

BEDEVILED!

by

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JEFF

Believe me, Adam the girl's not your type.

ADAM

(still preoccupied peering out into audience)

Why not.

JEFF

First of all, she's the best looking girl in school, second, she's totally dedicated to the best looking guy in school and third, if you even need a third, she could care less whether you live, die, or eat puke.

ADAM

You call those reasons?

Jeff rolls his eyes in frustration as LENNY, the student Master of Ceremonies, clad in an obnoxious sequined tuxedo, approaches.

LENNY

You're up next, pal.

STAGE

As Murray completes his act to a round of HOOTS and CHEERS, Lenny leaps out onto the stage, microphone in hand.

LENNY

(putting it on)

Ladies and Gentlemen, Murray Pincus... let's hear it again for Murray... Is this a talent or what?!?

Another round of HOOTS and CHEERS brings Murray back for a bow.

AUDIENCE

MURRAY'S PARENTS -- his father, wearing identical dorky glasses and the same unfashionable haircut -- applaud proudly.

(END CREDITS)

STAGE

Lenny continues.

LENNY

And now, ladies and gentlemen,
Calhoun Memorial High School is
proud to present that perpetrator of
prestidigitation, the master of the
mystical, the one... the only... the
AMAZING... ADAM!

A polite round of APPLAUSE greets the "Amazing Adam" as he struts nervously to center stage and launches into a series of unamazing but skillfully executed magic tricks. Adam's banter is stiff and corny. A natural showman, he's not.

ADAM

(stiffly)

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm going to
wave my magic wand and...

The wand turns into a bouquet of flowers.

ADAM

(mock surprise)

Oh my, how did that happen?

The AUDIENCE APPLAUDS unenthusiastically.

ADAM

Well, I guess this wand is no good
anymore. I'll just put it in my top
hat and...

He removes his top hat, revealing a stuffed rabbit sitting on his head.

ADAM

(overacting)

Why what's this on my head?

He takes the rabbit, places it in the top hat and then turns the hat upside down, showing that the rabbit has disappeared.

ADAM

I didn't see a rabbit did you? Let's
look again.

He taps the top hat. A dove flies out, circles the stage and lands back in the hat. Adam nonchalantly places the hat on his head.

ADAM

Nope, still no rabbit.

AUDIENCE

More polite APPLAUSE and several distinct YAWNS.

ADAM

He covers his hand with his mouth and offers up a couple of phony
COUGHS.

ADAM

Excuse me. I seem to have a frog in
my throat.

He reaches into his mouth and begins yanking out ten feet of
knotted silk handkerchiefs, each unfolding to reveal a green
bull-frog print.

AUDIENCE

Suddenly and inexplicably, the CROWD goes crazy.

STUDENTS WHISTLE and CHEER. ADULTS GASP. A stern looking man, who
we later find out is PRINCIPAL WARREN, drops his jaw in disbelief.

What's going on here? Is Adam that good or is the audience that
easy?

ANOTHER ANGLE tells it all.

Unbeknownst to Adam, a BEAUTIFUL MASKED GIRL is strutting across
the stage behind him, removing another article of clothing with
each pass by.

ADAM

Confused but delighted by the sudden ovation, he gestures
magnanimously as he completes the trick.

ADAM

(cocky)

Do you want to see more?

The AUDIENCE SCREAMS OUT.

AUDIENCE

(in unison)

MORE!

ADAM

Well hold onto your seats cause here
we go.

The CHEERS drown out the rest of Adam's banter. Using sleight of
hand, he makes an egg appear...

The audience ROARS as Devon removes another article of clothing.

Adam, convinced he's a hit, takes on an air of cocky confidence which makes the whole thing even more pathetic.

MORE RAUCOUS CHEERS.

And so it goes. As Adam ceremoniously rolls up a newspaper and drops the egg into it, the voluptuous, masked girl continues stripping behind him, timing her appearances on stage with each step of his ho hum trick.

AUDIENCE

Naturally, the audience reaction gets louder as the girl's outfit gets scantier.

Furious, Principal Warren signals Jeff to close the curtain, but the boy is caught up in the show.

Some of the adults indignantly walk out (in most cases the wives dragging their reluctant husbands), but the students are stomping their feet, HOOTING and CHEERING wildly.

ADAM

He smacks the newspaper between his hands, unrolls it and reveals the egg has disappeared completely. The AUDIENCE is in a FRENZY. Adam bows flamboyantly -- signalling the end of the act... or is it?

A FEW FEET BEHIND HIM

The drop curtain falls revealing a MASKED YOUTH clinging to it. He moons the audience, leaps to the ground and races into the wings with the stripper.

ADAM

He turns in time to see he's been the victim of a cruel practical joke. He looks offstage.

ADAM'S POV:

In the wings, the stripper and stalker remove their masks and sarcastically blow him a kiss before racing out of sight. Adam clearly recognizes them both -- DEVON KIMBERLY and her obnoxious boyfriend BRAD DUGAN.

CLOSE ON ADAM. OUCH! This hurts doubly because Devon is the object of Adam's unrequited love. The girl of his dreams. As we will soon find out, Brad, her all looks/no brains boyfriend knows this and takes every opportunity to make Adam's life miserable.

ANGLE

Bedlam reigns. Adam dejectedly heads off stage as Principal Warren stalks him like an angry attack dog.

BACKSTAGE

Principal Warren grabs Adam's shoulder and spins him around.

PRINCIPAL

(furious)

Richards! Is this your idea of a joke?!!?

ADAM

(flustered)

No... I swear...I...

Unthinkingly, Adam removes his top hat, unaware that the stuffed rabbit is sitting on his head.

ADAM (cont.)

...I didn't know...

Principal Warren angrily grabs the rabbit off Adam's head.

PRINCIPAL

(interrupting)

I'll tell you what it was... It was a goddamn embarrassment to me and the entire student body. Do you have any idea what the board of education will say about this?

Warren gestures dramatically and when his hand inadvertently knocks against Adam's top hat, the dove takes its cue and flies out of the hat. Adam cringes.

PRINCIPAL (cont.)

They'll say, Principal Warren has no control over his students. Girls feel free to undress on the stage of his high school. Bare assed boys streak about uninhibitedly. Do you still think it's funny?

Unbeknownst to the Principal, the dove lands on his head. Adam's eyes widen, but laughter is clearly inappropriate. Warren senses something on his head and inadvertently brushes the dove away.

PRINCIPAL

Well?

ADAM

No sir, but I had nothing to do with it.

PRINCIPAL

I find that hard to believe. Why don't you make things easier on yourself and give me the names of your two accomplices.

ADAM

Sir, you don't understand. I don't know who they were. I didn't know anything about it. I swear.

The dove lands on Warren's shoulder as he evaluates Adam for a beat. The boy has trouble taking his eyes off the dove. Once again, Warren senses something and inadvertently flicks the dove away.

PRINCIPAL

(calmer)

All right, Richards... you haven't been in any trouble before so I'll give you the benefit of the doubt on this one.

ADAM

Thank you, sir.

PRINCIPAL

(quiet threat)

But just remember, from this point on...

(face to face)

...I've got my eye on you, Mr. Richards.

ADAM

Yes sir.

PRINCIPAL

Nobody makes a fool out of James Warren.

Principal Warren turns to leave. The dove lands on his head. Together, they head out of the building.

INT. AUDITORIUM -- HALLWAY NEAR DRESSING ROOMS -- NIGHT

Adam steps out of the wings, rounds the corner and... SLAM! He's pinned against a storage cabinet by HAL and GUS, two of Brad's IQ deficient friends. Brad, fully dressed, moves in. Behind him, Devon, now in street clothes, stands, obviously uncomfortable with this brutal interrogation.

BRAD

What did ya' tell Warren?

ADAM

I told him you have shit for brains. But it's not your fault. Most Neanderthals were only capable of primitive grunts and gestures... but you... you can actually form simple sentences.

Devon fights back laughter. Brad leans forward threateningly -- until he is face to face with Adam.

BRAD

Funny guy, huh... always got a wise-ass line for everything.

He pushes Adam's head hard against the metal door as Hal and Gus keep his body pinned back. Pain. Suddenly, Adam doesn't appear quite as cocky.

BRAD (cont.)

Take a good look at my face. I'm not laughin'. Now, what'd ya, tell him?

ADAM

(grunting in pain)

All right, all right... I didn't tell him anything.

DEVON

Come on, Brad, let's go.

Adam looks up and sees Devon. She flashes a nervous smile. Adam melts. Brad gets nastier.

BRAD

And somethin' else, asshole. I don't like the way you're always lookin' at Devon with those goo goo eyes.

Adam turns his head away.

BRAD

Hey, I'm still talkin' to ya'!

Adam looks back at Brad.

BRAD (cont.)

Now pay attention. I can see we're gonna have to set down some rules, here. Rule number one... I don't never, ever want to catch you lookin' at these.

Brad moves aside and gestures at Devon's ample cleavage. He grabs Adam and pulls him closer to Devon. TORTURE!

CLOSE ON ADAM, struggling not to look.

CLOSE ON DEVON, unhappy with this degrading game.

DEVON

Stop it, Brad. Come on, cut it out.

WIDER ANGLE

A group of students, including Lenny and Jeff, form around them.

Adam tries to squirm free, but Gus and Hal tighten their grip when...

CLOSE ON BRAD. He sees someone approaching in the hallway. Suddenly, he flies backwards as if he's been hit. But no one hit him! Sprawled across the floor, rubbing his jaw, he looks up at Adam.

BRAD
(innocently)
What'd ya' do that for, Adam?

Adam is totally confused until he hears Principal Warren's booming voice.

PRINCIPAL
RICHARDS! GET OVER HERE! NOW!

ADAM
(speechless)
But... but...

PRINCIPAL
NOW, RICHARDS!

Adam follows Principal Warren down the hallway as Brad and his goons fight back their laughter. Devon, however, is furious. She shoves Brad away and storms off.

BRAD
Jesus, what's with her?

EXT. CALHOUN HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT as students stream into the main entrance.

INT. HALLWAY OF CALHOUN HIGH -- DAY

Adam, Jeff and Lenny head down the hallway toward class.

ADAM
And then Warren said, if he even thinks I'm doing something wrong he's going to throw me out of school.

LENNY

Adam, you're like a major success story. You've gone from the honor roll to the Principal's shit list in one night.

JEFF

You still think Devon's worth it?

ADAM

Don't ever mention her name to me again.

LENNY

(teasing)

Who, Devon?

JEFF

He said not to mention the name Devon.

LENNY

Oh, Devon...

Adam is too absorbed in thought to be listening.

ADAM

(slow burn)

I must be an idiot. What am I protecting those assholes for?

(anger building)

You know what? I'm going right over to Warren's office and I'm going to tell him exactly what happened last night.

JEFF & LENNY

All right, Adam.

Devon approaches in the hallway.

DEVON

(uncomfortable)

Adam, do you have a minute.

ADAM

(caught off guard)

Uh, yeah.

DEVON

About last night...

Adam has already turned to jello.

DEVON (cont.)

I just wanted you to know that I didn't mean to get you in trouble. We were just having some fun. Sometimes Brad just gets a little carried away. He doesn't mean anything by it.

ADAM

Hey, no problem. Fuck'em if they can't take a joke, right? And if Warren gives me a hard time, I'll tell him that right to his face.

DEVON

Well, anyway, thanks for not ratting on me.

Devon turns and leaves. Jeff punches Adam in the back.

JEFF

(incredulous sarcasm)
Fuck'em if they can't take a joke? What happened to, 'Why am I protecting those assholes?'

ADAM

(not listening)
I think she likes me.

JEFF

I think you need professional help.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Adam walks down a shop lined street. He enters a storefront with a handlettered sign painted over the blackened window. It reads, "MAGIC TRICKS -- ILLUSION -- THE CURIOUS -- THE OCCULT."

INT. MAGIC STORE -- DAY

The shop is long and narrow. THE OWNER, a macabre old man who looks like he could have been a personal friend of Dr. Frankenstein, sits behind a counter cluttered with a variety of simple magic tricks and accessories (silk handkerchiefs, fake thumbs, magic rings, balls, cups, etc.)

Adam nods to the owner and quickly heads further into the shop. The lighting becomes subdued, the setting stark and serious. This is where they keep the sophisticated stuff -- the coffin used to saw a

woman in half (complete with saw), the trick guillotine, the box that enables you to make your lovely assistant disappear (in this place, one wonders if she ever returns). Adam ogles the merchandise like a wide-eyed kid checking out an expensive sports car, but as usual, everything's still out of his price range. He WHISTLES at a price tag, shakes his head and wanders back further through a door and into a dingy, depressing little room.

INT. BACK ROOM OF MAGIC STORE -- DAY

The atmosphere here is foreboding. No electric lights, only wall candles flickering off stacks of books on the Black Arts, The Curious and The Occult. He stops in his tracks under the heading "Voodoo". A book has caught his eye. "LOVE SPELLS -- Any Girl Can Be Yours!" Under normal circumstances, he would certainly think twice about shelling out money for a longshot like this. But the kid's desperate -- not to mention hopelessly infatuated. He begins flipping through the book.

INT. MAGIC SHOP -- DAY -- A SHORT TIME LATER

Looking like an embarrassed young boy buying his first condom, Adam places the "LOVE SPELLS" book on the counter in front of the shop owner and scans the accessories located under the glass top. The old man knows exactly what Adam is looking for, but decides to make the boy feel even more uncomfortable, giving him a piercing stare.

SHOP OWNER

(amused)

Will that be all, Adam?

ADAM

(still eying counter)

Uh, yeah, I guess so.

SHOP OWNER

Are you certain?

ADAM

(embarrassed)

Well, actually, I was wondering whether you had any... uh... lust lotion?

SHOP OWNER

Kinky or regular?

Adam opens the book.

ADAM

It just says lust lotion.

SHOP OWNER

That would be regular.
 (reaches for the bottle)
 Something else?

After a pause.

ADAM

(tentative)
 Uh... a pack of ground up frog's
 ovaries, the eye of a newt, and...
 (almost afraid to ask)
 ...fur from a black cat in heat?

INT. HALLWAY -- CALHOUN HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

From SOMEONE'S POV: CAMERA TILTS UP an incredibly sexy pair of legs connected to an equally sexy body with a face to match. It's Devon heading down the crowded hallway.

ANGLE -- STAIRWELL DOORS TO REVEAL that we're watching from Adam's POV. Peering through the window, he's mesmerized by Devon's presence as usual. Adam reaches into his pocket, pulls out the small bottle of Lust Lotion and opens it. He nearly gags at the revolting odor. From his expression, we imagine that Lust Lotion has captured the essence of the Chicago Bears lockerroom after a particularly tough game.

HALLWAY

Holding a small, crumpled brown bag, Adam steps out into the hallway in pursuit of Devon. Noses crinkle in distaste, and students sniff uncomfortably.

FURTHER DOWN HALLWAY

Adam and his repulsive odor race down the hallway. A small group of conversing STUDENTS eye each other suspiciously.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A COUPLE of others look around self consciously and then privately sniff their own underarms to make certain they're not the source.

HALLWAY INTERSECTION

Adam rounds the corner, leaving his lethal scent behind. A group of girls nonchalantly dab themselves with perfume.

HALLWAY LOCKERS

Devon is alone at her locker. Adam makes his move, muttering a ritualistic voodoo chant as he strides toward her.

ADAM
 Ood Doo, Peloo Guam, ichy, ichy guma
 zuma...

DEVON

Bent over, lifting a book off the floor of her locker, Devon sniffs the air and cringes as the aroma fills her nostrils. She turns in time to see...

HER POV:

Adam, just a few feet away, still chanting and holding a small crumpled brown bag.

ADAM
 (repeating phrase over and
 over)
 Oogoo, voodoo, boodoo yoo doo...
 Oogoo, voodoo, boodoo yoo doo...

Devon doesn't know quite what to make of this. She watches in confusion, as...

ADAM

Chanting the phrase over and over, Adam begins a bizarre ritualistic dance. Circling Devon, he crouches, jumps into the air, and skips twice on each foot, repeating the steps, over and over. The pace builds, his chant intensifies...

DEVON

Almost afraid to move, Devon's eyes follow Adam -- her head turning as he circles. His ridiculous dance builds to a frenzy, when...

ADAM

He reaches into his bag, removes a handful of fur from a black cat in heat and sprinkles it on Devon's head and shoulders.

CLOSE ON DEVON, frozen. Her eyes widen.

CLOSE ON ADAM. He continues the chant, watching, waiting for something to happen. And it does!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Devon whirls and slaps him in the face.

DEVON
 Are you crazy?

The slap jolts Adam. He realizes he's made a fool out of himself and immediately stops the ritual.

Devon starts away, brushing off the cat hairs.

ADAM

(calling after)

Hey, I'm sorry it was just a thing we're doing in anthropology... You know, primitive tribes...uh... and their impact on the modern woman...

His voice trails off.

DEVON

(calling back angrily)

Yeah, well, I guess now we're even.

INT. MAGIC SHOP -- DAY

Adam angrily dumps the book, the bag of cat fur and the half empty bottle of lust lotion onto the counter in front of the SHOP OWNER. The eccentric old man chuckles in amusement.

SHOP OWNER

That book's always good for a few laughs.

ADAM

(not amused)

Yeah, well that's not why I bought it. I made a fool out of myself today and it's my own fault. I should've known this mystical stuff was just a lot of crap.

The old man restrains from laughing. Adam starts for the door.

ADAM (cont.)

(mumbling to himself)

Secret spells, magic potions, what am I stupid...?

SHOP OWNER

Wait, Adam. You're not stupid to believe in the power of mystical domination. It does exist...

The old man turns serious. With the dull light of the table lamps glowing in his piercing eyes, he takes on that ominous, spine tingling tone of a guy whose lived through a lot of really frightening things (and probably caused more than a few).

SHOP OWNER (cont.)

...but one must know where to find it...

(dramatic pause)

Adam, have you ever heard of the Malleus Maleficarum?

ADAM

Is this another one of your practical jokes?

SHOP OWNER

One would hardly call the Malleus Maleficarum a joke. No mortal can resist the powers contained within its rituals. You see, Adam, its author was not human.

ADAM

(intrigued, but skeptical)

Well, how much will this Malleus Malle-whatever set me back.

SHOP OWNER

(annoyed)

The Malleus Maleficarum can not be bought. It must be sought.

Adam looks puzzled.

SHOP OWNER (cont.)

(resuming eerie tone)

There were only twenty copies known to mankind, all dating back to the year 1496. All but three were relentlessly tracked down and destroyed during the inquisitions and witch hunts throughout history. Two of the surviving copies are locked in the Vatican vault, repressed by the church for eternity, and the third...

The old man pauses for effect. Adam is now completely caught up in the story.

SHOP OWNER (cont.)

...the third, it is rumored, is here in this country, entombed along with its owner, Nicholas Constantine, a notorious 19th Century demonologist of great wealth.

ADAM

Man, I'd do anything to get my hands on a book like that.

SHOP OWNER

Fortunately, it is now safe from the abuses of mankind... No man has successfully harnessed the power contained in the Malleus Maleficarum.

INT. LIBRARY -- DAY

Adam sits before a couple of open books on demonology and scans through a pile of old publications. Across the table, Jeff and Lenny quietly study. Suddenly, Adam's eyes widen and he sits erect.

ADAM

I found it!

A chorus of "SHHHHs" echoes from the LIBRARIAN and other STUDENTS.

ADAM

(excited whisper)

Nicholas Constantine. It says here that he died in 1890 under mysterious circumstances. He was only 24 years old. His body was laid to rest in unconsecrated ground at a cemetery in Bradbury. Holy shit, and get this! His family tree abruptly came to an end ten years later when his sister hung herself on the door of his crypt.

Adam looks up from the publication and realizes that Jeff and Lenny are staring at him like he's crazy.

JEFF

(after a pause)

So who gives a shit?

ADAM

I do.

From their incredulous expressions, Adam knows they'd never appreciate the truth.

ADAM

(making up a lie/playing it down)

Uh, Constantine was a magician... a really great magician and rumor has it that they buried him with his book of tricks.

JEFF

(sarcasm)

I know, and you're going to drive
500 miles to Bradbury to dig it up.

ADAM

No, we're going to drive 500 miles
to Bradbury to dig it up.

LENNY

Forget it. Why bother?

ADAM

For a goof.

JEFF

Are you sure you never fell on your
head when you were a kid?

ADAM

Come on, guys, you know what they
say about that road to Bradbury.

JEFF

No, but I'm sure you're gonna tell
us.

ADAM

It's packed with these unbelievably
cute girls who hitch to the Bradbury
School of Design each weekend. Think
about it, a road full of little
bouncing t-shirts, tight designer
shorts, and pouty lips, all
desperately pleading for rides in
our car.

JEFF

How come I never heard about these
hitchhikers before?

ADAM

Because my cousin Bruce, the
designer, just told me about them
last week.

JEFF

How come I never heard of your
cousin Bruce, the designer?

LENNY

Cause he doesn't exist.

ADAM
But what if he does?

LENNY
Well, I don't believe you... but
if there's even one remote chance
that it's true...

JEFF
Yeah, you're full of shit, but what
the hell.

ADAM
You guys won't be sorry. I promise
you tits, tits, tits.

INT. ADAM'S CAR -- ON ROAD TO BRADBURY -- THAT WEEKEND -- DAY

The MUSIC BLARES. CLOSE ON AN ENORMOUS PAIR OF BOUNCING TITS. CAMERA PULLS OUT to reveal they belong to ROSIE, an equally enormous, gravel-voiced woman with a tattoo on her arm and a stubble on her chin. Lenny, seated next to her in the back, stares morosely out the window. Adam is driving. Jeff appears miserable in the passenger seat. Rosie leans over Lenny, practically smothering him, and points to a trailer truck at the side of the road.

ROSIE
That's my rig. Thanks for the lift
boys. The tow truck should be along
any minute now.

ADAM
Okay. Take it easy, Rosie.

EXT. TWO LANE HIGHWAY -- DAY

Rosie steps out of the car and climbs into the cab of the truck.

As the car pulls away, we hear Jeff's voice, dripping with sarcasm.

JEFF (V.O.)
Hey, Lenny... you got blue balls
back there?

LENNY (V.O.)
Cousin Bruce, huh?

ADAM (V.O.)
Picky, picky...

INT. ADAM'S CAR -- NIGHT

The boys have been driving for hours. Adam looks around as he drives. Lenny is dozing off in the back and Jeff, bored, is leaning against the door.

JEFF

How long we gonna look for this place?

LENNY

(yawning)

Yeah, it seems like we've been driving around here for hours.

ADAM

Its got to be here somewhere. They can't just move a cemetery.

JEFF

Especially if it doesn't exist.

Adam strains his eyes. His expression turns to excitement.

ADAM

Paradise Lawn... We found it.

EXT. ROAD LEADING TO PARADISE LAWN CEMETERY -- NIGHT

The car stops at the dilapidated old arch of an abandoned cemetery. The rusty metal sign is still visible... "PARADISE LAWN". Overgrown, dark and depressing, it's the kind of place you describe over camp fires when you want to scare the shit out of the campers. As the car slowly proceeds through what used to be the gates, we hear the boys' voices trailing in the distance.

JEFF (V.O.)

Jesus, there hasn't been a vacancy here in years.

LENNY (V.O.)

Can I be honest with you? I've got a serious case of the creeps.

ADAM (V.O.)

Come on, stop the whining.

JEFF (V.O.)

Whining? You should be happy we're whining. Later, we're gonna kill you.

EXT. PARADISE LAWN CEMETERY -- NIGHT

Flashlights in hand, the boys are now on foot. Adam, a few steps in the lead, also holds a pry bar.

LENNY
(whispering)
What are we looking for?

JEFF
(whispering/sarcastic)
Tickets to the Grateful Dead
concert.
(mock irritation)
What kind of stupid question is
that?

LENNY
(whispering)
No, I mean, is there a landmark or
something?

JEFF
(whispering)
I don't know... and why are we
whispering?

DEEPER INTO THE CEMETERY

The eerie shadows cast by the boys' flashlights play tricks on their minds as they anxiously step through rows of crumbling tombstones hauntingly decorated by years of spindly vines and neglected weeds.

Straight ahead lies what appears to be a section of ugly, wild bush. Adam investigates. He moves aside the thick, spindly foliage, takes a step forward and bumps into a solid object. His flashlight falls to the ground. He bends down to pick it up, and sees that it's shining on a slab of concrete.

ADAM
Hey, guys, come here, give me a
hand.

Jeff and Lenny help him pull aside the foliage, revealing an ornate metal door of a cement crypt. Adam scans it with his flashlight. The beam rests on the name, "CONSTANTINE".

ADAM
That's him. He's really here.

JEFF
(dryly)
I'm thrilled.

Adam uses the bar and starts to pry open the door.

LENNY
I'm not going in there.

JEFF
Fine... you can stay up here and let us know if anyone moves.

Lenny follows Adam and Jeff in through the door.

INT. CONSTANTINE TOMB -- NIGHT

There are no more jokes. The boys head down into the dank, rat infested tomb, until they simultaneously stop in their tracks. Nervously, and with great trepidation, they approach the pedestal holding the simple wooden casket. Lenny and Jeff are mesmerized by the sight of a string leading from a small hole in the coffin to a bell mounted on its base.

LENNY
(motioning to bell)
What's that for?

JEFF
(nervous)
To ring the butler?

ADAM
In the old days people were afraid of being buried alive. So they tied a string to their toe. If they suddenly came back to life, the bell would sound.

Now Jeff and Lenny have a real case of the creeps.

LENNY
I like the butler idea better.

ADAM
Let's get this over with.

Adam pries open the lid and starts to lift it, when... DING-A-LING-A-LING... It's not Avon calling. He drops the lid like a hot potato and steps back. The boys freeze, afraid to even breathe. A couple of knee-knocking beats later, Adam reaches for the coffin again, when... DING-A-LING-ALING, again! Is it possible? Reluctantly, Adam slowly lifts the lid and...

ANGLE -- COFFIN

YIPES! A mouse races out of the coffin.

ANGLE -- BOYS

They sigh with relief and then gaze down at the corpse of young Nicholas Constantine.

THEIR POV:

YEECHHHHH! The cadaver bears evidence of grievous wounds. Clad in the ragged remains of a fashionable Victorian suit, one can still detect traces of a youthful appearance. His mummified body is dry and parchmented -- except for the right hand! The flesh is still pink and if that's not enough to freak you out, it's clutching a thick, tattered old book to his chest.

CLOSE ON BOOK. The flashlight beam illuminates the faded cover. We can barely recognize the letters, M...A...L...L... The rest of the title is covered by the hand, but there's no doubt what it spells. They've found it.

ADAM

His expression turns to excitement.

ADAM

Oh my God, it's here. The book!

Adam pries the heavy book from the dead man's grasp and doesn't notice as...

CLOSE ON THE CORPSES' HAND. With the book no longer in its grasp, the pink skin immediately ages, becoming like the rest of the corpse.

THE COFFIN

Released by the weight of the tome, the corpses' upper torso rises as if he's sitting up!

This time the boys don't stick around for an explanation. They race out of the tomb.

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE -- MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Adam's car coasts up the driveway of the modest suburban home where he lives with his parents. Being deliberately quiet, he steps out of the car, slowly closes the door and looks up at the house for some sign of life. It's dark. Adam quickly opens the trunk, reaches in for a pair of pajamas and puts them on over his clothing. Then, he removes the book, eases down the trunk and rushes into the house.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Adam tip toes up the stairs, but his FATHER'S VOICE jars him.

DAD (O.S.)
Adam, is that you?

He freezes on the stairs.

ADAM
(to himself)
Geez, the man's got incredible ears.

DAD (O.S.)
What's that?

ADAM
Yeah, Dad, it's me.

Now Adam hears DAD'S FOOTSTEPS. He places the book on the ledge, changes direction and pretends to be walking down the stairs.

DAD
Are you just getting in? It's four
in the morning.

Adam turns to see his father, your typical concerned parent, standing at the top of the stairs, staring down at him. Dad flicks on the light and realizes Adam's dressed in his pajamas.

ADAM
I couldn't sleep, so I was checking
out the fridge.

Adam's mother calls out.

MOM (O.S.)
Try some warm milk, dear.

DAD
Or excersize... like cleaning up
your room.

ADAM
Thanks, Dad, I'll consider that.

DAD
Night, son.

ADAM
Night.

Adam waits for his father to close the door and then races up to his room.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Adam's room is cluttered with magic paraphernalia, tricks and books. He rushes in, closes the door, turns on the desk light and with heart pounding, excitedly opens to the first page of the Malleus Maleficarum. His expression starts to change as his eyes dart across the page. He flips to another page, then another. Now he looks concerned. He frantically leafs through page after page until he comes to the depressing realization...

ADAM
Shit... it's in Latin!

His head collapses on the desk.

INT. BASEMENT OF HOUSE -- DAY

Stacks of boxes, unstylish clothes and worn furniture take up most of the basement. Adam sits on the floor beneath a bare lightbulb and rifles through an old carton. He pulls out a tattered college pennant and several old books. He examines a couple, and then blows the dust off of one.

CLOSE ON COVER. The title reads, "ELEMENTARY LATIN".

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Adam's father and mother, a pleasant looking woman, are sitting at the table eating when Adam trudges through carrying the books.

DAD
Next weekend your mother and I are going to the hardware convention in Miami.

MOM
And then we're going to visit my mother, right dear?

DAD
(deliberately changing subject)
Hey, Adam, it's Sunday, why don't we head into town and check out the basketball game.

ADAM
No thanks, Dad, I thought I'd catch up on a little studying.

DAD
Excuse me, but have we met?

MOM

Are you in any kind of trouble,
son?

ADAM

Geez, some reputation.

Adam starts to leave.

DAD

Hey, those, look like my old
Grammars from State.

ADAM

Yeah, I decided to brush up on my
latin.

Adam is already out the door.

DAD

(calling after)

I don't know if you've been keeping
up with current events, but they
don't speak much Latin anymore...
unless you're planning a trip to the
Vatican.

INT. ADAM'S ROOM -- DAY

With Latin books spread out across his desk, Adam begins the
painstaking task of deciphering the Malleus Maleficarum.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. ADAM'S ROOM -- NIGHT

A lone desk lamp illuminates the mess spread across the room --
scattered papers, Latin Grammars and a half-eaten sandwich.
Clearly, Adam's been at it for quite a while. Suddenly, he looks up
from the book, a puzzled expression pasted on his face.

ADAM

The head of a goat?

This triggers a short MONTAGE in which Adam translates and
accumulates all of the ceremonial items called for in the book.

INT. ADAM'S ROOM -- DAY -- MONTAGE

Adam enters his room, dumps a bag of black candles on his bed and
makes a check mark on a list. He sits at his desk and resumes
reading and translating.

INT. BASEMENT -- DAY -- MONTAGE

Adam, sawing two by fours, begins work on some kind of construction project.

INT. JUNK STORE -- DAY -- MONTAGE

Adam hauls a rusty old gong out of the store.

INT. FOYER OF ADAM'S HOUSE -- DAY -- MONTAGE

Adam waves to his mother, who gives him a curious look as he hauls the gong and another sack of junk up to his room.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY -- MONTAGE

Using the Malleus Maleficarum as reference, Adam is painting hieroglyphics onto a homemade, wooden pentagram.

INT. SHOPPING MALL -- DAY -- MONTAGE

A SALVATION ARMY volunteer rings his hand bell to attract the attention of passerbys. Adam stops, exchanges a few words, and forks over several bills. In exchange, the Volunteer hands over his bell and Adam places it in his sack.

INT. BASEMENT -- NIGHT -- MONTAGE

Adam hauls pieces of sawed wood out of the basement.

INT. ADAM'S ROOM -- DAY -- MONTAGE

Adam's latest construction project begins to take shape. It appears to be a large ceremonial alter. In the background, the paraphernalia is piling up. A gong, bells, candles, reverse pentagram... Adam removes several bottles of liquid incense from a bag and checks off the items on his list. He sits down, continues translating the Malleus Maleficarum, and suddenly stops.

ADAM
(confused)
A wooden phallus?

INT. BASEMENT -- DAY -- MONTAGE

Adam carries a thick, wooden dowel out of the basement.

INT. ADAM'S ROOM -- DAY -- MONTAGE

Adam, trying to carve a phallus out of the dowel, pauses, unsure of what to do next. He stands, positions the dowel in front of a full length mirror, pulls down his fly and is about to check for reference, when...

THE DOOR

It opens and mom enters. She stops in her tracks, GASPS and then quickly closes the door in embarrassment.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE DOOR

MOM

(mumbling)

I've got to talk to his father about this.

INT. ADAM'S ROOM -- DAY -- MONTAGE

Adam has completed his construction projects and the room is full of ceremonial junk. He places the wooden phallus on the desk and makes a check mark on the list. One more item to go...

ADAM

The goat!

EXT. FARM -- DAY -- MONTAGE

A FARMER waves goodbye to Adam as his car pulls away from the Barn.

FARMER

Take good care of Manny.

INT. ADAM'S CAR -- DAY -- MONTAGE

In the back seat, Adam has a passenger, a goat with a collar and a tag, reading, "Manny".

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE -- DAY -- MONTAGE

Adam pulls the car into the garage and closes it. He drags Manny out of the backseat, ties him to the rear bumper and pulls out a huge hunting knife. Adam slowly approaches the goat. He grabs his collar and holds the knife to Manny's neck. He can't do it. He looks away and tries again, but still, Adam doesn't have that killer instinct. It's no use. Adam covers Manny with a dark blanket and heads into the house. The goat lies down under the car.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. ADAM'S ROOM -- DAY

Adam is scanning the "Butcher Section" of the Yellow Pages. The door opens and his father enters. Dad looks around the room, crammed with the ceremonial altar and accompanying paraphernalia. He is clearly unamused.

DAD

Aren't teenage boys suppose to have posters of rock stars and pin-ups of nude girls on their walls? I'm warning you, young man, I'm at the end of the line with this hocus pocus stuff. It's been nothing but trouble. You're already on probation at school.

ADAM

Dad, I told you, I was framed.

DAD

(gesturing around room)
Yeah, yeah... well, what's all this about?

ADAM

It's my humanities project... the myth of rituals -- fact or fiction... I don't know what they're talking about, really.

DAD

(dubious)
Just make sure you don't do anything stupid. Your mother and I are leaving for the airport soon...
(hands him a few bills)
...This ought to cover you for food. Do we have to review the house rules?

ADAM

(like he's said it a million times before)
No parties, no girls, no late nights, no fun... you name it and the answer is no...

DAD

And...

ADAM
 (imitating dad)
 ...and if we hear of anything
 unusual going on in this house,
 young man, you'll be grounded for
 the remainder of your teenage life.

DAD
 (dryly)
 That's my boy.

INT. FOYER LEADING TO GARAGE -- DAY

Adam kisses his parents goodbye and races up to his room.

INT. ADAM'S ROOM -- DAY

He opens the phone book to a premarked page and dials the phone.

VOICE ON OTHER LINE
 Herman's butcher shop.

ADAM
 Yes, I have this goat, and...

THE ROAR OF A CAR ENGINE accompanied by the SQUEAL OF TIRES
 interrupts Adam's conversation. Something suddenly dawns on him.

ADAM
 Please hold...

He looks out the window and his jaw drops.

ADAM'S POV:

In his haste, Adam's father has ROARED out of the garage and down
 the block, leaving behind the inert figure of Manny -- now
 sprawled across the driveway near the mouth of the garage.

ADAM
 (into phone)
 Never mind.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM -- THAT NIGHT

Clad in foreboding black robe, Adam stands before scores of lit
 black candles. The room seems alive as the flickering lights cause
 images to dance macabrely across the walls. The bloody goat's head,
 a vial of goat blood, and the phallus are already set on the altar.
 It's time to begin. Adam ceremoniously places the pentagram on the
 altar and solemnly reads from the tattered pages of the Malleus
 Maleficarum.

ADAM
 (halting latin)
 Damonum ceremonias Lucifer horrendos
 Beelzebub etiam cum exactum...

Lifting a mallet, he whispers the names of the three most powerful satonic spirits, striking the gong after each one.

ADAM
 Leviathan...
 (strikes gong)
 Lucifer...
 (gong)
 Asmodeus...
 (gong)

Adam pricks his finger, uses the blood to draw three symbols on a parchment and ignites it with a candle. As the parchment burns, Adam holds his nose, drinks from the vial of goat's blood and rings the handbell.

WIDER ANGLE

His head, lined up with the goat's horns, casts a shadow that makes Adam look like the Devil himself.

ADAM

Wide eyed with anticipation, he glances around the room expectantly, and waits... and waits...and... absolutely nothing happens! He looks back over the pages of the Malleus, making sure that he completed all of the steps, when...

A SWISH OF SOUND! The window flies open, brushing back the curtain.

Adam freezes. He gets up the courage to move toward the window, and...

MEOW... The household cat, HOUDINI leaps through the curtain and lands at Adam's feet. Adam jumps back.

ADAM
 Houdini, you scared the hell out of me.

The cat slinks away and stretches out on the floor near the bed.

Adam slams the book shut in disgust.

ADAM
 What a crock of shit.
 (apologetically to the goat)
 Sorry, Manny.

Adam blows out the candles and draws the curtains. Fatigued, he throws himself down on the bed, closes his eyes and dozes off, when...

A DEAFENING CLAP OF THUNDER! A BONE CHILLING WAIL! The cat's fur bristles. A flash of lightning illuminates the room. A gust of wind blows open the curtains, swirling papers around the room, and in rapid succession, every wick of every candle mysteriously reignites!

The phallus begins to glow, casting a dull red hue over the room. And then, something really frightening happens. Adam's shadow rises from the bed, moves slowly along the wall, reaches out and ceremoniously strikes the gong. But Adam is still asleep on the bed! His shadow has a life of its own! The GONG SOUNDS twice more, and...

A lightning BOLT explodes through the window. Adam is surrounded by a shimmering ring of light. His shadow slowly reclines, again becoming one with him. The handbell rings.

CLOSE ON ADAM'S FACE. The aureole fades. His eyelids flicker. His mind's in some kind of conscious, but extremely active state.

EXT. DEVON'S HOUSE ACROSS TOWN -- SAME TIME, NIGHT

CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES IN on the upstairs window of the attractive suburban home.

INT. DEVON'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Devon is sleeping peacefully in her moonlit bedroom. Suddenly, we sense something. A slight ruffling of the curtains, a subtle change of mood. We can feel another presence in the room, silently, ever so slowly moving toward the sleeping girl. Her blanket inexplicably folds away from her, gradually revealing her voluptuous figure beneath an airy nightgown. The shoulder straps fall away and the gown is eased down, lower and lower, uncovering her silky skin and perfect breasts. A new sensation sweeps over her. She tingles and purrs as if someone is softly kissing her neck.

THE CAMERA SLOWLY moves from her face down, following the sensual waves of excitement as she is gently kissed and caressed by the invisible lover. Her panties glide off. She throws back her head in ecstasy and moans softly.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Eyes closed, Adam is still sprawled across his bed. Only now, his body is slowly becoming transparent. It appears that he's fading away.

INT. DEVON'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Devon softly "ooohs" in her sleep as a transparent body begins to slowly materialize on top of Devon.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Adam has almost faded completely from his bed. We can see only the last traces of his outline.

INT. DEVON'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Adam's ghost-like image continues to materialize, but with her eyes closed, Devon is unaware of her lover's identity. In her moment of passion, she reaches up, clutches his neck, and...

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

A PIERCING ELECTRONIC NOISE jars Adam back to reality. The candles have set off the smoke detector. He sits up in bed.

INT. DEVON'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Devon's eyes pop open, but no one is there. She flicks on the light and discovers her hand clutching a gold chain.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Adam clears the cobwebs and rubs his neck. It's irritated where his chain was pulled off.

ADAM
(in wonder)
Wow! What a dream!

INT. ART CLASS --- DAY

CLOSE ON A bowl of fruit. WIDEN TO REVEAL that it's being held by Devon who's acting as a model for today's art class. The students, including Brad and Adam, are positioned at easels in front of her. As Adam flips through his sketch pad to find a clean page, we get a quick glance at some of his previous efforts -- each demonstrating a distinct lack of talent or potential.

The ultra-prudish, middle aged art teacher, MISS VAN BUREN, walks among the students, offering advice.

MISS VAN BUREN
Remember, consider your light
source. Shadows are important.

Suddenly, Adam's hand jerks up toward the easel and the charcoal streaks across his artboard. It's as if his hand is drawing on its own.

CLOSE ON ADAM. His eyes widen in a combination of shock and amazement as...

ANGLE -- EASEL

Adam's hand skillfully (and with amazing speed) begins sketching a picture.

ADAM

No matter how hard he tries, Adam can't stop himself from continuing the picture.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. ART CLASS -- A SHORT TIME LATER

The prim and proper Miss Van Buren is heading down the aisle checking on her students' progress.

ADAM

He desperately tries to hide his work. He steps in front of the easel, but his hand continues drawing behind his back. This calls even more attention to the problem.

MISS VAN BUREN
Mr. Richards... What are you doing?

ADAM
Uh, just scratching my back.

All eyes turn to Adam whose hand, still behind his back, is now putting the finishing touches on a perfect likeness of Devon, nude, in a lewd pose. Miss Van Buren peers around Adam, sees his drawing and GASPS.

MISS VAN BUREN
(shock)
Oh my!

She grabs the sketch and folds it over, shielding it from the other students.

MISS VAN BUREN

(furious)

Mr. Richards, this is nothing but pornography. You should be ashamed of yourself. I will not tolerate such... such vulgarity in my class. You have failed this course.

THE BELL RINGS.

MISS VAN BUREN

(to class)

People, leave your sketches on my desk on the way out. Dismissed.

Miss Van Buren abruptly starts back toward her desk leaving Adam, flabbergasted. The class files out around him. Brad, delighted by another's misfortune, approaches and offers his hand.

BRAD

Way to go, Richards, see you in summer school.

This seems to snap Adam out of it.

ADAM

Get lost.

CLOSE ON BRAD. His eyes seem to glaze over. He moves for the door like an automaton.

Adam rushes up to the front of the room to plead with Miss Van Buren as she packs up the sketches and prepares to leave.

ADAM

Please, Miss Van Buren, I can't fail this course. I have to work this summer and shit, I mean darn, it'll mess up my transcript and I won't graduate and there goes college and my parents... oh my God, my parents...

She starts for the door. Adam follows her.

ADAM (cont.)

Oh please, I'll do anything... I don't know what came over me, I can't even draw a stick figure. You know that.

MISS VAN BUREN

Obviously you've been saving yourself.

ADAM

It was a fluke.

She stops at the door and turns to Adam.

MISS VAN BUREN

It was a vulgar display and more importantly you violated that young girl's privacy. Perhaps you'd like me to discuss this with Mr. Warren... or your parents.

ADAM

I don't really think that's the answer.

MISS VAN BUREN

Then, I'd suggest you prepare yourself for summer school.

EXT. STREET NEAR CALHOUN HIGH -- NIGHT

Brad, wearing a Calhoun High letter jacket, wanders zombie-like through the neighborhood. He intercepts a MAN walking out of a coffee shop.

BRAD

Excuse me, sir... I seem to be lost. Can you tell me how to get to Calhoun High?

The man looks at Brad like he's crazy.

MAN

(pointing)

Yeah, sure, it's right down the block. About 200 feet away.

BRAD

(trying to regain cool)

Yeah, sure thanks... Gotcha with that one, huh?

Brad bops away trying hard to look cool. After a few steps, Adam's voice echoes in his mind...

ADAM (V.O.)

(echo)

Get lost.

Once again, Brad's eyes glaze over and he appears puzzled. He looks around and calls out to a WOMAN in a car stopped at a red light.

BRAD

Yo', lady... uh, where's Calhoun High?

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Adam is slumped dejectedly on the bed as Jeff prepares to leave. On the dresser, we see the last remnants of dinner -- a few pizza crusts still in the carton.

JEFF

I gotta take off.

Adam doesn't move. Jeff stops at the door.

JEFF (cont.)

Think of it this way, Adam. This is a historic day. You may be the first guy in the history of the American educational system to fail art. You must've drawn a pretty ugly bowl of fruit.

(stops at door)

C'mon, tell me, it was the banana right?

ADAM

It was Van Buren's warped mind. My life is ruined. My folks'll never understand this one...

JEFF

They'll get over it. See ya tomorrow.

ADAM

Yeah, see ya.

Jeff leaves. Adam lies back in bed. His anger builds.

ADAM

(muttering angrily)

Van Buren, that slimy bitch... She shouldn't be allowed to teach art.

He closes his eyes.

INT. MISS VAN BUREN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

In her neat, frilly room, impeccably decorated with Victorian furniture, Miss Van Buren is propped up in bed grading her students' drawings. She flips over an illustration and comes to Adam's erotic sketch of Devon. The teacher shakes her head in disgust. But soon, her attention is diverted by a barely audible undercurrent of sound -- A LOW RUMBLING, BUBBLING SOUND. She strains to listen.

MISS VAN BUREN

(calling out)

Hello, is someone here?

The RUMBLING AND BUBBLING BUILDS. Miss Van Buren's face registers confusion. The BUBBLING seems to be coming from right below her. She looks down at the erotic drawing of Devon.

CLOSE ON THE DRAWING. Devon's image moves slightly. The face distorts. THE BUBBLING GETS LOUDER.

MISS VAN BUREN

Her expression changes from confusion to fear. She blinks her eyes, but her face fills with horror as the RUMBLING AND BUBBLING INTENSIFY, and...

ANGLE -- INCLUDING DRAWING

A green slime begins oozing from Devon's eyes and mouth. With a frightened SHRIEK, Miss Van Buren releases the picture, but it's too late.

The bed tilts down and the footboard submerges in a bubbling pit of slime. The petrified woman reaches for the headboard, trying to stop herself from sliding into the pit.

FOOT OF BED

Her feet are already stuck, being consumed by the gook. CAMERA FOLLOWS the slime as it creeps up, devouring her legs, then her torso. We hear disgusting, garbled SLURPS and GRUNTS followed by...

Revolting reptile-like creatures peer out of the slime.

Like quicksand, the more she struggles, the further she sinks. Up to her neck in the putrid gook, she flails about, groping for something, anything. Her hands latch onto the wall lamps. Using every ounce of strength, she tries to lift herself out, and...

WALL LAMPS

The lamp wires curl around her hands and between her fingers, binding her to the wall. The lightbulbs burn hotter and hotter until they turn a fiery red.

WIDER ANGLE

Hands bound to the wall, her FUTILE SCREAMS turn into a MUFFLED GARBLE as TWO GROTESQUE ARMS pull her under the glutinous mass. She pulls the lamps off the wall, leaving the extended wires HISSING and SPARKING.

CLOSE ON THE SMOKING WIRES. The rubber coating melts away. The red-hot wires unmercifully sear the skin on her wrists and hands.

WIDEN. The swirling movement of slime on the surface tells us that Miss Van Buren is fighting for her life below.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Still in bed with his eyes closed, the vein in Adam's forehead throbs in fury. No doubt, Miss Van Buren is the target of his anger.

RING! The phone pierces the silence. Adam stirs. The phone RINGS again. He his eyes open, and...

INT. MISS VAN BUREN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Saved by the bell! Miss Van Buren manages to free her head above the muck. She gasps for air and the slime suddenly vanishes from the room. Could this have been a dream?

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Adam lifts the phone off the receiver and answers groggily.

ADAM

Yeah...

MOM'S VOICE

(on phone)

Adam?

Adam snaps to attention.

ADAM

Oh, hi mom...

MOM'S VOICE

Are you behaving yourself?

MISS VAN BUREN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON MISS VAN BUREN. She looks down, and SCREAMS HYSTERICALLY!

ANGLE TO REVEAL...

She's pulled both lamps off the wall. Her hands, still tangled in the melted wires, are now mutilated. It doesn't look like Miss Van Buren will be in any condition to teach summer school.

INT. SKI SLOPE PARKING LOT -- SATURDAY

MUSIC BLARES. Cars, vans and pick-ups jam the parking lot of the local ski-slope. CAMERA MOVES IN on a customized van. The door of the van flies open and Devon, still zippering her ski jacket, climbs out. Behind her, inside the van, we see Brad, with a blanket pulled around him.

BRAD
Where ya goin' Dev?

DEVON
(frustrated)
I think there's supposed to be more to it than that.

Brad, Mr. Ego, completely misunderstands.

BRAD
Oh, so that's it. Don't worry about it, Dev, baby... you were just fine.

Exasperated, Devon grabs her ski equipment and heads toward the lodge.

INT. LODGE -- DAY

It's your typical weekend ski-slope lodge -- large, rustic, but nothing too fancy. There's a snack bar, picnic tables, a rental area and benches crowded with TEENAGERS who are fastening their boots.

Still fuming, Devon, carrying her boots and skis sits down on a bench next to her two friends, NANCY and SUE who are putting on their boots.

NANCY AND SUE
Hi, Dev..

DEVON
I don't want to talk about it.

SUE
(confused)
About what?

NANCY

It must be Brad again.

DEVON

I don't want to talk about it...
 (a couple of beats to fume)
 He thinks women were put on this
 earth for his pleasure alone.

NANCY

Not very satisfying, huh?

Devon searches for the words to express herself and then gives up.

DEVON

I don't want to talk about it...
 (a couple of beats)
 I mean what about me? I'm a person.

NANCY

What happened?

DEVON

He's the most insensitive,
 unromantic oaf I ever met.

NANCY

Why do you keep going out with him?

Devon thinks for a second.

DEVON

(uncertain)
 Well, you know, he's good looking
 and he's always there, and...

The girls are looking at her like she's crazy.

DEVON

(defensive)
 Well, he's not always like that...
 at least he wasn't when I first met
 him.

Devon starts to put on her boots.

ENTRANCE

Adam, Jeff and Lenny arrive and head toward the benches. As they walk, Jeff and Lenny are arguing as usual. Adam doesn't seem to be listening. Instead he's staring, mesmerized by the sight of Devon putting on her skis.

LENNY

(to Jeff)

No way, Sandler... You always get to be the one in medical school.

JEFF

Lenny, Lenny, Lenny... It's a known fact I look more mature. Okay, let's review the plan.

LENNY

I know the plan.

JEFF

You might know the plan, but somehow you never seem to remember the plan. Okay, so here it is... You see a couple of good lookin' chicks, you fall, fake an injury, brain damage, something clever. Adam calls for a doctor. I say, 'I'm a medical student, maybe I can help.' I race over, revive you and then the girls are impressed, first with me because I'm a medical student, and second with Adam because I tell them he's my friend from law school.

LENNY

And what about me?

JEFF

You get the most attention of all. They feel sorry for you because you're pathetic. Okay?

(looks around)

You in, Adam?

But Adam isn't listening. He's just staring at Devon.

JEFF

(referring to Adam)

There he goes again.

Jeff sits and begins putting on his boots.

LENNY

(to Adam)

Go ahead, just say hello to her. What can she do to you?

ADAM

She thinks I'm a geek.

JEFF

And she's right. Now sit down and put on your boots.

LENNY

Wait a second. Don't listen to him. Where's your sense of adventure? How many times have you heard the story about the girl who hates the guy at first, but he can't take no for an answer and eventually she falls in love, they get married and live happily ever after.

JEFF

Name one married couple that started out that way. Just one.

LENNY

(thinking)

My Aunt Mirna and Uncle Bob.

JEFF

(disgusted)

Aunt Mirna... Your Aunt Myrna's 250 pounds. We're talkin' about a dream girl here.

LENNY

Doesn't matter, she would've never known what a great guy my Uncle Bob was unless he got up the nerve to talk to her. Come on, Adam, just say hello... what do you got to lose?

Jeff rolls his eyes. Lenny shoves Adam toward Devon.

DEVON

She finishes buckling her boots and looks up to see...

DEVON'S POV:

Adam is standing right in front of her. He nervously clears his throat.

ENTRANCE

Brad has just entered. He spots Adam standing over his girl and signals across the room to...

GUS

He nods back in understanding.

ADAM AND DEVON

DEVON

Is there something you want?

ADAM

Uh... I...

Just as Adam is about to squeak out a response, two hands reach up, grab the suspenders of his ski suit and pull his pants, underwear and all, down around his knees. Adam is left standing bare assed in front of the woman of his dreams. Humiliation time. The lodge goes silent. Adam quickly pulls up his pants.

AN EXPLOSION OF LAUGHTER ECHOES throughout the room. Adam looks around and sees Gus, the culprit, standing behind him, splitting a gut. Adam slinks out of the lodge.

DEVON

Watching him go, we can see that Devon feels sorry for him.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Jeff and Lenny strain their necks to see what everyone's laughing about.

JEFF

What's goin' on?

LENNY

Beats me.

EXT. SKI LODGE -- DAY -- A SHORT TIME LATER

Adam, taking a break from skiing, leans back on a picnic table to catch a few rays. He places down his half-empty coffee cup and peers up at the slope.

HIS POV:

Gus is just starting down the slope.

CLOSE ON ADAM, watching Gus. He squints in anger, leans back, closes his eyes, and...

ANGLE -- GUS SKIING

Gus grimaces in pain. He looks down at his boots, and...

CLOSE ON BOOTS. On their own, the fasteners tighten and tighten and tighten.

ADAM AT PICNIC TABLE

CAMERA MOVES IN ON ADAM, in a fitful rage. Leaning back on the table, his eyes closed, breathing heavily, the vein in Adam's neck throbs in anger.

GUS SKIING ON SLOPE

CLOSE ON GUS. The pain registers in his face. He looks down again, and...

HIS POV:

Each ski boot has turned into some kind of horrific, eye bulging monster. The ankle supports are now bony, foaming jaws with fearsome teeth that appear to be devouring Gus' ankles.

GUS

The pain is agonizing. SCREAMING, Gus tries to shake off his boots, but they won't budge. With each kick they become tighter and tighter. Gus beats his monstrous boots with his ski poles, but this seems to only antagonize the creatures. In desperation, he stabs one of the bulging eyes sending the ankle gnawing monster into a SCREECHING FRENZY.

SKI-LIFT

PEOPLE standing on line begin to notice something unusual on the slope.

SKIER

Hey, look at that!

OTHERS

Wow...! I don't believe it...! Holy shit...! What hot-dogging...! etc.

Soon, every head turns to the slope. The crowd is BUZZING with excitement.

CROWD'S POV:

In the distance, it looks like Gus is putting on quite an exhibition of acrobatic skiing -- HOLLERING, tumbling, twisting, turning, contorting, beating his boots with his poles and finally sommersaulting backwards over a bump in the slope.

THE CROWD HOOTS and CHEERS.

CLOSER ON GUS. The pain has become unbearable. Writhing in pain, he continues skiing erratically.

CLOSE ON HIS ANKLES. Blood is creeping up the socks beneath the boot-monster's teeth.

GUS

About to pass out, Gus gives a last agonizing scream, when...

ADAM AT PICNIC TABLE

SPLAT! A handful of snow crushes against Adam's face bringing him back to reality. Jeff stands over him. Adam's eyes opens, and...

SLOPE

CLOSE ON GUS' BOOTS. The eyes recede, the teeth disappear and the boots return to normal. Gus snowplows to a halt at the bottom of the slope -- greeted by an ENTHUSIASTIC ROUND OF APPLAUSE.

BRAD

That was some truly awesome skiing, man...

GUS

(confused)

Uh... yeah, I guess so. What was in that shit we did before?

BRAD

I don't know, but I think I'll take a hit before my next run.

Gus looks down at his boots and sees that there is a trace of blood on his socks. The ankle fasteners are still tight.

BRAD

Hey, if I were you, I'd go easier on the clamps, man.

PICNIC TABLE NEAR SKI RACKS

Jeff and Lenny head off with Adam.

JEFF

We've been lookin' all over for you.

LENNY

Yeah, you missed some incredible skiing from Gus, the incredible asshole.

INT. GYM -- CALHOUN HIGH -- DAY

Gus, with bandages on both ankles, hobbles toward the bleachers on crutches. Behind him, we see the GIRLS' CLASS, clad in sweats, jogging out the door.

ACROSS THE GYM

The guys are straggling out onto the gym floor. Many are already shooting baskets. Adam is awkwardly throwing up shots with KENNY BARNES, the tall, muscular star of the school team.

ADAM

Big game today, huh Kenny?

KENNY

Yeah, we knock off River Dell and we go to the State finals.

ADAM

You psyched?

KENNY

I better be. The coach of Harvard is coming down to see me play.

ADAM

Harvard... that's not much of a basketball school.

KENNY

I know, but everyone in my family went to Harvard.

ADAM

Kind of a tradition, huh?

KENNY

More than that. You don't go to Harvard and you're a total failure.

ADAM

It couldn't be that bad.

KENNY

It is and my grades are borderline, so it looks like basketball is going to decide it.

ADAM

Nothing like a little pressure.

Kenny stretches.

KENNY

Hey, how about warmin' me up with a little one on one.

ADAM

I'm not very good, but sure.

Kenny hands Adam the ball. He makes a clumsy move to the basket, throws up an awkward shot and misses entirely. Kenny takes the ball and swishes it in from 20 feet.

ADAM

Man, I wish I could play like you.

UH OH... Adam still unaware of his powers has just made a wish. Kenny dribbles the ball at the foul line. Adam pounces on him, steals the ball and drives in for a layup. Kenny is amused, but shrugs it off and takes the ball in play again. He goes up to shoot and Adam, at least five inches shorter, blocks the shot, grabs the ball and twists through the air, sinking an acrobatic, double pump layup. The game continues in much the same fashion.

ANGLE

All activity in the gym stops. Everyone is now watching Adam's overwhelming display. Kenny seems powerless to stop him.

STUDENT #1

(incredulous)

Is that Richards?

STUDENT #2

What's come over that guy?

STUDENT #3

(referring to Adam)

He's got more moves than x-lax.

ENTRANCE

A tall, middle aged man wearing a suit, enters and looks around. Unfortunately, this isn't just any middle aged man wearing a suit. It's the COACH of Harvard. He walks over to the gym teacher who's watching the game, shaking his head in amazement.

HARVARD COACH

Is this where Calhoun plays this afternoon?

GYM TEACHER

(watching game)

Yep.

HARVARD COACH

I guess I'm a little early...
I'm here to check out a kid, Kenny
Barns.

THEIR POV:

Adam slam dunks the ball over Kenny Barns.

HARVARD COACH (V.O.)
That must be him.

GYM TEACHER (V.O.)
No, that kid isn't even on the team.
The other boy's Kenny Barns.

So much for Kenny Barns' scholarship. Adam sinks the last shot of the game. Kenny, now a total wreck, sits on the floor, panting.

The Harvard Coach walks out onto the court and approaches Adam.

HARVARD COACH
Son, that was quite a display.

ADAM
Just luck, believe me.

HARVARD COACH
Looked like a little more than luck
to me...

(extends hand)
Bill Denton, Harvard basketball.

KENNY BARNES

He looks up in shock. His expression clearly says "oh no".

HARVARD COACH & ADAM

HARVARD COACH
(to Adam)
You interested in playing ball?

ADAM
No, I never really was much good at
it. Kenny was just lettin' me have
some fun.

HARVARD COACH
Modest too. You've got the kind of
qualities we're lookin' for in a
kid.

ADAM
Thanks, but I don't think I could
play like that again if my life
depended on it. Really, Kenny was
just horsin' around, and...

HARVARD COACH
 (not believing him)
 Yeah, sure...I like you son. Look me
 up if you ever decide to take the
 game up seriously.

ADAM
 (chuckling)
 Yeah... sure...

Adam heads to the water fountain.

The Coach turns and leaves. Kenny Barns watches him head toward the exit, leaps to his feet and catches up with him at the door.

KENNY
 Coach, I'm Kenny Barns. Aren't you
 going to stay for the game this
 afternoon?

HARVARD COACH
 Sorry, son, I've got ballplayers to
 look at.

Kenny's face registers more than disappointment. The word is devastation.

KENNY
 (crushed)
 Please, this is really important to
 me.

But it's too late. The coach continues out. Kenny Barns is destroyed. He heads into the lockerroom.

INT. BOYS' SHOWER ROOM -- DAY

The steam is thick. Adam slips a rope soap around his neck and closes his eyes under the hot jets of water.

INT. GIRLS' LOCKERROOM -- DAY -- SAME TIME

CAMERA FOLLOWS DEVON, nude, as she picks up a towel from her locker and heads into the shower.

INT. GIRL'S SHOWER ROOM -- DAY

Devon moves to the corner of the shower room, past the nozzles occupied by the other GIRLS. The thick steam builds under the steady stream of hot water.

Unbeknownst to the girls, a misty vapor swirls about, concealing what appears to be a shadowy mass. The mass begins to take shape. Around it, the water and wisps of steam repelled by an impenetrable outer layer, give it a human-like outline.

The shadowy, human shaped mass flows through the heavy mist, past the bevy of unsuspecting girls, moving steadily toward Devon. She throws her head back and lets the hot water bounce soothingly against her back.

The steamy cloud, whirling about the shadowy figure, descends on her, enveloping her body. The soap rises from her dish and begins to gently caress her, gliding across her back, waist, and chest, sliding downward until she gives in to the pleasurable sensations and MOANS softly.

INT. BOYS' SHOWER ROOM -- DAY

Meanwhile, Adam's figure is beginning to fade away.

INT. GIRLS' SHOWER ROOM -- DAY

Devon squirms sensuously. Behind her, we can recognize Adam's image beginning to materialize within the cloud of steam. As he soaps her body, the passion builds. Almost reflexively, she reaches back to caress his shoulders, when...

INT. BOYS' SHOWER ROOM -- DAY

A HAND reaches in through the steam and turns the water to cold. Adam jumps. Jarred back to reality, his body completely rematerializes. A TOUGH MALE VOICE calls out from behind.

TOUGH KID (O.S.)
Hey, Richards, lend me your soap.

ADAM
Yeah, sure.

He reaches out and hands over the soap to the TOUGH SOUNDING KID.

TOUGH KID (O.S.)
(disgusted)
What the hell is this faggot shit?

The bar of soap flies back into Adam's stall. He picks it up and examines it. His face registers confusion. It's a dainty bar of perfume soap.

INT. GIRLS' SHOWER ROOM -- DAY

Meanwhile, Devon, breathing heavily, looks down in her hand and realizes that she's holding a man's rope soap.

INT. BOYS' LOCKERROOM -- DAY

Adam heads out of the shower and past the equipment cage. CAMERA ZOOMS past him into the darkened cage. A body swings slowly from one of the storage hooks. Kenny Barns has hung himself.

INT. CAFETERIA -- CALHOUN HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

CLOSE ON some kind of institutional looking meat being slapped down onto a plate. Instantly, it's coated by a glop of potatoes and gravy. WIDEN TO reveal Adam, Jeff and Lenny on line in the cafeteria. Behind the counter, wearing chef's whites, a MALE SERVER whose obviously heard it all before, mindlessly slops the food into the plates. Lenny slides his tray in front of the server.

SERVER

Next.

LENNY

Do you have an end cut?

SERVER

Yeah... my ass... kiss it.

LENNY

On second thought, how's the fish?

But the server has already slopped the meat, potatoes and gravy into Lenny's plate.

SERVER

Next.

JEFF

Yeah, an order of mystery meat. Go easy on the...

As Jeff completes his sentence, a huge glop of gravy and potatoes splashes on his plate.

JEFF (cont.)

(knowing it's futile)

...gravy and potatoes.

CAMERA MOVES PAST THEM to the cashier where Adam picks up his tray. As he looks around for a table, he sees...

ADAM'S POV:

TINA, a sweet teenage girl sits alone at a table writing in her diary. But not for long. Brad sneaks up behind her, reaches out and snatches her diary away.

Startled, Tina looks up and sees Brad holding her book. The taunting begins.

TINA
C'mon, Brad, give it back. It's personal.

BRAD
It sure is.
(reading)
Dear Diary...

TINA
(shrieks)
Don't!

The cafeteria goes quiet. All eyes are upon them. Tina leaps to her feet and lunges for the diary, but Hal blocks her way.

TINA
(pleading)
Please, Brad, please, don't read it.

BRAD
(reading melodramatically)
Dear diary. Today, I sat in Algebra and couldn't concentrate. Mr. Hanson is such a hunk. But to him, I'm just another student.

TINA
Stop! Stop!

Tears streaming down her face, Tina slips around Hal and charges at Brad.

TINA
(shrieking)
Give it to me!

This signals the start of "keep-a-way". Brad nonchalantly tosses the diary over Tina's head to Hal. And visa vera. As the game continues, SEVERAL other GIRLS shout at Brad to give it back. Of course, Brad thrives on the attention.

ADAM

He can't take it anymore. Adam moves over to a nearby table where BRONSKY, an enormous jock whose IQ is probably close to his height (approximately 6'7"), seems oblivious to the commotion. He tosses back his fourth container of milk. Adam puts his arm on the slow-witted youth's massive shoulder.

ADAM

Hey, Bronsky, look what they're doing to poor Tina.

BRONSKY

Ain't none of my business.

Adam skillfully lifts Bronsky's wallet out of his pocket.

ADAM

I'm surprised at you Bronsky. You always struck me as the sensitive type...

(shaking head)

...I guess I was wrong.

Bronsky continues wolfing down his food and shrugs with disinterest.

ADAM

I know something that just may change your mind.

A FEW TABLES AWAY

Hal is now holding the struggling Tina while Brad reads from her diary.

BRAD

(reading melodramatically)

But in my dreams, he says that he can not live without me. We embrace and our lips tell us to do what our minds know is wrong...

ADAM

Adam steps behind Hal, still holding the squirming girl.

ADAM

Hey, Bronsky... look at this!

Using his best sleight of hand, Adam pulls Bronsky's wallet from Hal's pocket.

ADAM
 (flipping open wallet to
 I.D.)
 Hey, this has your name in it...
 Edgar Bronsky.
 (pulling out picture)
 This couldn't be your mother could
 it?

Bronsky checks his pockets and realizes his wallet's gone.

HAL
 (to Adam)
 What the hell are you doin', geek?

ADAM
 Sorry, Hal, but Bronsky's my friend.

CLOSE ON BRONSKY. He looks at Adam and his fierce expression turns to one of affection and friendship. Then, he glares back at Hal and Brad.

HAL

HAL
 Wait a minute, Bronsky. Richards
 planted that on me.

ADAM

He takes a cautious step back.

BRONSKY

He looks over at Adam, but once again his menacing expression turns to an affectionate smile.

BRONSKY
 He wouldn't do that. He's my friend.

Adam is startled by Bronsky's sudden friendship.

Bronsky glares at Hal and Brad. He pushes his food away and stands... and stands... and stands.

BRONSKY
 (pointing to Hal)
 You!
 (pointing to Brad)
 And you!

HAL AND BRAD

They look at Bronsky, then at each other.

BRAD
 (to Hal)
 Shit! Let's get the hell out of
 here.

With Bronsky moving toward them, Hal releases Tina who immediately charges at Brad. He tosses her the book and takes off.

DOOR

Hal and Brad zip out of the cafeteria. An ELDERLY FEMALE TEACHER walks in and intercepts Bronsky who's right on their tail.

TEACHER

Mr. Bronsky, I don't care how big you are, there's no running in the hall. Now, perhaps you better sit down and cool off, young man.

BRONSKY

Yes, mam.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT -- DAY

Brad and Hal race out into the crowded lot and stop when they realize Bronsky is no longer following them.

BRAD

Fuckin' Richards and his magic tricks.

HAL

Yeah, man... he almost got us killed.

BRAD

I think we ought to play a little trick on him.

(looking around)

Isn't that his car?

HAL

Yeah.

BRAD

You keep a look out.

~ He darts over toward Adam's car.

INT. ADAM'S CAR -- DAY

Brad hot-wires the car, pulls it out of the spot, and...

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT -- DAY

Brad drives Adam's car across the lot, directly at another row of parked cars.

INT. ADAM'S CAR -- DAY

A sick grin creases Brad's face. He looks around to make sure no one is in sight, steps on the gas, and...

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT -- -- DAY

It's time to play demolition derby. Brad purposely rams the car right into a brand new Buick. Damage done, he shuts off the engine and leaves Adam's car with its front bumper still crushing the new cars' tail lights.

ANGLE -- WRECK

Brad slinks away from the scene of the accident. He clears FRAME and CAMERA MOVES IN on a sign directly in front of the smashed Buick. It reads, "RESERVED FOR MR. WARREN -- PRINCIPAL".

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT -- DAY

After school, the students stream out to their cars. Adam stops in his tracks when he sees...

ADAM'S POV:

His car is kissing the chrome of Principal Warren's new Buick.

ADAM (O.S.)

Oh my God!

ADAM

His jaw drops. He walks over and examines the damage -- the fenders on both cars are dented and Mr. Warren's tail lights are demolished. And if that's not bad enough, he hears the voice of the last person in the world he wants to hear.

PRINCIPAL (O.S.)

(shouting)

My car! My new car!

PRINCIPAL WARREN

The veins in his neck ready to pop, he charges over and inspects his busted tail light. Warren looks up at Adam with an accusatory expression.

ADAM

Oh no... Hey, wait a minute... I know what you're thinking, but no way, I'm not taking the wrap for this one.

PRINCIPAL

(through clenched teeth)
Mr. Richards, I know... it's not
your fault. It's never your fault.
But this time, there's no excuse.

ADAM

(flabbergasted)
What? Are you kidding?
(speechless)
I... I...

PRINCIPAL

Cut the shit, Richards. I've had it
up to here with your feeble denials.
There are no more second chances. No
more final warnings. No more
benefits of the doubt... Effective
immediately, you lose school parking
priviledges for the year... you're
suspended from classes for a period
of one week, and you will pay for
all damages to my car. Now, get out
of my sight before I call a cop.

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE -- DAY

Adam's car pulls into the driveway of his house.

INT. ADAM'S CAR -- DAY

Adam's anger builds. He turns off the ignition but doesn't move
from the seat.

ADAM

Damn him!

Adam slams his fists down on the steering wheel, as...

EXT. THE WARREN HOUSE -- DAY

Principal Warren drives his damaged car into the garage of his
modest suburban home.

INT. ADAM'S CAR -- DAY

CAMERA MOVES IN ON Adam's enraged face to an EXTREME CLOSE UP of
his eyes, reflecting the intensity of his anger.

INT. WARREN'S CAR -- DAY

Principal Warren reaches down to unbuckle his seat belt, and...

ANGLE TO REVEAL...

YIPES! His seat belt has turned into a deadly rattlesnake and if that's not enough, he's holding its head in his hand. He flings the snake away and dives out of the car.

INT. GARAGE -- THE WARREN HOUSE -- DAY

Principal Warren slams the car door shut. He looks back in through the car window, and...

HIS POV:

The snake is gone!

PRINCIPAL WARREN

Shaking his head in wonder, he heads out toward the door, when...

DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF HIM.

SLAM! The huge overhead garage door drops down.

A WHOOSHING, SNIPPING NOISE COMES FROM BEHIND! He spins to see...

HIS POV:

The long blades of the hedge clipper snap open and close on the shelf. Then, it takes off into the air like an angry vulture, and...

PRINCIPAL WARREN

It's coming right at him. He can't believe his eyes. The WHOOSH of the blade turns into an angry SQUAWK! He shields his face, and we see...

The hedge clipper is no longer a hedge clipper. Now, it is a demonic flying creature with a long, razor-sharp beak. And it doesn't look happy. The beast swoops at Principal Warren. He dives. The beak SNAPS shut, catching a clump of his hair as the man hits the deck.

The creature, chomping on a mouthful of hair, circles around, making ugly, high pitched noises.

FLOOR

Principal Warren, stunned, keeps his face pressed to the concrete. There's silence. It seems the creature's toying with him. The man gains some composure, lifts his head slightly and looks around.

HIS POV:

He scans the garage, his eyes moving from the shelves to the oil stained floor beneath the car. There's no sign of it.

PRINCIPAL WARREN

He decides to make a run for it. Warren lurches for the car, and...
"EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

CREATURE

With an ear piercing screech, the ugly creature swoops down on Warren, slashes through his suit, pierces his shoulder and drives him to the ground.

WALL SHELF

Perched on a shelf, its beak dripping with blood, the beast lets out a blood curdling WHOOP of satisfaction. Then, the creature takes off, circling the garage, preparing for the final kill.

CLOSE ON WARREN. He tries to crawl away, but he can't. His foot is caught on something. He looks back, and...

CAMERA WIDENS to reveal the garden hose curling around his leg. As it slithers up his body, winding itself around him, the hose sprouts an enormous, menacing head and a thick scaly hide.

FEAR! PANIC! ADRENALIN... all combine to give the man the strength and determination to rip the slithering reptile from his body. He hurls it across the garage.

Bloody, cut and bruised, he struggles into his car and slams the door shut.

INT. WARREN'S CAR -- DAY

Warren frantically turns the ignition key and the car starts with a ROAR. He pushes the remote door opener on the visor. Relief... Through the rear view, he sees the garage door lifting behind him. He throws the car in reverse, steps on the gas and begins to back out, when... CRUNCH! The car jerks to a halt. Warren strains his neck to look out the window and his expression turns to horror. A monstrous set of teeth are bearing down on the car.

INT. GARAGE -- DAY

The garage door opening has turned into the head of an enormous Tyrannosaurus Rex like monster. The car appears to be caught in its mouth.

INT. WARREN'S CAR -- DAY

The man is panicked.

CLOSE ON HIS FOOT, stomping down on the gas pedal.

EXT. WARREN'S CAR -- DAY

CLOSE ON TIRES, spinning in place. The rubber burns and smokes.

WIDEN TO REVEAL, the car is hopelessly wedged in the dinosaur's vice like jaws. We hear the sickening SCREECH of tearing metal as the teeth chomp down, crushing the car roof.

INT. WARREN'S CAR -- DAY

The huge teeth begin to puncture the roof. Fear etched into his face, he tries desperately to escape, but he can't move. The steering wheel seems to be gripping his hands.

He struggles futilely, but the crunch of metal continues -- the dinosaur's huge teeth compacting the roof, pinning the traumatized man into his seat, pushing his head down further and further, finally crushing his lifeless face against the steering wheel, SOUNDING THE HORN.

INT. ADAM'S CAR -- PARKED IN DRIVEWAY OF HIS HOUSE -- DAY

HONK, HONK... Adam is jarred out of his trance by the sound of a beeping horn from the street.

EXT. THE WARREN HOUSE -- DAY

THE HORN from the Principal's car continues to SOUND, alerting MRS. WARREN. She rushes out of the house, stops in her tracks, covers her face and GASPS in horror, when she sees...

GARAGE

The monster is gone, but it appears that her husband and his car have somehow gotten crushed by the garage door!

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF ADAM'S HOUSE -- DAY

Jeff, behind the wheel of his car, hits the horn again. Lenny sits in the front passenger seat.

JEFF

(calling out window)

Hey, Adam... I hear you did a number on Warren's car today.

INT. ADAM'S CAR -- DAY

Adam GROANS.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF ADAM'S HOUSE -- DAY

Jeff leans back and opens the rear door.

JEFF

C'mon, get in... you can give us the details on the way down to the Greasy Spoon.

INT. GREASY SPOON -- LATE AFTERNOON

The "Greasy Spoon" is your typical teenage hangout -- booths, a counter, burgers, shakes, juke box and a small dance floor.

A depressed Adam mindlessly plays with his french fries, making them appear and disappear in an unconscious exhibition of sleight of hand. Lenny and Jeff sit across from him checking out the scene.

The waitress, MARY, a nice girl with a typical teenage problem -- acne -- approaches their booth.

MARY

Anything else for you guys?

ADAM

(feeling sorry for himself)

A new life...

MARY

I think we're out of that.

Mary slaps down the check.

MARY (cont.)

But if you want to talk about it, I'm always around.

She takes off for another table. Adam just grunts.

LENNY
That Mary's okay, you know?

Adam grunts.

JEFF
(gesturing to Adam)
Look at him, he's a mess. You've got
to snap out of it, man. I mean,
being suspended from school is
nothing...
(thinks about it a beat)
...compared to a nuclear holocaust.

ANOTHER BOOTH

Devon sits alone reading a paperback novel. Brad slides in next to her. Hal and Gus sit across from them.

BRAD
Hey, Dev... doin' homework?

DEVON
(still reading)
No.

BRAD
(disbelief)
Then, what're you readin' a book
for?

Devon looks up at him for the first time.

DEVON
Because I feel like it.

This really throws Brad for a loop.

BRAD
(in wonder)
Geez, chicks. Who can figure 'em?

Mary, the sweet waitress with the bad complexion stops at their booth.

MARY
You guys ready to order.

One at a time, the guys BURP out their orders.

BRAD
(burping the words)
Burger and fries.

HAL
(burping)
Burger and a shake.

GUS
(burping)
Cheese burger all dressed.

DEVON
(annoyed)
Nothing for me thank you. I don't
seem to have an appetite.

Mary looks at Devon and nods in understanding.

A FEW FEET AWAY

Adam, heading back toward the restrooms, watches, as...

HIS POV:

Mary starts away from Brad's booth.

BRAD
(sotto voice)
Thanks, tractor face.

Hal and Gus burst out laughing but Devon is incensed.

MARY

She stops, then rushes back to the kitchen, a pained expression on her face. Obviously Mary's heard the remark.

ADAM

Flushed with anger, Adam passes Brad's booth.

ADAM
(muttering to Brad)
You stupid jerk-off!

Adam continues back to comfort Mary, as...

CLOSE ON BRAD. A strange expression comes over his face. His eyes cross, he makes a dumb face and then...

ANGLE TO REVEAL...

Brad's hands begin moving wildly under the table. Although we can't see it, there's no mistaking that Brad is following the rest of Adam's command.

This is the last straw for Devon. She slides out of the booth.

DEVON

You're a complete sleazoid. I've had it with you.

Devon storms off, but Brad can't stop.

HAL

(alarmed)

Hey, Brad, what're you doin'? This is a public place!

GUS

He's gone android on us.

(to Brad)

Cut it out, man.

Hal and Gus restrain Brad's pumping arms and drag him, twitching and humping out into the street.

HAL

(struggling with Brad)

I read somewhere that too many oysters can fuck you up like this.

INT. SUPPLY ROOM -- GREASY SPOON -- NIGHT

At the rear of the restaurant, the door to the supply room adjacent to the women's lounge is open. Adam finds Mary crying.

ADAM

You feel like talking?

MARY

What's to talk about. I'm disgusting.

DOOR

Devon, on her way to the women's lounge, spots Adam and Mary in the supply room. She stops at the door to eavesdrop.

ADAM AND MARY

ADAM

What? You're not disgusting... in fact, I'd call you a great looking chick.

MARY

Yeah, with a map of the moon for a face.

ADAM

Come on Mary. There's nothing wrong with your face. It's a terrific face. How do you think I feel? I was born this way!

Adam takes his fingers, puts them in his mouth and creates a really grotesque face. He then leans over so that Mary can't help but look at him. A smile breaks through the tears.

DOOR

Devon also finds herself smiling.

ADAM AND MARY

ADAM

You see, I've got a problem. But you... that complexion stuff always goes away. I'll bet it clears up before you know it. Now wipe your eyes. I can't stand to see anyone more depressed than me.

He offers Mary a handkerchief. She takes it, but is startled when she realizes that it's tied to a row of knotted, silk handkerchiefs. She keeps pulling and pulling, and with each pull, her tears turn to laughter.

DOORWAY

DEVON, grinning broadly, is clearly touched by Adam's sensitivity. She steps away from the door.

INT. GREASY SPOON -- NIGHT

Adam slides into the booth with Lenny and Jeff. A slow song comes on the juke box. The three guys start to sing along, when...

SEXY FEMALE VOICE

I think I owe you an apology... How about a dance?

CLOSE ON ADAM. He can't believe it. Startled, he looks up, and...

WIDEN TO REVEAL Devon, standing over him. As Adam looks around to make sure she's really talking to him, she takes his hand and leads him up to the dance floor.

DANCE FLOOR

Puzzled, Adam just looks into her eyes. They seem to melt into each others arms.

JEFF & LENNY

They watch in amazement. Lenny turns to Jeff, nods his head and gloats. Jeff refuses to acknowledge Lenny's gaze.

JEFF
(looking straight ahead)
Save it, Lenny.

LENNY
(still gloating)
Save what?

JEFF
(still looking ahead)
The story of Aunt Myrna and Uncle
Bob and the girl who started out
hating the guy.

LENNY
I accept your apology.

DANCE FLOOR

The slow song continues. Devon and Adam are totally absorbed with each other.

DEVON
(purring)
There's something about you I really
like. You feel so... so familiar...

Adam softly kisses her neck. Then, he notices something.

CLOSE ON DEVON'S NECK. He's staring at the gold chain around her neck. There's no doubt about it... it's his.

ADAM
(incredulous)
My chain! I've been looking all over
for that!

DEVON
(equally stunned)
Your chain?!? But it can't be, I
found it in my...

ADAM
Bed?

They stare at each other in disbelief.

ADAM
 (afraid to ask)
 Did you happen to find a bar of rope
 soap in the girl's shower room?

Devon's expression changes to fear. She turns and runs for the exit.

ADAM
 Wait...

Adam starts after her, but suddenly stops in his tracks. His face registers complete confusion, then utter disbelief, as he sees...

ADAM'S POV:

Mary, the acne faced waitress, heads past him. But the incredible thing is, she no longer has acne! Her face has completely cleared up, but she doesn't know it.

ADAM

If your eyes could really bug out of your head, Adam's would. Jeff approaches and sees that Adam's totally preoccupied.

JEFF
 What happened? You all right, man?

ADAM
 (mumbling/unaware of Jeff)
 I don't believe it. The chain, the
 soap in the shower, and now Mary...
 the book works! It works!!

Adam races out the door. Jeff watches him go.

JEFF
 I think he finally lost it.

Jeff slides back into the booth across from Lenny, just as Mary approaches.

MARY
 You still okay here?

Jeff and Lenny both look up at her and do doubletakes.

JEFF
 (amazed)
 Mary, what did you do to your face?

LENNY
 (equally amazed)
 Yeah, you look great.

Mary thinks the boys are giving her a hard time. She sighs and looks up as if to say, "Not you guys too."

MARY

(cold)

Yeah, sure... very funny.

She starts away.

JEFF

No, seriously, Mary. I'm not kidding. You look terrific.

Mary stops, feels her face and realizes that something is different. She races to the back.

INT. KITCHEN -- GREASY SPOON -- NIGHT

Mary strides into the kitchen. The COOK, facing the other way, checks on the progress of the potatoes, already submerged in the oil fryer.

COOK

Hey, Mary, I gotta make a call, can you watch the fries for me.

MARY

Yeah, sure.

The cook is already out the door when Mary moves into the light. She looks at herself in the small mirror next to the stove. Her expression changes. Tears well up in her eyes. She can't believe it. Her acne is completely gone. She's beautiful!

The timer BELL RINGS, but Mary ignores it.

CAMERA DRAMATICALLY MOVES IN ON her face as the realization sets in. Her life is changed forever. Tears of joy stream down her cheeks. Mary strokes the creamy smooth skin, and then...

A RUMBLING ATTRACTS HER ATTENTION, but by the time she turns to look at the oil fryer...

ANGLE

It's too late. THE OIL EXPLODES! It sprays up in her face and the sickening "HISSSSSS" of burning skin tells the whole story. Mary's face is destroyed for life. It seems that the Devil always gets his due, and so far, Adam is totally unaware of the negative repercussions. He's like a walking time bomb.

EXT. STREET NEAR THE GREASY SPOON -- NIGHT

Adam sprints down the street after Devon.

ADAM

Devon, wait-up, I've got to talk to you.

Devon continues but Adam catches up with her.

DEVON

Adam, I don't know what's going on here, but you're scary.

ADAM

It's not me... It's the book.

DEVON

What're you talking about?

ADAM

I'm not sure exactly. I did a ceremony in this book and since then, it seems that every time I think of something, it happens.

DEVON

(confused/frightened)

That's ridiculous...

ADAM

But true.

Devon stops and looks at him for a moment.

DEVON

Let's say for a second that you do have some kind of strange power. You shouldn't be using it anyhow.

ADAM

Why not?

DEVON

I don't know... it's... it's...
(loss for words)
it's wrong, that's why.

ADAM

Wrong? Wasn't it great when we started to make love? Didn't it make you feel wonderful?

DEVON

Well, yeah...

ADAM

Me too. So what's wrong with that?

They resume walking. Devon doesn't quite know what to think.

ADAM

Devon, please, don't be afraid of me. I wish I had the words to describe how I feel about you.

And much to Adam's surprise, he begins to wax poetic -- his mouth elegantly forming the words -- seemingly on its own.

ADAM

My love's like a red, red rose that slowly blooms in Spring.

With those words, a rose bud appears in his hand and instantly blooms. Adam looks more surprised than Devon.

ADAM

Incredible...

DEVON

You're a magician. I've seen you do stuff like that before.

Frustrated, Adam tosses down the rose. As he and Devon continue down the block, CAMERA LINGERS on the rose. It turns into an UGLY WORM-LIKE CREATURE and starts burrowing into the soil.

AN ADORABLE LITTLE DOG being walked by an ELDERLY WOMAN, scratches at the soil and tugs on the wormy creature with his mouth.

ELDERLY WOMAN

What is it, Daisy? What have you got there?

Suddenly, the dog goes stiff, lets out a short YELP and collapses lifelessly to the ground.

FURTHER DOWN THE STREET -- AN OVERPASS

Meanwhile, Adam unaware of the scene behind him, continues to woo Devon. As they walk under an overpass, his voice ECHOES...

ADAM

If music be the food of love, play on...

Suddenly, they hear a rich, STRING FILLED MUSICAL ARRANGEMENT. The overpass disappears above them and the night sky sparkles with shooting stars, glimmering galaxies and majestic streaks of light.

Devon and Adam look at each other in astonishment. They can actually hear the romantic music, emanating from the trees, the ground, the sky.

ADAM

(in awe)

Believe me, this is no trick.

DEVON

(speechless)

It's... it's... wonderful. It's the most beautiful thing I've even seen.

She takes his hand and they continue walking.

DEVON

(trailing away in distance)

Tell me some more about this book...

Adam and Devon turn the corner, out of sight. Suddenly, the sky clouds up and the VIOLINS begin playing a DISSONANT CHORD. The PITCH RISES HIGHER and HIGHER until it's almost unbearable to the ear.

STREET

A car drives down the block heading right TOWARD CAMERA. The harsh tones build, still higher in pitch, until... CRACK!

CLOSE ON CAR. The windshield cracks and shatters. The VIOLINS RAISE yet another octave. The driver can't take it anymore.

CLOSE ON DRIVER. He covers his ears with his hands and the car begins to swerve.

CAR PARKED NEARBY

TWO YOUNG LOVERS are making out in the back seat of a car parked along the street. The windows begins to crack. They cover their ears in a futile attempt to block the unbearable sound. Suddenly, their pained expressions turn to horror, as...

ONCOMING CAR

Through the cracked windshield, we see the driver scream out in agony. The car swerves violently and slams into the parked car. The young lovers never had a chance. Both vehicles EXPLODE on impact.

EXT. TOWN PARK -- DAY

It's a typical town park -- paths, benches, swings and a statue of a man on a horse. Totally unaware of the catastrophe they've left behind, Devon and Adam melt into each others arms and kiss passionately.

DEVON

You sure don't need any help in that department.

ADAM

It's easy with someone as wonderful as you.

Devon smiles and they embrace again.

DEVON

(purring)

Where to now?

ADAM

Well, let's see. Think of the most romantic place you'd like to be.

Devon closes her eyes and thinks.

DEVON

Okay, I got it. Now what?

ADAM

Just concentrate. I'm gonna try something.

DEVON

Are we there yet?

ADAM

Shhhh... concentrate.

Adam steps back, takes both her hands, closes his eyes and after a few seconds, their images begin to shimmer and they fade away.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL, NEW YORK -- BEDROOM -- HONEYMOON SUITE -- NIGHT

Gradually, Devon and Adam, still holding hands, rematerialize in the elegant bedroom of the honeymoon suite. There's a bucket of champagne, a closet full of exquisite clothing, and a sliding door opening onto a balcony. Devon looks around. She can hardly believe her eyes.

ADAM

Is this what you had in mind?

INT. BEDROOM -- HONEYMOON SUITE -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Day dreaming, they lay in each others arms, content and exhausted. Adam wears a handsome robe and Devon is stunning in the expensive lingerie. Suddenly there's the sound of a key in the door of the outer room. Alarmed, Adam sits up.

ADAM
(terse whisper)
C'mon, let's go.

DEVON
(terse whisper)
How?

ADAM
I don't know. The same way we got here.

Taking Devon's hand, Adam concentrates and starts to fade away, but Devon doesn't budge.

DEVON
Hey, Adam. Don't leave me here.

Adam's image returns.

ADAM
C'mon, you're resisting.

DEVON
I'm trying, I'm trying.

They hear MUFFLED VOICES in the other room.

ADAM
Just think about the park.

DEVON
(panicked)
I can't I'm too nervous. What does it look like?

ADAM
Uh..., there's a statue of that guy on the horse, pigeons, bird shit...

The door flies open. A formal, middle aged man, HARRY, and his attractive WIFE enter and stop in their tracks.

HARRY
Hey, what're you doin' in our room?

The woman GASPS.

WIFE

Harry, she's wearing my negligee!

HARRY

And that's my new robe.

Harry grabs the floor lamp and moves toward Adam.

ADAM

Hey, look, Harry, this was all a mistake... we're going... right now... I promise, back off, just back off.

Suddenly, Harry begins stepping backwards -- directly towards the sliding doors leading to the balcony.

ADAM AND DEVON

ADAM

Now, c'mon, Dev, please... just think about the park.

Devon, closes her eyes, concentrates and together with Adam fades out of the room.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Harry's wife doesn't even notice. Her attention's riveted on her husband who's inexplicably backing his way across the room.

WIFE

Harry, are you all right? What are you doing?

But Harry can't stop. Terror-stricken, he tries to stop himself, grabbing onto furniture, knocking over tables, chairs, lamps.

HARRY

Help me! Do something!

WIFE

(horrified)

Stop, Harry, this isn't funny. Please, stop this right now!

It's no use. An irrisistable force keeps driving him back.

HARRY

I can't! Help me!

He backsteps out through the balcony doors. His wife rushes over, grabs onto him, and digs her heels into the cement. But he continues backing up, dragging her across the balcony, right over the wall!

With a resounding "YAAAAAAAAAAA!" they plunge 29 stories to their death.

EXT. TOWN PARK -- NIGHT

Adam, in Harry's robe, and Devon, in his wife's negligee, rematerialize in front of the statue of the man on the horse. They look at each other and burst out laughing.

DEVON
(trembling)
I'm freezing...

ADAM
No problem.

Adam, always the gentleman, starts to take off his robe but then realizes he's nude underneath. They begin laughing again, until...

ADAM
Uh oh, we got company.

DEVON
Oh my god.

A PATROL CAR approaches in the park. Its headlight beams shine right on them.

INT. PATROL CAR

The COP squints in disbelief at the sight of...

HIS POV:

Adam and Devon, in scanty sleepwear, shivering in front of the statue. The headlights shine right through Devon's sheer negligee.

COP
(disgust)
Kids... just when you think you've
seen it all.

EXT. TOWN PARK -- NIGHT

The patrol car is almost upon them. Adam holds Devon's hand.

ADAM
Quick, think of your bedroom.

DEVON
No! You can't come to my house. My
parents are home.

ADAM

I'll just drop you off there, now
let's go.

Adam and Devon close their eyes, and just as the cop car
pulls up next to them, their images shimmer and fade away.

INT. PATROL CAR -- NIGHT

The cop shakes his head and rubs his eyes.

COP

I'm going back to the day shift.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The phone is ringing off the hook. Adam materializes in the foyer,
races into the livingroom and picks it up.

ADAM

(out of breath)

Hello...

MOM'S VOICE

(on phone)

Adam?

ADAM

Oh hi, mom...

MOM'S VOICE

Where have you been? It's three in
the morning.

ADAM

I've been here with Jeff. He's
sleeping over.

MOM'S VOICE

Don't lie to me. I've been calling
all night... worried sick.

ADAM

The damn phone company. Hold on a
minute...

Adam puts down the phone and runs across the room.

ADAM
 (faking Jeff's voice)
 Hey, Adam... Who is it?
 (back to own voice)
 It's just my mother, Jeff...
 (faking Jeff's voice)
 Oh... the phone's working again?
 (back to own voice)
 Yeah...
 (faking Jeff's voice)
 Say hello...
 (runs back to phone)
 ...Jeff just woke up. He says hello.
 He had trouble reaching me earlier
 too. Who knows how many calls I
 missed.

And then something really strange happens. Adam looks up in disbelief as Jeff, half asleep, in his pajamas, starts down the stairs.

Adam can't believe it. Mom continues speaking but Adam isn't listening. He's just staring in wonder at the sight of Jeff.

MOM'S VOICE
 Well, call the phone company first
 thing in the morning.

JEFF
 Oh, the phone's working again?

Speechless, Adam's eyes continue following Jeff.

JEFF
 Who is it?

MOM'S VOICE
 Adam?

ADAM
 It's my mother.

JEFF
 Say hello to her for me.

ADAM
 I already did.

MOM'S VOICE
 Adam, what's going on?

ADAM
 (to Jeff)
 What're you doing here?

Jeff looks around and crinkles his face in confusion as if to say, "What am I doing here?"

MOM'S VOICE

Someone else is there?

JEFF

I don't know, I thought I...

It suddenly dawns on Adam that he brought Jeff there himself.

ADAM

(under breath)

Oh no... I said Jeff's here, and...

MOM'S VOICE

Adam! ADAM! Answer me right now!

ADAM

(remembering the phone)

Oh, mom... so how you doin'?

MOM'S VOICE

What's going on there? Is someone else in the house besides Jeff?

ADAM

No... uh, you must've heard the TV.

Suddenly the TV goes on.

ADAM

(to Jeff)

Go to sleep.

Jeff yawns, plops down on the couch and sleeps. After a few beats, Adam realizes the phone has gone silent.

ADAM

Mom?

(still silence)

Mom?

(realizing what he's done)

Shit... Mom! Wake up!

MOM'S VOICE

(wide awake)

Adam? Hello...

ADAM

Yeah, mom... so how's the trip?

MOM'S VOICE

Unfortunately not long enough. Your father and I are flying home tomorrow night.

ADAM

(false sincerity)

Great... I can't wait...

(catching himself)

I mean, I can wait, but I'm looking forward to seeing you.

MOM'S VOICE

Adam, you sound strange. Are you sure everything's all right?

ADAM

Yeah, Jeff's just bugging me.

Jeff wakes up immediately and begins waving his arms and jumping up and down to "bug" Adam.

MOM'S VOICE

(not quite convinced)

Well, all right. Be good now.

ADAM

Night, mom.

(hangs up the phone)

Jeff, would you stop that!

Jeff stops.

ADAM

(almost afraid to ask)

So, uh... Do you remember anything about how you got here?

JEFF

You know, it's funny you should ask. I had this dream last night that I was in my own house sleeping in my own bed... But that's impossible isn't it?

ADAM

No... that's what actually happened. This is impossible. You see, Jeff, you're dreaming. Now close your eyes... sleep... and return to your own bedroom.

Jeff closes his eyes, shimmers and fades away.

ADAM

(sighs with relief)

Pheew... I'm going to have to watch out what I say.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE -- FOYER -- MORNING

THE DOOR BELL RINGS AND RINGS. Adam, still waking up, zips up his pants as he rushes down the stairs.

ADAM
Yeah, yeah, I'm coming, I'm coming...

He opens the door and comes face to face with Devon.

ADAM
What're you doing here? You're supposed to be in school.

Devon steps in the door and kicks it closed.

DEVON
No way! If you're not allowed to go to school, I'm not going either. Just consider it a form of protest.

She hugs Adam.

ADAM
That ought to scare Warren.

DEVON
(alternately kissing and purring the words)
It's just the beginning. Tomorrow, I'm setting up picket lines around his office. We'll carry signs, 'If Richards can't go, we won't show.'

Still hugging and kissing, they begin awkwardly making their way up the stairs, unzipping and unbuttoning each other as they go.

ADAM
(breathless/aroused)
Yeah, I could go national with it. Kids all over the country refusing to go to class until Principal Warren lets me back.

Still groping, unbuttoning and embracing, they move further up the stairs, out of FRAME. As Devon speaks, we see only items of clothing -- shirt, blouse, bra, panties... etc. -- falling onto the stairs.

DEVON (O.S.)
 (breathless/between kisses
 and moans of delight)
 National? We're talking
 world-wide... Chinese kids, Russian
 kids, Mexican kids, all refusing to
 go to class until Principal Warren
 lifts your suspension.

ADAM (O.S.)
 Do you think we can get other
 planets involved?

We hear the bedroom door slam shut.

ADAM (O.S.)
 (muffled)
 You know, Dev... I think I'll just
 tell Warren to change his mind.

This triggers a lively rock musical montage (no dialogue) of Adam
 and Devon spending the day together.

INT. SHOPPING MALL -- DAY -- MONTAGE

Adam and Devon walk hand in hand, through the mall. Adam spots a
 scanty, imitation, leopard skin bathing suit in a shop window
 and...

CLOSE ON ADAM. He closes his eyes, concentrates, and...

WIDEN to reveal Devon, now wearing the bathing suit. She looks
 completely out of place, but extremely sexy,

Devon notices people are staring at her. After a couple of beats,
 she looks down and realizes that she's practically nude. She turns
 to Adam with an "I'm gonna kill you expression." He shrugs as if to
 say, "What? I didn't do anything." Devon punches Adam's arm and
 tries to hide behind him while grabbing at his jacket. Laughing,
 Adam breaks free and takes off through the mall with Devon
 following behind. Adam rounds the corner and disappears. As Devon
 races past, Adam jumps out and grabs her, just as...

A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY

The same cop who was on patrol in the park the night before, now
 off duty, approaches carrying a bag of groceries. He sees the
 bikini clad Devon embracing Adam and stops. His face takes on that,
 "is this for real?" expression. He's only a few steps away, when...

Adam and Devon shimmer and disappear.

CLOSE ON THE COP. He reaches into his bag, removes a bottle of booze and takes a swig.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER -- SHOPPING MALL -- DAY -- MONTAGE

Further into the mall, Adam and Devon reappear in front of a movie theater. They check out the poster, hold hands, shimmer and fade away.

INT. MOVIE THEATER -- SHOPPING MALL -- DAY -- MONTAGE

Adam and Devon rematerialize in two seats just as a MAN and WOMAN are about to sit down -- right on top of them. It's too late. The woman sits on Adam, the man on Devon and both spring back to their feet when they realize the seats have somehow become occupied.

INT. SNACK BAR -- SHOPPING MALL -- DAY -- MONTAGE

In the crowded snack bar, Adam and Devon are eating hot dogs and fries. THE WAITRESS approaches, writes up their check, reaches out to hand it to Adam, and...

HER POV:

Adam and Devon have disappeared.

The waitress looks under the table.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE -- LATE AFTERNOON

Devon's car pulls up to Adam's house.

INT. DEVON'S CAR -- LATE AFTERNOON

They stare at each other.

DEVON

I had a great time today.

ADAM

I love you. If I could, I'd give you the world. Wait, what am I talking about, I can give you the world. Name it and its yours.

Devon thinks for a moment.

DEVON

Well, I always wanted to be rich.

ADAM

How much would you like?

DEVON

Oh... around a million bucks or so.

ADAM

Sorry, but you'll have to be more specific.

DEVON

Okay, make it 1,256,000.

ADAM

(with a flourish)

Your wish is my command.

He closes his eyes and concentrates. Devon waits expectantly. Nothing happens. Adam closes his eyes harder. Still, nothing happens. He opens his eyes and shrugs.

ADAM

Sorry, Dev... I guess it doesn't work for material things.

DEVON

(mock distress)

I'll learn to live with the disappointment... In the meantime, my mother'll kill me if I'm late for dinner again.

She kisses him and he slides out of the car.

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE -- DAY

Adam holds the car door.

ADAM

I'll meet you later at the Greasy Spoon.

DEVON

Right... the Spoon.

Adam shuts the door. As Devon pulls away, we hear a MUFFLED BOOM from several blocks away.

EXT. DEVON'S STREET -- DAY

Devon drives down the block happily singing along with the radio.

INT. DEVON'S CAR -- DAY

Suddenly, Devon's expression changes. She stops singing.

HER POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD:

A crowd of people are standing on the sidewalk in front of her house. A firetruck, ambulance and patrol car are parked at the curb, lights flashing.

EXT. DEVON'S HOUSE -- DAY

Devon's car pulls up to the curb. The fire's out, but a haze of smoke still surrounds the house. FIREMEN head out the front door, rolling up their hose. Devon jumps out of her car and races toward the house. A POLICE OFFICER stops her.

OFFICER

Sorry, you can't go in there.

He grabs her arm when she ignores him.

DEVON

(frantic)

Let me go. I live here! Where are my parents?

OFFICER

(not knowing what to say)

I'm sorry, there's been an accident.

DEVON

(frantic)

What kind of accident?

OFFICER

Some kind of explosion. We still don't know what caused it.

DEVON

Where are my mother and father?

OFFICER

Perhaps it would be best if you came with me and...

DEVON

(crying)

I'm not going with anybody. Where's my brother and sister?

MR. HANSON, a neighbor and family friend, steps out of the crowd and puts his arm around Devon to comfort her.

MR. HANSON

(to cop)

I'll look after her. Hey, Devon,
let's take a little walk.

DEVON

Only if you tell me what's going on.

MR. HANSON

I will, I promise.

Hanson walks Devon away. They clear FRAME and CAMERA LINGERS on house. We see four bodies, covered with sheets, being wheeled out by PARAMEDICS.

DOWN THE BLOCK -- A SHORT TIME LATER

Mr. Hanson, his arm around the weeping Devon, talks in a very soothing tone.

DEVON

I don't believe it.

HANSON

These things are always difficult to understand. They never make any sense, but in time, somehow they get a little easier to live with. I just want you to know that Mrs. Hanson and I will be here to help you through this... We've got plenty of room and I think it would be best if you stayed with us for a while.

Devon, in shock, is not really paying attention.

HANSON (cont.)

You know, Devon. Your dad and I were not only close friends, but I handled all of his insurance. I know it's of little consolation, but he made sure that if anything happened to him, his family would always be well provided for. You're going to be the beneficiary of a million dollar life insurance policy...

(suddenly remembering)

...and of course the house is covered for \$256,000...

Devon stops in her tracks. Something registers in her mind. Hanson continues talking, but Devon is still working on his last statement.

HANSON

...but I know that's the furthest thing from your mind right now. Why don't we go in and get you settled. You can lie down and...

Devon's mind seems to be racing.

HANSON (cont.)

...I'll call Dr. Jenkins to see if...

DEVON

What did you say?

HANSON

(startled by her abrupt tone)

I said I'll call Dr. Jenkins.

DEVON

No, about the money.

HANSON

(taken aback by her sudden interest in the money)

The insurance?

DEVON

Yeah, what were the amounts?

HANSON

A million in Life Insurance and a 256,000 home policy.

Devon's eyes widen in realization. A recent conversation ECHOES IN HER MIND

ADAM'S VOICE

Be more specific.

DEVON'S VOICE

Okay, make it, \$1,256,000.

ADAM'S VOICE

Your wish is my command.

Devon looks up at Mr. Hanson, her face filled with horror.

DEVON

Oh my god! N0000000000000000...!

She turns and races down the block, leaving a confused Mr. Hanson behind.

MR. HANSON
(concerned/calling after)
Devon, come back! Where are you
going?

INT. GREASY SPOON -- NIGHT

There's the normal evening crowd of eaters, dancers and hanger-outers. Brad, Hal and Gus sit with their backs against the counter, munching on fries and checking out the scene.

HAL
(to Brad)
I hear your former lady's hangin' out
with that geek, Richards.

BRAD
What are you shittin' me? Where'd ya
hear that?

HAL
Slick at the mall. Took an
unauthorized day off today and saw
Dev and the geek lookin' real cozy.

BRAD
(holding back true feelings)
What a joke.

GUS
That don't look good for you, losin'
a chick to a geek.

Hal and Gus laugh.

BRAD
Fuck off... She's just doin' it to
piss me off. And I'll tell you guys
somethin', it ain't gonna work.
She's got the wrong guy, here. Brad
Dugan just ain't the jealous type.
As far as I'm concerned, Devon
Kimberly is history.

GUS
(approval)
All right...

HAL
What if she begs you to take her
back?

Brad ponders the question seriously.

BRAD
Maybe... if she really begs.

ENTRANCE

Adam enters and heads toward the counter. He stops when...

ADAM'S POV:

He notices Brad and his friends sitting at the counter, eyeing him.

ADAM

He avoids the counter and slides into a nearby booth. A NEW WAITRESS, the stereotypical hard boiled, gum chomping type, approaches to take his order.

WAITRESS
What'll it be, hon'?

ADAM
(looks up startled)
A burger and a shake... Uh, where's Mary?

WAITRESS
You haven't heard? Where ya' been?

ADAM
What happened?

WAITRESS
The poor kid. The oil burner exploded in her face.
(leaning over as if to confide a secret)
Seems she went nuts. On the way to the hospital she kept babbling about her face clearing up.
(heading off)
Let that be a lesson to ya', hon.
Keep your mind on your business.

Adam is stunned.

ADAM
My god.

Adam's expression turns to shock as he eavesdrop on the conversation at the booth behind him. There, THREE TEENAGERS, two guys and a girl, are having an incredible discussion.

GIRL

I think the school is jinxed.

GUY #1

It's just a coincidence.

GIRL

Oh Yeah? Today I heard that Van Buren can't teach summer school. You know why she's been out?

GUY #2

Sick, right?

GIRL

Yeah, sick all right. My father's doctor treated her. He said he'd never seen anything like it. Her hands were mutilated by reading lamps or something. Faulty wiring.

CLOSE ON ADAM. He can't believe it.

GUY #2

It is strange. Principal Warren crushed to death by a garage door. Van Buren zapped by faulty wiring...

Adam's look of disbelief grows with each new bit of information.

GUY #1

It's like a horror film... revenge of the household fixtures.

GIRL

Well, I don't think it's funny. Maybe it's sabotage.

GUY #1

If that's the case, how do you explain that basketball player, Kenny Barns?

ADAM turns and interrupts the conversation.

ADAM

(almost afraid to ask)

What happened to Kenny Barns?

GIRL

Where have you been? They found his body hanging in the equipment room yesterday.

ADAM

Oh my god!

KITCHEN ORDER WINDOW

The COUNTERMAN places Adam's milkshake on the tray next to his burger and rings the bell for pick-up. Brad slithers up to the tray and determining the coast is clear, empties a small vial of liquid into the drink. As he heads back to the counter, the WAITRESS picks up the order, unaware that it's been tampered with.

COUNTER

Brad sits back down and elbows Hal.

BRAD

Keep an eye on Richards...

(reveals vial)

Wait till this shit kicks in.

BOOTH

Still stunned by the recent chain of events, Adam takes a bite of burger and a solid gulp of his shake. After a few seconds...

CLOSE ON ADAM. He seems to be having trouble focusing. His eyes cross, uncross and then take on a glassy appearance. He shakes his head, trying in vain to clear it. His face registers panic, then suspicion. His eyes dart around the room -- squinting, defensive, quickly moving from booth to booth, person to person. There's no doubt in his mind, everyone is after him. PARANOIA!!!!!!

He staggers to his feet.

COUNTER

Brad and his friends laugh cruelly.

BRAD

(to friends)

It's working! Look at him!

ADAM

He spins around... his head jerks from one direction to another, still paranoid, eyeing everyone suspiciously.

ENTRANCE

Jeff and Lenny walk in and spot Adam.

JEFF

What the hell's with him?

COUNTER

Brad, Hal and Gus are busting a gut at Adam's every move. Brad takes a few steps toward him.

BRAD

What's a matter, asshole? You don't feel so good?

ADAM

Drugged, he looks at Brad. His face fills with hatred.

ADAM

(snarls)

Go to hell!

BRAD

Suddenly, there's a slight RUMBLING. It begins to build. The foundation cracks, the tiles split, smoke and flames lick up through the glow of the fiery inferno below. The gap widens and the ground actually swallows Brad! The rumbling subsides as quickly as it began and the floor returns to exactly the way it was. The only difference is that Brad is nowhere to be seen.

SILENCE. The customers look at each other in disbelief.

JEFF

Holy shit!

LENNY

Did that just happen?

CLOSE ON ADAM. The hallucinogen is now working at full force. He's completely out of his mind. He starts breathing harder and harder, his mind a kaleidoscope of nightmarish visions.

ANOTHER BOOTH

A SWEET LOOKING GIRL calmly picks up her fork, turns to her boyfriend and violently stabs him in the shoulder. Without even wincing, he lifts the ketchup bottle and smashes it across her face.

ADAM

He scans the room.

ADAM'S POV:

CAMERA PANS ROOM. Wherever Adam looks, he spreads hatred. One at a time, the customers' expressions change from confusion and fear to loathing and animosity. Suddenly, there's an explosion of violence. The teenagers viciously attack one another with blenders, silverware, bottles, pots, pans, scalding soup kettles and hot pots of coffee.

COUNTER

Jeff turns to Lenny, his eyes filled with rage. Lenny sneers back, reaches for the counter, lifts a barbecue spit, complete with chickens, and rams it into his friends' chest till it comes out the other side. The chickens are mashed against Jeff's torso. Jeff HOWLS in pain, spins around and falls backwards onto Lenny. The spit penetrates Lenny's neck. Jeff and Lenny are now pinned together by the barbecue spit!

ANGLE -- BEDLAM

The waitress, sitting on Hal's chest, uses a spoon to pry open his mouth while ANOTHER GIRL pours a jar of sugar down his throat.

NEARBY

ANOTHER GIRL, brandishing a milkshake blender, bores into GUS.

ADAM

Surrounded by the mayhem, Adam sits confused, unable to focus on what is real.

MAIN ENTRANCE

Devon races in, looks around and frantically approaches Adam.

DEVON

(screaming)

Your power is evil! You killed my parents. I didn't want the money like that! Please, bring them back!

(seeing nothing's registering)

You've got to stop it. Look, look what you're doing!

Adam is too far gone to understand. To him, Devon is just another threat. He gives her a peculiar look.

ADAM

Go drop dead.

CLOSE ON DEVON. Her eyes become horror stricken. She understands that coming from Adam, this is no mere figure of speech.

DEVON

(horror)

NO! NOOOOOOO...!

She desperately runs for the exit, when...

CENTER OF ROOM

THE FOUNDATION RUMBLES AND CRACKS. The floor opens up! Brad's charred body is propelled upward on a gusher of bubbling lava. The lava continues to flow out of the crack, out onto the floor, turning the Greasy Spoon into a raging inferno!

ADAM

His eyes filled with the reflection of the flaming nightmare, Adam tries to shake out the cobwebs. He lurches for the door as the fiery lava consumes the entire structure.

EXT. GREASY SPOON -- NIGHT

The night air jars Adam's senses. The effect of the drug is wearing off. He staggers along, but after a few steps, he trips over something.

ANGLE TO REVEAL...

Sprawled across the ground, Adam sees that he's stumbled over a body. He gets to his knees, looks down at the body and suddenly reality comes crashing back. It's Devon! He cradles her lifeless body.

ADAM

Devon, I'm sorry... I'm so sorry...
(throwing head back)
Please, oh, please, bring her
back...

But Devon doesn't move.

ADAM

(anguished)
NOOOOOO! WHAT HAVE I DONE!

He struggles to his feet, lifts Devon's corpse in his arms and with tears streaming down his face, starts off for home.

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Adam carries Devon's body up the walkway leading to his house.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The door flies open and Adam, breathing hard, staggers in and places Devon's body on the alter he had constructed for the ritual. Suddenly a NOISE from downstairs. It sounds like the front door. He looks up and sees a note pinned to his bulletin board. "Mom and Dad return tonight -- Don't forget to clean". The realization hits him. Downstairs, the sound of the front door closing confirms it.

ADAM

Shit! Mom and dad... they can't find out about this.

He rushes to lock his door, dashes back to his desk, and opens the Malleus Maleficarum.

ADAM

(frantic)

I don't have time to look through all this. Please, whoever's in charge, help me. I've got to know about bringing back the dead.

With those words, magically, the pages begin to rapidly turn, finally coming to rest on a page near the back of the book.

ADAM

English... change it to English!

ADAM'S POV:

CLOSE ON THE PAGE. The latin words dissolve to English.

ADAM

(reading)

'...And no mortal shall have the knowledge to rescind the powers bestowed upon you by Satan.'

(slams the book shut)

Oh no... it's irreversible!

The PHONE RINGS. Adam just stares at it not sure what to do. Then, he picks it up.

ADAM

(breathless)

Hello...

OFFICIAL SOUNDING VOICE

(on phone)

Is this Adam Richards?

ADAM

Yes.

OFFICIAL SOUNDING VOICE

Mr. Richards, this is New England Air, I'm sorry to have to tell you this but the flight from Miami was involved in a serious accident and your parents were listed among those on board. At this time, there are no survivors.

ADAM
 (about to snap)
 This is some kind of joke, right? I
 heard them come in.

OFFICIAL SOUNDING VOICE
 I wish it were son. If you'd like,
 we can ship...

His words come crashing back to him.

ADAM (V.O.)
 (in his mind)
 Shit! Mom and dad... they can't find
 out about this.

Adam's request has been granted.

ADAM
 (shouting into phone)
 NO! NO! NO! I DIDN'T MEAN IT!
 I DIDN'T REALLY MEAN IT!

He slams down the phone, sweating, panting, looking around the
 room, searching for his next move. He lifts the Malleus
 Maleficarum.

ADAM
 That's it! I won't let you use me
 anymore.

He hurls the book across the room, races for the door, fumbles with
 the lock, opens it, and...

ADAM'S POV:

...GASP! He comes face to face with the mummified corpse of
 Nicholas Constantine!

CONSTANTINE
 The book... I've come for the book.

This is too much for Adam.

ADAM
 No more! Please, no more...

Adam brushes past the living cadaver and races out the door.

Nicholas Constantine moves deliberately towards the Malleus
 Maleficarum, but suddenly, he stops at the sight of...

CONSTANTINE'S POV:

Devon's body sprawled across the alter like a beautiful goddess about to be sacrificed.

CONSTANTINE

The youthful corpse stares at Devon. She seems to have touched something within him. He slowly approaches her, reaches out, and gently strokes her flowing hair. His lips quiver, his mouth struggles to form a word. Finally, he succeeds.

CONSTANTINE

(hushed/soleful tone)

Rebecca...

INT. DEN -- ADAM'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Adam bursts into the room, a typical suburban den -- wood paneled, a TV, shelves lined with books and a hunting rifle on the wall. Adam pulls open a cabinet drawer and lifts out a box of cartridges. Then, he removes the rifle from the wall, sits down in an overstuffed recliner, and inserts a cartridge. He thrusts the barrel of the gun in his mouth, but he can't reach the trigger. He leans over, takes a ruler off the desk and reaches for the trigger.

CLOSE ON TRIGGER. The ruler makes contact.

CLOSE ON ADAM -- showing the strain. Sweat pours down his face. He closes his eyes, and...

CLOSE ON TRIGGER. The ruler inches it back, ever so slowly.

CLOSE ON ADAM, his eyes closed tight, his facial muscles bulging with tension.

CLOSE ON TRIGGER. The ruler pushes it just a fraction more, and...

REAR VIEW OF ADAM

BANG! The back of Adam's head blows right off, spraying fragments of blood, flesh and skull across the LENS OF THE CAMERA.

CLOSE ON ADAM'S FACE. He's motionless. But after a few beats... his eyes pop open. A horrifying realization fills his face. He's still alive. He can't even kill himself.

WIDER ANGLE

He slowly rises from the chair. He turns for the door, and...

ADAM'S POV:

There, watching him, grasping the book, is Nicholas Constantine.

CONSTANTINE

You fool! The final chapter...
immortality... 'Once the power is
within, thou shalt live for
eternity'.

ADAM

(screaming in horror)
Nooooooooooooo!

Adam, still bloody and mutilated, frantically dashes out of the room.

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Adam bursts out the door and sprints with wreckless abandon across the front lawn toward the street.

STREET

A large trailer-truck approaches.

ADAM

Oblivious to everything, he races into the street -- directly into the path of the large truck.

CLOSE ON TRUCKDRIVER THROUGH WINDSHIELD

He sees Adam at the last second. His eyes widen. He jams on the brakes, but...

STREET

...SCREECH! It's too late. The truck can't stop in time. It slams into Adam, lifts him into the air and sends him flying toward the neighbors tree, where...

Adam is impaled on a short, stiff branch. He dangles for a second and then, CRACK... It gives way and Adam falls to the ground, the branch still protruding through his chest.

CLOSE ON ADAM. After a few beats, his eyes open.

ADAM

(in shock)
I'm still here.

He slowly gets to his knees.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Nicholas Constantine, still clutching the book, moving toward him.

CONSTANTINE

It's no use. I tried myself. There's only one place for disciples of Satan to spend eternity... the grave.

ADAM

But I'm not a disciple. I don't believe in the devil. I was just having some fun.

Constantine reaches out his hand and continues menacingly toward Adam.

CONSTANTINE

Come with me. It's all we can do.

ADAM

No! I'm not like you!

Devastated, tears streaming down his face, Adam has given up. With nowhere else to turn, he looks up into the sky and wails.

ADAM

(last resort)

OH, GOD...

CONSTANTINE

YOU FOOL... DON'T!

ADAM (cont.)

...I WISH I HAD NEVER FOUND THAT DAMN BOOK... GOD, PLEASE, HELP ME...

CONSTANTINE

NOOOOO...!

A BURST OF THUNDER... a FLASH OF LIGHTNING strikes Adam. It seems Adam has asked the right guy, and...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM -- NIGHT

SHAZAM! Adam finds himself back on stage, holding a rolled up newspaper. It's the talent show, the same one that opened our film. Adam is frozen. Confused, he turns to see if Devon is stripping behind him. But she's not. He looks out into the audience, and sees...

ADAM'S POV:

Devon is sitting up front watching his act. She makes eye contact with Adam and smiles.

ADAM

Still flustered, Adam smiles back and then looks off stage.

ADAM'S POV:

In the wings, Jeff and Lenny motion for him to get on with his act.

ADAM

He sighs with relief, smiles, and concludes his act -- just like the opening of the film. He smacks the newspaper and unrolls it, revealing no sign of the egg.

ADAM

Thank you very much.

The audience, including Devon, APPLAUDS WARMLY. But this time, Adam anticipates the rest. He races off stage. The drop curtain starts down with Brad, wearing a mask, clinging to it. Brad moons the audience, just as...

OFF STAGE

Adam grabs the curtain rope, ties it off, and...

STAGE

Brad is suspended, bare-assed, 25 feet off the ground.

BRAD

(shouting)

Hey, c'mon, asshole, let me down.
What are you doin', c'mon...

AUDIENCE

With Brad screaming to be let down, the STUDENTS CHEER WILDLY. Principal Warren storms down the aisle.

ANGLE

Adam jumps off the stage and approaches Devon. They look into each others eyes.

DEVON

You know, I've been dreaming about you a lot lately.

ADAM

Sometimes dreams come true.

Adam and Devon embrace amidst the CHEERING CROWD.

STAGE

Principal Warren screams at Jeff in the wings.

PRINCIPAL

Close the damn curtain, you fool.

As the curtain begins to fall, Warren is waiting for Brad at the foot of the stage.

PRINCIPAL

You're in big trouble, Mr. Dugan.

ADAM AND DEVON

As Adam leads Devon out of the auditorium, he spots Miss Van Buren, the prim and proper art teacher, and rushes over to her. He examines both her hands, determines they're in perfect shape, and gives the startled woman a juicy kiss on the cheek. She slaps his face, but Adam doesn't care. He pulls her out of the chair and gives her a big hug -- undaunted by the furious fists pounding his back.

THE END

OR IS IT?.....

EXT. PARADISE LAWN CEMETERY -- NIGHT

CAMERA MOVES through the rows of overgrown tombstones to the crypt of Nicholas Constantine. The end credits roll. We hear only the wind... then, the faint ringing of a bell and the whispered word, "Rebecca..."

... and that's where our next story begins.