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SCARY MOVIE 3

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(66 & 66A – Alternative TV-safe versions of Ross Giggins dialogue)

Scary Movie 3

by

Craig Mazin
&
Pat Proft

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August 29, 2003
Sixth Buff Draft

The sound of pouring rain. *

The Dimension Logo fades in across the screen, but it looks a bit grainy, sort of video-ish. Just as in The Ring, it is occasionally interrupted by almost subliminal flashes of static. KSSH! KSSH!

A1 EXT. BECCA'S HOUSE - NIGHT A1

Raining. Ominous.

1 (AA1) INT. BECCA'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME 1 (AA1)

KATIE

I hate television. Gives me headaches.

Katie lies on her stomach on the bed doing some kind of puzzle book. Her legs up in the air. Becca sits in front of it, remote control in hand. Both girls are wearing short Catholic schoolgirl dresses.

BECCA

You know, I heard there's so many magnetic waves travelling through the airspace because of TV and television, that we're losing like ten times as many brain cells as we're supposed to.

KATIE

Oh, please.
(back to puzzle book)
"The cow says blank." Three letters.

BECCA

"Dude."

KATIE

(nods, fills it in)
"Dude."

Katie's legs are intertwining and touching the back of her head. Impossibly, she scratches her hair with her toes.

KATIE

I don't know. Magnetic waves. Brain cells. I don't understand the connection between all that stuff.

1 (AA1) CONTINUED:

1 (AA1)

BECCA

I also heard that the magnetic waves can like, shrink silicon molecules.

The two girls look at each other, then their chests, then scream!!! Full sobbing hysteria! Katie and Becca rush the television, turn it off.

They both collapse back on the bed, panting.

BECCA

Thank God. I can't afford to get any smaller.

KATIE

Oh, come on...you're beautiful! Believe me, I wish I had your legs.

BECCA

Well I wish I had your butt.

KATIE

Well I wish I had your...

BECCA

...shaved pussy?

Becca lifts a hairless cat into frame.

BECCA

No one's getting Snowball.

KATIE

Okay. That thing's kind of scary anyway.

BECCA

I know something even scarier.

Katie perks up. Ghost story time.

BECCA (cont'd)

(sits on the bed)

Have you heard about this video tape?

KATIE

The one with the two of them on the boat? Or the one with her in the bathtub?

(MORE)

1 (AA1) CONTINUED: (2)

1 (AA1)

KATIE (cont'd)

Or the one in the car where they're like "I love you, no honey, I love YOU..." And she's like "Where are we?" And did you see the size of his...

BECCA

(annoyed)

No, not that tape. The one with all the scary images. After you watch it, the phone rings and a voice comes on and says you will die in...

KATIE

...seven days. Yeah, I saw that one with Josh last weekend.

But Becca is focused on:

BECCA

You were with Josh last weekend?
Oh my God, you ho!

Becca playfully pelts Katie with a pillow. Katie grabs a small chair and hits Becca with it. It shatters. Becca busts Katie over the head with a vase. Katie squeals, smacks her in the face with her laptop. Becca gives Katie a big wedgie. But they stop abruptly when they hear a phone RING.

ANGLE - CLOCK - 10:00 PM

Katie is suddenly afraid.

2 (AB1) INT. HALLWAY/KITCHEN - DOWNSTAIRS - SECONDS LATER 2 (AB1)

Katie and Becca walk towards the phone. It continues to RING.

BECCA

This is really wierd.

KATIE

Yeah. Big house. Only one phone.

Katie picks it up.

KATIE

Hello?

The smile fades from her face. She slowly takes the phone from her own ear and places it next to Becca's.

2 (AB1) CONTINUED:

2 (AB1)

BECCA
(frightened)
Hello?

VOICE ON PHONE
(Gollum-like whisper)
*I'm coming for you, my
precioussssss.....*

BECCA
(relaxes)
Oh. Hi, mom.

MOM (ON PHONE)
(still Gollum whisper)
Hi, precious. Having fun?

KATIE
(exiting)
Ask her which bathroom has the
detachable shower head.

Katie EXITS. A big THUNDERCLAP outside. The lights FLICKER
OFF.

BECCA (cont'd)
Hello? Hello?

The phone is DEAD. Thunder BOOMS again outside. This is
scary. Becca walks slowly through the kitchen. The
refrigerator creaks open. She closes it. It opens again. She
fights with it, finally slams the door closed. And
then...DING!

BECCA (cont'd)
Agh!

Toast pops out of the toaster...

BECCA (cont'd)
Agh!

She catches the toast. It's hot!

BECCA (cont'd)
Agh!

A parrot screeches right back at her.

PARROT
Agh!

2 (AB1) CONTINUED: (2)

2 (AB1)

BECCA

Agh!

PARROT

Agh!

BECCA

Agh!

Becca throws her blouse over the parrot cage. Takes a deep breath, then exits...

3 (AC1) INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BECCA'S ROOM - SECONDS LATER 3 (AC1)

There's a puddle of water leaking out from under Becca's door. Becca reaches for the knob. It's dripping water. She turns it, opens the door and...

4 (AD1) INT. BECCA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 4 (AD1)

Becca enters.

Becca sees Katie in a chair, her back to us. All we can see of Katie is her hair.

BECCA

Katie?

Becca approaches the chair in fear. Reaches it, and turns it slowly, slowly...wait for it...

Then turns it all the way around! GAAH!!! Katie is slumped in her chair. Clearly dead. Her skin is that horrible zombie pallor as seen in the flashcuts in The Ring. She nudges Katie, who wobbles the way a very dead body would. Her head lolls backwards.

BECCA (cont'd)

(puzzled)

Are you okay?

The head falls off.

BECCA

Are you okay?

SQUEEEEEEE! The TV emits a piercing shriek. There's an image of a well on the screen now.

Becca turns to the TV. She SCREAMS.

4(AD1) CONTINUED:

4(AD1)

POV SOMETHING EVIL - it hurtles towards Becca, and we...

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE!

SCARY MOVIE 3

CREDITS BEGIN

5(A1) EXT. LOGAN FARM - DAWN 5(A1)

Establishing shot.

We hear the faint sound of a little girl's SCREAM.

6(1) INT. BEDROOM - DAWN 6(1)

TOM LOGAN hears the scream, sits up in bed with a start.

He bangs his head on an overhead lamp. TING! Flops out of frame. Gets back up. Listens carefully. Hears nothing.

7(2) INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 7(2)

The door is open. Tom is out of view. We hear him peeing. We then hear the faint sound of a little girl's SCREAM. Tom stops peeing, leans out into the doorway where we can see him. He listens for several beats. No scream. He goes back to peeing. A SCREAM. He stops peeing. Listens. Back to peeing. Then in quick succession and in rhythm: SCREAM. Stop peeing. Pee. SCREAM. Stop peeing. Pee. SCREAM. Finally at a stop peeing point Tom hears the SCREAM.

8(3) EXT. LOGAN FARM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 8(3)

Tom bolts out of the front door.

SUPER: 20 MILES SOUTH OF WASHINGTON D.C.

Tom's younger brother GEORGE races up. The scream also got him out of bed.

GEORGE
Tom, did you hear..?

TOM
Sh!

Dogs BARK.

8(3)

CONTINUED:

8(3)

GEORGE

The dogs are acting strange.

Tom stares at...

ANGLE - DOGS

Three dogs are smoking a hookah (wearing hats, beads, sunglasses, etc.).

A dog is driving a tractor.

A Chihuahua is dressed as a Roman charioteer in a little cart being pulled by a dachshund.

Then Tom and George hear another SCREAM. They take off into a field of corn.

9(4)

EXT. CORN FIELD

9(4)

Tom and George run frantically through the thick rows of cornstalks. Corn cobs hit Tom in the head. "WHACK! WHACK!" Smaller stalks are whapping him in the balls, "WHAP! WHAP!"

10(5)

EXT. ROW OF CORN

10(5)

They hear a SCREAM and see a traumatized little girl up ahead. This is SUE. They both run to her...

Sue is seven years old. Cute. Spooked out.

TOM (CONT'D)

Sue? Are you hurt?

She grabs Tom's chin. Turns his head toward what she is looking at. But she keeps turning his head. And turning it.

TOM (CONT'D)

(calmly)

Ow, honey. Daddy said ow. You're hurting Daddy.

His head has done a 180. It just won't twist any farther. She lets go. Tom's head snaps back in place. The group walks into the "cleared" area.

GEORGE

I wonder what they're trying to tell us?

CAMERA CRANES UP TO REVEAL...

10(5) CONTINUED:

10(5)

ANGLE - CORN FIELD

Tom, George, Sue and the BARKING Logan DOGS are in the middle of a crop-circled corn field.

Cut into the corn are the words "ATTACK HERE."

11(6) OMITTED 11(6)

12(7) INT. WDCN STUDIO - CONTINUOUS 12(7)

ROSS GIGGINS, the way-too-handsome news anchor, is at the news desk.

ROSS (V.O.)

I'm Ross Giggins. For our top story, we turn now to Cindy Campbell.

And next to him is CINDY CAMPBELL, now a young up-and-coming TV reporter. Over her shoulder is video of the crop circle. The title says "Middleburg Crop Circle."

CINDY

Thank you, Ross. There's a developing story in Middleburg at this hour. A mysterious crop circle appeared in local farmer Tom Logan's corn field. Could it be an elaborate prank, or an extra-terrestrial phenomenon? We'll update you as soon as we have any further information.

She turns to Ross. He has on that anchor smile as she speaks right to his face.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Either way, it's clear something strange is happening in that small town. Ross?

ROSS

I'm sorry, I wasn't listening.

This is a big disappointment to Cindy.

ROSS (CONT'D)

(to camera)

Coming up...your family could be in imminent danger...

13(8)

INT. NEWS BULLPEN AREA - CONTINUOUS

13(8)

The desks and cubicles area we see in the B.G. of the news set. CARSON WARD, the news director, approaches Cindy.

CARSON

Cindy, I want you on that big strip club exposé.

CINDY

I'd rather stay with the crop circle story.

CARSON

Come on. You know those things are just a hoax.

CINDY

I'm telling you, I sense something about that corn field. Call it woman's intuition or ESPN. Or both. But I know trouble when I'm near it. I have a premonition about things like that...AAHHH!

She's walked into a boom mic. She drops out of frame.

A male reporter carrying two huge lattes trips and falls over the unseen Cindy. The coffee goes flying. We hear another male from O.C.:

MALE (O.C.)

Oh my face! Aggh!

CARSON

Cindy, it's sweeps. People want human interest stories--like the one you did yesterday.

Cindy rises back to her feet, a bit wobbly.

CINDY

The report on breast augmentation? It was just ten minutes of topless women. I mean, come on!

She angrily rips her shirt open...

R8

INSERT - Two extremely large breasts barely contained by a R8 demibra, jiggling upon reveal. Whoa. Who knew they were that big under there?

13(8)

CONTINUED:

13(8)

CINDY (CONT'D)

Why the hell are these so
interesting?...

The office stops dead. Male coworkers are peeking into frame from the sides, above, and below. A mannish woman in a UPS outfit also peeks in for a look. A talking head on video monitor in the B.G. stops what he's doing to stare. Cindy closes her shirt, annoyed. Her chest is back to normal.

CINDY (CONT'D)

This isn't what people care about!
They want hard-hitting stories.
And in-depth coverage. And...
and...

CARSON

(sings)
And twins!!!

The lighting drops down, and our camera is suddenly dutch-angled, fast cut edit style...ROCK MUSIC starts and we see the COORS TWINS dancing, bumping hips with the male reporters (and the UPS woman), guys saluting them with beers...man this is great!

Cindy just watches, appalled. Shakes her head. Jesus.

14(10)

OMITTED

14(10)

15(11)

EXT. LOGAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

15(11)

Tom walks outside, followed by Champlin.

CHAMPLIN

You think it was the Kreisel boys
who cut that stuff into your corn?

TOM

All I know is my crops are gone.
The bank's gonna foreclose if I
can't pay the rent. I've got 60
days to come up with a dollar
fifty.

Tom starts to choke up. It's all too much for him. Champlin puts her arm on Tom's shoulder.

CHAMPLIN

I'm sorry. The last thing you
needed was...

15(11)

CONTINUED:

15(11)

Tom takes her hand from his shoulder, blows his nose into it. HONK! She takes her hand back. It's full of goo. Gaaah.

CHAMPLIN (CONT'D)
...more hardship in your life...

She's whipping her wrist, trying to fling the snot off...

CHAMPLIN (CONT'D)
...not after what happened to--

TOM
(cutting her off)
Sheriff. I don't need your sympathy.

CHAMPLIN
I didn't mean to upset you, Father.

As she speaks, each time we cut back to her, her hat brim gets bigger and bigger.

TOM
Please. I'm not a minister anymore. I lost my faith...that terrible night.

CHAMPLIN
Your faith will return, just as sure as the sun will rise.

TOM
(glum)
Sounds like a longshot.

Jeez. He has lost his faith. But wait! Her hat brim is bigger.

CHAMPLIN
Look, there's always an explanation for all this so-called phenomena.

Waaaay too big. Tom just stares. Very odd.

TOM
Yeah. Maybe you're right. It was probably just the Kreisels.

Tom watches as she struggles to get into her car. Her hat is huge now. Like a sombrero.

15(11) CONTINUED: (2)

15(11)

CHAMPLIN

Yup. After I get done with them, I doubt you'll be seeing anything strange on this farm for a long time.

She starts the car, backs out. Waves.

ANGLE - TOM

He waves back to her.

16(12) EXT. LOGAN FARM - LATER

16(12)

A trailer home. George emerges, now dressed in a knit cap, baggy pants and a wife beater t-shirt, topped off with a hooded sweatshirt. He starts toward the road, bobbing his head to the HIP HOP MUSIC playing on his headphones.

TOM

George!

George can't hear. Keeps walking. Tom grabs the right headset, pulls it out.

TOM (cont'd)

I need you back here tomorrow night right after you pick up Sue. That tractor needs fixing.

George takes the headphones off.

GEORGE

Sorry, Dog. I can't help you. I have to get ready for my show.

TOM

What? Not that stupid hip hop stuff again? Dammit, George, when are you going to do something with your life?

GEORGE

I got a dream!

TOM

What is your dream?

GEORGE

To have a dream.

George starts walking towards the road. Tom follows.

16(12)

CONTINUED:

16(12)

TOM

All you've done is chase adolescent fantasies. "I want to be an astronaut, a cowboy, gynecologist to the stars." And now this hip hop thing.

They reach the road. George turns to face him.

GEORGE

For your information, this "hip hop thing" is gonna get me paid. I'm gonna win the rap battle tomorrow night.

TOM

Rap battle? Oh for godssakes...

GEORGE

You just hate me because I'm black.

TOM

(confused)

What?

A city bus pulls up. Its destination: "Da Hood"

George gets on the bus, turns around. Stands in the bus door.

GEORGE

You don't have any faith in me. You don't have any faith in anything anymore. So why don't you just worry about you, and I'll worry about--

The bus door shuts on his neck. AAAAHHHHH!!!!

VRROOM. The bus pulls away. George's statement hit home with Tom. But what an idiot.

17(19)

EXT. PENNINGTON ACADEMY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - LATE AFTERNOON (19)

Cindy drives up. The school is in a busy city neighborhood. She gets out and walks towards the school.

18(20)

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

18(20)

Class is over. CODY, Sue (Tom's daughter), and one other kid sit quietly at their desks, working on projects.

Cindy enters. Walks over to Cody.

CODY
(doesn't look up)
You're late again, Aunt Cindy.

Jeez. Cindy, feeling guilty, isn't sure what to say.

BRENDA
Cindy?

Cindy turns to see BRENDA, African-American. The teacher of the class. Brenda is surprised to see her.

CINDY
Brenda, hi!

They hug. Kiss. Obviously old friends.

BRENDA
It's great to see you, girl! It's been so long!

CINDY
Too long. I've been working so hard. I've had to spend more and more time at the station. The news just keeps coming in.

Cindy looks at what Cody is drawing. Yipes!

ANGLE - CODY'S DRAWINGS

Various people in graves. Bleeding. Beheaded. Swirls of darkness.

CINDY
What was the assignment?

BRENDA
Draw your family and friends.

CINDY
Whoa.

BRENDA
So, anyone new in your life?

As Brenda says this, Cody finally looks up at Cindy. An accusatory stare. This is a sore point for him. Cindy feels the weight of his disapproval. She starts to walk Brenda away from him.

CINDY

I just haven't found the right guy.
I'm looking for something more than
just good sex.

BRENDA

You want commitment.

CINDY

No, I want great sex.

BRENDA

THAT'S what I'm talkin' about. You
want a guy who's gonna hit that
thing hard. Wham! Wham! Wham!

Cody approaches behind them. Cindy quickly covers his ears.

BRENDA (cont'd)

Then he'll flip you over and come
at you from the other side, d o
double g!

Brenda stops, remembering there are kids in the room. One
little boy is staring at her in horror.

BRENDA

Did I say stop drawing?

The kid quickly goes back to drawing, frightened. Like his
life depends on it. Which it probably does. Cody returns to
his drawings.

BRENDA

Then he'll look at you, like he
gonna cut you.

CINDY

Brenda, you're so romantic.

BRENDA

I guess.

CINDY

Look, when I meet Mr. Right I'll
know.

The classroom door OPENS.

SUE

Uncle George!

18(20)

CONTINUED: (3)

18(20)

Cindy turns and sees George. Mr. Right indeed. The second their eyes meet, it's obvious they are attracted to each other. This exchange is not lost on Cody. Sue runs up and hugs George, then returns to her desk.

KID

Miss Meeks?

Brenda walks away, leaving Cindy and George alone.

CINDY

I know you. You're Tom Logan's brother.

GEORGE

George. And you're that reporter. Cindy Campbell. You did the story on our cop cycles.

CINDY

Crop circles.

GEORGE

Yeah, right. So you're here to pick up your...?

CINDY

Nephew. Cody. My sister died last year and left him to me. My brother got the Rolex and her collection of ruby-studded diamonds...

(sizing George up)

You don't dress like a farmer.

GEORGE

My brother's the farmer. I'm the rapper.

Brenda approaches, looks at George doubtfully.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

For real. Here's the six one one on that...

BRENDA

That's phone repair. You mean four one one.

GEORGE

(stares for a beat)
Yo, I'm doin' the rap battle at the
23 Club tomorrow night.

BRENDA

Oh, I don't believe this shit...

GEORGE

Word. Why don't you two come down?
I'll be rappin', I'll be tappin',
I'll be cappin', I'll be chappin',
I'll be flappin', I'll be
happen...ing. Bing, wing,
ding...uh, yo.

Brenda and Cindy just stare. This guy sucks.

CINDY

Sounds good...

GEORGE

Would could should hood...

BRE

Ugh.

GEORGE

Yugh Bugh Dugh Hugh.

BRENDA

If we say we'll come, will you stop
doing that?

GEORGE

Okay then. Fresh. I'll see you guys
tomorrow night.

CINDY

Okay. Bye.

GEORGE

Peace out.

He exits. A handful of pens and crayons are hurled at the
door from O.S.

BRENDA

Now who the fuck did that?!

19(21) EXT. SCHOOL - MINUTES LATER 19(21)

Cindy leads Cody over to her car. Cody has a far-away look in his eyes.

CINDY

What is it? Are you having another one of your visions?

R21

(ADR only)

CODY

There's a girl...with black hair...she wants to kill you.

R21

(ADR only)

19(21) Cindy gasps in fear. Cody points to her abdomen. 19(21)

CODY (CONT'D)

Your period begins in three, two, one...

Cindy grabs her stomach.

CINDY

Ow.

(back to Cody)

What else? What else do you see?

CODY

I see a little boy...and a grown woman...but no father.

Cindy gets the point. She kneels down and looks Cody in the eye. Holds him gently by his shoulders.

CINDY

Cody--

CODY

I see you kneeling in dog shit.

Cindy looks down. Gross.

CINDY

What? Ugh!

She shuffles over, still on her knees.

CINDY

Cody, don't you understand...as long as we have each other, what more do we need?

19(21) CONTINUED: 19(21)

She kisses him on the forehead. Hugs him. But he's still upset. She's not getting through...

20(22) INT. CINDY'S CAR - MINUTES LATER 20(22)

Cindy drives. CLOSE on her as she speaks.

CINDY

Cody, I know things have been tough since your mom died. God, I've been so selfish. Always putting my career first. From now on, I'm going to be thinking about you 24/7...

She turns to Cody. We see there's no one else is in the car.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Damn!

She stops and jams the car into reverse. We see through the back windshield Cody running toward her. The car slams back into the oncoming Cody, sending him flying O.C.

21(34) EXT. CINDY'S TOWNHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 21(34)

Establishing. An upscale townhouse in a nice part of town.

22(35) INT. LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 22(35)

R35 Cindy enters, sees Cody at the table, his back to her. R35 His arm pumping rapidly.

CINDY

Cody, at least lock the door!

She comes around to see that he's actually just drawing, making swirling black holes on paper with a crayon.

22(35) He's also drawn a bunch of pictures of a little girl 22(35) with hair hanging over her face. Cindy is concerned. She picks up a stack of similar drawings and flips through them. As she flips, we see the pictures of the little girl in flip-book animation doing a stupid little dance.

CINDY

Do you know who she is?

CODY

No, but sometimes she talks to me. She's coming tonight.

22(35)

CONTINUED:

22(35)

Oooh. Creepy moment. And then...a KNOCK at the door. It frightens Cindy. She GASPS.

We see a shadowy figure behind the curtain over the door window. Cindy looks to Cody in fear. He says nothing, but simply backs out of the room. Uh oh. Now alone, Cindy hesitantly answers the door. It's...

CINDY

(relieved)

Father Muldoon! I called all over for a baby sitter. I'm so grateful that you could...

FATHER MULDOON

Oh, I don't mind filling in now and then. Where is little Cody?

Cindy grabs her purse, keys, etc. Outside, a horn HONKS.

CINDY

I don't know, he must be back in his room playing. Just make sure he washes everywhere. Also, he has a little rash on his behind.

(hands him a tube)

Could you just rub some of this lotion on his little bottom? Apply it liberally.

Father Muldoon just nods. As Cindy exits Father Muldoon pulls a bottle of wine and two glasses from inside his jacket and heads upstairs. The audience will fill in the rest.

23(37)

EXT. 23 CLUB - PARKING LOT - LATER THAT NIGHT

23(37)

Establishing.

24(A38)

INT. 23 CLUB - MAIN STAGE - SAME TIME

24(A38)

Mahalik grabs the mic.

MAHALIK

A'ight, a'ight. Before we get the battles started. I just gotta few quick announcements. I know y'all are gonna want to fire off a couple of caps in the air for your favorite rapper--but if y'all could please hold your gunfire until the end of the show. So let's put them safetys on.

24(A38) CONTINUED:

24(A38)

REVERSE: Every single person in the room pulls out a gun, and looks for the SAFETY switch.

MAHALIK CONT'D

...it's just above the trigger guard, on the left side.

Everyone clicks their SAFETY into place...SOMEONE accidentally FIRES OFF A ROUND.

VOICE IN CROWD (O.S.)

Sorry.

MAHALIK

Will somebody get his ass up outta here? Aight, DJ, spin that shit!

25(38) INT. 23 CLUB - MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

25(38)

A dank, graffiti-infested shit hole. George has on his headphones, brand new white sweatshirt, psyching himself up. Bouncing on his feet. Loosening his neck. But as he hears the sound of the crowd from in here, he suddenly starts sweating. Dizzy. The FEAR is gripping him. He gets sick to his stomach. He quickly pushes open a toilet stall door, bends over and vomits his guts out. "BLURRR KAAA!"

Unfortunately, a guy is sitting on this particular toilet. Stunned. Lap full of puke.

GEORGE

Whoa. My bad.

BATHROOM GUY

Mutha...!

George hightails it out of the bathroom.

26(39) INT. 23 CLUB - SECURITY AREA - CONTINUOUS

26(39)

Brenda and Cindy wait in line. Cindy notices that Brenda looks nervous. Almost frightened.

CINDY

Brenda, is something wrong? You look scared.

BRENDA

I don't know. All that stuff you were saying on TV. I just have a weird feeling something bad is heading my way.

(MORE)

26(39)

CONTINUED:

26(39)

BRENDA (cont'd)

Like when you see an Asian person
behind the wheel of a car.

(upset)

After the show, if I don't hook up
with some anonymous guy or drink an
assload of Cristal and end up
sleeping one off in a dumpster
behind a Sizzler, do you think
maybe you could come back to my
crib and hang out? I don't want to
be alone.

CINDY

(concerned)

Of course I will.

BRENDA

Ooh, I love you. Pay my way, okay?

Brenda passes through the detector. No problem. Cindy
follows. BWEEP! "NEVER BEEN WITH A BLACK MAN" Sign fades.
Lights up again. "BUT CURIOUS"

27(A40)

INT. 23 CLUB - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

27(A40)

We see MAHALIK, C.J., thin with an Afro. They see George
walk towards them from the bathroom.

MAHALIK

Yo yo, George, the man with the
hottest rap game on the street.

They all greet each other, fist pounds and chest bumps all
around.

MAHALIK (CONT'D)

Finally, the white man's gonna
school the black man on how to rap.

The crew looks at George, who nods to himself.

GEORGE

Yeah, I guess. How many people
here, you think?

MAHALIK

I don't know, a hundred, two
hundred, whitey-hatin, chrome
packin, ready to bust a cap in any
white boy's ass who ain't bringin
that shit. What's wrong?

27(A40) CONTINUED:

27(A40)

GEORGE

(raises his hand)

You ever wonder when it's time to stop living up here...

(lowers his hand)

And start living down here?

MAHALIK

Or what if we stop living over here...

(thumbs to his right)

And move over there?

C.J.

Shiiiiitt, my Aunt ShaNeequa used to live over there, but the bitch got evicted.

MAHALIK

Word? What for?

C.J.

Mice.

MAHALIK

Mice? I thought she had rats.

C.J.

No, fool, rats are outside. Mice are inside.

MAHALIK

Well what if a mouse goes outside, does it become a rat? And if a rat is in the house, is it a mouse?

C.J.

I ain't never seen no mouse outside.

MAHALIK

That's because it's a rat, fool!

C.J.

Yo, that's some real shit right there, you mighta just made a fact.

GEORGE

Fellas, what are you guys talking about?

27(A40) CONTINUED: (2)

27(A40)

MAHALIK

(to George)

What? What do you need? I'd do anything for you, dog. For real.

C.J.

Yo, you know what he needs? A hype man! Every rapper got to have some illiterate nobody jumpin around behind him! And you know I can't read.

MAHALIK

You could be his Spliff Star.

C.J.

That's me. That's what I do!

Another chest bump sends C.J. flying O.S. into some lockers, but he pops right back up. George hears the ROAR OF THE CROWD, looks off in fear.

GEORGE

Guys, I may have left my tractor running. I'm gonna go fix it...

MAHALIK

(concerned)

I know you ain't scared, right?

GEORGE

Chill. NBA breezy, easy. I'm in there like swimwear. Chillin like a villain.

The other guys look at each other. Mahalik turns to C.J.

MAHALIK

Yo, do we talk like that?

C.J.

We do be talking like that sometimes.

28(B40) INT. 23 CLUB - THE SHOW - MINUTES LATER

28(B40)

A rap battle rages. Brenda and Cindy are totally into this, arms waving. The two rappers on stage finish ripping each other apart. Huge CHEERS. Mahalik walks out on stage. He's emceeing tonight.

28(B40) CONTINUED:

28(B40)

MAHALIK

Now that's what I'm talking about!
That was hot! All right, what do
we think?!

ANGLE ON American Idol's Simon Cowell at a desk.

SIMON

Right. I thought you were both
absolutely dreadful. Ghastly. I
don't know what I'm doing here.
This club is pathetic.

CROWD

OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

That did it. The rappers, Mahalik, and the D.J., just about
everyone on stage looks at each other for a brief, angry,
silent decision-making moment, then they all pull out their
pieces and aim directly at Simon.

Simon's eyes open a bit wide. Uh-oh.

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM!!!! Simon is RIDDLED WITH
BULLETS like Sonny on the causeway. He goes down behind the
desk. The crowd explodes in a cheer.

29(C40) OMITTED

29(C40)

30(D40) INT. 23 CLUB - MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

30(D40)

ANGLE - MAHALIK

MAHALIK

Here comes the next throwdown, with
our reigning champion, tha man,
straight outta Fort Apache...give
it up for...Fat Joe!

The place goes nuts as Fat Joe takes the stage.

GEORGE

I gotta go against him?

C.J.

What, you think they're here to see
Fat Joe?

The crowd chants "Joe! Joe! Joe!"

C.J.

They're saying 'Go! Go! Go!'

Dimension Films

CONFIDENTIAL

MAHALIK (CONT'D)

The challenger this evening... he's
a farmer/rapper so you know he's
been kicking shit all day...make
some noise for George!

George runs out. C.J. follows him up on stage, jumping
around behind him and waving his hands like an idiot.

C.J.

Yeah, yeah, a come on! Come on!

MAHALIK (CONT'D)

Joe takes off first.
(to the DJ)
Yo, spin that shit!

The DJ starts scratching. Huge beats thump away.

Fat Joe is in top form. The crowd is absolutely crazed. Even
Cindy and Brenda are with it. Huge APPLAUSE.

MAHALIK (CONT'D)

Alright! Powerful, man! Right
from the bible. What verse was
that? Palms? I know it was. Now
give it up for my homie, George!

APPLAUSE. Cindy applauds the loudest. George is nervous. He
takes a pitch pipe out of his sweatshirt. Blows a note.

Sings in tune: "BIIITCHH." He blows another note. "HOOOOO."

George starts out strong. He hugs the mic with his lips.

GEORGE

Yo. I'm a white boy but my neck is
red.
I eat Miracle Whip on my Wonder
Bread. My face is pale.
No I never been in jail, me and
Buffy spend every winter in Vail.
How many bitches have I slapped?
Zero.
Martha Stewart happens to be my
hero.
I grew up on a farm and I was born
with no rhythm, Dr. Phil's my
uncle, I like to hang with him!
Can't dance,
Wear khaki pants,
(MORE)

30(D40) CONTINUED: (2)

30(D40)

GEORGE (cont'd)
Middle name's Lance,
My grandma's from France!

The crowd starts to get into this. Cindy and Brenda nod at each other, impressed. The crowd is totally down with this. Huge CHEERS!

GEORGE (CONT'D)
So maybe I'm whack.
Cuz my skin ain't black.
But you can't talk smack
Cuz whitey just struck back!

He drops the mic and raises his arms in victory. The crowd roars! They love him! He's won!

He flips his hood up for a full gangsta victory pose. Unfortunately, his white sweatshirt hood rises to a long point. He looks like a Klansman.

C.J.
Yeah, a yeah, come--
(notices)
Oh shit.

In an instant, the place goes from cheering to stunned silence. Crickets. Mahalik and Cindy desperately try to signal him. George doesn't understand what's happened.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
What...?

He looks over at Mahalik.

MAHALIK
The hood!

MAHALIK
Lose the hood!

GEORGE
That's right! We in the hood now!

But George is already raising his arm up, shouting to the audience.

GEORGE
You feelin' me...in the hood?!

ANGLE - CINDY AND BRENDA

BRENDA
He's a dead man.

30(D40) CONTINUED: (3)

30(D40)

ANGLE - STAGE

The crowd yanks George off stage...

GEORGE

Aaaaghh!!!

Fat Joe turns to Mahalik.

FAT JOE

So as soon as he's pronounced dead,
I win right?

31(40) EXT. 23 CLUB - ALLEY BEHIND THE CLUB - LATER

31(40)

George is catapulted out a second story barred window. Slams
to the ground in a shower of broken glass and metal bars.
Gets up without losing a beat.

MAHALIK

Dog! You can't give up on rap just
like that!

GEORGE

Rap shmap!

MAHALIK

(encouraged)

Look! You still got it, see?

But George is gone.

32(42) EXT. BRENDA'S HOUSE - LATER NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

32(42)

A light is on in the kitchen window.

BRENDA (O.S.)

Thanks for coming over tonight,
Cindy. I guess I'm just going
through a rough time.

33(46) INT. KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT

33(46)

Brenda and Cindy eat from a tub of ice cream. It's enormous.

CINDY

Brenda, why don't you tell me
what's really bothering you?

BRENDA

Cindy, there's something I need
to...I saw a tape.

(MORE)

33(46)

CONTINUED:

33(46)

BRENDA (cont'd)

I think you should know about it.
It had these shocking images.

CINDY

(red faced)

Brenda, it was Mardi Gras. I never
drank vodka before. And...I
was...out of beads.

BRENDA

No, not that tape. It's...well, I
guess it's just an urban legend.
You watch it, and as soon as it's
over, your phone rings, and a
creepy voice says, 'You will die in
seven days.' And seven days
later...

CINDY

When did you watch it?

BRENDA

A week ago. A week ago...tonight.

Suddenly, a small dribble of blood starts leaking from
Brenda's nose.

CINDY

Brenda...

BRENDA

(touches her nose, scared)

Oh my God...

CINDY

Here.

Concerned, Cindy reaches into her bag and offers Brenda a
tampon. But Brenda can't talk. Something's wrong...she
clutches her throat. She can't breathe. Her eyes roll back
in her head.

CINDY (cont'd)

Brenda!!!

Brenda stops choking and gives Cindy an impish look. She was
just fooling. They both start laughing.

CINDY (cont'd)

You bitch...

BRENDA

Oh girl! You shoulda seen the look
on your face!

They laugh harder. Shaking with laughter. But then Brenda
starts shaking too hard. Convulsing.

CINDY

Brenda!!!

Brenda is flopping in her chair in a full spasm. Foam
drooling from her mouth. Her head whipping around
impossibly. Cindy SCREAMS!

Brenda stops. Smiles. Cindy's jaw drops. Brenda cracks up.

BRENDA

I can't believe you fell for that
fake seizure!

CINDY

But it seemed so real.
(looks at the floor)
And you peed.

BRENDA

(proudly)
Yeah, I really sold that shit,
didn't I?

Brenda puts her hand on an indignant Cindy's shoulder.

BRENDA (cont'd)

(laughing her ass off)
Girl, you are too easy!

The hand on Cindy's shoulder suddenly WHOOSHES ALIGHT! Her
hand is ON FIRE! Brenda SCREAMS! Cindy SCREAMS.

Then Brenda laughs AGAIN! Pours water on her hand and puts
the fire out.

BRENDA (cont'd)

YES! I got you with the old fake
hand!
(laughing her ass off)
Girl, you was scared...!

Cindy is annoyed. Brenda exits.

BRENDA (O.S.)

Oh, come on, I was just kidding.

33(46) CONTINUED: (3) 33(46)

CINDY
Well you're taking it too far.
(peers into the freezer)
What else do you have to eat?

34(A47) INT. LIVING ROOM - INTERCUT 34(A47)

We see the TV flick on. KSSSSH!!!! That awful blue static...

BRENDA
(scared)
Cindy...

Cindy has her head in the freezer.

CINDY
Forget it. I'm not falling for it
again.

Brenda walks over to the TV. Turns it off. Phew. But the
TV pops back on! She unplugs it. No! It won't turn off.

And now, we see the image of the well. The CREEPY LITTLE
GIRL starts crawling out of the well.

BRENDA
Oh come on. Cindy, the news is on!
Another little white girl fell down
a well!
(grumbles)
Fifty black people got their asses
beat by police today, but the whole
world gotta stop for whitey down a
hole.

The TV is leaking water. Brenda starts getting nervous.

BRENDA (cont'd)
Cindy? The TV's leaking
Something's wrong here...

35(B47) INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 35(B47)

CINDY
I'm not listening...

36(C47) INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 36(C47)

As Brenda watches in horror...

With jerky quick cuts, the EVIL LITTLE GIRL comes through the
TV screen. Spits water from her mouth.

36(C47) CONTINUED: 36(C47)

Brenda is frozen, horrified. The little girl stands up.
Shakes water out of her ear.

BRENDA

This bitch is messing up my floor!

Then comes at Brenda again. Closer, closer...

BRENDA

Cindy, PLEASE! HELP ME!!!!

As the evil little girl closes in on Brenda, WHACK! Brenda punches her in the face, knocking her down. She continues kicking the little girl's ass until all of a sudden, the girl gets the better of her! Drop kicks her over the couch!

37(D47) INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 37(D47)

RING!!! It's the phone!

CINDY

(to Brenda)

All right. Just a sec.

(picks up phone)

Hello?

She takes the phone with her into...

38(E47) INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 38(E47)

FATHER MULDOON (ON PHONE)

Father Muldoon here. No need to hurry home. We're getting along famously.

CINDY

(ignoring)

Great. Thanks Father.

They hang up. Cindy LAUGHS a laugh of relief. She turns. Brenda is gone. Hmmm.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Brenda?

She peers around the couch and SCREAMS!

CUT TO:

39(52) OMITTED 39(52)

EXT. LOGAN FARM - DAY

Establishing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Sue watches TV. George is on the phone, Tom next to him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hello?

(terrible news)

Oh my God...

He hangs up and turns to Tom.

GEORGE

Sue's teacher. Brenda. She's dead.

TOM

I'll tell her.

GEORGE

(calm, cool)

No. No, I will.

George takes Sue by the hand.

GEORGE

(soothing voice)

Sue, Uncle George has something to tell you. You know your teacher, Miss Brenda?

SUE

Yes?

George goes berserkly ape shit.

GEORGE

SHE'S DEAD! GONE FOREVER! SHE DIED A HORRIBLE PAINFUL DEATH! DEAD, DEAD, DEAD! JUST LIKE YOUR DOG!

SUE

(horrified)

My dog is dead?!?

GEORGE

I just ran over him with the car when I drove in!!! EVERYONE YOU LOVE IS DYING AROUND YOU!!!

CONTINUED:

Sue SCREAMS hysterically. Tom stares in disgust.

R52

EXT. ALT. SCENE - LOGAN FARM - DAY

R52

NOTE: IF THE "YOUR TEACHER'S DEAD" SCENE DOESN'T WORK, THIS ALT. SCENE WOULD COVER OUR ASS.

George and Tom work on the tractor.

GEORGE

It was going great, and then...I don't know. Ach. I guess I'm no rapper. Maybe you were right.

Tom puts a comforting hand on George's shoulder.

TOM

Look, George, sometimes life doesn't turn out the way we planned.

The sound of a car approaching. Tom turns to see it.

EXT. LOGAN FARM - CONTINUOUS

There's an SUV approaching. The car slows to a stop. Tom walks out to the car.

It's SAYAMAN, a Pakistani. He sees Tom. He's remorseful. Solemn. He pulls right up to Tom. Lowers the window.

SAYAMAN

Hello, Father.

TOM

Don't call me Father. I haven't been a clergyman since...

Awkward silence. Then...

SAYAMAN

I'm sorry about that night. If I hadn't fallen asleep while driving for those exact twenty minutes. Or if I hadn't drank that exact whole bottle of Jaegermeister. Or if I hadn't been caught in that exact motel room with those exact two boys...

CONTINUED:

TOM

Sayaman. I don't understand what this all has to do with Annie.

SAYAMAN

Oh. Those were other nights. But if it had been that night...I might have missed her. That terrible night...

PUSH IN on Tom. He, too, remembers that night...

FLASHBACK

EXT. CRASH SITE - NIGHT

POV - TOM'S SUV WINDSHIELD

Approaching a lot of flashing lights. Paramedics and troopers on duty. Trooper Champlin is flagging Tom down.

EXT. TOM'S SUV

He gets out. We see he is dressed as a minister, complete with Roman collar. Trooper Champlin has tears in her eyes. She takes off her hat, respectfully.

CHAMPLIN

It's your wife, Father. She's hurt.

TOM

Annie?

CHAMPLIN

She was hit by a truck. And pinned against a tree.

TOM

I don't understand.

CHAMPLIN

As long as the truck has her pinned, she'll stay alive.

TOM

I still don't get it.

CHAMPLIN grabs a hot dog from a trooper. Holds it up.

CHAMPLIN

This is your wife.

CONTINUED:

She snaps it in half.

TOM

She broke her wiener?

Champlin grabs a taco from a trooper.

CHAMPLIN

Look what happens to the taco.

She snaps it in two.

TOM

(frustrated)

Listen, I don't understand all this fancy medical lingo. I want to see Annie.

CHAMPLIN

She is split in half.

Tom is stunned.

TOM

You mean like...

He pulls out a long submarine sandwich. Splits it.

TOM (CONT'D)

...down the middle in half?

CHAMPLIN

At the waist. She's cut in half at the waist.

MEL

You mean, this is the last time I can talk to the top half?

CHAMPLIN

Yes. The truck is the only thing holding her together.

Tom grabs a donut from a trooper. Holds it up.

TOM

Let's say this is her bottom half. Can I squeeze in a few minutes with that?

CHAMPLIN

I'm not...sure what you mean.

CONTINUED: (2)

TOM

Let me explain.

As Tom pulls out the hot dog again...

CHAMPLIN

Go to her.

He walks to the accident scene. There's Sayaman sitting on the ground with some paramedics.

SAYAMAN

Tom, I'll need a ride home.

Tom keeps walking. There's Annie, pinned against the tree. Tom approaches Annie.

TOM

Annie?

ANNIE

I'm dying, Tom.

TOM

(tries to encourage)

Don't talk like that. The truck barely hit you.

She begins COUGHING. A spray of nuts and bolts hits Tom in the face. She HACKS HARD and Tom catches a spark plug that drops out of her mouth. Whoa.

ANNIE

Tom...kiss me one last time...

He kisses her. She smiles at Tom, her eyes starting to close...

ANNIE (cont'd)

Promise me you'll never remarry.

TOM

I promise.

ANNIE

No sex either.

TOM

I'm sorry, I can't understand you.

ANNIE

No sex.

CONTINUED: (3)

TOM

You're not speaking clearly, honey.
Your injuries must be awful.

ANNIE

(couldn't be clearer)
No sex. No sex.

TOM

Oh cruel fate! To shroud my wife's
dying words in mystery!

She stares at him with disgust.

ANNIE

Nnnnnnnooooo seeeexxxxxxxxxx....

Tom shuts her eyelids with his fingers, as if she had already
died.

TOM

Poor Annie. We hardly knew her.
She'll be missed terribly.

Her eyes flip back open. Exasperated.

ANNIE

Oh *Jesus*.

TOM

That's right honey. Go into the
light.

ANNIE

Look. Just tell George...swing
away.

TOM

Right. "Swing away."

ANNIE

Oh sure. That you understand.

Annie closes her eyes. Her head lolls. She's dead.

TOM

Annie? Annie??? Someone...help
her! Please!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOGAN FARM - PRESENT

Tom's painful reminiscence is broken by...

SAYAMAN (O.S.)
Look, I'm really sorry dude.

Tom is back in the present.

TOM
Don't call me Dude. I'm not a
stoner anymore. Not since...

SAYAMAN
Goodbye, Tom.

As Sayaman turns away...

TOM
Sayaman...I forgive you.

Sayaman smiles in deep gratitude for that. He puts a
comforting hand on Tom's hand. Pats it gently.

SAYAMAN
I forgive you too.

Tom smiles in gratitude for that. Then realizes. What the
hell...?

40(53) EXT. BRENDA'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 40(53)

Establishing. A hearse is parked out front. A sign in the
yard reads, "Room For Rent."

41(54) INT. BRENDA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 41(54)

R54 INSERT - A framed photo of Brenda with the words R54
"IN MEMORY" underneath.

It's a viewing of the deceased Brenda. Her parents, MR. AND
MRS. MEEKS, look down at her. Cindy is right next to them.

CINDY
I'm so sorry, Mr. and Mrs. Meeks.
She was a good friend...when she
was alive. My son, Cody...

Where is he?

CINDY (CONT'D)
...was one of her students.

41(54)

CONTINUED:

41(54)

There's Cody.

ANGLE ON CODY

He's mingling among the mourners. He creepily points out things to people.

CODY

(to a man)

You won't get that promotion.

(to a couple)

That smell is her on him every night.

(to a dog)

They're going to have you neutered tomorrow.

The dog whimpers. Shuffles backwards.

ANGLE - CINDY

She is about to call out to him when:

MR. MEEKS

My sweet, sweet Brenda. She looks so peaceful.

ANGLE - BRENDA IN COFFIN

Her face is frozen, eyes open. A silent scream on her lips. Her hands are claw-like to fend off the terror that killed her.

ANGLE - CINDY

A look of, "If this is peaceful..." Her arms reach O.S. Into the coffin to rearrange the body back to normal.

MR. MEEKS

If only God would have taken us instead of our daughter.

CINDY

If it's any solace, and knowing your Brenda like I did, I'd say she wishes the same thing.

A puzzled look from Mr. Meeks. Mrs. Meeks flips through some photos. Crying softly.

MRS. MEEKS

These just came today. Photographs
from a trip she took.

She hands the photos to Cindy, who looks through them.
CREEPY MUSIC comes in. Cindy gets shivers up her spine.

CINDY

These are blank!

MRS. MEEKS

Turn them around, honey.

CINDY

Oh yes, of course.

She flips them around to reveal...

C/U PHOTO

Brenda on the floor in pain. Her friends laughing at her. One
guy has a very blurry face.

CINDY

Who is this?

MRS. MEEKS

That's Ralph. He's right over
there.

She sees the guy with the blurry face talking to someone
across the room. No big thing. He just has a blurry face.

CINDY

Oh.

Cindy then sees Cody still circulating through the crowd.

CODY

(to a pregnant woman)

It's a boy. He's going to be an
asshole.

(to smoking man)

Smoke all you want. You're going to
get hit by a bus.

(to a man with a bad
toupee)

That's not fooling anyone.

ANGLE - CINDY

Heading for Cody when she sees...

CINDY

George!

ANGLE - GEORGE

Dressed in black. Holding little Sue's hand.

GEORGE

Sue wanted to pay her respects to her teacher. You?

CINDY

Brenda was my bitch.

George nods, walks up to the open casket, a bit weirded out.

CINDY (cont'd)

You okay?

GEORGE

It's...the open coffin. I can't believe they just leave it out here like this.

CINDY

(surprised)

George, it's a wake!

GEORGE

Awake? Oh my God, it's a miracle!

George reaches into the coffin and grabs Brenda's hands. We hear Brenda's arms SNAPPING.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Sue! Your teacher is alive!

Sue, Brenda's parents, and the whole room are shocked.

CINDY

George, she's dead.

Sue goes HYSTERICAL.

GEORGE

No! We won't lose you again!

George starts doing CPR on Brenda, dives in and gives her corpse the breath of life. People are completely freaking out.

GEORGE

Live dammit! Live!

With every chest pound, Brenda's legs fly up in the air. Her shoes fly off, her panties wind up down around her ankles.

Not enough leverage. George gets up onto the coffin, mounts the corpse and pounds on Brenda's chest.

People are screaming. Total chaos. Mrs. Meeks faints. Sue is screaming.

ANGLE - DOOR

Mahalik enters, sees...

ANGLE - COFFIN

Mr. Meeks smashes George over the head with a folding chair.

ANGLE - MAHALIK

MAHALIK

What the...I'm comin', dog!

He rushes in, flattens Mr. Meeks with a right cross. While he's there, he also punches out MR. MEEKS' BROTHER and BRENDA'S GRANDMOTHER. George looks up, stunned. Brenda's lipstick is smeared all over his face, everyone's screaming.

MAHALIK

Come on, George.

He pulls George off the coffin, but George hasn't let go of Brenda's wrist. She gets pulled up into a sitting position.

MAHALIK

Hey! She moved! She's alive!

Mahalik leaps up on the coffin just as Mr. Meeks wrenches George away, not realizing George is still holding onto Brenda's dress. RRRIIIIP. It comes right off in his hand.

ANGLE - MRS. MEEKS

Having just come to, she faints again.

ANGLE - MR. MEEKS

Climbs up on the coffin behind Mahalik, grabs him in a choke hold. BAM! The coffin collapses! Everyone in the room is freaking out.

41(54)

CONTINUED: (5)

41(54)

ANGLE - GEORGE

Rips the cord from a lamp. Bites off the casing, exposing live wires. Touches them. Sparks.

GEORGE

Clear!

Before Mahalik or Mr. Meeks can jump off the body, George touches the live wires to Brenda's chest. All three of them shake as the electricity jolts through them. Mahalik's dreadlocks spike up. His head looks like a porcupine. Mr. Meeks and Mahalik push themselves off as...

BOOM! The body explodes bloodlessly in a shower of sparks.

Body chunks rain down on the guests. A guy gets hit with a leg. People are screaming, freaking out.

Mrs. Meeks finally regains consciousness, only to catch Brenda's head in her lap. She passes out again.

George stands there holding the wires. What just happened? Two pairs of hands grab him and whisk him out of frame.

42(55)

EXT. BRENDA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

42(55)

George gets catapulted out of another window. Hits the ground in a shower of glass. He immediately gets up and starts walking.

GEORGE

That's it! The last time I ever try to bring anyone back from the dead.

CINDY

George, don't get down on yourself. I know you were only trying to help. You're a good, caring person.
(stares into his eyes)
Which is why I like you.

GEORGE

Thanks, Cindy, but...I don't want to screw up your life too. The most caring thing I could do for everyone right now is to just get out of here.

CINDY

George, wait. I...I could really use a friend right now.

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42(55)

CONTINUED:

42(55)

He turns back, gingerly puts his arms around her. She falls against him, begins sobbing.

CINDY (cont'd)
Brenda's gone. Cody resents me.
And I've been caught up in
something I can't even...
(sobs)
Oh God...it's so hard...

George misinterprets.

GEORGE
Well...you can understand. You're
beautiful. You're pressing up
against me.

She continues to cry, holding him tight. George takes a deep breath, screws up his courage...

GEORGE
Cindy...I know you'd never consider
going out with a guy like me, but
if you were free tomorrow night...

She kisses George sweetly on the lips.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(unsure)
Is that a yes?

CINDY
Yes.

43(56)

INT. BRENDA'S HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

43(56)

Cindy reenters. Glances over at the coffin. Brenda's body parts have been hastily rearranged. Mrs. Meeks approaches.

MRS. MEEKS
Did Brenda ever talk to you about a
tape?

CINDY
She did mention something. Do you
mind if I go upstairs and look
around?

Cindy exits, passing Cody, who has turned to a couple.

43(56) CONTINUED:

43(56)

CODY

(to the man)

You're getting laid tonight.

(to the woman)

He doesn't know you're a guy.

44(57) INT. BRENDA'S BEDROOM - LATER 44(57)

It's lightning and THUNDERING. Cindy enters. Looks around the room. Finds a scrapbook. Then...what's that? Is it THE tape? She takes it.

45(58) EXT. CINDY'S HOME - NIGHT 45(58)

46(59) OMITTED 46(59)

INT. CINDY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cindy is holding the tape. She doesn't want to watch it, but feels compelled to. She slips it into the VCR.

STATIC on the screen. Then a fast series of silent images. The only audio is an eerie tone.

A woman combs her long black hair. Then lifts her arms. Combs her long black armpit hair. Weird.

R60 Steps leading up to a cellar door. R60

R60A An image of an old well. R60A

R60B A lighthouse. R60B

A chair, just as in The Ring video. *

R60C A horse peeks out from between two slats. R60C

R60CA OMITTED R60CA *

The chair from before, but now upside-down and spinning in mid-air at a high rate, just as in the Ring video. A fat man enters frame, looks curiously at the spinning chair *

The fat man is now in the chair, spinning upside-down in mid-air, holding on for dear life. *

The fat man is now out of the chair (which is still spinning upside-down in mid-air). He's on his knees, puking into a waste basket. *

R60D OMITTED R60D *

CONTINUED:

R60E

OMITTED

R60E

A woman spreads her arms and falls off a cliff. She drops about five feet then hits a tree branch. Ouch.

R60F

The evil little girl stands in front of the well. R60F

FLASH CUT to her face lifting up, looking towards Cindy...

CONTINUED:

Then a glowing ring. What is it? Oh...it's a man's ass coming off the outhouse hole. He pulls his pants up, then slams the lid shut.

Black. And then...STATIC.

The tape is over.

Cindy is speechless. In fact, we're not sure she is even breathing.

The phone RINGS!!

Cindy JUMPS. It RINGS. And RINGS. She finally has the nerve to pick it up.

CINDY

Hello?

CREEPY VOICE (ON PHONE)

(static)

Se--en--ays---

CINDY

What? Willie Mays?

CREEPY VOICE (ON PHONE)

e---n---ays---

CINDY

Who's gay?

(beat)

Hello?

CREEPY VOICE (ON PHONE)

EER--E--OW?

CINDY

What?

CREEPY VOICE (ON PHONE)

(faint)

Can you hear me now?

CINDY

Kind of.

CREEPY VOICE (ON PHONE)

Can you hear me now?

CINDY

Ah. Perfect.

CONTINUED: (2)

SPOOKY VOICE

Seven days.

CINDY

Seven days? My God! I'm going to die next Monday?

SPOOKY VOICE

Yes...no, wait. Monday? That would be seven business days. This is seven days starting now.

CINDY

So seven days to this very hour? My watch broke. How am I going to know the exact hour?

SPOOKY VOICE

Forget hours. *This* day, seven days from now.

CINDY

There's a holiday coming up. Do you count the holiday as a day?

SPOOKY VOICE

That depends. What holiday?

CINDY

Martin Luther King Day.

SPOOKY VOICE

Then no.

CINDY

Why not? Everybody at work is taking it off.

SPOOKY VOICE

Jesus Christ lady, I'm giving you seven friggin' days. I can come over there now and kill the shit out of you if you'd rather have that!

We hear the voice SLAM the phone down. Cindy stares in horror at the phone.

RA61

EXT. CAR - CITY STREETS - NIGHT

RA61

An old sedan drives slowly through the hood at night. Hip hop plays on the stereo. The interior is FULL OF SMOKE.

RB61

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

RB61

Lots of smoke. George drives. Mahalik rides shotgun. CJ's in the back. They're all chillin'...nice and mellow...

C.J.

Yo, money, that smells goood.

Pass that shit back here!

Mahalik lifts a George Foreman Grill up. A hamburger and two hot dogs are cooking, making all the smoke. Ohhhh...

C.J. takes the grill, grabs a hot dog, puts it in a bun.

C.J. (CONT'D)

That's what I'm talking about!

The smoke recedes.

MAHALIK

Yo, George, I don't care what you say, man. I'm signing you up for the next rap battle.

GEORGE

Mahalik, I told you, that part of my life is over.

MAHALIK

Hey man, I said the same thing about doin' CJ's sister, but I'm still hittin' that to this day!

Mahalik and CJ high five each other.

C.J.

Yeah, yeah, that's right! My sister! She's fine! She's--

(realizes)

What?

Mahalik and George ignore C.J. and keep talking. As they chat, Mahalik takes two knitting needles out, starts knitting a dreadlock-like skein of wool into his existing dreads.

RB61

CONTINUED:

RB61

MAHALIK

So what you gonna do with your
life, dog?

GEORGE

I don't know. I've failed at
everything.

CJ pulls out paintball gun.

C.J.

Hey guys, check this!
(fires out the window)
Oh damn!!! I got one!

Splat! Splat! He hits some vagrants.

GEORGE

Maybe my brother was right. Maybe
I should just settle down.

C.J.'s paintball gun jams. He shakes it, then throws it
away, reaches down for another one.

GEORGE (cont'd)

But every time I think about that,
I get scared.

CJ's holding a stick out the window, rolling paint on the
side of a car, and the SAME GUY GEORGE THREW UP ON IN THE RAP
CLUB BATHROOM, standing on the corner.

BATHROOM GUY

Motherfu....!!!

CJ

I got another one!

The stick slams into the side of a mailbox, falls out of his
hand.

CJ (cont'd)

Damn!

MAHALIK

You can't focus on that shit,
George.

CJ then lifts up an open gallon can of paint, and begins
chucking paint out the window. We see it splashing cars.

RB61

CONTINUED: (2)

RB61

CJ

George, you gotta try this!

CJ hands him a closed paint can. George takes it, still talking to Mahalik.

GEORGE

I don't know. The only good thing in my life right now is this girl, Cindy.

George absentmindedly throws the paint can out of his window. There's a guy on a bike coming up along side them. The paint can hits him square in the face and knocks him off his bike. The poor guy rolls a bit.

CJ

Damn, George! You gotta take the lid off!

GEORGE

(distracted)

Oh, yes. Of course.

His cell phone rings. He answers.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hello?

RC61

INT. CINDY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

RC61

Cindy speaks frantically into the phone.

CINDY

George, it's Cindy! Something terrible has happened! I need your help! I--

She notices there's water leaking from the earpiece of the phone. She pushes the "off" button. The phone squirts her in the eye.

CINDY

AGH!!!

RD61

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

RD61

George turns to Mahalik and CJ.

GEORGE

Guys, we gotta get over to Cindy's. Something's wrong.
(MORE)

RD61

CONTINUED:

RD61

GEORGE (cont'd)

*

R61

INT. CINDY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

R61

Cindy opens the door. It's George, Mahalik and C.J.

GEORGE

Cindy, are you all right?

R61

CONTINUED:

R61

CINDY

George, you have to help me! I watched the tape--the same tape that killed Brenda! And then the phone rang and the voice said I was going to die in seven days!

GEORGE

Cindy, there's no such thing as a killer video tape.

C.J.

Hell yes there is! In fact, I know someone who most definitely can help you with that.

CINDY

You do? Who???

MAHALIK

Wait up. Didn't Jamal from 90th street watch that tape a week ago? I heard this morning he woke up dead.

C.J.

How the hell do you wake up dead?

MAHALIK

Cuz you were alive when you went to sleep.

CINDY

Wait, tell me who can help!

C.J.

So you're saying you can go to bed dead and wake up alive?

MAHALIK

You can't go to bed dead. That shit would be redundant.

CINDY

Wait...just...

R61 CONTINUED: (2)

C.J.

No it wouldn't. Cause you can go to
bed and not be dead, and you could
die, but not be in bed.

MAHALIK

But you are in bed, which is why
you woke up dead in the first
place, fool!

C.J.

Damn. That's some quantum shit.
You oughta be teaching classes.

Cindy lifts C.J. by his shoulders right off the ground. Boy,
he doesn't weigh much...

CINDY

Just tell me who can help me!!!

C.J.

My Aunt ShaNeequa! She and her
boyfriend are into all this weird
shit. They knew about that tape
way before anyone else.

Cindy puts C.J. down.

MAHALIK

(impressed with Cindy)
Damn.

C.J.

You should go see them. Tonight.

CINDY

(nods)
Tonight. But...I can't just leave
Cody...

Cindy turns and looks at George hopefully...

CUT TO:

R61A

INT. CINDY'S LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

R61A

Cindy enters from the kitchen with a plate and a glass,
getting Cody's dinner ready on the kitchen table.

*
*

R61A

CONTINUED:

R61A

ANGLE - GEORGE and CODY in the corner by the TV. George sits on the floor with him. Games and jigsaw puzzles and things around them.

CODY

...and here's my jigsaw puzzles,
and my baseball cards, and we can
play video games, and...hey, wanna
see my cool new airplane?

GEORGE

Sure.

Cody runs off to his room. George walks over to Cindy. As they speak, he walks her gently to the door.

CINDY

Okay, his dinner's ready, and you
can warm up some milk if he can't
get to bed...

GEORGE

Don't worry, everything's going to
be fine. I'm great with kids.

Cindy turns to the coat rack, starts getting her raincoat on and her purse ready. George turns and sees Cody in the hallway, back from his room, holding the model airplane. George grabs a basketball.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hey Cody, heads up!

George passes him the ball, but Cody's clutching the model airplane and can't react in time. The ball hits him square in the face, knocking him off his feet.

Yikes! George makes sure that Cindy wasn't looking, then rushes over to get Cody.

CODY

I'm okay...

Cody sits up just as George arrives, catching a knee in the face. Gets knocked back down.

GEORGE

Sorry! You all right, little guy?
Yeah?

Cody smiles. Woozy, but okay. George picks him up.

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GEORGE (CONT'D)

Atta boy!

He raises him high. Too high. The boy's head hits the twirling ceiling fan and Cody is WHIPPED out of George's hands and shot down the hall, smashing through the glass window and plummeting out of sight.

CODY (O.S.)

YAAaaaaa.....

George stares at his empty hands. Whoa. Best to just back away...

CINDY

Ah. Here are my keys. Okay,
well...I'm off.

*

She turns to see George.

*

R61A

CONTINUED: (2)

R61A

CINDY

You know, it's funny. All a child
really ever wants is...a family.

(smiles)

Cody really likes you. I know
you'll take great care of him.

She kisses George sweetly. As she does, George sees Cody enter from the apartment door behind her...pajamas torn, bits of glass and dirt in his hair. He stumbles through frame, wearily dragging his mangled model plane by the arm.

R65

EXT. THE ORACLE'S APARTMENT - THE HOOD - NIGHT

R65

Cindy's car pulls up in front of a tenement building. She gets out, checks C.J.'s address, and enters.

R66

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE ORACLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

R66

Cindy stands in the hallway. Tentative. Then knocks. No answer. But the door isn't shut. She pushes it open...

R66A

INT. ORACLE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

R66A

This living room is decorated as The Oracle's apartment in The Matrix. Modest. A bit dowdy and downscale. There are two armchairs that face each other. In other corner, a couch with a TV.

There's a woman with her back to us, watching a soap opera on TV. That familiar Oracle hair. Cigarette in her hand. She holds it up.

SHANEEQUA

I know you're Cindy. Be right with
you.

CINDY

Aunt ShaNeequa?

SHANEEQUA

Bingo.

(turns)

But you can call me The Oracle.
And don't worry about the vase.

CINDY

What vase?

Cindy bumps into a pedestal that stretches past the top of frame. An ENORMOUS STONE VASE drops on Cindy's head and knocks her flat to the ground. That thing didn't even break. Man, that looked painful.

SHANEEQUA

(walks over to the chairs)

That vase. Please, sit.

Cindy sits in one of the chairs. It makes a fart noise.

CINDY

It was the chair.

ShaNeequa sits in the other chair. A split instant, then a fart noise. Cindy is suspicious.

SHANEEQUA

Yes. The chair.

ShaNeequa stubs her cigarette out, looks around for an ashtray, decides instead to hide it in the drawer of the table next to her. There are a ton of butts already in there. She struggles to shut the drawer.

SHANEEQUA (CONT'D)

I know why you have come. A great mystery lies ahead of you. But you must not shy from the challenge. Only you can--

In the B.G., ORPHEUS, a man in a long leather coat and sunglasses who looks a bit like Morpheus, enters carrying a sandwich and a 40. Flops down on the couch. Turns on a basketball game.

SHANEEQUA (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Orpheus? Sweetie?

ORPHEUS

What?

SHANEEQUA

Do you mind?

ORPHEUS

I'm watching the game.

SHANEEQUA

The Lakers will win by 12.

Orpheus clicks off the TV, drops the remote, annoyed.
Another game ruined.

ORPHEUS
(to himself)
Where were you when I was placin'
my bets...?

As ShaNeequa talks, he walks around the room, emptying
cigarette butts into a waste basket...out of drawers,
pillows, tea cups, water pitchers...they're everywhere.

CINDY
Can you tell me about--

SHANEEQUA
The tape? Yes.

CINDY
I watched it, and then--

SHANEEQUA
The phone rang.

CINDY
Right. And then this voice said--

SHANEEQUA
That you would die in seven days.

CINDY
(exasperated)
Okay, that's getting--

SHANEEQUA
Extremely annoying.

ORPHEUS
Try being married to her. I catch
shit over women I haven't even
slept with yet. And why do we
gotta live in the hood? Can't you
just play Lotto one damn time?

ShaNeequa gives Orpheus a look, then back to Cindy.

SHANEEQUA
You made a copy of the tape. Let's
see it.

Cindy removes it from her purse. ShaNeequa nods at Orpheus
to take it. He puts it into the VCR.

CINDY

ShaNeequa, can you tell me if--

SHANEEQUA

The tape is connected to the crop circles and to aliens? Yes. But you must discover how for yourself.

Orpheus slowly shuttle jogs through the video. Adjusts the tracking. Fiddles with knobs...

There's an image to the right of the black video band.

CINDY

Look! It's a--

SHANEEQUA

Enormous dildo.

CINDY

I was gonna say lighthouse. Wait!
What is that?

Orpheus FREEZE-FRAMES the hair-brushing woman's face. There's a fly on the video. The wings are still fluttering.

Cindy reaches onto the screen, and pulls the fly off. It flies around, then lands back on the screen. Oh my God!

ShaNeequa is mildly surprised by this. She grabs a flyswatter, whacks the screen hard. The hair-brushing woman reels back. That hurt. She reaches out of the TV with her own flyswatter, and cracks ShaNeequa right across the face.

SHANEEQUA

(slow burn)

I knew that was going to happen.

A gob of spit flies out, hits ShaNeequa in the face. The video lady looks around, brushes her hair, whistles. "Wasn't me."

Okay. THAT did it. ShaNeequa GRABS at the video lady, yanking her hair right out of the TV. As Orpheus talks, ShaNeequa struggles with the video lady.

ORPHEUS

If you want to save your life, and the very world itself, *find that lighthouse*. It is your destiny.

(looks back at the TV)

(MORE)

R66A

CONTINUED: (4)

R66A

ORPHEUS (cont'd)

Now go. This shit's about to get ugly.

ShaNeequa holds up a handful of hair, shakes it in the video lady's face.

SHANEEQUA

That's right, bitch! What you gonna brush now?

Cindy backs away towards the door.

R67

EXT. CINDY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

R67

R68

INT. CINDY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

R68

Cindy enters the apartment.

*

CINDY

*

George? Cody?

*

She sees George sitting in a chair by a table. There's a Yahtzee game there. George appears to be unconscious. She shakes him awake. He groans, touches his head painfully.

*

*

*

CINDY (CONT'D)

*

George, what happened?

*

GEORGE

*

I don't know. Cody and I were having fun playing a game, and I looked down and--

*

*

*

*

He sees five dice...all sixes...

*

GEORGE (CONT'D)

*

(jumps up, excited)

*

Yahtzee!!!

*

WHAM! He hits his head on the chandelier above him, and gets knocked back down into the chair in the exact same position we found him in. Out cold. Apparently for the second time this night. Owwww....

*

*

*

*

Cindy rolls her eyes. Good lord... And then, she hears a high-pitched tone. Like the one on the video! Oh no...

*

*

R68 INT. CINDY'S LIVING ROOM - ALTERNATE #1 R68 *

CU the TV - it's whatever Playstation 2 sports video game we *
can clear, but basketball would be nice. *

GEORGE - is feverishly working the controller, grimacing. *

GEORGE *

Yeah! Another three! Now who's *
getting his ass kicked, Cody? *

Cindy enters the apartment. *

CINDY *

George! *

GEORGE *

Shhh! I'm finally about to beat *
him after fifteen games! *

She looks over at the other seat. The controller is sitting *
on the chair. There's an empty glass and a plate with crumbs *
Cody obviously got bored and left. George looks over. Oh. *

CINDY (CONT'D) *

George, where's-- *

And then, she hears a high-pitched tone. Like the one on the *
video! Oh no... *

END ALTERNATE #1 *

END ALTERNATE #1 *

R69 INT. CODY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS R69

Cindy bursts into his bedroom, followed by George. Cody has
just finished watching the tape.

CINDY

Nooo!!!!

She runs over, shuts the TV off, hugs him tight, glares at
George.

CINDY (cont'd)

How could you let him watch this
tape?!

RING!!!! Zoom in on the phone. Uh oh...

R69

CONTINUED:

R69

Cody reaches for the phone, but Cindy stops him. She picks the phone up instead.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Hello?

CREEPY VOICE (ON PHONE)

Hey, it's me. How are you doing?

CINDY

Fine.

CREEPY VOICE (ON PHONE)
Enjoying your last week? I can't
wait to see you. Five days, right?

CINDY
Yeah.

CREEPY VOICE (ON PHONE)
Well, it was great catching up.
Can I speak to Cody?

CINDY
Why? He...didn't watch the tape.

CREEPY VOICE (ON PHONE)
Yes he diiiiid. Come on, Cindy. I
do this for a living.

CINDY
Leave us alone!

She hangs up. The phone rings again.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Hello?

CREEPY VOICE (ON PHONE)
(fake deep voice)
Hello. I'm calling from Readers
Digest with a fantastic offer for
Cody.

CINDY
No you're not! You're the evil
little girl from the tape!

CREEPY VOICE (ON PHONE)
(chuckles)
Okay, you got me. How about I just
leave a message for him?

CINDY (CONT'D)
Fine.
(writing the message)
Uh huh. Right. Okay. Okay. Uh
huh. Right. Okay, bye.

She hangs up the phone. Looks down at what she wrote.

INSERT - "SEVEN DAYS"

CINDY (CONT'D)

AAAAHHHHH!

R69A

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

R69A

Cindy and George enter.

CINDY

I can't believe you let that
happen!

GEORGE

I know. I'm sorry. I should have...

CINDY

Listen, we can still save him! The
answer to the tape...to your crop
circles...it's at the lighthouse.

(sees his look)

You think I'm crazy, don't you?

GEORGE

Of course I do. But the last person
you need now is a screw-up like me.
I should go. For good.

CINDY

What am I supposed to tell Cody?

GEORGE

Let him down easy. Tell him...I was
called away on business. Butchered
by a lunatic. Crushed in a
hydraulic press. The usual stuff.

CINDY

Testicular cancer. He won't ask
questions.

GEORGE

I knew you'd understand.

He turns to leave. She stops him.

CINDY

George! Just...be careful.
Something weird is happening at
your farm. I know it.

But it's clear he doesn't believe her.

R69A

CONTINUED:

R69A

GEORGE
Goodbye, Cindy.

George exits. Cindy watches him go, heartbroken.

75(A97) EXT. LOGAN HOUSE - NIGHT

75(A97)

Establishing

76(B97) INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 76(B97)

Tom is sleeping restlessly. Tosses and turns. We hear the faint sound of an eerie voice humming.

He finally wakes. He hears it too.

77(C97) INT. HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER 77(C97)

He walks through the hallway carrying an old hand-held lantern. The eerie singsongy voice grows louder as he moves closer to it.

78(D97) INT. SUE'S BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER 78(D97)

Tom slowly opens the door. Terrified. The lantern casts scary shadows on the wall. There's a small figure on Sue's bed in a white dress with a veil covering the face. The figure is playing with a creepy marionette, humming the creepy song.

TOM

Sue?

CREEPY FIGURE

(little girl voice)

I can't sleep.

Tom walks slowly around to get a look at the face behind the veil. As he does...

CREEPY FIGURE

Won't you rock me to bed in your big, strong arms? There's plenty of room under the covers. It's a hot night. You don't need to wear pajamas...

Tom is horrified. Who is this???

TOM

Where is my daughter?

CREEPY FIGURE

(little girl voice)

Are you mad? I am your daughter.

TOM

No you're not. You're...

Tom reaches out with a trembling hand and YANKS the veil off.

78(D97)

CONTINUED:

78(D97)

TOM
AGGGGGHHHHH!!!!

And now we see who it was under the veil. It's...

MICHAEL JACKSON
(girly scream)
AAAAGHGGHHHHHHH!!!!

Tom lunges at him, drags him off the bed.

TOM
What did you do to Sue???

MICHAEL JACKSON
I didn't touch her. I swear!

Tom grabs him. Makes a fist.

TOM
I don't believe you!

MICHAEL
(sobbing)
Please, for godsakes, she's a
girl....!!

TOM
You sick....

He throws a punch. Michael Jackson uses his classic dance moves to avoid it.

MICHAEL JACKSON
(as he bobs and weaves)
Hee hee hee!

And then does a "leg kick" that pops Tom in the face. MJ frustrates Tom with dance moves as Tom keeps coming at him. In the heat of battle, Jackson grabs his own crotch. Tom grabs his own crotch as well. Then Jackson grabs Tom's crotch. Tom grabs Michael Jackson's crotch.

Jackson stops struggling. Smiles. This, he enjoys. Tom, angry, drags him towards the window.

79(E97) EXT. SUE'S WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

79(E97)

Tom is dangling Jackson out the window. As Jackson continues his girlish weeping...

79(E97) CONTINUED:

79(E97)

TOM

How do you like it, huh? Having
fun?

RE97 We hear a terrible sucking sound, then a squishy POP! RE97
Jackson slips from Tom's hand and goes hurtling down. Tom
sees he is holding MJ's nose.

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Tom rounds the corner, picks up what he thinks is Michael
Jackson but ends up with a handful of shirt. Then pants.
And then...eerily enough...what appears to be a shed Michael
Jackson "skin."

George runs out of the house.

GEORGE

Tom! Are you--What in the world?

TOM

Shhhh!

They hear a SKITTERING sound! Something's out there!

TOM

Look!

RE97A
(ADR only)

GEORGE
What is that thing?

RE97A
(ADR only)

They see the stalks wave. Something's running unseen through
the corn. Then FWANNNG. Whatever it was hit the pole of a
"NO TRESPASSING" sign. Then it skitters off again.

TOM

(disturbed)

I don't know.

GEORGE

Maybe Cindy was right...

Tom and George contemplate the awful possibilities...

R99

EXT. WDCN - ESTABLISHING - DAY

R99

SUBTITLE: DAY TWO

R99A

INT. WDCN - BULLPEN - CINDY'S DESK

R99A

Cindy stares at the videotape. Then looks at the picture of Cody on her desk. Her eyes fill with resolve. She knows what she must do.

CUT TO:

INT. WDCN - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Cindy follows Carson, who seems annoyed.

CINDY

Carson, please, all I need is five minutes...

R92

(ADR only)

CARSON

I told you, Campbell, no more paranoid on-air rants about the supernatural.

R92

(ADR only)

CINDY

I know. This station is about sex, violence and the weather.

CARSON

Yes. That reminds me. We're gonna need that "porn star shot dead after hurricane" story. One hour.

Carson walks off. Cindy is furious. Then gets an idea.

INT. STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

We see from this angle that Ross is reading the news from a teleprompter.

ROSS GIGGINS

...meanwhile, a tornado in Charleston threatens a clothing optional beach, where just this morning, a naked couple was brutally murdered. Turning now to sports...

ANGLE - CINDY

She's snuck up to the teleprompter keyboard. She begins typing.

ANGLE - ROSS

CONTINUED:

He reads as the new text pops up on the screen. His pleasant, vapid demeanor never changes during this.

R92A
(ADR only)

ROSS GIGGINS
...and an evil video tape that
kills anyone who watches it in
seven days. It's true. We're all in
danger.

R92A
(ADR only)

*

R92B

EXT. SMALL TOWN APPLIANCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

R92B

*

A group of four or five civilians watch Ross on one TV in the
appliance store window. The other TV's are running N.D.
video.

*

*

*

ROSS GIGGINS (ON TV)
And this evil videotape is
definitely connected to aliens who
are threatening our planet. World
leaders must be warned. No one is
safe.

*

*

*

*

*

*

The people watching seem concerned by this.

*

D92

INT. WDCN - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

D92

Carson watches this on a monitor.

CARSON
Oh no...

He makes a beeline for the news set.

ROSS GIGGINS (ON TV)
Trust me, it's a horrible fate.
Everyone listening to this program
could be dead within a week. Do you
hear me? It's every man for
himself...

A93

INT. NEWS SET - CONTINUOUS

A93

Carson pushes Cindy away from the teleprompter keyboard. She
pushes back. They struggle, their bodies slamming back and
forth against the keyboard.

Ross maintains his vapid smile as he reads.

ROSS GIGGINS
Q shltio. Gnzhr. Bracket bracket
comma. 9834. Bbbbbbbbbbbbbbb...

R94

EXT. SMALL TOWN APPLIANCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

R94

*

The people now watch Giggins making an idiot of himself on TV. This puzzles them. They continue to watch all of Ross Giggins' teleprompter foolishness and react appropriately.

*

*

*

C93

INT. NEWS SET - CONTINUOUS

C93

Cindy and Carson are in a bizarre wrestling pose. The tip of Carson's shoe pushing down on the "b" key. It moves...

ROSS GIGGINS

(still oblivious)

...vvvvvvvvvvnnnnnnnnnnngggggggggg
ffffffffffffff...

Cindy rips Carson from the keyboard, slamming him into an AFRICAN-AMERICAN JANITOR who has just entered. Carson, pinned on the floor, motions to the janitor, who has just stood up next to the teleprompter. Who me? The guy starts typing.

C93

CONTINUED:

C93

ROSS GIGGINS

(still his happy self)

...I been cleanin' after this dumb
ass cracker Giggins for ten years.
But I been waxin' his bitch's ass
for 12 , know what I'm sayin'
nigga? Girl likes her some
chocolate. Sharpton for President,
y'all. I'm outty. Peace.

RA96

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

RA96

Establishing.

SUBTITLE: DAY THREE

96

INT. OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

96

The President of the United States, BAXTER HARRIS, enters,
followed by his Chief of Staff, WILSON.

PRESIDENT HARRIS

An evil video tape that kills
people in 7 days. Alien forces
threatening the world? Who the
hell is this Cindy Campbell? If
what she's saying is true we're
facing an unprecedented crisis.
Get me the President!

WILSON

You are the President.

PRESIDENT HARRIS

(looks around the room)

Good. Then I already know about
this. Let's order lunch.

WILSON

I'm sorry, sir, but we'll need a
decision.

PRESIDENT HARRIS

Does it have to be about this?

WILSON

Yes. But we have to be calm about
this. We have to assure the nation
that there's no reason for
hysteria. Sir, I think you need to
go on TV and tell the people that
there's no such thing as a UFO.

CONTINUED:

PRESIDENT HARRIS
Don't spell in front of me dammit!

WILSON
Aliens. There's no such thing as
aliens.

PRESIDENT HARRIS
(sits down at his desk)
Well...that's not quite true.

WILSON
Sir?

PRESIDENT HARRIS
A year ago, a UFO crash-landed in
New Mexico. There may have been a
body recovered...

WILSON
May have been?

PRESIDENT HARRIS
Well...there was a terrible mix-up.

The President rises, looks at a window, remembering...

PRESIDENT HARRIS (cont'd)
It was Thanksgiving and the body
got sent down to the kitchen. They
shoved stuffing up its ass, and we
ate it at a State dinner. And that
was the last we saw of it.

Wilson's jaw drops. He's appalled.

PRESIDENT HARRIS (cont'd)
Scratch that. There were some
sandwiches made the next day.

The Oval Office door flies open, and SECRET SERVICE AGENT
THOMPSON, African-American, 20's, enters.

PRESIDENT HARRIS (cont'd)
Agent Thompson?

AGENT THOMPSON
Mr. President, I need you to get
away from the window.

PRESIDENT HARRIS
Why? Did I forget my pants again?

CONTINUED: (2)

Agent Thompson blocks the President with his body, checks the window, gun drawn.

AGENT THOMPSON

(steely-eyed)

No sir, just a feeling I've had
since the news about the aliens.
Something's not right.

PRESIDENT HARRIS

I know what you mean. It's like
something's not right.

Thompson raises his finger to quiet, the President, presses
his other finger to his ear bug, listening to something.

PRESIDENT HARRIS (cont'd)

(suddenly alarmed)

What is it, Thompson?

Thompson pulls the ear bug out. We can hear the thumping
bass of a hip hop track.

THOMPSON

Some old Tupac.

PRESIDENT HARRIS

All Eyez on me. Hey, this shit is
bangin'.

R100

INT. TELEVISION STATION - NIGHT

R100

Cindy clicks through images of lighthouses on the computer.
No, no, no...then she stops. This one looks like her
lighthouse! It says "Curlesco Island Lighthouse."

She clicks the link. The screen is filled with spam ads.
Dammit. She gets rid of those.

As she clicks we see fast montages of articles about Curlesco
island with accompanying images of fierce horses, crying
people, funerals...

HORSES MURDER 50: Squash Festival Is Ruined

Another headline now...

HORSES SQUASH 50: Murder Festival Big Success

The horse in this picture...something about it...FLASH to the
video! Cindy gasps! It's the same horse she saw on the
tape!

R100

CONTINUED:

R100

Cindy clicks another link. "Directions to Lighthouse." The map comes up, and she hits print.

A FOG HORN startles the shit out of her.

80(B103) OMITTED

80(B103)

81(103) EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

81(103)

A fog horn. BOOOOOOOOOOP!!!

The FERRY makes its way from the mainland to the island.

SUBTITLE: DAY SIX

We see the words "Curlesco Island Ferry" on the boat.

82(104) EXT. REAR DECK - FERRY

82(104)

Cindy watches the ocean from the railing. Then she hears a horse's WHINNY. She looks over her shoulder.

83(105) EXT. MID DECK - FERRY

83(105)

Cindy approaches a large horse trailer, peers inside. Sees the horse's face. Its eye. But the horse WHINNIES cutely at her. She steps closer.

CINDY

Awwwww...you're not evil. No.
You're a pretty horsey!

She reaches her hand through the slat to pet the horse.

CINDY (cont'd)

Yes you are! Yes you...

The horse brings a front leg hoof up into frame and KICKS HER IN THE FACE. CLOP!!! Snaps her head back. Her hair askew.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Easy fella. I'm not gonna...

CLOP!!! CLOP!!! A combo to the jaw! Cindy wobbles but doesn't go down. The horse, in a frenzy now, kicks the trailer door open! It swings out, knocking Cindy against a nearby wall.

She punches it in the face. It punches her back! Then it rears up, but Cindy takes him down with a right foot straight to the crotch. The horse holds its crotch in pain, then charges out of frame. Cindy turns to look.

34(106) EXT. STERN - CONTINUOUS 84(106)

The horse charges to the stern, leaping over the railing.
SPLASH!!! Other passengers crowd to the rail to look.

ANGLE - CINDY

Looking over the railing, down toward the propellers.

CINDY

Oh my God...

They all stare at the churning water, now...RED!!!

CINDY (CONT'D)

Noooo!!! Noooooo!!!!

Everyone is CRYING. The poor horse. Everyone cranes their necks over the side, including...THE HORSE. A sailor peers through his binoculars at the churning, bloody water.

SAILOR

Wait, wait. False alarm. There's no horse down there. It's only a diver.

Sure enough, SCUBA tanks, snorkel, ripped up wetsuit appear on the surface. Everyone SIGHS in relief. That was close!

R106 EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - LATER R106

WIDE - There it is, shrouded in fog. Cindy enters.

86 OMITTED 86

87 INT. LIGHTHOUSE - THE ARCHITECT'S SANCTUM - CONTINUOUS 87

Cindy's eyes squint from the bright white light. There are monitors all around with her image on them. A chair turns. In it, dressed in a suave white suit, is...

THE ARCHITECT

Hello, Cindy. I am the Architect.
You have many questions.

The screens turn into the Jeopardy board.

THE ARCHITECT (CONT'D)

I've been watching you for a very long time.

The TVs show Cindy on the phone.

CINDY

So I see. But what is the connection between the crop circles and the video tape?

THE ARCHITECT

The answer is simple. You are the eventuality of an anomaly. You are inexorably seeking a sedulant probability.

CINDY

Sedulant?

The Architect flips through a dictionary, then a thesaurus.

THE ARCHITECT

"Grotesquery?" Ooh, what about "contingent affirmation?" That's gotta mean *something*.

Cindy notices something on one of the monitors.

CINDY

Hey!

The Architect looks over. Sure enough, there's Cindy in the shower soaping up.

CINDY (CONT'D)

You put cameras in my bathroom?!

Now the monitors show Cindy doing various bathroom-type activities. Flossing, brushing, etc.

CINDY (CONT'D)

What is this? Oh, oh...

Now the monitors show Cindy shaving the hairiest leg in history.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Well, it was a long winter.

Whoa! He tries to turn the monitors off with his little pen remote. It's one of those laser pointers. The beam hits Cindy in the eye.

CINDY (cont'd)

Ow!

THE ARCHITECT

Sorry.

The Architect changes the monitors with a tap of his pen.

THE ARCHITECT

I can't help it. It's very lonely
in here. Ergo, I haven't "been"
with anyone in a very long
time...not counting myself.

(sheepish)

Or this chair. I call her "Linda."

CINDY

Could you just cut to the chase
here? I'm kind of in a rush.

THE ARCHITECT

Why? You could sleep over if you
want. "Linda" is built for
two...And she vibrates.

R106A

She comes over to him.

R106A

CINDY

Stop it! Just tell me what I need
to know! Who is the little girl?

He stands up to face her, clicks the monitors off.

THE ARCHITECT

My wife and I wanted a child. But
she couldn't get pregnant.

(a difficult memory)

Neither could I.

CINDY

So you adopted.

THE ARCHITECT

We found baby Tabitha abandoned in
a black basket under an upside down
cross...next to the dead carcass of
a deer that maggots were eating.

(offers a sandwich)

Egg salad?

CINDY

Ugh.

THE ARCHITECT

We loved our daughter, but she was evil. Made the horses crazy, killed our puppies, hid the remote...really sick shit.

Cindy nods. It sure is.

THE ARCHITECT

My wife took her to the old family farm and drowned her in the well. But Tabitha imprinted her evil onto a videotape. I never meant for it to get out, but...

CINDY

But what?!

THE ARCHITECT

I put it in the wrong box and returned it to Blockbuster instead of my copy of Pootie Tang.

CINDY

And it's been circulating and killing ever since.

THE ARCHITECT

(nodding, trancelike)
Just like Pootie Tang.

CINDY

But what does this have to do with aliens?

THE ARCHITECT

I don't know. Perhaps Tabitha's summoning them to kill us all.

CINDY

You mean, an alien invasion? I have to warn the world!

THE ARCHITECT

You're too late.

CINDY

Oh my God.

She turns away from him, ponders this.

*
*
*
*

THE ARCHITECT

But not too late to make an old man
happy.

Behind her, he holds up a skimpy maid's outfit.

THE ARCHITECT (CONT'D)

It's mine. But it might fit you.

Cindy runs out of the room. Behind the Architect, the chair
turns away from him. He notices.

THE ARCHITECT (CONT'D)

Linda! I'm sorry, baby. I was
just making conversation.

The chair rolls away from him.

THE ARCHITECT (CONT'D)

Linda, come on baby! Don't be like
that!

He starts to follow her, but suddenly, a sexier, better
looking chair rolls into the f.g.

THE ARCHITECT (CONT'D)

Helloooooo...

R123

INT. LOGAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

R123

Ross Giggins in on TV.

R123

CONTINUED:

R123

ROSS GIGGINS (ON TV)
 ...possible alien sightings being
 reported all over the world. And
 now, the first video images are
 coming in...

99(123) George and Sue sit on the couch watching the news on 99(123)
 TV. But now they're wearing those pointy tin foil hats.

Tom enters behind George and Sue, mesmerized by the
 broadcast.

R123

ROSS GIGGINS (ON TV)
 Disturbing home video tonight from
 a ranch in Silverton, Wyoming.

R123

On the TV, a home video footage of horses grazing. The horse
 in the f.g. is taking a shit. One of those humongous never-
 ending torrential horse shits.

In the b.g...an ALIEN STRIDES BY!!! Freeze frame!

ROSS GIGGINS (V.O.)
 There! Let's see that again.

Slow motion of the horse shitting and the alien creeping by.

99(123) Absentmindedly, Tom pulls a white string with blue 99(123)
 lettering from the top of George's hat, revealing it's a very
 large Hershey's kiss. He breaks off the top and chews on it.

R123 As Giggins speaks, the news intercuts with fuzzy video R123
 images of lights in the sky, possible UFO sightings, etc.

RA123 EXT. SMALL TOWN APPLIANCE STORE - CONTINUOUS RA123 *

A different group of civilians watch through the storefront *
 at a display of four TVs running simultaneous news reports, *
 each on a different news channel. Audio is only on the Ross *
 Giggins TV. People react with strong concern at the news *
 reports. *

Bottom Left TV: GNN - Global News Network runs fuzzy home *
 video of flying saucers. *

Top Third: Exclusive Video: Strange lights over Boston *

Lower Third: Terror In The Sky *

Ticker: ...F-16s scrambled over Washington D.C....Power *
 outages reported along Eastern Seaboard *

RA123

CONTINUED:

RA123

Top Left TV: INR - International News Report runs different
fuzzy home video of flying saucers. *

Top Third: Exclusive Video: Hovering lights over Florida *

Lower Third: Horror From Above *

Ticker: ...Coast Guard on full alert...Streets in downtown
Chicago deserted... *

Top Right TV: WNN - World News Network runs different fuzzy
home video of flying saucers. *

Top Third: Exclusive Video: Bright objects descend on San
Diego *

Lower Third: Invasion From Space *

Ticker: ...Civil Defense sirens blare across America... *

Bottom Right TV: Ross Giggins with the latest. *

Top Third: Pretty lights over East Bumbleshit, Kansas *

Lower Third: WE ARE SO FU#*&D RIGHT NOW! *

Alt.: KISS YOUR ASS GOODBYE! *

Ticker: All U.S. bases on tactical alert...Vatican urges
calm, prayer...Street Gangs urge violence, looting... *

ROSS GIGGINS (ON TV) *

And now, reports of lights in the
sky, glimpses of spacecraft. Are
they aliens? Do they pose a
threat? Only one thing's certain.
We are all going to be killed. *

(beat) *

Coming up next...panic. *

R123A

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

R123A

PRESIDENT HARRIS (V.O.)

Are you sure this is necessary
Wilson?

97(H96) INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

97(H96)

PRESIDENT HARRIS

An awards ceremony at a time like this?

WILSON

Yes, everything must appear to be business as usual. Keep your normal schedule. The nation, while not yet panicked, is deeply disturbed.

PRESIDENT HARRIS

Good. Let's see if we can steer a course keeping everyone deeply disturbed. We don't want a panic. Few Presidents have had to face a crisis like this.

(stops, looks at a painting)

I wonder...what would President Ford have done?

The painting is a portrait of Harrison Ford as The President in "Air Force One."

PRESIDENT HARRIS

The buck stops here, Wilson. The buck stops here.

98(I96) INT. EAST ROOM - MINUTES LATER

98(I96)

A large banner reads "MOTHER TERESA COMMUNITY AWARDS." A huge picture of Mother Teresa is on the wall. A collection of about 20 or 30 people, old folks, some girl scouts, a few nuns, some Native Americans, disabled kids, blind folks, etc., are applauding the President, who's at a podium.

PRESIDENT HARRIS

Thank you. Let me welcome you all to the White House. The young. The old. Black, white, our Native-American friends...

(tomahawk chop wave)

Hey-how-are-ya-hey-how-are-ya!

Wilson smacks himself in the head. Good sweet Christ...

PRESIDENT HARRIS (cont'd)

The Mother Teresa Awards recognize those who have overcome the severest hardships and disadvantages to help others in their communities. It is therefore my honor to present each and every one of you with this symbol of merit.

The President holds up one of the awards. A Mother Teresa bobble-head! The crowd is impressed. Applause. As the President steps down, the winners come up to the table to collect their awards.

The President stands off to the side with Agent Thompson and speaks quietly to him as they both watch the room.

AGENT THOMPSON

The room is secure, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT HARRIS

Or is it?

Thompson looks at him. What are you getting at?

PRESIDENT HARRIS (cont'd)

I've been thinking, Thompson. What if these aliens can take over human bodies? They'd look just like us...or almost.

THOMPSON

(never thought of this)

We've got to be alert to anything suspicious.

PRESIDENT HARRIS

(nods)

They could be anywhere. Even...

AGENT THOMPSON

Right here. Any person in this room...

They survey the people in the room. Sure enough, quite a few of them look awfully weird. There's a man with no teeth whose bottom lip comes up to his nose. In fact, just about everyone in the room is very odd looking indeed.

THOMPSON

My God. We'd never see the attack coming. It's frightening, sir.

PRESIDENT HARRIS

Don't panic. We'll just move slowly towards the exit...

They begin backing slowly away, never betraying their fear.

ANGLE - BEHIND THEM

A man with a tracheotomy voice thingy points out the President to his wife, a tiny woman with large, thick glasses. She urges him to go shake the man's hand. He approaches the President.

ANGLE - HARRIS AND THOMPSON

TRACHEOTOMY MAN (O.S.)

(synthetic creepy voice)

At last we meet mister presidennt.

Harris and Thompson's eyes fly open in fear.

PRESIDENT HARRIS

(to Thompson)

It's happening! I knew it!

(to tracheotomy man)

You'll never take me alive!

The President WHIRLS and punches out the man. People scream. But none louder than the guy's wife. The President turns and sees her...

ANGLE - WIFE

From this angle, her huge thick glasses have magnified her eyes to look like two big blue alien orbs. She's SHRIEKING like a banshee. The President clutches his ears in agony.

PRESIDENT HARRIS (cont'd)

Agh! She's scrambling my brain!

Thompson punches the woman in the gut, then hurls her over his shoulder, judo style.

THOMPSON

I'll get her!

People start screaming. Yelling. What the hell is going on?

ANGLE - PRESIDENT

The President has grabbed a hot coffee pot. He presses it against a man's cheek. SIZZLE. The man screams.

PRESIDENT HARRIS

I found their weakness, Thompson!
They're susceptible to heat!
(sees something)
Robot!

It's not a robot. It's a blind man, swinging his cane back and forth. Thompson grabs the cane, snaps it over his leg, while the President decks him with a wicked right cross.

The room is in a full-blown panic now. People stampeding for the exits, screaming, freaking out...

ANGLE - WILSON

Watching the chaos, the screaming, the panic...

WILSON

Oh boy.

The President turns to see a poor Girl Scout wearing orthodontic head gear. Wires, the headstrap, the whole works. She really does look frightening.

PRESIDENT HARRIS

Good God, they've got metal teeth!

The President jumps off the stage, grabs the Girl Scout, lifts her off the floor and slams her against the wall. She screams.

PRESIDENT HARRIS

Where are you from??? Who do you
work for???

WILSON

Mr. President, have you gone
completely insane?

PRESIDENT HARRIS

Like a fox!

ANGLE - STAMPEDE

People are going nuts, like a wild herd of cattle trying to get out.

98(I96) CONTINUED: (4)

98(I96)

A woman with thick wads of Tammy Faye Bakker makeup and massive fake eyelashes approaches the President. He sees her coming toward him.

PRESIDENT HARRIS

We need to get to the bottom of this, talk to this Cindy Campbell. She'll know how to defeat this filthy alien scum!

PRESIDENT HARRIS

The exits are blocked!

THOMPSON

I'll find one, sir! Follow me!

Thompson takes a shotgun, blows a hole in the large poster of Mother Teresa, obliterating her face. We can see straight through into the other room.

THOMPSON

God, this is exciting!

Thompson exits through the hole.

PRESIDENT HARRIS

You're excited?! Feel these nipples!

The President follows him out.

108(B136) OMITTED

108(B136)

99(123) OMITTED

99(123)

100(126) OMITTED

100(126)

101(127) OMITTED

101(127)

EXT. CINDY'S APARTMENT - DAY - ESTABLISHING

SUBTITLE - DAY ???

102(A128) INT. CINDY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

102(A128)

Cindy rushes in.

CINDY

Cody! Where are you! We're not safe here anymore! We have to--
(looks around)
Cody?

102(A128) CONTINUED:

102(A128)

RA128 The TV is playing. Ross Giggins again.

RA128

ROSS GIGGINS (ON TV)
...after today's incident in the East Room, the White House is now advising all citizens to board up their homes and prepare for an alien invasion. And now, a News 8 exclusive--the killer video tape you've been hearing about. We're the only station that has it, and we're showing it all night. Very exciting. Let's roll it again!

The news cuts to the video, but they've added a graphic.
"News 8 EXCLUSIVE!"

Cindy slaps her hand to her forehead. Morons! Then...

She sees a drawing left on the couch. It's a picture of a little boy with an arrow that leads to a farmhouse with a crop circle in front of it.

CINDY (CONT'D)

My God.

She runs out.

103(129) OMITTED

103(129)

104(130) INT. LOGAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

104(130)

George hammers the last board on the front door.

GEORGE

There. Nobody's getting through that sucker.

TOM

That's great, George, but we have to get down to the cellar.

As they walk away, Cindy opens the door right up, enters.

GEORGE

Cindy!

CINDY

George.

104(130) CONTINUED:

104(130)

R130

Cody runs up. Cindy stoops down to embrace him.

R130

TOM

There's no time! Get down to the cellar!

Tom exits, leaving George, Cindy, and Cody for an awkward moment.

CODY

I'm sorry, Aunt Cindy. I wanted to be with George.

CINDY

Honey, I know you want a dad, but...

GEORGE

Trust me, Cody. I'm not good at anything. Why would I be good at that?

Sue grabs George's hand.

SUE

Uncle George...!

She leads him away. Cindy grabs Cody. They head for the cellar.

105(132) INT. CELLAR - MINUTES LATER

105(132)

George and Sue are stacking things against the cellar windows. George looks back forlornly at Cindy. But she quickly looks away. She's still clearly upset with George. She walks over behind some stacks of junk where Cody is sitting, frightened.

CINDY

It's going to be okay, Cody.

CODY

I'm going to die, aren't I?

She sees that poor, sad, doomed little face. She stops being so frantic. It seems so right to tell him:

CINDY

Cody...did I ever tell you what your mother said about you the day you were born?

CODY

No.

She kneels in front of him.

CINDY

I was in the delivery room with your mom. She was having a hard time. Then you began to come out of her. Your mom screamed and screamed in pain. She yelled 'Just kill me! Bludgeon me with the bedpan! Whatever you do, put me out of this pain!' She was gushing torrents of blood. I have this all on tape if you want to see it some day. Well, finally, you came out. Your mother cut your umbilical cord herself with the scissors...on the second try. First she snipped your penis in half. After all, she was drunk. Actually drugged...we had been out the night before celebrating St. Patrick's Day. And she thought "Hey, I never tasted crystal meth." So she did just a little.

That's nothing to Cody compared with:

CODY

My penis?

CINDY

Yes. They sewed it on upside down.

CODY

That's why I pee up?

CINDY

We'll get it fixed. It's on my list of things. Right after we get Tivo. Anyway...there you were. Your mom turned to me and said, "Hey, take him. You want him?" Then she died. Well, I took you. And do you know why?

Cody can't think, he's numb. This story is dreadful.

CODY

Why?

105(132) CONTINUED: (2)

105(132)

CINDY

I had lost my cat in a fire. And I needed someone to pet and feed. And I miss that cat. But Cody...I love you. And nothing can change that. Not even the very painful death we're about to experience.

106(B133) INT. CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

106(B133)

Tom rushes into the cellar. Locks the door behind him.

Seconds later...a pounding noise from upstairs!!! Cindy runs to Cody. Tom and George huddle with a scared Sue.

The POUNDING escalates then stops. All is quiet.

CINDY

Are they gone?

TOM

I don't hear anything.

And then...A KNOCK on the cellar door! BAM BAM BAM!!!

Tom leans back against the door to hold it shut. The lights go out. A SCREAM!!!

TOM

Don't worry, Sue. It'll be all right.

SUE

That was Uncle George.

GEORGE

Well, it's scary!

Sue lights up a flashlight.

TOM

Good work Sue. I don't know what stupid, idiotic thing made these lights go off.

George notices - it was him! He tries to flip the switch back on with his back.

TOM

There are some spare fuses in the crawlspace. If I can get to them, I can get these lights back on.

(MORE)

106(B133) CONTINUED:

106(B133)

TOM (cont'd)

I could use a penny, but they say
not to do that.

TOM (cont'd)

(to O.C.)

Quick, jam that old railroad tie
against the door!

A railroad tie is jammed into his nuts.

TOM (cont'd)

My balls!

Two bowling balls are jammed into his crotch.

TOM

Not those! Jesus!

George approaches.

TOM

No!

As George turns around, we see he's carrying a giant Jesus.
On his way back, he flips the lights on.

An O.C. CRASH! Cindy screams!

ANGLE - CELLAR DOOR / FLOOR

We see shadows moving from the other side.

CINDY

I think I saw...!

She looks around. Sees a big KNIFE on a worktable.

She walks slowly to the door with the knife, then crouches
down by the door. Slides the blade under the door.

RAB133 In the reflection of the blade, she sees...TWO ALIENS! RAB133

106(B133)

CINDY (cont'd)

106(B133)

Oh my God!!!

TOM

Do you see them? What are they
doing?

CINDY

I don't know. Wait...

106(B133) CONTINUED: (2)

106(B133)

As she talks, we see that the aliens have slid their own knife under the door from their side. It's sliding around so that it's pretty much right under Cindy's skirt.

CINDY (cont'd)
They seem to be giggling.
They're...wait...

The aliens' knife slides a bit, and Cindy repositions her crouch so that her legs are wide open.

CINDY (cont'd)
They're drooling.

RAB133 Reflection in Cindy's knife. The aliens must be RAB133
getting a great show from their knife. One is twisting his
nipples. Another is humping the ground, pawing at his groin.
One points at Cindy, then his tongue, then starts wagging
his super-long tongue. Another one is moving his fist in
front of his mouth, making the old tongue in the cheek
blowjob face.

106(B133) CINDY (cont'd) 106(B133)
My God. I think--
(she turns back to them)
I think they want to eat me!

There's a tremendous SLAM against the door. Cindy scuttles backwards in fear. The door is about to give way!!!

She shrieks!

TOM
Cindy! Don't run with the knife!

He takes the knife, follows her. They huddle together as the aliens pound against the door.

RB133 RB133

Cody backs up against the wall...and two arms reach through the coal grate and grab him! Cody screams!

CINDY
Cody!!!

Tom points to the bat mounted on the wall as in Signs.

TOM
George! Swing away!

George grabs the bat.

GEORGE

I'm coming, Cody! I'll save you!

He takes aim at the arms grasping Cody.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Die! Die! Die!

He swings with full strength at the arms around Cody's stomach, but manages to hit only Cody each time.

Tom and Cindy cringe...

GEORGE (CONT'D)

There! Had enough?

CODY

I think I taste my own brain...

MUFFLED VOICE

George! Let me out!

George yanks the latch off the coal grate, and the door swings open. Mahalik tumbles out.

GEORGE

What are you doing here?

MAHALIK

I told you, George. The hood's always got your back.

GEORGE

Thank God. There's two of them at the door right now!

Cindy is at the door, checking with the knife.

CINDY

Wait! They're gone!

MAHALIK

They couldn't get in. I heard they can't open doors.

TOM

They mastered space flight but they can't get through a wooden door?

They all look at each other. That is pretty stupid...

MAHALIK

(grabs a shovel)

Look, it's safe in the cellar for now. I say the women and children stay down here, and the men go outside and fight.

GEORGE

Right! And what is the cut-off age for children?

Mahalik hands George a shovel. Oh. That answers that.

R134

EXT. LOGAN FARM - SIDE - CONTINUOUS

R134

Tom and Mahalik and George emerge from the cellar armed with shovels. Mahalik pumps his shovel like a shotgun. Chik Chik! A couple of empty shells fly out. Cool.

MAHALIK

Follow me...

R135

EXT. LOGAN FARM - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

R135

The three men creep slowly towards the corn. Tense music...and then...

A horrible inhuman O.S. SCREAM!

OUR HEROES

AGGGGH!!!

Two aliens have appeared behind them, arms raised! And about a millisecond later...

WHAM! They're run over by an SUV!!! Man, we didn't even hear it coming!

The President gets out of the driver's side. Secret Serviceman Jones, white male, late 30's, ex-military tough guy jawline, gets out of the passenger side. The President examines the bodies, which are crushed under his tires.

*
*
*

PRESIDENT HARRIS

I'm sorry...I thought I was hitting the brake.

He offers a wad of cash to one of the bodies.

PRESIDENT HARRIS

We don't have to go through insurance, do we?

TOM

Mr. President? What are you doing here?

PRESIDENT HARRIS

I'm looking for Cindy Campbell. She may hold the key to defeating the aliens.

(looks up in the sky)

Ah, good! The Air Force is here with those new, round planes!

SECRET SERVICEMAN JONES

We don't have round planes, sir.

*

They all look up and see...

The sky is filling with saucers!!!

GEORGE

Oh my God...

MAHALIK

Wait! You hear that?

THE CAVALRY

In the form of bulletproof SUVs, and pimped out Caddies.

ANGLE - RAPPERS

The cavalry, our group of rappers, emerges from their cars.

C.J. (cont'd)

Let's do this.

Redman moves forward and accidentally steps on U-God's foot.

U-GOD

You just step on my foot, bitch?

REDMAN

You call me bitch again, I'll shove that Escalade up your ass.

As the rappers fight, the aliens and our heroes watch, confused.

MACY GRAY

I think you better check yourself, fool.

CONTINUED:

RAEKWON

Who asked you, you squeaky-assed
Chia head?

ANGLE - C.J.

C.J.

Wait...guys...the aliens are that
way...guys? Guys?

BACK TO THE RAPPERS

THE RZA

Yo, I'd bust him up for that.

MASTER P

You ain't bustin' shit. My left
nut weighs more than you.

ANGLE - CJ

C.J.

He didn't mean that! That's just a
metaphor!

ANGLE - RAPPERS

REDMAN

Yeah, whatever you say...Percival.

ANGLE - HEROES/ALIENS

Everyone winces. Ooooh.

RAEKWON

(laughing)

Percival! Oh shit!

METHOD MAN

What are you laughing at...Louis?

ANGLE - C.J.

C.J.

Ooookay.

C.J. dives out of frame. He knows what's coming now.

ANGLE - RAPPERS

The rappers begin firing away at each other. Our heroes just
watch the display.

CONTINUED: (2)

When the smoke settles, all the rappers are dead.

TOM

I can't believe what I just saw.

PRESIDENT HARRIS

These men died for their country.

(to Wilson)

Send flowers to their bitches and
hoes.

R138

Without warning, aliens come up from behind our heroes R138
and grab them around their necks! Everyone's getting choked!

*

R135A

INT. CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

R135A

It's quiet down here. Too quiet. Cindy looks around the room.

CINDY

Something about this place...it's like I've seen it before...

ANGLE - SCREWS holding a metal utility shelf unit to the wall. They start to come out by themselves. Uh oh...

Cindy looks at the stairs leading up to the cellar doors. FLASH CUT to the tape image of the same thing!

CINDY

Oh my God...

Cindy REMEMBERS what the Architect said...

THE ARCHITECT (V.O.)

My wife took her to the old family farm and drowned her in the well.

CINDY

This was their farm! She died right here!

PING! The last of the screws pop out!

CODY

Cindy, look out!

ANGLE - SHELF UNIT - It starts to teeter forwards...

Cindy dodges out of the way just before the shelf CRASHES to the ground. A jar full of marbles has broken.

The marbles roll towards one spot in the center of the room. Cindy is intrigued.

CU - wooden cellar floor. The round items are gathering at the low point. Cindy grabs a sledgehammer, face full of gritty determination.

She swings the sledgehammer back. The head pops off on the backswing, clocking Cody in the face and knocking him off his feet.

Cindy doesn't notice. She chucks the hammer handle and grabs a fire axe from the wall. Swings at the floor...

R145

EXT. LOGAN FARM - BACKYARD

R145

Everyone is still being choked.

GEORGE

I can't break free!!!

TOM

Think! They must have some kind of weakness!

Mahalik breaks free of his alien, grabs a shovel, swings at the alien and knocks its head off.

MAHALIK

I found it! Without their heads, they're powerless!

The aliens immediately release our heroes, horrified. Our guys all grab shovels and are about to attack when...

HEAD ALIEN

(girlish voice)

Please, no! We mean you no harm.

Everyone is shocked. They speak our language! Our heroes lower their shovels...

HEAD ALIEN

We travelled to your planet to find an evil little girl. We must destroy her before...seven days.

GEORGE

You mean...you watched the tape?

HEAD ALIEN

(nods)

Our satellites picked up what we thought was a broadcast of Pootie Tang.

ASSISTANT ALIEN

A flop on earth, but a huge hit intergalactically.

HEAD ALIEN

That was a week ago. And now, our entire race will die unless the girl is destroyed.

An alien reaches his finger gently towards Tom's face. Strokes his cheek and lips in a gesture of love.

TOM

Awww. They are peaceful...

MAHALIK

If they're so peaceful, why were
they choking us?

HEAD ALIEN

That's how we say "hello." See?

He demonstrates the friendly choke-hold on his alien friend.

GEORGE

Oh. So how do you say "goodbye"?

The alien promptly kicks George in the balls.

GEORGE

(doubled over)

Ah.

ASSISTANT ALIEN

If you think *that's* strange, you
should see how we pee.

An alien over by the corn is peeing. Out of his finger.

TOM

Gah!

Tom smacks the alien "finger" away from his face. Begins
brushing his teeth frantically.

ANGLE - The President watches this transpire. George enters
frame, and the President turns to him. *

PRESIDENT HARRIS *

Look at this. Aliens and humans
working together. We're all just
one big galactic family. *

GEORGE *

(finally gets it) *

Family... *

(regretfully) *

That's just what I've been running
away from. *

President Harris puts a comforting hand on George's shoulder. *

All following alts to be delivered with avuncular charm. *

PRESIDENT HARRIS *

Well, that's because you're an
idiot. *

(alt) *

(MORE) *

R145

CONTINUED: (3)

R145

PRESIDENT HARRIS (cont'd)

Well, you're an idiot.

(alt)

Well, obviously you're an idiot.

*
*
*
*
*

He exits frame. George nods, absorbing the President's wisdom, then realizes what he just said.

R153

INT. CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

R153

Cindy has broken through a big chunk of floor. She takes one last swing and the floor collapses.

LOW ANGLE - from underneath the floor. A subfloor, just like in the cabin from The Ring. It's...

THE WELL. Cindy stares down into the hole.

CINDY

This is it.

CODY

The little girl. She's frightened of the well.

Cindy bends over to look down the well. And right behind her is...THE EVIL LITTLE GIRL!!!

Sensing something behind her, Cindy, begins to turn, EVER-SO-SLOWLY. She turns so slow that the EVIL GIRL easily moves to stay out of sight behind her. Cindy slowly turns the other way, the EVIL GIRL MOVES OVER, staying out of her vision.

Cindy fakes left then turns right quickly. Game's up, she sees her, ha! Cindy smirks until--

Wham! The Little Girl grabs Cindy and PUNCHES HER. Cindy reels, and the Little Girl BACKHANDS HER, knocking her to the floor.

CODY (CONT'D)

Cindy!!!!

The Little Girl grabs a crowbar and raises it over her head, readying to strike Cindy, who cowers on the floor in fear...she SCREAMS...this is it...she's gonna die! And then...BEEP BEEP BEEP. Cindy stops screaming. Checks her pager. So does the Little Girl.

LITTLE GIRL

(annoyed)

Ugh, it's me...

R153

CONTINUED:

R153

The Little Girl hands the crowbar to Cindy, then pulls out a cell phone. Dials quickly. Puts her finger up to ask for a moment. Cindy nods. "Sure." We hear the phone ring as Cindy looks at the bat in her hands. Cool.

SOMEONE ON THE PHONE (V.O.)

Hello?

LITTLE GIRL

Seven da--

CRACK! Cindy blindsides her with the crowbar. The cell phone shatters. The Little Girl falls backwards. Gets to her feet...holds her head.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)

(in pain)

Oh man...

Cindy takes another step towards her and is about to finish her off once again when...the lights FLICKER OUT.

DARK. Damn! Cindy trips, drops the crowbar. She's disarmed now...nothing but the sound of Cindy's panicked breathing...

R153

CONTINUED:

R153

Cindy scrambles on all fours towards the door, but the Little Girl grabs her by her feet and starts dragging her back.

Cindy grabs at anything on the floor to hold on to. Handles bolted to the cement. An anvil. A large boat anchor. Nothing's working.

The Little Girl stands Cindy up, and punches her, sending Cindy crashing against some shelving. Now the Little Girl shows her fingernails. Long and sharp. She runs them against the wall of the cellar like she's Freddie Kreuger.

Cindy shakes out the cobwebs. There's some sports equipment on the shelf above her. A hockey mask drops on her face. She stumbles to her feet. Grabs a convenient machete.

The Little Girl rushes over, and the two of them begin swinging their claws and machete. They constantly miss each other, but hit...jugs of HiC, bottles of ketchup, tomato sauce jars, and finally a large keg labelled "FAKE BLOOD." They're getting splattered, but no one's getting hurt.

They both stumble back, exhausted. Cindy removes the mask, nice and clean again. The Little Girl sees something. Ahhh. VROOOOM! A chainsaw!

She leaps at Cindy, who has her back up against a wooden post. Slashes at her with the chainsaw. Cindy ducks, sidesteps, twirls...

REVEAL - Cindy's okay, but the post has been carved into a totem pole. "Nice." The Little Girl nods back. "Thanks."

The Little Girl turns back to Cindy, revs the chainsaw. But Cindy's figured something out. She's confident now.

CINDY

You know what? I think you just
frighten people to death, like
Brenda. Well, I'm not scared of
you! So what else you got, bitch?
Cause I don't think you can kill
me.

The cellar door opens, blocking the Little Girl. It's Wilson!

WILSON

Cindy Campbell? The President
wants to speak to you. You see,
the aliens, they're--

R153

CONTINUED: (2)

R153

The Little Girl steps behind Wilson and grips the back of his neck. Wilson begins to TURN GREEN and PETRIFY!!! This is how the Little Girl killed Kate and Brenda!

WILSON (CONT'D)

Agghh...

Wilson is now FULLY DEAD. His stiff corpse pitches forward and drops down the well. A poof of FIRE emerges from the depths of the well. Cindy is horrified. The Little Girl looks up at her. "How about that?"

CINDY

Ah. Well. Point taken.

The Little Girl grabs Cody! Puts her hand up, and is about to apply the DEATH GRIP to Cody!

CINDY (CONT'D)

No! You don't want to do that!

Fine. The Little Girl tosses Cody aside and grabs Sue.

CINDY (CONT'D)

You don't want to do that either!

Okay. The Little Girl tosses Sue aside and grabs a plaid skirt and a striped blouse. Holds them up to herself.

CINDY (CONT'D)

You really don't want to do that.

Grrrrr. The Little Girl chucks the clothes and grabs Cody again. She's pissed.

CINDY (CONT'D)

No! Don't hurt him! You don't have to be evil. Please...Tabitha.

The Evil Little Girl is surprised to hear her name. She cocks her head slightly.

CINDY (CONT'D)

You're still a little girl. And all you really need is...a mother.

Tabitha growls. That just makes her angrier...

GEORGE (O.S.)

And a father.

All turn to see...George, who enters frame and approaches Tabitha.

GEORGE
I could be...

George holds a hand out to Cody.

GEORGE (cont'd)
...your dad.

Cody beams! Awww. Tabitha lowers the chainsaw. "Hmmm." George leads Cody back towards Cindy, then all three look at Tabitha.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
We could be...a family.

That's the word. "Family." Tabitha looks up. And, miracle of miracles, a single tear rolls down her face. And just like that, she begins to shimmer with a glowing white light.

Tabitha TRANSFORMS from an Evil Little Girl into a sweet, beautiful, angelic little girl.

TABITHA
Your love has freed my soul. I'll
never have to kill again.

Cindy beams. This is so beautiful!

CINDY
Really?

Tabitha immediately TRANSFORMS BACK into the EVIL LITTLE GIRL.

EVIL LITTLE GIRL
(awful grin)
Nah. I'm just FUCKING with ya!

She picks up the chainsaw. VROOOOM!!!! She takes a step towards our horrified heroes, when...

WHAM! The cellar door flies open, knocking Tabitha's evil ass into the hole and down the well.

EVIL LITTLE GIRL
(plummeting)
AAAAAaaaaaaaaaaaaa.....

It's the President!

PRESIDENT HARRIS

I just want to tell you both--good
luck. We're all counting on you.

He exits. The Little Girl finally hits bottom, and a burst
of HELLFIRE poofs out. She's DEAD.

GEORGE

It's over.

He and Cindy and Cody embrace as a family. Cindy picks up
the chainsaw and is about to turn it off when...there's a tap
on Cindy's shoulder. It's...an alien!

ALIEN

Thank you for saving our--

CINDY

AIIGHHH!!!!

She lops the aliens head off, and the body goes pitching down
the hole and into the well.

George winces. Cindy is confused. "What?"

HEAD ALIEN

Oh my God...that was the last of
our women. How will we procreate?

He turns to the Assistant Alien.

HEAD ALIEN (CONT'D)

Well, we'll figure something out,
right?

In the B.G., two other aliens are pushing their "fingers" in
and out of each other's mouths (or ears). Nice.

HEAD ALIEN (CONT'D)

And now, we must return home.
Thank you, George.

George smiles at this peaceful visitor from so far away.

GEORGE

Goodbye...friend.

HEAD ALIEN

Oh. Yes, of course.

The Head Alien kicks George square in the balls again.

R153

CONTINUED: (5)

R153

HEAD ALIEN (CONT'D)
"Goodbye."

As George doubles over, he and everyone else wave "goodbye."

R154

EXT. LOGAN FARM - DAY

R154

Cindy and George emerge from the house and descend the stairs, Cody smiling between them, guests throwing rice.

ANGLE - LINE OF GUESTS

Tom stands with Sue. He's wearing his collar, holding a Bible. They wave.

C.J., overcome with emotion, blows his nose on the low hanging ear of his hat.

Mahalik props up the still dead Brenda. She's wearing a bridesmaid's dress and is held together by nothing but duct tape. He waves her arm for her.

ANGLE - SIDE OF CINDY'S CAR

Cindy, between George and Cody, tosses her bouquet.

ANGLE - FRONT YARD

A pile of women fight over the bouquet, a tangle of legs and arms. An arm emerges, triumphant, from under the pile with the bouquet. It's...The President!

ANGLE - CAR

Pulling away, tin cans trailing, crepe paper and a "Just Married" sign on the back.

R155

INT. CINDY'S CAR

R155

George drives. Cindy looks at him lovingly.

CINDY
I'm so happy, George. Finally,
we're a family!

GEORGE
Yeah. You, me, and...

Cindy and George look to the backseat. It's empty.

CINDY/GEORGE
Damn!

R156

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

R156

The car SCREECHES to a halt and starts backing up.

ANGLE - CODY

Running toward the car. But this time, it SCREECHES to a halt just before impact. Cody is safe.

George and Cindy jump out of the car and kneel by Cody.

GEORGE

Thank God you're all right!

But Cody has that stare in his eyes.

CINDY

Cody? Are you having one of your visions?

CODY

Yes. But you're not gonna like it.

WHAM! A big SUV takes out all three of them, sending them high into the sky.

ANGLE - SUV

Michael Jackson is behind the wheel. He giggles like a little girl and waves into camera.

FADE TO BLACK.

R156

EXT. CAR - ALTERNATE #1

R156

CINDY

Cody? Are you having one of your visions?

CODY

Yes.

WHAM! A big SUV takes out Cindy and George, sending them high into the sky.

R156

CONTINUED:

R156

CODY (CONT'D)
(sly grin)
But you're not gonna like it.

(ALT TAKE - HE DELIVERS THE ENTIRE LINE FIRST, AND THEN THEY GET HIT, AS IN)

CINDY
Cody? Are you having one of your visions?

CODY
Yes.
(sly grin)
But you're not gonna like it.

WHAM! A big SUV takes out Cindy and George, sending them high into the sky.

ANGLE - SUV

Michael Jackson is behind the wheel. He giggles like a little girl and waves into camera.

FADE TO BLACK.

R156

EXT. CAR - ALTERNATE #2

R156

CINDY
Cody? Are you having one of your visions?

CODY
Yes.
(smiles sweetly)
Everything's going to be fine.

WHAM! A big SUV takes out Cody once again, sending him high into the sky.

ANGLE - SUV

Michael Jackson is behind the wheel. He giggles like a little girl and waves into camera.

FADE TO BLACK.

