

What they turn people into

By

David Copper

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

An attractive woman, TRACY, steps out of her car.

She hears a sound. Her eyes widen.

She stops, stares at her house. Frozen.

We hear an ominous, deep voice:

NICK

(VO)

The bad guys are out there.
Waiting. Maybe they're crouched in
the bushes. Maybe they've found a
an open window on your first floor
they can shimmy through. But
they're out there. And there is
nothing you can do to make them go
away.

Tracy cautiously moves toward the house...

A HOODED MAN leaps from the bushes, gives chase.

NICK

(VO)

But you can make the bad guys less
Scary.

We cut to

INT. HOUSE - DAY

NICK presents a gun to another guy, DARIN.

NICK

... with one of these.

Awed by the sight of the gun, he whistles.

We cut back to

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Tracy is in a full sprint. The hooded man is gaining on her.

She races to the door, fumbles her keys.

The hooded man gains on her.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

We cut to a brief shot of Darin, holding a present behind his back.

He gives the present to an excited Tracy.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Tracy picks up her keys, clumsily finds the key hole and gets inside.

She slams the the door just before the hooded man can follow.

She frantically locks the door, barricades it.

The hooded man pounds on the door.

After several angry seconds of pounding, it is quiet.

Tracy is petrified.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Darin and Tracy sit on opposite sides of the couch.

Tracy is seething, arms folded, silent.

DARIN

What?

An awkward pause.

DARIN

I thought it would be nice to have protection.

No reply from the angry Tracy.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

In frightened silence, Tracy scoops up her cell phone and dials.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Tracy -- still angry -- breaks the silence.

TRACY
Guns creep me out.

DARIN
But I just thought --

TRACY
Guns creep me out.

More silence.

TRACY
I don't like what they turn people
into.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

DARIN answers his phone (cupping it to hide the noise of the club).

DARIN
Yeah?

Tracy spits everything out in a breathless, frantic sentence:

TRACY
Look, I know we had that fight
about the thing you gave me for a
birthday present because I didn't
want it in the house and all that,
but I really, really, really need
to know where it is right now?

DARIN
Look, I'm in an important meeting.
Can we have have this argument some
other time?

TRACY
I DON'T WANT TO ARGUE, GODDAMNIT! I
NEED THE GUN!

DARIN
What's going on?

Outside the house we see a gloved fist banging on a window.

Tracy leaps out of her skin.

(CONTINUED)

TRACY

No time to explain! I just need you
to tell me where you hid the gun!

The gloved fist bangs again. This time he smashes the glass.

DARIN

Um... I think I put it in that
closet next to the bathroom.

Tracy scrambles down the hallway, phone still cupped to her
ear.

DARIN

Tracy, what is going on?!

The hooded figure climbs through the window, looks around.

Tracy frantically rummages through the closet.

TRACY

Where is it?!

The hooded figure follows Tracy's voice down the hallway.

DARIN

Oh, you know what? I think I moved
it 'cause I didn't want you to find
it in there while you were getting
ready for --

TRACY

DARIN, WHERE IS IT!?

DARIN

In the kitchen, under the sink!

Tracy scrambles to the kitchen.

The hooded figure hears her, gives chase.

Once under the sink, Tracy tosses aside pots and pans...

The hooded figure races into the kitchen...

Tracy sees the gun, grabs it with shaky hands.

The hooded figure grabs her, wrestles her to the ground.

The gun pops free.

Tracy reaches for it, but the hooded figure grabs her and
throws her to the side.

(CONTINUED)

He scoops up the gun, stands above Tracy and takes aim.
Still on the other line, Darin is frightened by the silence.
A concerned STRIPPER waits beside the phone, trying to listen in.

DARIN
Tracy?! TRACY!? There's something I
should tell you about the gun!

Tracy is trembling and crying.
The hooded figure steps closer...

TRACY
Please don't?

The hooded figure smiles, reaches for the trigger.
He pulls it. Click. Nothing.

DARIN
I didn't put any bullets in it.

Tracy grabs a frying pan, swings it wildly with her eyes closed.

She opens her eyes to see the hooded figure fall to the floor.

She breathes a sigh of relief, then slowly stands above the knocked-out body and studies it.

She picks up the gun, holds it in her hand for several seconds, ignoring Darin's manic screams on the cell phone.

Gun still in hand, she picks up the cell phone.

TRACY
Darin?

Her face slowly melts into a devious grin.

TRACY
Where can I get some bullets?

Darin and the stripper beside him are silent, petrified.
His eyes widen when Tracy screams on the other end.

CONTINUED:

6.

TRACY
WHERE CAN I GET SOME BULLETS?!

FADE TO BLACK.