

Fast Asleep

By

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FADE IN:

INT. DAWSON FAMILY LIVING ROOM - DAY

LISA DAWSON - late thirties attractive housewife, redhair and freckles - stands in doorway of a dimly lit modest living room. Lisa's in shock, tears stream down her face. She shakes as she holds a hand gun in both hands. BANG!

A look of shock's frozen on Lisa's face. Eight year old pudgy freckle face redhead girl - JENNY DAWSON - runs to her mother, wraps her arms around her mother's waist.

JENNY DAWSON
Oh Mommy, I was so scared.

Jenny's head's nuzzled against Lisa. Lisa's face is void of all expression. Shaky hands still hold the smoking gun.

EXT. OUTSIDE RESHIN PHARMACEUTICAL'S - DAY

SUPER: "SIX MONTHS EARLIER"

Three storey shiny building with floor to ceiling glass windows in a leafy inner city suburb. Sign reads 'Reshin Pharmaceuticals'. Trees and parking lot covered in snow.

INSERT LARGE TELEVISION SCREEN - DAY

INT. ALL WHITE STERILE STUDIO (ON SCREEN) - DAY

On screen - TED GAMBLE, mid forty infomercial host - perfect teeth, hair and nice suit. Beside him is early forties infomercial hostess VERONICA TATE - also perfect teeth, hair and dressed immaculate. Both are in a sterile white studio.

TED GAMBLE
Hi Veronica!

VERONICA TATE
Hi Ted!

TED GAMBLE
Veronica, did you know that the average life expectancy in this country is now ninety nine years.

VERONICA TATE
Wow Ted that's great!

TED GAMBLE
Yes it is. But sadly one third of our lives is spent asleep. That's a staggering thirty three years.

VERONICA TATE
What a shame! Wouldn't it be
wonderful if there was some way to
get all them years back.

Ted awkwardly holds up a box. ECU shows label - Fast Asleep.

TED GAMBLE (O.S.)
Well now there is with FAST ASLEEP!

Zoom out. Veronica joins him in a euphoric smile.

TED GAMBLE
With fast asleep you can get a full
night sleep in under two hours.
(CU of Ted and box)
Now that's fast.

VERONICA TATE
Now Ted, this isn't some yucky drug
like speed or caffeine is it?

TED GAMBLE
(fake chuckle)
Oh good Lord no. Fast Asleep
simply speeds up your body's
natural sleep cycle so you sleep
four times faster.

VERONICA TATE
Oh that's a relief.

TED GAMBLE
Fast Asleep reduces your sleep by
over six hours a night. That saves
the average person a staggering
twenty five years in a lifetime.

VERONICA TATE
Wow that's incredible!

Ted looks thoughtfully into the camera.

TED GAMBLE
It is incredible cause in our busy
lives, time is the most precious
thing any of us really have. We're
all stuck with twenty four hours a
day, and we can't slow time down
but we can sure make the time we do
have gets used to the full.

Zoom out - Ted and Veronica with plastic smiles.

VERONICA TATE

I could certainly use another six hours a day.

TED GAMBLE

Yes Veronica, imagine what you could do with all that extra time.

SERIES OF SHOTS - BENEFITS OF 'FAST ASLEEP'

- A. Family of four, beautiful mid thirties Dad and Mom, boy and girl aged ten, all sit around the kitchen table playing monopoly. The lights on and its dark outside. The family giggle, joke and smile whilst they play.

TED GAMBLE (V.O.)

More family time.

- B. Middle aged man paints an obscure abstract painting. Zoom out reveals he's painting a bowl of fruit.

TED GAMBLE (V.O.)

Take up a new hobby.

- C. Large middle aged fat housewife is in a bikini up on stage. She dances seductively using a stripper pole.

TED GAMBLE (V.O.)

Take a second or third job to help pay the bills.

- D. Young and old couples dance at a disco. Old couples ham it up. Scene could be from a wedding.

TED GAMBLE (V.O.)

Or just dance the night away.

INT. ALL WHITE STERILE STUDIO (ON SCREEN) - DAY

Ted and Veronica look into the camera with big cheezy smiles.

TED GAMBLE

So don't sleep your life away.

(holds up box)

Use 'Fast Asleep' and live life to the full.

INT. BOARDROOM OF RESHIN PHARMACEUTICAL'S - DAY

Commercial screens on flat screen TV. It ends with Reshin Pharmaceutical's logo. TV's switched off - screen to black.

One side of a mahogany table sits ALLAN STODGE - thirties bald, overweight - dressed in a lab coat with remote in hand. Beside him sits BLAKE RESHIN - early forties slightly bald thickset exec type - dressed in Armani.

Other side of table sits Billionaire JACK CANDLE - late fifties silver haired thickset. He's flanked by two early fifties grey haired lawyers. Candle is also in Armani and smokes a cuban. A cloud of smoke hovers above the three.

Stodge and Reshin nervously look to Candle who continues to smoke his cuban. He finally breaks his silence.

JACK CANDLE
Side Effects?

ALLAN STODGE
Well we've had a test group of one hundred individuals, various socio-economic, ethnicity and age groups. Been interviewing the individuals and their family and colleag--

JACK CANDLE
JESUS F CHRIST MAN. For someone sellin' time, you're taking a lot of mine. Give me the short version.

Blake gives Allan a 'get your shit together' glare.

ALLAN STODGE
(nervously)
Five percent are um grumpy.

JACK CANDLE
GRUMPY?

ALLAN STODGE
Grumpy. More irritable, short tempered. More confrontational.

Jack Candle smokes his cuban. He has a poker face. Stodge and Reshin nervously await a reply. He finally responds.

JACK CANDLE
What do you want from me?

BLAKE RESHIN
Well Mr Candle, we've done some extensive market forecasts on the likely demand for Fast Asleep and we predict sales will go through the roof. We are talking well over twenty mill--

JACK CANDLE
Fifty one percent.

BLAKE RESHIN
Huh?

JACK CANDLE
You need Candle Pharmaceuticals to
manufacture and distribute Fast
Asleep to meet high demand and I
want fifty one percent. Controlling
interest in your company.

BLAKE RESHIN
I was thinking eighty twenty.

Candle and his two man entourage get up to leave.

Blake Reshin quickly stands. He appears devastated.

BLAKE RESHIN
Fine. Fine. Fifty one percent.

Candle stops near the door. On the wall behind him is a logo
- 'Reshin Pharmaceuticals'. He turns to lawyer on his left.

JACK CANDLE
Fred, draw up a contract for fifty
one percent of
(turns to Blake)
What's the name of the company?

BLAKE RESHIN
Reshin Pharmaceuticals.

JACK CANDLE
Reshin Pharmaceuticals.
(turns to Blake)
Good day.

Jack Candle and his lawyers exit. Blake watches them leave
- appears disappointed. Allan pats Blake on the shoulder.

ALLAN STODGE
Sorry Blake.

BLAKE RESHIN
(smile breaks out)
Sorry? What for? Now we have
Candle behind us, we are going to
sell a shit load of 'Fast Asleep'.
We are going to be filthy rich!

Blake appears elated. Allan's surprized by his reaction.

EXT. OUTSIDE RESHIN PHARMACEUTICAL'S - DAY

'Reshin Pharmaceuticals' building is no longer surrounded by snow. The trees are green in full bloom. Youngsters ride bicycles, neighbors walk their dogs. A fine summers day.

INT. WAITING ROOM - RESHIN PHARMACEUTICALS - DAY

Small dull white waiting room half full with cross-section of people. Forties trucker type reads newspaper- headlines '14 SERIAL KILLERS TERRORIZE CITY'. SEAN DAWSON (19) slim, brown hair, almost good looking, big nose reads a magazine.

Twenty year old TROY REYNOLDS, blonde, athletic, good looks enters. Sean looks up and smiles.

SEAN DAWSON

Yo Troy.

TROY REYNOLDS

Hey-a Sean. How's it hangin'?

SEAN DAWSON

A half inch to the left.

Sean and Troy chuckle as Troy takes a seat next to Sean.

TROY REYNOLDS

So are we on for tonight man?

SEAN DAWSON

I need to finish my mid term --

TROY REYNOLDS

Aww you're so full a shit Dawson.
What are you averagin now? 'A's?

SEAN DAWSON

A Plus. Hard to adjust with so
much spare time.

TROY REYNOLDS

Fuck'n great ain't it. And they're
payin' us to test this shit.

Mid twenties Asian woman - MISS WONG - in a lab coat enters.

MISS WONG

Sean Dawson!

SEAN DAWSON

Here!

(turns to Troy)

See ya. Usual time and place?

TROY REYNOLDS

Catch ya.

Sean follows Miss Wong out of the waiting room. Troy picks up the Sports Magazine Sean left behind, opens to centrefold

INSERT: Centrefold is hard body jock bristling with muscles.

Troy oggles the model. He surveys the room - looks guilty. Sitting opposite is buffed young man VINCE. Vince wears skimpy gym singlet and shorts to show off his muscular physique. Vince uses iPhone, listens to music with earbuds.

Troy stares at Vince over magazine, admires his toned thighs. Vince looks up from his iPhone, catches Troy.

VINCE

What are you fuckin' lookin' at?

Troy's embarrassed, retreats back behind magazine. Vince glares at Troy and mouths 'Queer'. Returns to his iPhone.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - RESHIN PHARMACEUTICALS - DAY

Sean and Miss Wong sit opposite at a small table. Miss Wong uses a laptop. On the wall is logo - Reshin Pharmaceuticals.

MISS WONG

That concludes all the medical questions.

(studies laptop screen)

Says here you're a second year Law student. How is that going?

SEAN DAWSON

Great. Prior to taking 'Fast Asleep' I was averaging B's, now I'm averaging A plus. All the extra study time I now have really helps.

MISS WONG

Great and how's your social life?

SEAN DAWSON

Non stop party. Great.

MISS WONG

Girlfriend?

SEAN DAWSON

Currently no. My high school sweetheart and I split just after Prom. Been single ever since.

MISS WONG
First love's always the deepest.

SEAN DAWSON
You got that right.

Miss Wong types on her laptop. There's pain in Sean's eyes.

MISS WONG
What about your relationship with
your family? How's that going?

SEAN DAWSON
All good. Is that it?

Miss Wong nods and hands Sean a cheque.

MISS WONG
We have only three more weeks left
in the trial. Any questions?

SEAN DAWSON
Ah yeah um. Can I have another
bottle of 'Fast Asleep'?

MISS WONG
(looks at laptop)
We already supplied you enough for
the trial. Oh and it looks like
we've given you three extra bottles
in the last two months.

SEAN DAWSON
Well my Mom's a clean freak. Likes
to clean out the medicine cabinet
once a month, get rid of out of
date medicine. She accidentally
threw out a heap of 'Fast Asleep'.

Miss Wong looks unconvinced.

SEAN DAWSON
Scouts honour. Mom promised she
won't do it again and I need more
bottles to finish the trial.

Miss Wong looks at Sean suspiciously. She grabs a bottle of
'Fast Asleep' from a bag under the table.

MISS WONG
This is the last bottle Sean.
Trial or no trial. When this does
go on sale in a month, it won't be
cheap.

SEAN DAWSON
 (snatches the bottle)
 Thanks. It won't happen again.

INT. LUNCH ROOM - HORNSBY LAW FIRM - DAY

A bubbling bowl of stew goes round and round in a microwave.

GARY FLETCHER bald, mid forties, overweight in a business suit hungrily watches his lunch spin round in a microwave. He's in a kitchenette - one end of a lunch room. The lunch room has a dozen tables and is half full with office staff.

RON DAWSON, forty, fit, handsome - also in a suit - enters carrying his lunch in a microwave dish.

RON DAWSON
 Gunna be long Gary?

GARY FLETCHER
 Almost there Ron.

DING! Gary opens the microwave and takes the bowl out.

GARY FLETCHER
 Ooh ooh! Ow! Ooh! Shoot!

Gary hurriedly places the bowl on the bench top.

RON DAWSON
 Use some paper towel Gary!

GARY FLETCHER
 You say that every day Ron.

RON DAWSON
 You burn yourself every day Gary.

GARY FLETCHER
 (blows on fingers)
 What's lunch without third degree burns.

Ron shakes his head and chuckles. He use the microwave while Gary grabs a fork and sits at the bench.

RON DAWSON
 So what's new in the zoo Gary?

GARY FLETCHER
 Old man Brown retires next month.

RON DAWSON
 Really?

GARY FLETCHER
And you know what that means.

RON DAWSON
They'll be looking for a new partner.

GARY FLETCHER
Exactly! Are you interested?

RON DAWSON
Not really. As it is, I hardly see my fam-

GARY FLETCHER
That's great. Cause I want it and I figured my main contender would be you Ron.

RON DAWSON
I'll take that as a compliment Gary but I think your main contender will be Charles.

GARY FLETCHER
Charles! But his only twenty eight. He picked up his first law book just last week. He's still wet behind the ears.

RON DAWSON
He is Hornsby's nephew.

GARY FLETCHER
Hmmm. I hope you're wrong Ron.

DING. Ron uses paper towel to take his lunch out and places it near Gary's. Ron grabs a fork and sits near Gary.

RON DAWSON
Look Gary, in a perfect world, where everything was fair, you would be the obvious choice but

GARY FLETCHER
But what Ron?

RON DAWSON
But we don't live in that world do we Gary. We live in the world of Hornsby Law.

Gary stares at his steaming bowl of stew and looks miserable. He's lost his appetite.

EXT. OUTSIDE SUBURBAN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Alarm bell sounds. Elated children rush out of an inner city elementary school. Eight year old pudgy freckle faced redhead - JENNY DAWSON talks to two other pudgy redhead girls near school's entrance. A yellow school bus passes by.

Children from rear of the bus yell out 'ORANGUTANS!'. Jenny and her two redhead friends glare at the bus's rear windows.

A Crossing Guard - elderly lady, glasses, with orange fluoro jacket - and a small group of young school children wait at the edge of a crosswalk in front of the school.

A black SUV stops at the crosswalk. Crossing Guard stops with her sign before the SUV and the children safely cross. Crossing Guard gives the driver a friendly thank you wave.

Driver of the SUV is pretty late thirties housewife - LISA DAWSON - redhair and freckles. She waves back and smiles.

The crosswalk is clear and SUV continues, pulls up at curb. Jenny notices the SUV, says bye and turns towards the car.

INT. INSIDE BLACK SUV ON SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Jenny enters the passenger side of the SUV, throws her backpack in the back and puts on her seat belt.

JENNY DAWSON

Hi Mom.

LISA DAWSON

Hi Jenny bear. Good day at school?

Lisa puts the car in 'Drive' and drives off.

JENNY DAWSON

Spouse. Hey Mom, I need some arts supplies for a project due Friday.

LISA DAWSON

Got an hour before I need to start on dinner. Could swing by Staples.

JENNY DAWSON

Thanks Mom. You're the best.

Lisa smiles to this remark and makes a right turn.

EXT. STAPLES PARKING LOT - DAY

The Black SUV enters parking lot for Staples, a large Office Supply and Electronics super store. Parking lot looks full.

INT. INSIDE BLACK SUV IN PARKING LOT - DAY

Jenny points to an empty car space.

JENNY DAWSON
There's a car space.

LISA DAWSON
Good spotting cupcake.

EXT. STAPLES PARKING LOT - DAY

Black SUV indicates as it approaches the car space.

Old Buick approaches from opposite direction with indicator on. Both cars reach the car space at same time. It's a stand off - both cars indicate for the same space. Inside Buick is an Italian GRANDMA, black dress and hair in a bun.

INT. INSIDE BLACK SUV - DAY

Lisa notices the other driver.

LISA DAWSON
Aww it's a sweet little old
Grandma. She can have it. We'll
have a look at the next bay.

JENNY DAWSON
You're a soft touch Mom.

LISA DAWSON
And in this mean old world that
aint a bad thing sugar pie.

Lisa turns off indicator. Gestures to Grandma to take space.

INT. INSIDE OLD BUICK - DAY

The Grandma smiles and waves in thanks.

EXT. STAPLES PARKING LOT - DAY

The old Buick drives into the empty car space.

The Black SUV continues in search of a park.

INT. STAPLES OFFICE SUPPLIES SUPERSTORE - DAY

Jenny and Lisa enter the store. They're greeted by STAPLES FRONT DOOR GREETER - female, twenty with huge friendly smile.

STAPLES FRONT DOOR GREETER
Welcome to Staples.

Jenny and Lisa proceed to the art supply section. They walk past Grandma from the Buick. Grandma talks to a YOUNG MALE STORE ASSISTANT (20) about a flat screen Television on sale.

GRANDMA

And this is a good price for the television?

YOUNG MALE STORE ASSISTANT

Very good price Ma'm.

GRANDMA

Has it got the latest gadgets and do hickeys? It's for my Grandson. Want him to be happy with it.

YOUNG MALE STORE ASSISTANT

It has all the latest features. I'm sure he'll be very happy.

Lisa watches Jenny take half a dozen art supply items off pegs and shelves and place them in a 'Staples' basket.

LISA DAWSON

Is that everything sweet pea?

JENNY DAWSON

Yep!

EXT. STAPLES PARKING LOT - DAY

Lisa and Jenny exit the store. Jenny carries a large white bag full of arts supplies.

Grandma's next to her Buick in an adjacent empty car space. She has a T V in a flat pack on a large trolley. The back door's open, Grandma ponders on what to do.

LISA DAWSON

Would you like a hand Ma'm?

GRANDMA

That would be wonderful!

Lisa studies the car and the flat pack.

LISA DAWSON

Okay if we put the television in at an angle it should fit. Of course you'll need to get someone at home to help take it out.

GRANDMA

I'll ask my neighbour Mike.

LISA DAWSON
 Okay then. Jenny, if you can help
 the lady with that end.
 (gestures to far end)
 I'll take this end and lead it in.

Jenny, Lisa and the Grandma take their positions.

LISA DAWSON (CONT'D)
 On three. One, two, three.

The three manage to get the flat pack into the back of the
 car with ease. Lisa shuts the back door.

LISA DAWSON (CONT'D)
 All done. You have a nice day now.

GRANDMA
 Thank you so much. God bless you!

Jenny and Lisa wave and exit towards their black SUV.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
 (waves with a smile)
 Bye now!

INT. DAWSON FAMILY HOME DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dawson family sit at the Dining table. Dinner is meatloaf
 with veggies. Ron's at the head of the table, beside him
 wife Lisa. Sean and Jenny sit opposite.

LISA DAWSON
 We had an interesting afternoon,
 didn't we cupcake.

JENNY DAWSON
 We sure did. We went to Staples to
 buy some art supplies and we ended
 up helping a little old Grandma put
 a big television in her car.

RON DAWSON
 You two are regular good
 samaritans. That's great.

LISA DAWSON
 Did anyone else do anything
 interesting today?

SEAN DAWSON
 I did my weekly interview for
 trialling 'Fast Asleep' and
 received a sweet cheque.

LISA DAWSON
Did you tell them you're grumpy?

SEAN DAWSON
I AM NOT GRUMPY!

LISA DAWSON
Grumpy, grumpy, grumpy. You've
been just one big grumpy puss ever
since you started on that trial.

SEAN DAWSON
I AM NOT GRUMPY! Dad!
Do something about her, will you?

RON DAWSON
Sorry old man. Gone are the days
when you could severely beat and
chain your wife up for misbehaving.
Ahhh those were the days.

SEAN DAWSON
Want grumpy! YOUR MEAT LOAF SUCKS!

Sean shoves away his dinner plate and gets up to leave.

LISA DAWSON
Sean! Sean! Now this is exactly
what I mean.

Sean leaves the dining room, Lisa calls after him.

LISA DAWSON
Please Sean. Please come back.

RON DAWSON
Let him go Honey. He won't come
back now.

LISA DAWSON
Oh why can't he see what those
pills are doing to him Ron?

RON DAWSON
It might not be the pills Sweetie.
My Mom reckons I had a real
attitude when I was his age too.
It might be just a phase you know.

Ron cups his hand and whispers softly to his wife.

RON DAWSON
hormones.

JENNY DAWSON

What's hormones?

LISA DAWSON

Nothing you need to worry about for
a few years big ears.

Jenny rolls her eyes and goes back to her dinner.

LISA DAWSON (CONT'D)

Hope you're right Darling. So how
was your day?

RON DAWSON

Eventful.
Old man Brown is retiring next
month.

LISA DAWSON

And you've been offered a
partnership! Oh Darling that's
wonderful.

RON DAWSON

Aaah. That didn't happen, I just
heard that old Man Brown was
retiring. Why?
(puzzled look)

Do you want me to get a
partnership?
Cause I thought we talked about if
this ever happened, I'd turn it
down to avoid the longer hours.

LISA DAWSON

Of course Ron. What was I
thinking? I just thought it'd be
nice to afford a holiday at least
once a year and not have to put up
with a thirty year old shitty couch
that's falling to pieces.

RON DAWSON

So what do you want me to do Hun?
Cause if I'm made a partner,
there'll be no more weekends.

LISA DAWSON

Oh Ron, of course I don't want you
to work weekends. But we
definitely need a new couch.

RON DAWSON

New couch by Christmas. Okay?

Young Jenny looks back and forth at each parent and rolls her eyes. She returns to eating her meatloaf.

INT. SEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sean sits at his computer typing and using the mouse.

INSERT - On the screen is an MS Word document. Mouse arrow selects 'save' and then 'print' from the drop down menus.

A small laser printer spits out pages.

INT. SEAN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Sean stares forlorn at the screen in the dark. Colors from a porn video lighten his face revealing he is in tears. Dirty talk and sounds of raunchy interracial sex pierce the night.

BRENDA (V.O.)
Wow. It's so big!

LITTLE ZED (V.O.)
It ain't that big.

BRENDA (V.O.)
Is too! That's three times bigger than my boyfriends.

LITTLE ZED (V.O.)
I bet it could fit in your mouth.

BRENDA (V.O.)
Maybe. Aaah your not going to post this on the internet. Are you?

LITTLE ZED (V.O.)
No baby. This is just for me to help get my big black dick hard.

BRENDA (V.O.)
Okay. Errrrrrr! Errrrrrr! Errrrrrr!
Am I doing it right? Errrrrrr

LITTLE ZED (V.O.)
Oh you is graduated. Ahhhhhh!

INT. DAWSON FAMILY BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sean splashes water in his face, dries it with a towel. Sean brushes his teeth. He rinses and then refills the cup.

Sean opens up the medicine cabinet. Inside there's a small stock pile of 'Fast Asleep' bottles. Sean retrieves a pill.

Sean swallows down the pill, uses a towel and exits.

INT. SEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sean looks tired. He pulls back the covers and hops into bed. As soon as Sean's head is on the pillow he's out cold.

A wall clock above Sean's bed shows 9:30 PM. The clock fast forwards two hours as Sean twitches and turns in his sleep.

INT. DAWSON FAMILY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On the family TV plays a fight scene from Kill Bill 1. Jenny is covered with a blanket on the couch and uses her iphone.

The iphone screen displays an ebay page with a Samurai Sword.

Sean enters all dressed up, looks like he's going out.

SEAN DAWSON

Why aren't you asleep young lady?

JENNY DAWSON

There's a Quentin Tarantino Movie marathon tonight.

SEAN DAWSON

Why not record it Jen?

JENNY DAWSON

Recordings for losers! I'm livin for the now! So Sean, can I use your paypal account to buy something on ebay?

SEAN DAWSON

Well I don't have that much money ahh how much are we talking.

JENNY DAWSON

There's a samurai sword for sale, finishes in five and no bids. I should get it for under fifty.

SEAN DAWSON

What's its starting bid?

JENNY DAWSON

Twenty.

SEAN DAWSON

Wait for the last thirty seconds and then hit it with forty dollars and fifty cents.

JENNY DAWSON

Okay.

SEAN DAWSON

Do you need my paypal sign on?

JENNY DAWSON

No I have that.

SEAN DAWSON

You do? Well don't spend all my money. You can owe me and oh - this conversation never happened. Bye.

JENNY DAWSON

Seize the Day Sean!
(Sean exits, door slams)
and the night too!

INT. NIGHT OWL DINER - NIGHT

SANDY(40) attractive bubbly blonde waitress, southern accent, walks with a bounce in her step. She approaches a table, pad and pencil in hand. Seated are Sean and Troy.

SANDY

Well well well, if isn't Sean and Troy, the Twilight twins. You both look like you've just walked off the set of Twilight.

TROY REYNOLDS / SEAN DAWSON

Hi Sandy.

SANDY

So you ain't vampires are you? Always bein up this late. Oh that's right. Trialling some new wonder drug. So what'll ya have tonight?

TROY REYNOLDS / SEAN DAWSON

Usual.

SANDY

Back in ten.

TROY REYNOLDS

She's great.

SEAN DAWSON

Yeah.

There's an uncomfortable pause.

TROY REYNOLDS
You ever going to mention her?

SEAN DAWSON
Who?

TROY REYNOLDS
That chick that fucked you over.

SEAN DAWSON
Am I that obvious?

TROY REYNOLDS
Fuck yeah! So who is she?

SEAN DAWSON
Her name was Brenda. She was my
Prom Queen and I was her King and
for a brief moment life was good.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM (SENIOR PROM) - NIGHT

Pimplly teenage boys in tuxs and teen girls in debutante dresses fill the audotorium. Many are on the dance floor, others socialise in small groups around the floor perimeter. Teens have their photos taken one end of the auditorium.

MRS BROWN (50s), African-American, the School's Principal stands behind a podium up on stage. She gets everyone's attention by way of the microphone.

MRS BROWN
Attention everyone. Attention.

Everyone stops talking and dancing. Even the Billy Joel cover band stop playing. She has everyone's attention.

MRS BROWN (CONT'D)
It's getting late and we still have that special surprise still to come. But for now, it's time to name the Prom King and Queen.

Mrs Brown opens an envelope, reads the winners with a smile.

MRS BROWN (CONT'D)
This year's Prom King and Queen are
Ridgemont High's popular steadies
Sean Dawson and Brenda Koslowski!!

Huge applause from all. Everyone in good spirits. Curvy bodacious BRENDA and Sean walk on stage hand in hand.

Mrs Brown places plastic crowns on Brenda and Sean to huge applause. Sean and Brenda share a tender kiss. More cheers.

The Billy Joel cover band play 'Uptown Girl'.

Brenda and Sean dance waltz style alone on the dance floor. Everyone looks on with admiration for the lucky couple.

Mrs Brown is back at the podium to get everyone's attention.

MRS BROWN (CONT'D)
Attention everyone! Attention!

The band stops midway through 'Uptown Girl'. All eyes on her.

MRS BROWN (CONT'D)
Thank you. That special surprise has arrived. He is a very talented performer and I'm proud to call him my nephew. Taking a break from his very busy schedule, please give it up for - Little Zed!!

All the students look excited. Many of the guys give each other high fives. Many of the girls scream.

LITTLE ZED, five foot eight Rapper dressed dope with lots of gold bling and teeth, sporting a Buffalo hat, walks on stage. Zed's surrounded by his entourage. He greets everyone.

LITTLE ZED
Yo Ridgemont! What's up?

Just about everyone cheer and applaud. Most shout 'Yeah!'. Sean doesn't seem to be a fan but Brenda looks to be in awe.

Little Zed notices Brenda, especially her huge curvy butt. He gives her a wicked smile and a wink. Blows her a kiss. Brenda blushes. Sean looks on helpless as his life unravels.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL CAR PARK - NIGHT

Little Zed walks hand in hand with Brenda towards a stretched Limo, his entourage surround them. Zed stops to kiss Brenda, shoves his tongue down her throat and grabs her round ass.

Everyone including Mrs Brown are outside to wave Zed off.

Little Zed, Brenda and the entourage disappear into the limo.

The huge crowd, fronted by Mrs Brown and other elderly teachers wave off the Limo as it drives away.

A small group other side of the Limo comes into view as the Limo drives away. It comprises of a dozen teen boys and Sean. Each boy pats Sean's back before returning to the Prom.

SEAN DAWSON (O.S.)

I should have asked her to stay but she was so excited. Little Zed promised her a part in his next video and they were going to his house to party. Why didn't I stop her. I didn't even try.

Sean looks shell shocked. He stands alone in the dark. Sound of thunder. A downpour drenches Sean to the bone, but he remains firm and emotionless. Tears stream down his face.

SEAN DAWSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Cause in my heart of hearts, I knew, it was over. Zed was the better man in every way. I, on the otherhand, was the son and heir of absolutely nothing. Who could blame her?

END FLASHBACK.

INT. NIGHT OWL DINER - NIGHT

Sean looks heart broken.

TROY REYNOLDS

Forget her man. She's not worth it.

SEAN DAWSON

Can't help it. I'm still in love with her.

TROY REYNOLDS

You're not in love with her Sean. You're in love with the idea of her. Look if she can't see what a great catch you are, fuck her. Arr what I meant to say was -

SEAN DAWSON

I know what you meant. Thanks for the reality check dude.

TROY REYNOLDS

Anytime Sean. Anytime.

Sean and Troy share a smile. Sandy arrives with two plates with burgers and fries and also two shakes.

SANDY

Here's your burgers. Enjoy boys.

Sean and Troy give Sandy a smile and start on their burgers.

Sandy waits on a fat middle aged couple not far away.

Sean and Troy finish their burgers and shakes. They stand to leave. Troy places a few bills on the check.

Troy nudges Sean as they approach the middle aged fat couple. Troy stops at their table.

TROY REYNOLDS

Evening sir, Mam. Out celebrating.
Birthday? Anniversary?

FAT MAN

(smiling)

It's our twenty seventh wedding anniversary.

TROY REYNOLDS

Hey that's great. Say sir, why not give yer wife an anniversary she'll never forget. We'll fuck her for say fifty bucks. Same time. You can watch. Jerk off if you want.

FAT MAN

Why you!

Troy and Sean behave like two twelve year olds. The fat man gets up and chases the two around the diner and is unable to catch them. Troy and Sean laugh at the fat man.

TROY REYNOLDS

First we need to roll her in flour,
find all the wet spots and Sean
here can come through the back door
on account he's got a little dick.

Sean laughs at the antics of the fat man chasing Troy. Troy and Sean avoid the fat man by running out of the diner.

INT. LATE NIGHT DISCOTHEQUE - SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS - NIGHT

Disco ball spins middle of almost empty eighties style disco dance floor. An elderly couple dance one end and a couple of girl next door office girls dance on the other side. The girls sing along to Ultravox. One girl has dark crimson hair.

Sean and Troy sit at a table near the dance floor drinking bourbon and cokes.

SEAN DAWSON

This is sad. This place is empty.

TROY REYNOLDS

This is what you get at three A M
on a Tuesday in Springfield.

Troy looks around, notices Vince dressed as John Travolta
wanna-be with gold chains at the bar. He returns to his
drink but checks out Vince again. Sean looks around, notices
the hippy cool Office girls jiving to eighties disco music.

SEAN DAWSON

What about them office girls? One
with the crimson hair looks hot.

TROY REYNOLDS

Let's go.

Sean cautiously approaches the girls dancing. He struggles
to talk to the girl with crimson hair.

SEAN DAWSON

Wanna dance?

CRIMSON HAIRED GIRL

(looks hard away, smiles)

No thank you.

Sean looks to Troy for advice. Troy gestures to continue.

SEAN DAWSON

Why not?

CRIMSON HAIRED GIRL

Cause I only dance with real men
and you're, you're, well you're
just a sad pathetic little boy.
Come back when you've grown some.

SEAN DAWSON

Hey! Don't sugar coat it. I only
asked to dance, not have my baby.

CRIMSON HAIRED GIRL

Are you still here? Look, nothing
personal but I have standards.

SEAN DAWSON

Oh that's rich coming from you.
Have you looked in a mirror lately?

CRIMSON HAIRED GIRL

Fuck you! LOSER!

TROY REYNOLDS

Excuse me! Sean here is president of our Kappa Kappa fraternity. Everyone loves him and he is no loser. He only asked you to dance cause I really like your friend.

Troy winks at Crimson's brunette friend. The attractive brunette blushes and whispers something in Crimson's ear.

CRIMSON HAired GIRL

Well I'm sorry. I um guess I over reacted. Get a lot of creeps bothering us. Sorry guys.

TROY REYNOLDS

Well it was Sean here you insulted. You should be apologizing to him.

Crimson looks around and finally looks at Sean face on.

CRIMSON HAired GIRL

Sorry Sean.

SEAN DAWSON

Please. Keep that bat shit crazy bitch locked up at all times.
(Crimson giggles)
Dance?

Crimson smiles and nods yes. Sean joins Crimson on the dance floor. Troy dances with the brunette. Everyone sings along to 'She Sells Sanctuary' by 'The Cult'.

INT. DAWSON FAMILY HOME DINING ROOM - DAY

Ron sits at the table reading the newspaper. The front page headlines - 'NEW KILLER - RED SOX SERIAL KILLER'. He looks down at his shoes. Ron's wearing bright red sox.

Lisa enters and places a stack of flapjacks on the table.

RON DAWSON

Darling?

Ron shows the front page and sticks out his shoes.

LISA DAWSON

Oh darn. Sorry, It's wash day

RON DAWSON

I need to wear no sox.

Lisa gets down in front of Ron and begins to take off his shoes and sox. Ron goes back to reading the paper.

LISA DAWSON
Ron, I'm worried about our kids?

RON DAWSON
(behind paper)
How so?

LISA DAWSON
Sean stays out all night and I just found our eight year old asleep on the old couch. Probably up watching television all night.

RON DAWSON
(behind paper)
Just a phase. They'll grow out of it.

LISA DAWSON
Ron? I'm really worried. I think maybe they both have mental issues.

Ron puts down the paper. He tries to assure his wife.

RON DAWSON
It's a phase I tell you! Our kids do not have mental issues! Pheffff!

LISA DAWSON
But Ron!

RON DAWSON
They are not crazy! Okay?

Lisa stands up and sits next to Ron.

LISA DAWSON
I'm just so worried Ron. Can't think straight. And this increase in Serial Killers in the last year hasn't helped either. Sorry Ron.

RON DAWSON
Don't be sorry Darling.
(holds Lisa in his arms)
I sometime think we're all sharing the same nightmare. Easy to lose your grip sometimes.

Ron and Lisa romantically kiss.

Lisa and Ron look down at Ron's shoes with no socks.

LISA DAWSON
Ain't half bad. Very cosmopolitan.

Lisa and Ron return to passionate kissing.

INT. LUNCH ROOM - RESHIN PHARMACEUTICAL - DAY

A lunch room similar to the one at Hornsby Lawyers except for company logo on the wall - "Reshin Pharmaceuticals".

Allan Stodge sits alone at a table. He unwraps his foil wrapped sandwiches. They don't look appetizing. Allan lifts a sandwich and reluctantly takes a bite. He chews slowly.

Blake Reshin pokes his head into the lunch room.

BLAKE RESHIN
Excuse me Allan. I need that summary report for the Fast Asleep trial ready by Friday. Okay?

Allan has a surprized confused 'What the Fuck?' look.

ALLAN STODGE
Huh?

BLAKE RESHIN
See me after lunch. I'll explain.

Blake exits. Allan reluctantly returns back to his sandwich.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY

Jenny and two pudgy redhead friends look out a window onto a concrete playground. One end of the playground is a group of fifteen pretty brunette and blonde eight year old girls.

A pretty brunette SOFIE says something and everyone laughs. Patrolling the playground, is late twenties timid School teacher - Miss Phelps. She uses a cell phone.

JENNY DAWSON
We have a right to be out there as much as they do.

REDHEAD PUDGY FRIEND 1
But they'll chase us. Call us names.

REDHEAD PUDGY FRIEND 2
And they'll humiliate us, make us act like monkeys again.

JENNY DAWSON
 If we stand up to them, they might
 leave us alone.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Jenny and her two redhead friends walk timidly onto the
 playground. They sit on the far end of the playground. A
 blonde girl in the group - MARCY - sees the three redheads.

MARCY
 Sofie! Look! It's the monkeys.

Sofie does a facepalm, the rest of the group chuckle.

SOFIE
 Oh Marcy, you really are a blonde.
 It's orang-utans, for the hundredth
 fucking time. Orangutans!

MARCY
 Oh yeah sorry.

SOFIE
 Come on girls, let's have fun.

Sofie and her gang surround Jenny and her two friends.

SOFIE
 Who let the orang-utans out of the
 cage? Well come on. Give us a show.

JENNY DAWSON
 Go away!
 (calls Miss Phelps)
 Miss Phelps! Can you help us?

Miss Phelps is twenty yards away. She calls out to the
 group still with the cell to her ear.

MISS PHELPS
 What's going on there? What are
 you girls doing?

SOFIE
 Oh we're just playing Miss Phelps.
 Practicing a scene from a school
 play. Isn't that right?

JENNY DAWSON
 No we're not. Help us. They're
 bullying us.

SOFIE

Oh Jenny!
 (turns to Miss Phelps)
 Method actors!

Miss Phelps shrugs, turns and walks to the other side of the playground still using her cell. The three are surrounded.

SOFIE

So what's it gunna be, heads down
 the toilets or an orang-utan show.

Jenny looks at her two friends. They're imitating orangutans. Sofie stares at Jenny menacingly.

SOFIE

This one's not playing. What do
 you think girls? Maybe they all
 need to be flushed again. Ha Ha Ha.

Jenny's two friends give Jenny a nervous glance as they continue their orangutan imitation. Jenny decides to join them. She grooms one of her friends in orangutan fashion. The mean girls roar with laughter at this humiliating sight.

INT. BLAKE RESHIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Blake looks distinguished sitting in a large elegant leather office chair behind a large mahogany wooden office desk.

Blake closely studies the computer screen as if he's analyzing some financial figures. On screen is a web page titled 'Granny Porn' featuring mature gals in lingerie.

Allan Stodge rushes in flustered. He sits down before Blake.

Blake adjusts the screen to hide his Granny Porn fetish.

BLAKE RESHIN

Allan?

ALLAN STODGE

Blake, we still are in the middle
 of collecting and collating data. I
 wasn't expecting to have the report
 finished for another two weeks.

BLAKE RESHIN

Sorry Allan but our parent company
 - Candle Pharmaceutical - wants to
 ensure this new product is safe and
 has been fully tested.

ALLAN STODGE

But Blake. Friday? That's only two days away.

BLAKE RESHIN

Look Allan, this isn't me, it's Candle. They say jump and I jump.

ALLAN STODGE

But Blake.

BLAKE RESHIN

Look, Allan, do what you can. Extrapolate if you have to.

ALLAN STODGE

It's still going to be hard to do it by Friday Blake.

BLAKE RESHIN

Please Allan. You might need to do a couple of 'all nighters' but know full well it's for the team.

Allan looks down very depressed.

BLAKE RESHIN

Look ahhhhhhh order pizza.

Allan looks down not so glum.

BLAKE RESHIN

Get some help. Offer overtime.

Allan looks down a tad glum.

BLAKE RESHIN

I'll double your christmas bonus.

Allan looks solemn.

BLAKE RESHIN

I'll even put the large color television in your office so you can watch television in your break.

ALLAN STODGE

Why couldn't you have just said no?

BLAKE RESHIN

Allan in just over two weeks shares in Reshin Pharmaceutical go public. This coincides with the release date of 'Fast Asleep'.

Blake drives home his point.

BLAKE RESHIN (CONT'D)
If anything's done that jeopardises
that from happening, those shares
will be worthless. So--

ALLAN STODGE
So we want the report squeaky clean
with no little surprizes.

BLAKE RESHIN
Exactly. We need to show Candle
Fast Asleep is a safe drug, suitable
for all ages, and its prolonged use
has no adverse side effects.

ALLAN STODGE
Well from the trial's data to date,
that seems to be the impression.

BLAKE RESHIN
Remember Allan, we both have a lot
of shares tied up in this company.
Granted I have a few more. But if
you play your cards right you won't
ever have to work again.

ALLAN STODGE
Okay Blake, I'll do the all
nighters, I'll get that report
done. Friday you say.

BLAKE RESHIN
Aww thanks Allan.

ALLAN STODGE
And that's with the TV and overtime
staff and big christmas bonus right?

BLAKE RESHIN
Of course.

ALLAN STODGE
Well gotta go. Got a big report
due in a couple of days.

Allan turns to leave. He stops and turns back.

ALLAN STODGE
Oh and Blake.

BLAKE RESHIN
Yes Allan.

ALLAN STODGE
You had me at pizza.

Allan leaves and Blake swipes the air in frustration.

INT. HORNSBY LAW FIRM - MAIN WORK AREA - DAY

Ron and Gary Fletcher both work hard at their work stations which are near each other. Gary takes a break to water his plants. Gary's workstation has a window view of the city.

Senior partner BRETT HORNSBY, mid sixties, approaches Gary with his nephew CHARLES HORNSBY in tow. Charles is a late twenties x jock who looks out of place in a suit.

BRETT HORNSBY
Hello Gary. Remember my nephew
Charles. He grew up in Australia.

CHARLES HORNSBY
G'day mate.

GARY FLETCHER
Brett, Charles. How may I help?

BRETT HORNSBY
Well it's rather a delicate
situation. See Charles here
suffers from a rare form of
claustrophobia.

CHARLES HORNSBY
Yeah, I need to be near a window
else I'll have a hissy fit.

BRETT HORNSBY
So it's rather embarrassing, but
would you mind?

GARY FLETCHER
Sir, I've had this window seat for
the last twenty one years and--

BRETT HORNSBY
You think it's time for a change,
well good on you Gary.

Brett Hornsby shakes Gary's hand. Gary is speechless. He looks crushed. Charles enjoys the view from the window.

BRETT HORNSBY (CONT'D)
Well I'll leave you to it. Thanks
for being so accommodating Gary.

Gary's in shock. He gives a quarter nod as Brett walks off.

CHARLES HORNSBY
Thanks Uncle Brett. Bye.

GARY FLETCHER
So where am I moving to?
Where did you sit?

CHARLES HORNSBY
(gestures behind him)
Back there somewhere.

Gary Fletcher packs his papers and things into stacks, preparing to move. Charles continues to enjoy the view.

CHARLES HORNSBY (CONT'D)
This lawyer stuff ain't half bad.

INT. HORNSBY LAWYER - LUNCH ROOM - DAY

Ron Dawson sits and eats his bowl of lunch. He doesn't enjoy it. In comes Gary Fletcher with his bowl, looks upset.

RON DAWSON
Hey Gary. Are you OK?

GARY FLETCHER
Not really Ron. I'm gutted.

RON DAWSON
Come on Gary, lets get a hot dog.
I'm buying.

EXT. MAIN STREET OF SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS - DAY

A hot dog vendor puts ketchup and mustard on a huge hot dog. He passes the hot dog to Ron and he hands the vendor cash. Ron turns to walk down the street. Gary walks along side Ron, who also has a huge hot dog in hand.

GARY FLETCHER
Did you see what happened Ron?

RON DAWSON
They took away your window seat.
That wasn't right. Sorry Gary.

GARY FLETCHER
I now realize just how little the
firm thinks of me.

Ron and Gary take a bite. Gary has an idea and more upbeat.

GARY FLETCHER (CONT'D)

If I have any hope of being made a partner I'm going to need to razzle dazzle em. I'm going to go balls out and close all my open files.

RON DAWSON

That's gunna take a lot of work.

GARY FLETCHER

Well I've been meaning to ask Ron, would Sean sell me a bottle of Fast Asleep? I'll pay top dollar.

RON DAWSON

Well I don't know Gary. Sean does-

GARY FLETCHER

Ten thousand dollars.

RON DAWSON

Ten thousand dollars! You do realize you can buy this stuff over the counter in two weeks.

GARY FLETCHER

Two weeks is too late. I need to razzle dazzle now.

RON DAWSON

I think Sean will go for ten grand. Are you sure Gary?

GARY FLETCHER

If it gets me a partnership it'll be money well spent.

INT. DAWSON FAMILY LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jenny sits on the old couch using her iPhone. She is in her school uniform. In enters Sean.

SEAN DAWSON

Hi-ya Sis.

JENNY DAWSON

Hey Sean. I won the sword.

SEAN DAWSON

Great. How much?

JENNY DAWSON

Twenty dollars. No one else bid.

SEAN DAWSON
Well done. You owe me twenty.

JENNY DAWSON
I'll pay you on my birthday, I usually get money.

SEAN DAWSON
That's six months away! What about your weekly allowance?

JENNY DAWSON
I'm saving up for the Quentin Tarantino Box set.

SEAN DAWSON
Okay. But I'm expecting interest.

JENNY DAWSON
Hey Sean! Could you also sell me a bottle of 'Fast Asleep'.

SEAN DAWSON
Forget it, you're only eight.

JENNY DAWSON
But Sean, they've been advertised for all ages. Should I miss out simply cause I'm young.

SEAN DAWSON
Why do you wanna stay up for?

JENNY DAWSON
There's so much great television box sets from the last twenty years. Deadwood, Sopranos, Game of Thrones, Lost, Breaking Bad. I could watch a season a night.

SEAN DAWSON
Two hundred.

JENNY DAWSON
A Hundred.

SEAN DAWSON
Hundred and fifty.

JENNY DAWSON
Done.

SEAN DAWSON

I give you these on one condition.
Mom and Dad must never find out.

JENNY DAWSON

Deal.

Sean and Jenny shake. Sean exits. Jenny looks pleased.

INT. GRANDMA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Italian Grandma from Staples places a birthday cake with candles in front of Vince - jock from Reshin's waiting room. Grandma and Vince both smile.

VINCE

Ahh Grandma. You shouldn't have.

GRANDMA

Nonsense! You're my Grand son!

Vince tries some cake and gives Grandma the thumbs up.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

Please! Vincee! Follow me please!

INT. GRANDMA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vince follows Grandma into the living room. In the middle of the room is a large television wrapped up with a bow.

VINCE

What's this here huh? Ahh Grandma.
You shouldn't have. Awesome.

Grandma looks very pleased with herself. Vince rips off the wrapping paper from the box. Vince looks at the box, reads something and shakes his head. He looks very disappointed.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Aww geez!

GRANDMA

Vince. Darling. What's wrong?

VINCE

It's a piece of crap Grandma. The television doesn't even have wi fi. I mean what T V's sold now that don't have wi fi. Phooof!

GRANDMA

But the sales clerk said it was a good television and it had all the latest technology.

VINCE

Well he lied! He saw you were a stupid old woman and thought he'd have some fun getting rid of last years stock.

GRANDMA

I'm so sorry Vince.

VINCE

I think you've done enough. Don't you? I'm off to the gym to chill out and work on my triceps.

GRANDMA

When will you be back Vince?

VINCE

Whenever I fuckin get home. Capice!

Vince storms out of the living room and Grandma looks sad.

INT. ALLAN STODGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Allan has a reasonable sized spacious office. He is behind an office desk, analyzing figures on an excel spreadsheet.

In a corner of the room is a large color television on a trolley. The T V is on and shows the 24 Hour News Channel.

INSERT - TELEVISION SCREEN IN OFFICE - PRESS CONFERENCE

Mr MAYOR - fifties, nervous, sweaty, grey hair in a suit and POLICE CHIEF O'REILLY, thickset early sixties Irishman in highly decorated uniform hold a press conference. Several microphones, bright lights and the occassional camera flash.

FEMALE REPORTER 1

Mr Mayor, the city has a number of Serial Killers at large. Gap Tooth, Beauty Spot and Fat Mama just to name a few. What's the city doing to resolve this Killer epidemic?

MAYOR

(wipes sweaty brow)

Our Police Department are doing all they can. The Chief assures me the resolution of this epidemic is his department's primary objective.

FEMALE REPORTER 2

Mr Mayor. Fourteen serial killers at large for almost a year and still no arrests. Could it be our Police Department is incompetent?

Noisy commotion amongst the press regarding last question. Mayor sweats profusely. Police Chief looks annoyed.

POLICE CHIEF O'REILLY

I'll answer that. Everyone on the force is fully committed to resolve this matter. However the nature of this epidemic is most unusual.

(beat)

We've identified the DNA on all of the killers but unbelievably not one hit on CODIS. That's fourteen serial killers with no priors!

(glares at reporter)

So for the ill informed maybe we do appear incompetent. But the truth is, you'll never find a more hard working, dedicated group of men and women to better serve this city.

Female reporter looks uncomfortable, squirms in her chair.

MALE REPORTER

Police Chief. Any leads at all on the cause of this epidemic?

POLICE CHIEF O'REILLY

No leads as yet.

Noisy commotion amongst Press following the Chief's reply. They call out 'Police Chief' and 'Mr Mayor'. An OFFICIAL in a suit next to the Mayor addresses the Press.

OFFICIAL

Well that's all we have time for today. The Mayor and the Police Chief are very busy. Sorry guys.

The televised program returns to the News Desk and anchors ROB TIMMS(30s) and SALLY ANDREWS(30s). They're well groomed blonde air heads with phony smiles, perfect teeth and hair.

SALLY ANDREWS

Gruesome situation. I must confess Rob, I'm having trouble sleeping at night and I've even bought a gun.

ROB TIMMS

Yes we live in troubling times. Hey Sally, I'm awfully glad there isn't a beautiful TV personality Serial Killer. It'd be such a loss.

SALLY ANDREWS

Aww Rob, that's so sweet. Why tha-

ROB TIMMS

I was talking about myself.

Sally slaps Rob's arm in jest. Rob and Sally both giggle.

SALLY ANDREWS

We hope we haven't offended any victims of Serial Killers but we just love to kid. Sorry.

ROB TIMMS

Yes and we would never want to offend any of the families of victims as well.

SALLY ANDREWS

Hopefully we can find the cause of this epidemic and stamp out Serial Killer syndrome once and for all.

Both Rob and Sally look into the camera and nod thoughtfully.

ROB TIMMS

On a much lighter note Sally, it's now only two weeks when the new wonder drug "Fast Asleep" is made available to the general public.

SALLY ANDREWS

So no prescription required?

ROB TIMMS

That's right. No prescription required as the product was extensively tested and trialled by one hundred residents of our fair city. It also has FCC approval.

INT. ALLAN STODGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Miss Wong - the young Asian woman who interviewed Sean - barges into Allan's office. Allan looks up.

MISS WONG
You wanted to see me Allan?

ALLAN STODGE
The data's incomplete.

MISS WONG
That's impossible. We interviewed the same hundred every week for a year.

ALLAN STODGE
But there's data missing. Look.

Miss Wong comes around to view Allan's laptop. Allan points to an excel spreadsheet. He points to three empty columns.

ALLAN STODGE (CONT'D) (O.S.)
There's no data entered for the family, colleagues or friends.

MISS WONG
Well Mr Reshin told us not to worry about interviewing those groups. Something about outside the scope of the budget.

ALLAN STODGE
When did this happen?

MISS WONG
A year ago. The second meeting, the one when you were sick. Reshin told me he'd let you know.

Allan looks very ill as if he is going to faint.

ALLAN STODGE
Oh crap.

MISS WONG
Anything wrong?

ALLAN STODGE
Those questions were essential for producing an objective report.
(face palm)
Why does this always happen to me?

MISS WONG

Maybe we can hire some additional staff. Try and at least interview one of those groups at least once.

ALLAN STODGE

Great idea. If we all chip in we should get it done. Let's target the family group. They're most likely to have noticed any effects.

MISS WONG

I'll get right on it.

Miss Wong turns and exits. Allan Stodge looks very worried.

INT. DAWSON FAMILY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sean sits alone on the old couch. He pulls out a slip of paper from his wallet and smiles.

INSERT: On the note is "Crimson 555 33421 XXX".

Sean picks up the phone handset and dials the number.

EXT. WOODS OUTSIDE OF TOWN - NIGHT

A cell phone rings in some long grass under a tree. It rings loudly and the screen lights up in the moonlight.

INT. DAWSON FAMILY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sean lets it ring and after a while throws the handset on the couch. Ron walks in and notices Sean in a foul mood.

RON DAWSON

What's wrong Sean?

SEAN DAWSON

Dad? Why am I such a loser?

RON DAWSON

Loser? You're not a loser. What makes you think you're a loser?

SEAN DAWSON

Where do I start? My girlfriend dumps me on Prom night to make a porn video with Little Zed.

RON DAWSON

Sean. That happened months ago son. She's not even worth thinking about. You need to move on.

SEAN DAWSON

That's what my friend Troy keeps telling me.

RON DAWSON

He sounds smart. Plenty more fish in the sea Sean. You need to find that special someone who will appreciate the great guy you are.

SEAN DAWSON

Well I'm trying Dad, I'm trying. I met this beautiful girl at the Disco. She gave me her number but it looks like the number's bogus.

RON DAWSON

Sorry son. Look, here's something that'll cheer you up. How would you like to make ten grand easy?

SEAN DAWSON

Ten grand? Sure! What's the deal?

RON DAWSON

Gary from work wants a bottle of 'Fast Asleep' and he's not willing to wait.

SEAN DAWSON

He'll pay ten grand? Is he nuts?

RON DAWSON

Maybe a little. So is it a deal?

SEAN DAWSON

(grinning)

What do you think? I'll go grab a bottle.

Sean leaves and Ron looks pleased how it all went.

INT. DISCOTHEQUE - NIGHT

A disco mirror ball spins. A disco dance floor is half full of couples and girlfriends dancing to Eighties disco music.

Troy and Sean are at the same nightclub with more people. Sean and Troy drink bourbon and cokes. Sean looks up.

On the dance floor are two ultra cool girl next door office chicks dancing on their own. Similar to Crimson except main girl has blonde Frizzy hair and her friend's a redhead.

Sean and Troy approach the two girls. Disco music is blaring. Can make out Sean and Frizzy Blonde have similar altercation that he and Crimson had. Bitchy back and forth. Troy interrupts. Gestures to friend. Everyone dances.

Sean, Troy, Frizzy Blonde and Redhead friend all dance and scream along to 'Don't you want me Baby' by Human League.

EXT. CENTRAL BUSINESS DISTRICT - SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS - DAY

A hot dog vendor puts ketchup and mustard on a huge hot dog. He passes the hot dog to Ron and Ron hands him a ten. Ron and Gary, hot dogs in hand, walk down a busy sidewalk. They walk past a huge sign advertising 'Fast Asleep'.

EXT. INNER CITY PARK - DAY

Gary and Ron take a stroll in the park eating their hotdogs.

GARY FLETCHER

Twice in one week! Wow thanks Ron.

RON DAWSON

Oh Gary please! You're gunna spend ten grand on these pills. It's the least I can do.

GARY FLETCHER

So Ron, when can I get these pills.

RON DAWSON

Right now. They're in my pocket.

Ron takes out a small plastic bottle labelled 'Fast Asleep'. Gary snatches it and shoves it in his suit jacket pocket.

GARY FLETCHER

Careful! Don't wanna get mugged.

RON DAWSON

Sorry.

GARY FLETCHER

I'll pay you tomorrow Ron.

RON DAWSON

That's fine Gary. Hope they help.

GARY FLETCHER

(pats jacket pocket)

I'm sure they will.

INT. DAWSON FAMILY LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sean sits alone on the old couch. He pulls out a slip of paper from his wallet and smiles.

INSERT: On the note is "Cindy 555 61242 XXX".

Sean picks up the phone handset and dials the number.

EXT. WOODS OUTSIDE OF TOWN - DAY

A cell phone rings in some long grass under a tree. It rings loudly and the screen lights up and flashes.

INT. DAWSON FAMILY LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sean lets the phone ring and ring. He disappointingly hangs up. He looks very depressed and throws the handset.

SEAN DAWSON
Fucking Bitch!

INT. GRANDMA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Grandma sits alone on a comfy chair in the living room. She rocks back and forth, eyes closed, prays in whispers, Rosary beads in her hands. Vince walks in using a cordless phone handset. He's very loud and plonks himself on the couch.

VINCE
(on phone)
Aww man. Did you see that little bitch Eddie at the Gym.
(beat)
Little cock sucker tried to lift two twenty. Never guess what happened?
(beat)
Popped a hernia. Fuck it was funny.

GRANDMA
Vince! Please! I'm trying to pray.

VINCE
(on phone)
Hey man, I gotta go. My Grandma is havin' another senior's moment.
(on phone)
Aww that's funny man. Yeah, old people. Rule's don't apply. Ciao.

Vince throws the handset on the couch. Turns to Grandma.

VINCE (CONT'D)

That was a bit fuckin rude, don't ya think. Interruptin me right in the middle of a private phone call.

GRANDMA

But Vince, I was trying to say a prayer for Nono and you came in and interrupted me. And you know I don't like all that swearing Vincee. Please. No more swearing.

VINCE

How many times do I need to tell ya Grandma. It ain't swearin. This is how young people talk now. Capice.

GRANDMA

Well it ain't right.

VINCE

Well that's progress Grandma. Anyways what's for dinner?

GRANDMA

I'm making us some polenta.

VINCE

Aww not that peasant shit again. Remember when I was small, you used to make the best cannelloni and your gnocchi was unbelievable.

GRANDMA

Oh Vincee, making cannelloni and home made gnocchi is a lot of work. You know I'm almost ninety. Sorry but I'm just too old and too tired.

Vince pulls out a bottle of 'Fast Asleep' from his pocket.

VINCE

Grandma. Here.

GRANDMA

What's this Vince?

VINCE

Super vitamins Grandma. Take one before bed and you won't be tired any more. You'll feel young again.

Grandma stares at Vince and then at the bottle in her hand.

INT. DAWSON FAMILY DINING TABLE - DAY

Allan Stodge sits at the dining table. The table's clear. He has a laptop open. Sitting opposite him is Lisa Dawson.

ALLAN STODGE

Well thank you for seeing me on such short notice Mrs Dawson.

LISA DAWSON

Please Lisa.

ALLAN STODGE

Lisa. This is a short interview. Just one question. Have you noticed any change in Sean's behaviour?

LISA DAWSON

Yes, we're changing his name to Oscar

ALLAN STODGE

Oscar?

LISA DAWSON

Oscar the grouch. He's so grumpy!

ALLAN STODGE

(gets emotional)
Oh dear, dear, dear.

LISA DAWSON

Mister Stodge? Are you Okay?

ALLAN STODGE

Working long hours. Getting to me.
(sniffles)

LISA DAWSON

Well you just take it easy and I'll make you a cup of tea.

Lisa gets up and goes into adjoining kitchen to make tea.

ALLAN STODGE

Thank you. So you are one hundred percent sure he's more grumpy from taking the Fast Asleep?

Lisa makes tea and doesn't clearly hear what Allan said.

LISA DAWSON

Sorry Mister Stodge, what did you say?

ALLAN STODGE

Are you one hundred percent sure it was from him taking Fast Asleep?

LISA DAWSON

Well, not one hundred percent. My husband thinks it's hormones and he has been right once before.

ALLAN STODGE

So maybe flag that as undecided?

LISA DAWSON

Yeah um not sure about that stat stuff. So um do you take sugar?

Allan looks upbeat as he updates his laptop.

ALLAN STODGE

Two would be lovely thanks.

INT. ALLAN STODGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Allan works diligently on his laptop. He takes a slurp of coffee to stay awake. The large color T V on the trolley is still in the corner and it's tuned in to the News Channel.

INSERT - TELEVISION SCREEN IN OFFICE - 24 HOUR NEWS PROGRAM

Rob Timms and Sally Andrews host the news. Behind them - on screen - is the nick names for the serial killers at large.

ROB TIMMS

Chief of Police yesterday announced local law enforcement's doing everything possible to apprehend the fourteen Serial Killers at large but still no leads. Sally?

SALLY ANDREWS

Thanks Rob. And on a lighter note, the new Wonder drug 'Fast Asleep' will be released to the general public in eleven days. Actually, Station Management is giving everyone at the station two months supply when it becomes available.

ROB TIMMS

It's so we can work longer.

Sally Andrews and Rob Timms chuckle. Sally slaps Rob's arm.

INT. ALLAN STODGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Allan works diligently on his laptop. He takes a slurp of coffee. It's dark outside and he's all alone.

INT. DISCOTHEQUE - NIGHT

Disco ball twinkles. Dance floor is half full of couples and girlfriends dancing to 'And She Was' by Talking Heads.

Troy and Sean are at the same nightclub with more people. Sean and Troy drink bourbon and cokes. Sean looks up.

On the dance floor are two ultra cool girl next door office chicks dancing on their own. Similar to Crimson except main girl is a petite Asian babe. She has a pretty black friend.

Sean and Troy approach the two girls. Disco music is blaring. Can make out Sean and Asian beauty have the same altercation that he and Crimson had. Bitchy back and forth. Troy interrupts. Gestures to friend. Everyone dances.

Sean, Troy and the girls dance and sing to David Bowie's 'Little China Girl'. Everyone's having a great time. Sean and the Asian beauty share a smile as they sing along.

INT. BLAKE RESHIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Blake uses his PC, responds to an email. Allan barges in with two reports in hand.

ALLAN STODGE

Blake, here's the report but I had to fudge the figures.

BLAKE RESHIN

Why so?

ALLAN STODGE

Original specs we were supposed to interview the families, colleagues and friends as well.

BLAKE RESHIN

Due to budget constraints we had to cut those interviews.

ALLAN STODGE

Those interviews were integral to the study.

BLAKE RESHIN

Just use the data you have.

ALLAN STODGE

Blake I hired extra staff and we interviewed a family member for everyone in the trial.

BLAKE RESHIN

Been busy. What did you find?

ALLAN STODGE

Seventy five percent are more grouchy.

BLAKE RESHIN

So we'll have less 'Have a nice day' and more 'Fuck You'. It'll be less like America and more like France.

ALLAN STODGE

Mother and I holidayed in Paris and the French are actually very nice.

BLAKE RESHIN

Bottom line, we cannot let anyone know about this. Okay? Otherwise all our shares are worthless.

ALLAN STODGE

Well I did two reports, one with and one without these new details. Here's the one without.

Blake takes one of Allan's reports with a smile.

BLAKE RESHIN

Well good work on the report. I'll forward this onto Candle.

Allan gives Blake a nod and exits.

Blake looks pleased as he flicks through Allan's report.

INT. DAWSON FAMILY LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sean is on the couch. He pulls out a note from his wallet. Sean sings David Bowie's 'Little China Girl' to himself.

INSERT: On the note is "Ying 555 3212 XXX".

Sean picks up the phone handset and dials the number.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - SPRINGFIELD POLICE STATION - DAY

A cardboard document box with the label 'CASE 43256212Q' sits on a metal shelf. Above it is a sign - 'Evidence'. The box shakes slightly and the sound of a cell ringing.

INT. DAWSON FAMILY LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sean looks very depressed and throws the handset.

SEAN DAWSON
We could have made beautiful
interracial love together you
fucking fucking fucking bitch!

INT. ALLAN STODGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Allan analyzes some spreadsheets on his laptop.

The color TV still resides in corner. It has been left on still televising the 24 hour news channel. The sound is off.

'NEWS FLASH' flashes on the TV screen. It grabs Allan's attention. He uses a remote to turn up the volume.

INSET - ANCHORMAN - ROB TIMMS AT THE 24 HOUR NEWS DESK

ROB TIMMS
Breaking News.
The strangled bodies of several
girls have been found today, dumped
in woods, just outside of town.

Head shots of the many girls Sean and Troy danced with are shown. There's pictures of Crimson, Blonde Frizzy hair and the hot Asian they met at the disco as well as their friends.

INT. ALLAN STODGE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Allan looks on concerned.

INSET - ROB TIMMS WITH LIST OF 15 SERIAL KILLERS ON SCREEN

ROB TIMMS
This brings the total number of
Serial Killers at large to fifteen.
A lot of speculation on what could
be causing this deadly epidemic but
no solid leads as yet.

INT. ALLAN STODGE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Allan abruptly stands to his feet. He has a eureka moment.

INT BLAKE RESHIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Blake ogles Granny porn on his computer. Allan rushes in. Blake turns his screen away so the porn is out of sight.

ALLAN STODGE

I know what's causing the serial killer epidemic. It's Fast Asleep.

BLAKE RESHIN

What are you talking about Allan?

ALLAN STODGE

Well it all adds up. Fast Asleep not only causes cranky behaviour, it also causes a significant number to become psychotic serial killers.

BLAKE RESHIN

Now wait on. That's a wild accus--

ALLAN STODGE

It's so obvious. We trial one hundred on a new drug and suddenly there's a serial killer epidemic just one week later.

BLAKE RESHIN

There is no proof!

ALLAN STODGE

Well maybe if I give the police DNA results on everyone in the trial. Maybe they can cross check if anyone in the trial were involved.

BLAKE RESHIN

This will kill our shares.

ALLAN STODGE

Are shares more important than lives? Sorry Blake but I have to.

Blake looks worried. He looks around, notices a wall clock.

BLAKE RESHIN

Ahh well look at the time, it's five O five. All the lab guys go home at five. Say how about Nine A M first thing, you and me visit the Chief of Police.

ALLAN STODGE

Aww that would be great. Why I
couldn't live with myself if we
didn't do anything. Thanks Blake.

BLAKE RESHIN

Don't mention it.

Allan leaves the office smiling. Blake looks at his computer screen, types on his keyboard. On screen appears an employee address page of Allan Stodge. Blake writes down the address.

INT. GRANDMA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grandma sits on a chair crocheting a cover for the couch. She's almost finished. Vince walks in.

VINCE

Grandma. Why aren't you in the
kitchen getting me dinner? Ay?

GRANDMA

But I have Vincee, I have.
Everything was on the table at six.

Grandfather clock shows it's twenty past six.

INT. GRANDMA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Vince and Grandma enter the kitchen. The table is full of cannelloni, linguini, pizza, red wine and home made gnocchi in a calabrese sauce. There is also lots of grated romano cheese. Vince is in awe, he thinks it's Christmas.

VINCE

Oh Grandma. I don't know what to
say.

GRANDMA

Oh Vincee just tell me you're
happy. Please tell me your happy.

VINCE

Oh Grandma. I'm very happy. Thank
You.

GRANDMA

Arrr there it is. My Vincee's
wonderful smile.

(pinches Vince's cheek)

But don't thank me. Thank those
wonderful vitamins you gave me. I
feel full of beans.

INT. ALLAN STODGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Allan wears a chipmunk onesie pajamas. The walls are covered with juvenile drawings and decorations. On Allan's 'Thomas the Tank Engine' bed is a Teddy Bear and a Chespin plush toy. Allan sits on his bed reading a Donald Duck comic.

In walks ALLAN'S MOTHER - fit elderly dressed as a fifties housewife. Her makeup's thick and lipstick is a bright red.

ALLAN'S MOTHER

Time for beddy byes little chipmunk.

ALLAN STODGE

Gee Willikers Mommy. Can Mr Buttons and Chespin come to Beddy Byes too?

ALLAN'S MOTHER

Of course they can little chipmunk. Now hop in and I'll tuck you all in.

Allan jumps in the bed - beside him covered up is also the Teddy Bear and the Chespin doll.

ALLAN'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Good night my sweet sweet boy.

ALLAN STODGE

Night Mommy.

Allan's mother gives him peck on the cheek and exits. Allan closes his eyes. The bedroom's semi lit from a night light.

EXT. ALLAN STODGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

POV - Allan Stodge's house. The front yard and house are dimly lit from a nearby street light. Walk through shrubs in the front garden. Find a window slightly open in a dark corner of the house. The window is forced open.

INT. ALLAN STODGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

POV - Inside a dark empty room. Walk through a dark hallway. Stop at a bedroom door with Thomas the Tank Engine logo and words "Allan's Room". Slowly open the door and enter.

POV - Enter semi lit bedroom. Walk towards Allan asleep in bed. Pick up a fluffy pillow on a chair next to bed. Walk up to head of the bed. Allan opens his eyes and is promptly silenced by the fluffy pillow. His body wriggles then stops.

INT. SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS 24 HOUR NEWS STUDIO - DAY

SUPER: "TWO WEEKS LATER"

News Team Rob Timms and Sally Andrews host the News program.

ROB TIMMS

Four days since Fast Asleep went on sale and an estimated seventy million now enjoy its benefits.

SALLY ANDREWS

I've been enjoying this new wonder drug. In the last four days I've hardly slept and I feel wonderful.

ROB TIMMS

I feel great as well and with this extra time I'm learning the Ukulele.

SALLY ANDREWS

And I'm learning swahili. *Habari*.

ROB TIMMS

That's great. We've had reports a small percent are a little --

SALLY ANDREWS

Grumpy?

ROB TIMMS

Yes grumpy. But overall Fast Asleep has been well received.

SALLY ANDREWS

And we have with us the man of the hour. Blake Reshin. Hi Blake.

Blake has joined Rob and Sally at the 24 Hour News desk.

BLAKE RESHIN

Hi Sally, Rob.

ROB TIMMS

So Blake, you must be over the moon with Fast Asleep's success.

BLAKE RESHIN

I am but it's bitter sweet. Allan Stodge, brilliant chemist and close friend recently died. Cause is still unknown but rest assured folks, he was not taking Fast Asleep.

SALLY ANDREWS

Our deepest sympathy to Mr Stodge's family. So Blake, you now have a drug a quarter of the country is using. What's next?

BLAKE RESHIN

I'm taking a family vacation and on my return, we gear up for a world wide release.

ROB TIMMS

Well Blake, thanks for making Fast Asleep available. It's amazing!

SALLY ANDREWS

Yes thank you Blake.

BLAKE RESHIN

Bye Sally, Rob.

SALLY ANDREWS / ROB TIMMS

Bye

ROB TIMMS

Nice guy. And now for our top story. A talking squirrel.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Two eyes are closed - asleep.

GRANDMA (O.S.)

Hey Vincee! Time to wake up
Vincee! Wake up you sleepy head.

The eyes open and dart from left to right, up and down. The eyes look like they belong to someone quite mad.

GRANDMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm taking you for a drive later
Vincee. See if we can get a refund
for that television. Okay darling?

The crazy open eyes dart from left to right, up and down.

Grandma looks down at someone. Her makeup's thick, caked-on. Her lipstick's overdone - almost clown like. She looks mad.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

Don't worry Vincee. I'll strap you
in. I'll take care of you. HA HA HA

The crazy open eyes dart from left to right, up and down.

EXT: SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

Jenny and her two pudgy friends run into an empty school gymnasium. Sofie and her gang of pretty eight year olds run into the gymnasium and surround Jenny and her two friends.

SOFIE
Guard the exits girls.

Two girls guard each of the two gymnasium exits.

MARCY
Can we make em be monkeys again?

The rest of the group moan.

SOFIE
For the hundredth fucking time
Marcy - it's orang-utans!

MARCY
Sorry!

SOFIE
No. I'm tired of the Orangutan
show. How about a new act? What
about three ginger piglets?

The rest of the girls all laugh at this.

SOFIE (CONT'D)
Okay we want you gingers to get on
all fours and snort like pigs. Now!

The group make snorting sounds and push the girls down on all fours. Jenny's two friends get on all fours and imitate pigs. Jenny stands up defiant.

SOFIE (CONT'D)
Get her girls.

The girls swarm and knock over Jenny. They all kick her. The end of recess buzzer sounds. The mob stand back, Jenny lies on the floor in pain.

SOFIE (CONT'D)
Next time we'll beat you with
hockey sticks and baseball bats.
So start playing! Come on girls!

The gang of pretty girls leave.

Jenny's friends stop imitating pigs. Jenny slowly gets up.

REDHEAD PUDGY FRIEND 1
Are you okay?

JENNY DAWSON
I'll be alright.

REDHEAD PUDGY FRIEND 2
You were so brave standing up to
them all.

JENNY DAWSON
I'm afraid standing up to these
bitches isn't going to stop them.

Jenny's friends look disheartened and miserable.

JENNY DAWSON (CONT'D)
But I have a plan and I'm going to
need your help.

Jenny's friends appear less miserable and listen hard.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS - DAY

Hot dog vendor puts ketchup on a hot dog. He passes it to
thickset forties Latino DETECTIVE SANCHEZ. Thirty something
- David Statham look alike - DETECTIVE PRICE looks on. Price
already has a hot dog. Both wear their badges on their belts.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
I've got this.
(hands vendor a note)
Here you go.

HOT DOG VENDOR
A fifty! What am I, a fuckin bank?

DETECTIVE PRICE
I've got this. Keep your fifty.
(hands vendor a note)
And keep the change chuckles.

HOT DOG VENDOR
Oooh a whole quarter. Thanks!

DETECTIVE PRICE
Well fuck you too.

Detective Price and Sanchez shake their heads and walk along
the sidewalk eating their hot dogs. A LITTLE OLD LADY is up
a head. Her little dog craps on the pavement.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Mam. You shouldn't let your dog--

LITTLE OLD LADY

Oh fuck off!

Little old lady hurries off in other direction with her dog.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Mam! Mam!

Little old lady ignores Sanchez, continues to hurry away.

DETECTIVE PRICE

Sanchez, are you gunna let her talk to you like that?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

If I locked up everyone who told me to fuck off lately there'd be no one left on the street.

DETECTIVE PRICE

Sad but the badge just doesn't get the respect it used to.

A police car's parked adjacent to a bus stop. At the bus stop a young asian couple and a middle aged BUSINESS MAN sit waiting for a bus. The asian couple converse in chinese. The business man glares at the asian couple, he looks annoyed.

BUSINESS MAN

Hey! This is America! Speak English or fuck off!

Asian couple stop talking in fear. The young asian male spots the Detectives heading towards their police car. He intercepts the two Detectives before they reach their car.

YOUNG ASIAN MALE

(asian accent)

Excuse me. Detectives. This man very rude to my girlfriend and me. He tell us 'Fuck Off'.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Get used to it.

(turns to Business man)

Sir, please refrain from swearing.

BUSINESS MAN

I told em to speak english. You learnt it so they should to.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

What's that supposed to mean?

BUSINESS MAN

I'm sick of hearing every morning
oong bung fuck yuk chook. There
should be a fuckin law against it.

The business man throws down his newspaper and storms off.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

What the fuck is going on?

DETECTIVE PRICE

Beats me.

Detective Price and Sanchez get into their police car. As they pull out from the curb, various pedestrians have heated arguments along the sidewalk. The police car drives past two drivers having a heated argument over a parking space.

INTERCUT INT. POLICE CAR AND EXT. INNER CITY STREETS - DAY

Price and Sanchez drive around gritty inner city. They drive past pedestrians and couples having heated arguments on the sidewalk and a number of drivers arguing over parking spaces.

DETECTIVE PRICE

What is wrong with everyone this week? They all seem so grumpy.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

No idea. So Price, you tried Fast Asleep yet? I hear it's amazing.

DETECTIVE PRICE

Naaah I like my sleep too much.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

I like my sleep as much as the next guy but I don't wanna sleep a third of my life away. I'm a little short this week, but my next pay cheque I'm getting some of that.

DETECTIVE PRICE

What are ya gunna do with another six hours? More T V? Also you gotta eat more, midnight snacks and more electricity cause you're awake. It's not all it's cracked up to be.

The police car drives past a house where the wife has thrown the husbands clothes all over the front lawn.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Aren't you the pessimist. Greatest invention since sliced bread and you gotta see all the negatives.

DETECTIVE PRICE
I'm no pessimist. Just a realist.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Sure Rip sure.

DETECTIVE PRICE
Rip?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Yeah. Rip Van Winkle. You know, the guy who slept his life away.

Sanchez and Price chuckle.

The detectives drive past more cranky people confrontations. An angry mother on the sidewalk smacks and shakes her child.

INT. STAPLES SUPERSTORE - DAY

People stream into the store. Greeter's not her usual self.

STAPLES FRONT DOOR GREETER
WELCOME TO STAPLES! WELCOME TO STAPLES!
FOR THE FIVE HUNDREDTH FUCKING TIME, WELCOME TO STAPLES!

Grandma's Buick crashes through the front of the store. It stops near main display for laptops at centre of the store.

Driver's door swings open. Out jumps Grandma with thick white caked-on make up and rough clown like lipstick. Everyone in the store watch, unsure what just happened.

GRANDMA
Oh dear. My grandson's trapped inside. Can someone please help?

A middle aged gullible couple rush and open the passenger side. The wife screams in terror.

In the car, stuck to the front bench seat with duct tape is the remains of Vince. His arms and legs are gone. His mouth is stitched up by thick coarse leather. His eyes look back and forth frantically. He can only make a muffled cry.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
 He could use a hand or two and
 everything else that hangs. Oops
 that got the chop as well Ha Ha Ha.

Crazy Grandma picks up a pump action off the car floor.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
 Your services are no longer
 required. Bye Bye now.

Grandma fires off two shots in quick succession. The couple
 are both shot in the chest, their bodies flung out of sight.

Clerk that sold Grandma the T V stands frozen in fear nearby.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
 Well well well. Hey Vincee!
 Remember I told you about the Sales
 Clerk who promised your television
 had the latest technology? Well
 here's the little cock sucker now.

Vince looks insane as his eyes dart from left to right.

Grandma walks over to the young Sales Clerk with her
 shotgun. He is near a large display of flat screen TVs.
 Grandma points at the young clerk with her shotgun.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
 Open your fucking mouth!

The clerk reluctantly opens his mouth. Grandma shoves in
 the barrel. The young clerk pisses his pants.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
 Now suck it!

The young clerk nervously tries to suck the shotgun barrel.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
 Like you mean it. Like you do to
 your boyfriend every other night.

The young clerk nervously tries to suck the shotgun barrel.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
 I want you to confess, in public.
 Did you trick an old woman into
 buying last years model knowing it
 didn't even have wi fi?

The Clerk nervously nods and goes back to sucking the barrel.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
 Okay here's what we're going to do.
 Suck off my gun a wee bit more then
 you give me a full refund. Okay?

Clerk nervously nods and continues to suck off the shotgun.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
 Keep going, I'm enjoying this.

SLOW MOTION: BANG. Shotgun goes off. Back half of Clerk's head disintegrates with a mini eruption of blood, bone and brain fragments. His lifeless body crumples to the floor.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
 Ooops I came! Boy that little
 cocksucker could suck. Sucked the
 shell right out of the chamber.

Clerk's dead on the floor, half of his head's missing. Large display T V on sale nearby is covered in bright red blood.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
 Special today is this X display
 model. As you can see it has
 brilliant color. Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha!

Grandma's tazered by one, two and then three security guards. Grandma's body thrashes about to the tazers.

Ambulance officers with gurney wheel out the crazed Grandma. She's in a straight jacket and a muzzle over her mouth. They're followed by more ambulance officers with another gurney. Second gurney has Vince, his eyes darting about.

Detective Sanchez interviews a housewife and her elderly mother. Mother and daughter are in shock. Sanchez writes in a notebook and nods while they explain what happened.

Detective Price interviews nerdy STAPLES STORE MANAGER, mid fifties with short sleeve white business shirt and tie.

STAPLES STORE MANAGER
 Saw it all. Mad granny shot the old
 couple and then shot my employee.

DETECTIVE PRICE
 Thank you. If there is anything
 else you remember, give me a call.

Detective Price hands his card to the Store Manager.

STAPLES STORE MANAGER

Thanks. Will do. Hey when will you guys be finished and have this all cleaned up? This is really killing business.

DETECTIVE PRICE

We shouldn't be much longer but the clean up crew probably won't be here for another hour. Another gruesome murder over on fifth and main this morning. Sorry.

The Store Manager shakes his head and walks away. Detective Price catches up with Sanchez who's finished his questioning

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

I've interviewed half a dozen customers and all their stories collaborate.

DETECTIVE PRICE

Yeah. Pretty clear what happened. Big question is why. There's gotta be something that's making these folks turn into crazed killers.

Forensics officer DEXTER - Michael C. Hall look alike - with white lab coat takes photos of the blood splatter on the TV.

DETECTIVE PRICE

(to Dexter)

What the fuck are you doin' man?

DEXTER

Takin photos of the blood splatter. I'm a blood splatter speci--

DETECTIVE PRICE

We don't need a fuckin blood splatter specialist. We all know what happened! What we really need is an expert in serial killers.

DEXTER

Well actually I do know a little--

DETECTIVE PRICE

Look I don't have time to listen to your shit aaaaaaaaaaahhh

DEXTER

Dexter.

DETECTIVE PRICE
 Dexter. Dexter? Really?. Fuck!
 Look make yourself useful Dexter.
 Go search the Buick for evidence.

DEXTER
 Will do.

Dexter puts on a pair of latex gloves.

Dexter searches the floor of the car, front and back, he gets down and looks under the car seats. Dexter opens a glove box. There's some food wrappers and a small white bottle. Dexter retrieves the white bottle and exits the car.

DEXTER (CONT'D)
 Found some evidence.

Price and Sanchez hurry over to Dexter. Price grabs the bottle off Dexter. He checks out the label - Fast Asleep.

DETECTIVE PRICE
 Hmmm. Fast Asleep. Oh Sanchez,
 this is Dexter. Dexter, Sanchez.

Dexter and Sanchez share a 'Pleased to meet you' nod.

DETECTIVE PRICE (CONT'D)
 (studies bottle)
 Well done Dexter. This evidence
 could be the key in apprehending
 every serial killer at large.

DEXTER
 (mumbles)
 Hope not.

Both Detectives admire the bottle, unsure what Dexter said.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
 Did you say something Dexter?

DEXTER
 Cough. Haw nawt! COUGH! COUGH!

Detectives Price and Sanchez continue to admire the bottle.

EXT. POLICE CAR - SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS CITY STREETS - DAY

A police car travels the back streets - gritty side of town.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

The police car is driven by Sanchez, Price rides shotgun.

DETECTIVE PRICE

If this crime wave gets worse I'm moving somewhere safe like Mexico.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Mexico? Safe?

DETECTIVE PRICE

Not to old standards but by the new standards, it's very safe. If this gets any worse, I'm outta here.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

I see your point. Hey ahh Price.

DETECTIVE PRICE

Yeah Sanchez.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

See I aah don't have anybody, no family. I was thinkin maybe when things go to shit I could tag along like. When you go to Mexico.

DETECTIVE PRICE

Sanchez that's great cause I won't know anyone down there and you can help with the language and cooking.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Separate bedrooms and I only cook half the time Okay?

DETECTIVE PRICE

Sounds more than fair.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

(excited)

Arrrrr we is gunna be up to our eyeballs in sweet latina pussy.

Sanchez pulls the car up into a parking lot.

EXT. OUTSIDE SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS POLICE STATION - DAY

Sanchez and Price exit their police car parked before the Station. They walk up the front steps and into the Station.

INT. SNR DETECTIVE NEUMAN'S OFFICE - POLICE STATION - DAY

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN is sixty, thickset, black and sweaty - referred to as Chief by his subordinates. Senior Detective Neuman stands next to a large internal window/wall covered in venetian blinds. He holds up the evidence.

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN
What the fucks this? This ain't
evidence. This is horse shit!

Senior Detective Neuman seems pissed as he gives the small white plastic bottle back to Detective Price.

DETECTIVE PRICE
Chief, this is great evidence.
Sure it's no smoking gun but it
might indicate 'Fast Asleep' is
behind all this crazy shit.

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN
Don't even go there. Fast Asleep's
fully tested and has FCC approval.

DETECTIVE PRICE
FCC Approval? What does that even
mean?

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN
No idea but we can't afford to
upset any large companies that can
sue the pants off us. We need hard
evidence. We need to prove the
other serial killers all used 'Fast
Asleep' before we go public.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
I'll get a subpoena for Reshin
Pharmaceutical straight away.
They'll have DNA reports on
everyone in their trial.

DETECTIVE PRICE
And I'd like to ask their lab geeks
more info about this bottle.
(Holds up white bottle)
Find out who supplied Fast Asleep
to that little old lady demon.

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN
Sounds like a plan. You've got two
days to make it happen.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Price and Sanchez drive through a dirty gritty part of town.

DETECTIVE PRICE

You got the subpoena lickety split.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

We needed that done first, to start the ball rolling. My gut tells me the problem is the Fast Asleep.

DETECTIVE PRICE

Yeah me too.

INT. RECEPTION AREA FOR RESHIN PHARMACEUTICAL - DAY

Reshin's secretary - EVELYN, early twenties Brazilian beauty is at her desk outside Blake's office. Price and Sanchez arrive. Sanchez has the subpoena in his hand.

DETECTIVE PRICE

Hello Gorgeous! Can we see Mister Blake Reshin?

EVELYN

He's on vacation. Back on Monday. I'll get Miss Wong. She's in charge when Mr Reshin is away.

Evelyn uses the office phone.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

There's two detectives.

(listens)

Okay.

(hangs up phone)

She'll be right down.

EXT. WEST INDIES TROPICAL BEACH - DAY

Blake Reshin and wife TINA RESHIN, sit on deck chairs on the beach sipping daiquiris. Tina is a pretty thirty something rich housewife dressed chic. Overweight homely eight year old daughter SUZY RESHIN plays nearby with a native girl.

The native girl looks at her watch, puts down her sand spade and walks up to Blake holding out her hand.

BLAKE RESHIN

Is that three hours already? Wow. Well here you go. Forty right?

The kid's pissed, shows five fingers. Blake gives her a bill.

BLAKE RESHIN (CONT'D)

There you go.

(kid walks off)

Maybe tomorrow, if you're free.

(kid does shrug off wave)

TINA RESHIN

I really hope one day Suzy will find a friend. I mean a real friend we don't need to pay.

BLAKE RESHIN

Yeah she's a sweet little kid.

Tina and Blake look at their daughter play on her own. Suzy looks back and smiles. She is a very homely kid.

Blake's cell rings which startles him and Tina. Blake looks at the screen and gets up straight away.

BLAKE RESHIN (CONT'D)

Sorry Tina, it's the office. I need to get this.

Blake walks a few yards from Tina until he's out of earshot.

BLAKE RESHIN (CONT'D)

(on cell)

Hello, Lilly. What's up?

INT. RECEPTION AREA FOR RESHIN PHARMACEUTICAL - DAY

Miss Wong uses an office phone. The Detectives are close by.

MISS WONG

I'm sorry Blake but we have a situation. We have two detectives who have a subpoena to collect DNA data on everyone in the trial.

BLAKE RESHIN (V.O.)

Lilly, please. Just give them full cooperation. Give them anything they want. It's Okay.

Price gestures to use the phone.

DETECTIVE PRICE

May I?

Miss Wong surrenders the handset over to Price.

DETECTIVE PRICE

Mister Reshin, my name's Detective Price. My partner and I are investigating the serial killer epidemic in Springfield. We recently apprehended a serial killer and the evidence suggests she'd been taking Fast Asleep.

BLAKE RESHIN (V.O.)

Well Detective, I'm sure it's simply a mere coincidence. Fast Asleep was extensively tested.

DETECTIVE PRICE

As you can understand sir, we need to follow any lead. Hopefully our investigation can lay to rest any rumours regarding Fast Asleep.

BLAKE RESHIN (V.O.)

Rumours? I wasn't aware of any such rumours.

DETECTIVE PRICE

Well hopefully our findings will rule out any link with Fast Asleep. Understand you're on holidays sir?

BLAKE RESHIN (V.O.)

Yes. We're at Disneyland. Having a family holiday.

DETECTIVE PRICE

Well don't have too many corn dogs and if you do, avoid the roller coaster for at least an hour.

BLAKE RESHIN (V.O.)

I'll keep that in mind. Anything else detective?

DETECTIVE PRICE

No, that's all for now. Thank you for your cooperation. Bye.

EXT. WEST INDIES TROPICAL BEACH - DAY

Blake Reshin looks worried as he puts the phone in his pocket. He returns to his wife sipping Daiquiris.

Suzy continues to play in the sand on her own.

BLAKE RESHIN
Tina. We can't go home.

TINA RESHIN
I know, isn't this place wonderful.

BLAKE RESHIN
No I mean we can't go home. It'd
be too dangerous for me, for you
and for Suzy.

TINA RESHIN
What are you talking about Blake?

BLAKE RESHIN
It's Fast Asleep. Seems after
using it for a week, one in seven
of our participants in the trial
became psychotic serial killers.

TINA RESHIN
(laughs)
Oh that's so funny.
(looks at Blake)
You're joking, please Blake tell me
you're joking.

Blake looks down and away.

TINA RESHIN (CONT'D)
That means
(thinking hard)
by next Saturday, there'll be over
ten million psychotic serial
killers on the loose in the States.
(almost drops drink)
Oh my God, why would you do
something like that Blake. The
United States will crumble. It's
the end of world as we know it.

BLAKE RESHIN
The end of world for the United
States but there's a lot of
countries where they speak english.
I hear Canada's nice.

TINA RESHIN
Do you feel at all responsible for
what's happening?

BLAKE RESHIN

Tina, everything Darling I've done for you and Suzy. Make enough money so we can live the rest of our lives like billionaires. I came to a cross road, it was people of the United States or me and my family. If I didn't cover it up we'd be flat broke now.

TINA RESHIN

Broke?

BLAKE RESWHIN

Destitute.

TINA RESHIN

You made the right decision.

BLAKE RESHIN

Hearing your support makes me feel so much better. Look here's the upshot. We can never go home.

TINA RESHIN

But what about our house, our cars, our pets? What about all those friends we bought for Suzy?

BLAKE RESHIN

Look we can't. Trust me we can't. The police will soon have enough evidence to detain me and things are about to get very grim.

TINA RESHIN

What do we do? Where will we go?

BLAKE RESHIN

I need to see Sal. He's going to get us all new identities. I'll explain everything on the plane.

TINA RESHIN

What plane?

BLAKE RESHIN

One for Tel Aviv. Leaves in an hour.

TINA RESHIN

Tel Aviv? What's in Tel Aviv?

BLAKE RESHIN

Sal. Now honey can you get Suzy.
I need to call my stock broker.

Tina gets up and walks down towards her child. Blake pulls out his cell phone. He presses a speed dial number.

BLAKE RESHIN (CONT'D)

(on cell)

Hi Jerry. It's Blake. How's the share price in Reshin going?

(beat)

Really. That's great.

Well I want you to SELL.

(beat)

All of em. And deposit in that new Swiss account of mine.

Oh and give yourself an extra quarter percent commission.

(beat)

No, thank you Jerry. Thank you.

Tina and Suzy stand by the deck chairs, waiting for Blake.

TINA RESHIN

We're ready to leave.

BLAKE RESHIN

Coming.

Blake breaks up his phone, throws the pieces into a trash can on the beach. Tina, Suzy and Blake leave the beach.

INT. LUNCH ROOM - HORNSBY LAW FIRM - DAY

A bowl of stew goes round and round in a microwave. Gary Fletcher watches his lunch spin round in a microwave.

Ron Dawson enters the lunch room carrying his lunch in a microwave dish. The lunch room is half full.

RON DAWSON

Gunna be long Gary?

GARY FLETCHER

Always same bloody question. Gunna be long? Gunna be long? Look at the L E D readout you lazy fuck!

RON DAWSON

Sorry Gary.

DING! Microwave finishes. Gary grabs bowl with bare hands.

GARY FLETCHER
Ohh shit ouch, fuck fuck cunt shit
mother fuckin cunt shit!

RON DAWSON
Gary! Mind your language. Please!

GARY FLETCHER
Oh fuck off Ron!

RON DAWSON
Please Gary, as your friend, please
stop taking the 'Fast Asleep'. You
used to be a nice guy.

GARY FLETCHER
Well old Gary's dead. You of all
people should know nice guys finish
last. I'm tired of last. I wanna
come first for once.

RON DAWSON
Gary. Please. I'll give you back
your money for the Fast Asleep.
Stop taking it. It's not worth it.

GARY FLETCHER
Not worth it? I've closed off
every one of my files. And tomorrow
I'll be announced as new partner.

Gary tastes his lunch.

GARY FLETCHER (CONT'D)
Ahh fuck! It tastes like crap!

Gary throws his lunch in the trash and exits the lunch room.

INT. DAWSON FAMILY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On the family TV plays a fight scene from Kill Bill 1.

Jenny's dressed in a yellow leather jump suit too and
practices moves with her samurai sword. Jenny's moves and
sword handling mirror the sequences in the movie.

Sean enters all dressed up, coming home from a night out.
Jenny pauses the fight scene from the Kill Bill movie.

SEAN DAWSON
Hello Sis. Enjoying Fast Asleep?

JENNY DAWSON

It's wonderful. I've now seen all of the Sopranos as well as Game of Thrones and Lost. I'm also mastering samurai martial arts.

SEAN DAWSON

Sounds great.
I need to go finish some homework for an assignment. Keep an eye out. Mom gets up around now.

JENNY DAWSON

Worst scenario, I woke up half an hour earlier. Works a charm.

Sean exits with a smile. Jenny resumes to replay fight scenes from Kill Bill and rehearse the Samurai sword moves.

INT. SNR DETECTIVE NEUMAN'S OFFICE - POLICE STATION - DAY

Neuman sits behind his desk. Price and Sanchez sit opposite.

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN

So the DNA matching has identified fourteen serial killers from the Fast Asleep trial group. Really?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Yes that's fourteen of the fifteen serial killers now behind bars.

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN

What about the crazy old bitch at Staples? Was she in the trial too?

DETECTIVE PRICE

She wasn't but that poor fuck she maimed was. He's her Grandson. He musta been supplying her with it.

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN

Hmmmm seems like this Fast Asleep has one fucked up side effect. Which Killer's still at large?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Disco Duck. He strangles girls last seen at discos.

Sanchez flicks through photos of strangled girls. The strangled girls were the ones Troy and Sean danced with.

DETECTIVE PRICE

Our guess - the last killer's
someone from the remaining group.

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN

Any idea who might have done it.

Price holds up head shots of Sean Dawson and Troy Andrews.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Meet clubbing buds Sean Dawson and
Troy Andrews.

DETECTIVE PRICE

These two fit the profile, young
college kids. Smart enough not to
leave any DNA.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

They were also seen with the
victims just before time of death.

DETECTIVE PRICE

Oh and this sick fuck.
(points to Sean photo)
He phoned half these girls the day
following their murders. I mean,
what kinda twisted fuck does that?

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN

Bring em in now! You guys pair up
with a suspect and grill em. Maybe
they'll rat each other out.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Chief. We need to tell the press
and everyone about Fast Asleep
before it's too late.

DETECTIVE PRICE

Yeah. We gotta make sure this shits
taken off the shelf. Maybe if --

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN

Don't worry about that. I'll bring
the Chief of Police up to speed on
this. Press Conferences are his
thing. What I need from you two is
to take care of this last case.

Price and Sanchez stand and exit - they look determined.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Jenny sits with her two redhead friends at a table on their own. A few tables over sits Sofie's large mean girls group.

Jenny stands. She's wearing an overcoat. She nods to her two friends. They both leave.

Jenny takes off her overcoat. She's wearing a yellow leather jump suit similar to the 'Bride' in 'Kill Bill'.

The girls and the rest of the school all stop talking and look at Jenny.

JENNY DAWSON

Hey Sofie, you've got Zackary disease. Your face Zackary like a dog's ass.

Lots of laughter throughout lunchroom. Sofie looks furious.

SOFIE

Get her girls!

The large group of girls chase Jenny out of the cafeteria.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

The large group chase Jenny across the concrete play ground.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

Jenny runs into the abandoned gym. She runs to the centre of the gym and is surrounded by Sofie's gang of mean girls.

SOFIE

Oh this is going to be so sweet.
Girls, get some sticks. This little piggie needs to learn a lesson.

A few of the girls are in front of a locker one end of the gym. One of the girls opens it. It's full of baseball bats and hockey sticks.

The mean girls group encircle Jenny. Most of the group are armed with baseball bats or hockey sticks.

Jenny picks up a sack off the floor and pulls out a Samurai sword. The sounds of the Gym doors locking can be heard. Suddenly the group are all in fear.

SOFIE (CONT'D)

Get her!

The group all charge. Jenny sways and throws her samurai sword around, back and forth. She cuts off arms, hands, heads, blood sprays everywhere.

The gym floor is covered with dead eight year old bodies hacked to pieces. There are a small handful who have lost a leg or arm or hand. One of them is Sofie.

JENNY DAWSON

Those of you lucky enough to still
have your lives, take them with
you. However, leave the limbs
you've lost. They belong to me.

Sofie and the other girls whimper and turn to leave.

JENNY DAWSON (CONT'D)

Except you Sofie. You stay right
where you are.

Sofie looks very frightened as Jenny walks up to her. The other injured girls leave.

Sofie's headless body drops to the floor. Her severed head spins slowly through the air. Her face has a look of terror.

INT. HORNSBY LAW FIRM - MAIN WORK AREA - DAY

Ron's busy on a file at his desk. Sound of five gun shots followed by a woman's chilling scream breaks the silence. Ron and other staff hide under their desks for safety.

GARY FLETCHER (O.S.)

Ron! Ron! Are you there?

RON DAWSON

(hiding under desk)

Gary? Are you Okay?

GARY FLETCHER (O.S.)

I'm okay. But all those mother
fuckers in the boardroom aren't.

Ron slowly gets up from under his desk. In front of him is Gary looking half crazed with a smoking gun in his hand.

RON DAWSON

Gary. Wha-wha- what have you done?
What happened?

GARY FLETCHER

You wouldn't believe it Ron. After closing off every one of my files. After going balls out for the last two weeks, they still made that little cock sucker partner. So I shot him. And then I shot every other one of them smug fat ass cunts as well. Dumb fucks!

RON DAWSON

But Gary, how are you ever going to make partner now. You've killed everyone. The firm's finished.

GARY FLETCHER

Geez Ron. I guess I didn't really think this through.

(puts gun to head)

I need to reset the game.

RON DAWSON

Gary NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

BANG! Gary shoots himself in the head.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Sanchez grills Sean. Sean sits, Sanchez stands over him.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

You were seen with all the victims hours before they were murdered.

SEAN DAWSON

I've told you. I only danced with those girls. That's all. I never killed anyone.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

I doubt that ever happened. I put to you Mr Dawson, you did go back to the car with each girl and when they laughed at your little dick you strangled them in a fit of rage and dumped their bodies.

SEAN DAWSON

What is it with me having a little dick!

A black fifty-ish thickset detective enters the interrogation room and whispers something in Sanchez's ear.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Really, he's confessed? So this
one's innocent.

Black detective nods yes.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
Shoot.
(kicks chair across room)
Okay you can leave. Seems your
friend Troy Reynolds has confessed
to the murders.

SEAN DAWSON
Really?

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Sanchez escorts Sean out of the Interrogation room. Sean
runs into Troy who's handcuffed, being led away by Price.

SEAN DAWSON
Why Troy? Why did you do it?

TROY REYNOLDS
Cause I love you man and I want you
all to myself. I didn't want any
fuckin bitch comin' between us man.

SEAN DAWSON
You love me? But Troy, I'm not gay!

TROY REYNOLDS
I know, but I though just maybe if
we hung out, you might wanna-

SEAN DAWSON
Sorry. Just not wired that way.

TROY REYNOLDS
That's Okay, I can't help how I'm
wired either.

SEAN DAWSON
Hell of a way to come out Troy.

Troy shrugs as he's escorted away by Detective Price.

SEAN DAWSON (CONT'D)
Why me Troy? Why me?

TROY REYNOLDS
Cause you are so fucking beautiful!
Love you Sean! Wait for me! Bye!

Troy's been led away by Detective Price. Sean turns to Detective Sanchez who is behind him.

SEAN DAWSON
I can't believe it! My best friend
turns out to be gay, madly in love
with me and a serial killer.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
It happens.

SEAN DAWSON
It happens?

INT. DAWSON FAMILY HOME BATHROOM - DAY

Ron is in the bathroom. The faucet is on and he's washing his face. He looks gutted. He stares at the mirror. Ron opens the mirror cabinet and gets all the Fast Asleep bottles. He empties each bottle down the toilet.

INT. DAWSON FAMILY HOME LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ron walks into the Living room a broken man. He sits on the couch and picks up a cordless phone. He uses the speed dial.

RON DAWSON
Lisa. It's Ron.

LISA DAWSON (V.O.)
Ron? Are you Okay? You sound--

RON DAWSON
I'm home Lisa. Something happened
at work.

LISA DAWSON (V.O.)
What happened Ron? Tell me please
darling. It sounds serious.

RON DAWSON
Gary Fletcher lost the plot. He
shot all the partners dead then
himself.

LISA DAWSON (V.O.)
Oh how terrible. Are you alright?

RON DAWSON

I'm not sure.

LISA DAWSON (V.O.)

Oh my poor darling. Look I'm at the store. I don't need to pick up Jenny for another hour. I'll be home in five minutes.

RON DAWSON

Thanks Hun. I really don't wanna be alone right now.

LISA DAWSON (V.O.)

Of course darling of course. You can come with me to pick up Jenny. She'd love that.

RON DAWSON

Look Lisa do you have your gun?

LISA DAWSON (V.O.)

Yes it's in my purse. Why darling?

RON DAWSON

It's those damn pills - Fast Asleep. Gary was taking them and it turned him into a crazed killer. I'm really worried for all our safety now everyone's taking them.

LISA DAWSON (V.O.)

Oh Ron. Are you sure?

RON DAWSON

Please sweetheart. Keep that gun close with you at all times. We all need to get the fuck out of here as soon as we can. Do not trust anyone darling.

LISA DAWSON (V.O.)

But darling, what about Sean? He's been taking Fast Asleep for months.

RON DAWSON

I hope to God he's been spared but promise you'll keep your gun handy and please - do not trust anyone.

LISA DAWSON (V.O.)

Okay darling, I'll be home soon. Love you. Bye.

RON DAWSON

Love you. Bye.

Ron puts the phone handset down on the couch. He picks up a remote and turns on the T V to the 24 hour News network.

INSERT - TELEVISION SCREEN IN DAWSON FAMILY LIVING ROOM

Sally Andrews and Rob Timms are both in the studio.

SALLY ANDREWS

Well Rob, great news, seems there's been major developments with the fifteen Serial Killers at large.

ROB TIMMS

Yes Sally, great news. All fifteen Serial Killers are now behind bars.

SALLY ANDREWS

Oh that's wonderful news. Yes the Chief of Police will hold a press conference at four P M today, revealing how these Serial Killers were apprehended.

ROB TIMMS

Yes, our city will now be a hell of a lot safer. Everyone is keen to find out how these fifteen maniacs were apprehended. Guess we'll need to wait till four.

SALLY ANDREWS

Well Rob that's fifteen down, but it seems we now have a new serial killer and this one is the youngest and by far the worst one of all.

A grainy picture of a redheaded pudgy girl resembling Jenny in a yellow leather jump suit dragging a bloody samurai sword just outside her school appears on the screen.

ROB TIMMS (V.O.)

Yes Sally this is believed to be a photo of the latest serial killer the press are dubbing Kill Bill Junior. This young lady is responsible for murdering twelve eight year old girls and maiming another three using - would you believe - a samurai sword.

The grainy picture is caught in a freeze frame. Ron has the remote in his hand and is in shock. He gets up off the couch and stares at the screen. He turns off the T V.

JENNY DAWSON (O.S.)

Dad? What are you doing home?

Ron turns around to see Jenny a few yards away holding a bloody samurai sword handle. The blade rests on the floor.

RON DAWSON

Jenny. What have you done? What have you done?

JENNY DAWSON

Those fucking bitches deserved it Dad.

RON DAWSON

Jenny, we need to call the police. You need to turn yourself in.

JENNY DAWSON

I'm not spending a second behind bars for them sluts.

RON DAWSON

Jenny, they were just little girls. Eight year old girls. Please Jen, give me the sword and we'll call the police.

JENNY DAWSON

I am not going to jail for them bitches.

Ron approaches Jenny.

RON DAWSON

Give me the sword Jenny. Now!

JENNY DAWSON

Back off Dad.

Ron lunges for the sword. Jenny steps back and swings the sharp sword through the air.

Ron's headless body flops onto the old couch. He's head falls back onto the couch at an angle still facing Jenny.

RON DAWSON'S HEAD

Shit that's sharp.

Ron stops talking. A frozen look of shock, dead eyes open.

JENNY DAWSON
I did warn you Dad.

SEAN DAWSON (O.S.)
Jenny! What have you done?

Sean is behind her. He quickly grabs the bloody sword out of her hands. He stares at the gruesome scene in shock.

SEAN DAWSON (CONT'D)
Oh my God! What have you done?

Sean is in shock at the sight of his father's severed head. He can only shake his head as he holds on to Jenny's sword.

JENNY DAWSON (O.S.)
Mommy Mommy. Sean's gone crazy from Fast Asleep. He killed Daddy and now he said he's going to kill you and me.

Sean turns, sees his Mom in the doorway. She has a handgun aimed at him. Her hands shake. She has tears in her eyes.

SEAN DAWSON
Mom it's not what you think.

Sean instinctively takes one step towards his mother with the sword in his hand. Lisa fires. Sean's dead body falls onto the couch next to Ron's headless corpse.

Lisa is in shock at seeing her headless husband and having just shot her only son. She is speechless. Jenny runs to her mother and wraps her arms around her mommy's waist.

JENNY DAWSON
Oh Mommy, I was so scared.

Lisa is in shock still holding the smoking gun. Jenny has her head nuzzled against her mother. She has an evil smile.

INT. SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS 24 HOUR NEWS STUDIO - DAY

News Team Anchorman and Anchorwoman Rob Timms and Sally Andrews host the 24 hour news program.

ROB TIMMS
We cross live to a press conference with the chief of Police on the apprehension of the serial killers.

INSERT: LIVE LINK TO PRESS CONFERENCE

Police Chief O'Reilly holds a press conference. He's at a table between the Mayor and an OFFICIAL in a suit. There's microphones, bright lights and the occasional camera flash.

POLICE CHIEF O'REILLY
Over the last two days, the police department have successfully apprehended all fifteen serial killers at large. This was accomplished by stellar detective skills, tenacity and team work.

MEDIA PERSON 1 (O.S.)
Police Chief, was there some common link found between all fifteen serial killers?

POLICE CHIEF O'REILLY
Yes there was. All fifteen belong to a satanic cult - Brothers of Izbar. The killings were human sacrifice.

Murmurs throughout the audience. A lot more camera flashes.

MEDIA PERSON 2 (O.S.)
Sir, there's rumours the killings were linked with the new wonder drug - Fast Asleep. Were any of the Serial Killers on Fast Asleep?

POLICE CHIEF O'REILLY
That was not found to be the case.

MEDIA PERSON 3 (O.S.)
Police Chief, what about the latest Serial Killer at large - Kill Bill Junior and the incident at Staples.

POLICE CHIEF O'REILLY
Well these two events are recent and we are yet to ascertain if they are linked with Brothers of Izbar.

Frantic calls of 'Police Chief!' and 'Sir!' from the crowd.

OFFICIAL
Well that's all we have time for today. The Police Chief is a very busy man. Sorry guys.

POLICE CHIEF O'REILLY
Just want to add our deepest
sympathy go out to the families of
all the victims. We hope having
these monsters behind bars will
give some kind of solace. Thank you

INT. SNR DETECTIVE NEUMAN'S OFFICE - POLICE STATION - DAY

Senior Detective Neuman is at his desk working at his
computer. Detectives Price and Sanchez barge in.

DETECTIVE PRICE
What the fuck was that? Brothers
of Izbar?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Yeah Chief. We know it was the
Fast Asleep.

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN
Just keep it down guys.

Senior Detective Neuman gets up and shuts the office door.

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN (CONT'D)
You two. Sit. I'll explain.

Detectives Sanchez and Price sit. They look furious.
Senior Detective Neuman returns to his desk.

DETECTIVE PRICE
What the fuck is going on?

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN
Okay I'll explain but you need to
promise me you'll stay calm and
quiet. Okay?

Detectives Price and Sanchez look furious but nod yes.

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN (CONT'D)
Candle Pharmaceuticals has a lot of
friends in high places. The
Governor actually contacted Jack
Candle himself, and Mr Candle did
acknowledge there were some
teething problems with Fast Asleep.

DETECTIVE PRICE
Teething problems? Fuck!

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN
Okay the initial trial by Reshin
was a complete fuck up but Mr
Candle has assured the Governor
Fast Asleep's chemical formula has
been modified to eliminate the
negative effects of the drug.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Negative effects! Innocent people
have been killed.

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN
Yes, granted it's been a monumental
fuck up, especially for our city
but this Fast Asleep is a multi
billion dollar industry. It's this
countries big chance of getting out
of this recession we've been having
for the past thirty years. It's a
chance to return to the good old
days. Think of the victims as
collateral damage for a brighter
future.

DETECTIVE PRICE
What about the truth Chief? You
guys can't bullshit your way out of
this. Sooner or later someone's
going to talk. We've had forensics
and at least a dozen other guys on
the force working on this.

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN
Oh we've taken care of those other
guys. Only two left to take care
of are you two.

Neuman pulls out two duffel bags from under the desk.

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN (CONT'D)
There's two million in each bag.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
You're going to buy us off? What
the fuck!

DETECTIVE PRICE
You think buying us off is going to
work.

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN
That's the way it's always worked.
Look, I don't like this as much as
you but this Fast Asleep is a
runaway train that can't be
stopped.

DETECTIVE PRICE
What about justice Chief? Where's
the justice?

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN
Well Price, we do have all fifteen
killers behind bars. And they will
be punished - most likely the death
penalty for all fifteen.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
This stinks. Maybe me and Price
need to visit the local News
Station. Tell em what's going on.

DETECTIVE PRICE
Good idea Sanchez.

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN
You could do that. Sure. But no
one at the force will back you up.
You'll also be causing a lot of
mass hysteria and you won't be
getting this money if you do.

Detectives Sanchez and Price look at each and at the bags.

DETECTIVE PRICE
Ah fuck it.

Detectives Sanchez and Price grab the duffel bags. They turn
to leave. Price stops Sanchez and turns back to the Chief.

DETECTIVE PRICE (CONT'D)
Chief. What if there's still a
problem? What if tomorrow we have
ten million psychotic Serial
killers across the country.

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN
Lot of what ifs Price. But I'm
confident Candle have fixed the
bugs with Fast Asleep.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Chief. Price has a point. What if?

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN
We can't work on 'what ifs' guys.
Something ain't a problem till it's
a problem. But for me personally,
I'm confident tomorrow's gunna be
just another day.

Detectives Sanchez and Price leave with the duffel bags.

INT. MAIN WORK AREA - POLICE STATION - DAY

Detectives Price and Sanchez are at their desks which are
next to each other. Staff go about business as usual in the
background. Both have their duffel bags on their desks.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
So. What now?

DETECTIVE PRICE
Time to get the fuck out of Dodge.
If we drive all night we should
make Mexico by morning.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
What if the Chief's right? What if
it's gunna be just another day?

DETECTIVE PRICE
Do you believe that?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Naaaah.

DETECTIVE PRICE
Me neither.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Shouldn't we like tell someone.
Call the News channel or somethin.

DETECTIVE PRICE
You know Sanchez I'm gunna be a
selfish prick. More we tell the
bigger the queues gunna be to get
into Mexico. We need to just hit
the road as soon as we can.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Can I go home and get my cat?

DETECTIVE PRICE
No way! I fuckin hate cats!

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Can I at least let him out. So he
doesn't starve.

DETECTIVE PRICE
Yeah okay. We'll swing by your
place, then my place and then make
one last stop before we leave.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Where's that?

DETECTIVE PRICE
Need to change this money into
gold.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Gold?

DETECTIVE PRICE
Yeah gold. Money talks but gold
screams.

Detectives Price and Sanchez leave with their duffel bags.

EXT. CITY OF SPRINGFIELD SKYLINE - DUSK

The sun sets over the city of Springfield.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Cars, trucks and buses zoom along a busy highway. Detective Sanchez and Price's Police car zooms down the highway.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

It's a very dark night. Detective Price drives, he looks tired. Sanchez snores in the passenger seat.

MEOW. A fluffy fat cat sits on the back seat near two duffel bags. The duffel bags look to be full of gold bars. Detective Price looks in the rear vision mirror at the cat.

DETECTIVE PRICE
Fuckin' hate cats.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

The police car continues to travel along the busy highway.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD SUBURBAN STREET - EARLY MORNING

A bird chirps in a tree. It's a beautiful day - blue skies. A newspaper boy rides his bike down a suburban street delivering papers. BANG. A shotgun rings out. The boy is thrown off his bicycle and onto the sidewalk.

INT. SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Senior Detective Neuman, half asleep, walks into the kitchen in pyjamas. He fills a drip filter coffee maker with water.

MRS NEUMAN (O.S.)
Coffee sweetheart!

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN
Making it now Princess!

Detective Neuman turns on a small T V on the bench. Scenes resembling a war zone are televised. Detective Neuman half notices the T V as he opens a tin of ground filter coffee. He yawns. He notices the tin's empty. He exits the kitchen.

The Springfield 24 hour news studio appears on the T V with Rob Timms. Rob appears quite anxious and worried.

ROB TIMMS
Shocking scenes from down town
Springfield earlier today. Similar
scenes are happening all over the
nation. A large number of citizens
have over night become psychotic
serial killers. Yes you heard me
correctly, serial killers.

Senior Detective Neuman returns to the kitchen with a tin of ground filter coffee and proceeds to open it. DING DONG.

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN
I'll get it!

Robb Timms continues to report on the turn of events.

ROB TIMMS
Local Police advise everyone to
remain in their homes and please, I
cannot stress this enough, do not
answer the door to anyone.

Snr Det. Neuman is in his hallway opening his front door.

SENIOR DETECTIVE NEUMAN
Yes?

A man with a clown mask and a spear gun is at the door
 A spear shoots from the gun into the Senior Detective's eye.
 He stumbles and falls flat on the floor dead with a thud!

The man with the clown mask enters the hall and pulls out
 the spear - there is an eye ball on the end of it.

MRS NEUMAN, Oprah look alike, enters the kitchen in a pink
 dressing gown. She looks around for her husband.

MRS NEUMAN
 Sweetheart! Where's my coffee?

The war zone scene on the T V catches her interest. The town
 looks vaguely familiar. The clown masked killer enters the
 kitchen. Mrs Neuman screams as the killer repeatedly stabs
 her in the chest. She falls and the screaming stops.

Rob Timms appears on the T V on the Neuman's kitchen bench.

INSERT: SPRINGFIELD 24 HOURS NEWS STATION

ROB TIMMS
 And reports have come in that the
 president as well as thirty seven
 Governors have been brutally
 murdered by their own staff.

INT. DINER IN RURAL AREA ON HIGHWAY - DAY

Lisa and Jenny eat breakfast at the counter of a Mom and Pop
 diner. The diner's empty except for them and a grey haired
 OLD WAITRESS and her man DAVE. Everyone's glued to the T V.

The Diner T V is tuned in to the Springfield 24 hours News.

ROB TIMMS (CONT'D)
 And it's been confirmed, Fast
 Asleep, the new wonder drug, is
 responsible for this violent anti-
 social behaviour. Sources confirm
 that one in seven users of Fast
 Asleep have become serial killers
 over night. That's ten million
 crazed killers at large. OH MY GOD!

INSERT: SPRINGFIELD 24 HOURS NEWS STATION

ROB TIMMS (CONT'D)
 All airports throughout the country
 have been closed. Thousands of
 passengers have been stranded due
 to the current turn of events.

Sally Andrews appears in the studio.

ROB TIMMS (CONT'D)
And we have Sally Andrews joining us. Thank God Sally. I thought you were a victim of these senseless killings.

SALLY ANDREWS
Me fortunately not. But not so fortunate for you Rob.

Sally pulls out a gun and shoots Rob point blank in the head. The program reverts to a test pattern for a few seconds then resumes back to Sally in the studio.

SALLY ANDREWS (CONT'D)
Am I on the air. I better be else the camera guy gets it. Okay rolling good.

Sally starts speaking swahili. After a few seconds of swahili Sally mutters - 'Ah fuck it' and shoots towards the camera. The camera tilts up towards a ceiling light. A second later Sally's face appears in front of the camera.

SALLY ANDREWS (CONT'D)
Hey everyone. How about this for a headshot?

Sally puts gun in her mouth. Screen reverts to test pattern.

INTERCUT BETWEEN TELEVISION NEWS AND DINER

Dave uses the remote to turn to another T V station.

Live news report from inner city street. Explosions and smoke happening everywhere and the sound of gunfire fill the air. A number of citizens chased and knifed and beaten.

A NEWS REPORTER in a suit and tie reports on the carnage.

NEWS REPORTER
Well looks like lots of mayhem at the moment as the disastrous --

A gunman appears and shoots the reporter dead and then turns towards the camera. The live link goes black.

A frantic Anchorman appears in the Studio.

NEWS ANCHORMAN
It seems we have lost Brian Walker.

OLD WAITRESS
Turn it off Dave.

Dave turns the T V off. Everyone except Jenny are dumbfounded and shaken by the horrific events.

DAVE
You folks lose anyone?

LISA DAWSON
My husband and son. We're trying to get to Canada.

OLD WAITRESS
I can't believe this is happening. Thank God we're here and not in the middle of that mess in the cities.

Lisa and Jenny have finished their food and get up to go.

LISA DAWSON
What do we owe you?

DAVE
It's on the house. Just get yourself and your sweet little girl to Canada as quick as you can.

LISA DAWSON
Thanks.

OLD WAITRESS/DAVE
Bye.

LISA DAWSON/JENNY DAWSON
Bye.

Jenny and Lisa exit. The old waitress puts her head on Dave's shoulder and sobs. Dave pats her back - consoles her.

EXT. DINER IN RURAL AREA ON HIGHWAY - DAY

Jenny and Lisa hop in the black SUV. The SUV drives out of the diner's parking lot and back on the highway.

Tanker truck charges past SUV and smashes into the diner. The diner is flattened, an explosion with a huge fireball.

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

Lisa stares at the huge fireball via the rear view mirror. She's physically shaken and in shock. Jenny's unperturbed.

EXT. HIGHWAY NEAR SAN ANTONIO - TEXAS - DAY

A M1 Abrams tank travels top speed down desolate highway. It passes a road sign 'San Antonio Army Base Twenty Miles'. Huge clouds of smoke in distance contrasts with blue skies.

INTERCUT INT. POLICE CAR AND EXT. DESOLATE HIGHWAY - DAY

The police car speeds along the desolate country highway.

Price is driving. Sanchez slowly wakes up. On the back seat Sanchez's fat fluffy cat is asleep near the duffel bags.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Where are we?

DETECTIVE PRICE

Texas. We've got a hundred and forty miles to the Mexican border.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Do we need gas?

DETECTIVE PRICE

Got some at midnight. We're okay.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Hey thanks for lettin me sleep man.

DETECTIVE PRICE

Did I have a choice?

Grrrrr. There is a loud growling noise.

DETECTIVE PRICE (CONT'D)

Did you say something?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

That was my stomach. I'm starving!

DETECTIVE PRICE

We'll be at the border in two hours.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

I don't think I can wait that long.

DETECTIVE PRICE

Next fast food joint, we'll grab something quick and keep going.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Thanks man.

EXT. HIGHWAY NEAR SAN ANTONIO - TEXAS - DAY

A Greyhound Bus zooms down the highway.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

BUS DRIVER is black forties thickset dressed in a uniform. On the bus is a wide cross-section of people - families, couples, retirees, Mexicans, native Americans, teens. The Driver sees something ahead on the road. He stops the bus.

BUS DRIVER
(to himself)
What the

INTERCUT INT. BUS AND EXT. HIGHWAY NEAR SAN ANTONIO - DAY

Centre of the highway, hundred yards ahead, is the M1 tank. It's not moving and it's main gun is aimed at the bus.

BUS DRIVER
(over PA)
Hi folks. We may have a road block ahead. Please remain in your seats while I find out what's going on.

Passengers stand to look at tank. Driver puts on his cap, opens door and exits. Flash of smoke from tank's gun barrel - it fired a shell. Explosion throws the driver into bushes.

The bus is engulfed in flames, no survivors except for the shell shocked driver in the bushes. The tank drives past.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)
Oh dear God. Why? Why? Why?

EXT. SMALL COUNTRY TOWN - TEXAS - DAY

Police car drives into a small country town. There's a few cars and a couple of people on the streets. It seems normal.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Hey man - there's a McDonald's.

DETECTIVE PRICE
Okay - I don't wanna get out.
Let's go through the drive thru.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Good idea.

EXT. MCDONALDS DRIVE THROUGH - DAY

There's already about two cars in the drive thru who have ordered. Police car pulls up at speaker. Price orders.

DETECTIVE PRICE

Give us two Big Macs and two cokes.

A red pickup truck pulls up at the pay window.

INT. RED PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

A mid thirties rough COWBOY type pulls up at the pay window. A young pimply faced teen CASHIER is inside the pay window.

CASHIER

That'll be twelve dollars thanks.

The cowboy reaches into the glove box and pulls out a hand gun with silencer. He shoots the cashier between the eyes without warning and cooly gets out of his truck.

INTERCUT EXT. DRIVE THROUGH AND INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

The cowboy walks past a VW beetle behind him and past Price and Sanchez in the police car.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Where's that guy going?

DETECTIVE PRICE

(disinterested)

No idea.

Cowboy walks past a Prius with three teenage girls playing loud music, past a Van with a family and stops at last car - a middle aged couple in a Toyota. He knocks on their window.

The middle aged man in the Toyota winds down the window.

MIDDLE AGED MAN IN TOYOTA

Yes sir.

The cowboy - without warning - shoots the man and his wife in the forehead. No one else in the queue is aware.

INT. PRIUS - DAY

The three teenage girls continue to talk and laugh in the Prius. Their music is deafening loud.

EXT. MCDONALDS DRIVE THROUGH - DAY

The gunman approaches the Van. He knocks on the window. An early thirties husband/father winds down the window.

HUSBAND
Yes sir how can I

The cowboy shoots the husband mid sentence and his wife immediately after. He shoots at the kids in the back seat.

INTERCUT EXT. DRIVE THROUGH AND INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Price glances at the driver's side mirror. He notices the gunman adjacent to the van and sees the gun with silencer.

The gunman walks up to the Prius. He knocks on the window but as the music is on loud, the girls cannot hear him. The gunman lifts his gun and aims at the driver's head.

DETECTIVE PRICE (O.S.)
Drop it!

Price is out of the car. The gunman fires at Price. Price returns fire. Kids in the Prius see the gunman with the gun, scream and get down low. Price shoots the gunman dead.

EXT. DESOLATE COUNTRY HIGHWAY - NORTH DAKOTA - DAY

BUSINESS MAN forties, bald, looks under hood of a white SUV which appears broken down. He walks to the driver's window.

INTERCUT INT. WHITE SUV, BLACK SUV AND EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Inside white SUV is a family bound and gagged. Late thirties husband and wife and teen son and daughter in the back. The father looks bruised. The family are sobbing.

BUSINESS MAN
Simmer down! Show starts soon and
it's your turn to star. Just waitin
on more of you good samaritans!

Lisa's Black SUV comes around a bend. The White SUV comes into view. The Business Man is under the hood. He steps out to centre of the road, tries to wave down the Black SUV.

LISA
Oh dear, someone's broken down.

Lisa slows down the SUV. They're a few hundred yards away.

JENNY

Somethings not right. Stop here
please Mommy. Could be a trap.

Lisa stops SUV a hundred yards from the business man. He gives a huge friendly wave to Lisa's SUV. Other hand behind his back has a firm grip on a handgun in his back pocket.

Inside white SUV, bound father wriggles to loosen his ropes.

LISA

Well it looks innocent eno--

White SUV Car Horn - BIP BIP BIP BEEP BEEP BEEP BIP BIP BIP

JENNY

That's an S O S. Floor it mommy!

LISA

Huh?

JENNY

IT'S A TRAP! IT'S A TRAP! ARE YOU
STUPID IN THE HEAD! IT'S A TRAP!

Lisa floors the black SUV. Business man looks furious, glares back at the white SUV. He pulls out his handgun and approaches the driver's window, extends arm ready to fire.

Lisa's SUV speeds past the white SUV. Jenny opens her door, knocks business man hard onto the road. He lies unconscious and bleeding. Lisa looks back in the rear view mirror.

LISA

Oh no! What have we done!

JENNY

It's okay Mommy. He was a bad man!

LISA

But how did you know Jenny? How?

JENNY

He had a gun. He was very very bad.

Black SUV comes over crest of a hill. On side of road is a red SUV - hood up. Large tree nearby, a family of four hang dead from a large branch. Past next bend, a station wagon - hood up. Four charred bodies nearby - victims of necklacing.

Tears flow down Lisa's face as she continues to drive.

Business man's groggy, slowly wakes up on the road. He's injured and can hardly move. He looks up, sees a large boot coming down. The father, still gagged and hands bound, is outside the SUV. He stomps business man's head over and over.

EXT. SMALL COUNTRY TOWN - DAY

Price and Sanchez stand near the Police car in McDonald's parking lot. They wave bye to the young girls in the Prius. The girls wave back. Same music blares from the Prius as it drives back on main street. The Prius explodes into flames.

Travelling down the main street is the M1 Abrams tank. It's main gun takes aim and fires at the Gas Station across the road. A gigantic fireball as the Gas station explodes.

INTERCUT EXT. SMALL COUNTRY TOWN AND INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Price and Sanchez are in their car, Price behind the wheel.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Hey what about my burger?

DETECTIVE PRICE
Fuck the burger.

Police car speeds out of parking lot as McDonalds explodes into a huge fireball. The tank takes aim at the police car. A pickup truck parked explodes as the police car drives past. Police car makes a narrow escape out of town.

EXT. NEAR CANADIAN BORDER - PEMBINA - NTH DAKOTA - DAY

Lisa's Black SUV approaches four lane border crossing into Canada. Border crossing has about fifteen cars queued in each lane. On a large traffic sign display - 'CLOSED'. The black SUV pulls up behind one of the car queues.

The border is heavily manned by Canadian soldiers in full battle gear - all heavily armed with submachine guns and flame throwers. There are also a couple of tanks.

A crowd gathers behind barricades set up twenty yards from the Border crossing stations. Lisa and Jenny join the crowd.

An Army Captain with a megaphone addresses the crowd.

CANADIAN ARMY CAPTAIN
ATTENTION! ANYONE WHO HAS USED
FAST ASLEEP WILL BE REFUSED ENTRY.
IF YOU HAVE USED FAST ASLEEP YOU
WILL NOT BE ALLOWED INTO CANADA.

A third of the crowd groan with disappointment. Many are upset with this news, shaking their heads in their hands.

A young man and his girlfriend get back in their SUV parked in an outside lane. The SUV pulls out, goes off road and accelerates to full speed for the border. It crashes through boom gates and continues full speed within Canada.

An army soldier aims a bazooka and fires.

The SUV blows up and stops abruptly. The SUV's engulfed in flames. The crowd on the U S side murmur and groan in shock.

CANADIAN ARMY CAPTAIN
UNAUTHORIZED ENTRY WILL BE MET WITH
THE SAME DEADLY FORCE! CANADA MUST
REMAIN FAST ASLEEP FREE!
EVERYONE ENTERING CANADA NEEDS TO
BE FIRST TESTED FOR FAST ASLEEP!

There is a lot of murmuring from the small crowd. A large UNSHAVEN TRUCKER SLOB near Lisa yells out to the Captain.

UNSHAVEN TRUCKER SLOB
When can we get tested?

CANADIAN ARMY CAPTAIN
TESTS FOR FAST ASLEEP ARE STILL
BEING DEVELOPED. THERE'S NO E T A
WHEN THEY'LL BECOME AVAILIABLE.

The Captain exits. Lots of murmurs from the crowd. The crowd slowly disperses as people return to their vehicles.

Lisa and Jenny get back to their SUV. Lisa opens the driver's door and Jenny hops in the back.

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

Lisa reclines her car seat - tries to get comfortable.

LISA DAWSON
Relax Jen. We could be here for a
while.

Jenny puts two pillows one end of the back seat. Starts to read a paperback -tries to get comfortable lying on her back.

EXT. NORTH OF MEXICAN BORDER - LAREDO - TEXAS - DAY

The Police car stops behind around thirty cars in a queue. The Mexican border stations are only a hundred yards ahead. Large electronic signs above the stations read 'CLOSED'.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Price and Sanchez look worried.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Damn! What do we do now?

DETECTIVE PRICE
Come on. Let's go for a walk.

EXT. NORTH OF MEXICAN BORDER - LAREDO - TEXAS - DAY

Police car pulls out of the queue and onto side of the road.

Price and Sanchez walk past queue of cars. They both carry heavy duffle bags. Sanchez also carries his fat fluffy cat.

EXT. NEAR BORDER STATIONS & OFFICE - LAREDO - TEXAS - DAY

Electronic signs read 'CLOSED'. Dozens of Mexican guards - heavily armed - stand firm guarding the border. A mob of white Americans, mainly families, demand to know what's happening. MEXICAN BORDER CAPTAIN (50s) informs the crowd.

MEXICAN BORDER CAPTAIN
Our orders are for no one to be allowed into Mexico. I'm sorry but the border is closed indefinitely.

Various members of the crowd beg and plead and ask. It's a sea of voices - cries such as "When will it be open?" "What's going on?" "You need to let us in."

Price and Sanchez push through the crowd till they're eye to eye with the Border Captain. Price flashes him his badge.

DETECTIVE PRICE
Captain! Could me and Detective Sanchez see you in private? It's of extreme importance.

The Mexican Border Captain looks unsure what he should do.

INT. MEXICAN BORDER OFFICE - NEAR LAREDO - TEXAS - DAY

A 400 ounce gold brick sits on the edge of a cluttered office desk. The Detectives and the Captain stand adjacent to the desk - they're in a tiny drab office with a noisy wall air conditioner. The Captain stares at the brick.

MEXICAN BORDER CAPTAIN
You're trying to bribe me?

DETECTIVE PRICE
Bribe? No! We're simply donating
to a worthy cause. Your retirement.

The Mexican border Captain stares at the gold brick.

MEXICAN BORDER CAPTAIN
And neither of you have had Fast
Asleep.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Absolutely not.

DETECTIVE PRICE
Scouts honour.

MEXICAN BORDER CAPTAIN
Very well. Only two of you can
enter Mexico. But he stays.

The Mexican border Captain points at the cat.

EXT. MAIN STREET OF MEXICAN BORDER TOWN - MEXICO - DAY

Price and Sanchez walk down a busy main street in a Mexican town. They carry their duffel bags and Sanchez carries his fat fluffy cat. The streets are full of taxis and cars. There's various busy shops, cafes and bars.

DETECTIVE PRICE
I can't believe it! You gave him a
gold bar so you could bring your
cat. You should have left him!

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
I couldn't leave Sylvester behind.
Could I boy.

Sanchez pats and fusses over his cat.

DETECTIVE PRICE
Well it's coming out of your share!
(shakes head)
You could buy ten thousand of them
fuckin cats for that amount of
gold. Not that any sane person
would ever want to own that many,
let alone one.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
He makes me happy and you really
can't put a price on happiness.

DETECTIVE PRICE
 Ahhhhh. I need a drink.

INT. MEXICAN BAR - DAY

Price and Sanchez sit at a bar drinking Mexican beer. Sanchez holds his fat fluffy cat under one arm while eating a large enchilada with his free hand. The bar is half full.

T V in the bar shows news program hosted by Mexican versions of Robb Timms and Sally Andrews. The program's in Spanish. A clip of New York shows buildings and vehicles on fire, explosions, gun fire and streets littered with dead bodies.

Everyone in the bar are glued to the T V news program.

T V shows angry mob outside shiny building. Subtitle on clip - 'Candle Pharmaceuticals'. Angry citizens pull a frightened Jack Candle from the building. Mob have a frenzy attack on Candle. His dead body lay battered on the street.

A DRUNK MEXICAN approaches Price. He points to the T V and the image of Jack Candle's dead battered body.

DRUNK MEXICAN
 Hey Gringo, what happened to him?

DETECTIVE PRICE
 Fast Asleep.

DRUNK MEXICAN
 He's not asleep! He's fucking
 dead!

EXT. NEAR CANADIAN BORDER - PEMBINA - NTH DAKOTA - DAY

Line of cars queued to get into Canada goes on for miles. Just off the road every few hundred yards, a half dozen portable toilets are being installed. There's also a number of Red Cross tents. Most people are out of their cars.

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

Jenny lies on the back seat reading a novel. Lisa is in the front staring at the people wandering around.

LISA DAWSON
 Hey Jen, I'm going to the bathroom.
 Wanna come for a walk? Stretch
 your legs?

JENNY DAWSON

No thanks Mom. Maybe later. I
wanna finish this chapter before it
gets dark.

LISA DAWSON

Okay sweetheart. Won't be long.

Lisa exits the car. Jenny looks out the window to check her
mother is gone. Jenny pulls out a bottle of Fast Asleep
from her pocket and hides it under the car seat.

EXT. NEAR CANADIAN BORDER - PEMBINA - NTH DAKOTA - DAY

People enter and leave a Red Cross tent. Lisa exits with
two bottles of water and a small brown paper bag.

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

Lisa enters the SUV and sits back in the driver's seat. She
turns and offers Jenny a bottle of water and some food.

LISA DAWSON

Hey Jen, I got you water and some
fruit cake from the Red Cross tent.

JENNY DAWSON

Thanks Mom.

Jenny sits up and unwraps the fruit cake. She takes a bite.
Lisa takes a bite of her fruit cake and drinks some water.

LISA DAWSON

Well Jen, I have some good news and
some bad news.

JENNY DAWSON

Oh Mom, you and your silly riddles.
What's the bad news?

LISA DAWSON

I was talking to a lady in the Red
Cross tent and she heard these
tests for Fast Asleep won't be
ready for another two weeks.

JENNY DAWSON

Two weeks! Oh great!
(beat)
Okay Mom, what's the good news.

LISA DAWSON

The fruit cake ain't half bad!

JENNY DAWSON

Ahhhhhhhh!

Jenny throws a book at her mother and Lisa chuckles.

EXT. BALCONY OF LUXURY BEACH HOUSE IN MEXICO - DAY

SUPER: "TWO WEEKS LATER"

Price and Sanchez are dressed smart casual. Sanchez carries his fluffy white cat. They're with a young smartly dressed MEXICAN BUSINESS MAN in a suit. All three and the cat are on the balcony of a luxury beach house admiring the view.

MEXICAN BUSINESS MAN

This house also comes with a pool.

View from the balcony is a luxurious pool in the foreground and beautiful white sandy beach only a short distance away.

DETECTIVE PRICE

We'll take it.

EXT. NEAR CANADIAN BORDER - PEMBINA - NTH DAKOTA - DAY

A white van pulls up adjacent to the border crossing stations on the Canadian side.

INT. ARMY TENT - DAY

The Canadian Army captain is at a desk, busy using a laptop. He's interrupted by a YOUNG LIEUTENANT.

YOUNG LIEUTENANT

Sir, the tests have arrived.

CANADIAN ARMY CAPTAIN

(gets up)

About time.

INT. BACK OF WHITE VAN - DAY

The Captain and the young Lieutenant are in the back of the van. The van's a third full of white long boxes bundled in groups of twenty. The Lieutenant holds an invoice.

CANADIAN ARMY CAPTAIN

How many tests did they send?

YOUNG LIEUTENANT

(reads invoice)

Aaah two thousand boxes sir.

CANADIAN ARMY CAPTAIN
That all? When's the next shipment?

YOUNG LIEUTENANT
Not for another week sir.

The Army Captain shakes his head in frustration.

INT. LARGE ARMY TENT - DAY

The Canadian Army captain stands before two dozen soldiers.
The soldiers sit on fold up chairs.

CANADIAN ARMY CAPTAIN
Okay everyone. Listen up. Those
dick heads at H Q only sent us two
thousand boxes of the Fast Asleep
test. There's ten tests to a box
so it doesn't take a genius to work
out they won't last long.

ARMY SOLDIER 1
When's the next shipment arrive
sir?

CANADIAN ARMY CAPTAIN
Not for another week.
(groans from soldiers)
So don't waste em. Use your
discretion. We don't wanna waste
em on babies and small children.

EXT. NEAR CANADIAN BORDER - PEMBINA - NTH DAKOTA - DAY

Canadian soldiers work in pairs. One holds a submachine gun
while the other holds the tests. All four lanes are open
and vehicles trickle into Canada as the tests progress.

Red SUV in an outside lane pulls up up at crossing station.
Canadian soldier with a box of tests approaches the DRIVER.
His partner has his weapon ready. The driver's wife is in
the passenger seat and their small children are in the back.

ARMY SOLDIER 2
Good day sir. Have you ever taken
Fast Asleep?

DRIVER
(nervous)
Arrr no I haven't.

The soldier passes the Driver the test - thin colored stick.

ARMY SOLDIER 2
Please place the test under your
tongue for five seconds sir.

The driver nervously puts the stick under his tongue. The soldier retrieves the stick. He carefully views the result.

ARMY SOLDIER 2 (CONT'D)
Step out of the vehicle sir.

DRIVER'S WIFE
What's going on? Mike?

DRIVER
I only ever tried it once. That's
all. Once!

DRIVER'S WIFE
Aww Mike.
(starts to sob)

ARMY SOLDIER 2
SIR! STEP OUT OF THE VEHICLE NOW!

DRIVER
No I won't! Fuck this. I only
tried it once. I've waited two
weeks. No!

The soldier with the submachine gun is ready to fire.

ARMY SOLDIER 2
SIR! THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING!

DRIVER'S WIFE
(sobbing hysterically)
Aww Mike! Why Mike? Why? Errrrr!

DRIVER
I'M GOING AND THAT'S THAT!

The driver tries to turn on the ignition key. A barrage of bullets rips through the driver's door killing the driver and his wife instantly. The sound of gun fire stops and is replaced by the cries of the small frightened children.

The Black SUV is the second car in a queue in another lane. The vehicle in front is currently being tested.

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

Lisa looks excited. She looks in the rear vision mirror. Jenny is playing with Barbie dolls in the back of the SUV.

LISA DAWSON
 (surprized)
 I never knew you still liked
 playing with dolls.

JENNY DAWSON
 Sometimes. I'm only eight Mom.

LISA DAWSON
 (smiles)
 Yeah. Sometimes I forget.

EXT. CANADIAN BORDER CROSSING STATION - DAY

The car ahead drives off and the black SUV takes its place.

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

Lisa turns off the ignition. In the back seat Jenny plays with a couple of barbie dolls.

INTERCUT EXT. CANADIAN BORDER AND INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

An army soldier with a box of tests approaches. Jenny's driver's window is down and so is the back window. Another soldier with a submachine gun stands a few yards back.

ARMY SOLDIER 3
 Good day Mam. Have you ever taken
 Fast Asleep?

LISA DAWSON
 (confidently)
 No I haven't and neither has my
 daughter.

The soldier glances in the back window. He sees Jenny playing with dolls. He passes Lisa a test stick.

ARMY SOLDIER 3
 Please place the test under your
 tongue for five seconds Mam.

Lisa puts the stick under her tongue. The soldier retrieves the stick. He carefully views the result. The soldier discards the stick and proceeds to get another.

ARMY SOLDIER 3 (CONT'D)
 (to Jenny via back window)
 Hi sweety could you--

ARMY SOLDIER 4
(with submachine gun)
Hey Max!

ARMY SOLDIER 3
(to Lisa and Jenny)
One moment folks.

The soldier with the box of Fast Asleep tests walks back to his partner with the submachine gun.

ARMY SOLDIER 4
What are you doin Max?

ARMY SOLDIER 3
Testin the kid.

ARMY SOLDIER 4
Didn't ya hear the Captain. We're
not to waste them on babies or
little kids.

The soldier with the box of tests returns to Lisa's window.

ARMY SOLDIER 3
Excuse me Mam. How old's your
child?

LISA DAWSON
She's eight.

The soldier stares at Jenny. Jenny plays with her dolls. She flashes the soldier an innocent smile.

ARMY SOLDIER 3
Mam...Welcome to Canada.

Lisa smiles, turns on the ignition and drives into Canada.

SUPER: "TWO MONTHS LATER"

INT. MEXICAN BEACH HOUSE - LIVIMG ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

On a marble kitchen bench top, in a spacious modern kitchen, a drip filter coffee maker makes fresh brewed coffee.

Price watches T V from a large leather couch in a spacious living room. Sylvester the cat sits on his lap. A large flat screen color T V televises a Mexican 24 hour news program.

Sanchez is in the kitchen wearing an apron. A large island bar separates the two rooms. Sanchez checks on the oven.

DETECTIVE PRICE
Something smells good.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
It's my world famous Mexican
Chocolate Brownies. Trick is to
eat them when they're hot. They're
almost ready.

DETECTIVE PRICE
Can't wait.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Anything on the television?

DETECTIVE PRICE
Just more of the same old same old.
This Fast Asleep fuck up has been
great for these News Channels.

INSERT - TELEVISION SCREEN IN LIVING ROOM - NEWS PROGRAM

A news program hosted by Mexican version of Robb Timms and Sally Andrews is currently on. The program's in Spanish. The news program shows footage of the streets of New York. The city is in ruins, there are fires, explosions and gun fire.

Program shows white Americans in rags, thin from starvation. Another scene shows city street covered in decaying corpses. Another shows the statue of Liberty half standing. Another scene shows the iconic 'Hollywood' sign only half standing.

Program shows a group of white Americans illegally cross the Mexican border at night. The illegal aliens are filmed in infra red. Spotlights give away their position and Mexican soldiers use Machine guns on the group. It's a massacre.

A photo of Blake Reshin appears on the screen with the subtitles - "Blake Reshin - CEO of Reshin Pharmaceuticals" Price is on the couch with Sylvester on his lap. Sanchez stands near the couch. They're both glued to the T V.

DETECTIVE PRICE
We almost had that son of a bitch.
Wonder where he is now?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Probably on some tropical island
somewhere livin the good life.

Price shakes his head. DING - an alarm dings.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
That'll be the brownies.

EXT. BALCONY OF MEXICAN BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Price and Sanchez sit at an outdoor round table on the balcony overlooking the pool. They're both enjoying coffee and hot brownies. The center of the table is a pot of brewed coffee and a batch of brownies on a large plate.

DETECTIVE PRICE
(tries brownie)
Mmm these brownies are amazing!

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Best to eat them while they're
still hot and gooey inside.

EXT. POOL AREA OF MEXICAN BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Two mid twenty beautiful Mexican girls - bikini models RITA and MARIA - wearing only bikinis and carrying towels appear near the pool. Both girls look up towards the balcony.

INTERCUT EXT. POOL AREA AND EXT. BALCONY - DAY

MARIA
Hola Steve, Paolo! Rita and I
thought we'd accept your kind offer
and have a swim in your pool!

DETECTIVE PRICE
Any time Maria! Any time!

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Wanna come up and try my brownies!
They just came out of the oven!

RITA
We'll be up soon! We'll just have
a quick swim!

The girls enter the pool and splash about.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Dang. I was hoping they'd try the
brownies while they were still hot.

DETECTIVE PRICE
I'm sure after their swim they'll
be just as hot.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
I was talking about the brownies!

DETECTIVE PRICE
Aww right.

Price and Sanchez look down at their pool and both give the girls a little wave. The girls smile and wave back.

INT. DINER IN CANADA - DAY

Blake Reshin, wife Tina and daughter Suzy sit at a booth at a Diner. Blake's grown a beard, wears glasses and his hair's permed and dyed black. All three look at menus.

The waitress arrives, it's Lisa in a waitress uniform with a name tag 'Lisa'. Blake and Tina have fake Jewish accents.

LISA DAWSON
What can I get you folks?

BLAKE RESHIN
Three cokes and I'll have one of your hamburgers, hold the bacon. Gotta be kosher. What about you Brenda?

TINA RESHIN
Oh Morty, I think I'll have the Quiche.

BLAKE RESHIN
Brenda honey, that's got ham in it.

TINA RESHIN
Oh Morty, I'm sorry. I'll have the same as my Jewish husband - one of your burgers hold the bacon. What about you Hanna?

Suzy is looking at the menu, she doesn't answer.

TINA RESHIN (CONT'D)
Hanna?
(waves hand)
I'm talking to you honey. What do you want to eat?

SUZY RESHIN
I'll have a cheese burger
(proudly)
and no bacon.

TINA RESHIN

Very good Han-

BLAKE RESHIN

No you can't have that Hanna, it ain't Kosher. Can't have cheese and meat together.

TINA RESHIN

Really? So many damn rules with this Kosher. Hey honey why don't you have a burger like Mommy and Daddy - and no bacon.

SUZY RESHIN

Okay.

LISA DAWSON

Won't be too long?

Lisa grabs the menus and leaves.

BLAKE RESHIN

Now if we three are going to pull this off, we need to act more Jewish. That means we gotta know what's Kosher.

TINA RESHIN

But Blake honey, there's so many rules.

SUZY RESHIN

Yeah! Kosher sucks!

BLAKE RESHIN

God help us if we ever run into any real Jews.

Jenny comes into the diner with her school bag. She sees her mother near the counter.

LISA DAWSON

Hi Honey, you're early. I won't be finished for another half hour.

JENNY DAWSON

Sorry Mom. Band practice was cancelled. Mr Rogers is sick.

LISA DAWSON
 Okay well just sit down over there.
 (gestures to empty booth)
 Mommy needs to finish her shift.

JENNY DAWSON
 Okay Mom.

Jenny sits at the empty booth and places her school back pack beside her. Lisa arrives with a couple of magazines.

LISA DAWSON
 Here sweetie, here's some magazines
 to read while you wait.

JENNY DAWSON
 Thanks Mom.

Lisa leaves. Jenny checks out the magazines. She passes on the first. The second magazine's cover catches her eye.

INSERT: Front cover titled - "FAST ASLEEP - FALL OF A GREAT NATION". The pages flap over to page three. Center of page is a photo of Blake Reshin with subtitle 'Blake Reshin' Above photo is a story titled "Monster who caused it all".

Jenny turns the page and continues reading the magazine.

Blake, Tina and Suzy are enjoying their burgers.

Jenny notices the Reshin family across and a few booths down. The father looks familiar. Jenny grabs a pen from her school bag and flicks back to page with Blake Reshin photo.

Jenny adds a beard, glasses and curly hair to the photo. She looks down at the modified photo and up at Blake Reshin in disguise eating a burger. A match!

The Reshin family have finished their meal. They all get up and Blake leaves a few bills on the table.

Jenny hides behind a magazine as the Reshin family walk by. Jenny is near a window and looks out to see the family get into an expensive luxurious SUV.

Lisa approaches Jenny. She is all smiles.

LISA DAWSON
 Ready to go Jenny bear.

JENNY DAWSON
 Sure. Why are you so happy Mom?

LISA DAWSON
That last family I waited on left
me a real big tip.

Jenny grabs her school backpack. Jenny and Lisa leave.

INT. RESHIN/BERNSTEIN FAMILY HOME IN CANADA - DAY

Tina is in a modern kitchen making coffee and complaining to
Blake. The kitchen has all the latest appliances.

TINA RESHIN
Blake! Honey! When do we get out
of this dump and into a mansion?
You sure can afford it.

BLAKE RESHIN
We need to keep it all low key.
If anyone finds out I'm Blake
Reshin this comes to an end, so we
need to stay in character as well.
(Jewish accent)
Okay Brenda!

TINA RESHIN
(Jewish accent)
Sure Morty. Whatever you say!

Front door opens. In enters Suzy AKA Hanna. Hanna wears a
Power Puff Girls backpack. Following closely behind is
Jenny Dawson, also with a Power Puff Girls backpack.

TINA RESHIN (CONT'D)
(Jewish accent)
Hey Morty! Look! It's our Darling
Hanna. And who have you got there
Hanna? Is that a friend?

SUZY RESHIN
This is my bestest friend Jenny.

TINA RESHIN
(Jewish accent)
Oh Morty! Ha Ha! Did you hear what
she said Ha. My bestest friend. Ha.

SUZY RESHIN
And these are my parents Brenda and
Morty Bernstein. Just your typical
Jewish family.

JENNY DAWSON
Hello Mr Bernstein, Mrs Bernstein.

BLAKE RESHIN/ TINA RESHIN

Hi.

SUZY RESHIN

Mom. Can Jenny sleep over? Please Mom please.

TINA RESHIN

Of course Hanna, Of course. That is if it's okay with Jenny's parents.

JENNY DAWSON

Oh my Mom won't mind.

SUZY RESHIN

Come on Jenny, I'll show you my room.

JENNY DAWSON

Okay.

Suzy as Hanna runs off excited. Jenny quietly follows. Blake and Tina watch the girls walk up the stairs.

TINA RESHIN

Ain't that sweet. This is her very first sleep over friend. They must be tight. I'm so excited for her.

BLAKE RESHIN

Well don't you sound chipper.

TINA RESHIN

Well she has a lot of trouble making friends and she's a lonely child so I'm just so happy for her.

Blake squeezes Tina's hand and they share a smile. The two sit at the kitchen's island bar sipping coffee. They're both surprized to find Jenny standing nearby.

JENNY DAWSON

Oh sorry Mister and Missus Bernstein, but I need to go and grab some things from my house.

TINA RESHIN

Honey you startled me. Where's Hanna?

JENNY DAWSON

Upstairs. Yes I just need to pop home and pick up some playthings. I also want to put on my yellow suit.

BLAKE RESHIN

Sounds like a lot of fun.

JENNY DAWSON

For me. Yes.
I'll see myself out. Won't be long.

Jenny exits towards the front door.

TINA RESHIN

Well I can't believe it, our daughter has a friend. Her joy gives me joy.

BLAKE RESHIN

It's awful nice to see her happy.

TINA RESHIN

You know I could really enjoy this suburban life. It ain't half bad.

BLAKE RESHIN

We can live a good life, just need a very low profile. Okay?

TINA RESHIN

Okay. Come here and kiss me you fool.

Tina and Blake are in a loving embrace and a tender moment. They are slow dancing and kissing but there's no music.

BLAKE RESHIN

Okay what about this one.
(imitates a rock tune)
Do do-do do do-do do do do do do

TINA RESHIN

Any hint?

BLAKE RESHIN

The music was playing on the jukebox the first time we laid eyes on each other.

TINA RESHIN

Don't Stand So Close To Me - by the Police.

BLAKE RESHIN

That's right! And in my head I was singing 'Please Stand So Close To Me'.

TINA RESHIN

You know I think we're going to be happy here.

DING DONG. Doorbell rings.

BLAKE RESHIN

Me too! That'll be Hanna's friend.

TINA RESHIN

You answer it, I'll get Hanna. She's awfully quiet up there.

Blake heads towards the front door while Tina climbs the stairs to fetch Hanna.

BLAKE RESHIN

(shouts out)

Remember darling. Today is the first day of the rest of our lives.

Blake has almost reached the front door, a few steps away. Meanwhile, upstairs Tina Reshin is almost at the top of the stairs. There is an eerie shadow of a young child hanging from a ceiling fan that she cannot yet see.

TINA RESHIN

So cupcake, are you exci--

Tina sees her child hanging. For a second she looks as if she's having an out of body experience. She is in shock.

Blake Reshin has unlocked the door and just as he opens it, he hears his wife's blood curdling scream that seems to go on forever. Blake instinctively looks back over his shoulder towards the stairs and then turns back to the open door.

Jenny Dawson is dressed in her yellow leather jumpsuit and has her Samurai sword drawn. Mrs Reshin's scream continues.

JENNY DAWSON

Blake Reshin I presume.

Blake screams in terror. His severed head spins slowly through the air with the same expression of terror.

FADE OUT.