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EXT KOMISKY HOUSE LAWN - MORNING

A "FOR RENT" sign reads, "SPACIOUS TWO BEDROOM HOUSE WITH 1 BATH AND AN OFFICE. CARPETED AND FURNISHED WITH DRY BAR. REASONABLE RENT. MUST GO!"

GIL, a man in his late fifties and a cheap suit, is fussily spiking the sign into the lawn. Behind him looms the house. It is quite ugly and in need of many repairs. Paint is flaking off in numerous areas, the garage door is badly dented and the grass on the lawn is patchy at best. Renting this house seems like a hopeless endeavor.

CUT TO:

EXT CITY STREET - DAY

A 1968 Mustang, in poor shape, slowly moves up the street. It periodically stops at houses for a few moments before starting its course once again.

CUT TO:

EXT KOMISKY HOUSE LAWN - DAY

Gil finally gets the sign into the ground. The angle in which it leans makes the sign barely readable. He walks off the lawn onto the sidewalk. Looking both ways, he sees neither a person nor a car. The wind blows a plastic bag across the street. The whole block is deserted. This is the only house with a FOR RENT sign.

Gil speaks as if he is in a old American *noir* film from the nineteen-forties.

GIL

Well, Gil, my boy. This is going to be a tough one.

Gil turns back toward the house. He pulls out a set of keys and rummages through them, trying to find the correct one. In his concentration he doesn't notice the Mustang has pulled up behind him. The driver of the Mustang blows his horn, startling Gil. He drops the keys, turns towards the sidewalk and puts on a fake smile. He runs down the lawn, hand extended to meet the driver.

GIL (CONT'D)

Maybe today's your lucky day, Gilly, baby.

The driver side door opens and a man in his mid to late twenties steps out. This is JACK. He slams the car door shut, steps onto the lawn, and salutes Gil.

JACK

You know I can barely read your sign. This place is for rent and not for sale, right?

GIL

(at lightning speed)

Yes indeed! Yes indeed! Just put the sign up myself five minutes ago, see. Reasonable rent, it reads! Reasonable! Now here's what I'm a gonna do. Gil's my name, and I'm gonna make sure when you leave today you're gonna pack your stuff up and bring it right back here, because I'm gonna make you such a great deal on this here house you won't be able to say no. Now before we talk about terms, how about we take a look inside, and see how you like the place? Whaddaya say?

JACK

(bemused)

Okay.

They walk up the lawn together to the front door. Gil bends down and searches for the keys.

JACK (CONT'D)

Quiet neighborhood. A lot of kids?

GIL

Nope.

JACK

Good.

Jack begins to peel paint off the wall in long strips.

JACK (CONT'D)

Lovely paint job.

GIL

Not to worry my boy. Not to worry. Good strong back like yours can get this place into shape in no time.

JACK

Strong back like mine? Shouldn't you take care of this?

Gil is still searching for the keys.

GIL  
I'll get around to it, that's a  
promise, see. Gimme two weeks.

Jack looks uneasy. Gil notices.

GIL (CONT'D)  
(with a forced laugh)  
Trust me! We can write it into the  
lease agreement if it makes ya  
happy, boy-o!  
(then, still searching)  
Now where are those damn keys!

JACK  
What're you doing?

GIL  
Well, when you pulled up in that  
Mustang of yours -- beauty of a car  
by the way -- and honked the horn,  
you put a fright in me. I was  
unlocking the door and I dropped  
the keys, see. Now I'm down here  
lookin' for 'em.

JACK  
They're in the doorknob.

GIL  
What?

Gil stands up and brushes the dust off of his pants. The keys  
are in fact dangling from the doorknob.

GIL (CONT'D)  
Now don't that beat all. Here I am  
down on the ground lookin' and  
lookin' and they're in the knob all  
the time. I must've just thought I  
dropped the keys. It seems like in  
his old age old Gil is gettin' a  
little senile. Well, let's go  
inside.

Gil turns the knob and opens the door.

INT BAR ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The inside of the house defines clean. The floor is neatly  
vacuumed, all the furniture is glossy with polish, the walls  
are freshly painted, and the windows are shiny and free of  
streaks.

Jack is becoming excited at the possibility of renting this house. Gil has become quiet and is acting slightly nervous.

Off to the right of the front door is the bar. Jack looks at the bar like a kid seeing his first bike on Christmas.

GIL

Well. This is the place.

JACK

From the way it looked outside, I would never have guessed...

Jack has walked over to the bar. It is fully stocked. Bottles gleam down at Jack, enticing him. He takes a seat on a stool.

JACK

Who were the last tenants?

Gil walks behind the bar and grabs a bottle of Yukon Jack.

GIL

(almost to himself)

Ask Gil no questions, he'll tell you no lies.

(then)

Maybe we ought to have a drink. Show you what an honest straight-shooter I am.

JACK

Fine with me. Pour away.

Gil pours two glasses to the rim. He stirs them up and places a glass in front of Jack. Gil drinks his drink in one massive gulp and then pours himself another. Jack takes a tiny sip and begins to cough uncontrollably. Gil taps him on the back and tops off his drink.

GIL

(laughing)

You'll get used to it.

(then, slapping his hands on his knees)

Well, let's take a look at the rest of the house.

Gil gulps down his second drink, stands up and walks away. Jack gets off his stool and follows, purposefully leaving his drink.

## INT KITCHEN AND ATTACHED LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gil shows Jack the living room, the kitchen, and a small room connected to the kitchen, which has a washer and dryer in it. Every room is immaculate, clean and stylishly furnished.

GIL

(leading Jack around)

The living room. Good place for a TV, see. The kitchen, very modern. Laundry room back there, washer and dryer ready to go.

(then, pointing out the window)

Back yard. Could use a little work.

The back lawn is completely barren. There isn't a sign of grass or trees.

JACK

I never would've guessed.

GIL

If you're funny, I'm a pretzel.

(then, moving on quickly)

Are you going to have any roommates?

JACK

One. Well, I'm looking for one.

GIL

Good enough.

## INT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They walk down the hall. Gil stops halfway down the hall, between two closed doors. He opens the one to the right.

GIL

Bathroom. Nice, huh?

Before Jack has much time to check out the bathroom, Gil opens the door to the left. It is the furnished office.

GIL (CONT'D)

Office. Oak desk. If you don't need an office, you could turn this into a spare sitting room.

Jack, confused, mouths the words, "Spare sitting room?"

They continue down the hall. Hung on the hallway wall are numerous pictures. One of them is an ugly boy with a blank expression on his face. This is BRIAN KOMISKY. As Jack and Gil pass the picture, Brian's eyes follow. They settle on Gil.

At the end of the hallway, there are two more closed doors to the right and left. Gil opens the door to the right.

GIL  
Master bedroom.  
(then, the other door)  
Second bedroom. For the roommate  
you haven't found yet, see.

Jack and Gil head back down the hallway. Komisky's eyes follow Gil once again. From behind them, Brian Komisky's spirit (represented throughout the movie by a floating POV shot) leaves the photo and follows Jack and Gil into the living room.

INT KITCHEN AND ATTACHED LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brian's invisible spirit keeps a watchful eye over the proceedings. Gil and Jack stand in the living room. Jack tries to play it cool, but he is visibly excited.

GIL  
Ya know we've been here all this  
time and I don't think I caught  
your name.

JACK  
It's Jack. Jack Stephen.

GIL  
Well, Jack Stephen, here's what  
Gil's gonna do for ya, see. I'm  
gonna' reach into my pocket, take  
out a pad of paper and write down a  
number and that number is what the  
rent and utilities are gonna be.  
And if you like that number...this  
house is yours.

Gil reaches into his coat pocket. He turns away from Jack and writes down a number. He turns back, folds the paper and hands it to Jack. Jack unfolds the paper.

The paper reads, "\$700."

JACK  
Seven hundred dollars for both of  
us, or each?

GIL  
Gil's gonna say seven hundred for  
the both of ya. You and your  
"mystery" roommate.

JACK  
(beyond belief)  
Holy shit! You've got yourself a  
fuckin' deal!

GIL  
I knew you would see it my way Jack  
Stephen. I knew you would.

From within his coat Gil produces a rental agreement.

GIL (CONT'D)  
I just need you to sign these  
papers.

Jack grabs the pen out of Gil's hand and signs without  
reading the terms.

JACK  
When can I move in?

GIL  
It's your place, now. You can move  
in whenever you want.

JACK  
That would be right now! I'm gonna  
get my stuff. This is the greatest  
day of my life!

Jack gives Gil a big bear hug, then runs out the door. Within  
seconds, he comes charging back in--Gil is already holding  
the keys out for him. Jack snatches the keys, and runs out  
the door.

JACK (O.C.)  
Lock up after me!

GIL  
(chuckling at Jack)  
Gil is gettin' out of here, too.  
(then, to himself)  
And he ain't comin back.

Gil puts the rental agreement into his coat pocket. He is about to leave the house when the door slams shut and locks.

CUT TO:

INT JACK'S CAR - DAY

Jack is in his Mustang trying to drive and talk on his cell phone at the same time. He is having some difficulty; the car is swerving. He finally gets a handle on both, and sits impatiently while the phone rings.

JACK

Come on motherfuckers! Come on!

CUT TO:

INT BAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gil is struggling with the doorknob. He is blown back by the invisible force that is Brian, and crashes against the wall.

CUT TO:

INT JACK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack is still driving and waiting for someone to answer the phone.

JACK

Come on you guys! One of you pricks has gotta be home!

CUT TO:

INT THE BAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gil is badly shaken and struggling to get to his feet. He is then hit across the face, and driven to his knees.

Gil looks up, and his face has become demonic. Blood is pouring down his face from dozens of open wounds. It pools on the floor. The Gil-creature screams.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT JACK'S CAR - SAME TIME

Jack is screaming into his cell phone.

JACK  
You are all out of work actors.  
Someone has to be home!

CUT TO:

INT THE BAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gil runs into the bar room. Whatever demonic form he had become is now gone. He is bombarded with blows to the face and body. The radio turns on and a forties pop standard blares out of the speakers. Gil, constantly being hit, appears to be doing a dance with the music.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT JACK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack appears to be doing some strange dance in his car while on the phone. He is talking excitedly.

JACK  
Sutter, this place is great. It looks like shit on the outside but once you're inside it's fucking fabulous.  
(pause)  
Yeah, I said "fabulous". Dude, it has two bedrooms and a bar! I'm moving in right now.  
(pause)  
I'll get Laurie to help. Bring everyone over.  
(pause)  
What do you mean they won't want to?  
(pause)  
Tell 'em you're going to some bar after the show. It's called the, uh...  
(and a great revelation)  
...the "Lava Martini". Yeah...It'll be great...

Jack drives down the street.

CUT TO:

INT BAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gil has been beaten to a bloody pulp. His face is unrecognizable. One eye is completely closed, and the other is hanging out of its socket.

Gil is slowly crawling to the front window. The spirit of Brian Komisky follows closely behind. Gil collapses on his stomach. He slowly turns around, and screams at something only he sees.

BRIAN KOMISKY (O.C.)  
Weak flesh.

CUT TO:

EXT KOMISKY HOUSE LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Blood sprays in a jet onto the window facing the street.

CUT TO:

INT BAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The music continues to play. Gil has been cut to pieces, his various body parts thrown about the room. After a few seconds, the radio cuts off.

CUT TO:

EXT KOMISKY HOUSE LAWN - CONTINUOUS

The sign on the lawn shoots out of the ground and sails off.

FADE TO BLACK

INT THEATER - TITLE SEQUENCE

The Blue Oyster Cult's "Don't Fear the Reaper" plays while a sketch comedy troupe performs various skits. We don't hear the dialogue, but we do hear the audience's laughter and applause. The players all appear to be having a great time.

EXT KOMISKY HOUSE STREET - NIGHT

A 1957 Chevy Bel-Air, badly in need of a new paint job, pulls up to the curb across the street from the Komisky house. Out of the passenger side door emerges SUTTER. (He is an obvious leader, although his title came to him by default; he's good-natured and funny, but behind his eyes lurks a certain sadness.) He opens the passenger door and helps GRACIE out of the car. She is an extremely beautiful nouveau hippie, carrying a good-sized bag that bears her name.

From out of the back seat, Sutter's best friend S.P., his girlfriend KATHY (a heart shaped mole on her chin) and her best friend ELIZABETH step out onto the street. They all turn and stare at the Komisky house. Fog and gloom make the house look dangerous and forbidding.

A shutter, hanging precariously from one rusty hinge, suddenly falls to the ground. Everyone jumps.

S.P.

Whaddya think, Sutter? Myers' or Kreuger house?

SUTTER

Definitely Myers' house.

Sutter then begins to sing the theme from John Carpenter's *Halloween*.

As they stare, the fog begins to thicken. Sutter switches from the *Halloween* theme to that of *The Fog*. The fog looks almost black. Sutter heads for the house, the others following. Kathy and Elizabeth hang back a little.

ELIZABETH

I thought we were going out tonight?

KATHY

We are. We're here.

ELIZABETH

You told me we were going to the Bungalow Lounge or something. Not to some creepy fuckin' house in the middle of nowhere with your idiot friends.

KATHY

I said we were going to the Lava Martini. And this is it.

As Kathy motions to the house, a 1986 Bronco, a 1982 Pinto and a 1983 Le Car simultaneously pull up to the curb in front of Kathy and Elizabeth. In the Bronco are MACREADY, his brother JOE (two of the sweetest guys you've ever met) and their nymphomaniac friend, MARGO. NADA, your basic everyman, and BISHOP, a bespectacled chap, have arrived together in the Pinto. Sitting in the Le Car is BIRACK, a middle-aged arrogant prick that everyone dislikes.

All the members of the troupe have arrived.

MACREADY

(calling from the car)

Hey, Elizabeth. Didn't expect you to show up.

ELIZABETH

Neither did I.

Elizabeth walks quickly past the cars and joins Sutter's group at the front door. Sutter and S.P. are violently banging on the door.

SUTTER

Jack, open the door!

MacReady sits in the back seat of Margo's car, visibly crushed by the way Elizabeth treated him. Kathy leans through the car window and gives him a big hug.

KATHY

How ya doin', sweetheart?

MACREADY

All right...considering.

KATHY

Don't worry about Liz, she's just in bitch mode.

(then)

Hey, Joe.

(and less  
enthusiastically)

Hi, Margo.

Margo and Joe give Kathy quick salutes, then exit the car. SHAKES THE MONKEY, Joe's diaper-clad primate pet, leaps from the backseat of the car and into Joe's arms. Joe approaches Sutter.

SUTTER

(seeing the monkey,  
displeased)

Great. You brought the monkey.

He bangs on the door again. As Bishop and Nada join the rest of the group, they are in mid-argument.

NADA

Tom Wopat is one of the most underrated actors of his time. The attitude and look of the late seventies and early eighties would have suffered greatly if not for the charismatic wit and on-the-edge style of Luke Duke.

BISHOP

You're talking about a red-neck who wore jeans and checked flannel shirts.

(slight pause)

(MORE)

BISHOP (cont'd)  
 If you were to tell me John  
 Travolta defined the seventies, I  
 might agree.

NADA  
 Yes...but Travolta never fucked  
 Daisy Duke.

BISHOP  
 Come on, Nada, Luke Duke never  
 fucked her either. They were  
 cousins.  
 (a quick pause, then)  
 Maybe they did fuck.

NADA  
 Say what you have to say,  
 charlatan. But as the president of  
 the only official Tom Wopat fan  
 club, I stand by my argument that  
 the world was a better place when  
 they could tune in to *Dukes of*  
*Hazzard* once a week.

BISHOP  
 You're fuckin' crazy.

SUTTER  
 Would you guys mind shutting up? I  
 can't hear myself banging on the  
 door.

Sutter returns to banging on the door. S.P. tries banging on  
 the front window. He notices a small crack in the glass,  
 tinged with red. He tries to rub the red off the glass, but  
 it is on the inside.

SUTTER  
 Jack! Open the fuckin' door!  
 (then, to the others)  
 How many times am I gonna say that?

JOE  
 (to Shakes)  
 Give him a shout.

Shakes lets out a high-pitched scream. Sutter is extremely  
 put-off.

SUTTER  
 Gotta love that monkey.

Kathy, MacReady and Birack join the group at the door.  
 MacReady stands right next to Elizabeth.

She quickly moves next to Birack. Birack smiles and tries to put his arm around her. Now completely disgusted, she moves away from everyone.

S.P. rejoins the group and gives Kathy a big hug and kiss. Then:

S.P.

Where is this fuckin' guy!

SUTTER

I don't know. But if he doesn't answer the door soon, we're gettin' the hell out of here.

MARGO

(motioning towards the street)

Hey, check that out.

BISHOP

What?

MARGO

The cars.

BISHOP

Jeez, you can barely see 'em.

MARGO

Exactly.

The group turns to look. The dense fog has completely covered the street. As the group stares, the door slowly opens behind them.

SUTTER

Well, that's weird. You don't see fog that thick in LA too often.

GRACIE

(quietly)

I don't like it. There's something eerie about it.

SUTTER

Don't start, Gracie.

He turns to bang on the door again, stopping when he notices it is slightly ajar. He reaches out, pushes it open, and peers in. He sees nothing. He turns to the group and shrugs.

SUTTER (CONT'D)

I guess you bang on something hard enough...

At that instant, Jack, dressed like the ghost from *Carnival of Souls*, jumps out from behind the door. Sutter and S.P. scream like ninnies. Shakes the Monkey panics and hides in Joe's shirt. The rest of the group stares in disbelief. Jack begins to laugh uncontrollably.

JACK

Oh, Jesus Christ. You should have seen your faces.

SUTTER

Scared the life out of me!  
(then, good-natured)  
You better watch your back now, man, you've got one coming.

Sutter, S.P. and Gracie shove through the door. Jack remains laughing and dancing like an idiot. Jack's girlfriend LAURIE is just beyond the door. She looks pretty embarrassed. The rest of the group starts filing in.

Joe's shirt is up around his head as he struggles to calm Shakes.

JOE

A little help, here?

No one pays attention to Joe's request.

KATHY

(to Jack)  
So, who are you supposed to be? One of the zombies from *Night of the Living Dead*?

JACK

Nah. I'm that scary guy from *Carnival of the Phantoms*.

BISHOP

That's *Carnival of Souls*, dude.

JACK

Whatever.  
(pause, then)  
Pretty fuckin' scary though, right?

MARGO  
 (brushing him off)  
 Yeah...scary. But you're still not  
 going to be in the show.

Jack's face falls. Margo lifts his spirits:

MARGO (CONT'D)  
 Unless you are willing to go to the  
 casting couch, there, sexy.  
 (then, to Laurie)  
 No offense.

LAURIE  
 You can have him if you want him.

The rest of the group steps inside, including a shirtless Joe and shaking Shakes. Jack slams the door shut. The fog deepens.

INT THE BAR ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sutter stands behind the bar making drinks. He knows exactly what everyone wants.

SUTTER  
 Jack. You have some milk for  
 MacReady?

JACK  
 Yeah. It's in the fridge. I'll grab  
 it.

NADA  
 And a soda for me.

SUTTER  
 A soda for Nada! The man loves his  
 soda!

Jack runs off to the kitchen. Shakes scampers after him.

JOE  
 That a boy, Shakes! Give him a  
 hand.

SUTTER  
 (grumbling)  
 Love that monkey.

Gracie leans across the bar and impulsively kisses Sutter.

GRACIE

I just wanted to tell you how proud  
I am of you and the show.

They kiss some more and the group cheers them on.

SUTTER

The same goes for all of you. The  
last show was great and they're  
just going to keep getting better!  
And I know I don't say it nearly  
enough, but I really appreciate all  
your time and hard work.

Jack returns with the milk and soda, and Shakes accompanies him, holding up two bananas like pistols. Sutter raises his glass. They all clink drinks and then break up and begin to talk to one another.

For a few moments Sutter stands alone, quietly looking at his troupe with affection. His reverie is broken when a beer can whizzes by him, striking the wall. Margo is sitting at the bar between MacReady and Joe. She grins at Sutter rather lecherously. She licks her lips and puts on a pout.

MARGO

Do you think you could get a girl  
another beer?

Sutter bends down and grabs a beer. When he stands back up, Margo is leaning against the bar with her breasts shoved in his face. Sutter pulls the tab and pushes the beer towards her, ignoring her overture. He then moves to Gracie, runs his fingers through her hair, and rolls his eyes. Margo chugs her beer, and then grabs both MacReady's and Joe's asses at the same time.

MARGO (CONT'D)

I wanna be the meat in a Loomis  
brother sandwich.

MacReady and Joe quickly move away from Margo, sitting down on some bar stools. Birack sits down next to Margo, and grabs her knee. She looks disgusted.

BIRACK

Whaddaya say? Once more for old  
times?

Margo, embarrassed, gets off her stool and motions Birack to join her.

MARGO  
 (quietly)  
 Birack.

As soon as he's up, she grabs him around the waist and knees him in the groin. The group breaks up in howls of laughter.

SUTTER  
 (aside to Gracie)  
 What was that about?

Gracie knows, but she ain't saying.

MARGO  
 (to Birack)  
 Was it good for you?

Birack half walks and half stumbles into the living room. Margo sits back down at the bar next to MacReady and Joe and listens to their conversation. Sutter replaces her beer yet again, and has a listen as well.

MACREADY  
 So I'm workin' the Viper line, and this douche bag walks up with a spiked earring and no clasp. So I tell him that this ride has the tendency to bang a person around, and for his own safety he should take out the ring. So he tells me, fuck you this and fuck you that, and informs me that I'm a fascist or some such shit. So I say, "Okay sir, I'm just trying to warn you." He gets on the ride and off he goes. When the ride's over, his car pulls up and we all hear this crazy screaming. So I run over and this dumb fuck is bleeding from his neck because the motion of the ride caused the earring to stick him. We're all laughing at this idiot, and he's threatening to sue us! Can you believe that? You should have seen it. Long spurt of blood slinging by right in front of his face. It was too fuckin' funny. We all snagged a picture.  
 (then)  
 I love my job.

Margo grabs MacReady's knee.

MARGO

That story was hot.

MacReady and Joe get up and join Kathy and S.P.. Margo remains seated at the bar and drinks more beer. Jack walks by MacReady and MacReady grabs his arm.

MACREADY

You have a stereo right?

JACK

(annoyed)

Yeah.

MACREADY

I've got "A Farewell to Kings" in my coat pocket.

S.P.

No fuckin' "Rush", Mac.

MACREADY

Why not? Best fuckin prog rock band ever.

S.P.

Whatever, man. I have to hear those mother-fuckers every day at the station. My boss is more infatuated than you are. All day long I'm pumpin' and listenin' to that crap.

MACREADY

Bus man's holiday, huh, S.P.? I understand. You're wrong about them, though. Give 'em a chance, you might like 'em.

(then)

Where's Elizabeth?

KATHY

She's in the living room talking to Birack.

MACREADY

She won't give me the time of day. But she'll talk to that asshole.

KATHY

I can't explain her. Sorry.

MacReady walks into the living room.

Sutter continues his self-appointed task of making drinks. He hands a Jack and Coke to Joe, and Shakes climbs up onto the bar.

SUTTER  
He shouldn't be on the bar.

JOE  
What's the big deal?

SUTTER  
He's a monkey, Joe. It's not sanitary.

JOE  
He just wants to be near you. He likes you.

Shakes looks at Sutter and makes a mean face.

SUTTER  
I don't think you have an accurate view of your monkey's emotional states.

Glasses fall off the bar and crash to the floor. Shakes runs down the bar, knocking over more glasses. He cringes in the corner.

JACK  
(angry)  
What did you do?

SUTTER  
Nothin'. I was talkin' to Joe. Must've been a tremor or something.  
(pause)  
And then the monkey.

JACK  
Tremor, my ass. I didn't feel anything. Just be more careful back there.

LAURIE  
Take it easy, Jack. I was right here and Sutter didn't do anything.

She gives Sutter a friendly wink.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Besides, you're the proud owner of an adult bookstore. You can afford to buy more glasses.

JACK

(quietly, to Laurie)

You know the store isn't doing that well.

LAURIE

(very audible)

That's because you sell *books*...and nothing else. What the hell do you think? No one wants to *read* porn. They want to watch it. Or buy toys that enhance their sex life.

JACK

(to the group, defensive)

I run a classy, literary establishment.

Laurie gets up and stands next to Gracie. She puts her arms around her, and rubs her back sensuously.

LAURIE

Really. A classy establishment? Since I have the misfortune of working there, I know what's in those "classy" books you carry. Just today I was reading one entitled *I Was A Mail Order Dyke*. It was really interesting. I learned ever so much.

She suggestively kisses Gracie's cheek.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

In fact, it inspired me to try some new things.

Laurie looks at Sutter, then moves her hands down Gracie's body. Gracie is uncomfortable, but plays along politely. Sutter is bemused, and laughs a bit at Gracie. Jack sees nothing funny. In his frustration, he grabs Laurie and spills his drink on her.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

(instantly angry)

You fuckin' cretin. Look what you did.

Laurie storms off. Jack tries to follow her, but S.P. stops him.

S.P.  
 (with a reassuring nod)  
 I'd just let her go.

At this moment, the invisible spirit of Brian Komisky shoots out from the back of the bar. Bottles fall, making everyone jump. As the "draft" rushes by Gracie, she has a psychic flash:

SMASH CUT TO:

INT BATHROOM - FLASH

In candle light, a gory Brian Komisky is being beaten with a shower rod.

CUT BACK TO:

INT THE BAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gracie blinks her eyes as the image disappears.

INT BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Laurie removes her pants and cleans them in the sink. From out of the toilet, Brian's invisible ghost floats up to keep an eye on her. Unnoticed by Laurie, the doors and windows in the bathroom lock. Outside, the fog has gone almost totally black.

INT KITCHEN AND ATTACHED LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS AFTER THAT

Birack and Elizabeth are sitting on the couch, watching television. MacReady, Nada and Bishop are sitting on the floor. Birack is angrily switching channels. Scenes from *The Haunting*, *The Amityville Horror*, *The Sentinel* and *The Haunting of Hill House* flash by. He finally settles on *The Entity*.

BIRACK  
 Nothing but stupid horror films.

BISHOP  
 (to Birack)  
 Damn. And this is one of the worst.  
 (then, to the group)  
 We should definitely spoof this piece of shit.

MACREADY

Man, we're actors. Let Sutter and S.P. take care of all the creative shit. They...

(then, regarding TV)

Is that Barbara Hershey?

BISHOP

Yeah.

MACREADY

(to Bishop)

Does she get naked?

BISHOP

Dude. You've never seen this? The whole movie is her getting raped by some fuckin' demon.

CUT TO:

INT BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Laurie is washing her face. The invisible spirit of Brian sizes up her body.

CUT TO:

INT KITCHEN AND ATTACHED LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

MacReady and Bishop are on the floor, leering at the television.

MACREADY

Oh shit, man. Here it comes.

BISHOP

She was soooo hot in her time.

MACREADY

What do you mean, in her time? You ever see *Hannah and Her Sisters*, *Hoosiers*, *Last Temptation of Christ*...she's always been hot.

BISHOP

You do realize all those movies came out in the eighties?

ELIZABETH

You guys are too fucking much. I'm outta here.

Elizabeth leaves, disgusted.

Just before Barbara Hershey's breasts are revealed, the TV snows.

MACREADY

What're you doin', Birack? Fix the TV.

BIRACK

I didn't do nothin' to it. Fix it yourself.

Bishop and MacReady start banging on the TV and messing with the antennae. Nada and Birack are laughing at their struggle.

MACREADY

(adamant)

Come back to me, Barbara! Please come back.

They try for a few more moments to get the picture back, but nothing works. MacReady and Bishop embrace one another jokingly.

BISHOP

(very silly indeed)

We're so sad!

They break their embrace with some sarcastic laughs.

MACREADY

Seriously, though, what's up with the TV?

Nada beckons to a large stack of board games leaning up against the television.

NADA

Why don't we play a board game?

BISHOP

No way, man. That's the surest way to ruin a good party--

NADA

(a bit insulted)

It isn't that good a party, dude. Sorry.

BISHOP

Or to make a bad party worse.

MACREADY  
 (mock sobbing)  
 I'm at a bad party?

BISHOP  
 (still quite silly)  
 We're so very, very sad!

They embrace again. Nada is annoyed.

Margo comes waltzing in. Fearful of her, Birack leaves.

MARGO  
 What're ya'll up to?

She notices Bishop and MacReady hugging.

MARGO (CONT'D)  
 Ooo! That looks like fun. Can I  
 join you?

Bishop and MacReady instantly separate from each other and stare at the blank screen. Margo dances in place, practicing some steps (she is not very good).

MARGO (CONT'D)  
 What's with them?

NADA  
 They're sad because they couldn't  
 see Barbara Hershey's breasts.  
 Pathetic, huh?  
 (then)  
 Have you seen Laurie?

MARGO  
 Jack, a.k.a. jerk-ass, spilled a  
 drink on her. I think she's in the  
 bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Laurie scoops water from the sink and splashes her face. She jerks up and looks in the mirror. For a split second, she sees a demonic Laurie staring back at her. She lets out a startled squeak and backs away.

She tries the door handle, but finds it locked. She looks again into the mirror and she's back to normal. She laughs weakly and tries the door again. The moment she puts her hand on the knob, she is hurled to the ceiling.

Her face starts to blister and bleed. She tries to scream but another voice issues out instead:

LAURIE  
(in Brian's demonic voice)  
Bitch! This is hard enough!

Drops of blood splatter on the tiled floor. Laurie starts to rotate on the ceiling.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT KITCHEN AND ATTACHED LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Margo is spinning on her toes.

MACREADY  
Don't hurt yourself.

MARGO  
(ignoring MacReady, to  
Bishop)  
When are you gonna be done with my  
web page?

BISHOP  
I haven't started it.

MARGO  
It's been three weeks since I asked  
you!

BISHOP  
I would feel more comfortable  
designing it if the client in  
question was a real dance  
instructor.

MARGO  
Who the fuck cares if I'm a real  
dance instructor or not? As long as  
I make money.

BISHOP  
I don't know, Margo.

NADA  
Your students might care.

BISHOP  
Ahh. There is a good point.

Margo does a somersault onto the floor. She hurts herself.

CUT TO:

INT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Laurie falls onto the floor. She is freaked out, but trying to stay calm. She grabs her pants and puts them on. The sink is overflowing with water. She turns off the faucet, and looks in the mirror. She seems all right...for a moment.

She starts to shake with cold. The room appears to be closing in on her, and she hears a voice that comes from thin air:

BRIAN KOMISKY (O.C.)  
Goddamn it!!!!

The mirror explodes. Shards of glass strike Laurie, cutting her face, arms and chest. The bathroom pipes burst and water sprays everywhere. Laurie falls to the ground and scoots behind the toilet. She cringes there like a hunted rabbit.

INT JACK'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

Sutter and S.P. sit at the bar, mid-discussion. Birack is listening in on their conversation, unwelcome. Gracie is entrancing Jack and Kathy with talk of the supernatural. Joe is on the sofa, feeding dried bits of banana to Shakes. Elizabeth also sits alone, smoking and grumbling complaints to herself.

SUTTER  
The ending sucks. It's gotta be either funnier or scarier.

S.P.  
We do film parodies, Sutter. We can't make it scary.

SUTTER  
Well, if we can't make it funny, then we damn well better make it scary.

BIRACK  
If we're gonna sell this thing, you need some hotter chicks, regardless of the ending. Preferably chicks who are willing to nude up and jump around.

Sutter looks at him, about to yell at him for being such an asshole, then gives up and just looks to S.P. instead.

SUTTER  
 How? How did we wind up with him?  
 Where did he come from?

S.P.  
 (scolding)  
 Birack.  
 (then, to Sutter)  
 We'll make it funny.

BIRACK  
 Jack. Jack brought me to a show.  
 That's how. And don't piss me  
 off...I can make you money.

Birack turns to his drink, satisfied with himself. Sutter  
 shakes his head, exasperated. S.P. glances at Jack.

S.P.  
 (aside to Sutter, very  
 quietly)  
 You know we've got to throw Jack a  
 part, don't you?

Sutter looks over at Jack, who is listening as Gracie speaks  
 with wide eyes.

GRACIE  
 (mid-thought, to Jack and  
 Kathy)  
 We all felt it. You know you did.  
 Cold air. A draft. That's a ghost,  
 a ghost...

Sutter turns back to S.P., speaking very quietly.

SUTTER  
 Yeah, yeah, you're right--

He cuts himself off as he looks out the window nearest the  
 bar.

S.P.  
 What?

Sutter gets up and moves next to the window. He is  
 mesmerized.

SUTTER  
 Gracie?

Gracie stops her chatter about possible haunts to see what has captured Sutter's attention. When she sees the window, she moves for it, also in awe.

And soon everyone in the room is seeing what Sutter sees:

THE WORLD OUTSIDE HAS GONE COMPLETELY BLACK. Nothing can be seen beyond the window pane--*absolutely nothing!* It appears as if the house has been encased in tar...

SUTTER

Is the night supposed to be so dark?

No one answers. They are captivated, now all standing by the window. MacReady, Nada, Margo, and Bishop all come in from the other room and join the group.

They all stand in silence for a few moments. Shakes is on Joe's shoulder, as uncomfortable with the darkness as everyone else. Joe looks at the monkey, then breaks the silence:

JOE

(mostly unphased)  
I've got to take a piss.

Shakes stares at him unbelievably.

INT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Joe walks hurriedly to the bathroom, and finds the door closed. He knocks. Shakes the Monkey imitates him, and lets out a screech.

JOE

Laurie? Hey, how long you gonna be?  
I gotta a whole lot of urine here I  
need to get rid of.

Laurie's voice is strange and muffled, but Joe is too distracted to notice.

LAURIE (O.S.)

(Brian, with her voice)  
Wait your fuckin' turn!

JOE

(taken aback)  
Fine, fine. Sorry.  
(then to Shakes)  
(MORE)

JOE (cont'd)  
 Why doesn't she take an Ex-lax for  
 crissakes. Move this along, huh,  
 Shakes?

Shakes chortles at Joe's joke.

INT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Laurie's face is bubbling as her flesh burns with Brian's possession--he's trying again. Brian talks through Laurie, his demonic voice low and calm despite her body falling apart before her eyes.

LAURIE  
 (Brian, his own voice)  
 What is the deal? Why can't I get  
 good at this? Fuck.

Laurie vomits up a glob of blood and vomit--mostly blood.

Brian leaves Laurie again, and she is back to consciousness. Instantly, she is crying with fear and pain.

LAURIE  
 What's happening? What's wrong with  
 me?

Her face is still bleeding profusely. Blood is beginning to soak through her clothes.

LAURIE (CONT'D)  
 What? What?

She goes to try the door again, slips in her own blood, and crashes to the floor, her left leg cracking in half. Then, Brian is back inside her.

LAURIE  
 (Brian, his own voice)  
 All right, let's try this again.  
 Sweetheart has got a weak  
 constitution, I'll tell ya.

Laurie's possessed body stands up in front of the mirror, no acknowledgement of the busted extremity.

EXT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Joe tries the door knob. It is locked.

JOE  
 Jesus. Laurie? You all right? Did  
 you fall down in there?

LAURIE (O.S.)  
 (Brian, her voice)  
 I'm fine. Dropped something. Fuck  
 off, I'm gonna be awhile. I'll come  
 get you when I'm done.

JOE  
 Laurie, I can't wait! I have got to  
 go!

LAURIE (O.S.)  
 (Brian, with her voice)  
 Go piss out a window or something.  
 (pause)  
 Asshole.

Joe jumps up and down to keep from wetting his pants. Shakes  
 is now on the floor, jumping up and down next to him,  
 thinking they are playing a dancing game.

JOE  
 (at the door)  
 Gimme a break! It was one lousy  
 drink! Hurry up!  
 (then, seeing Shakes)  
 Cut it out.

INT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

LAURIE  
 (Brian, with her voice)  
 I'm going as fast as I can! Easy!

Brian suddenly leaves Laurie yet again. She begins a tortured  
 sob, but is immediately cut off.

LAURIE  
 (Brian again, his own  
 voice)  
 Uh-uh. You're not getting away from  
 me that easy. I'll get this, yet.  
 Practice, practice, practice.

The possessed Laurie grabs her own breast.

LAURIE (CONT'D)  
 (Brian, his own voice)  
 Nice tit.

More blood soaks through her shirt.

LAURIE (CONT'D)  
 (Brian, his own voice)  
 You are just fallin' apart on me,  
 sweet-pea. Should have waited for  
 someone stronger.

Then Laurie falls to the ground, blood and insides pouring from her ears and mouth. Her eyes bulge, blood spouting from behind them.

LAURIE (CONT'D)  
 (Brian, his own voice)  
 Hang on, now. Almost there.

He puts her hands to her head, and inadvertently pulls her scalp from her skull.

LAURIE (CONT'D)  
 (Brian, his own voice)  
 Fine, I give up. You don't make the  
 grade.

Brian leaves, and Laurie is on the floor, crying. Her body is disintegrating, and she struggles pathetically to get up. She tries to call for help, but her voice chokes on fluid. With so much blood, bodily fluid and water on the floor, she is actually splashing about in her own gore.

INT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Joe listens to the splashing noises. Shakes is still, looking a bit frightened.

JOE  
 (to Shakes)  
 She's taking a bath now?  
 (then, through the door)  
 My bladder is going to explode!

INT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Laurie's bladder explodes. And then she is gone, barely the shape of a human being left in the mess.

INT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Joe loses it.

JOE  
 Fine, fuck you! I will go piss out  
 a window! And if Jack's roses die,  
 it will be your fault!

Shakes affirms Joe's anger with a sharp nod of the head.

INT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brian's spirit looks through the keyhole, and from his point of view, we see the angry Joe taking Shakes onto his shoulder and leaving. Brian bursts through the keyhole.

INT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Joe is moving down the hall, hurriedly. Brian's spirit is following. Joe stops when he senses he is being watched. He turns around, and sees nothing. Shakes looks at him, curious.

Joe continues down the hallway and turns into the last bedroom on the right.

INT JACK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe enters the room, and moves right for a window.

JOE

I can't believe I'm doing this.

He plops Shakes on the bed and goes to open a window. It is jammed. He moves to the other window, which is also jammed.

JOE (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

All the windows can't be jammed!

He tries and tries, completely engrossed in getting the thing open so he can relieve himself. His face turns red as he strains.

Out of nowhere, a CAT jumps past him, screaming. Joe yelps in surprise and urinates in his pants. Shakes claps his hand on his forehead and regards Joe sadly.

JOE

(regarding his pants)

Oh.

He then moves to the dresser and opens drawers until he finds some pants. He takes off his soiled underwear and trousers, and begins to put on a pair of Jack's jeans. ANOTHER CAT jumps from the shadows, scaring him again. The jeans drop around his ankles as he lets go in fright.

Then SIX OR SEVEN MORE CATS jump from the shadows, one at a time. At first he is startled, but then his situation becomes so ridiculous that he just stands there, jeans around his ankles, stupefied.

JOE  
Jesus, Jack's got a lot of cats.

The LAST CAT scampers past him, and dissipates into the shadows. Joe scrunches his brow, unsure of what he just saw. He looks up from the spot where the cat just disappeared, and sees THE GHOST OF BRIAN KOMISKY staring at him from the obscuring shadows. Brian is absolutely still. Is he smirking slightly?

At first, Joe just blinks, not sure he is seeing anything. Then realization washes over him. In a panicked rush, he yanks up the jeans and rushes out of the bedroom.

JOE  
Shakes! Now!

Shakes takes off after him, squealing as he goes.

Brian's ghost disappears. He flies into the wall.

INT THE WALL - CONTINUOUS

Brian's spirit bolts through the walls of the house at breakneck speed, and winds up:

INT FIREPLACE IN THE BAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brian's spirit stops its rampage when it gets into the fireplace. There he waits, looking out at everyone sitting and sipping quietly on drinks. They are still confused by the blackness outside.

INT THE BAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe bursts into the living room, his fly down and his balls exposed.

MARGO  
Jesus, Joe. It's my lucky night.  
(then, to the room)  
Who wants a lick?

Joe, beyond humor, opens his mouth to speak. But before he can get a word out:

A FIREBALL shoots from the fireplace, and immediately engulfs Joe in a small explosion.

S.P.  
(screaming)  
BLAH!

MACREADY  
Fire extinguisher!

MacReady tears apart the bar trying to locate one. Margo assists MacReady in his search. Elizabeth is standing in shock. Birack dives behind the sofa.

Gracie is yelling maniacally into the fireplace:

GRACIE  
Who's there!? Who the fuck is  
there!?

Kathy grabs a bucket of ice from the bar and tosses it at Joe, but to no avail. Joe is spinning around the room in fear and pain. His friends scamper around him, trying to avoid being burned.

NADA  
(madly coaching Joe)  
Stop, drop, and roll! Stop, drop,  
and roll!

Jack rushes to the phone, picks it up and dials 911. Then he realizes:

JACK  
No fuckin' phone!

Then he assists Nada in his coaching.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Stop, drop, and roll!

NADA  
Dammit, stop running around! Drop  
and roll!

Joe, insane with pain, is screaming at an inhuman pitch. Shakes, trying to help, is stopping, dropping, and rolling.

S.P. jumps about, trying to avoid the mobile fire once known as Joe. Sutter, nearly mirroring S.P., also jumps around Joe, not in avoidance but inanely trying to help.

SUTTER  
Joe! Joe!

BISHOP  
Sutter! Here!

Bishop tosses Sutter a throw blanket from the couch. Sutter immediately jumps on Joe, smothering him with the blanket and knocking him to the ground. Sutter, yelling as he does so, rolls around on top of Joe, putting him out.

As suddenly as it began, everything becomes still. The group encircles Joe, Sutter on his knees and pulling away the blanket. Joe is completely blackened except for his teeth, starkly white in comparison.

SUTTER  
(quietly)  
Joe.

Joe moans in shock, and then passes out. Shakes the Monkey enters the circle, and sadly pets his owner's charred head.

SUTTER  
We got to get him out of here! Call  
for help!

JACK  
No phone!

SUTTER  
Cell phones, for crissake! Use your  
fuckin' cell phones!

As if just woken up, all yank out cell phones, and dial.  
Then, like dominoes:

JACK  
Nothing.

GRACIE  
Nothing.

MARGO  
Nothing.

BIRACK  
(standing behind the  
couch)  
Nothing.

S.P.  
Nothing.

NADA  
Nada.

KATHY  
Nope.

BISHOP

No.

Sutter looks at everyone. His phone is dead, too.

MacReady screams in anguish:

MACREADY

Nooooooo!

He crumples, overtaken with grief. A split second after MacReady's meltdown, Margo grabs her purse off the bar and pulls out her car keys.

MARGO

I'm taking him to the hospital.

JACK

I'll help you carry him.

GRACIE

Wait! The fog! The darkness!

MARGO

What about it?

GRACIE

Something is going on--that's not natural out there. I don't think we should--

MARGO

Joe will die!

Margo is already at the door. Unseen by anyone, the door unlocks itself. Margo yanks it open. Standing face to face with the pitch blackness makes her stop in her tracks.

BISHOP

I think Gracie might be right on this one.

Shakes makes a strange noise from where he sits on the sofa, perhaps in agreement.

SUTTER

We gotta do something. Something.

MARGO

My car can't be fifteen feet from this door. Right out there, right at the curb.

SUTTER  
Right out there in a straight line?

MARGO  
Yep. I scored.

BIRACK  
(seeing an opportunity to  
get out of there)  
I'm going with Margo. We can't let  
the poor bastard sizzle to death.

S.P.  
(about to hit him)  
Birack! Pull your head out of your  
ass!

BIRACK  
I am. We're outta here.

Margo takes a breath and gets ready to take a step outside.

GRACIE  
Wait!

Margo stops.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
Jack, rope. Do you have any rope?

Jack opens the closet next to the front door. He roots through a pile of junk on the floor, procuring a garden hose and two long bunji cords.

JACK  
This is it.

GRACIE  
It'll have to do. Sutter?

She hands Sutter a bunji cord, and he wraps it around Jack's waist. Gracie ties the other bunji around Margo. Kathy and S.P. tie the hose around Birack. Shakes is making an inordinate amount of noise, hopping up and down.

SUTTER  
Shakes, shut up! Be quiet!

Shakes stops his tantrum, looking insulted.

SUTTER  
(grumbling)  
That monkey, sometimes.  
(MORE)

SUTTER (cont'd)  
 (then, to Jack)  
 This is the biggest bunji cord I've  
 ever seen.

JACK  
 For my kayak.

SUTTER  
 Right.

Nada and Bishop gingerly carry Joe over to the door, and hand him to Birack and Jack. MacReady still stands in grief. Nada gives him a hug.

GRACIE  
 Okay, guys, go!

Margo steps out, immediately disappearing into darkness. Birack and Jack, Joe in their arms, follow. Bishop joins Sutter in holding onto Jack's line. Kathy looks at S.P., then takes a firmer hold on Birack's hose. Gracie looks over to Elizabeth for help with Margo's bunji cord, and Elizabeth reluctantly joins her.

SUTTER  
 Just give a yank if you're in  
 trouble!

No response.

SUTTER (CONT'D)  
 I said, just give a yank! Hello?  
 Margo?

A strange howl is the only answer.

SUTTER  
 O...kay. That wasn't Margo.

The bunji cord snaps back at Sutter and Bishop, knocking them both on their asses. The metal hook cuts into Sutter's chin.

GRACIE  
 Sutter!

Then her cord snaps back, and she and Elizabeth pig pile on top of the two downed guys. Sutter and Bishop grunt in pain. S.P. and Kathy begin frantically reeling the hose back into the house, only to discover that it has been severed in the middle--it is smoking as if burned.

S.P.  
 That went poorly.

And then there is an unearthly growl from just beyond the door. S.P. is instantly frozen in fear. Everyone sits still for a moment, unsure of anything.

KATHY

Something is...breathing on me.

Sutter and Bishop jump up from the floor, fly past S.P. and Kathy, slamming the door shut. They both lean into the door to keep it closed. The unknown beast outside starts slamming into the door, nearly knocking it off its hinges. Sutter and Bishop desperately hold the door up for a few seconds, and then the beast is gone.

Sutter looks at Bishop.

SUTTER

You're a genius. In that quanza-mantra thing.

BISHOP

Mensa. Yes.

SUTTER

Can you explain this?

BISHOP

No.

SUTTER

So there's no need for me to feel stupid. Good. That's good.

Shakes throws another tantrum.

SUTTER

Shakes, no!!!!

Shakes bares his teeth at Sutter, then takes off down the hallway. Bishop looks at Sutter sourly.

SUTTER (CONT'D)

What'd I do?

EXT THE DARKNESS OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS

At first, nothing but blackness. Then, the sound of Margo's Zippo opening and being ignited. The single flame illuminates almost nothing, save Margo's face. Margo reaches down to her waist and realizes her life line has disappeared.

MARGO

Shit. Jack, Birack? Jack? Birack?  
You're supposed to be right behind  
me! Jack! Birack, you asshole!  
HELLO? I'D LIKE TO TALK NOW!

Far off in the distance, Margo hears Jack and Birack screaming. They scream for her, for Joe, for each other. Then their screams become unhinged: they sound like boiling kittens.

Margo drops her keys.

MARGO

(regarding the keys)  
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

With the flame of the Zippo casting so little light, the keys are impossible to see. She gets down on her hands and knees to look, and when she holds the lighter to the ground, she sees not lawn grass or sidewalk pavement, but millions of insects, worms and small reptiles crawling over everything. She is nauseated.

Then, flying out of the nothingness comes Birack's lifeless body. His head lands right where Margo is looking. Sticks of different sizes and lengths protrude from his bleeding face and head. He is barely recognizable in all the sanguine fluid.

MARGO

(wailing)  
DAH!  
(then, shaken)  
Where's my fuckin' car?!

She bolts from her knees, and flies toward where she thinks her car would be. She runs head long into a wall of the house. She is knocked off her feet and out of her shoes. The Zippo cuts off, but she lights it up again directly.

MARGO

The house? Wha--? My shoes. Where  
the fuck are my shoes?  
(then, realizing)  
Ugh! Worms!

She scrambles to her feet, running back out into the dark nothingness.

She slams back into the house, this time a window. She is confused, frightened, on a really bad trip.

The window bursts, raining glass all around her. She hears the rest of the house's windows blowing out from their frames. She holds the Zippo down to her feet, and between them and the house there is nothing but glass.

Out she runs again, and then, boom, she bumps into the house again. She shrieks as the glass cuts up her feet.

INT THE BAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bishop and Sutter are checking on the fallen ladies. Something starts banging on the door again, and they rush back to barricade it with their persons.

SUTTER

It's back!

Gracie stands up, looking strangely determined.

GRACIE

Get away from the door.

BISHOP

Excuse me?

GRACIE

Get the fuck away! Get off it!

SUTTER

Sorry, sweetheart! That's not going to happen.

The knocking on the door becomes ferocious. Gracie yanks Sutter away from the door.

GRACIE

It's Margo!

Bishop gets out of Gracie's way, and Margo stumbles through the door. Her feet are a mess.

KATHY

Jesus, Margo! Your feet!

Margo doesn't seem to notice. She gimps to the bar, grabs a bottle of tequila and downs it like water. She then notices that none of the windows are broken.

MARGO

(quizzical)

The windows.

(then, giving up)

We're all so very fucked.

The group stares at her, as she pops open another bottle of liquor.

KATHY  
Your feet.

Margo looks at her blankly, then looks down at her feet.

MARGO  
Oh, yeah.

The door slams shut. Everyone twists to look at it. Nada is closest to it, and sees the lock turn itself closed.

NADA  
The door just locked itself!

He begins to yank on the door, and twist the immobile lock to no avail.

NADA  
Fuck!

BISHOP  
Calm down, Nada. We're "all fucked". So what does it matter? Why would you want to go out there anyway?

Margo chuckles, perhaps a bit insanely. Kathy steps away from Margo, startled.

MARGO  
No, no, you should try it. It's a hoot. Oh, by the way, everybody's dead.

Sutter moves to Margo, takes the bottle from her and sets it down.

SUTTER  
Are you sure?

MARGO  
(looking at him like he's just asked the world's dumbest question)  
Sutter.

SUTTER  
Okay.

He gives her back the bottle.

S.P.

Let's get some bandages for Margo's feet.

KATHY

I'll check the bathroom.

NADA

(realizing)

Hey--is Laurie still in there?

Silence as everyone becomes aware of Laurie's absence.

SUTTER

Nada. You and MacReady stay here with Margo.

MacReady looks up for the first time since going into shock over his brother.

NADA

Sure. MacReady and me will take care of her, right MacReady?

MacReady's face changes from sadness to determination.

MACREADY

Yeah, we'll take care of her.

SUTTER

The rest of us will check the bathroom.

Obviously, nobody wants to go.

SUTTER (CONT'D)

She might be in trouble.

ELIZABETH

I'll stay here with Margo, if it's all the same to you.

She grabs her own bottle of booze.

SUTTER

Fine. The rest of us are going. Right?

Everyone reluctantly nods. And off they go.

INT HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

The group stands by the bathroom door. Kathy tries the knob, it is locked.

KATHY

Laurie?

No answer. Sutter kicks the door, in an attempt to knock it open. He hurts his foot. S.P. chuckles, and then kicks the door open with ease.

SUTTER

I weakened it.

But S.P. isn't listening. He is staring at the interior of the bathroom, which is covered from floor to ceiling with Laurie's remains.

S.P. vomits uncontrollably. Kathy pulls him away from the door, comforting him. The rest look through the door.

INT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

What's left of Laurie is in pieces. She has been completely torn apart. All her major organs are arranged in alphabetical order on the window sill. Her scalp is hanging from the shower rod along with a few other sizeable sheets of flesh. Her extremities are all sticking out of the toilet.

The only part of her that remains as a whole is her torso, but it is split right down the middle. In the gash are several pages of what appears to be a diary or hand-written memoirs of some kind. Bishop reaches for them, and pulls them out of her torso.

GRACIE

What the hell are you doing?

SUTTER

Yeah, what are you doing?

Bishop doesn't answer, just looks at the pages.

S.P. is still vomiting in the hallway.

KATHY (O.S.)

Let it all out, baby. It's okay.

The invisible spirit of Brian Komisky enters the bathroom from an electrical outlet, and drifts near Bishop's head, checking him out.

BISHOP

(reading)

...they won't bother me anymore,  
those fuckers. Teach them to beat  
me up, fuckers. Bully fuckers.  
Motherfuckers! Now I'm going to  
give it to Mom and Dad...all will  
pay...fuckers...

(stops reading, then to  
himself)

Uses the word "fucker" a lot.

Brian's spirit lights upon Bishop's shoulder, and whispers  
inaudibly into his ear.

BISHOP

I remember where I know this house  
from: Brian Komisky.

SUTTER

Who?

BISHOP

He lived here. Killed a bunch of  
his classmates. Then he came home  
and murdered his parents. Killed  
his mother just like this, organs  
on the window...

GRACIE

...and he set his father on fire,  
right?

BISHOP

That's right.

GRACIE

Of all the houses in town, Jack,  
you had to pick this one.

SUTTER

Easy, Gracie. The guy just died.

GRACIE

We all will. Poltergeists like this  
don't let you leave until you  
suffer as they did.

SUTTER

But we never did anything to him. I  
never even heard of this Komisky  
guy.

GRACIE

That's not the way he sees it.

Brain Komisky's invisible spirit drifts from Bishop's shoulder and out into the hallway...

EXT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...where Kathy continues to comfort the very sick S.P..

S.P.

I feel awful.

KATHY

I know, baby.

S.P. dry heaves, nothing left in his stomach.

KATHY (CONT'D)

You need some chicken broth and saltines.

S.P.

Yeah. I could use some.

Brian enters Kathy. Her skin begins to bleed and bubble, but not nearly as much as Laurie's did. S.P. isn't looking at her, and unaware of her change.

KATHY

(Brian, with her voice)

Ah, much better. Got it right this time.

S.P.

What?

The possessed Kathy picks up S.P. by the pants and tosses him down the hallway. She makes it look as if he is light as a feather. He lands with a terrible thump.

S.P.

Ouch! Kathy?

Bishop, Sutter, and Gracie leap from the bathroom to find Kathy bleeding, bubbling, and staring at them with an evil grin. S.P. crawls back toward them.

S.P.

Kathy?

KATHY  
 (Brian, with her voice)  
 Hi, guys!

GRACIE  
 We've got a possession!

SUTTER  
 Get her!

She, Bishop, and Sutter lunge at their possessed friend in an attempt to subdue her. In an incredible display of super-human martial arts skills, Kathy pushes through them, runs up a wall, and then sweep kicks the three of them in the head. Kathy lands on her feet amidst the pile of people in the hallway.

S.P.  
 (awed)  
 Wow.

Kathy kicks Bishop in the crotch. He instantly shrinks into a fetal position, whimpering.

KATHY  
 (Brian, with her voice)  
 I'm feelin' hot tonight!

She puts her arms up over her head in a show of triumph, then abruptly turns and runs down the hallway, ducking into the last bedroom on the left.

Sutter gets up, and helps everyone to their feet. Bishop holds his crotch gingerly as he rises.

SUTTER  
 Gracie, get the others in the kitchen.

She takes off for the bar room. Sutter starts moving S.P. and Bishop towards the kitchen.

S.P.  
 What's in the kitchen?

SUTTER  
 Weapons.

S.P.  
 Weapons? This is Kathy we're talking about!

SUTTER

Wake up.  
(pointing back down the  
hall)  
That is not Kathy.

BISHOP

(barely audible)  
No, it is definitely not.

INT KITCHEN AND ATTACHED LIVING ROOM- MOMENTS LATER

Gracie leads Margo, Nada, and Elizabeth into the kitchen. Margo is still clutching a bottle. She barely picks her feet off the floor as she moves. Sutter and S.P. are already rooting through drawers and cabinets, pulling out knives and anything remotely sharp. Bishop is concentrating on his breathing.

SUTTER

(to a still unconvinced  
S.P.)  
We need to arm ourselves...

At that moment, all the lights in the house go out.

GRACIE

And we need candles.

Margo flicks on her Zippo so the others can see, and treats herself to a cigarette as she does so. S.P. pops open a drawer, pulls out three candles and plops them on the counter top.

S.P.

Candles.

Nada grabs them and lights them with Margo's Zippo. He hands one to Elizabeth, one to Gracie, and one to Bishop. He then begins to help in the search for sharp objects.

ELIZABETH

Can I get a cigarette?

Margo gives her one. She lights it on her candle, then just stands there and watches as the others work. Gracie pulls open a drawer, finds a cleaver, and hands it to Elizabeth with a passive aggressive air.

ELIZABETH

(couldn't care less)  
Thanks much.

Soon, everyone has a weapon of some kind, anything from large kitchen knives to a meat thermometer. Sutter tries to hand Bishop a big knife. Bishop stops him, and then pulls up his pant leg to reveal a pistol in an ankle holster. He takes the gun in hand.

SUTTER

You have a gun?

MARGO

Jesus, Bishop.

NADA

What are you doing with that?

BISHOP

This is LA, guys. I can't believe I'm the only one.

A beat. Then:

SUTTER

What time is it?

Elizabeth looks up at the clock over the kitchen sink.

ELIZABETH

Three in the morning.

SUTTER

So, the question is, do we bunker down and go on the defense, or do we go after Kathy?

GRACIE

If we can find her, I might be able to perform an exorcism.

S.P.

(unbelieving)

You know how to perform an exorcism?

Gracie pauses for a second, unsure. Then:

GRACIE

Yes.

NADA

Then we've got to try to save her.

ELIZABETH

You guys are on your own.

MARGO

Jesus, Liz, she's your friend.

ELIZABETH

There is a statute of limitations on friendships. She's been possessed by a demon spirit. You guys are nuts. I'll be in the bar.

BISHOP

What if she's in there?

ELIZABETH

(scoffing)

I'll take my chances, Dirty Harry.

She starts to go.

NADA

We're gonna need that candle.

ELIZABETH

It's mine.

She leaves. Everyone watches her go. Then:

SUTTER

Okay, search parties.

INT THE BAR ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Elizabeth is having a drink at the bar. She sticks her candle into a half-empty bottle of wine. She sees something behind her makeshift candle-holder, and moves the bottle in order to see what it might be. It is a picture of Brian Komisky.

ELIZABETH

You must be Brian.

She tilts the frame to get a better look, having a swig of her drink simultaneously.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(to the photo)

It is very important you don't kill me, buddy. I'm on your side.

Behind her, a shrouded figure quickly slides through the room. She stops, and cautiously looks over her shoulder.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Hello?

Nothing.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Listen to me. I hate these people as much as you do...their pathetic comedy show dreams, their boring social life...and they're all so fucking unattractive. I didn't even want to come here. That bitch Kathy tricked me.

Still nothing. Elizabeth looks around, and then raises her right hand.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I pledge allegiance to the evil demons of America.  
(then, after more nothing)  
Fine, fuck you, too.

She turns back to her drink. Behind her, a shadow grows from an amorphous shape into that of an oversized figure. Elizabeth's breath becomes visible with a sudden drop in temperature. She turns around to see what is behind her. When she sees what is hiding in the darkness, a small gasp escapes her. Brian's voice comes to her quietly, gravelly, and mean.

BRIAN

(face unseen)  
I got an idea.

INT HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Sutter, Bishop, Gracie, MacReady, and S.P. all walk together, surreptitiously down the hall. Sutter, Bishop and Gracie stop at the bathroom. Sutter motions for the other two to continue to the bedrooms at the end of the hallway. Bishop hands his candle off to S.P..

Sutter, flanked by Bishop and Gracie, trembles as he turns the doorknob to the office across from the bathroom. They silently move out of the hallway.

MacReady leads S.P. into Jack's bedroom.

INT KITCHEN AND ATTACHED LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Nada and Margo look through the drawers for another candle, to no avail.

MARGO

(regarding the Zippo)  
This'll have to do. Hope it lasts.

NADA

I really don't want to find Kathy.

MARGO

Well, if she is in there, maybe Liz already took care of her.

NADA

Or she took care of Elizabeth.

Nada sucks in a breath of air, getting up his courage. Margo tries the same, then decides a gulp of liquor will do better. They enter the bar room.

INTERCUT:

INT JACK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

MacReady and S.P. search the room for Kathy. They do so diligently and without conversation. Both are sweating profusely, and barely breathing. S.P. holds the candle, leaving MacReady in charge of opening whatever needs to be checked.

First, they check the closet, but it is empty (thankfully).

Then, S.P. convulses with fright as MacReady slowly lifts up the comforter to check under the bed. Both sigh with relief when there is nothing there.

INTERCUT:

INT THE BAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nada and Margo look around the room. It is empty and very dark. Elizabeth's candle has been extinguished.

NADA

Liz? Elizabeth?

MARGO

She has to be in here. Where could she have gone?

INTERCUT:

INT OFFICE - NIGHT

Bishop and Sutter look around as Gracie holds the candle for them. Bishop checks under the desk: nothing. Sutter slides open the closet: more nothing.

GRACIE  
 Maybe she's in the bathroom.

BISHOP  
 Great. That's exactly where I  
 wanted to go back to.

INTERCUT:

INT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

MacReady and S.P. cross from Jack's bedroom to his "future"  
 roommate's room, the last bedroom on the left. They are  
 moving a bit more quickly now, and open the door in a  
 somewhat less cautious manner.

INTERCUT:

INT THE BAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nada moves the sofa as Margo checks behind it.

MARGO  
 (with a sigh)  
 That leaves only one place she  
 could be.

NADA  
 They might be.

They both look over at the bar.

INTERCUT:

INT LAST BEDROOM ON THE LEFT - CONTINUOUS

S.P. and MacReady are looking at the bedroom's closet.

S.P.  
 If she isn't in there, we're off  
 the hook.

INTERCUT:

INT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gracie, Bishop and Sutter are looking at the closed shower  
 curtain.

GRACIE  
 Was that closed before?

INT THE BAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Margo and Nada slowly approach the bar, both with wide eyes and posed knives.

INTERCUT:

INT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bishop whips open the shower curtain.

INTERCUT:

INT LAST BEDROOM ON THE LEFT - CONTINUOUS

MacReady flings the closet door open.

INTERCUT:

INT THE BAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Nada and Margo reach the bar, both Kathy and Elizabeth pop out from behind, yelling war cries. The super-powered Kathy picks up Margo and throws her into the bar stools. The stools splinter apart. (Margo's Zippo, still in hand, is extinguished).

At the same time, Elizabeth yanks Nada behind the bar. Nada lands on his back, and Elizabeth pins him. She wields a knife, holding it right over his face.

NADA

How did he get you both?

ELIZABETH

(with a smirk)

I'm not possessed.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The shower is empty. Sutter, Gracie, and Bishop stop when they hear the commotion in the bar room. Sutter is immediately out the door, calling down the hall:

INT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

SUTTER

She's in the bar!

And with that MacReady and S.P. burst from the last bedroom on the left, hauling ass down the hallway after the others.

INT THE BAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The group flies into the room to find Margo lying on the floor next to Kathy. Kathy looks at them, no longer possessed, but she is obviously confused.

KATHY

What happened? How'd I get in here?

She is a bit bloody, but looks much better than in her previous state.

S.P.

Kathy, you're back! You're okay!

Sutter helps Margo to her feet. Elizabeth, with a gurgling groan, pops up from the bar--the knife she threatened Nada with is now sticking out of her throat. She reaches out in a desperate plea for help, and then collapses dead on the bar.

Nada crawls up after her, exhausted, and he pushes her and the glass off the bar to make room for himself (the only bottle he leaves is the one with the candle). He lights the candle, lies on his back, and tries to catch his breath.

Margo, whose forehead is bleeding in several places, breaks from Sutter and moves to Nada.

MARGO

Nada?

Startled, Nada sits up abruptly and stabs her in the eye with a corkscrew. She lurches backward. Nada yelps and tears out of the room.

Margo writhes around on the floor, howling in agony. Sutter drops to his knees to help her out.

SUTTER

Get me something to stop the bleeding!

S.P. runs out toward the kitchen, and comes back seconds later with a roll of paper towels and some duct tape. Sutter looks at his buddy with a slight amount of disdain, but then turns to the problem at hand.

S.P.

Hold her down!

He and the others do so, as Sutter slowly removes the corkscrew from Margo's eye. As he does, she shouts:

MARGO

Somebody get me some alcohol!

MacReady retrieves a bottle of cheap vodka from the bar, and sloppily pours it onto Margo's wounded eye. She hollers.

MARGO

Goddamit! Not for the eye, for the mouth! And get the good stuff.

MacReady changes the cheap bottle for some Grey Goose. Margo sucks it down. The corkscrew now removed, Sutter stuffs the wound with paper towels and fastens them to her head with the duct tape. Margo sits up, feeling no pain.

MARGO

Okay, MacReady, bring me the bad stuff.

He gives her the bottle, and she has a slug.

MARGO

(regarding the liquor)  
You know, I might have a problem.

Kathy pulls out a cigarette, puts it in Margo's mouth, and lights it for her.

MARGO

Thanks very much, my lovely.

Sutter stands up, breathing for the first time in a while, and surveys their present situation.

SUTTER

Okay. Splitting up didn't work.  
From now on, we stick together.

S.P.

How about we just get the fuck out of here?

GRACIE

We can't. We're trapped, don't you see? We have to figure out what this asshole wants.

BISHOP

What if all he wants is for us to die?

Gracie has no answer for this.

Sutter grabs the empty vodka bottles, and then takes Gracie and S.P.'s candles. He puts the candles in the bottle necks, and sets the bottles down on the coffee table.

SUTTER  
 (more to himself than the  
 others)  
 What are we doing here?

All look at him, not knowing what to say. As they stand in silence, Nada appears in the doorway from the hall.

MACREADY  
 Goddam you!

MacReady tackles the unready Nada. The rest of the group violently subdue Nada, punching and kicking whenever possible. They tie him up to the sofa with the duct tape.

During the chaos, the profusely bleeding Margo crawls to the corner of the room near the fireplace. She watches the goings on with a strange smirk.

NADA  
 Guys, guys! It's not me! Not me! I  
 mean, it is me: Nada! I'm not the  
 one possessed.

MACREADY  
 Sure you're not.

SUTTER  
 Gracie. He's all yours.

Gracie picks her bag up off the bar, and rummages inside for some tools. She pulls out a Holy Bible and a container of Holy Water.

GRACIE  
 (to Sutter)  
 I don't have my cross.

Sutter grabs two legs from a broken bar stool, and fashions a cross with some duct tape. He hands it to her.

NADA  
 Guys. I'm telling you. I'm not  
 possessed.

Gracie opens the Bible to a dog-eared page.

GRACIE

Be silent, demon!

(then, reading while  
throwing Holy Water at  
Nada)

Our Father who art in Heaven,  
hallowed be Thy Name. Thy Kingdom  
come, Thy will be done, on Earth as  
it is in Heaven. Give us this day--

NADA

Stop it! There's no need! It  
doesn't burn, I'm not in pain! I'm  
not screaming, "Fuck me, Jesus!"  
Hello!

GRACIE

(warning the group)

Don't listen to him. The demon  
lies.

(then, continuing to read)

Give us this day our daily bread  
and forgive us our trespasses as we  
forgive those who trespass against  
us. Lead us not into temptation,  
and deliver us from the evil one.

(she looks to the group)

The response.

SUTTER

What?

GRACIE

Say "Amen".

NADA

Amen!

GRACIE

Not you!

SUTTER

Gracie, where exactly did you learn  
how to perform an exorcism?

GRACIE

That movie.

SUTTER

(realizing)

"That movie"? They were priests in  
"that movie".

GRACIE

That's nice, criticize me. Are you going to be a pain in the ass, or are you going to help?

Sutter looks at her for beat.

NADA

Sutter! Listen to me, I'm not possessed! Liz tried to kill me, said she wasn't possessed. Kathy was possessed and chuckin' Margo all over the place! I was crazy, I didn't know which end was up. I made a mistake! I'm sorry I stabbed Margo in the eye! Margo, I'm sorry I stabbed you in the eye!

He is hysterical. Sutter looks at him. Then:

SMASH CUT TO:

INT THE BAR ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sutter and Gracie are both vehemently throwing Holy Water at a protesting Nada. The entire group chants the phrase, "The power of Christ compels you!" over and over again. Margo is quietly smirking and sitting near the fireplace. Gracie continues her exorcism:

GRACIE

He commands you, be gone from the Holy Streets of God! I command you by the judge of the living and the dead to depart this servant of the Lord! Cast him out of yourself!

Unseen by everyone but Nada, Margo gets up and stands behind the group of makeshift exorcists. She is now visibly possessed, bubbling skin and strange fluids mixed with her blood, and she is laughing. Nada watches as her head does a complete three-sixty.

NADA

Guys! Stop! Jesus, it's Margo! Margo is the one! Exorcise her, not me! Her!

S.P. slaps him across the face.

S.P.

Don't you think you've done enough to Margo?

(MORE)

S.P. (cont'd)

(beat)

The power of Christ compels you!

NADA

The power of Christ should compel  
you to turn the fuck around!

Then the possessed Margo bursts through the group and yanks Nada from his duct tape shackles. She begins to pound his head into the floor. When the others attempt to pull her off Nada, Margo easily tosses them aside.

Soon, Nada's brains are spilling all over the floor, and his anguished cries are silenced. Margo stands up from her terrible work, and lets out an inhuman growl.

Bishop unloads his gun into Margo's stomach and chest. She drops to her knees, a look of shock on her face. Sutter looks at her, seeing that Brian's spirit has left her.

SUTTER

Margo?

She looks at him, then at her gushing wounds, then back at him.

MARGO

He left. He's gone. I felt him  
panic. He was afraid...afraid. He  
felt me dying...

She coughs up blood.

MARGO

Sutter. I want to go now.

Sutter looks to Bishop, who is already putting another bullet in his gun. Margo looks at him.

MARGO

I'll see ya, I guess.

Bishop shoots her in her remaining eye.

The group stands staring at their dead friends for a few moments. Then Kathy has a nervous breakdown.

KATHY

(like a child)

I can't stand it! I hate all these  
dead bodies! I don't want them,  
anymore!

S.P. tries his best to calm her down. Sutter looks at her, then puts his hands on his knees and bends over to take a deep breath. Collected, Sutter gets back to business.

SUTTER  
MacReady. Help me get these bodies  
into the laundry room. Gracie, get  
Kathy some water.

He and MacReady pick up Nada, and carry the corpse from the room.

INT KITCHEN AND ATTACHED LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sutter and MacReady return from the laundry room to join S.P., Gracie, Kathy, and Bishop who have gathered in the living room. Gracie is strategically placing the three candles around the room, doing her best to illuminate the space completely.

GRACIE  
(regarding shortened  
candles)  
I don't know that we have much more  
than an hour's worth of time on  
these things. Maybe two.

BISHOP  
Didn't you say it was three o'clock  
like an hour ago? That should be  
plenty of time.

They all look at the clock on the wall, which reads one-thirty.

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
Or maybe not.

Sutter looks at his hands, caked with dried blood. Then he looks at his friends, all appearing crazed and haggard: it's not the happy group that had come over earlier for drinks.

SUTTER  
What the fuck do we do now?

No one has a clue. And as usual, they all look to Sutter for an answer to his own question. Sutter lets out a deep sigh.

SUTTER  
This is not one of our shows. I am  
not the director, here.  
(MORE)

SUTTER (cont'd)  
 Somebody better think of something  
 quick or we're all dead. I ask  
 again: *what the fuck do we do now?*

They all drop their heads and look at their shoes. Sutter  
 loses it.

SUTTER  
 Jesus Christ! When did you all  
 become my responsibility?  
 (pause, no one responds)  
 Fine! If I'm running this show, you  
 better do what I say when I say it!  
 (then, to Bishop)  
 What else do you know about this  
 guy, huh?

Bishop shrugs. Sutter loses it.

SUTTER  
 Answer me, or I'll kick your  
 fucking ass!

BISHOP  
 I don't know anything. Honest to  
 God. I already told you all I know.  
 I can't believe I even remembered  
 that much.

Sutter grabs Bishop by the collar.

SUTTER  
 You're not doing what I say. Answer  
 me, or I'll leave your ass for  
 Brian!

Gracie steps in between them.

GRACIE  
 Stop it. This is what he wants.

Sutter lets go of Bishop. He backs up a few paces, rubbing  
 his hands through his hair.

SUTTER  
 I don't want to be director!

GRACIE  
 Sutter, listen. He wants to  
 separate us...pit us against one  
 another. That's what he's been  
 doing all night...

(pause)

(MORE)

GRACIE (cont'd)  
 ...and we've fallen into his trap  
 every time.

(pause)

Now, whether you like it or not, we  
 need you more than we ever have.

Sutter looks at her long and hard, then sighs deep.

SUTTER

Okay.

(then, to Bishop)

Sorry, man. I lost my cool, okay?

BISHOP

(quietly)

Yeah, yeah. Forget about it.

SUTTER

(to the group)

What do I say to you before every  
 show?

BISHOP

Break a leg?

Sutter stares at him like he's an idiot.

MACREADY

You always say, "This troupe kicks  
 ass, we're ass kickers--now go out  
 and kick some ass."

SUTTER

Exactly.

(then)

None of us can leave each other's  
 sight. We all have to stick  
 together--all the time. Got it?

Everybody nods.

SUTTER (CONT'D)

Here's the thing. We all have to be  
 willing to die. The only way to  
 stop this motherfucker is to kill  
 him the instant he possesses one of  
 us. We have to agree to sacrifice  
 ourselves for the group. So. If  
 anyone has a problem with that, we  
 might as well kill ourselves right  
 now. Well?

He looks each of them in the eye. Although their faces tell him that they couldn't be less pleased, they all nod their heads. After all, he's the leader.

SUTTER

All right. We need a plan. Think.

GRACIE

Going after him was a sorry mistake.

S.P.

Right. We might as well make camp right here.

SUTTER

Good. We can hole up in the living room, spread out and keep a close watch on each other. If we have to run we have easy access to the hallway and other rooms.

GRACIE

Unless he manages to block the hallway and other rooms.

SUTTER

We'll burn that bridge when we come to it...

MACREADY

(interrupting)

I don't want Bishop holding the gun.

SUTTER

What?

MACREADY

I don't want Bishop holding the gun. Think about it. If he's the one who gets possessed, he'll kill all of us.

SUTTER

Good point.

(then, to Bishop)

But we do need the gun.

MACREADY

I don't trust him with that gun. If we're going to have a plan, it has to be one we all agree on.

SUTTER

Mac, listen. Everyone listen. We have to stick together. We can't throw accusations around, okay? Remember that.

BISHOP

Mac's right. None of us should hold the gun. We'll unload it and place it somewhere where we'll all have easy access to it. Then we'll each take one bullet.

KATHY

What good will that do? The person possessed could still get to the gun first.

BISHOP

Yeah. But we all agreed that we'd be willing to die for the group, right?

(an unsure pause)

Let's say the possessed person gets to the gun first and kills one of us...he can only kill *one* of us. He has only one bullet. The rest of us can wrestle him to the ground, take the gun, and kill him. Sacrifice one for the good of the whole.

S.P.

Two, actually.

SUTTER

We don't have any other choice.

MACREADY

Fuckin' A, man!

(he looks around, then)

I'm in on this plan.

SUTTER

What about the rest of you?

The rest of the group reluctantly agrees with nods and lackadaisical "yeahs".

SUTTER

Okay.

(then, to Bishop)

Let's do it.

Bishop pulls out his revolver. He unloads the bullets into his hand. Six people, six bullets: everyone gets a bullet.

SUTTER

We need to spread out around the gun.

He pulls the coffee table into the middle of the room. As he does so, Bishop steps into the kitchen to retrieve something.

SUTTER (CONT'D)

We've got to be equidistant to give everyone a fair fighting chance. I guess we'll have to estimate.

Bishop returns from the kitchen, holding up a calculator and measuring tape.

BISHOP

No, we don't.

SUTTER

Thank God for the Mensa people.

Bishop begins his calculations.

BISHOP

Here we go.

FADE OUT AND IN:

INT KITCHEN AND ATTACHED LIVING ROOM - LATER

The coffee table in the middle of the living room has been stripped completely bare. The gun is in the exact center of the table. Standing around the table, perfectly equidistant from each other, are the remaining members of the troupe. Their positions on the carpet are marked with an "X". The gun's spot on the table is marked the same way.

They look fatigued, sore and sour. They do not talk to one another. They do not look at each other. They have only one agenda: to kill the person who Brian possesses.

Bishop nods off, nearly stumbling over before MacReady shakes him awake.

Kathy nearly collapses in fatigue, but catches herself.

All the clocks are going screwy. Some of them appear to be moving at breakneck speed, others are going super-slow. The troupe has lost all sense of time.

S.P.

So I suppose the sun isn't ever coming up.

SUTTER

S.P., be positive.

Sutter, unable to practice what he preaches, looks out at the utter darkness. The rest of the group glance furtively at one another. The only thing keeping them awake at this point is nervous energy.

Then, the house around them springs to life. Banging and thumping noises come from the other rooms. A shoe floats into the room, and knocks itself into Sutter's head before hitting the floor. Sutter winces, but recovers to his standing position. A bra flies into the room, startling Bishop. An old movie poster flies in, cutting S.P. on the cheek. Kathy screams.

KATHY

Stop it!  
(then, whining)  
I'm too tired.

The limits of their resistance are coming to an end.

BISHOP

We should have anticipated this.

SUTTER

Anticipated what?

BISHOP

This waiting. Komisky has the upper hand and he knows it.

SUTTER

Yeah. We should have.

They fall silent again. A loud crashing sound is heard from one of the bedrooms followed by a high-pitched maniacal laugh. The laugh reaches a deafening crescendo before breaking off into screams and sobs. The group is unnerved. Kathy goes completely crazy.

KATHY

What the fuck was that?!

S.P.

Nothing. Just Komisky.

KATHY

Nothing? What the fuck do you mean,  
nothing? I want to leave, right  
now!

S.P.

We can't, baby. Remember what Margo  
said?

Kathy leaves her designated spot to stand near S.P..

SUTTER

(forcefully)

Kathy. Go back to your "X".

She ignores Sutter.

KATHY

I don't care what happened to  
Margo. I wanna get out of here. You  
gotta get me outta here, S.P.!

S.P. caresses her shoulders.

S.P.

(with his best calming  
voice)

I can't. We have to wait it out.  
Once morning comes, we'll leave.  
But until then we *have* to wait.

S.P.'s wisdom falls on deaf ears. Kathy grabs S.P.. The rest  
of the group inches closer to the gun, fearing the worst.

SUTTER

(gently)

Kathy, let him go and get back  
where you belong. Everything's  
gonna be okay.

Kathy ignores him. She has eyes only for S.P..

KATHY

If you love me, you'll get me out  
of here.

MacReady, Gracie, Bishop, and Sutter all have their bullets  
at the ready. They are inches from the gun.

SUTTER

(stern)

Kathy, if you don't get back to where you belong, we might have to...

MACREADY

...shoot you.

She won't listen. Sutter, Bishop, MacReady, and Gracie are at a stand still, unsure if they are willing to grab the gun.

S.P. looks at the others, shaking his head to indicate that she is not possessed. MacReady looks right back at him, convinced that she is. He grabs the gun. S.P. is horrified. Kathy continues to cry and plead.

KATHY

(whining like a baby)

Please, please, please. I don't like it here. Wanna go.

MacReady readies the gun.

GRACIE

MacReady, no! She's still Kathy.

MACREADY

What makes you so sure?

BISHOP

(to MacReady)

You've got a real hard-on for that gun, don't you?

MACREADY

This is what we agreed!

S.P.

No, it's not! We agreed to kill Komisky, not each other!

SUTTER

Put the gun down! We have to be sure!

MACREADY

How the hell can we know?!

KATHY

(sobbing)

I'm not Brian, I'm Kathy.

She crawls back to her "X".

S.P.

See? She's back on her spot. Now  
put the gun down and get back to  
yours.

MacReady puts the gun down and moves to his spot. Everyone returns to their positions. Bishop looks at Sutter, and then rubs his eyes with tired frustration.

Kathy sobs more hysterically, and then belches loudly. MacReady jumps for the gun. He aims it at Kathy and starts to load it. She cries and moves quickly out of the way, bumping into the television.

KATHY

I burped! I burped! I'm just gassy!

MacReady stops himself from loading the gun, but before he gets a chance to put it down:

The TV flips on. A leering, blood-caked Brian Komisky is capering around inside the box. He presses his face against the screen.

BRIAN

Boo!

Kathy screams and backs into a corner. On the television screen, Brian is in a cemetery, running around gravestones and laughing. The people he's killed throughout the night are with him in the graveyard. Their clothes are extremely torn and bloody.

Margo appears to be riding Birack like a horse on top of a crypt. Laurie and Elizabeth are torturing Nada, Joe and Jack. They beat on them with sticks and throw rocks at their heads. Then they kiss their wounds, as parents might do to a child. Then it's Laurie and Elizabeth's turn: the two groups giddily switch positions.

Then, these undead revelers notice the living troupe members staring into the screen. They all point and laugh at them maniacally. Brian oversees this with joy.

DEAD TROUPE MEMBERS

(in unison)

He's going to get you! He's going  
to get you!

They repeat this litany over and over, and it increases in intensity with a higher and higher pitched frequency.

MacReady loses his cool and starts to fire the empty gun at the screen.

Kathy, who has already lost it, starts to scream along with them and slap herself in the face. S.P. runs to comfort her. The rest of the group follows suit. MacReady puts the gun down on the corner of the table. They make Kathy stand up. Kathy is running her fingers down her face, cutting herself with her nails.

The TV explodes, and then everything goes quiet.

Everybody but S.P. moves away from Kathy. She has become amazingly calm, and noticing this change is unsettling. As they step back, they each keep a vigilant eye on her.

Kathy socks S.P. in the balls with one hand, pushes MacReady with the other and lunges for the gun. Kathy's skin blisters and bleeds: she is possessed.

Although he is in immense pain, S.P. manages to beat her to the gun. He loads it and takes aim. Kathy's skin is suddenly back to normal, but a mad glint in her eye makes it obvious that Brian remains inside her.

KATHY

(Brian, with Kathy's  
voice)

Don't kill me, baby. Please. I love  
you.

S.P. hesitates for a moment and looks to the group for help.

SUTTER

That's not Kathy! It's Brian! Shoot  
it, man! Shoot it in the head!

Kathy turns to Sutter. She transforms back into the visibly possessed Kathy.

KATHY

(Brian's demonic voice)

Shut up or I'll make you fucking  
suffer.

Kathy turns back to S.P. and she's S.P.'s Kathy again. She takes a few steps towards him.

KATHY

Come on, baby. Put the gun down.

S.P. drops the gun a little. He looks back at the group.

MACREADY

Kill her, man. He's got her.

Kathy looks at MacReady with an insane amount of hate. He recoils from the intensity of the look. She turns back to S.P. and she is sweet, innocent Kathy again. She is moving closer.

KATHY

You don't want to shoot me. You love me. I don't want to die.

S.P. is still hesitant.

SUTTER

Shoot her!

GRACIE

Shoot her!

MACREADY

You have to do it, man!

BISHOP

Blow her head off, for Christ's sake!

Kathy closes in on the gun as the group yells at S.P. to kill her. S.P. is lost and confused. Kathy, close enough now to grab the gun, reaches for it. Her face transforms into pure evil.

S.P. shoots her in the forehead, killing her instantly. As she falls to the ground, the rest of the troupe is splashed with her blood. They are both horrified and relieved.

S.P. stands shocked. A single tear slips down his face and his mouth starts to twitch. Kathy is unrecognizable. The only thing that distinguishes her from any other corpse is the heart-shaped mole on her chin. S.P. collapses, sobbing.

MacReady moves to him and offers comfort. He strokes S.P.'s hair and leans down to whisper in his ear.

MACREADY

(Brian's demonic voice)

Missed me, missed me! Now you've gotta kiss me!

MacReady bear-hugs S.P.. S.P.'s ribs crack. He screams, galvanizing the group into action. Bishop and Sutter start beating MacReady in the face. Gracie falls to the ground and looks for the gun.

Mac throws S.P. against the wall hard enough to make it crack. Gracie sees the gun and reaches for it.

MacReady kicks Gracie in the face. She flies back and hits her head on the table edge. Bishop steps in and kicks the gun away from MacReady. Bishop reaches for it, but Sutter accidentally kicks it away from Bishop.

MacReady sees the gun, but he is unable to grab it because Gracie kicks it with her foot as Sutter drags her away.

This Marx Brothers-esque scramble for the goes on for a few more moments. MacReady finally gets the gun and, with a screech of pure joy, runs down the hall.

The injured Bishop, Gracie, and Sutter watch him go. Then:

BISHOP

Great! Great fuckin' plan! Two more dead.

S.P.

I'm not dead.

BISHOP

(with a faux-British accent)

But you will be in the morning.

GRACIE

(in obvious pain)

That is definitely not funny.

BISHOP

If we're ever lucky enough to look back on this, it will be funny. It'll be the best fuckin' joke ever. Humor is the only thing keeping me from losing my mind right now, thank you.

SUTTER

Bishop. Calm down. He only has one bullet and Mac's a terrible shot. Trust me.

BISHOP

Oh, wonderful. Now we're relying on the fact that he might miss.

(then)

So what's the fuckin' plan now?

(MORE)

BISHOP (cont'd)  
 And don't ask me to do any more  
 calculating. I'm tired and need a  
 nap.

SUTTER  
 The plan is, we've got to tape up  
 S.P.'s ribs with something. He  
 cracked 'em.

Bishop looks at him, then mutters dryly:

BISHOP  
 I'll get the duct tape and paper  
 towels.

Sutter and Gracie help the ailing S.P. to his feet.

GRACIE  
 Up you go.

S.P. gets up and then chokes on a sob.

S.P.  
 (almost inaudible)  
 Killed Kathy. How could I kill  
 Kathy?

SUTTER  
 Not, now, buddy. We'll all get to  
 that when we're outta this.

Brian, with MacReady's voice, calls:

MACREADY (O.S.)  
 (sing-songy)  
 I've got the gun! Ha-ha!

S.P.  
 (screaming)  
 Shut up!

S.P. then groans with the pain of his broken ribs. Bishop and Gracie begin to tape up S.P.'s rib cage, using the paper towels as bandages. Sutter struggles to hold S.P. on his feet.

MACREADY (O.S.)  
 (Brian, with MacReady's  
 voice)  
 You can't have the gun! You can't  
 have the gun! You guys suck!

BISHOP  
 Does he have to do that?

S.P.  
 (wincing as he speaks)  
 No...but he's an asshole.

GRACIE  
 Don't talk, it'll just hurt.

S.P.  
 No. I'm all right. I'm suckin' it  
 up. Let's go.

BISHOP  
 Go where?

S.P.  
 Let's go get the motherfucker.

BISHOP  
 He's got a gun.

S.P.  
 Who cares? If we don't kill him,  
 he'll kill us, end of story.

SUTTER  
 We tried that, buddy. We'll just  
 end up killing MacReady.

They finish taping him up, and S.P. manages to stand on his  
 own.

S.P.  
 We have to get the gun from him  
 before he can use it.

GRACIE  
 How are we gonna do that?

Sutter looks at the closed laundry room door.

SUTTER  
 I have an idea.

He goes to the laundry room door, and opens it. The three  
 others look after him strangely.

SUTTER  
 Come on. Grab a body.

GRACIE  
 Excuse me?

SUTTER  
You made me director, right?

GRACIE  
Yes.

SUTTER  
Then shut up and grab a body.

GRACIE  
Sweetheart, we're going to require  
a little explanation on this one.

SUTTER  
We'll use 'em as shields.

S.P.  
Sutter, those are our friends.

SUTTER  
Don't you think I know that? Look.  
This guy's not playing by the  
rules, so we're gonna have to break  
some, too. This will get us close  
to him and keep us from getting  
shot.

BISHOP  
I don't know if I like this idea.

SUTTER  
You gotta better one?

Then, from another room:

MACREADY  
(Brian, with MacReady's  
voice)  
What are you guys up to in there?

Sutter says nothing, just looks at his counterparts.

GRACIE  
Okay. Okay, maybe we don't have a  
choice.

She looks at Bishop and S.P., and they nod warily. They all  
move to the laundry room, and Sutter leans in to pick up the  
lifeless Nada. On the body are several cats, munching on  
flesh and blood. Disturbed, they leap at Sutter, who deftly  
moves out of the line of fire. Then, a dozen or so more cats  
jump out of the darkness.

The cats hiss and screech, scaring the hell out of the four people. Bishop, Gracie, and Sutter kick and throw the cats out of the kitchen. Unable to move in that capacity, S.P. just hisses and screeches back at the animals. As suddenly as they appeared, the cats are gone.

BISHOP

Jesus, Jack's got a lot of cats.

INT JACK'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

In a dark corner of the room, the possessed MacReady sits. His skin is bleeding and covered in puss. His manner seems a bit drunken. He calls out:

MACREADY

(Brian, with MacReady's  
voice)

What the hell are you guys doing?

INT KITCHEN AND ATTACHED LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sutter, Gracie, and Bishop are all lamely attempting to hoist up dead bodies in shield positions, but the weight is just too awkward and heavy. S.P. watches them, dismayed.

Gracie struggles with Elizabeth's body.

GRACIE

How can a girl this small be so  
heavy?

SUTTER

Schwarzenegger makes this look a  
lot easier.

S.P.

It's not going to work. Besides,  
who am I going to use?

SUTTER

Kathy.

S.P.

Uh-uh. No way.

SUTTER

I know you don't want to. But you  
have to.

S.P.

No, I won't.

SUTTER

Then you'll get shot.  
 (pointing at Kathy)  
 And she would have died for  
 nothing.

S.P. begrudgingly goes to get Kathy.

S.P.

(to Kathy)  
 Not to worry, baby. This isn't  
 going to work.

Bishop, seeing something in the closet, puts down the  
 deceased Margo.

BISHOP

It might yet.

He goes into the laundry room, and comes out with some tools  
 and lumber. Gracie and Sutter look at him quizzically.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Come on. Help me with some of this  
 stuff.

INT JACK'S BEDROOM - LATER

MacReady (Brian) sits in the corner, listening to the sounds  
 of hammers and a power drill. His brow is furrowed. He yells:

MACREADY

(Brian, with MacReady's  
 voice)  
 I don't know what you're doing...  
 (his voice goes demonic)  
 ...but it ain't gonna work!  
 (pause, he chuckles to  
 himself)  
 I love that bit.

He sits there for a little longer, listening to the work  
 going on down the hall. Then the noise tapers off and is  
 replaced by silence.

MACREADY

(Brian's demonic voice)  
 What did you do?!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Sutter, Gracie, Bishop, and S.P. make their way down the hallway. They are each rigged with a "BODY SHIELD".

To give them leverage and make the dead bodies less unwieldy, they have built makeshift framing systems out of wood, rubber hose, screws and nails. The bodies are harnessed to them, strapped to their shoulders and legs. Each has his or her hands on two handles, which enables movement of the bodies from right to left.

S.P. is using Kathy's body, Sutter Nada's, Gracie Elizabeth's, and Bishop is using Margo's.

The hallway is extremely dark, as they are unable to take the candles with them. A small glow comes from the door to the living room, but that is all.

S.P.

I can't see shit.

BISHOP

Well, you're the one who didn't want to take the time to mount the candles.

S.P.

It wouldn't have worked anyway.

Sutter shushes them. Then, as they move down the hallway, Sutter calls out to Brian.

SUTTER

We're comin', boy! Better look out!  
Brace yourself!

MACREADY (O.S.)

(Brian's demonic voice)  
Fuck you!

SUTTER

(quietly to the others)  
He's in Jack's room.

GRACIE

Thank you, Captain Obvious.

They march down the hall with their shields, determined. Sutter is first through the door to Jack's room.

INT JACK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The four shield-bearing warriors enter the room, cautiously moving their corpse protectors back and forth. The room has a strange low-light glow, and a light mist covers the floor. They barely acknowledge the bizarre environs.

S.P.

Come out, come out, wherever you are.

SUTTER

Just one bullet, kids. That's our only worry, here.

The darkness lights up with a flash as the gun is fired. Gracie shifts her "shield" to the right, and the bullet explodes in Elizabeth's chest.

SUTTER

Ha!

Not completely willing to lower their protection, the four exchange glances before ever-so-slowly bringing the bodies down to take a look.

More shots ring out! Their shields are back up in an instant, but not before Bishop is grazed in the leg.

S.P.

Jesus, where'd he get more bullets?!

SUTTER

Where the hell did you get more bullets!

MACREADY

(Brian's demonic voice)

Not the issue. I would concentrate on running away.

Bishop struggles to his feet. The four move back out into the hallway, their fleshy barricades taking bullet after bullet. Blood sprays, brains fly, fingers and toes torpedo through the air and stick to the wall. Luckily, the gore is not that of the living.

## INT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They back out into the hallway, and move as quickly as possible to avoid being shot--not an easy feat considering they are moving backwards with dead bodies harnessed to their shoulders and legs. And the only light they have is the flashes provided by gunfire.

The "shields" diminish in size as they move down the hall, bullets now tearing off limbs and blowing huge holes in torsos. Organs are raining down all over the carpet. S.P., behind the other three, manages to keep most of Kathy intact as he is walking forward in an effort to protect her body: his heart, apparently, was never really in this mission.

The possessed MacReady stands at the far end of the hall, continually firing as they move away. He never has to reload, the gun fires more rapidly than a machine gun.

Sutter, Bishop, Gracie, and S.P. manage to get to the end of the hallway, and spill out into the living room. MacReady stops firing, gun smoking. He calls out:

MACREADY

(Brian's demonic voice)  
And don't come back, either!  
(then, to himself)  
Jesus, the carpet's ruined. They're  
gettin' good at this. Okay. Time to  
regroup.

And with that, he turns and goes back into Jack's room.

## INT KITCHEN AND ATTACHED LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sutter and Gracie dress Bishop's wound while S.P. carefully removes the framing system from his beloved Kathy. (S.P. weeps as he does so.) Sutter looks over at S.P..

SUTTER

S.P., put her in the laundry room  
with the others.

S.P. glares at him for a moment, then does as he's told. He comes back out and sits down like a spoiled child who's been told "no" for the first time in quite awhile.

Gracie looks at the stack of board games by the television, and spies something.

GRACIE

Oh, my God!

SUTTER

What now?

Gracie moves to the stack of games, and pulls out one called "Ouija Board".

GRACIE

I wish I had known this was here before!

BISHOP

You're not serious.

GRACIE

We can talk to him through this. We can talk to Brian Komisky.

She takes out the board and lays it down on the coffee table. Then, she takes out the planchette and places it on its start mark. She looks at the planchette strangely.

GRACIE

Weird. These are usually plastic. Not stainless steel.

SUTTER

Maybe it's an older model.

BISHOP

Um, folks. Why the hell would we want to talk to him?

GRACIE

(too excited to  
acknowledge Bishop)  
We'll all play.

BISHOP

(incredulous)  
Play? Come on, Gracie.

Sutter looks at the candle on the coffee table, then at the other two. They are now looking dangerously short.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

This is nonsense.

S.P.

Bishop. What else are we gonna do?

BISHOP

I don't know. Monopoly?

S.P.

Give it a chance. It couldn't hurt.

BISHOP

Bullshit. For all we know, he'll make the board catch fire or something.

GRACIE

(moving on)

Once we begin, we can trap him in the board, that's how it works. He'll have to talk, tell us why he's doing this. If we find out what he wants, maybe we can give it to him and be rid of the guy. If not, we'll just keep asking questions until dawn.

BISHOP

Honestly, I think it's a waste of time. We're all just plain fucked, and it's time we accepted that fact.

SUTTER

If we accept it, Bishop, then we are. We've got to do whatever we can. End of story. Now let's get our hands on this...thing.

GRACIE

Planchette.

SUTTER

Planchette.

BISHOP

I'm just really tired.

Defeated, he puts his fingers on the planchette. Gracie and Sutter follow his lead, and S.P. is the last to join them around the table. When S.P. touches the planchette, he nicks his finger.

S.P.

Dammit, this thing's sharp.

GRACIE

(eyes only for the board)

Yeah, careful.

S.P.

Sure. Thanks for the heads up.

GRACIE

Okay, everyone relax and focus your energy on the board.

They do their best to follow her order.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

(closing her eyes)

Oh, great spirits, we wish to talk to Brian Komisky. Please send us Brian Komisky.

Bishop looks at her strangely, then gives up and goes back to the game.

GRACIE

Brian, you must speak to us.

The planchette does not move.

SUTTER

Oh, come on, Brian. Don't be a pussy.

GRACIE

(scolding)

Sutter.

But then the planchette moves. Ever so slowly, with a certain reluctance even, it moves to "YES".

GRACIE

He's here. I don't think he wants to be, but he is.

(then)

Brian, you're hurting us because you were hurt during your life. Do you want us to feel the pain you felt?

The planchette moves slowly off the "YES" and then goes right back to it.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Okay, okay. But why us? We didn't know you, we weren't in your school...

The planchette, moving a bit more quickly, spells out the word "B-U-L-L-I-E-S" on the board's alphabet.

GRACIE

No, no, no. We're not bullies. Are we, guys?

SUTTER

No.

S.P.

No.

BISHOP

Me, a bully? Not at all. I was the one who used to get beat up.

GRACIE

Me neither, Brian. Why are you doing this?

The planchette spells, "L-I-A-R-S." It is now flying across the board.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Oh, so now you won't even listen to us? We don't hurt people...we make them laugh.

Even faster, the planchette spells "L-I-A-R-S" again.

GRACIE

Okay, okay.

(then, to the guys)

Are we sure none of us ever bullied anyone?

There is a pause as they think.

S.P.

Well, I guess I could be tough on my little brother sometimes.

GRACIE

Tough?

S.P.

Fine. I beat on him, fine. But that's what big brothers are supposed to do. And I wasn't Brian's big brother.

The planchette spells, "S-E-E."

GRACIE

Who else? Fess up.

BISHOP

I used to yank on the girls' pig tails in elementary school, but that's only 'cause I liked 'em. It was flirting. Everyone knows that's how little boys flirt.

The planchette moves violently, knocking the foursome into one another.

SUTTER

Jesus, take it easy.

It spells, "B-U-L-L-Y-F-U-C-K-E-R-S."

GRACIE

(guiltily)

When I was a little girl, I got a puppy, and my mom made me train it myself. One time I hit it too hard. We had to take it to the vet. But I never hit anything again.

SUTTER

Yeah, sure, and one time I tripped a little kid when I was in junior high, and didn't help him up. I felt plenty guilty about that. But none of this makes us bullies.

The planchette begins to furiously spell, "K-I-L-L-T-H-E-F-U-C-K-E-R-S" over and over again. It begins moving so fast and violent that everyone is knocking into each other painfully. Finally, they all let go of the planchette simultaneously. It sits still.

GRACIE

(yelling out)

We're sorry! What do you want from us! We're not bad people! Just forgive us! Please!

Sutter takes her in his arms to quiet her.

Then, out of the laundry room, comes a ZOMBIE KATHY. She moans and moves towards them.

ZOMBIE KATHY

(barely understandable)

Fleeeeeessssshhhhhh.

SUTTER

Ah, Jesus, fuck me.

Her head bobs about, her neck obviously having been broken.

BISHOP

Zombies?

S.P.

(sadly insane)

Kathy?

GRACIE

He can possess the dead as well as  
the living.

SUTTER

Not fair. Not fair!

S.P. moves to Kathy, and she tries to bite him. Before she can, MacReady appears in the doorway and shoots Kathy in what's left of her head. She drops dead--again. Then he drops the gun, looking absolutely wretched, covered in blood and wobbling on his feet.

S.P. wails and drops to his knees over Kathy's dead zombie body.

SUTTER

MacReady?

Before MacReady can utter a word, the planchette flies off the Ouija board and lodges in his chest just below his shoulder. MacReady yelps in pain. The planchette begins to cut a path in his flesh, moving right for his heart.

MACREADY

Help!

Sutter, Bishop, and Gracie break from a stunned stupor, and lurch towards MacReady. They begin yanking on the planchette, attempting to pull it from MacReady's chest. The planchette is quite stubborn, but they finally get it out--which sends all three of them hurling backwards. MacReady falls into the stack of board games.

S.P., overrun with grief, is paying no attention to what goes on about him.

The planchette flies up to the ceiling, turns itself around, then lunges at Gracie. She ducks, narrowly avoiding it. The planchette then flies for MacReady again, and he manages to bat it away with one of the board games.

Sutter is standing just outside the kitchen when the planchette turns itself around in mid-air and makes a rush at him. He turns to escape for the kitchen, knocking S.P. over. He inadvertently steps on Kathy's body. S.P. continues to weep in his present position.

In the kitchen, Sutter runs to the oven. As the planchette swoops for him, Sutter yanks open the oven door and ducks. The planchette flies in, and Sutter closes the door on it. He leans against the door with all his might. The planchette makes a racket as it slams into the door and inside walls of the oven in an attempt to free itself.

SUTTER

A little help!

MacReady runs to Sutter's aid. Gracie grabs the duct tape, and begins to tape up the oven. When a sufficient amount of tape has been applied, MacReady and Bishop grab wood, hammers and nails to lock the oven down.

The group slowly backs up into the kitchen counter, the planchette madly slamming into the walls of the oven.

MACREADY

That thing is a menace.

S.P. yelps as his skin starts to bubble, and then he grabs his head, getting up to his knees.

SUTTER

S.P.! Don't let him in!

S.P. spastically rolls around on the floor, wrestling with himself. As he wrestles, he begins to levitate while the others look on, helpless.

SUTTER (CONT'D)

That's it, buddy! Fight it! He's just a dumb fucker!!!

S.P. then stands up straight in mid-air.

S.P.

(with Brian's demonic voice)

Fucker, sure. Dumb? That's not fair, Sutter.

S.P. floats down to the floor, and moves for Sutter. Sutter, Gracie, Bishop, and MacReady all back towards the laundry room door.

Sutter whips open a cabinet and they start throwing dishes at the approaching S.P.. They smash into pieces as they hit him, but he is barely slowed.

They throw glasses, food product, anything they can get their hands on. Just as S.P. is about to lay hands on Sutter, Sutter finds a mag flashlight at the back of the cabinet. He slams it into S.P.'s face.

SUTTER  
Found a flashlight!

S.P. snaps his face back from the blow, laughing.

S.P.  
(with Brian's demon voice)  
Scared yet?

He picks Sutter up and throws him through a window.

GRACIE  
Sutter!

She grabs for him, but he is gone in the darkness. When she turns back from the window, S.P. is looking at her, confused. Brian has left him, and jumped into Bishop.

BISHOP  
(with Brian's demon voice)  
Now what'd you go and chuck your  
best bud out the window for?

The now possessed Bishop punches S.P., sending him flying into the living room. MacReady lunges at Bishop, and in mid-flight he is possessed by Brian. Bishop and the possessed MacReady tumble into the living room.

Bishop and S.P. get to their feet. MacReady, possessed, stands up and looks at them. S.P. tries to punch him, but Brian leaps into Bishop, and S.P. punches the real MacReady instead. Soon, they are all beating each other silly as Brian leaps from man to man, impossible to predict and impossible to follow.

Gracie pulls out the knife drawer, and takes the whole thing into the living room. She throws knives at whoever is presently possessed. Before she knows it, each of the guys has at least two or three knives sticking out of them.

Bishop, possessed, grabs the knife drawer. A tug of war between Gracie and Bishop ensues, until they both lose control and knives go flying all over the place. A couple more knives stick into MacReady and S.P.. They are too mad with adrenaline to notice.

Everyone scrambles to grab a weapon. The possessed Bishop gets a meat cleaver. MacReady gets a huge kitchen knife. S.P. pulls a giant salad fork out of his shoulder. Gracie can only retrieve a butter knife.

The guys are in a triangle, Gracie in the middle. Gracie turns in circles as Brian jumps from Bishop to MacReady to S.P. and back to Bishop again, over and over. Whoever is possessed lunges at her, cutting her as much as possible. The two guys who are not possessed at any given moment lunge for the possessed one, but usually only wind up stabbing their true friend.

Gracie loses an arm. Then a leg. Then another arm. Then her other leg. She is on the floor, screaming with pain.

The three guys remain standing in a triangle. Each lets out a satanic grunt every time Brian jumps into them, until the grunts are flying out at an incredibly fast pace. In a Mexican stand-off, all have their weapons poised at the guy to their right.

They just watch for a short while, unsure of how to catch the possession in one or the other. Bishop is the only one who seems to completely grasp their inherent doom.

BISHOP

Oh, shit.

The three simultaneously plunge in the weapons. MacReady gets his in the forehead. S.P. gets his in the chest. Bishop is decapitated. Their bodies all drop dead.

Gracie's screaming hasn't stopped, hasn't changed. She is insane.

EXT THE DARKNESS OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS

The flashlight is on, and Sutter can see nothing but darkness beyond the illumination it casts. He can hear Gracie's insane cries in the distance. He does his best to follow the sound of her screams to the house.

Out of the darkness, a small WINGED BEAST swoops at him. The thing bites and scratches his head and face. Sutter swats at it with his flashlight. He manages to get a hold on it and yank it to the ground. He breaks its neck with his foot. When he shines his flashlight on it, he sees that it isn't just any winged beast, but a mutated Shakes the Monkey.

SUTTER

Shakes?

(then)

I always hated that fuckin' monkey.

He continues towards Gracie's voice.

From out of the gloom, the undead Jack and Birack appear. They lunge for Sutter. Sutter, ignoring the bugs and what-not on the ground, picks up sticks and rocks to throw at the oncoming zombies.

SUTTER

I'm sick of this night of the evil  
dead shit!

He kicks Birack onto the ground, and spears Jack in the head with a stick. Jack collapses into a heap. Sutter steps on Birack's chest, and picks up a big rock. He slams the rock into Birack's face.

Sutter makes a mad dash for the house. He trips into the back porch, and smashes face-first into the sliding-glass back door. He bounces off it, landing on his ass. He gets up, tries the door, it won't open. A growl comes from the darkness. In a panic, Sutter leaps at the glass door, breaking through.

INT KITCHEN AND ATTACHED LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sutter, in a rain of falling glass, lands next to Gracie. She stops her screaming for a second to look at him, then continues as if nothing happened.

Without thinking, Sutter picks up Gracie and takes her to the kitchen. (He almost falls when he trips over Bishop's head.)

When he gets to the stove top, the planchette goes crazy knocking against the oven walls. He ignores it, turning on all the gas fueled burners. Gracie is unaware of what's going on, and continues to scream. Holding her up like she is a deranged baby, Sutter cauterizes her wounds on the burners. This takes an inordinate amount of time, and doesn't really work too well. Before he finishes, she passes out.

Sutter lays what's left of his girlfriend on the counter, and collapses against the refrigerator. Above his head, attached to the fridge door with magnets, is a poster for the troupe's upcoming show: "Sutter's Crazy Troupe: The Big-Time Silly Halloween Program".

SUTTER  
(comforting himself)  
There's nothing to be afraid of.  
It's not real. It's just a movie.  
Just a dream. This will never  
happen. Somebody wrote this and was  
being overly indulgent and it's  
just stupid horror crap. It isn't  
real...

CUT TO:

INT JACK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brian's invisible spirit floats out of the bedroom and into the hallway. The room is still glowing strangely, the mist hovering over the carpet.

SUTTER (V.O.)  
...I'm not afraid. I'm not afraid  
because there is nothing to be  
afraid of...

CUT TO:

INT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brian's spirit drifts down the hallway toward the bar room. The hallway has the strange glow Jack's bedroom had, as well as the mist over the floor.

SUTTER (V.O.)  
Nothing to be afraid of. It's just  
a dream or a movie...

CUT TO:

INT BAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

This room is also glowing and misty. The invisible Brian breezes past the bar and into the living room.

SUTTER (V.O.)  
..a movie. Just that...

CUT TO:

INT KITCHEN AND ATTACHED LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The unseen Brian is in the living room and moving towards Sutter.

SUTTER  
 ...stupid silly dumb movie.

Sutter watches as the last burning candle, on the counter, finally burns itself out. Darkness.

Then, all of the house lights are suddenly back, power restored. Sutter is forced to squint.

Then, appearing completely human, BRIAN KOMISKY is standing in the kitchen, leaning against the counter near Gracie. The planchette stops its racket in the oven when he appears. Brian is lanky, greasy haired, and ugly. His clothes are dirty and disheveled. Sutter stops his mumbling, and looks at Brian with barely a reaction. Brian's voice is a bit weasly, but doesn't have his usual booming, demonic sound.

BRIAN  
 Hey, there, Sutter.

He laughs a bit, looking at his bleeding victim.

BRIAN  
 I'll tell ya, you guys are fuckin' funny. You run around out in the dark, all bumpin' into things and stabbin' at each other. Whoo! Killer.

Sutter coughs.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
 What's that?

Sutter coughs again, this time spitting out blood.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
 There ya go, friendly. Let it all out.  
 (then, like a little kid remembering a movie)  
 Oh, yeah, then you guys did that exorcism! That was awesome. Thought I'd wet my pants. Ah, good stuff, good stuff.

Brian sighs a sigh of utter contentment.

SUTTER  
 We killed you.

BRIAN

Right. Sure. How many times did you kill me? Let's see...first Margo, then Kathy, then Bishop, MacReady, and S.P. all did each other--you should've seen that one--so that makes, what? Five? At least. You killed me five times.

(then, dripping sarcasm)

But, what's this? Oh, sweet rabbit pellets of shit! I'm still here.

SUTTER

Why?

BRIAN

(cruelly mimicking)

Why? Why? Why?

(then)

I made all that shit up, dumb-ass. It was a trick. I was fuckin' with you.

SUTTER

Your diary...

BRIAN

I'll say it again for the cheap seats:

(he yells)

I made that shit up! There were no rules! I WAS FUCKING WITH YOU!

(then)

Fuck. My parents were good people, real nice. I couldn't stand 'em. And at school...guess who the bully was? Huh? All that why, why, why. Makes my job too goddam easy. I'm gettin' bored.

SUTTER

But...

BRIAN

(shushing him)

Tut-tut! Don't ask.

SUTTER

You're an asshole.

BRIAN

No argument here.

Brian shakes Gracie, as if to wake her.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
Wake up, Gracie. Time to wake up.

Sutter can only watch as Gracie comes to consciousness. She sees Brian, unable to do anything but stare.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
Good morning. Did you have a good sleep? Oh, by the way, you can't contact spirits in the after life with a board game made by Parker Brothers. Just for future reference.

He pulls a small piece of flesh off of one of her stumps, and eats it.

BRIAN  
(to Sutter)  
Check it! Now she gets to watch you die!

SUTTER  
(at a loss)  
Why?

BRIAN  
Jesus, man. Always with the "why".

He leans down to get in Sutter's face.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
Whatever happened to just plain evil?

Then he looks over Sutter's head at the poster on the fridge.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
(glib)  
Too bad. Might have been a good show.

He disappears. Sutter is possessed. His skin blisters and pops. He picks a knife up from the blood-covered floor and stabs himself repeatedly until he's dead. A completely helpless Gracie can only watch.

Just after Sutter is gone, the outside world fades from the pitch blackness to a very serene daylight. Gracie turns her head and looks outside, then she looks back at her dead boyfriend.

Silence for a moment. Gracie, despite everything, appears to feel peaceful. Then, the planchette starts smacking itself repeatedly into the walls of the oven again.

Gracie starts to laugh maniacally, building to absolute hysteria. She stops with a gasp when startled by a screeching cat jumping onto her chest.

SMASH CUT TO  
BLACK.