much I haven't done. Like, I've always wanted to fire an Uzi.

TRACY

I wanted a cat. I always wanted a cat growing up and I never got one.

WADE

You know what I want?

(emotional)

I want to know why my brother-in-law makes ten times what I do. Do you know what he does? He makes foam fingers for football games.

DOUG
Oh, I love those.

WADE
It's like, you tell people you're a grade school gym teacher and they look at you like you must've tried something else and couldn't make a go of it. And it's like, fuck you. I'm raising your kids.

Murmurs of encouragement. They've never seen this side of him.

WADE (CONT'D)
Well, I love my job. Teachers deserve respect. I'm sorry it took today to realize it, but I...I actually really like you people.

DOUG
I wish just once I'd had sex with a prostitute who's non-white. Like some sort of ethnic.

REBEKKAH
We've kind of moved on from that part of the conversation, Doug.

He glances down at the book he evidently still has.

DOUG
How about a joke?

Everyone says "NO!" at once.

91 INT. SECOND GRADE CLASSROOM - NIGHT

91

Clint looks out the window panel into the hallway. Seated indian-style is a little girl, who has a compact in her hand, serenely putting makeup on something...

CLINT
(under his breath)
Oh dear God...

She's innocently applying makeup on an adult's severed head. Clint knocks on the window panel on the door to the hallway.

CLINT (CONT'D)
Hey! Hey, sweetie!

She drops the head and leaps to the window, trying to gnaw her way to them. Then two or three more hideous faces.

CLINT (CONT'D)
Alright, do it.

Lucy flicks several white pills under the door.

CLINT (CONT'D)
Look! Drugs! Aren't you hungry for some drugs?

Nothing.

LUCY
Shit. Well, it was a good idea.

She notices something has caught Clint's eye.

LUCY (CONT'D)
What.

A dead arm peeks from behind the desk. They creep over to the body that's behind the desk.

CLINT
After the 5th half-eaten corpse you see, it's still horrifying, but somehow slightly *less* horrifying.

92 INT. SECOND GRADE CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

92

At a desk, Clint has scissors, a pile of the pills, and the severed arm.

CLINT
Jesus. Here goes.

He winces as he snips the skin, making a tiny incision. Lucy tries the walkie-talkie.

LUCY
Is anyone there? Wade?

WADE (V.O.)
Are you okay?

LUCY
Yeah, I think we have an idea.

93 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT 93

Wade looks around, making sure no one's listening.

WADE
Listen. Lucy. About today.

94 INT. SECOND GRADE CLASSROOM - NIGHT 94

Clint pushes the pills into various incisions in the arms, pretending not to listen in on their conversation.

LUCY
We don't have to talk about this--

WADE (V.O.)
No, I want to talk about this, in case we don't make it out of here. I love you, Lucy. And I'm sorry I was an asshole today. Clint's not listening, is he?

Clint shakes his head "no".

95 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT 95

Wade moves away from the others, tears in his eyes.

LUCY (V.O.)
No, no, it's just me.

WADE
Good. I know you don't like living in your hometown. I know this isn't maybe what you planned when you were growing up, that you'd end up dating a gym teacher...

96 INT. SECOND GRADE CLASSROOM - NIGHT 96

Lucy listens intently.

WADE (V.O.)
And I guess I got jealous. That some writer from New York was gonna swoop in and...

Clint suddenly snatches the walkie-talkie from her.

LUCY
No, wait!

WADE (V.O.)
 I mean, you always talk about
 wanting to live there, and I don't
 know if that's something I can...

CLINT
 Wade, it's Clint.

WADE (V.O.)
 You asshole! Give me back to Lucy!

CLINT
 I'm not a fancy writer from New
 York. I'm a *bad* writer from Fort
 Chicken. I live with my mom. I
 sleep in a bed I used to pee in.
 You're a handsome guy who Lucy
 likes, and if you guys are meant to
 be together, then I'm all for it.
 And I'm sorry I got in the way.

WADE (V.O.)
 Kay. Thanks, man. Can you hand me
 back to Lucy now, please?

LUCY
 Wade, I love you but let's talk
 about this later. We may have a
 found a way to get out of here.
 Listen up.

97 INT. SECOND GRADE CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

97

Clint and Lucy peer out the window slat.

CLINT
 As soon as I throw it, pull as hard
 as you can.

LUCY
 Got it.

Clint kicks the door open, which blows two Cooties kids back.
 He throws out the severed arm.

CLINT
 Now!

He and Lucy SHOULDER the door shut before two cooties kids
 rush in. They beat at the door.

LUCY
 Nice work.

They watch the five little terrors tear the human arm apart.

LUCY (CONT'D)

How much Adderall did you put in there?

CLINT

A lot.

Lucy thumbs the walkie on.

LUCY

Hey guys? I think we're going to be headed your way. Get ready.

A97	INT. ASTROVAN -- SAME TIME	A97	*
	Rick is out cold and comes to. Shakes it off as he hears voices seemingly coming from nowhere. Looks down to find his walkie still at his side.		*
			*
			*
98	INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT	98	
	Okay, remember how in 'Commando' and every other '80s action film there was a 'suiting up' montage? <u>This is that scene.</u>		
	All of the discarded equipment lying around the basement is now being recycled for COMBAT.		
98A	<u>IN MONTAGE</u> -- DOUG retrofits a bunch of random electrical fixtures, creating a GIANT TASER that spits out six foot tongues of ELECTRICAL CURRENT. Although sending a charge through him at the same time.	98A	*
			*
			*
			*
98B	-- WADE lifts an old BASEBALL PITCHING MACHINE, gripping it like a GATLING GUN. He FIRES a BASEBALL at the wall, smashing a hole in it. He's ready.	98B	
98C	-- Mr. Hatachi arms himself with mops and bug spray, wielding the mop handles like Jeff Speakman. Throws on an old catcher's chest plate and looks strangely like a Samurai.	98C	*
			*
			*
98D	-- TRACY suits up in a VIKING uniform made from THEATER COSTUMES, finishing it off with two LONG CHAINS tipped with a BUNCHES OF GRAPHING COMPASSES. He still has Clint's bag slung over his shoulder, safe-guarding it.	98D	*
			*
98E	-- REBEKKAH cocks two starter guns, manufacturing a PISTOL BELT with them like an Old West hero.	98E	*

Soon the teachers are ARMED and ARMORED with anything they can get their hands on. They are the SPECIAL ED SWAT TEAM.

Wade pulls the rest of the group into a huddle, hyping them.
Pulls Tamra onto his back. Calvin on Hatachi's.

*
*

WADE
Alright, team. They've got us
outnumbered, outgunned and
out...numbered. But we have
something they don't. The drive to
win!!

The group cheers - except Doug.

*

DOUG
They seem very driven to me.

WADE
Damn it, I used to be a champion!
I'm a little fatter now, a little
balder...but I've still got that
spirit in me. Nobody is gonna take
it away. Ever.

He holds up a dodgeball.

WADE (CONT'D)
I've played dodgeball a million
times with these shits. Go for the
face. That is their weak spot.
(into walkie)
You guys with us?

RICK (V.O.)
(from walkie-talkie)
Yes.

*
*
*

They all look at each other.

*

99 INT. SECOND GRADE CLASSROOM - SAME TIME

99

Clint and Lucy peer through the window.

LUCY
(into walkie)
Rick??

*
*

The Cooties kids hobble in circles, each druggy step more
unsteady than the last.

RICK (V.O.)
Yes?

*
*

WADE (V.O.)

Remember - we get out into the hall
and go straight for the main door,
then head for my truck.

*

A99 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

A99

*

Principal Simms' walkie-talkie sits on his desk. Patriot
crouches in the corner. Chewing on something horrible, while
listening to the plan.

*

*

*

WADE (CONT'D) (V.O.)

*

That is our objective - get to that
truck alive.

*

*

*

B99 INT. SECOND GRADE CLASSROOM - SAME TIME

B99

*

LUCY

Got it.

*

WADE (V.O.)

Between us, we've got eighteen
regional championship trophies,
three MVP awards and one state
championship ring!

LUCY

Those are all your awards.

WADE (V.O.)

Right. And I am in this team. That
makes us all champions.

100 INT. BASEMENT - SAME TIME

100

Wade grips the handle to the basement door.

WADE

Is everybody ready?

REBEKKAH

Ready.

DOUG

Ready.

RICK (V.O.)

*

Ready.

TRACY

I'm gay.

MR. HATACHI

*

Ready.

Wade turns to look at Tracy, then back to the door.

WADE

Time to play a little dodgeball.

Wade brings the walkie to his mouth.

WADE (CONT'D)

Charge!!

He wrenches the handle.

101 EXT. GYM - CONTINUOUS

101

The teachers stampede out from within the basement like extras from 'Braveheart' - all played out in SLOW MOTION.

The Cooties horde screams and TEARS AFTER THEM. None of these kids REMOTELY resemble children anymore - the virus has transmuted them into DEMONIC SERVANTS OF HELL.

THUNK!! Wade lets fly with a baseball from his HOMEMADE GATLING GUN - scoring a DIRECT HIT on a little girl with a mouthful of vile fangs. The ball WHOMPS her in the face - causing her HEAD to EXPLODE into a FOUNTAIN OF GOO!!

CRACK!! Tracy arcs his make-shift scourge and brings it down on the head of a Cootie-fied Dink.

*

WHAM!! Wade uses a jump-rope to lasso the ankles of one of the kids. He sails into the air, landing hard.

BLAM!! Rebekkah FIRES both starter guns John Woo-style into the face of one child - causing him to EXPLODE.

WOOOOMMM!!! Doug triggers his giant taser, cooking more of the foul goblins from the inside out! Giving himself quite the shock simultaneously.

*

*

*

102 INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

102

Clint and Lucy haul the door to the second grade classroom aside and BARREL into the hallway.

The moaning Cooties kids shuffling toward them, but Lucy shoves them aside with ease.

Clint arcs a lacrosse stick through the air, smacking one girl in the head and knocking her down. They sprint down the corridor and towards the MAIN DOOR --

103 INT. GYM - SAME TIME 103

-- while our other teachers continue their charge.

Mr. Hatachi hurls swings the mop handles like two swords. Taking out Cooties kids left and right, while protecting Calvin on his back. One goes for his leg and manages to bite down. He takes a couple more out before Tracy grabs Calvin from him.

*
*
*
*
*

The Cooties kids see their chance and swarm Hatachi. He's gone.

*

Wade backtracks and heads for his office. He rampages inside, snatching up his All State trophy and football helmet.

TRACY

Wade, what are you doing?!

WADE

Don't wait for me! We're right behind you!

*
*

He sprints from his office, helmet on Tamra. One of the Cooties kids flies towards him, snarling. He bats the kid aside with a swipe of a lacrosse stick.

*
*

The others keep going, reaching the gym door and hurling it open, piling through it into --

104 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 104

-- the hall, where they are joined by Clint and Lucy. Wade joins them and the entire group goes for it, holding onto each other and making sure no one is left behind.

Clint takes the lead. Wade's coffee injury still holds him back, but he wields his lacrosse stick like a samurai sword.

They BATTER into the main doors, unlocking them and throwing them open.

105 EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE, FORT CHICKEN ELEMENTARY - NIGHT 105

Our heroes blaze through the entry way.

Dozens of Cooties kids stand between them and the truck. They spot the teachers. They head straight at each other like two gladiator armies. *

CRASH! The battle is joined.

The teachers respond with a volley of firepower. The scene is one of ABSOLUTE CARNAGE.

The rabid tykes HURL themselves at the teachers who unleash with GIANT TAZER, BASEBALL GUN, ANYTHING. *

Rebekkah runs out of shots with her starter gun. Tracy spots this and runs over to help her. Beats them off. They take off together but not before they grab ahold of Tracy. *

Rebekkah beats them off of Tracy, sacrificing herself. The cooties kids overwhelm her and she is pulled to the ground and TORN apart. *

The dual rear wheel looms beyond the rest of them. Wade unlocks it with his remote. *

The teachers burst through the wall of kids, desperate to reach the truck. Tracy and Doug reaches it first, hoisting Calvin up into the truck. One of the sprites catches up and grabs Lucy, pulling her down and SCRATCHING HER. *

WADE/CLINT *

No!!!

Wade hurls himself at the kid, shouldering him aside. He swings his lacrosse stick. Using his trophy, he brains the kid with a THUNK.

WADE

Go! Go!

Clint runs back, grabbing Rebekkah's weapons to defend himself. Runs to Wade. The other Cooties kids are gaining fast. *

WADE (CONT'D) *

(off Tamra) *

Take her! *

Clint grabs Tamra and swings her onto his back. *

LUCY

Wade, not without you! *

WADE

Just go, I'll hold them off!

Lucy grapples for the cab. Clint prepares himself for the oncoming kids when --

Rick's minivan charges the Cooties kids! But manages to miss them all and crash into a tree! But it draws their attention there! Rick jumps out of the sliding door and runs towards the truck.

*
*
*
*

Clint bounds into the driver's seat, flipping the key and igniting the engine. The turbo diesel's 385 horsepower roaring to life. Rick hops in.

*
*
*

The murderous moppets outside buffet the doors, drooling and snarling. The truck pulls away, blasting through the front gate.

*
*

They are free...for now.

106 INT. DUAL REAR WHEEL TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT 106

*

Somber silence has fallen over the group. Lucy cries softly. So does Tamra and Calvin.

*

CLINT
Lucy...I'm sorry.

107 EXT. DESERTED ROAD - NIGHT 107

The truck trundles down a deserted road. There is not a soul in sight. The town is abandoned, the wind its only tenant.

*

108 INT. DUAL REAR WHEEL TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT 108

*

Everyone presses against the windows, squinting down the pitch black highway that unfurls in front of them.

*

The power is out and the street lamps are off, the headlights providing the only light. Trash is strewn across the road.

109 TRACY
Where is everybody? 109

*

EXT. GENERAL STORE - MOVING - NIGHT

*

The rusted metal sign for a small roadside store keens shrilly as it sways in the wind.

Headlights lance the fog. The truck chugs out of the gloom, rattling into the stores desolate forecourt.

*

Cars are still parked out front...but there are no people.

*

110 INT. DUAL REAR WHEEL TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT 110 *

The truck plows on. Rick, Calvin, and Tamra are asleep in the backseat. *

Clint, Lucy, Tracy and Doug crowd in the front bench seat, peering at abandoned cars. *

CLINT
It looks like everyone just picked up and left...

DOUG
Or lay down. Look out!

The truck screeches to a halt as Clint hits the anchors. Lying in front of it, strewn across the road, is the body of a man. *

DOUG (CONT'D)
What a dumb place to lie down.

CLINT
He's dead, Doug.

DOUG
He will be if he keeps that up.

Clint hits the high beams and the group sees that the corpse is spattered with blood. Mutilated.

LUCY
Oh God...*they got out*...they're everywhere...

They stare at the body, speechless. An eerie quiet envelops them.

THEN - a high pitched cry echoes towards them from somewhere out in the dark. They all whip towards it.

TRACY
Go, go, go. Now. Go now!

Clint grinds the gears and hits the gas, the truck accelerating over the body and lumbering forward into the night. No one noticing a figure emerging from the bed of the truck getting on top of the roof. *

CLINT
Shit. *

LUCY
What is it? *

CLINT

Almost out of gas. It was full 20
minutes ago.

At that moment, a hand crashes through the driver's side
window!

ALL

Aaaggghhh!!!

It is PATRIOT. Like the others, he is no longer recognizable
as a child. More like a miniature demon.

He grabs a hold of Clint's throat, trying to pull him out of
the vehicle.

LUCY

Hit the breaks!

Clint wrenches the wheel, the truck careening wildly from
side to side. He claws Clint's shoulder, drawing blood, his
JAWS open wide.

The others desperately try to wrench him off - but he's too
strong.

CLINT

Everybody hang on!!

He snaps the driver's seat belt into place and HAMMERS down
on the gas. The truck escalates quickly then Clint slams on
the brakes. Patriot LAUNCHES through the air!!!

Clint jerks the steering wheel. Patriot lands on the asphalt,
skidding face down, as the Dually spins a 180 degree turn and
stops facing the opposite direction.

Silence but heavy breathing.

Everyone turning to look out the rear window. Patriot's body
lying a good 50 feet out. But --

He pulls himself forward - not DEAD YET. He finally pulls
himself to his feet and turns to them. RAGE in his eyes. His
lower jaw is MISSING, ripped off.

Patriot lumbers forward, arms raised, looking more like a
Romero zombie than a child.

Clint just shakes his head. He knows what he has to do. He
slams the truck into Reverse. Revs the engine. Stares at
Patriot.

CLINT (CONT'D)

Eat a cock.

Clint jams his foot on the gas and the dual tires ignite.
Gaining speed as the Chrome Rooster trailer hitch heads
straight for Patriot's...well... head.

WHAM! The Rooster hooks right underneath Patriots chin and
rips his head clean off! The dually tires running over his
body.

The truck comes to a fast stop.

TRACY

That outta do it.

The truck dies. Out of gas.

CLINT

This never would have happened if
we'd taken my Civic.

112 EXT. HIGHWAY/FOREST - NIGHT

112

Our intrepid heroes shuffle down the road. Cold. Scared.
Clint now carries, not only Tamra, but his shoulder bag
again.

CLINT

How far have we walked?

DOUG

I'd say about six miles. We've
gotta be close to Dixon by now.

No cars pass. The road is deserted, save for the trees that
line it.

LUCY

Wait, what's that?

IT'S SMOKE. Coming from somewhere within the forest to the
right of them.

They move towards it, clawing their way through the brush.

113 EXT. SCOUT CAMP - NIGHT

113

Clint emerges into a clearing first, soon followed by the
others. A campfire is burning amidst a circle of tents.

CLINT

Hello?

They wander the camp, looking over bags and tins of food. Doug, Tracy, Rick, and Calvin dig in, devouring chocolate bars like ravenous wolves.

*

LUCY

Is anyone here?

No answer. Looks deserted. Clint sits down on a log, warming himself by the fire, holding up the palms of his hands. Still holding Tamra. Lucy joins him on the log.

*

*

*

Clint readjusts. Something is digging into his side. He pulls it out. His manuscript.

*

*

LUCY (CONT'D)

*

Wait...your novel!

*

Clint tosses it onto the fire.

*

CLINT

*

That's all my book was ever gonna be good for.

*

*

(beat)

*

I'm not a writer. I'm a teacher.

*

Lucy manages a smile.

*

LUCY

*

Let's hope there's still kids to teach.

*

*

Clint smiles back. The flames licking up around his "masterpiece".

*

*

THEN HE SEES IT.

There is not a pile of firewood making this fire - but the STACKED LIMBS of human beings.

Clint is too afraid to speak.

LUCY (CONT'D)

*

What?

*

Then she sees it too. They stand up, backing away. Clint looks up into the TREES - seeing an adult man HANGING from the branches - his intestines tied into SHEEP SHANK KNOTS.

*

CLINT

Guys...

TRACY

What is it?

They join him. WHAT THEY DON'T SEE - CROWDED BEHIND THEM -
ARE A DOZEN YOUNG BOY SCOUTS, ALL IN UNIFORM. ALL HIDEOUSLY
DISFIGURED BY THE COOTIES VIRUS.

*

With one insanely, Cootified girl leading them -- SHELLEY!

*

The teachers go rigid with fear, not daring to turn around.

CLINT

Oh shit...

The Cooties scouts SCREAM that terrible high pitched SCREAM
as we --

CUT TO BLACK.

114 INT. TRUCK - DAY

114

From DARKNESS, the rear gate of a truck is thrown open. A
freight driver reaches into the truck bed and loads three
boxes of CHICKEN NUGGETS onto a dolly.

CLOSE ON one of the boxes- we reveal that they come from FORT
CHICKEN, USA.

The driver steers the dolly away...towards the sign for a
WATER PARK. Kids frolic beyond it, screaming and splashing.

115 INT. TRUCK - DAY

115

Once again, darkness is broken by daylight.

Yet another delivery man grabs a box of Fort Chicken Nuggets
and hefts it away...walking towards a field, a sign arching
over it saying LAKE TRAVIS SUMMER CAMP.

116 INT. TRUCK - DAY

116

Another delivery man carries a load of the nuggets towards a
PETEY'S PIZZA AND ARCADE.

The driver returns, slamming the door and plunging us back
into DARKNESS.

SMASH TO CREDITS

*