

THE YOUNG HOLLYWOOD PARTY MASSACRE

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FADE IN

EXT. SILVER LAKE NEIGHBORHOOD - LOS ANGELES - DAWN

An eerie glow halos a stretch of pricey hillside homes. A morning MIST blankets the area.

Objects take on DEMONIC SHAPES. Trees, shrubs, houses and cars turn to monstrous, snarling beasts.

The fog then DISSIPATES. And the same objects appear as they normally do. Inanimate, peaceful. Safe.

A coyote HOWLS.

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

A stuffed toy LAMB rests atop the PREGNANT BELLY of BOBBI DOWNS (27), a wholesome Midwestern blonde with intelligent eyes.

The lamb, a wind-up toy, plays Brahms' *Lullaby* while swaying its head to and fro (which is meant to be soothing but is actually pretty fucking creepy).

Her husband, COLIN DOWNS (27), tall, athlete-handsome, wakes, rolls over and gives her a kiss.

COLIN

Morning, love. How's our boy doing?

BOBBI

He kicked up a storm last night.

She takes his hand and places it just beneath her ribs.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

Feel that?

He nods, fascinated.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

I couldn't sleep so I made the mistake of looking online. Found something called "prenatal seizures" ...

A wary look from Colin.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

(then)

Oh, I'm cleaning out the closet in the nursery. I really need you to go through those boxes.

COLIN

I'll do it tonight.

BOBBI

You said that last week.

COLIN

I'll get to it, Sarg!

He tickles her.

BOBBI

You're bad news, buster.

They kiss, passionate.

EXT. COLIN'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Colin steps outside for his morning workout. He takes a quick stretch and jogs off down the street, disappears into the mist.

EXT. SILVER LAKE NEIGHBORHOOD - EARLY MORNING

Colin jogs around Silver Lake Reservoir. The MIST makes it difficult to see that far ahead.

SOME DISTANCE AWAY -- a MOTHER jogs with her BABY STROLLER in Colin's direction.

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - SAME

Bobbi sits at a desk and stares into the middle distance. Her framed NYU LAW SCHOOL DIPLOMA hangs on the wall. It's crooked. She leaves it like that.

Pulls open a desk drawer: a pack of cigarettes beckon.

EXT. SILVER LAKE RESERVOIR - SAME

Colin jogs toward the Mother and her stroller.

FURTHER UP THE STREET -- a RED ACURA speeds around the corner and floors it, late for the office.

At the same time, an ELDERLY MAN crosses the street with his PIT BULL.

As the Acura approaches, the PIT BULL spots some geese feeding beside the reservoir and CHARGES. The leash SLIPS from the Elderly Man's grip --

The PIT BULL cuts between Mom and her stroller AND --

Mom TRIPS on the pit bull's leash AS --

The stroller SLIPS from her grasp and ROLLS INTO THE STREET!

The Acura's brakes PEEL.

Mom SCREAMS.

Breakneck pace, Colin darts for the stroller AND --

In a one-handed cradle, HE SCOOPS THE BABY FROM THE STROLLER a second before --

SMASH!

The Acura DECIMATES IT and skids to a breathless STOP.

Colin hits the ground, shields the baby any way he can.

When he opens his eyes, he finds the baby atop his beating chest. Relatively unharmed. Holy shit!

Bruised and bleeding, Colin caresses the baby's smooth head.

Mom runs over. Shock and thankful cries. She takes the baby into her arms.

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER

Bobbi tends to Colin's wounds with gauze and alcohol. He winces as she swabs a cut on his arm.

COLIN

I didn't think. I just ... I mean,
you just *react*, you know?

Bobbi kisses him.

BOBBI

You're a good man, Charlie Brown.

COLIN

Have you been smoking?

BOBBI
No. God, no. Jesus.

She averts his eyes, returns the first aid supplies under the sink.

Colin glances at the wound on his arm. His gaze gravitates to an OLD TATTOO on his shoulder made of SLASH MARKS. There's at least twenty slashes.

COLIN
I should get this stupid thing removed.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE: WEEK 36

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

MEASURING TAPE stretches over Bobbi's pregnant belly.

FELICE (O.C.)
Right on target.

Bobbi's doula, FELICE MAYA (42), Columbian, sensitive and loving, gently feels Bobbi's belly for anything out of the ordinary.

BOBBI
I can't believe he's almost here.

FELICE
Time flies. You're doing fantastic.
How are you sleeping?

BOBBI
Heartburn. Seriously weird dreams.
Oh and I convinced myself the
baby's having prenatal seizures.

FELICE
What?!

BOBBI
I know. It's ridiculous, but that's
what I do to myself.

Felice listens to the baby's heartbeat with a stethoscope.

FELICE
Hiccups, darling. Not seizures.
Hiccups.

BOBBI
Of course it's hiccups.

Felice takes her hand.

FELICE
You really have to go easy on
yourself, sweetheart. It's not
doing you or the baby any good to
stress out so much.

BOBBI
I know. I just ...

FELICE
What?

Bobbi wipes her eyes, collects herself.

BOBBI
Forget it. It's stupid. Hormones.

EXT. CENTURY CITY OFFICE COMPLEX - DAY

Colin's Audi pulls into the parking garage of a slick,
modernist office building.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Colin heads for the elevators as a BEAMER pulls in behind him
and HONKS. The driver's ARM sticks out the window and gives
him THE FINGER. Colin grins and returns the gesture.

Colin's best friend (and next door neighbor) DON GERSH (27)
hops out of his car and meets up with his buddy. Football
player's build. Frat happy.

COLIN
You would *not* believe what happened
to me this morning.

DON
(re Colin's briefcase)
What kind of bag is that? Tumi?

COLIN
Coach.

DON

Whoooooa.

INT. TALENT AGENCY - DAY

Colin and Don stride down the hall toward their respective corner offices as Don ANNOUNCES:

DON

Baby saver here! Our boy Colin
SAVED A BABY'S LIFE this morning!
 Seriously! Give it up, people!

The office ERUPTS in gasps, claps. They pass a SIGN on the wall in crisp, fuck-off metallic letters:

CREATIVE UNITED MANAGEMENT

INT. COLIN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Colin sets his briefcase down. There's a LETTER on his desk. He frowns at the postage ... from Jamaica.

Without reading the letter, he unlocks his lower desk drawer and tosses it in with a STACK OF OTHER LETTERS FROM JAMAICA.

Colin's assistant, JASMINE (25), a sweet Asian gal, enters with a stack of scripts.

JASMINE

Morning Colin!

COLIN

Hi, Jasmine. Another letter.

JASMINE

She's not playing around this year.

She drops the scripts off on his desk, senses his unease about the letter.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Forget about your crazy Spring
 Break stalker -- you *Saved The Cat*
 today, big boy! Whatever she thinks
 you did, you made up for it. Right?

Quick to jump on that:

COLIN

I didn't do anything.

JASMINE
 Of course you didn't.
 (then)
 Meeting with Battle Wiener in five.

COLIN
 Oh shit, I forgot.

Colin jumps up. Jasmine hands him a script from the pile.

JASMINE
 He's in a pretty good mood today.

COLIN
 Lucid?

JASMINE
 Wouldn't go that far. We're
 planning his 80th birthday party
 next month.

COLIN
 Can you forget to invite me?

JASMINE
 I just hope we can do something
 really *special* for him.

As they hurry out:

GENEVA (PRELAP)
 God, he's amazing.

EXT. SILVER LAKE MEADOW - DAY

A tranquil patch of lush green grass set beside the Silver Lake Reservoir.

Bobbi strolls with GENEVA GERSH (27), Don's stunningly 'worked on' actress-wife. She wears a HARVARD t-shirt over plump, augmented boobs.

Her prized Rottweiler, LACY, pads along beside them. Her two young raven-haired daughters, BRIE (3) and BETHANY (5), run ahead playing chase.

GENEVA
 He's perfect. You really cashed in
 with Colin. If it was Don, that
 poor baby would be a stain on the
 sidewalk.

BOBBI

Nice, Gee.

GENEVA

I'm serious. I have zero faith in his hero abilities. The man's moral compass revolves around the shape of the nearest slut's ass.

BOBBI

Well, what's that say about Colin? They're best friends.

GENEVA

Putahungry frat boy fucking sausage party.

Bobbi giggles.

INT. ABIE WIENER'S OFFICE - DAY

Colin paces before his boss, managing partner ABIE "BATTLE" WIENER (79), a wiry, combative talent agent with a Jersey accent.

COLIN

It's perfect. Low budget, great hook, twist ending. And it's on The Black List.

WIENER

Too meta! A kid gets killed! Nobody wants to see that shit!

(tosses the script at him)

Find me a fucking horror movie! A real one, like something based on a true story!

COLIN

It doesn't have to be a true story to be terrifying.

WIENER

It helps.

COLIN

Why all of a sudden do you *have* to have a horror movie?

Battle pops some pills. Chases it with scotch. A sigh of exhaustion. Glimmer of FEAR maybe.

WIENER

Weird dreams. Some witch talking
shit. A chant or something. A
spell. It's a sign, right? Fucking
dollar signs.

COLIN

My clients don't write horror.

WIENER

I don't like it either, but when
the Fates come calling you perk
your fucking ears. It's a gut
business.

COLIN

(re script)

Our reader gave it a 'Strong
Consider.'

WIENER

Fuck your reader. Some clone with a
biz boner. Fucking assassins. I
want you to Moneyball the fuck
outta this, Colin.

COLIN

Why me?

WIENER

Cuz I said so. Cuz she said so.

COLIN

Who?

WIENER

The witch!

COLIN

I'm in your dreams now? That's
weird, Abie.

WIENER

Tell me about it.

Colin drops the script in the trash and exits.

EXT. SILVER LAKE MEADOW - DAY

Bobbi and Geneva sit on a picnic blanket, watch the girls
play. Lacy, the Rottie, seems on edge. The dog stares
cautiously in Bobbi's direction.

GENEVA

I think a home birth is really courageous. I just didn't have the patience with the girls.

BOBBI

Well, everybody keeps talking about giving the birthing experience back to the mother --

GENEVA

Don *could not* deal. You should've heard him, begging for the epidural. You'd think *he* was the one in labor.

BOBBI

Colin's been great. So supportive.

GENEVA

Then they messed up putting the needle in my back. Did I tell you about that? It was ridiculous. Worst moment of my life.

Bethany and Brie run over and plop down on the blanket.

BETHANY

Mommie, there's a coyote over there!

The dog BARKS.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Lacy, shut up!

BRIE

Yeah, shut up you stupid pig dog!

GENEVA

Hey! Don't you call my Lacy a pig dog! The only little pigs around here are YOU TWO!

Geneva grabs the two girls and tickles them. They EXPLODE IN LAUGHTER.

Lacy, increasingly unsettled, glares between Bobbi and the girls' commotion. Flashes TEETH.

GENEVA (CONT'D)

Alright, girls, that's enough. Go play.

The girls take off. Bobbi watches them, tries to subdue her mom-to-be anxiety.

GENEVA (CONT'D)

Anyway, it was like, FUCK. Then with Brie, they started me on Pitocin. Are you doing Pitocin?

BOBBI

I don't plan on inducing --

GENEVA

Are you doing Cytotec? Cytotec totally sucks.

BOBBI

I won't use Cytotec. That's what they use in abortions.

GENEVA

It *totally sucks*. It's like ripening your cervix and you feel it like *spreading* and you're trying to like *walk around*. UGH. FUCK.

As Geneva continues, Bobbi looks off, a deep breath. Shuts her eyes. Feels the sun on her face.

THEN --

A FLASH. A VISION --

A JAMAICAN WOMAN (ISIS). 50s. Shrouded in flames. Bathed in blood. Dark eyes. CHANTING. A SPELL. A CURSE.

BACK TO

BOBBI startles awake. Lacy BARKS FURIOUSLY --

GENEVA (CONT'D)

Oh Lacy, come on, SHUSH!

But the Rottweiler's BARKS won't stop. Geneva pets her, tries to calm her.

The dog SNAPS AT HER --

GENEVA (CONT'D)

Lacy! My GOD! I've never seen you like this!

Some PASSERSBY protest:

PASSERBY
No dogs allowed in the meadow!

GENEVA
Oh go shave your balls, you bearded
monkey!

THEN --

LACY ATTACKS GENEVA. Geneva SCREECHES, releases the leash --

The dog pivots and *LUNGES AT BOBBI* --

GENEVA (CONT'D)
OH! OH LACY! STOP! STOP!

Bobbi flails as the dog PINS HER DOWN and BITES AT HER.
BRUTAL. She SCREAMS, fumbles to shield herself from the
attack AS --

Geneva CRIES, attempts to YANK the rabid animal off --

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - LATER

Colin races down the hallway.

INT. HOSPITAL TRIAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

He barges in to find Bobbi tended by a RESIDENT. She has
SCRATCH AND BITE MARKS all over.

COLIN
Bobbi? Oh my god!

BOBBI
I'm fine. It's okay, Colin.

COLIN
What happened?

BOBBI
Lacy. She attacked us.

COLIN
What?

BOBBI
There were coyotes nearby. She must
have gotten spooked and --

COLIN
Where was Gee?

BOBBI

She was right there holding the leash. She's beside herself over it. That dog means more to her than Don does.

COLIN

Is the baby ... ?

BOBBI

Everything's fine.

Colin embraces her.

EXT. SILVER LAKE RESERVOIR - NIGHT

An INFANT'S SHOE sits ominously on the curb where the accident occurred.

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Colin brushes his teeth. Bobbi enters with some fresh towels, hangs them on the rack. Bandages all over her arms.

BOBBI

It was like a flash. Like I blacked out. And there she was. Chanting. Like a witch or something. Like a spell.

Bobbi chuckles, morbidly amused by it.

COLIN

I'm getting that fucking dog put down.

BOBBI

Then I snapped out of it and that's when Lacy attacked me.

COLIN

Should've called the cops.

BOBBI

You know who she reminded me of? The witch? One of my old law school professors. She was Jamaican.

Double-take.

COLIN

Jamaican?

Bobbi meets his reflection.

BOBBI
I've been thinking about going back
to work. After the baby's born.

Colin sighs, a subject that's been covered.

BOBBI (CONT'D)
What?

COLIN
Don't you want to spend time with
your baby? "Bonding." Isn't that
what they call it?

BOBBI
Don't *you*?

They link eyes in the mirror. Neither has an answer. Bobbi
segues uncomfortably to her battered appearance.

BOBBI (CONT'D)
Jesus ...

She heads out. Colin rinses.

As he exits -- he spots something on the floor.

Drops of BLOOD.

He swipes at it with his finger.

COLIN
Babe ... ?

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Felice checks Bobbi's belly. Colin hovers nearby, arms
folded, nervous.

FELICE
A little spotting can be perfectly
normal, especially given what
you've been through today.

COLIN
Never had any spotting before.

FELICE
It can happen at any time.

COLIN

You sure? Cuz I'm about ready to ditch this home birth crap and set her up at Cedars.

BOBBI

Not your call actually.

(then)

Thank you for coming over, Felice. I know it's late.

FELICE

Of course.

(to Colin)

I understand your concern, Colin.

COLIN

I mean, end of the day, you're not an MD, are you?

FELICE

No, I'm not. I'm a certified midwife and doula.

COLIN

No disrespect. I'm just saying, you don't get a degree in being a doula.

BOBBI

You don't get a degree in being an agent either, Colin.

COLIN

That's why I don't put people's lives in my hands, Bobbi. Least not literally.

Felice checks the baby's heartbeat.

FELICE

Sounds perfect. Just perfect.

Colin and Bobbi share a breath of relief.

As Felice packs up her instruments, she notices Colin's slash tattoo.

FELICE (CONT'D)

Nice tattoo. What does it mean?

COLIN

It's just a stupid fraternity thing. Back in the day.

BOBBI
 He won't tell me either.
 (then)
 Whoa! Baby on the move ...

They all look down at BOBBI'S BELLY as the baby POKES
 ASSERTIVELY from the womb.

FELICE
 My, my ...

BOBBI
 Man, I don't think I've ever seen
 him move like this before.

Felice watches intently as the baby JABS from within Bobbi's
 womb -- it's not like anything *she's* seen before either.

Colin places his hand atop Bobbi's baby bulge. Almost
 immediately, the baby's thrusts STOP.

COLIN
 Hey, look at that. Just call me The
 Baby Whisperer!

He smiles, amazed.

EXT. COLIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Sprinklers cast a hazy mist over the front lawn as it gets
 cooked by the sun.

Muffled SOBS come from somewhere nearby.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

The clock radio BLARES. The time: 12:02 PM.

Colin slowly, painfully opens his eyes to a terrible
 HEADACHE. He sits up, looks around, disorientated.

Bobbi, fast asleep next to him. She SNORES.

He turns to the clock radio, smacks it OFF, then notices
 ... *THE TIME*.

COLIN
 Holy shit!

He springs out of bed, still groggy, headache THROBS.

Bobbi, peaceful, SNORES. A deep DEEP SLEEP.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Colin rushes in, starts the shower, calls the office.

COLIN
 (into phone)
 Yeah Jasmine, it's me. I know, I'll
 be there soon. Cover for me.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

After his shower, Colin comes back in and throws open drawers and closets, causes a RUCKUS.

As he dresses, he notices Bobbi's still FAST ASLEEP.

COLIN
 Bobbi? Hey, Bobbi?

Nothing from Bobbi. More SNORES.

And something else ...

SOBS. Distant but close. Muted but INTENSE.

He follows the sound ...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Into the kitchen, buttons his shirt. The SOBS sound clearer from here. Closer.

NEXT DOOR ...

EXT. COLIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Colin steps outside, dressed and ready for work. He crosses the front lawn and spots DON at the end of his driveway, unsettled.

COLIN
 Don?

Don flinches at the sound of his voice.

DON
 Oh. Hey.

COLIN
What's up?

DON
Cops got me waiting all morning.

COLIN
Cops? Why? What happened? What is that sobbing?

DON
Oh, that's Geneva. She's upset.

COLIN
About what?

DON
Lacy.

COLIN
Oh. Tell her not to worry about it. It was just a few scratches. Bobbi's fine.

Don looks back, disturbed.

DON
Yeah. It's not about that.

COLIN
What's it about then?

Don nods toward the house.

DON
That.

Colin looks over and GASPS AT --

A PUDDLE OF GORY DOG REMAINS SPLATTERED against the front steps. Chunks of hair, teeth, legs, paws, diamond-studded "LACY" dog collar.

The Rottie was literally RIPPED APART.

COLIN
Oh my GOD. OH MY ...

DON
Coyotes, huh?

COLIN
That is HORRIBLE. How did she get out?

DON
Who the hell knows.

THEN --

A clueless MAILMAN with headphones and sunglasses approaches.

MAILMAN
Afternoon, fellas!

He's on his way up to the mailbox before Colin or Don can think to stop him.

They watch in muted awe as the Mailman notes the carnage, thinks it over, then DELICATELY TIPTOES THROUGH the gory puddle to deliver the mail.

He then heads off with a gleeful wave, which Colin and Don return mechanically, mouths agape.

DON
I fucking love LA.

COLIN
Where are the girls?

DON
Slipped 'em a roofie.
(off Colin's look)
What?

THEN --

SCREAMS from nearby. From inside Colin's house --

COLIN
Bobbi!

Colin bolts back across the front lawn, through the front door --

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- past the kitchen, down the hall and into the

MASTER BEDROOM

Where Bobbi sits AWAKE. She gapes down at her LEGS --

COVERED IN BLOOD.

EXT. HOSPITAL - HOURS LATER

Colin follows Bobbi and Felice as they exit the ER.

BOBBI

So strange. I thought for sure I miscarried.

FELICE

I don't understand it. All that blood ...

COLIN

But everything's fine. They said everything's perfectly fine.

FELICE

I know, but where did all that blood come from?

COLIN

You're asking *us*? You're the Dudley-fucking-doula!

BOBBI

Colin!

Bobbi SLAPS him.

INT. COLIN'S AUDI - DRIVING - DAY

Bobbi leans against the passenger window, lost in a daze of anxiety. Colin pops some Advil.

BOBBI

I feel like I'm still asleep.

COLIN

You slept past noon. We both did.

BOBBI

I know I'm supposed to feel fatigue, but *this* ...

(remembering)

Did I see the police next door?

COLIN

Yeah. Lacy got mauled last night.

BOBBI

What?

COLIN
Yeah. Like destroyed.

BOBBI
Lacy's dead?

COLIN
They think coyotes, but ...

BOBBI
Oh my god. Geneva must be ...

COLIN
Forget it. She's on the DL.

BOBBI
Oh poor thing. Poor Lacy.

Bobbi *sounds* sympathetic, but perhaps there's also a hint of satisfaction in it.

BOBBI (CONT'D)
You said she got *mauled*?

COLIN
Mauled. Pieces of her ...

BOBBI
Pieces? Oh wow. I bet *that* was a sight.

She unwraps a stick of gum and CHEWS on it as we --

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE: WEEK 37

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON BOBBI'S BELLY, the measuring tape stretched across.

FELICE (O.C.)
Thirty-eight centimeters.

Bobbi lays still, somewhat distant, massages her tummy.

BOBBI
Right on target?

FELICE
A little big actually.

Felice coils the measuring tape and listens to the baby's heartbeat.

BOBBI

I think I've been getting those contractions. What are they called again?

FELICE

Braxton Hicks.

Her belly UNDULATES and PULSES.

INT. COLIN'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON A VEIN AS IT THROBS IN COLIN'S TEMPLE --

Colin hunches over his desk with a script when Don KNOCKS, enters.

DON

Gee wants you guys over for dinner tomorrow night. She still feels bad about what happened with Bobbi.

COLIN

Totally unnecessary.

DON

I know, but I think it might do her some good. She's been pretty medicated ever since ... you know, The Loss.

COLIN

We'll be there.

DON

(then)
Battle Wiener's looking for you.

COLIN

... Fuck.

Don laughs, exits.

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Colin and Bobbi are in bed. Bobbi reads "What To Expect When You're Expecting" and Colin reads a horror script that sucks.

BOBBI
I really need you to clean out that closet.

COLIN
(not listening)
Sure.

Bobbi sets the book down and rubs moisturizer on her belly.

BOBBI
Colin?

COLIN
What?

BOBBI
Look.

He looks over. She doesn't need to point. It's obvious. Her belly *PULSES*. VIBRATES.

BOBBI (CONT'D)
Fetal hiccups. Crazy, right?

Colin watches it, unnerved.

COLIN
Crazy.

He puts the script down and rubs his eyes.

BOBBI
You okay?

COLIN
Just work. Battle Wiener's on my ass to find a horror movie.

BOBBI
That shouldn't be too difficult.

COLIN
I get bullshit PG-13, gimmicks or torture porn... These characters are SO unlikable.

BOBBI
Don't you have readers for that?

COLIN
He doesn't trust readers. Thinks they're corrupt.

BOBBI
Are they?

COLIN
Who isn't?

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - NURSERY - NIGHT

Colin lingers in the doorway, eyes the newly decorated baby's room. Sky blue walls, framed maps, organic crib and changing table, piles of stuffed animals.

He takes in the room with a heavy SIGH, disconnected from it all. Moves to the

WALK-IN CLOSET

He opens the door and finds it filled with old COLLEGE MEMORABILIA. Boxes and duffle bags labeled:

"C. DOWNS - PHI GAMMA PHI"

He pads to an old AMMUNITION CASE shoved in the back of the closet, chipped and dented.

He pops open the lid. Inside: a series of OLD SKETCH PADS. He takes one out, flips through it:

HIGHLY ARTISTIC ILLUSTRATIONS -- charcoal and pencil drawings -- of VICIOUS MONSTERS committing heinous acts of violence.

Pages turn, the drawings gain specificity. Not of various monsters, but ONE in particular:

A terrifying razor-clawed HUMANOID ... with COLIN'S FACE.

He sets the sketches aside, pulls out a STACK OF LETTERS.

FROM JAMAICA -- like the stash in his office.

He considers them intently.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. SEVEN MILE BEACH - NEGRIL, JAMAICA - DAY

TITLE: FIVE YEARS AGO

The sun beats down on a stretch of CRAZY SPRING BREAK BEACH PARTIES lining the turquoise blue ocean.

COLLEGE KIDS everywhere you look, volleyball, jetskis, cabanas. They're all drunk as FUCK.

Amidst the throng, Colin, Don and a crew of FRAT BROTHERS guzzle shots in a SEASIDE BAR.

INT. SEASIDE BAR - CONTINUOUS

A tightly-skirted JAMAICAN WAITRESS brings the boys another round. They gush over her obnoxiously, but Don's the only one with the audacity to actually touch her.

He wraps his arm around her like he owns her and rests his head against her breast.

DON

You like me? You wanna go somewhere?

COLIN

Don, c'mon, man. Don't start that shit again.

The Waitress pries herself away. The guys all LAUGH, return fist bumps and handshakes. Colin looks uncomfortable. These are his friends, but he's more like a baby-sitter.

Don raises his shot glass:

DON

Brothers. To our last year stealing the pink stinky in a Third World paradise!

The boys all reveal their SIMILAR SLASH TATTOOS. Colin reluctantly flashes his.

FRAT BOYS

NO MEANS YES! YES MEANS ANAL! NO MEANS YES! YES MEANS ANAL!

They tip their shooters and HOWL AT THE SKY. Colin links eyes with the Waitress.

BOBBI (PRELAP)

That's you?

END FLASHBACK:

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - WALK-IN CLOSET - NIGHT

Colin jumps at Bobbi's voice over his shoulder. She stares at one of his sketches.

COLIN
What are you doing in here?

BOBBI
It's four in the morning.

He drives the letters back into the ammo case. She holds up a sketch of Colin's humanoid.

BOBBI (CONT'D)
Did you draw that?
(no answer)
It's really good. The resemblance.

She stifles a laugh. Colin pulls the sketch pad from her and stuffs it away.

BOBBI (CONT'D)
Sorry. Didn't mean to pry.

COLIN
Oh really?

BOBBI
Don't be embarrassed. I used to draw weird shit, too. I used to draw vaginas. Big hairy vaginas. All over my law school notebooks.

Colin stares.

BOBBI (CONT'D)
I didn't keep them though. What's your excuse?

COLIN
I dunno. When it was over I just threw everything in a box.

BOBBI
It's evidence, you know.

She tries to make light of it, but he doesn't take it that way.

EXT. DON'S HOUSE - DUSK

The girls' toys litter the front lawn.

INT. DON'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - SAME

Colin and Bobbi laugh with Don while a HIGHLY-MEDICATED GENEVA tries to keep her eyes open.

Brie and Bethany, seated next to Bobbi, gaze eerily, fixed on her pregnant belly.

BRIE
Daddy, can I be excused?

BETHANY
Yeah, can we?

DON
No. You didn't even touch your dinner. Whole Foods is expensive.

BRIE
But we're rich.

DON
Never say "rich." Say "privileged."
Or "fortunate." That way, it sounds like you might actually deserve it.

Bethany picks up her FORK. Light GLISTENS off its shiny tines.

BOBBI
Well, thank you for having us over.
Dinner was lovely.

COLIN
Yes, thank you both.

Don NUDGES Geneva to keep her awake. She snaps to, speech slurred:

GENEVA
Oh, yeah. Yeah, you guys, thank you so much. You know, my Lacy was with me from the beginning ...

DON
(rolling eyes)
'Nother Xanax anyone?

GENEVA
To see a piece of my, my soul violated like that is just ... I mean, I can't even ...

She tears up. Colin whispers to Bobbi:

COLIN

Let's go.

They rise. Bobbi rounds the table to Geneva, takes her gently by the hands.

Brie glances to her sister, who grips her fork tighter and tighter.

BOBBI

Honey, I'm so sorry about Lacy. I know how important she was to you.

GENEVA

It's just so hard, Bobbi.

BOBBI

I know, sweetheart.

Geneva delicately touches the scratches on her face.

GENEVA

Oh you poor thing.

As they connect eyes --

ANOTHER FLASH --

THE WITCH. BLOOD. FIRE. And this time, SHE SPEAKS (PATOIS):

ISIS

Muuuurdah.

BACK TO

Bobbi jars from the vision.

Brie and Bethany shoot to their feet. With a sinister glow, they climb onto the table AND --

LUNGE at Bobbi, FORKS RAISED HIGH, *SCREEEEECHING MANIACALLY!*

Brie DIVES, knocks Bobbi to the floor, straddles her and goes to STAB HER BELLY with the fork --

DON

Brie, NO!

Don GRABS HER just before contact. She sinks the fork into his chest -- *ARRRRG!*

Bethany takes over, slides off the table and STABS at BOBBI'S LEGS.

Bobbi YELPS, struggles to escape. Bethany LATCHES TO HER BACK and CLUTCHES her by the throat.

Colin whisks in and pries her off.

Don calls out as he struggles with Brie:

DON (CONT'D)
To their bedroom! Down the hall!

Colin follows Don as they fight to contain the hysterical little girls.

Plates SMASH to the floor. Bobbi cowers into a corner and WEEPS.

Geneva stares at her, unmoved.

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Colin finds Bobbi on the edge of the bed, head low, mortified. He sits beside her, wraps his arm around her.

BOBBI
... I saw her again. That woman.
Just before it happened.

COLIN
Your law school professor?

BOBBI
It was someone else. She had blood
all over her and she said "murder."
That's twice now. The fuck is with
my head?

He sighs, hides his alarm:

COLIN
I just can't understand why the
girls would try to --

BOBBI
They were aiming for the baby,
Colin.

COLIN
Bobbi, that's not --

BOBBI
Don't do that. Don't make me feel
like I'm crazy for --

COLIN

What? Thinking two little girls
want to murder our unborn baby?

BOBBI

Did they attack me or didn't they?

COLIN

It didn't have anything to do with
you. It's ADHD. Or a mood disorder.
I mean, look at their mother,
right?

BOBBI

Look at their father!

COLIN

What do you have against Don?

BOBBI

You and I both know what a
douchebag that guy is. Fucking
Agent Smith.

Colin rises, pulls off his shirt. His tattoo catches her eye.

COLIN

Look, we'll just keep our distance
for awhile. Let things blow over.

BOBBI

They're our next door neighbors and
he's your best friend. Did he *have*
to buy the house right next door to
us? No. Just another way to enable
his secret tattoo bromance.

COLIN

Maybe it wouldn't be such a bad
idea if you talked to someone.

Off an incredulous look from Bobbi --

INT. DON'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Geneva's in bed, television on. A bottle of pills sit
bedside.

ON THE TV

A COMMERCIAL for FACES INFINITY, a plastic surgery clinic in
Beverly Hills.

Various SHOTS of Chief Surgeon, DR. LARRY MCKIDD (57), rotund, hollow eyes, as he performs dermabrasion and lipoplasty.

MCKIDD (V.O.)

Faces Infinity is where LA comes to stay young!

BACK TO

Don barges in, a bandage over his chest wound.

DON

They're asleep finally. What the fuck, Gee? They swallow some of your crazy pills?

No acknowledgment. He grabs the remote, snaps off the TV.

DON (CONT'D)

For Christ's sake, Geneva, get over it. It's a DOG. *Our daughters just tried to STAB someone with your mother's flatware!*

GENEVA

It's not all about her, you know. I'm the one who's grieving.

DON

(flashing his wound)

I'm the one who's bleeding! I need help, man. I can't take care of you AND them AND work.

Beat.

DON (CONT'D)

Can I at least get a blow job?

INT. DON'S HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Moonlight glows through a CLOSED SKYLIGHT. Don drops a pillow and blanket on the sofa.

He glances to the skylight, stands on a chair to reach the latch and OPENS IT.

He flips on SportsCenter and crashes to the couch, lights a FAT JAY.

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The rhythmic HUM of the fridge. Marble countertop with "cord blood banking" pamphlets littered about.

The window over the sink, WIDE OPEN.

LIVING ROOM

Inflatable yoga ball in the middle of the floor. The WHIR of the digital cable box, its clock strikes 3:01 AM.

HALLWAY

A vent in the floor blows cool central air.

NURSERY

The mobile over the empty crib drifts languid, ghostly. Piles of stuffed animals stare back, vacant eyes glisten.

MASTER BEDROOM

Colin and Bobbi, fast asleep.

ON BOBBI. Eyes roll under lids in REM.

A greenish GAS LEAKS from her nose and mouth. Gains in density. Leaks with greater volume. Soon, the room is FILLED with it.

Dull moonlight slits the blinds, illuminates the toxic cloud.

Colin breathes it in freely.

BOBBI'S BELLY MOVES beneath the covers. SLURP, CRACK. We follow the LUMP AS --

IT REARS from her body and SLITHERS OUT from the foot of the bed!

FETUS POV: as we slip out from under the covers and HIT the floor. We move FAST and low. Scamper down the hall and into the

LIVING ROOM

FETUS POV: we spot the exercise ball. With a SLURP and a CACKLE, we JUMP on and BOUNCE up and down.

Tumble off and move into the

KITCHEN

FETUS POV: hop up to the counter, CHEW and RIP at the cord blood pamphlets.

Swivel to the OPEN WINDOW and

JUMP OUT.

INT. DON'S HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

The OPEN SKYLIGHT.

Don, fast asleep on the floor, face down, a stoned stupor. A bag of tortilla chips spilled open beside him.

SportsCenter loops ad nauseam.

INT. DON'S HOUSE - GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brie curls into her blankets, her face twisted in angst. A bad dream. Sweat drips into her pillow.

Bethany, hair shellacked to her forehead, tosses and turns and eventually OPENS HER EYES. She wipes her face and sits up, looks out.

The door to the bedroom, closed. A thin slice of light GLOWS through the bottom.

Two DARK SPOTS appear before the door, cut through the light.

Unaware, Bethany glances to the window, then looks across at her sleeping, tormented sister.

BETHANY

Brie?

No answer. Better not wake her.

Thirsty, she hops out of bed and heads for the door.

She reaches for the doorknob and twists it open --

Nothing but an empty hallway.

BATHROOM

She takes a plastic pirate cup and fills it with water. She gulps the cool water down and breathes a sigh of relief.

She heads back.

BEDROOM

She sets the cup on the bedside table, passes her sister's bed -- now occupied by something LARGE. Its pale, near translucent skin GLISTENS in the soft light.

Bethany crawls back into bed and turns to her side, faces AWAY from her sister's bed.

Before she shuts her eyes, she spots BRIE crouched in the corner, *too petrified to scream.*

Brie stares wide-eyed at the thing that creeps up behind her sister ...

INT. DON'S HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

ON DON, eyes slowly crack open.

SportsCenter blares.

He reaches for the remote, snaps the TV OFF. Immediately, his daughters' SCREAMS send shivers through his body.

DON
What the hell?!

He rips the door open --

HALLWAY

Don races toward the girls' bedroom, their SCREAMS grow LOUDER AND LOUDER --

BEDROOM

Don barges in. A window SMASHES. He finds Brie crouched in the corner, catatonic --

DON (CONT'D)
Brie? Where's your sister? *WHERE'S YOUR* --

Brie points to the broken window. Bethany's fingers clutch to the sill. She holds on for dear life.

Don darts over, grabs her wrists, PULLS --

But something PULLS BACK. Draped in shadow, but BIG.

BETHANY
Daddy, HELP!

DON
Bethany!

VROOOSH! With incredible force, the thing RIPS Bethany from Don's hands. The girl's SCREAMS flutter into the night.

Don races from the room as Geneva appears, groggy:

GENEVA
What's all the racket?

EXT. DON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Don bursts from the front door, barefoot, chases his daughter's SCREAMS down the street.

DON
Bethany!

Up ahead, a car SCREECHES. A HEAVY CRASH!

The screams stop DEAD.

Don FREAKS, sprints around the corner. Skids stopped, pure terror at what he sees --

DON (CONT'D)
AHHHHHH!!!!

Off his APOPLECTIC SCREAM --

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

AMBULANCE AND POLICE SIRENS BLARE outside but Colin and Bobbi are COMATOSE from the toxin.

The blankets at their feet FLUTTER and RISE as the LUMP works its way back to Bobbi. SLURP, CACKLE --

Bobbi's BODY TREMBLES as it BURROWS back into her warmth.

SMASH TO:

TITLE: WEEK 38

EXT. DON'S HOUSE - DAY

Colin and Bobbi watch from their driveway as POLICE stream in and out of Don's house.

Colin spots a HOMELESS MAN gawk from across the street. A large, intimidating presence, slightly disfigured. Rancid.

BOBBI (PRELAP)
Blood all over her. And fire.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Bobbi sits on a couch across from JANE (43), her therapist, cropped hair, glasses.

BOBBI
... I saw her clear as day. Like it was real.

JANE
It must have been terrifying.

BOBBI
What's wrong with me?

JANE
Guilt. Guilt manifests itself in a variety of --

BOBBI
Come on, Jane. Don't make me sorry for coming back here.

JANE
You think *you're* the one who stopped our sessions?

BOBBI
You judge me. You judge me for Colin, you judge me for the baby --

JANE
I have a problem with men who manipulate their wives into doing something they're not sure about, especially parenting.

BOBBI
Colin didn't manipulate me. I want this.

JANE
Really?

BOBBI
He was also the one who suggested I come back to you.

JANE
Because of your "hallucinations."

BOBBI

I came to you for help.

She stands, collects her things, goes for the door.

JANE

You need to start looking at the things in your life that cause you to think violently. I'm saying this for your benefit *and* his.

Bobbi absorbs her words soberly and exits.

INT. TALENT AGENCY - DAY

Colin comes back from lunch and finds Don in the hallway.

COLIN

Don, what are you doing here?

DON

Closing a deal.

COLIN

You should be home, man. Your family needs you.

DON

My family needs ten percent off 1.5 mil. This funeral's going way over-budget. Gee wants to shoot it in IMAX Ultra HD.

COLIN

(then)
Any news?

DON

Cops got nothin'. Brie says it was the Cookie Monster.

COLIN

I'm so sorry, man. They'll get that son-of-a-bitch.

BATTLE WIENER'S VOICE from down the hall:

WIENER (O.C.)

Save The Cat! Where's my fucking horror movie!

DON

Good luck with that.

INT. ABIE WIENER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Colin shrugs as Battle sneers in disgust.

WIENER

Can't find one? *Can't find one?*

COLIN

It's not exactly a genre bursting with new ideas. And maybe you should cool it with the horror movie bullshit considering what just happened to Don's kid.

Battle rises, stalks over, twists Colin's necktie into a tight fist, DRIVES HIM against the wall, BANG.

WIENER

This is the kinda shit they put in the trivia section of your IMDb page.

COLIN

Abie --

WIENER

You know what they say about you, Colin? He's a nice guy, articulate, people like him.

Colin stills in his gaze. What a fucking insult.

COLIN

No they don't.

WIENER

I'm due for a comeback. And you're gonna find it for me. Or I'll make sure they hear the same thing from me.

Battle uses Colin's tie to dab the sweat from his forehead and walks out.

Colin festers.

INT. COLIN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Colin storms in with Jasmine. PISSED.

JASMINE

What was that all about?

COLIN
 You know what he just said to me?
 I'm a nice guy, articulate ...

JASMINE
 People like you? No he didn't.

COLIN
 He knows the code, Jasmine.

JASMINE
 No one says that about you.

COLIN
 Get me heads of development for the
 top five genre companies.

JASMINE
 Right away.

She bolts.

A moment. He pulls open his desk drawer, takes out the
 JAMAICA LETTERS.

Ponders them as --

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. JERK CHICKEN HUT - JAMAICA - FIVE YEARS AGO - DAY

Colin and the frat boys chow down on some jerk chicken as
 flies invade with aggression.

ACROSS THE STREET, a beautiful JAMAICAN WOMAN (CONSTANCE)
 watches Colin. She approaches over:

DON
 ... it broke and I was like shit,
 not again!

COLIN
 Don't tell me you went to Larry.

DON
 Of course. Larry's got my bareback.
 (off Colin's look)
 What? He's a brother.

COLIN
 Abortions on the side for his old
 fraternity? That's cold, bro.

DON
Who the fuck are you, Planned
Parenthood?

The guys laugh.

Don glances over Colin's shoulder, notices CONSTANCE (19) approach. Her dark-skinned, Island beauty radiates.

CONSTANCE
Hello.

DON
Hello beautiful Jamaican wo-mon!

CONSTANCE
(to Colin)
You don't remember me?

Colin doesn't recognize her.

The guys all BARK and playfully JAB him.

COLIN
Uh, sorry, no.

CONSTANCE
From last year.

COLIN
Last year ...

By the look on her face, she's not here to party. But with his buddies around, Colin acts smooth.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Honestly sweetheart, I can't
remember last *night*.

Constance smiles seductively, offers her hand. Colin plays along, takes her grip, WHICH TRIGGERS --

A SERIES OF QUICK FLASHBACKS --

-- Colin makes out with Constance in a packed Reggae club. INTENSE. AGGRESSIVE. She shoves a PILL down his throat, leads him to a BACK ROOM where --

-- She straddles him. Rips his shirt. Drives her hand down his pants. THE DRUG HITS. He can't see straight. Nauseous. Her eyes go pitch black. DEMONIC. Are those fangs?

-- He tries to stop her. She SMACKS HIM HARD several times. Blood. Slips a belt around his neck, PULLS TIGHT, and rides him to climax.

CUT BACK TO:

Colin snaps out of it. Glares at Constance, disturbed. Violated.

COLIN (CONT'D)

You.

CONSTANCE

Me.

COLIN

I woke up thinking it was a nightmare.

CONSTANCE

I had your baby. I tried to tell you, but you lied about your name and university.

The guys BUST OUT LAUGHING, but Colin stays silent.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

He's in the car. With my mother.

She nods across the street to a beat-up VAN parked on the side of the road. In the driver's seat, a JAMAICAN LADY (ISIS) -- she swaddles a CRYING BABY.

DON

Holy shit, Colin, she's serious!

CONSTANCE

You must take responsibility.

COLIN

(rising)

You're not getting shit from me. And before I leave, I'm gonna file a report with the cops against YOU for attempting to defraud tourists.

More LAUGHS. Constance stands her ground. The boys walk off, pull Colin away.

EXT. STREET NEAR BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Constance returns to the van. The driver's side door OPENS and the Jamaican Lady steps out (she's the witch from Bobbi's hallucinations).

Constance says something to her and takes the baby. The Jamaican Lady follows Colin and his buddies along the side of the road.

DON
Bro, that old lady's following us.

COLIN
I know, Don.

JAMAICAN LADY
Excuse me! Excuse me, rude boy!

Colin turns to her. She approaches, sizes him up. ISIS (57), Constance's mother. Dressed in a simple black smock, a small woman, modest. Outwardly sweet disposition.

DON
(hushed)
Holy shit, it's Aunt Jemima!

COLIN
What can I do for you, miss?

ISIS
My daughter says you are the father of her child.

COLIN
Yeah well she's wrong.

ISIS
Constance does not lie. You are the father. You must take responsibility.

COLIN
That's not my kid. And your daughter's a fucking head case.

Isis steps up, fearless. Steady, distant eyes.

ISIS
If you do not take responsibility,
I will curse your seed.

COLIN
You'll what?

ISIS
I just need your blood.

COLIN
My BLOOD? Fuck you, lady!

With that, Colin and his buddies take off. Isis stares, her cold gaze unbroken.

ISIS
Then it's a good thing I already
have your blood. Motherfucker.

Don laughs his ass off, turns back to Isis:

DON
It's Colin Downs! D-O-W-N-S! As in
Suck It, bitch!

Isis turns back to the van, where Constance watches, THE BABY in her arms. She smiles tenderly at the infant.

CUT TO:

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

CLOSE ON BOBBI'S PREGNANT BELLY as Felice stretches the measuring tape over it.

FELICE
Forty-two.

BOBBI
Wow. That's big, right?

Felice stares at Bobbi's BIG BELLY. Troubled.

FELICE
Yes.

She feels Bobbi's belly, checks the position of the baby.

FELICE (CONT'D)
How are you feeling?

BOBBI
Wrecked.

FELICE
Anymore bleeding?

BOBBI

Here and there. And sometimes I sleep so deeply it's like I can't wake up. Colin, too.

FELICE

Maybe it's somehow related to what happened next door.

BOBBI

How so?

FELICE

Anxiety doesn't always translate to insomnia. Sometimes it goes the other way.

BOBBI

Yeah, maybe.

FELICE

How is Colin otherwise?

Bobbi goes inward at the topic.

BOBBI

Why do you ask?

FELICE

I just sensed a little tension between you. I apologize. None of my business.

Bobbi thinks to avoid the topic but recalls her session with Jane, and confesses:

BOBBI

I resent him a little, I guess.

Felice nods thoughtful, allows her to continue.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

I think that's why I'm having these crazy dreams. Or whatever they are.

(then)

When I met Colin I was seven weeks pregnant. Guy from work, summer associate. Summer ended and so did we. When Colin came into the picture, I knew he wouldn't stick around if I was knocked up, so I got rid of it. Never told him.

FELICE
How did you know he wouldn't --

BOBBI
He comes from wealth. Privilege.
Slave to appearances.

FELICE
Sounds like you should be mad at
the guy who left.

BOBBI
I am. I mean, I'm mad at *all* of
them. And now I'm giving birth to
one. Men are shit. But then I say
to myself: that's not fair. And
then I hate them even more.

FELICE
And maybe you're upset with
yourself, too.

The root of the problem.

FELICE (CONT'D)
Did you always want to have
children?

BOBBI
I didn't want to stay home and
breast feed. Goo-goo, gah-gah and
all that shit. I wanted it to be on
my terms.

Felice forces a wayward smile.

FELICE
Good for you.

EXT. COLIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Bobbi and Felice head to their respective cars. A crew of
LANDSCAPERS work on the garden.

FELICE
Bobbi, I think it might be a good
idea to see your OB. The baby is
growing so fast; we just want to
make sure there's enough room.

BOBBI
You don't think I'll have to be
induced, do you? In a hospital?

FELICE

Well, right now the baby's breech.
Unless he moves --

BOBBI

My terms, Felice. I'm not going to
let him ruin this for me.

Felice frowns, unsettled.

They pass the landscapers as one of them ...

He holds up a DRIED OUT PIECE OF MOULTED SKIN. A carapace of
some sort -- about the size of an infant.

Soon after, the shell DISINTEGRATES and whisks away in a
cloud of dust.

INT. PRENATAL YOGA CLASS - DAY

Bobbi unrolls her mat as other PREGNANT MOMS introduce
themselves.

The class is full and there's very little room. Bobbi's mat
OVERLAPS the woman in front of her. When it's Bobbi's turn to
speak:

BOBBI

Hi, I'm Bobbi and I'm thirty-eight
weeks.

The wiry YOGA INSTRUCTOR perks:

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Wow, thirty-eight weeks? You look
like you're at *least* forty!

The BITCHY WOMAN in front of her whips around:

BITCHY

Excuse me. Your mat is overlapping
mine.

BOBBI

I know, I'm sorry, there's hardly
any room.

Bitchy rolls her eyes and lets out an angry GRUNT.

LATER

Lead by the Instructor, the ladies run through their yoga
positions.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Now, for those of you who are third tri, I don't want you doing planks. Instead, why don't we do some half butterflies, okay?

As Bobbi adjusts, the Bitchy Woman in front of her inadvertently KICKS HER in the face.

BOBBI

Ow!

Bobbi rolls over, holds her mouth.

BITCHY

Ugh. I told her she was too close!

The Instructor rushes to Bobbi, helps her up.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Oh honey, are you okay?

Bobbi glares at Bitchy.

BOBBI

You fucking bitch!

BITCHY

Fuck you, I told you to move!

BOBBI

YOU MOVE, YOU FAT FUCKING COW!

Bobbi explodes in a rage and TACKLES Bitchy.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

No, stop it!! STOP!!!

The Instructor tries to break it up but --

She's BOWLED OFF HER FEET as something PUSHES OUT FROM BOBBI'S BELLY --

Bobbi holds her stomach. Her middle UNDULATES in angry spasms.

The women all double-take as BOBBI'S FETUS POKES FROM THE WOMB and STRETCHES HER SKIN to unimaginable lengths.

BOBBI

Arrrgh! ARGH! Somebody help me!

The women jump back, mouths slack.

BITCHY
That's not normal! That's not
normal!!

Terrified, Bitchy grabs her mat and heads for the door.

Bobbi's fetus *LURCHES* from within. Her legs kick out and TRIP
BITCHY --

Bitchy SLAMS FACE FIRST into the door, busts her nose and
teeth. Blood POPS.

Everybody SCREAMS.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON BOBBI'S ULTRASOUND

A slushy black-and-white IMAGE of the fetus.

DR. BERGIN (O.C.)
Everything looks fine to me. The
baby isn't under any duress
environmentally.

Bobbi stares incredulously at her obstetrician, DR. SARA
BERGIN (40s), overworked but highly competent.

BOBBI
What?

DR. BERGIN
He *is* breech, but he's right where
he should be in terms of size.
Right at thirty-eight.

BOBBI
No, my doula measured forty-two.

DR. BERGIN
I can't speak for your doula.

BOBBI
You weren't there. You didn't see
what happened to me in yoga.

DR. BERGIN
Everybody responds to exercise
differently.

BOBBI
The baby was trying punch *through*
me.

(MORE)

BOBBI (CONT'D)
 Limbs poking out of me like I was
 made of fucking spandex! And
 look...

She flashes a series of PUFFY STRETCH MARKS on her abdomen.

BOBBI (CONT'D)
 Those weren't there an hour ago.
 I'm telling you something's wrong --

DR. BERGIN
 Bobbi, calm down. Shh. Please. Calm
 down.

Bergin shuts off the ultrasound and gently wipes the lube off
 Bobbi's belly.

DR. BERGIN (CONT'D)
 I know you don't think you deserve
 to be a mother, but you're wrong.

BOBBI
 This doesn't have anything to do
 with --

DR. BERGIN
 You were young. You got jilted.

Bobbi snaps:

BOBBI
 I don't regret it. I don't regret
 cutting that thing out of me for a
second. Maybe *that's* what's wrong
 with me.

The Doctor stares. Pity.

DR. BERGIN
 Maybe. But I think you're mad at
 yourself and you're saying things
 that aren't necessarily accurate --

BOBBI
 My uterus went batshit today,
Doctor. I thought that might be
 worth discussing, but obviously I'm
 overreacting.

DR. BERGIN
 I'm not a shrink.

Resigned, Bobbi slides off the exam table and begins to
 dress. Bergin writes up her chart.

DR. BERGIN (CONT'D)
 Oh and you need to have an option
 for transfer in the event that
 labor requires a hospital.

BOBBI
 Well wherever it is, it's not going
 to be here.

As Bobbi heads out the door:

DR. BERGIN
 And I wouldn't leave it up to your
 doula.
 (out of earshot)
 Crazy bitch.

INT. CENTURY CITY OFFICE COMPLEX - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

As Colin heads for his car, he phones Bobbi but gets
 voicemail:

COLIN
 (into phone)
 Hey babe, it's me. Just calling to
 check in. I'm leaving work, should
 be home soon. Love you.

He climbs into the Audi, starts the engine with a ROAR, hits
 the gas AND --

SCREEEEECH!!!

CONSTANCE. Inches from his grille. Skin-tight dress, hair
 short, arms toned to perfection, knock-off LEATHER BAG.

Colin kicks open his door.

COLIN (CONT'D)
 What the hell are YOU doing here!

CONSTANCE
 You did not respond to my letters.

COLIN
 Because I don't wanna fucking talk
 to you! Ever!

CONSTANCE
 Relax, handsome. I know about your
 wife. She's expecting.

Beat.

COLIN
I'm calling the cops.

He grabs his phone, goes to dial --

CONSTANCE
She harbors the beast. It's gonna
rip your fucking world apart, mon.

Colin pauses at that. Constance leers, strides to the
passenger side of his car and OPENS THE DOOR.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
You want to know more? About the
curse? About your son?

Colin looks back with trepidation. Accountability.

EXT. CENTURY CITY OFFICE COMPLEX - DAY

Colin's Audi exits the parking structure and heads down Santa
Monica.

A BLACK SUV parked just out of sight follows him.

INT. COLIN'S AUDI - DRIVING - DAY

Constance does a few bumps of COCAINE from a compact. Colin
shakes his head, *un-fucking-believable*.

CONSTANCE
My mother is a powerful woman. When
she cursed your seed, it was for
real.

COLIN
You people are ambitious. I'll give
you that.

CONSTANCE
You have failed man's greatest
responsibility.

COLIN
You think I care what you and your
crazy ass mother think?

CONSTANCE
She is an Obi sorceress.

COLIN
A what?

CONSTANCE
Obi. Obeah. Voodoo.

COLIN
Voodoo! Of course!

CONSTANCE
The demon comes at night. It releases a paralyzing toxin through the mother while she sleeps.

COLIN
A toxin, huh?

CONSTANCE
You must accept responsibility for your seed.

COLIN
Financial responsibility, right?

CONSTANCE
(exploding)
GIVE ME YOUR COCK RUDE BOY! HA-HA-HA!

Colin stares back nervous as she CACKLES at him.

COLIN
Why are you doing this?

CONSTANCE
You like to fuck hard? You take the Island Girls for a ride, yah mon? Now it's my turn.

COLIN
You approached ME. I didn't do anything to you. I told you to stop.

She leans in, her hands grope him.

CONSTANCE
Kiss me. Come on, fassy. One kiss. You know you want it. Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me! Ha-ha-ha-ha!

COLIN
Get off! Get the fuck off me!

He SKIDS to the side of the road. Horns BLARE.

EXT. SUNSET AT DOHENY - CONTINUOUS

Colin scrambles from the vehicle. Constance follows in maniacal LAUGHTER.

CONSTANCE
Where are you going, rude boy?

COLIN
Soho House. Fuck off.

CONSTANCE
Ohhh. What will I do? Where will I go? Maybe I'll visit your wife, "Bobbi." Tell her all your dirty secrets ...

COLIN
You stay the fu --

BRRRRRRRT. A CALL on his phone.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Stay the fuck away from us.
(he answers)
Yeah?

RESIDENT
(from phone)
I'm sorry, I'm looking for Bobbi Downs?

COLIN
This is her husband. Who's this?

RESIDENT
This is Dr. Charles Frank. I'm a resident at Cedars. The test results came back from the blood on your wife's legs.

COLIN
Yeah? And?

RESIDENT
Well, the blood didn't belong to your wife. It didn't belong to anybody.

COLIN
What do you mean?

RESIDENT

I mean it didn't belong to a person. It belonged to a *dog*.

COLIN

How the fuck did that happen?!

RESIDENT

I'm sure I don't know, sir.

COLIN

Well, it's a mistake obviously.

RESIDENT

Is there a pet in the house?

Colin hangs up, flustered, looks to Constance, who reads it in his face and jokes:

CONSTANCE

Bad news?

EXT. COLIN'S HOUSE - DUSK

Bobbi pulls into the driveway, climbs out with effort. She notices BRIE playing next door.

Brie locks eyes with Bobbi, eerily confrontational.

GENEVA (O.C.)

What are you looking at?

Bobbi startles, finds Geneva just a few feet away.

BOBBI

Gee. Oh god, I'm so sorry.

She embraces her.

GENEVA

I used to think Harvard was my ticket. Now look at me. Dead kid, implants ... Don.

BOBBI

Is there anything I can do?

GENEVA

Something for the pain?

Bobbi separates.

BOBBI

Geneva, you need to stop with the drugs and get some help.

Geneva's eyes grow pointed.

GENEVA

So I can be more together? Like you?

(then)

I could get knocked up again if I wanted. Maybe I should ask Colin. I see the way he looks at me. Like maybe he should've gone Ivy League.

Bobbi glares.

BOBBI

Bush league's more like it.

Geneva SMACKS her across the face.

GENEVA

Watch yourself, skank. I'm on the school board in this district. I'll make sure that little fucker ends up in a class of ninety-percent "other."

Bobbi eyes her with total disdain, bolts.

INT. SOHO HOUSE - DUSK

An exclusive bar with great views of Beverly Hills. Colin and Constance, a torrid sunset, two tequilas.

COLIN

Tell me about the kid.

CONSTANCE

He looks like you. Only darker. He asked me about his daddy. I told him he was a rich white boy who didn't give a shit about him.

COLIN

I was stupid back then. I did stupid things I'm not proud of, but I never hurt anyone. Not like you.

Constance LAUGHS, tosses back her tequila in one gulp.

COLIN (CONT'D)
That's funny to you?

CONSTANCE
Yah mon, considering how hard your
dick was.

Colin swallows a tight knot.

COLIN
I'll take him. No paternity test.
I'll take care of him, give him a
life.

Constance levels her gaze at him.

CONSTANCE
He's five years old, mon. You're a
little late.

COLIN
Then what do you want? Money?

CONSTANCE
Ha! Big agent mon gonna stake the
crazy Jamaican bitch? I don't want
your money, agent mon.

COLIN
Then what?

She tosses back *his* tequila and SPITS IT AT HIM. He's
covered, drenched. People stare.

COLIN (CONT'D)
You're fucking crazy.

CONSTANCE
Big mon. Fassy. Ha-ha-ha ...

COLIN
You want to humiliate me? Fine. I'm
out.

Constance GRABS HIM as he rises. With a darker countenance:

CONSTANCE
It grows. Some can sense it; those
whose minds are in between. They
will try to attack it. But the
demon kills all that threatens it.
The demon kills what the mother
hates. The demon is what the father
fears.

She reaches into her fake leather bag and pulls out ...

A SCREENPLAY.

Drops in front of him.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
 Make me famous, mon. Then maybe I
 can help you.

She struts off.

Colin gapes down at the script, stunned.

EXT. SUNSET AT DOHENY - DUSK

Constance strides to the BLACK SUV parked nearby.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

She hops into the passenger seat.

CONSTANCE
 He's all mine, Mamma.

Isis grins, proud. Then, from the backseat:

THE BOY (O.C.)
 Are we going to see Daddy soon?

Isis whips to --

THE BOY (5), strapped in the backseat. Dark-skinned,
 handsome, innocent.

ISIS
 Shut up, boy! You don't speak, ugly
 bastard!
 (to Constance)
 Where's the belt?

CONSTANCE
 He'll be fine, Mamma.

ISIS
 (to The Boy)
 Your daddy say he don't want no bad
 boy. You best shape up, bastard.

She SNAPS her fingers. The Boy flinches, terrified.

She turns her sights on Constance. GRABS HER by the hair.

ISIS (CONT'D)

Don't you go soft on me, bitch.

CONSTANCE

No, Mamma.

ISIS

I must perform another ritual to keep the curse alive. We need more blood.

She leers at The Boy.

THE BOY

No please! No more! Please Mamma!

ISIS

Ha-ha-ha-ha!

Constance eyes her mother with flashes of hate.

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bobbi runs a lukewarm bath. Positioned before the mirror, she removes her top and stares intently at her belly.

LATER

Bobbi sits in the tub, her belly protrudes from the water, an island of stretched flesh.

She HUMS a calm tune and slowly drifts off.

A FLUTTER in her womb causes her to snap awake. The water ripples around her.

BOBBI

What are you doing in there?

Another FLUTTER. Bobbi looks closer. She begins to make out a SHAPE in her womb.

Her eyes tense as her skin pulls taut and a FACE EMERGES from within.

Skeletal, demonic, but somehow recognizable. ... *Colin?*

THEN --

Colin barges in, frantic, crazed, a KNIFE raised over his head.

COLIN
We can't let it live!

HE THRUSTS THE KNIFE AT HER BELLY --

CUT TO:

Bobbi SNAPS AWAKE. Confused. Hysterical.

Colin kneels over her, tries to calm her.

COLIN (CONT'D)
It's okay! Bobbi, it's okay! It's
ME. Calm down!

BOBBI
Get away from me! Get away!

She shoves him away and stands, grabs a towel, covers herself.

COLIN
It was a dream! You fell asleep!

Bobbi connects the words but somehow they don't convince her.

She stares back at her husband. Paranoid terror.

SMASH TO:

SUPER: WEEK 39

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - DAY

Colin sits at his desk, gawks at the screenplay Constance gave him.

The title page:

"DEATH OF A HOLLYWOOD AGENT"

By Constance

A tru story mon.

Colin grabs the script, pages through it.

Words jump out: "Dog," "Murdah," "Little girl."

He slams it shut. There's a phone number at the bottom of the title page. He grabs the phone, dials.

CONSTANCE

(from phone)

Well, rude boy, did you like my story?

COLIN

I can't sell this shit. You know how many times you used the word "suddenly"? Thirteen. Worse, you don't establish the rules of the monster. What does the monster want?

CONSTANCE

Revenge.

COLIN

Have you given any thought to tone? Tone matters. Superman doesn't beat off in a phone booth. You know what a reader would do to this shit? No one wants a monster movie from a first time writer anyway. And even if they did, they wouldn't want one about an agent. And *Deadpool* happened so you need another ten years before you can be all fucking cute and self-referential again.

CONSTANCE

Not my problem, mon.

COLIN

Why do you want to be a writer anyway? They're fucking minions. They're deadbeats with Asperger's and day jobs. You're pretty when you're not coked out of your mind. And you're black. Diversity's huge right now. I could hook you up with acting agents, modelling agents. I could get you a key position at the Academy. It's an open door.

CONSTANCE

No.

Beat. Then, suddenly:

COLIN

Well, you're in luck. My boss is looking for a horror movie.

CONSTANCE

Make it happen. You don't have much time.

COLIN

I'm not saying I believe in any of this shit, but if I help you, will you call off the curse? Will you leave us alone? For good?

CONSTANCE

Yah mon. For good.

Click. Colin sets the phone down, contemplates the script.

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Colin examines IMAGES from Bobbi's last ultrasound.

Bobbi watches from the kitchen table. She looks thinner, sunken, dark spots under the eyes.

BOBBI

What's wrong?

He points to a spot on the image.

COLIN

Does that look right to you?

BOBBI

It's an arm.

Colin looks closer, doubtful.

COLIN

Maybe.

BOBBI

What do you think it looks like?

He hands the image back.

COLIN

I don't know. Look, I need to talk to you about something.

BOBBI

If it's about Geneva ...

COLIN

It's not about Geneva.

Bobbi magnets the image to the fridge. Pours herself some juice.

Colin takes the image down behind her back.

Bobbi sits, waits for him to continue.

COLIN (CONT'D)

The hospital called. The blood on your legs came from a dog. That's what they said. A dog.

Bobbi stares back, uneasy.

BOBBI

What?

COLIN

The blood on your legs was dog's blood.

BOBBI

That's ridiculous. What dog?

COLIN

I don't know, but Lacy was killed the night before.

Bobbi sits with that a beat, then:

BOBBI

You're implying I murdered Lacy?

COLIN

I -- no. I don't -- I don't know.

Bobbi thinks about the possibility. Tenses, glances at her belly.

BOBBI

What the fuck are we talking about? We're talking about me killing a dog? Ripping a dog apart? Did I kill Bethany now, too?

COLIN

It's stupid. It's a mistake.

BOBBI

But we're talking about it as if it *wasn't*. We're talking about it as if it really happened.

COLIN

Forget about the dog for a second,
okay? There's something else going
on and I need to tell you about it.

(beat; then)

First, I want you to know The Old
Me never would've told you the
truth. Will you acknowledge that?

BOBBI

Noted.

Colin takes a deep breath.

EXT. COLIN'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Colin exits, backpack slung over his shoulder. Grim. He
pauses a moment, turns back to the front door, then thinks
better of it and heads for his car.

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Bobbi and Felice stand before the empty BIRTHING POOL
positioned in the center of the room.

Bobbi looks on, groggy, medicated.

FELICE

I'm so sorry about the measurement.
I've never measured wrong before.

Bobbi touches her belly tepidly.

BOBBI

It's weird. I feel like it grows
and then shrinks and then grows ...
like it's tricking me.

Felice chuckles uncomfortably.

FELICE

I just have to be more careful,
that's all.

Bobbi sits on the couch, exhausted. Felice gives her a neck
rub.

FELICE (CONT'D)

Before my first child was born, I
suffered panic attacks. I was
convinced he was dying.

(MORE)

FELICE (CONT'D)

With every kick I saw him
struggling, writhing. Was he
choking on the cord? Was he in
pain? But then, when I neared the
end, I gave over to the mystery,
the unknown. And my beautiful
little boy was born.

Bobbi lets that settle, then:

BOBBI

Colin thinks it's a demon.

FELICE

What?

MOMENTS LATER

Bobbi shows Felice a STACK OF LETTERS from Constance.

BOBBI

He's been getting these for years.
From this woman in Jamaica. He says
she forced herself on him. Claims
she had his baby. Says her mother's
a voodoo sorceress and cursed his
seed when he refused to take
responsibility.

Mouth agape, Felice sorts through a few letters. Glimpses of
VIOLENT, DISTURBING DRAWINGS in the margins -- decapitated
limbs, bloody fangs, voodoo craziness.

FELICE

She "*cursed his seed*"?

BOBBI

The woman I kept seeing in those
nightmares? She was Jamaican.

FELICE

(laughing)
This is a joke.

Bobbi -- straight face.

FELICE (CONT'D)

This is total bullshit. I can't
believe either of you are serious
about this.

Bobbi moves to a drawer, takes out a bottle of PILLS. Pops
two. Downs it with water.

FELICE (CONT'D)
What are those?

BOBBI
All that blood on my legs? It was
dog's blood. Lab tests confirmed
it.

FELICE
Dog's blood?

BOBBI
My neighbors' dog? The one that
attacked me? They found her torn
apart the same morning I woke
covered in blood.
(verge of tears)
And then ... the morning after
Bethany ... I found this.

She reveals the PLASTIC PIRATE CUP. Half-crushed. Gnarled.

BOBBI (CONT'D)
It comes from a set. I bought them
for her birthday.

FELICE
Okay, back up. Tell me you don't
seriously think your baby is a
demon.

OFF BOBBI, seriously thinking her baby is a demon --

CUT TO:

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - WALK-IN CLOSET - THE NIGHT BEFORE

Colin pulls open the ammo case. Digs out the letters. Bobbi
watches, stoic.

BOBBI (V.O.)
He told me everything. The tattoo
on his arm? Those slashes represent
women. He and his frat buddies had
a running bet to see how many girls
they could sleep with. That's
Colin. That's who he is.

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THE NIGHT BEFORE

Colin tries to explain to Bobbi -- waves the screenplay
around, furious, pathetic.

BOBBI (V.O.)
 He claims she targeted him. Now she's *here*. And she wrote a screenplay. And she wants him to rep it. She wants him to make her famous.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

ON BOBBI as she stares off, rubs her belly methodically.

BOBBI
 I don't think Colin wants this baby.

Felice, nonplussed.

FELICE
 I think you need to --

BOBBI
 Talk to someone?

FELICE
 The situation between the two of you is obviously toxic and I think you need some space.

BOBBI
 That's why I told him to leave.
 (re letters)
 But what about *this* bitch?

FELICE
 We don't even know if she's real.

Bobbi reads one of the letters in a BAD JAMAICAN ACCENT.

BOBBI
 "You think you such a big mon, but I got news for you, duppy. You goin' down down down."
 (then)
 Wonder what "duppy" means ...

FELICE
 Ghost.

BOBBI
 She *sounds* real.

FELICE

Bobbi, I'm not sure I can continue to provide support if you think there's any truth to this demon nonsense.

As Bobbi stares at the letter ...

A FLASH

ISIS. BLOOD. FIRE. "MUUUURDAH."

BACK TO SCENE

Bobbi JOLTS AWAKE when Felice reaches for her.

BOBBI

It happened again. Just now.

FELICE

What did?

BOBBI

The woman! The sorceress! I just saw her!

FELICE

Just now?

BOBBI

Yes, just now!

FELICE

Okay, okay, relax. Let's think it through. What triggered it?

BOBBI

It's not about what triggered it -- it precedes an attack!

FELICE

Okay. Calm down. Look around you. There's no one here but me.

Bobbi looks around the room. Felice is right. It's quiet.

Safe.

THEN --

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

The ladies share an ominous look. Felice represses her unease with a silly grin. Goes to the door.

Bobbi searches for something to defend herself.

Felice twists the doorknob.

Bobbi grabs a poker from the fake fireplace.

Felice answers the door ...

Our clueless MAILMAN stands outside.

MAILMAN

Hi there! Envelope for Bobbi Downs.

Felice breathes easier. Bobbi, too. She sets down the poker, goes to the door. Signs for the envelope.

MAILMAN (CONT'D)

Thanks! Enjoy!

He bolts. Bobbi inspects the envelope. Return address from a PO BOX in LA.

She tears it open and pulls out a single piece of PAPER.

FELICE

What does it say?

Bobbi shows her. Written in sloppy block letters:

"DON'T OPEN THE DOOR"

And before Felice can react --

THE HOMELESS MAN stalks right up behind her!

SHOVES HER into the kitchen and CHARGES full-throttle at Bobbi, who has no time to defend herself.

He pins her to the wall, an inch from her face, his rotten breath enough to knock her senseless.

He pulls a GLASS SHARD, presses it against her cheek, slides the point between her breasts -- and over her belly.

Petrified, she KNEES HIM in the balls.

He crumbles, GROANS.

She dashes into the

NURSERY

SLAMS the door, but there's no lock on it.

The Homeless Man BEATS against it, forces her back UNTIL --
ONE BIG KICK sends her to the floor.

The Homeless Man kneels before her, raises the glass shard high WHEN --

SMASH!

Felice BREAKS A THICK VASE OVER HIS HEAD!

INT. SOHO HOUSE - DAY

Colin sits across from Don, whose got a dumbstruck look on his face.

DON

What the fuck are you talking about?

COLIN

I told you, I'm being extorted!

DON

Voodoo curses? Crazy Jamaican bitches? I got more important things to think about. I need a visual effects budget for my daughter's funeral!

COLIN

Look, all I'm saying is, what if it's real? What if she really *did* curse me?

(quietly)

What if there's a monster inside my wife?

DON

Jesus Christ. Grow some balls and crack that bitch over the fuckin' head. Whatever you do, don't give her screenplay to War Shlong.

Colin sinks. Despair.

COLIN

Can you imagine what Bobbi must think of me?

DON

Who the fuck cares what she thinks.

COLIN

What is that supposed to mean?

DON

It means she hates us, dude. Hates men. *All* men. Always has.

COLIN

She doesn't hate men.

DON

Why'd she kick you out? For being honest with her? Come on, dude. She was just *waiting* for something like this to happen. Now you're stuck paying child support and alimony to Miss Fucking Divorce Lawyer. She had you teed up from the beginning, bro.

COLIN

Jesus... What the fuck am I doing hanging out with a guy like you?

DON

Oh really? I wonder. Hmm. Maybe it's because you are a guy like me.

BRRRRRRRT. Colin grabs his phone.

COLIN

(into phone)

Bobbi? ... *What?!* Are you okay? I'm on my way.

(hangs up; to Don)

I was a guy like you. But not anymore.

Colin races out. Don watches in disgust.

EXT. COLIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Cop cars out front. Bobbi and Felice give statements to a POLICE OFFICER. Colin pulls up, frantic. Rushes over.

BOBBI

It was that vagrant who's been hanging around the neighborhood.

COLIN

They catch him?

POLICE OFFICER
He took off out the window before
we got here. We'll get him.

Colin takes his wife aside.

COLIN
Did he hurt you?

BOBBI
I'm okay. Felice was here.

Colin nods thanks to Felice, who stares back, indignant.

COLIN
I'll stay.

BOBBI
No.

COLIN
Bobbi ...

BOBBI
I saw her again. Just before it
happened. She sent me a note this
time.

She hands him THE LETTER. Familiar voodoo symbology scribbled
all over it.

COLIN
Do the cops know?

BOBBI
They should.

COLIN
Don't. I'll take care of it.

BOBBI
She's laughing at us. At ME. Fix
it. I don't care how. Fix it, or so
help me, you will never lay eyes on
your son.

Colin absorbs her ire. Bobbi heads back to the house with
Felice.

EXT. CENTURY CITY OFFICE COMPLEX - DUSK

Colin's Audi races into the parking garage.

INT. TALENT AGENCY - DUSK

Colin stalks down the hallway, Constance's script tight in his hand.

INT. COLIN'S OFFICE - DUSK

He hesitates before a SHREDDER, the script twists in his grip.

JASMINE (O.C.)

Colin?

He finds Jasmine in the doorway.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

I thought you left for the day.

COLIN

Working late.

JASMINE

Battle's looking for you.

He drops the script, goes to a liquor cabinet. Pops a bottle. Swigs.

COLIN

You get crazy in college?

JASMINE

What?

COLIN

You know -- sex, drugs?

JASMINE

Doesn't everyone?

COLIN

Yes! Thank you! Everyone does! It's completely normal!

JASMINE

Is this about the Jamaican girl?

COLIN

Guys are stupid in college. We do stupid things.

JASMINE

I was the handjob queen. But that was in grade school.

Colin stares.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
Is that the script for Battle
Wiener?

COLIN
It needs a rewrite.

JASMINE
Just give it to him, Colin. He
wants a horror movie. It's all he
talks about.

COLIN
So why doesn't *he* find one if he
thinks it's so fucking easy?

JASMINE
Look, his birthday party's tomorrow
night.

COLIN
The Young Hollywood Party?

JASMINE
We're hoping it will look like more
people showed up. That script would
make his day, Colin. You're an
agent. Sell it.

She gives him a shoulder pat, bolts.

Beat.

He catches his REFLECTION in the window. A pep talk:

COLIN
I'm an agent. I'm a fucking agent.

He takes out his phone, dials.

CONSTANCE
(from phone)
Yah mon.

Colin feeds some paper into the shredder -- BZZZT.

COLIN
Hear that? That's your career
taking a massive shit. The last
thing you wanna do in this business
is fuck with an agent. This is LA.
I save CATS.

(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)

Cross me and you won't be able to sell a fucking dime bag in this town.

(then)

You want to negotiate? Fine. I'll get your shit rewritten and submit it to my boss. But if anything else happens to me or my wife ...

CONSTANCE

Just do it already, agent mon.

Click.

Colin takes another pull, glares in spite at the screenplay.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The BLACK SUV, parked inside a vast, decrepit, hangar-like space near the pier.

ISIS (O.C.)

The bastard threatened us.

CONSTANCE (O.C.)

No Mamma, he got the message.

ISIS (O.C.)

I've foreseen his defiance. Let us ensure our power over him.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

The rear seats have been folded. The Boy, strapped to the floor by tight belts, whimpers as the rear doors are RIPPED OPEN --

The witches stand before him in grotesque RITUAL MASKS.

ISIS

Quiet, boy! Or we will gash you in places where you will not recover.

Isis draws a LONG BLADE from her robe. The Boy's eyes pulse at the sight of it.

ISIS (CONT'D)

Do it.

Constance props her leg, pulls back her robe. Her inner thigh a map of KNIFE SCARS.

Isis sets the blade to her skin. Constance holds a ritual CHALICE beneath.

Isis SLICES into the meat of her leg. Constance expels a painful GASP.

BLOOD pours into the chalice.

The Boy's eyes pinch shut. Pure terror. Isis dips her finger into the cup and tastes the blood.

ISIS (CONT'D)

Good.

(re The Boy)

Now you.

OFF THE BOY'S SCREAMS --

EXT. DON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Don sits in his Beamer. Bottle of whiskey half kicked. He glares next door at Colin's place.

EXT. COLIN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Bobbi opens the door as Don swigs the last of the bottle.

DON

Just wanted to check in. Heard you had some trouble earlier.

BOBBI

I'm fine, Don. Thanks.

(then)

I can't tell you how sorry I am about --

DON

Yeah. Thanks.

Felice appears over Bobbi's shoulder. Don salutes her patronizingly.

DON (CONT'D)

Deputy Doula. Cómo estás?

(to Bobbi)

Think we could talk for a sec? It's about Colin.

Bobbi steps outside, shuts the door for privacy. Don sets the empty bottle on the front steps. Almost falls on his ass.

BOBBI

I think maybe you need some sleep.

DON

You really did a number on my boy,
you know that? The shit we used to
pull was fucking epic.

BOBBI

Yeah, I heard.

DON

He's dead now because of you.

BOBBI

Excuse me?

DON

You turned him into such a paranoid
dipshit faggot, I barely recognize
him anymore.

BOBBI

Okay, see ya.

She turns for the door. He GRABS HER from behind. Covers her
mouth tight. His free hand feels her all over as he WHISPERS:

DON

Bitch, you are fucking cancer. But
I like it. And so do you.

His hand slides between her legs.

And she allows it, aroused. They KISS ravenously.

Felice spies on them from the window. Mortified.

At the height of their dry hump, Bobbi shoves him away --

BOBBI

Fuck you.

DON

Ready when you are.

Bobbi races inside, SLAMS the door hard.

Don smiles sloppily, heads off.

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Bobbi adjusts a VIDEO BABY MONITOR to face her. Climbs into bed. Felice eyes her in judgment.

FELICE

Bobbi --

BOBBI

I'll double your fee.

FELICE

You're out of control.

BOBBI

She told Colin the demon comes at night. It releases a toxin, a gas into the air. If anything like that happens, call TMZ.

FELICE

I'm not participating in this. You people are fucking crazy.

BOBBI

Your visa in good standing?

Felice, mouth dropped:

FELICE

What?

Bobbi hands off the video monitor, settles into bed.

BOBBI

There's espresso in the kitchen.
Don't fall asleep.

Felice stares back, disgusted.

EXT. SILVER LAKE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A peaceful night. Dogs BARK. The HOWL of a coyote. The moon casts a spectral glow.

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

The espresso machine BEEPS finished. Felice pours herself a cup. Glances to the

VIDEO MONITOR -- Bobbi sleeps deeply, tranquil.

LIVING ROOM

Felice sets the monitor down. Sips her espresso, eyes the birthing pool in the center of the room.

FELICE
 Hope you drown in it. Fucking pendeja.

She checks the MONITOR again -- Bobbi, fast asleep.

Felice mopes to the couch, sits.

INTERCUT -- MASTER BEDROOM

Bobbi sleeps. Deep, meditative breaths.

BACK TO

Felice guns her espresso.

When she sets the cup down, she notes the

VIDEO MONITOR -- *the screen is BLANK.*

She fiddles with it. Turns it off and back on. Same result.

She looks closer at the screen. There's a SHIFTING within the blankness. Like SMOKE.

She rises, makes her way down the hall toward the master bedroom.

And stops cold AS --

THE TOXIN seeps from under the door.

Felice tenses, calls out:

FELICE (CONT'D)
 Bobbi? Bobbi, wake up! Wake up!

No response.

Scared, Felice backpedals to the living room.

Grabs the phone AS --

The bedroom door CREAKS OPEN --

FELICE (CONT'D)
 Bobbi...?

Nothing. She looks back at the MONITOR -- *blank*. The gas has completely obscured the image.

It SEEPS into the living room.

Felice hovers before the birthing pool, COUGHS, phone in hand, cranes to see around the corner WHEN --

GRRRRRAAAAAACK!

It ATTACKS with the speed of a bullet, sends her tumbling into the birthing pool.

Arterial sprays of BLOOD erupt from within.

INT. DON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Geneva cracks open the fridge. Grabs some carrots, a bottle of Pinot Grigio.

HOME OFFICE

She looks in at Don watching TV. Stoned off his ass, he doesn't notice her.

ON THE TV

A FACES INFINITY COMMERCIAL with DR. LARRY MCKIDD --

MCKIDD (ON TV)

*Faces Infinity. Put your money
where your mouth is supposed to be -
and let me do the rest!*

BACK TO

Geneva sneers at Don:

GENEVA

Open a window at least, dickhead.

Don startles.

DON

Wha...?

Geneva heads off to her bedroom, SLAMS the door.

Don rises, wafts the smoke from his jay. Props a chair under the skylight. Steps up and cranks open the window. Jumps down.

A glop of SLIME lands on his head.

DON (CONT'D)

Huh?

He swipes the goo off. Foamy saliva.

Looks to the skylight -- a STRING OF GOO drips down.

DON (CONT'D)

Fuck is that?

He steps up on the chair. Watches the goo drizzle down. Looks to the open skylight.

Deciding it best not to investigate further, he turns to step down from the chair WHEN --

A BLACK CLAW shoots through the window and GRABS HIM BY THE SKULL.

He YELPS as his whole body RIPS THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT.

We HEAR sick THWACKS of horrific mutilation --

A moment later Don's body SHOVES BACK THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT and dumps to the floor. A bloody destruction of meat and bone.

HALLWAY

Geneva steps out from the bedroom.

GENEVA

Don?

No answer.

She pads down the hall toward the

HOME OFFICE

Opens the door --

A LARGE NAKED FIGURE HACKS AWAY AT DON. Back turned, bald, milky translucent skin, a blur of gore-slicked claws.

Relentless, sickening THWACKS --

Geneva blinks, shuts the door, rubs her head.

GENEVA (CONT'D)

Goddamn crazy pills.

The door RIPS OPEN --

The Creature YANKS HER INSIDE.

SMASH TO BLACK:

TITLE: WEEK 40

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

SIRENS BLARE outside. Bobbi's still asleep.

The baby monitor blinks, off-line.

The entirety of the bed, sheets and blankets SLICKED IN DEEP RED.

LIVING ROOM

The birthing pool sits in the middle of the room. A cauldron of BLOOD.

KITCHEN

The window over the sink, WIDE OPEN. A gentle breeze wisps through, catching the ultrasound photos on the counter.

They fall to the floor.

HALLWAY

Door to the master bedroom opens.

Bobbi slowly emerges. Legs slicked in plasma, eyes piqued in shock, entranced. She caresses her very pregnant belly, makes her way into the --

LIVING ROOM

Where the birthing pool draws her close.

The blood inside undulates. She cranes over it.

A BODY LURCHES from the pool and grabs her! FELICE -- or what's left of her.

Bobbi falls back --

The birthing pool TIPS OVER. A bloody tidal wave.

Bobbi, drenched in refuse. Felice lands on top of her. Devastating claw marks down her face. One last GASP and she expires.

The room, SOAKED IN RED.

Bobbi writhes in the puddle.

LATER

Bobbi slumps against the wall, a cigarette dangles from her lips. Draped in bloody show.

A surreal moment as she contemplates the scene: the blood, the gore, the dead doula.

THE SIRENS from outside draws her attention.

AT THE KITCHEN WINDOW

She peeks out.

Glimpses of police and ambulance activity at Don's place. Gurneys wheeled out. Crime scene tape. Neighbors gasp, sob. Reporters eat it up.

Bobbi rescinds from the window, looks down at the bulge of her belly. Despite it all, she strokes her womb. Protective. Motherly.

A decision.

QUICK SHOTS

-- Bobbi wraps Felice in soiled bed sheets, THEN --

-- Bobbi pulls up the rug; mops; scrubs; showers, AND --

EXT. COLIN'S HOUSE - DAY

-- Bobbi tosses Felice into the trunk of her car. SLAM.

END QUICK SHOTS

Bobbi looks out at the madness next door, makes sure no one sees her. The garden hides her car from view, but the crime scene extends beyond her property.

She wanders over to a COP posted at the curb.

BOBBI

Hi. I'm a neighbor. I have a doctor's appointment I need to attend. Is that okay?

She rubs her belly, selling it.

POLICE OFFICER
Of course, ma'am.

He waves a path through the CROWD OF ONLOOKERS as Bobbi climbs into her car and takes off.

EXT. THE HOLLYWOOD SIGN - DUSK

Fading sunlight descends across the notable landmark.

INT. COLIN'S OFFICE - TALENT AGENCY - DUSK

Colin, passed out on his couch.

BRRRRRRRT. Phone startles him. He falls off. THUMP. Answers.

COLIN
(into phone)
Bobbi?

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - INTERCUT

Bobbi walks through a secluded wooded area.

BOBBI
(into phone)
The last thing I wanted was to be a mother. So much baggage over the years; men, sex, self-worth. I just didn't think I'd ever be ready for it. But you said this is what you wanted. And I wanted to give that to you. Because I love you.

COLIN
I love you too.

BOBBI
I've been so scared. Not just because of what's happening to my body, but also because I'm not sure I'd be any good at taking care of a baby. Some people aren't meant to be parents.

COLIN
It *is* a lot to think about.

BOBBI
But now I know what Felice meant. I'm giving over to the mystery.
(MORE)

BOBBI (CONT'D)

Embracing it. Now I'll let nothing stand in the way of becoming a mother. Nothing. I'm not going to lose this baby because you don't have the balls to step up.

COLIN

Bobbi, did something happen?

BOBBI

(pivoting)

Why don't you want me to go back to work, Colin?

Colin grapples to his feet, juggles the question uncomfortably.

COLIN

I just thought staying home made more sense.

BOBBI

You know what I think? I think it's because you're jealous of me.

COLIN

Bobbi ...

BOBBI

I had a *real* career. A *real* degree. I made more money. That's gotta be tough for a womanizing frat boy fuck like you.

Colin releases a tight SIGH.

COLIN

You didn't make more money.

BOBBI

(then)

You didn't fix it, did you, Colin? Our Jamaican problem?

Colin looks around for the screenplay. Can't find it.

COLIN

I'm in the process of negotiating a deal.

BOBBI

I see. Well, I just wanted to call to let you know that our next door neighbors have been laid to rest.

He stops cold.

COLIN

What?

BOBBI

They're dead, Colin. "Mauled" might be one way to describe it.

COLIN

(gulp)

Where are you?

BOBBI

I'm in the process of disposing our doula's mutilated corpse. Come anywhere near me without taking care of business and you'll end up just like her.

Click.

Bobbi KICKS FELICE'S CORPSE down a steep slope.

ON COLIN

Frozen. He races to his computer, opens the local news --

BREAKING NEWS

SILVER LAKE FAMILY VICIOUSLY MURDERED.

SUSPECT STILL AT LARGE.

INT. TALENT AGENCY - MOMENTS LATER

Colin rips open his office door --

COLIN

Jasmine! Jasmine?!

He scrambles into the hallway --

JASMINE (O.C.)

You're awake!

Colin finds Jasmine decked out in a tight black cocktail dress.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Finally. I tried to wake you, but you were totally out of it.

He grabs her, desperate --

COLIN
There was a script in my office.

JASMINE
Death of a Hollywood Agent?

COLIN
Where is it?

Jasmine's face folds mischievously.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Oh fuck, Jasmine, what did you do?

JASMINE
Don't be mad. I gave it to Battle Wiener.

Colin's eyes grow WIDE.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
You should have seen his face when I put it in his hands, Colin. Don't worry. I gave you all the credit.

COLIN
You ... ?

JASMINE
He wants to see you before the party.
(off his stunned look)
Are you okay?

His expression grows dark, teeth-clinched:

COLIN
It needs. A fucking. Rewrite!

INT. ABIE WIENER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON A PLATINUM "B" CUFF LINK as Battle Wiener carefully adjusts it.

Colin swings the door open.

Battle stands at his desk. Slick tux. Empty glass of scotch sits atop --

THE SCREENPLAY

The agents appraise each other.

WIENER

Come to collect the garbage?

COLIN

Abie, that script isn't --

WIENER

The wife's the more interesting character. She should be the hero.

As Colin reaches for the script, Battle drops his fist on top of it.

WIENER (CONT'D)

Is it a horror movie or a comedy? The cross-genre thing's hard to get right.

COLIN

There's a phone number on the title page. I need it.

WIENER

What for? Cuz the lumberjack that wrote this shit don't fucking exist.

(refers to the title page)

This "Constance" bitch? She's a fucking apparition. Cuz when I'm done dragging her name over the fucking coals --

COLIN

It needs a rewrite. You weren't supposed to --

WIENER

A rewrite? No. It doesn't need a rewrite. "It" isn't the problem.

Battle pours himself another scotch.

WIENER (CONT'D)

You bite the hand that feeds. You patronize the old man when all he's looking to do is make a comeback.

(re script)

And this abysmal fucking *ecto-sludge* is the final insult. Death of a Hollywood Agent. You got that right, motherfucker.

Colin gives up, contrite, slips his hands in his pockets.

COLIN

Well, I guess all I have to say is
... fuck you. Fuck you, War Shlong!
Find your own fucking horror movie!
That one's mine.

Battle stares. A smile of spite. The gaze of a true shark.

WIENER

You're right. It doesn't have to be
a true story to be terrifying. It
just has to suck.

Battle pours his scotch over the screenplay, sparks a match
and --

LIGHTS IT ON FIRE!!!

COLIN

No!

INT/EXT. BLACK SUV - DRIVING - SAME

Isis and Constance react as if they too were on fire. They
SCREAM IN UNISON AS --

The SUV PINBALLS down the street. Horns BLARE.

CONSTANCE

Fucking fassy! I knew it wouldn't
work!

ISIS

You were the one who paid all the
money for that stupid class!

CONSTANCE

It's UCLA!

ISIS

Fuck UCLA! Fuck Hollywood! Now we
do things *MY WAY!*

The Boy's sweet VOICE beckons from the backseat:

THE BOY (O.C.)

Are we going to see Daddy now?

ISIS

SHUT UP, UGLY BASTARD!!!

Isis clutches the wheel and PLANTS THE GAS.

EXT. SILVER LAKE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Streets eerily quiet. Crime scene tape WAVES in a warm breeze. Don's house is DARK.

A COYOTE trots along the sidewalk. A FLASH OF HEADLIGHTS scare the animal. A POLICE CAR passes, patrolling the neighborhood.

TRACK ACROSS THE STREET into an overgrowth of shrubbery, into a swarm of BUZZING flies, AND FIND --

THE HOMELESS MAN. CLAWED. CHEST RIPPED OPEN. RAVAGED.

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bobbi double-checks the room for any evidence she might have missed. She speaks to her unborn baby as she cleans:

BOBBI

I know how you feel. I've been
angry, too. I used to break things.
Punch pillows. Panic attacks.
(then)
There's really no other way to say
it: some people deserve to die.

She finds an EARRING inside the birthing pool. Felice's.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

And some are just unlucky.

EXT. COLIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE DOORBELL as a FINGER presses the button.

DING-DONG.

Bobbi answers --

And before she even has a chance to panic, ISIS drives a STUN GUN into her neck and drops her like a sack of lead.

INT. CENTURY CITY OFFICE COMPLEX - LOBBY - NIGHT

An open-plan lobby with three levels of balconies overlooking the spread. A GIANT BANNER WAFTS:

THE YOUNG HOLLYWOOD PARTY
HOSTED BY CUM (CREATIVE UNITED MANAGEMENT)

And taped beneath it, haphazardly, one side hanging off:

+ Abie "Battle" Wiener's Big 80th Birthday Bash!

The flashy modernist lobby, filled with YOUNG INDUSTRY HOPEFULS, hobnobbing and posing. Everybody's dressed to the nines. Hot BIZ CHICKS and 'Nerd's Revenge' WANNABE PLAYERS intermingle with plates of sushi and flutes of champagne.

Nobody here is over forty (even if they are).

GLIMPSES OF THE ACTION

A DJ spins HIP MUSIC while the CROWD tries to act cool. Heavy SECURITY mans the entrance like it was Air Force One. SUSHI CHEFS slave over their stations with empty tip jars.

BARTENDERS slave over their bars with empty tip jars. With birthday hat and frosted cupcake, Battle Wiener gives a speech to ROUSING APPLAUSE.

ON COLIN

At the bar, tips back his third whiskey. Beleaguered. Lost.

He stares into the empty tip jar. Pulls a twenty from his money clip and deposits it.

The BARTENDER takes note.

BARTENDER

Thanks man. You're the only one.

COLIN

Don't thank me.

(re party)

I perpetuate this.

BARTENDER

You an agent?

Colin nods. The Bartender leans in close:

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Dude, I got a fucking awesome script ...

But before he even finishes the sentence, Colin walks away, a doomed exchange. On his way to the sushi bar, he bumps into --

DR. LARRY MCKIDD.

COLIN
Larry?

MCKIDD
Brother!

McKidd wraps him up in a big bear hug.

COLIN
What are you doing here?

MCKIDD
You kidding? Look around. Many of these idiots are over sixty-five, but you'd never know it, thanks to me.
(then)
Did you try the sushi? That's Blue Fin tuna. Endangered. Awesome!

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The BLACK SUV approaches the LOADING DOCK and backs up to it.

CONSTANCE
How do you know he's here?

ISIS
I can smell it.

Isis and Constance exit the vehicle, carrying GAS MASKS. Isis moves to the rear of the SUV as Constance grabs The Boy.

Isis rips open the rear doors, REVEALS --

BOBBI, in a nightgown. Passed out, gagged, arms bound with belts.

Isis cracks open a SMALL COOLER filled with VIALS OF BLOOD.

She grabs a vial and dumps the blood into the ritual chalice.

Constance shields The Boy behind her.

CONSTANCE
Mamma. I don't wanna hurt him no more. I can't.

ISIS
(ignoring her)
Now you will see the fruits of our labor, bastard.
(MORE)

ISIS (CONT'D)
 The frat boy will pay, mon. He and
 all his people ... WILL PAY.

A flick of her hand IGNITES the chalice. She CHANTS the spell
 in Patois.

ISIS (CONT'D)
*I call upon The Beast. Tonight, I
 am your maker. Tonight, you will do
 MY bidding.*

The Boy hides behind Constance, terrified.

Isis POURS THE BURNING BLOOD over her head.

ISIS (CONT'D)
Muuuurdah.

ON BOBBI

As the TOXIN SPEWS from her mouth, her pregnant belly QUAKES.

Isis slips on her gas mask AS --

Constance turns to The Boy --

CONSTANCE
 Run.

The Boy darts away. Isis BACKHANDS Constance --

ISIS
 Stupid whore.

Constance SMACKS against the concrete.

BOBBI'S LEGS spread open, her body gyrates propulsive AND --

A SLIMY SLOSH as the fetus EMERGES (unseen) --

FETUS POV: gazing up at Isis from between Bobbi's legs.

Isis points to the SEALED GARAGE DOOR of the loading dock.

ISIS (CONT'D)
Kill 'em all, mon.

FETUS POV: SMASHING through the door --

INTO THE BUILDING.

INT. CENTURY CITY OFFICE COMPLEX - LOBBY - SAME

Colin tries to get Bobbi on the phone, no luck.

He links eyes with Battle Wiener across the room, surrounded by heavy hitters.

Battle Wiener gives him a sarcastic salute.

AT THE ELEVATORS

A group of DRUNK AGENTS hit the UP button.

DRUNK AGENT

I got the fucking best coke up in my office.

ON COLIN

As he scans the dead sea of Young Hollywood, his eyes return to --

LARRY MCKIDD, rubbing shoulders with former and future clients.

And Colin RECALLS:

COLIN (V.O.)

Abortions on the side for his old fraternity? That's cold, bro.

He sparks to the notion. Makes his way through the crowd toward McKidd --

AT THE ELEVATORS

The Drunk Agent gets impatient.

DRUNK AGENT

Come on! Let's get fucked up!

The elevator ARRIVES. Doors SLIDE OPEN TO REVEAL --

An empty elevator car.

The AGENTS pile in.

THE ELEVATOR

Doors close. Up they go.

Drunk Agent spots something on the floor --

DRUNK AGENT (CONT'D)

What the ... ?

Drunk Agent reaches down, picks up a SLICK MOULTED SKIN that DISINTEGRATES in seconds.

ANOTHER DRUNK AGENT

Dude! It's like *Alien!*

DRUNK AGENT

That movie sucks.

NOW --

The ceiling grate BURSTS OPEN --

A WHISK OF CLAWS SLICE INTO THEM --

BLOOD SPRAYS. SCREAMS.

THE LOBBY

Colin approaches McKidd.

COLIN

Larry, can I talk to you about something? In private?

JUST THEN --

THE ELEVATOR returns to the lobby -- DING!

DOORS OPEN AND --

A TSUNAMI OF BLOOD GUSHES OUT.

RAVAGED BODIES spill like dead fish.

The party goes STUNNED SILENT as the elevator drains of its refuse.

Eventually, the red tide slows.

Young Hollywood gawks at the carnage. No one can believe it: *is this a joke?*

A SMARTASS AGENT quips:

SMARTASS AGENT

Kubrick called. He wants his movie back.

A few uneasy CHUCKLES. A DIMWIT AGENT whispers to his buddy:

DIMWIT AGENT
Who's Kubrick?

Colin touches the blood at his feet. Horror swells.

FROM ABOVE

DRIPPING BLACK CLAWS cling to the THIRD-FLOOR BALCONY --

FROOOSH!

THE CREATURE DROPS INTO THE MEAT OF THE CROWD --

People GASP, scatter.

THE CREATURE rises. Looks about the awestruck faces of the crowd.

ON COLIN

Staring in utter disbelief.

THEN --

IT MOVES LIGHTENING FAST --

Heavy clots of BLOOD BURST from countless VICTIMS as it mows down agent after agent, assistant after assistant, mail boy after mail boy -- the speed of a runaway Ferrari!

EXPLOSIONS OF CRIMSON zigzag through the stunned party.

SEVERED LIMBS. HORRIFIED SHRIEKS. TOTAL FUCKING ANARCHY.

Everyone bolts for the exits -- a bottle neck!

YOUNG HOLLYWOOD TRAMPLES each other with total abandon. Hair pulled, clothes torn, high heels STAB the fallen.

Half of these people get killed by each other just trying to escape.

ON COLIN

He catches sight of a STAIRCASE across the lobby. Guns toward it, forces his way through the blood-splattered crowd --

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LOADING DOCK - SAME

Dazed from her concussion, Constance gropes for her gas mask as Isis listens to the CHORUS OF SCREAMS echo from the lobby.

ISIS

It begins.

But she's not paying attention to --

BOBBI

As she wakes, the toxin sucked through VENTS in the ceiling.

She opens her eyes.

Slips her hands free from the belts. Touches her belly. Her womb feels empty.

She reaches between her legs, cups a handful of GOOEY DISCHARGE. Gawks at it, horrified.

INT. CENTURY CITY OFFICE COMPLEX - LOBBY - SAME

Colin makes it halfway to the stairs WHEN --

THE CREATURE fires past. The MAN next to him LOSES HIS HEAD, a GEYSER OF PLASMA.

Colin wavers. Stifled. Dripping. THEN --

He's bowled over by JASMINE, covered in splatter. She falls on top of him, SCREAMS APOPLECTIC --

COLIN

Jasmine! It's me! It's Colin!

She can't focus, too freaked out. He helps her up.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Come on!

He takes her hand, leads her toward the staircase AS --

THE CREATURE barrels in behind them, a FLASH of translucent skin.

Colin feels a HARD TUG and almost falls, but catches himself on the railing. Luckily, he's still holding Jasmine's hand. Only problem is --

The rest of her is GONE.

He gapes down at Jasmine's SEVERED HAND. Nice manicure. GASP, drops it.

BATTLE WIENER

Surveys the massacre of young proteges (and not altogether broken up about it).

WIENER

Now this is a horror movie!

He smiles to himself, takes a healthy bite of his birthday cupcake AS --

THE YOUNG HOLLYWOOD PARTY BANNER tears loose and slaps to the wet floor.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LOADING DOCK - SAME

Bobbi climbs into the SUV, STARTS THE ENGINE.

Isis whips around:

ISIS

No!

Bobbi drops the SUV into gear, HITS THE GAS --

TIRES SQUEAL --

ISIS (CONT'D)

Stop!!

SCREEEEECH -- Bobbi slams the brakes. The SUV idles twenty feet away.

Isis leers at her from the edge of the loading dock.

ISIS (CONT'D)

I'm not done with you, bitch.

Bobbi eyes her in the side mirror. Lethal. Rips into REVERSE and PUNCHES IT --

The vehicle rages BACKWARDS.

Isis CHANTS A SPELL AS --

Constance creeps up from behind her AND --

SHOVES HER MOTHER off the loading dock!

The SUV drills Isis into the edge and SEVERS HER AT THE WAIST.

ISIS SCREEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAMS --

Bobbi shifts, plants the gas and takes off for the exit.

INSERT -- THE CREATURE

Senses its mother leaving. We get a good look at its hulk-like frame. Humanoid. Hairless. A white devil.

INSERT -- COLIN

At the staircase, gawks at the beast. He can see *himself* in its terrifying image.

BACK TO

The SUV SLAMS INTO parked luxury cars, careens for the exit

WHEN --

THE BOY darts out in front of her!

Bobbi spins the wheel to avoid hitting him AND --

SMASH!

THE SUV CRASHES INTO A CONCRETE STANCHION.

Bobbi WHACKS HER HEAD on the steering wheel, dazed but conscious.

The Boy gapes in at her.

Bobbi opens the door, slumps from the vehicle, face battered, bleeding. The Boy tries to help:

THE BOY

I'm sorry!

Bobbi's eyes divert to the GAS-MASKED FIGURE approaching.

CONSTANCE

Pulls off the mask. A whacked-out vulnerability to her. Tears of shock in her eyes.

Bobbi shields The Boy behind her. Protective.

CONSTANCE

You don't understand. They hurt us. Those men. Those boys. They think they can do whatever they want and nothing will come of it. They're wrong.

Constance pulls the RITUAL BLADE, advances toward them.

BOBBI

I do understand. But it's not just them. It's us, too. It's how we raise them. It's what they're exposed to. Money, sex, power. It's what makes them feel necessary. But we can change it. We can show them a better way.

CONSTANCE

I know a better way.

Constance raises the BLADE high and LUNGES AT THEM --

THE BOY

No!

RRRIP --

Bobbi and The Boy are showered in thick BLOOD SPRAY.

Constance tremors in shock AS --

A CLAWED HAND POKES FROM HER CHEST GRIPPING HER BEATING HEART!

The claw retracts through the hole. Constance hits the floor, extremely dead.

Bobbi gazes up at THE CREATURE as it grips the witch's heart AND --

She BLACKS OUT.

AT THE LOADING DOCK

Colin emerges from the busted steel door. Spots the SEVERED TORSO OF ISIS at the edge of the dock. Gross.

He searches into the parking garage, locates the SUV wreck.

COLIN

Bobbi!

AT THE SUV

Colin runs over, catches the last glimpse of

THE CREATURE

as it burrows back into Bobbi's womb.

He slips and FALLS in a puddle of blood. Registers CONSTANCE'S BODY, a BIG HOLE torn through her chest.

Then:

THE BOY (O.C.)

Daddy?

Colin finds The Boy hiding behind a car.

COLIN

(re Constance)

Is that your mommy?

The Boy nods.

Tires SCREECH. Colin turns, spooked --

A SILVER BENTLEY rounds the corner and PINCHES STOPPED.

Window rolls down -- LARRY MCKIDD at the wheel.

MCKIDD

Brother!

COLIN

Larry?!

MCKIDD

Get in! This party blows!

INT. MCKIDD'S BENTLEY - DRIVING - NIGHT

McKidd hangs up his phone --

MCKIDD

Okay, we're all set. My team's on their way.

Colin, in the passenger seat:

COLIN

You're sure you can do this without hurting her, right?

McKidd adjusts the rearview --

Bobbi's slumped in the backseat. The Boy stares at her undulating belly.

MCKIDD

Look, this is the latest of late term abortions. I don't guarantee anything.

(MORE)

MCKIDD (CONT'D)

But if what you said is true, and that fetus is responsible for what happened back there ... what choice do you have?

Colin stares out the window, at war with himself.

COLIN

Maybe now that they're dead, the curse will go away.

MCKIDD

Thing about curses, they're stingy. Why risk it? Better to start fresh.

Colin looks back at Bobbi, torn.

COLIN

But I'm pro-life ...

MCKIDD

We're *all* pro-life! Why do you think I run an abortion clinic out of my basement?

INT. MCKIDD'S MANSION - NIGHT

The Doctor's Beverly Hills crib. Awesomely palatial. Complete with CHERUB FOUNTAINS and SPRAWLING MARBLE STAIRCASES.

Bobbi's wheeled in on a GURNEY by a group of smocked MEDICAL ASSISTANTS.

Colin watches nervously, The Boy and McKidd by his side.

MCKIDD

Look, anything for a brother, you know that. But something like this, this puts us in bed together for LIFE, you understand?

COLIN

Yeah.

MCKIDD

I got this script I've been working on ...

COLIN

No.

MCKIDD

Oh yes. It's out there but it's, you know, definitive. It's based on a series of young adult novels, which I wrote and self-published under a pseudonym. We'll talk.

Colin replies with a deadpan look. The Assistants wheel Bobbi into a SERVICE ELEVATOR. McKidd follows.

COLIN

Larry? Be careful.

MCKIDD

Don't look so glum, kid. One must approach this business with a sense of glee.

McKidd winks. The elevator doors SLAM SHUT.

LATER

Colin and The Boy sit on a bench surrounded by STATUES OF CHERUBS spewing fountain water. While the cherubs are made of stone, they're armed with *REAL SWORDS*.

COLIN

Sorry about your mom.

THE BOY

I think she was bad.

(then)

Are you bad?

COLIN

I need a new job.

He stands, turns to the fountain. Digs a COIN from his pocket. Shuts his eyes to make a wish.

Flips the coin into the fountain.

THEN --

THE SERVICE ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN --

DING!

The light from inside catches a CLOUD OF TOXIN that creates a ghostly GLOW.

Colin goes still, terrified. The Boy cries. Colin kneels to him:

COLIN (CONT'D)

Listen to me. I want you to wait outside. If I'm not back in five minutes, find an adult and ask them to call the police. Can you do that?

The Boy nods, runs for the front door. Looks back.

THE BOY

Dad?

Colin faces him.

THE BOY (CONT'D)

Fuck 'em up.

With that, The Boy exits.

Colin turns to the fountain. To the cherubs.

To their WEAPONS.

He climbs into the fountain, jimmies a KATANA SWORD from the cherub's grip.

Removes his jacket, covers his nose and mouth. Nears the elevator, gains a view inside --

A fresh SPLASH OF BLOOD drips down the back wall. A Medical Assistant lays dead on the floor. Guttled.

Colin drops his head. Breathless. Dizzy.

Then, as he shields himself from the toxin, he steps into the elevator and hits the DOWN button.

INT. BASEMENT OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Elevator doors ROLL OPEN. With the sword raised defensively, Colin inches out into a LARGE ROOM clouded with green toxin.

Examination lights FLICKER, illuminate BOBBI unconscious on the exam table, her feet in stirrups.

Colin approaches, TRIPS over ANOTHER MANGLED CORPSE. Pulls himself up, reaches the exam table, checks to see if Bobbi's breathing.

COLIN

Bobbi? Bobbi, wake up.

Something CLANGS behind him. He twists, slices the sword through the air. Can't see anything --

MOVEMENT in the fog. Vapor circles in trails around him.

He moves around the exam table, STABS through the gas with the sword. STAB. STAB. STAB. UNTIL --

SHHOOTH!

The sword STICKS INTO SOMETHING. Billows of clouds make it look like the weapon hovers by itself.

MCKIDD LURCHES from the smoke, the sword STUCK IN HIS CHEST, his face MAULED with DEEP CLAW MARKS.

He drops to his knees before Colin.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Larry! No!

McKidd gapes into his eyes, clings to his last breath:

MCKIDD

Striking ... resemblance ...

His eyes roll back as the life drains. Dead.

MOVEMENT in the clouds all around him.

A SLURP. A CACKLE. *Is it laughing at him?*

Dazed from the toxin, Colin replaces the jacket to his mouth, YANKS the sword from McKidd's chest.

THEN --

The gas begins to DISSIPATE and REVEALS --

THE CREATURE

Mere inches away, its back to us.

Colin wipes the sting from his eyes, tries to focus. Lunges with the sword --

The Creature DARTS AWAY --

Toxin nearly gone, Colin has a full view of the room -- COVERED IN DEAD BODIES. Ripped open. Torn apart. An abattoir.

He goes death-still AS --

SOMETHING TOUCHES HIS SHOULDER.

His eyes gravitate to --

The Creature's BLACK CLAW resting there.

Colin's face relays sheer terror as he meets the thing face to face --

A skeletal humanoid with crazed, eager eyes and razor teeth -- but recognizable nonetheless -- A DEMONIC COLIN.

Colin swivels with the sword hoping to land a quick blow.

The Creature SLICES THE BLADE IN TWO and seizes Colin by the neck.

THE CREATURE

Da-da?

Too much. Colin SCREAMS, marbles lost.

ON BOBBI

As she begins to WAKE.

The Creature drops Colin and rushes to her, its terrible claws hover over her.

As Bobbi's eyes flutter, The Creature takes point at the stirrups.

A sudden WHIP-LIKE APPENDAGE SHOOTS from its gut and connects between Bobbi's legs --

The UMBILICAL CORD.

The Creature crawls atop her, embraces her intimately, and begins to SHRINK.

A writhing, transformative event, like an inverse moulting, which sees the fetus return to its NATURAL SIZE.

Bobbi's eyes OPEN. The glare of the medical lamps momentarily blind her. She breathes heavy with PAIN.

AND THEN --

A BABY CRIES.

Bobbi's eyes gain focus. She follows the sounds to...

THE NEWBORN BABY BOY crying on her stomach.

Almost immediately, the instincts of a mother take hold.

Her expression fills with fear, elation, exhaustion. Bobbi brings the baby to her chest and soothes him, kisses him.

ON COLIN

As he pulls himself up and lays eyes on Bobbi -- and his newborn son.

He stumbles over, entranced, as Bobbi cradles the baby.

He touches the baby's soft skin. Peers into his tranquil blue eyes.

The thrill of fatherhood overwhelms him.

COLIN

He's beautiful.

Bobbi smiles, warm, soaks up the endorphins. Colin wraps his arms around them.

FADE OUT

THE END