

THE BABYSITTER

Written by

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INT. NURSE'S OFFICE - DAY

COLE is twelve years old and losing his mind.

He stands with his back against the wall, hands raised.

COLE

I don't need it! I'm telling you.

The **SCHOOL NURSE** is not convinced. And also not happy.

SCHOOL NURSE

Cole. Just because you don't feel sick *right now* doesn't mean you don't need the shot.

COLE

I never get sick. So you can take that-

He points to the **DISPOSABLE SYRINGE** she's holding.

COLE (CONT'D)

And give it to Barry. His nose is always running-

SCHOOL NURSE

There's nothing to be scared of.

Cole freezes.

COLE

I am not scared.

INT. BOY'S STALL - TWO MINUTES LATER

Cole tries his best not to cry while he inspects the little band-aid on his arm.

His best is not good enough.

He's in that perfectly awkward stage between being a cute kid and a handsome teen.

SOME ASSHOLE bangs on his stall door-

Cole jumps hard-

SOME ASSHOLE (O.S.)

PUSSSSAYYYY.

And the asshole walks out of the bathroom laughing.

EXT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE - DAY

Cole is waiting for the school bus beside **MELANIE**, another twelve year old. Also his neighbor.

Also definitely not a potential love interest for Cole so whoever told you that is an idiot and a liar and loser and a-

MELANIE

Did you know that only one baby was born on the Mayflower? How crazy is that shit. His name was, literally, *Oceanus*. He didn't even have a nationality. He was a citizen of the sea, I guess.

COLE

What class did you learn that in?

MELANIE

No one learns anything in class, Cole. That's why we have the internet.

A new SUV pulls up and Melanie waves to her **ANNOYING DAD**.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

We just got it. It's pretty sweet. Has DVDs in the back, and like, a million horse power.

COLE

Cool.

She climbs into the passenger seat.

MELANIE

Dad, can we give Cole a ride too?

MELANIE'S ANNOYING DAD

Cole, are your parents expecting you to take the bus?

COLE

(shrugs)
I guess so.

Melanie's Annoying Dad shrugs back annoyingly.

MELANIE'S ANNOYING DAD

Then you gotta take the bus, sport! Sorry about that.

COLE

I didn't even ask to-

They start pulling away. Melanie waves bye and-

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Cole walks home alone from the bus stop.

He turns around when the familiar sound of bicycles emerge from behind him. **THREE KIDS** on bikes.

He hates these jerks, but what are you gonna do.

JEREMY is the leader. He's fourteen. So he's cool as shit. Don't even worry about his friend's names. They're not important, because they're not Jeremy.

JEREMY

Colenoscopy! How's it hanging?

COLE

I dunno. Okay.

JEREMY

Speaking of hanging, have your balls dropped yet?

No-name Kids cackle. Cole mumbles something.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Sorry man, I didn't catch that.

COLE

I said why are you so interested in my balls.

One of the other bikers slaps Cole upside the head. He was expecting that.

JEREMY

Dude, the last thing I care about is balls. On Saturday, I hooked up with Shelly MacEntyre.

COLE

...The sophomore?

JEREMY

The sophomore. But in many ways, she was a senior.

COLE
I don't believe you.

Cole gets smacked upside the head by a different biker.

JEREMY
It doesn't matter if you believe me. It's not like your belief in me will validate what happened to my dick. Ya wanna know how it was?

COLE
(kinda)
No, not really.

JEREMY
I won't lie. As a fourteen year old, in that kind of situation with a sixteen year old that looks like Shelly MacEntyre, it was overwhelming. I mean, she's a woman. *Fully. Developed.* I really had to focus so as not to disappoint, ya know what I'm saying.

The other bikers apparently know what he's saying. Cole's not quite sure, so he doesn't say anything.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
I said do you know what I'm saying.

COLE
I guess.

Jeremy blocks Cole's path with his bike.

JEREMY
I guess isn't good enough. I feel like you're doubting me and I find that insulting.

COLE
But you just said it didn't matter if I believed you-

JEREMY
I changed my mind, bitch.

Cole stares at his shoes sheepishly.

COLE
Jeremy, I'm not trying to insul-

Jeremy suddenly pushes Cole in the chest.

He falls on his ass, his palms catching the road. He winces as-

Jeremy and his friends laugh until-

A BLUE JEEP stops near them.

GIRL'S VOICE

Hey!

From the ground, Cole stares up as-

THE GIRL blocks out the sun for a moment as she squares off with Jeremy, staring down at his pimply little face.

THE GIRL

Did you just touch Cole?

JEREMY

(acting tough)

(scared though)

So what if I did.

She turns him around real fast, reading his sewn in name tag on his back pack. She's maybe a full foot taller than Jeremy.

THE GIRL

Jeremy. Check it out.

The Girl raises up her keys and starts flicking through them.

THE GIRL (CONT'D)

You so much as think about Cole again, I will-

She leans in and whispers for a very long time to Jeremy. His expression goes from cocky-

To nervous-

To terrified.

THE GIRL (CONT'D)

(out loud)

And then I'm going to burn your house down. Cool?

With a pointy key, she stabs his bike tire, popping it.

THE GIRL (CONT'D)

Now get out of here before I run you over, you little pap smear.

Jeremy obeys, trying to ride his flat-tired bike, the no-name kids close behind.

In the middle of the street, The Girl sits beside Cole.

THE GIRL (CONT'D)

Hey, Coley.

COLE

Hey, Bee.

Now is a good time for you to know that as far as Cole is concerned, God made women and then God made **BEE**.

She is a knock out senior who actually listens to him when he talks.

She is better than STAR WARS.

BEE

You skin your palms?

COLE

It doesn't hurt.

BEE

Yes it does. C'mere.

She grabs his hand and tenderly picks out some of the gravel.

BEE (CONT'D)

They bother you a lot?

He shrugs.

BEE (CONT'D)

Ya gotta just punch 'em in the dick. Don't hit them in the face, cuz then if you leave a mark their parents are gonna call your parents and it's just the worst. And if they're chasing you, wait until they've almost got you. Then drop like a bag of rocks. And then when they trip over you and are on the ground... kick 'em in the dick.

She finishes his hand. Smiles at him.

COLE

Can I help you burn down his house?

BEE
Like I would ever do that without
you.

INT. BEE'S JEEP - DAY

Bee is laughing. The windows are down. The radio is up.

BEE
The sophomore?

COLE
That's what he said.

BEE
Screw that guy. The closest he's
come to getting laid is HBO. The
closest she's come is a tampon.
Also, she's totally gay. And I
don't mean that disparagingly. I
mean she dates chicks. So don't
worry about it.

Cole smiles to himself, no longer worrying about it. What Bee
says is God's gospel, after all.

BEE (CONT'D)
How the folks?

COLE
Better I think.

BEE
Hotel therapy is working! That's
great for all of us. They stay
happy, we get to hang out, I get
paid.

COLE
I'm like your little prostitute.

Bee bursts out laughing.

BEE
What?

COLE
Like, I have to pay you to hang out
with me.

Bee laughs harder.

BEE

No, that would make me a prostitute. And your parents the client. That's a terrible analogy. That's maybe the worst one ever.

Cole is embarrassed.

COLE

Oh. I'm sorry.

Bee notices and smiles.

BEE

Besides, I'd hang out with you either way.

COLE

Really?

BEE

One hundred percent. I got maybe two years tops before you're too cool to hang out with me.

COLE

That's not true. You'll be in college by then.

BEE

Whatever. You'll still be too cool.

Cole smiles and looks out the window.

COLE

I'll never be too cool.

EXT. COLE'S HOME - DAY

Bee's blue jeep pulls up outside Cole's home. It's a cute two bedroom place in a neighborhood full of them.

BEE

Tomorrow night. You. Me. Party. Cults will be formed over nights like the night we will have.

COLE

Sounds good.

They reach their pointer fingers out to each other, E.T. Poster style. They make electric buzzing noises when they touch.

BEE
See ya, Cee.

COLE
Ba-bye, Bee.

She drives off and Cole heads into his house-

As Melanie and her Annoying Dad pull up to the house next door.

INT. COLE'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

No one seems to be home. Cole walks through the living room, passing the stairs that lead to the second floor.

He goes into the kitchen, where a note is taped to a fridge that says:

**IN THE CRAWL SPACE.
AGGGGHHH.**

Cole scrunches up his face.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Cole chews a fruit roll-up as he makes his way through their cluttered garage that dad always promises to clean and never does.

EXT. THE HOME'S CRAWL SPACE - DAY

Cole's **MOM** is under the crawl space beneath their house. The small gate unscrewed and put off to the side.

Cole hands her mouse traps, which he hears her setting.

COLE
Do you like it under there?

MOM
(laughs)
No, Cole, I don't like it under here. It's pretty much the worst.

COLE
Thennnnnnn why are you under there?

MOM
Well, sometimes being a grown up means doing things that suck.

COLE

Thennnnn why isn't Dad under there?

A different kind of laugh from Mom.

MOM

He says he doesn't fit under here.

Cole surveys the opening. It definitely looks like he could fit under there.

MOM (CONT'D)

Buuuuut it's really because he's scared. That, or, he really doesn't care if we get rats. Which I guess is possib-

COLE

Do you think I'm a pussy, Mom?

Mom has no reaction for a moment.

MOM

Do you know what that word means, Cole?

COLE

Like, afraid of everything.

MOM

Um. I think you're at a time in your life where a lot of things are scary. And as you get older, those things will stop frightening you as much.

She pulls herself out of the crawl space. Her face is a little dirty. There are webs in her hair.

MOM (CONT'D)

How do I look?

COLE

Like a crappy haunted house character.

MOM

Like the warm up creeps they have outside before you actually get in?

COLE

Pretty much.

She picks up a power drill from him and starts drilling the gate back over the space.

MOM
Get me a drink, buddy?

He nods and starts to walk away. But stops.

COLE
Mom. I know a pussy is also a vagina. I'm not retarded.

MOM
Cole! Don't say retarded!

COLE
But I can say pussy or vagina?

She laughs.

MOM
Lemonade!

He smiles and moseys into the home.

INT. DAD'S CAR - NIGHT

They are in a mall parking lot. It's after hours, so completely empty.

Cole is in the driver's seat. **DAD** in the passenger.

DAD
How them windows looking?

COLE
Looking good.

DAD
Roger that. Radio distracting?

COLE
It's not on.

DAD
Then it's distracting.

He turns it on. Looks for the perfect sound track for his son's driving lesson.

DAD (CONT'D)
Parking brake?

COLE
Nope.

DAD
Hands?

COLE
Ten and two.

Dad holds up a Picard hand.

DAD
Engage.

And Cole begins to drive around the empty lot. He loves it, going all of twenty miles an hour.

COLE
Are you and mom going to get a divorce?

Dad stops trying to find the perfect song and looks at Cole.

DAD
You waited until you started to drive to ask *that* question?

COLE
If I don't like the answer I'll just drive us into the Bloomingdales.

DAD
At least drive us into JC Penney. It's so much cheaper.

COLE
You don't get a say. I'm behind the wheel. I have the power.

DAD
I've created a monster. Multiple times over. And no, we're not getting a divorce.

COLE
Then why do you keep going away together for the weekends?

DAD
(sighs)
Marriage takes a lot of work. And sometimes routine can be... I don't know. Your mom likes hotels.

(MORE)

DAD (CONT'D)

You know what it is? Marriage is a fire and you gotta, ya know, keep it going. And sometimes the weather changes and you're like, aw crap, it's raining! And you just gotta work harder so the fire doesn't go out. Make sense?

Cole shrugs. The answer is no.

COLE

What do you even do there?

DAD

At the hotels? Oh. Huh. We go out to eat. Sometimes they have spas. Your mom likes musicals, so I pay my dues.

(then)

Besides, you get to hang out with Bee. I can't wait until you're thirty and we can talk about how lucky you are.

(then)

Do kids make fun of you for still having a baby sitter?

COLE

Yeah.

DAD

I'm sorry. You know, we don't have to call her that-

COLE

But then they see her and they get really jealous.

DAD

Hell yeah they do!

Dad raises a hand for a high five. Cole lets go of the wheel to hit it.

The car swerves. Dad grabs the wheel in a panic.

They laugh. It's a good night.

INT. PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cole walks into his parent's room to find them watching TV. Mom is working on bills. Dad is watching.

They're not really connected.

COLE
What're you watching?

MOM
Mad Men. You wouldn't like it.

COLE
It's on HBO?

Mom tries not to laugh.

DAD
Nah, it's not dirty. It's just dense. It would go over your head. We'll rewatch it together in a few years.

COLE
Oh. Alright.

Cole stands there awkwardly.

MOM
Need anything buddy?

Cole shrugs and moseys on back to his room.

INT. COLE'S BEDROOM - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Cole's bedroom is your typical twelve year old's bedroom. Movie posters. Monsters toys. YA books.

His window overlooks the woods and Melanie's house next door.

He sits on his bed with a hand-me-down laptop. He watches a stream of *Mad Men*.

He pays more attention than any twelve year old has ever paid to *Mad Men*. He will unlock the secrets of-

INT. COLE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Cole wakes up. Laptop slumped beside him on the bed, out of battery. He tries grinding the sleep from his eyes.

He's learned nothing.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - MORNING

Cole sits beside Melanie on the way to school.

COLE

So I think they go to have sex but it just makes me feel like they go to get away from me.

MELANIE

They are definitely having sex. But they probably have sex when you're at home too.

COLE

They don't. They just watch TV.

MELANIE

Hotels have TVs.

Cole had never thought of this.

COLE

I never thought of that.

MELANIE

Besides, I bet Bee has boys over at your place all the time. *Doing it.*

This makes Cole much more uncomfortable than the previous topic.

COLE

No way. Not a chance.

MELANIE

Dude, that's what babysitters do! They put the kids down, sneak their boyfriends in. *Doing it.* I mean seriously, have you ever been awake after she's fallen asleep.

Cole thinks about this. The answer is NOPE.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Did you hear that Jeremy told everyone that she threatened to cut his mom's throat and force feed him her spleen?

Cole is blank for a moment.

COLE
That's the best thing I've ever
heard.

MELANIE
I know, right!

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY

Cole eats a sandwich by the school gate. Across the street is the high school.

He glances up and sees Bee with a group of fellow students.

Even from across the street, Cole can see that her head is suspiciously resting on a **NERDY GUY'S SHOULDER**.

Cole tries to mask how much this upsets him.

DAD (V.O.)
Oh my Godddd.

INT. COLE'S HOME - DAY

Dad anxiously waits by the door as Mom parks and heads inside. Cole watches TV behind him.

DAD
We said we were gonna leave at
five, didn't we?

COLE
Please don't involve me.

DAD
It's almost five thirty. This is
the problem!

Mom walks in. Sees Dad's WTF face.

MOM
Uh oh.

DAD
Five thirty!

MOM
So?

DAD
We were supposed to leave at five!

MOM
Six.

DAD
Five!

MOM
If we were leaving at five, where's
Bee.

Bee is nowhere. Dad notices this. Sighs.

MOM (CONT'D)
Well this trip's off to a great
start.

The door bell rings.

INT. COLE'S HOME - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER.

Cole hurries to the door. Before he opens it, smooths out his
hair and-

Opens the door to reveal BEE.

BEE
WHAT UP, DAWG.

COLE
WHAT UP, GEE.

They do their E.T. Finger move and Bee comes in.

Mom and Dad bustle out, ready to leave.

MOM
Hiya, Bee.

BEE
Hi, Mrs. Johnson. Mr. Johnson.
Where you guys heading tonight?

DAD
It's a surprise!

MOM
The Hyatt.

DAD
Oh. Well, there will be more
surprises!

MOM
Probably not. You guys be good!

BEE
Oh, we will.

Mom kisses Cole's head goodbye. He hates it.

MOM
Bye, buddy.

COLE
Bye, Mom.

Dad holds out his hand for a manly handshake. Cole hates it.

DAD
Remember son, you're the man of the house. Protect her from all enemies.

COLE
Okay, Dad.

Mom and Dad walk out to the car. They get in. Bee and Cole wait by the door.

Mom and Dad drive off. Beeping a few times. Cole and Bee look at each other.

IT'S ON, BITCHES.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

DOUGH. PIZZA SAUCE. PEPPERS. ALL THE MEATS. ALL THE CHEESES.
COOKING.

BEE
So you're basically saying, intergalactic dream team.

COLE
Yeah, so like, there's an epic villain, right? And using time travel-

BEE
From Terminator or Star Trek?

COLE
Terminator's not intergalactic. Not yet, anyway.

(MORE)

COLE (CONT'D)

But it's science fiction so you can make your own rules up.

BEE

That makes sense.

COLE

So using time travel, you have to fill a starship full of the best people or aliens or robots to take down the villain.

Bee contemplates.

BEE

How many seats do I have?

COLE

Five.

BEE

Five!

COLE

Fine, six, if you need like, a duo. And you can't have like, Predator and the Xenomorph together, because they'd fight and the mission would be futile.

BEE

No, I get it. Hmm.

She counts out her squad.

BEE (CONT'D)

One, Kirk. Two, Picard. Three, Will Smith and Jeff Goldblum from *Independence Day*. Five, Ripley and six, are you ready for this shit? A xenomorph egg, so here's the plan. Kirk and Picard team up to captain-

COLE

Why do you need both?

BEE

Because a girl's got needs. They team up to get us to the big bad, because you know he'd have like, obstacles.

COLE

Probably.

BEE

Then when they get close, they send Goldblum and Will to get inside the lair. They have experience with that.

COLE

Fair.

BEE

Now this whole time Ripley's been bitching about the Xenomorph egg and shit, cuz that's her move. But she knows she's gotta do this because it's the only way to save the world.

COLE

The universe!

BEE

Yes! So Will and Goldblum get her inside. Ripley personally drops off the egg, the facehugger attacks the big bad. Ripley makes it back to Goldblum and Will, the big bad attacks, they *narrrrrrrowly* escape, Kirk and Picard supply cover as the scout craft returns home, they peace out of there, then the big bad starts feeling like shit and-

She shoves her hand through the inside of her shirt, chest-burster style.

BEE (CONT'D)

He's out!

COLE

Who said he was a he?

BEE

Shut up. A woman just saved the galaxy.

COLE

Are facehuggers female?

Bee contemplates this too.

BEE

I don't think so, right, cuz they got dicks?

COLE
So you're saying it took a dick to
save the galaxy.

Bee stares at him.

BEE
I wanna do over.

COLE
No do overs!

BEE
Aliens don't abide by our primitive
gender stereotypes!

COLE
What's done is done.

BEE
You suck. You suck and I hope you
die.

COLE
You couldn't live without me.

BEE
It would definitely effect my
income. So you're probably right.

The oven dings.

PIZZA TIME.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bee and Cole are watching an R-rated movie that he's probably not allowed to watch. Cole sits close to Bee, pretending he's not as scared as he is.

COLE
Do you think my parents are gonna
get a divorce.

BEE
I don't know man. I hope not.

COLE
Melanie's parents got divorced. Now
her mom lives with her boyfriend.

BEE

Gross. That's the cute chick next door right?

COLE

Mrs. Dryer is not cute. She's gross. Her boyfriend's like, twenty-

BEE

Not her! Melanie.

A brief pause.

COLE

I wouldn't say she's *cute*.

BEE

I would. I would say she is extremely super duper cute.

COLE

I know what you're trying to do, and it's not gonna work.

BEE

Whatever. You want your tongues to touch.

COLE

No I don't.

BEE

Yes you do.

COLE

Nope. No way.

BEE

You're in denial.

COLE

You're in... asshole.

Bee laughs.

BEE

That was great.

COLE

Thanks.

BEE

But you'll be okay if they break up. It happens. This is America.

(MORE)

BEE (CONT'D)

Shit stinks. You can't trust anyone you love to be there for you for the rest of your lives. Unless you die really young. In which case you got a better shot.

COLE

Do you ever think about how like, when I'm fifty, technology will probably have advanced and I could like, download my brain into a super robot and live forever?

BEE

I think about you at fifty becoming a super immortal robot literally all of the time.

Bee sees the time.

BEE (CONT'D)

Shit, dude, it's late.

COLE

I'm not tired.

BEE

I know you're not, but I am.

She looks at him.

BEE (CONT'D)

If I give you a shot, will you go to sleep.

COLE

A shot of what.

Bee tries to determine what he might want to drink.

BEE

Vvvvvvoooooginnnnnrrummmabbbbbss
siiiiinnthbbbaaileys! Baileys!

Cole can't help but agree.

BEE (CONT'D)

You my man. I'll be right back. You wanna clean up?

COLE

No.

BEE
Thanks, babe.

She skips away to the kitchen, leaving Cole. He smiles and walks over to close the blinds when-

He looks outside the window and sees-

Across the street-

A CAR PARKED.

But full of people. He can't make out much more than that.

He eyes them for a moment, the wheels in his head turning-

When Bee returns with a shot glass, yawning.

BEE (CONT'D)
Here you are, my good sir.

He takes it. She holds on.

BEE (CONT'D)
And remember, you don't say a word of this to your parents. Ever. Even when you're a fifty year old super immortal robot.

COLE
My dad lets me drink Mike's all the time.

BEE
I'm sure he does.

She smiles and skips back to the kitchen.

BEE (CONT'D)
One sec!

Cole has this one moment.

He stares at the Baileys...

And suddenly **DUMPS IT** in a nearby plant.

Bee returns with a shot glass. Bummed.

BEE (CONT'D)
You drank it without me!

Cole shrugs. Trying to be cool.

COLE

Sorry.

MELANIE (V.O.)

She's totally getting LAID.

INT. COLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cole is facetiming with Melanie.

COLE

I'm gonna find out.

MELANIE

You're such a little perv, watching people do it.

COLE

I am not a perv. I just wanna know what happens after I go to sleep.

MELANIE

Way to throw away the whiskey. They give that stuff to babies to knock them out.

COLE

I never said it was whiskey.

MELANIE

Then what was it?

COLE

...Stronger shit.

He hears Bee coming up the steps.

COLE (CONT'D)

I gotta go.

He closes the laptop unceremoniously as Bee knocks.

COLE (CONT'D)

Speak friend and enter!

BEE (O.S.)

(Ian McKellan voice)

MELONNN.

She pushes the door open and enters, checking out the room as if it were the Mines of Moria.

Cole laughs and Bee smiles. Sits on his desk. She's wearing short shorts, and Cole's eyes flicker to her legs.

This is not lost on her.

BEE (CONT'D)
Feeling bout ready for bed?

COLE
Yeah I'm-
(big yawn)
Really tired.

BEE
It's the Baileys, man. Like a gentler ambien.

COLE
What's an ambien.

BEE
Adult candy. You need anything?

Cole shakes his head and wraps himself up in blankets.

BEE (CONT'D)
Cool. Night, dude.

COLE
Bee?

BEE
Yup?

Cole, slightly worried the love of his life will soon know the touch of a different, obviously lesser man, chooses his words with care.

COLE
Thanks for... knowing me and...
treating me like I was okay.

She leans against the door frame.

BEE
You don't think you're okay?

Cole shrugs.

COLE
I feel weird most of the time.

BEE

Well, I like weird all of the time.
And I'm hot, so if I like it,
imagine how all the girls will like
you when you're a senior.

Cole can't help but blush.

COLE

See you in the morning.

BEE

Good night.

She winks at him and turns off the light.

When Cole hears her walk downstairs, he sits up.

IT'S ON.

FIVE MINUTES GO BY.

Cole is playing a game on his cellphone in the dark. Music off. He hears Bee moving stuff around downstairs and listens.

FIFTEEN MINUTES GO BY.

And he hears the soft steps of someone coming up the stairs.

He pockets his phone under the covers and pretends to be asleep as-

Bee checks on him. She says nothing.

She walks into the room and looks closer at him. He seems to be conked out.

Satisfied, she leaves.

Cole opens his eyes. That was definitely a little weird.

TWENTY MINUTES GO BY.

And Cole listens as Bee greets **HER FRIENDS** at the door.

Most confusing of all though is the fact that they're not whispering. They're talking in their normal voices.

Clearly not afraid they could wake Cole up.

He texts Melanie.

COLE
*They're here! There's a bunch of
 people!*

MELANIE
Omfg orgieeeee

Cole's not sure what that word means. He tosses the phone on the bed and creeps closer to the door to eavesdrop.

The voices are still muffled. There are definitely boys.

Cole creeps his door open just a touch. He can hear a little better.

Oddly, it sounds like everyone is walking on plastic.

MAN (O.S.)
*So the Spocker is the live long and
 prosper hands, doing the good work.*

Everyone downstairs laughs.

NERD (O.S.)
And they like that?

MAN (O.S.)
*The nasty one's do. Bee knows what
 I'm talking about.*

Cole hears a peck on the cheek. His eyes go wide.

BEE (O.S.)
*Don't pay attention to Max. And
 don't ever, ever do that to me.*

Everyone laughs.

NERD (O.S.)
(nervously)
*It was... I was never thinking of
 doing that to you.*

BEE (O.S.)
Or anyone.

NERD (O.S.)
Or anyone!

CHEERLEADER (O.S.)
I'm boorrrrrred let's draaaaank!

The group cheer and proceed to probably go do shots.

Cole closes the door and rushes back to his phone. He texts.

COLE
They're talking about Star Trek!

MELANIE
That's really disappointing!
You should go down there!
Film them!

Cole scrunches up his face.

COLE
Perv.

MELANIE
Lol.

Cole puts the phone in his pocket and goes back to the door.

He opens it a crack-

They are back in the living room.

So he sneaks out the door.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - CONTINUOUS

Cole gets down to his hands and knees and peers over the second floor balcony-

Where he sees THEM sitting in a circle in the living room.

There are SIX of them, including **BEE**.

MAX. The Man. Dreadlocks. Football. *Fast Five*.

ALLISON. Pixie. School paper. *Network*.

JOHN THE BAPTIST. Preacher kid. White boy. *Chariots of Fire*.

SONYA. Peppy. Cheerleader. *Beauty and the Beast* (not the Disney one, the French one, you know with oh nevermind).

And finally:

SAMUEL. The Nerd. Doesn't fit in. Especially with these guys. Which is weird, considering Cole's pretty sure this is the guy Bee had her head resting on earlier. *Upstream Color*.

The entire living room floor is covered in **PLASTIC WRAP**.

The group sit around, passing a bottle of liquor and laughing and generally being teenagers.

A bottle sits in the middle of them. And naturally-

That bottle is spinning.

It points at MAX (ooooooooooooh)-

ALLISON
Truth or dare.

MAX
Truth me.

ALLISON
Who would you want to sleep with
the most here.

MAX
Sonya.

The group laugh and cheer. Except for the nerdy kid, who just kinda sits there awkwardly.

JOHN THE BAPTIST
You didn't even have to think for
that!

This is all the most fascinating thing that Cole has ever seen.

The bottle gets spun again and-

Lands on BEE.

MAX
Truth or dare.

Bee stares straight at Samuel.

BEE
Dare.

MAX
Make out!

Bee smiles, leans forward but-

Poor Samuel stands up.

SAMUEL
I'm, I'm sorry, this is kinda weird-

Bee stands up too.

MAX
Stop being a pussy Sam.

SAMUEL
I'm not! I just, it's weird, with
all you guys staring-

BEE
Sam.

He looks at Bee, now standing in front of him.

BEE (CONT'D)
Just close your eyes. Pretend
they're not here.

SAMUEL
Closing my eyes doesn't mean
they're not here.

BEE
Do you trust me?

After a moment, he nods. She wraps her arms around his neck.

BEE (CONT'D)
Then don't stress. Just relax. This
is fun. This is not weird. Okay?

He reluctantly agrees.

SAMUEL
Okay.

BEE
C'mere.

She kisses him.

And Cole's heart breaks. He can't look away. Try as he might-
But wait.

As they kiss, Max and John hand something to Bee.

She takes it behind Samuel's head and Cole sees-

That she has **TWO KNIVES IN HER HANDS.**

Which she plunges into Samuel's poor skull.

WHAT

THE

FUCK

Cole slams back against the wall in terror.

He doesn't know what to do. His hands shake. His mouth hangs open. He doesn't understand-

BEE (CONT'D)
Shhh. Shhh. It's alright.

Cole forces his shaking body to peer down again-

Samuel's body is trembling. He keeps trying to breathe, but can't seem to exhale.

Only inhales.

He stares at Bee with understandably confused eyes.

His body goes slack, but Bee holds him up with the knives in his head.

BEE (CONT'D)
Shhh. Just let go.

SONYA
(sings)
Let it go-

BEE
Shut up, Sonya! Show some respect.

Bee looks back at the almost-dead Samuel.

She smiles.

BEE (CONT'D)
You are helping fulfil a great purpose. Know this.

Samuel stutters.

SAMUEL
...I don't wanna be a great porpoise-

And with that said, his eyes fade out.

And he dies, being held up by the knives sticking out of his head, held by the last girl he'll ever kiss.

Cole's brain is exploding a million times a second.

MAX
Did he say porpoise?

JOHN THE BAPTIST
I think he did.

MAX
(laughs)
That's so shitty.

BEE
He didn't even get to understand.

She says this kind of sadly.

Sonya and John have two urns. They hold them up by the knives.

Max wraps his arms around Samuel's chest.

BEE (CONT'D)
Ready?

SONYA
Ready ready.

With a gross squelch, Bee pulls the knives from his head.

His leg twitches as she does as-

Blood slowly leaks out on Sonya's side while-

A small geyser shoots John in the face.

JOHN THE BAPTIST
Gasdfgasdfg

MAX
Oh shit!

BEE
Don't laugh. John, relax.

John closes his eyes and mouth obediently, but still freaks out internally.

Bee pushes his hands up, so the urn starts collecting the blood instead of his face.

BEE (CONT'D)
There you go.

He exhales.

ALLISON
You look like Carrie.

JOHN THE BAPTIST
Allison, what are you even doing? I forgot you were here.

ALLISON
I'm documenting it.

JOHN THE BAPTIST
With what?

ALLISON
My brain. I'm obviously not going to write down a live account of how we sacrificed Samuel.

JOHN THE BAPTIST
Well clever you, get me a paper towel and wipe sacrificed Samuel out of my darn eye.

Allison gets up to get the paper towels-

BEE
Don't throw them out. Take them home, burn and then bury them.

ALLISON
Bury them where?

BEE
I don't care. It's tradition, so probably in the earth.

Allison stomps into the kitchen-

ALLISON
Great, so I'm just gonna carry bloody rags around.

MAX
No different than usual for you then.

SONYA
Oh snap.

The group laughs. Except Allison.
And except Cole, who is literally trembling.
And not part of their group.
YET.

BEE
Bring me the case.

The group suddenly become VERY EXCITED.

Like, *quiet* excited.

Sonya hurries out of sight, and returns with a **RED METAL SUITCASE**.

She hands it carefully to Bee, who undoes a combination and opens it-

A BROWN LEATHER JOURNAL sits protected inside.

Some of the group gasp.

Cole doesn't get it.

BEE (CONT'D)
Oh calm down.

But she barely means it as she gently picks the book up out of the case.

SONYA
Is that really it?

BEE
Yeah, it's really it.

John the Baptist peers over Bee's shoulder as she opens it up.

JOHN THE BAPTIST
What language is that?

BEE
The best language. Alrighty, babes.
Let's get started. Take his blood
into the kitchen, and we'll get
lil'man's next.

SHIT.

Time to go.

Cole looks up to his bedroom door.

Takes a few very deep breaths...

And starts to slowly crawl inside.

INT. COLE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cole very, very, very, very gently closes the door-

And dashes for his phone.

He ignores all the texts from Melanie and goes straight for-

911

He waits anxiously as it rings.

Through his window, we see a light come on at the house next door, and see Melanie eagerly trying to get his attention-

Wanting the scoop on all the sex she presumes is happening-

Until she sees how utterly terrified he is. And becomes utterly terrified herself.

911 (CONT'D)

911, what is your emergency?

He speaks very softly.

COLE

Hi, my name is Cole Johnson and a.a.a. guy was just murdered in my living room? He, uh, the address is 2455 Bigby Drive. Can, can you please send someone?

911

You're doing great, Cole. Can you speak a little louder?

Cole shakes his head.

911 (CONT'D)

Cole, are you shaking your head?

COLE

Y.yes.

911

That's okay. We're sending some help over right now. Can you answer some more questions for me?

He nods.

911 (CONT'D)

Okay, I can guess you're nodding so I'll continue. Was the victim a family member?

COLE

No he was a high school student boyfriend person.

911

And the attacker is still in the house?

COLE

Yes. They are downstairs and having a blast.

911

How many are there, Cole?

Cole tries to remember.

COLE

Too many. Can you get my mom? She's at the Hyatt in the city.

911

Of course Cole. Now listen to me. It's important that you stay hidden-

COLE

What if they come for me?

911

Then don't-

A DING goes off in Cole's twelve year old head.

COLE

I gotta protect myself. Thanks.

911

Nonono-

He hangs up the phone and takes a deep breath.

Scans the room.

Quietly as he can, he begins searching the room for something.

In drawers.

Under the bed.

He looks around his room...

And that's when-

Cole hears a bunch of FEET ON THE STAIRS.

He looks at Melanie, waving her away from the window.

He throws the curtains closed and-

And dives on top of the bed.

He roles over so he is facing the wall-

Pulls the blanket over him so his jeans and shoes aren't visible as-

Bee, Max, Sonya and Allison enter the room.

Again, they don't particularly talk quietly.

SONYA

Ohmagod, this room is ADORABLE.

BEE

He's so cute. You have no idea.

Max flips through some of Cole's books.

MAX

Oh man, Jules Verne! I read some of this shit!

ALLISON

(whispers)

Won't he hear us?

BEE

With the amount of drugs I gave him? Hailllll no.

And this might be the most heartbreaking moment of the evening so far for Cole.

He faces the wall, his big eyes darting around.

Bee sits on the bed. Cole does his best not to tense.

He closes his eyes lightly.

BEE (CONT'D)

He's been my biggest project. I've been watching him for two years.

MAX

Damn girl. That's some sadistic
shit.

BEE

It's not sadistic. It's an honor.

She turns back to the others.

BEE (CONT'D)

Do you have the needle?

COLE'S EYES GO WIDE THE FUCK OPEN.

SONYA

Yup!

She hands Bee a small box. Bee opens it and pulls out the
container.

And from that container-

Pulls out the **HOLY FUCKING SHIT IT'S A SYRINGE.**

Cole is doing his very, very, very best to not have a full
blown panic attack.

And to keep pretending to be asleep.

He tries not to tense up-

But-

It's-

Really-

Fucking-

Hard-

Bee pets his head with her free hand.

His eye closest to her is shut-

But the other is freaking the hell out-

It would leave his skull if it could.

And then BEE-

PLUNGES THE SYRINGE INTO HIS ARM-

Cole's teeth grit as hard as they can as he stops breathing-

Trying his best not to give himself away as-

Bee takes a vial of his blood and then-

She twists it off-

Replacing it with a **SECOND VIAL.**

Which quickly fills up.

AND **THEN A THIRD.**

And **A FOURTH.**

MAX

Ya know, there's a faster way to
get all that blood.

BEE

You know what happens when you kill
someone?

MAX

They die?

BEE

They STOP MAKING MORE BLOOD. So
this is basically a faucet for us.

SONYA

What about Samuel?

Bee sighs, the way you sigh when someone's being a fucking
idiot.

BEE

Sonya, you have a listening
problem.

Bee ties off the fourth and puts it carefully in the
container.

She then slowly leans down to his arm-

And kisses the pinprick wound.

She leaves her lips there for a long second.

Before whispering, as if he could hear her.

BEE (CONT'D)

Good boy.

As she stands to leave the room, she sees the curtain flapping lightly in the breeze.

She pauses, fixing her eyes on it.

Wondering... was that window open before?

And does it even matter?

She shrugs it off and heads for the door with the others.

And in bed, Cole waits.

He hears the door open.

And the door shut.

And the feet on the stairs.

And he waits until they are all downstairs.

And then slowly exhales.

He quietly crawls out of bed.

He pulls off the sheet.

Carries it to his desk by the window.

He does not notice Bee watching him.

She is crouched by the door, watching him with absolutely no expression.

Cole exhales, throws open the curtains.

No Melanie in the other window yet.

He kneels and ties one end of the sheets to the desk leg.

Bee watches.

Cole finishes the knot. Tries it a few times.

Bee watches.

He stands up and throws the sheet out the window.

He peers out to see how far down it goes.

Not far enough but... it can work.

He shakes out his hands, trying to psych himself up.

And that's when he starts to get a little light headed.
He blinks rapidly-
Reaches out for the desk-
Misses-
Falls to the floor-
Out cold.

BLACK.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - 14 MINUTES LATER

Cole wakes up.
The situation is... well... totally fucked.
He quickly discovers that he's tied to a chair. His hands in rope behind his back.
The gang of high-schoolers all watch him.
Including Bee.
But Cole's mostly focused on MAX.
Because Max is pacing back and forth, stretching his arms in front of him.
Shirtless.
So Cole asks the obvious.

COLE
Why is he shirtless?

JOHN THE BAPTIST
That's your first question?

SONYA
How can you even ask that? Look at him!

Max stretches out his arms so Cole can look at his chiseled body.

COLE
I still don't get it-

BEE
Give him a cookie.

Cole looks at Bee. Her eyes burn into him.

But he holds her gaze.

Sonya walks towards him with some cookies. She holds it in front of his mouth.

COLE
...No, thank you.

SONYA
Eat the cookie.

COLE
You eat the cookie.

Sonya replies by taking a big bite out of the cookie.

Chewing.

Swallowing.

She opens her mouth in front of his face so he can see that she really did swallow.

SONYA
Now eat it.

COLE
...I just... don't really like
cookies. Bee knows that.

Everyone looks at Bee.

She sighs. He's right. But.

BEE
You'll feel better if you eat the
cookie.

Cole doesn't respond.

BEE (CONT'D)
You fainted, Cole.

Some of the group laugh. Cole tries his best to not let on that the cool kids laughing at him hurts his feelings.

His best is not good enough.

COLE
No I didn't.

BEE
Yes, you did. I know this because after I took four vials of blood from you, I waited in the room because something felt... off. I crouched by the door, and a few seconds later, you got up, tied a sheet to the desk, threw the sheet out the window... And fainted. So. Your blood sugar is low, eat the cookie. Please.

She says all of this fairly monotonously.

But Cole can't help feel like-

COLE
Are you mad at me?

BEE
Cook. Key.

Cole reluctantly looks at Sonya.

And opens his mouth.

She lacklusterly shoves it in there.

And walks back to the others.

Max keeps pacing.

Cole keeps chewing.

He swallows.

COLE
I probably... can't ask for a drink, right?

BEE
Why are you awake, Cole.

His eyes go back to Bee.

COLE
I couldn't sleep.

BEE
Mhmm?

COLE

Mhmm.

Cole fidgets nervously in the chair.

His fingers reaching for his back pocket...

POCKET KNIFE, BITCHES!

BEE

I don't believe you.

COLE

Well... I don't believe this. So.

BEE

Touché.

COLE

Thanks.

BEE

Wanna try again?

HE OPENS THE KNIFE, BITCHES!

COLE

Okay, okay, fine. I was gonna go...
I was gonna go smoke in the woods.

BEE

You were gonna go smoke in the
woods.

COLE

Yeah. Like, ya know. *Marijuana.*

Bee raises an eyebrow.

BEE

You smoke pot?

COLE

Yeah. Of course.

The group silently stare at him.

COLE (CONT'D)

Okay, jeeze, it was gonna be my
first time smoking pot.

BEE

Why didn't you drink the Baileys?

HE STARTS CUTTING THEM ROPES, BITCHES!

COLE
Why is he shirtless?

BEE
Cole.

Again, it's almost painful for Cole to look her way.

COLE
Why'd you take my blood?

BEE
Why are you still lying to me?

COLE
Why am I tied up?

BEE
Why didn't you drink the Baileys?

COLE
I don't like Baileys I only drink it because I wanted you to think I was cool, so, I don't know, why do you give a twelve year old alcohol?

BEE
Because I put shit in that alcohol that should make them konk out for a solid eight hours, what else did you see?

COLE
I just see you! And these assholes, who I don't know, in my house!

Cole looks at them. At blood-stained John.

COLE (CONT'D)
Why is that dude covered in blood!

JOHN THE BAPTIST
BECAUSE NO ONE WOULD LET ME BORROW A SHIRT.

COLE
THAT'S NOT EVEN AN ANSWER!

ALLISON
Does he not realize there's a mirror behind him?

Cole freezes and realizes:

Everyone can see him trying to cut the ropes because of the decorative mirror on the living room wall behind him.

BEE

Well, he does now.

Cole doesn't know what to do...

So he gives them the finger.

And keeps cutting.

BEE (CONT'D)

Why are you cutting the ropes?

COLE

Because I don't like being tied up?

BEE

Why do you have a pocket knife?

COLE

It was a gift.

BEE

You know what I mean.

COLE

I don't know anything!

Bee looks at Max.

He smiles.

Steps towards Cole.

Cole starts cutting the rope faster.

SONYA

I love that he's still cutting the rope.

COLE

You're not... you're not gonna hit me.

MAX

No?

COLE

How do you explain that to a kid's parents, huh?

BEE

Dude, how do we explain any of this to your parents?

COLE

I won't say anything! You know me! I'm really good with secrets. I won't tell my parents that you were having an orgy and needed my blood to do it.

The whole group burst out laughing. Even Bee can't help but smile.

This really hurts Cole.

ALLISON

Do you even know what an orgy is?

COLE

I'm guessing it's something sad people do because they want other sad people to like them and they can forget for a few minutes how sad they are in general.

The group don't respond at first.

JOHN THE BAPTIST

That's... actually a solid answer.

They look to Bee.

BEE

It was for a science project, okay?

COLE

The orgy?

BEE

The blood. An orgy is when a bunch of people all have sex together. We probably wouldn't need your blood for that.

COLE

You coulda just asked.

Bee looks at him.

COLE (CONT'D)

I woulda let you have some blood for science.

Bee smiles. Kinda moved by this.

BEE

I knew you were scared of needles.

And that's when the familiar lights of a COP CAR illuminate through the curtains outside.

Everyone looks towards them.

Including Cole.

Who starts cutting way faster.

BEE (CONT'D)

Cole. Why is there a cop car outside?

COLE

I... I don't know-

BEE

Did you call them?

COLE

No! You said you were in the room!

BEE

Which makes me think you were awake before then. Which makes me think you saw something that scared you enough to call the cops. Right?

Cole stares at her.

And she is angry.

BEE (CONT'D)

Right! Answer me!

He flinches when she raises her voice at him.

Stares at her with his broken, twelve year old heart-

His watery eyes blink.

And he becomes a fucking **ANGRY** twelve year old.

He scrunches up his face and screams.

COLE

HELP! HELP! I'M TIED UP INSIDE!

The room freaks out as-

The cops begin banging on the door.

COLE (CONT'D)
THERE ARE FIVE HIGH SCHOOLERS AND
THEY ARE PROBABLY ARMED! THEIR
NAMES ARE BEE-

Max KICKS Cole in the chest-
His chair goes backwards and-

COLE (CONT'D)
OOF!

BREAKS.

Cole remains on the floor, out of the way as-

Two cops KICK OPEN THE DOOR-

Guns raised as-

JOHN THE BAPTIST THROWS A FIRE POKER AT A COP-

It strikes him dead in the face, throwing him back out the door-

His gun **FIRES**-

Hitting **ALLISON**.

LIVING COP
HOLY SHIT-

When Bee steps up from behind the cop and calmly-

Cuts his throat.

And he drops to the ground.

Dead.

OBVIOUSLY.

Cole watches in terror from the floor.

COLE
OH MY GOD! YOU KILLED THEM!

BEE
Your fault, bro.

COLE
WHAT?! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?!

Allison starts SOBBING.

ALLISON
He... he shot me... in the boob!

The group all sprint over to their friend.

Cole watches, slowly getting his hands free of the ropes as-

ALLISON (CONT'D)
They weren't even finished growing.

BEE
Aw hunny, they were totally
finished.

ALLISON
It really hurts! Ahh!

JOHN THE BAPTIST
Should we call an ambulance?

BEE
No.

ALLISON
NO?! MY BOOB!

BEE
Your boob was shot by a now dead
cop. Have fun explaining that.

They have, for the moment, forgotten about Cole.

So this is his moment.

They are huddled around Allison to his left.

The stairs to his right.

He eyes the front door beside them.

The crumpled bodies of the two cops blocking it.

So the stairs seem like the only option.

All their backs turned to him, as they argue how to best
extract a bullet from a breast.

So Cole **GOES FOR IT.**

SLOW MOTION, BITCHES!

As Cole launches himself from the ground-

For the stairs-

It takes the group a minute to realize as he-

Leaps over the dead cops-

Crashing onto the stairs.

The group freak out-

John's first off the mark-

Sprinting to catch up-

But Cole is already scrambling up the stairs.

He spots John coming after him.

Closing-

Knows he can't make it too far before he's caught-

Cole reaches the tops of the stairs-

Turns right and-

Stops-

Turns-

John's almost at the top of the steps when-

COLE SCREAMS-

CHARGES-

HANDS OUT-

HEAD DOWN-

AND **PUSHES** JOHN THE BAPTIST-

RIGHT THE FUCK OVER THE BANNISTER.

Everyone downstairs looks up.

Cole looks down.

John The Baptist flails in the air and-

SMACKS INTO THE WOODEN FLOOR.

He does not move again.

Everyone is still for a moment-

Until they look away from John-

And up to Cole.

He looks straight at Bee.

She looks straight at Cole.

And she is not happy.

BEE (CONT'D)

Get him.

Cole glares at her-

And sprints away.

He hears the others give chase-

But doesn't have time to stop.

INT. COLE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cole runs into his room-

Throws the door closed and locks it.

Kicks and pushes anything he can in front of it and-

Goes to the desk.

The sheet still out the window.

Cole grabs hold of the sheet and gets on top of the desk.

He takes a deep breath and-

Goes out the window.

EXT. COLE'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

He begins scaling down the house when he hears others break into his room.

He knows he's gotta go quick.

He starts moving faster as-

The sheet is **PULLED UP SUDDENLY.**

The surprise jerks Cole-

He slips and slides down the sheet-

COLE

AHHHH-

He grasps and-

GRABS THE BOTTOM OF THE SHEET.

His weight brings the sheet back down hard and-

There's a shout from upstairs as they lose hold.

He's about six feet from the ground.

GOOD ENOUGH.

He lets go and tumbles to the ground.

The woods in the backyard.

He starts heading for them when-

He hears the back door swing open-

FUCK THAT.

He turns and runs back towards the front.

To the garage.

He grabs the handle and-

IT'S OPEN.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Cole runs inside-

Smacks the garage door opener-

But instead of running outside he slides under his dad's car.

He's small, so he makes it under there before-

MAX explodes into the garage and-

Seeing the garage door almost fully opened-

Assumes Cole went that way and-

Runs out of the garage.

Cole remains motionless for a second before-

Quietly-

Slowly-

Crawling off the ground.

He gets to his feet and comes face to face with-

SAMUEL.

Dead eyes and blood stained head.

Cole almost screams but stops himself.

He stares at this poor, nerdy kid.

It kills him.

He tears himself away and-

Surveys the garage quickly.

What is here that he can use.

He looks in cabinets and boxes for anything.

A large can of **BUGSPRAY.**

Squeezes that into his back pocket.

A LIGHTER.

He flicks it a few times to see if it works.

Eventually, a flame!

Pockets it.

An old **BLANKET.**

Wraps it around his shoulders.

His Dad's **POWERDRILL.**

Wields it heroically.

And finally, he sees something that makes the twelve year old very, very excited because of how very, very wrong this is.

An **OLD FIREWORK.**

He digs it out of a box carefully.

Holds it like a precious Indiana Jones artefact.

COLE

Hell yeah.

In giant block letters, and with a chorus of angels singing the words, the words slam on the screen.

**HELL
YEAH**

SHIT SOMEONE'S COMING.

No time to celebrate finding a firework.

Cole's plan is hatched and-

He runs back outside the garage.

EXT. CRAWL SPACE - NIGHT

Cole slides down the back yard to the **CRAWL SPACE** where-

He quickly unscrews the first screw-

The second-

He hears someone coming-

The third-

Almost there-

The fourth-

He drops the screw!

No time to search in the dark-

He pulls the gate off and drags it and the old blanket-

INT. THE CRAWL SPACE - NIGHT

INSIDE with him.

He shines his iphone light carefully so he avoids the MOUSE TRAPS his mother set earlier.

He makes his way deeper inside while-

He hears someone outside the crawl space.

He reaches the back wall and quickly covers himself with the blanket...

And waits as-

SONYA peers inside.

SONYA

Are you shitting me with this tomb raider crap?

MAX (O.S.)

Dibs on the forest! Have fun, baby girl.

SONYA

I hope you get impaled. And disemboweled. I hope both.

Max laughs off screen, as Sonya begins crawling her way inside the crawl space.

SONYA (CONT'D)

You better not be in here, Cole. My manicure cost twenty bucks.

But Cole does not answer. Instead, he waits.

He watches through the thin blanket. Laying low to the ground when-

A dark shadow passes over the blanket and as he focuses on it he realizes...

It's a really, really big **SPIDER**.

He freezes. This complicates things as Sonya crawls closer and closer.

It crawls down over his blanketed face slowly.

S-l-o-w-l-y-

Cole doesn't breathe as Sonya gets closer.

And closer.

When she flashes her iPhone light towards him-

All she sees is a big-ass spider crawling over an old blanket.

She shivers.

SONYA (CONT'D)

This is such bullshit.

She begins to try and turn herself around and-

Trembling, Cole reaches back and-

Pulls out the **FIREWORK**.

He quietly pokes it out from underneath the blanket-

Aiming it directly at her.

The spider keeps crawling down the blanket-

And then onto the firework.

Cole regards this with twelve year old fascination.

As he pulls out the lighter.

Takes a deep breath and-

Flick. Flick. Flick.

SPARK.

Sonya hears it.

Turns her head back and sees the tiny flame of the lighter.

Grins.

SONYA (CONT'D)

There you are!

And the firework lights.

She doesn't realize what she's looking at until-

IT FIRES.

SHOOTING STRAIGHT AT HER!

She shrieks as it BLASTS past her.

She goes down on her stomach, screaming as it ricochets with a loud BOOM in the small crawl space.

Cole seizes her distraction to crawl as fast as he can out of the crawl space.

As he passes Sonya-

She sees him-

Reaches out to grab his ankle when-

SNAP!

SONYA (CONT'D)

AIII!

Sonya lifts her hand, which has been caught in the mouse trap!

Freaked out, she scrambles in pain and-

SNAP!

She screams again as her other hand hits another mouse trap.

SONYA (CONT'D)

I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, YOU LITTLE
SHIT!

The firework comes to a stop as-

EXT. CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Cole quickly begins screwing the screws back on the fence.

One screw-

She's crawling towards him quickly-

Two screws-

SONYA

We're going to hang you upside down
and watch your blood leak out of
your eye sockets!

Three screws!

Cole searches the ground for the fourth as Sonya is almost there-

HE FINDS IT!

Screws it in as-

BANG!

She begins hitting the fence! Pushing it! Breaking it!

He screws it all the way in and-

SONYA (CONT'D)
And then we're gonna-

COLE
Shut up.

He holds out the giant can of bug spray right at her face and-

SPRAYS!

She screams and tries to get out of the blast-

Coughing harder and harder-

We hear more

SNAP! SNAP!

Of mouse traps and her subsequent gasps as-

She can't breathe-

Cole screams as he unloads the entire can into the crawl space until-

Sonya is quiet. And there is no movement inside.

Triumphantly, Cole sits back, gathering his breath.

He almost smiles.

He stands up, only to reveal-

MAX.

Standing a few yards behind him.

Cole slowly turns around and looks at the Quarterback.

MAX

Did you just lock Sonya under there
and spray an entire can of bug
poison in her face?

COLE

...No.

MAX

I mean. I'm not even mad. That's
just so messed up. What was the
loud banging sound?

COLE

...a firework.

Max bursts out laughing.

MAX

Oh shit! Oh shit! That's horrible!

And then he pulls the knife out of the back of his pants.

(BTW, still shirtless.)

MAX (CONT'D)

So, you want like, a head start?

Cole's shoulders slump.

COLE

C'mon man, you're the quarterback.

MAX

Life's not fair, dude.

COLE

You guys suck!

MAX

You just Auschwitzed our friend!

COLE

What does that mean!

MAX

Like, the gas chambers, from World
War 2? Haven't they taught you that
shit ye-

Cole **CHUCKS THE BUG SPRAY** at Max's face-

Clocking him dead in the forehead.

MAX (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch!

And by the time he's done rubbing his head-

Cole has already started sprinting towards the trees.

Max grins and gives chase as if his college football career depended on it.

It takes him barely three seconds to catch up to the twelve year old.

Cole knows he won't make it-

He sees the trees coming-

Hears Max right behind him-

And when Max stretches out his free hand to grab Cole-

Cole **DROPS** like a bag of rocks.

Wrapping his head in his arms and hitting the ground so-

Max **TRIPS** over his body hard-

FLYING FORWARD-

Sending Cole tumbling as Max-

HITS A TREE TRUNK FACE FIRST.

Cole stumbles to his feet and watches Max slide grossly down the tree with his face-

Until he finally rolls over-

Revealing all the ways Max will never be photogenic ever again.

Max groans lightly, missing teeth and swollen eyes and a smashed nose as-

Cole quietly picks up the knife.

He stands over the quarterback, victorious.

COLE
Of course I know what Auschwitz
was! I'm not retarded, you pussy!
Your joke was in poor taste!

He angrily **KICKS** Max in the dick. Max groans.

Cole waits a moment and then just because tonight is such horseshit-

Kicks him in the dick again.

And that's when a **BULLET** rips out bark from the tree beside Cole.

Cole drops to the ground.

COLE (CONT'D)
OH SHIT!

He looks towards the house but-

Can't see anyone.

He whines to himself.

COLE (CONT'D)
Why are there gunssss-

VOICE (O.S.)
COLE!

Cole looks up and sees-

MELANIE!

At her back door, waving him over.

Cole waits for a moment-

Looking at his house-

Before he starts crawling soldier-style to her when-

ANOTHER SHOT RINGS OUT.

COLE
GAH!

He gets to his feet and full on runs to Melanie-

Diving through the door-

Landing ON TOP OF HER.

He kicks the door closed with his foot.

Melanie looks up at him.

Cole looks down at her.

Embarrassment ensues.

He roles off and catches his breath.

(I'm so sorry for that line).

Everything they say is a **WHISPER**.

MELANIE
WHAT IS GOING ON.

COLE
I got the white boy, the shirtless
guy and the asian girl. I don't
know their names. The glasses girl
got shot in the boob. So I think
it's just Bee-

MELANIE
WHAT?! IS?! GOING?! ON?!

He looks at her. Realizes she didn't see what he saw.

COLE
High school kids are bad. Murdered
the geek. Took my blood. Tied me
up. Killed the cops-

He remembers.

COLE (CONT'D)
The cops!

He gets to his knees and runs to their front window.

All he sees is Melanie's Dumb Dad's Dumb SUV in their
driveway.

But he can see enough to tell that the cop car is NO LONGER
in his driveway.

COLE (CONT'D)
What the hell?

MELANIE
Cole!

Cole turns and sees Melanie behind him. Shaking.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
You're really freaking me out.

COLE
I'm... I'm sorry.

MELANIE

Bee is bad?

Cole thinks on this.

COLE

Yeah. Bee is bad.

MELANIE

And... we... we can't call the
cops?

COLE

I did that. And now they're dead.

MELANIE

Shit.

(then)

Should I get my dad?

Cole sighs.

COLE

Melanie, no offense, but your dad
is kind of a prick.

Melanie can't help but agree.

MELANIE

That's true. I just... what do we
do?

COLE

Pray?

MELANIE

Okay.

COLE

I was kidding.

MELANIE

Oh.

COLE

But it's probably a great idea-

When Cole sees a **SHADOW** come over the window.

Cole grabs Melanie and pushes her down to the ground.

MELANIE

We keep getting on the floor
together-

COLE

SHH!

Cole waits.

Nothing.

Until-

The front door knob turns.

Locked.

MELANIE

OH MY GOD.

COLE

Come on!

Cole grabs her hand-

IT'S A MOMENT!

And leads her back to the kitchen where they-

Hide behind the island.

MELANIE

Do you think she can get in here?

COLE

Not if it's locked-

The door creaks open behind them.

They look at each other.

MELANIE

(silent, subtitled)
We shoulda prayed.

Cole nods.

They wait.

They hear very soft footsteps.

One after the other.

Coming deeper into Melanie's home.

They wait.

Pressed against the island.

Melanie looks to Cole for guidance.

AND HE STEPS UP TO THE TASK.

As the steps come closer on their left-

Cole leads Melanie silently around the island-

Timed so when the intruder rounds the island, they are on the side.

Cole slowly, slowly, slowly peaks and-

He can't tell who it is-

Because they're *walking towards them OH SHIT-*

Cole scrambles as quietly as he can, pushing Melanie the other direction.

She crawls and he waits there, ready to spring and fight or do something really stupid when-

The legs beside him stop-

Cole holds his breath-

For what seems like forever.

Until the figure turns-

And goes back the way it came.

Cole quickly grabs Melanie and-

They round the island until they are back where they started as-

The figure walks down a hallway to investigate the rooms down there.

COLE

Well. We're back.

Melanie nods.

MELANIE

Now what?

Cole looks out the back door.

COLE

I shouldn't have gotten you into this.

MELANIE

You were being shot at!

COLE

Especially because I was being shot at. You're my best friend, and I'm sorry. I'm gonna take care of this.

He moves to go out the back door, but Melanie holds him back.

MELANIE

Are you crazy?!

Cole looks at her simply.

COLE

I've had a really bad night.

Suddenly, Melanie grabs his neck and **KISSES HIM** on the lips.

REALLY GODDAMN HARD.

Cole keeps his eyes open the whole time.

When the kiss ends, Cole tells her the truth.

COLE (CONT'D)

The last boy I saw get kissed got stabbed in the head. By two knives.

MELANIE

Just because she's a psychopath doesn't mean women are evil.

COLE

I know that.

He turns to the door.

COLE (CONT'D)

It just means high school is gonna suck ass.

He quietly opens it when-

He notices **THE SUV KEYS** sitting on the counter.

He looks back at Melanie and **POCKETS THEM.**

She nods, approving.

COLE (CONT'D)

Make sure she can't see you when she comes back.

Melanie nods.

And then Cole kinda blushes.

COLE (CONT'D)
I'm really excited we kissed.

Melanie beams.

MELANIE
Let's make out next time.

This might be the scariest part of Cole's night.

He awkwardly nods and runs out the door.

EXT. MELANIE'S HOUSE / COLE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As he runs as fast as he can, he bangs on the side of Melanie's house.

COLE
AHHHHHHH COME GET ME DICKHEADS
AHHHHHHHH!

He gets back to the garage and-

EXT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Enters the side door. Notices that Samuel is GONE.

Cole is disgusted.

COLE
Sick sons of bitches.

And heads slowly into the house-

INT. COLE'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

The lights are all off as Cole enters the kitchen where-
On the table-

A very bizarre **STONE SCULPTURE** sits.

The size of a desktop computer.

It has TUNNELS looping every which way inside.

It doesn't look Mayan or Egyptian or Satanic.

It just looks WEIRD.

Cole gets a closer look and sees that-

There are entry points in it.

Covered by strange **SYMBOLS**.

He touches them softly with his finger to confirm his suspicions:

BLOOD.

COLE

Ewww.

He wipes it off on his jeans and notices-

THAT LEATHER JOURNAL.

Up close. Old as hell.

He turns the pages and-

Those same damn symbols again.

No English.

Illustrations of the SCULPTURE.

A manual.

But what it does is anyone's guess.

Not giving a shit that it's crazy old, he rolls it up and shoves it in the back of his pants-

A HAND GRABS COLE'S LEG FROM UNDER THE TABLE!

It pulls Cole down and he goes crashing to the floor where-

ALLISON AWAITS.

She looks as terrible as you think a girl that got shot in the boob would look.

ALLISON

C'mere you little shit-

COLE

AHHHH!

She crawls on top of him, hitting him with both hands-

He covers his face from the blows-

ALLISON
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT YOU'VE
DONE!?

Cole looks up at her through his guard-

Sees her blood stained top and-

Begins **PUNCHING HER BOOB OVER AND OVER.**

She shrieks in agony and falls backwards as Cole scrambles away.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?! You're so
gross, you pervert!

COLE
What?! Screw you! You can't make me
feel bad that I defended myself!

Allison holds her boob and starts to cry.

ALLISON
I feel so abused. You molested me!

COLE
...WHAT?! YOU WERE TRYING TO KILL
ME!

ALLISON
I WASN'T TRYING TO KILL YOU BY
TOUCHING YOUR DICK!

COLE
THIS IS THE WORST NIGHT OF MY LIFE.

ALLISON
BUT I AM GOING TO KILL YOU.

She starts pushing away the chairs she was hiding under-

Giving Cole just enough time to dive into the kitchen cabinets.

He throws porcelain wedding gift plates at her-

Crystal wedding gift wine glasses-

Everything.

But she really doesn't give a shit anymore.

He dives into the kitchen drawers and pulls out-

Not a knife but-

A long candle lighter.

He flicks it on and the flame is disappointingly small.

Allison rises to her feet-

Clutching the shard of a plate and-

Begins walking towards him.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

You think fire scares me? My breast
is ruined. My life is basically
over.

COLE

That's a really shallow way of
looking at the world!

She stops.

ALLISON

What?

COLE

I mean, you're still super hot! And
like, what are you majoring in when
you get to college?

ALLISON

...Journalism.

COLE

And smart! So it's like, you're
hot, you're smart, *obviously* you're
driven, I don't know, I could be
wrong, but I think you won't have a
hard time having a cool life.

ALLISON

Wow, you really think so?

COLE

Totally! I-

ALLISON

I DON'T CARE ABOUT WHAT YOU'RE
SAYING, YOU IDIOT.

She rushes towards him with the shard and-

Cole closes his eyes and-

BAM.

Allison SLAMS into the kitchen cabinets violently as-

SHE'S BEEN SHOT IN THE HEAD.

Her body slumps to the floor, as Cole slowly looks up-
Staring at BEE.

Bee tosses the gun on the table and sighs.

BEE

She was so annoying. She never ever
did anything to help. She probably
has a secret tumblr all about it.
You know what it is? She was the
kinda girl that still listens to
Smashing Pumpkins.

She smirks at Cole.

BEE (CONT'D)

So tonight, huh.

Cole leans his head back against the cabinets.

COLE

I want to throw up.

BEE

You and me both. Now I have to move
and shit. Do the whole "new girl at
high school" for the hundredth
time. You've really done a number
on us.

COLE

Well. You shot her.

BEE

Her boob was ruined. She wanted to
die. Sonya?

COLE

Crawlspace.

BEE

Max?

COLE

Woods. Samuel's body?

BEE
Ditched it with the cop car.

COLE
When?!

BEE
It's like, 5am bro. We've been
doing this dance of ours for about
six hours.

Cole can't believe this. He looks at the clock and what she says is somehow true.

COLE
Holy crap. I thought it was all
continuous and in real time.

BEE
That's just the adrenaline.

An awkward pause.

COLE
So...

BEE
Yeah. So. This is the part I'm not
really excited about.

COLE
Are you gonna shoot me?

BEE
No! I was only shooting around you
because I was hoping you'd just put
your hands up and shit.

She sighs.

BEE (CONT'D)
Plus I'm out of bullets.

COLE
Hooray.

BEE
But, I mean, two cops are dead.

She nods to Allison.

BEE (CONT'D)

Couple high schoolers. I gotta skip town. And that leaves you, and what to do with you. Any suggestions?

Cole is silent.

Then-

COLE

What is that thing anyway?

Bee looks at the weird stone sculpture-

And *instantly* notices-

BEE

Where is the-

She turns back to Cole-

To find him holding the book.

So old.

So weathered.

So dry.

And in his other hand, he still holds the **CANDLE LIGHTER**.

Its flame ready and hungry.

Bee loses her breath.

BEE (CONT'D)

Cole, listen to me.

COLE

No.

BEE

Cole, *listen to me-*

COLE

NO, BEE! YOU LISTEN TO ME!

She looks at him, hands raised, surprised at his outburst.

COLE (CONT'D)

I have been hunted for I guess six hours now! You've stolen my blood, killed people, shot at me and just been general assholes all night!

(MORE)

COLE (CONT'D)

So I wanna know what the hell is going on!

BEE

Cole. Seriously. You're too young to understand. Trust me.

Cole stares at her blankly for a moment.

Before saying:

COLE

FUCK YOU!

BEE

Cole!

COLE

No! You deserved that! What, just because I'm twelve means I get to be treated like shit by you, and Jeremy and everyone else? You know what you are? You're... you're Don Draper! How he's all cool and handsome and everyone loves him and then he goes home and you find out he has a wife the whole time! He's such a piece of shit! How do people even like that show?!

BEE

Dude, I am so confused-

COLE

It's from MAD MEN!

BEE

...Did you just spoil MAD MEN for me?!

COLE

It's the first episode! You'll live!

BEE

That's so douchey!

COLE

Really!?!

Bee exhales.

BEE

I guess, fine, in the grand scheme of things tonight, it's not the douchiest.

COLE

What happens when you leave here?

BEE

What do you mean?

She takes a step forward-

And he swings the fire closer to the journal.

She backs up obediently.

BEE (CONT'D)

Okay! Okay!

COLE

I'm not the first kid, am I.

Bee watches him.

And is honest.

BEE

No.

COLE

And you'll leave here and just... find another faucet.

BEE

You heard that?

COLE

I HEARD EVERYTHING THIS IS MY HOUSE!!

BEE

Okay! Okay! Yes! Probably! But I can teach you!

She stretches her hands out to him.

BEE (CONT'D)

You're the best, man, and I've been... I've been bad, to you. But what I do, and what I believe, it's powerful shit. It's *holy*. I used to feel so scared and so small until this-

She points to the sculpture.

BEE (CONT'D)

And now I'm strong and I'm confident. And when I leave town, what if, okay, what if *you came with me*. As my apprentice. And I'll teach you *everything* I know. I'll teach you how to read that. I'll be Lady Exposition and you'll become *so strong*. Okay? Yeah? No one could ever hurt you again. There would be *nothing left to be afraid of*. Isn't that what you want? Plus, dude, we'd have *fun*. And all for a great cause!

COLE

So... you have a mission.

BEE

What? Yeah, kinda.

He thinks about it.

BEE (CONT'D)

What do you say, dude.

COLE

I guess...

He looks at her.

COLE (CONT'D)

I guess I have a mission too.

And he **SETS THE BOOK ON FIRE**.

It goes up like a match.

BEE

NOOOO!

Cole tosses it into the living room-

Bee runs for it and-

Cole runs out the back door.

EXT. COLE'S HOME - NIGHT

SLOW MOTION AGAIN, BITCHES!

Strong, powerful and brave as fuck-
Cole Johnson runs around his house-
Towards the front yard-
And when he gets there-
He doesn't go back into his house.
He pulls out the keys to Melanie's Dumb Dad's Dumb SUV.

AND UNLOCKS THAT SHIT.

Gets inside.

And slams that fucker closed.

INT. MELANIE'S DUMB DAD'S DUMB SUV - NIGHT

With the head lights off, Cole slowly reverses out of the drive way-

Straight back up the street.

He does his best to angle the front of the car so it's directly facing his house.

He sees Bee inside.

Putting out the blazing book desperately.

Cole closes his eyes-

Takes a deep breath-

And does his best to not let on how fucking terrified he is.

HIS BEST IS MORE THAN GOOD ENOUGH.

He opens his eyes: **CLEAR EYES.**

He exhales: **FULL HEARTS.**

He grips the wheel: **CAN'T LOSE.**

He **SLAMS** his foot on the gas.

SCREAMS as the car surges towards the house as-

Bee looks up.

Sees the car flying towards her.

Sighs.

The car **SMASHES** through the front of the house in a storm of glass and rubble.

The airbag HITS Cole full on as-

Bee goes flying as the SUV tears through the room-

Before coming to a stop.

Debris falls from the ceiling as-

Cole coughs. His whole body hurts.

He pushes the airbag away and tries to look out the window-

It's hard to see anything.

Gingerly, he opens the door and falls out of the SUV.

INT. THE RUINED ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cole stumbles with unsure footing through the rubble, looking for Bee, until-

BEE (O.S.)
What up, Cee.

Cole looks down and sees Bee, covered in rubble.

He hesitantly walks over to her as she weakly pushes shit off of her.

She looks like, well, like she got hit by a car.

COLE
What up, Bee.

BEE
You drove a car into your house. I really didn't see that coming.

She coughs disgustingly. Lays back flat.

BEE (CONT'D)
I think you broke my ribs.

COLE
I'm sorry.

BEE
It's okay. It happens.

She looks at him.

BEE (CONT'D)
You never told me your
intergalactic dream team.

COLE
You didn't ask.

BEE
I should have. I'm usually pretty
good about that stuff.

Cole leans exhausted against the wall.

COLE
Admiral Adama to lead it. Data for
his intelligence and cool head.
Predator to fight.
(quieter)
Then me and you.

Bee smiles.

BEE
You didn't say we could add
ourselves.

COLE
It's science fiction. You can do
anything.

BEE
I guess that's true. But don't you
get it yet?

He looks down at her.

BEE (CONT'D)
You bring me on your trip because
I'm beautiful, and I listen to you,
and I make you think you're a
unique snowflake and an adult and
we get to the big bad's lair, and
suddenly you're confused because no
one's there. "Where is he?" you ask
me, turning around to see me
smiling at you. *Here I am Cole.* The
big bad that you brought along for
the ride and that your parents paid
to be your friend.

Cole processes this.

COLE
I loved you.

For a split second, it seems to affect Bee. But then it vanishes.

BEE
I don't care.

COLE
Yeah, I think you do.

Sirens can be heard coming in the distance.

COLE (CONT'D)
I don't care about your dumb book or your creepy statue or your dead languages. I am an adult. Because when I realized you were the big bad and betrayed me and were just going to hurt other nice kids like Samuel and Melanie, I drove a stolen SUV through you.

Bee laughs. Coughs again hard.

BEE
That... that I'll give you.
(then)
See ya, Cee.

Cole looks at her sadly.

COLE
Goodbye.

And does not reply as he has millions of times before.

The cops pull up to the house and Cole slowly walks outside.

EXT. COLE'S HOME - NIGHT

It's a strange sight, an SUV smashed through the front of a suburban home, cops and ambulances rushing to the scene-

And a twelve year old boy who's survived a war walking calmly outside to greet them.

LATER.

Cole is sitting on the front yard, facing the destroyed house, an insulation blanket wrapped around his shoulders.

Melanie's Dad is losing his unholy shit in the background to the cops.

Melanie stares at Cole's house like it's the most amazing painting she's ever seen.

One by one, stretchers carry out the high-schoolers. Max. And Allison. And Sonya. And John the Baptist.

A fireman approaches him.

FIREMAN

You said there was another young woman in the house too?

Cole nods.

FIREMAN (CONT'D)

We didn't find anyone, kid-

COLE

My name is Cole.

FIREMAN

Cole. Sorry. Are you sure there was someone else in there?

Cole stares straight ahead at the place.

COLE

There was when I drove into it.

The fireman doesn't really know how to react to that as-

A car comes flying down the street-

COLE'S PARENTS.

They park and rush out of the car, astonished at their house, desperate to find Cole.

MOM

COLE! COLE!

Dad goes straight to the cops, who point to his son, sitting alone in the front yard.

Mom and Dad approach Cole quickly. Mom grabs Dad's hand, united in this moment.

MOM (CONT'D)

Coley?

DAD

Son?

Cole turns around, like it's no big deal.

COLE

I don't need a sitter anymore.

And with that said, he turns back and faces the house he destroyed and the night he defeated.

And he fucking smiles.

THE END.

And now, the opening scene from **THE BABYSITTER 2**.

INT. THE CLOSET - NIGHT

It is totally dark.

And totally quiet.

Totally, that is, except for the soft breathing.

As your eyes get used to the darkness, you realize you are not alone here.

A little girl, **TAMMY** (10), is hiding here.

She does her best not to make a peep.

She peeks through the closet doors and-

Sees **THE SHAPE OF SOMEONE** searching the room.

Wielding a flashlight.

Tammy holds her breath.

As the person with the flashlight leaves the room.

She exhales just a little-

AND THE PERSON CHARGES BACK INTO THE ROOM-

FLASHLIGHT IN OUR EYES-

THE CLOSET IS PULLED OPEN AS-

TAMMY SCREAMS AND-

INT. THE KITCHEN - MORNING

A teapot whistles as-

MR. AND MRS. MORGAN return home from their night away.

MR. MORGAN

Tammy-baby! We're-

MRS. MORGAN

(screaming)

OH MY GOD!!

She runs into the kitchen where-

Tammy is unconscious on a kitchen chair-

Tied up with a LOT of rope.

VOICE (O.S.)

Uh-uh-uh.

Mrs. Morgan and her husband freeze and-

Slowly turn to see someone pouring themselves some tea.

VOICE (CONT'D)

I'd get you some tea, but I'm
actually pretty pissed off with you
both. So...

She turns around and faces them, revealing, of course:

BEE

No tea for you.

FIVE MINUTES LATER.

Bee sits beside the still sleeping Tammy, while Mr. and Ms. Morgan watch in terror.

Bee slowly drinks her tea.

Puts it back on her plate.

BEE

Naw, I'm just fucking with you, I
don't drink tea.

They continue staring at her in terror.

BEE (CONT'D)

I just liked the idea of you guys
walking home, a kettle going off,
your little Regan MacNeil tied to a
chair, and me drinking tea calmly.

MR. MORGAN

...Like... Ronald Regan?

Bee nonchalantly **THROWS THE TEA CUP ACROSS THE ROOM.**

Where it shatters.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan jump in their seats.

BEE

But I am not calm, David and
Mallory, am I.

They shake their heads as if they were five years old.

BEE (CONT'D)
 I'm pretty far from calm. I am
 light years away from calm. Because
 I am *so sick of this shit*.

She points at them.

BEE (CONT'D)
 You had one job. We agreed to this.
 In fact, what did I say when I
 sought you out?

MR. MORGAN
 (whisper)
 Nothing.

BEE
 Excuse me, David?

MR. MORGAN
 You said nothing.

BEE
 Why did I say nothing.

MR. MORGAN
 Be...because we sought you out and
 asked you to help.

Bee sits back in her chair, satisfied.

BEE
 Ding ding ding! So you can imagine
 how super annoying it is when, the
 kid and I are hanging out, the kid
 goes to bed, I go to do my thing
 and-

She slams forward-

BEE (CONT'D)
 You didn't tell her to take the
 pills I gave you.

MRS. MORGAN
 We did tell her!

BEE
 Well then you're a terrible parent,
 because now here you are, here I
 am, angry, and here is your
 daughter.

(MORE)

BEE (CONT'D)

Should I wake her up and be like,
mommy and daddy signed you up for
this so they could have happier
lives?

MR. MORGAN

No!

MRS. MORGAN

Please!

Bee turns Tammy's head so she's facing her parents.

BEE

*Mommy, why don't you love me enough
to not be completely happy just in
mothering me? Why did you need to
call this attractive, smart,
dangerous girl and beg her to help
you in ways I never could, because
I am a real Regan MacNeil?*

Mrs. Morgan answers by staring at her lap and crying.

Bee sighs.

BEE (CONT'D)

You'll tell her it was a nightmare.
You'll tell her that she woke up
screaming and, me being the
concerned lady I am, called you and
you rushed home. You'll have her
write me a cute apology card, and
I'll write her a cute one back.
I'll put twenty bucks in it for a
movie and popcorn, and you'll take
her to something PG-13 so it's
extra special. When she asks why I
don't babysit her anymore, you'll
say I have a boyfriend and am too
busy getting laid to babysit. That
last part can be open to your own
creative license. The rest cannot.

Bee stands up.

The Morgans stand up.

Except for Tammy, because she is tied up and asleep and a
real Regan MacNeil.

BEE (CONT'D)

I think you'll agree that our deal
is off. No harm no foul, and be
thankful for that.

They nod, like rebuked five year olds.

BEE (CONT'D)

Groovy. You can paypal me the money
you owe me for babysitting your
asswipe of a kid.

Bee walks up to them. They flinch.

BEE (CONT'D)

She actually threw Beverly Cleary
books at me. What the shit, guys.

Bee stares Mr. and Mrs. Morgan down hard.

It's terrifying.

And then she smiles like everything is super!

BEE (CONT'D)

Ciao!

And she walks chipper out of the house.

When she closes the door, Mrs. Morgan breaks out into a sob.

Mr. Morgan looks to the heavens in thanks.

And Tammy Morgan stirs awake, realizing she's tied up.

TAMMY

Dad?

MR. MORGAN

YOU'RE HAVING A NIGHTMARE! CLOSE
YOUR EYES!

TAMMY

AHHH!

Tammy scrunches her eyes closed, praying for the nightmare to
end.

IT NEVER WILL.