

# **THE USHABTI ©**

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. EGYPTIAN DESERT - DAY

The hot afternoon sun scorches wind-blown desert sands.

SUPER: "Ancient Egyptian City of Memphis - "2750 B.C."

SLAVES drag a giant limestone slab toward a structure. The beginning of a large, step pyramid.

Other slaves work at the pyramid site. GUARDS supervise. ONLOOKERS observe.

EXT. TEMPLE OF THOTH - DAY

An immense edifice. Built into the rock of tall cliffs. Long, with rectangular stone pillars spaced several feet apart. They support the huge roof that covers the temple.

PEOPLE of all ages enter and exit. Steps in the center lead to a second level.

INT. HOUSE OF LIFE - DAY

A room within the confines of the temple. It houses a shrine. Torches on the walls illuminate it.

A large statue of the god Thoth, a baboon with dog's head, sets at the side of an altar.

Egyptian PRIESTS assemble in front of the altar.

BALAAM, 50, the high priest, lights incense in a vessel. Places it at the foot of the shrine.

He approaches the shrine. Breaks a clay seal to a small door. A miniature gold statue of Thoth lies inside.

Balaam prostrates himself. The other priests follow suit.

DASHIR, 30, hides behind the large statue. He dresses in peasant clothes and watches the ceremony.

Balaam rises. Another priest hands him a small bottle of perfumed oil. Balaam anoints the tiny statue of Thoth.

Other priests place offerings of food, tools, clothes, and jewels in wooden bowls at the foot of the shrine.

They chant a hymn.

The hymn concludes. Balaam closes the leaves of the small door. Reseals it with fresh clay.

They all file out of the room in silence.

Dashir waits until everyone leaves.

He creeps to the shrine. Breaks open the sealed door.

He pushes aside the miniature Thoth statue and reaches into the compartment.

Dashir pulls out an inscribed, granite tablet, shaped like a tombstone. Curved on top, straight on the bottom. A foot-and-a-half high, a foot wide, and an inch thick.

Above the writing, a hole with an embedded clear crystal.

Dashir hides the tablet underneath his loose robe. Scurries to the entrance door and pauses.

He returns to the shrine. Grabs a piece of fruit from the offerings. Takes a big bite and makes a face.

Bitter. He tosses the fruit aside. And sneaks out.

EXT. STRABO'S CHAMBER - DAY

A darkened lair. Heavy drapes seal the only window. Torches on the wall cast eerie shadows. A tall set of shelves houses dusty parchments.

Opposite the shelves, a collection of compartments. They contains jars, bottles, bowls of powders, liquids, mummified animal remains, and other oddities.

Occult symbols dominate the room. A pot of unknown liquid boils above a fire in a corner.

STRABO, 45, dark-haired with bushy eyebrows and intense eyes, studies an ancient parchment.

A RAP on the door. Strabo sets the parchment aside.

He opens the door a crack. Ushers Dashir into the chamber.

Strabo hesitates. Anticipates an action from Dashir, but nothing happens. He extends both hands toward Dashir to gesture that he wants something.

Dashir nods and scopes out the room with nervous eyes. Strabo wiggles his fingers, impatient.

STRABO

Dashir, we are alone. It is safe... You have it?

DASHIR

Yes, my Lord Strabo.

Dashir removes the tablet from under his robe. Strabo's eyes gleam with excitement.

Strabo snatches the tablet, with child-like eagerness.

STRABO

You have served me well, Dashir.  
And, you are sure no one followed?  
Or saw you?

Dashir shakes his head, no.

STRABO

Good. Now, fetch the animal.

Dashir bows and steps into another room.

Strabo trembles with anticipation. He brings the tablet to the table and examines it.

He translates the writings and scribbles on a parchment sheet with frenetic speed.

Dashir returns. Carries a cage with a GOOSE inside. He places it on the table.

STRABO

Behead the beast.

Dashir hesitates a moment. Then, he opens the cage, grabs the goose by the throat, and places it on the floor.

He removes a knife from a scabbard on his belt. And chops off the goose's head.

The goose's body spasms and twitches, then stiffens, dead.

Strabo dips his finger in a pool of the animal's blood. And draws the symbol of an ankh on the beak of the severed head.

STRABO

Let some sun in.

Dashir opens the drapes. A sliver of light penetrates the dark room.

Strabo positions the tablet on the table, between the sunlight and the head and body of the dead goose.

Sunlight passes through the crystal. Focuses on the goose.

Strabo refers to his translation.

STRABO

(reads)

"Illumination to Ra, God of gods,  
and to the sun. Bestow upon this  
barren object, the gift of life.  
Arise!"

The goose's body quivers. A look of fright creeps over Dashir's face.

STRABO

Observe, Dashir... Death is not final. There is a way back.

The severed head of the goose reanimates. It bites Dashir's leg. The man screams in pain and terror.

The decapitated body rises. Claws at the air.

The disembodied head uses its neck like a snake, turns, and faces Strabo. It acts as a guide for the body.

The detached body advances on Strabo. The magician's expression reveals both fascination and disbelief.

The door to the room bursts open. Egyptian GUARDS enter, armed with spears and swords. Close behind, the high priest, Balaam.

Dashir panics and attempts to escape. A guard catches him. Lops off the man's head with a swift blow of his sword.

Strabo stands frozen. The body of the beheaded goose struts about the room. Balaam points to the goose.

BALAAM

Destroy that monstrosity!

One guard covers the goose's head with a shield. Crushes it beneath his foot.

Another guard impales the goose's body with a spear. Thrusts it into the fire.

The body ignites and bursts into flame. Struggles to get loose. Until it becomes a large, charred lump.

BALAAM

You have committed your final blasphemy, Strabo.

STRABO

You are a high priest, Balaam. I, a magician. I explore the unknown. You suppress all knowledge in the name of the gods. Simply because you do not understand it.

BALAAM

I understand that you sent your thief of a servant to steal what belongs to the gods. And with it, created an abomination!

Balaam motions to the guards, who take Strabo away.

INT. EMBALMING CHAMBER - DAY

Lit with torches. A long table contains various medical instruments, powders, and liquids in bottles.

Stripped to the waist, straps fasten Strabo to the table. Balaam, two GUARDS, and a PHYSICIAN stand by.

BALAAM

Strabo the magician. You have seen  
the sacred eye of the great god Ra.  
It is the last thing you shall see.

Balaam nods to the physician, who takes a pair of tongs from a set of instruments.

He plucks out Strabo's eyes, one-by-one. The magician screams in pain.

BALAAM

(over Strabo's screams)

You have spoken the sacred words by  
which Isis raised Osiris from the  
dead! You shall speak no more!

The physician uses the bloody tongs and extracts Strabo's tongue from his mouth.

BALAAM

Prepare the body for burial.

The physician takes a large, pronged, fork-like instrument. And thrusts it into Strabo's stomach!

INT. ARTISAN'S CHAMBER - DAY

Balaam observes an ARTISAN, who molds a layer of soft, inch-thick clay over the sacred tablet. The clay covers the entire tablet on all sides.

The artisan places the tablet in front of Balaam. The high priest uses a wooden stylus. Inscribes hieroglyphics on the still-soft clay.

EXT. SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA - DAY

The 20th century architecture of a modest skyline.

SUPER: "San Jose, California - Present Day"

EXT. FIKE HOUSE - DAY

A simple, modern two-story house in a residential area.

Next door, a run-down, old-fashioned Victorian house, with a separate door to a cellar. Woods lie 200 yards away.

INT. FIKE HOUSE/KEVIN'S ROOM - DAY

Clothes strewn about. Toys scattered. Posters on the walls feature rock groups, wrestlers, football and baseball players, and a pennant of the San Francisco Giants baseball team. An electric guitar leans against the wall.

KEVIN FIKE, 13, leans on a desk, with a video game module that attaches to a TV monitor.

Kevin plays a video baseball game.

KEVIN  
 (does play-by-play)  
 Next up for the Giants, Mike  
 Yastrzemski... The pitcher winds,  
 throws --

The video game realistically simulates the CRACK of a bat that hits a ball.

KEVIN  
 There's a drive to deep right  
 field! Way back! Way back! It's,  
 gone for a home run! Giants win!

The video game replicates crowd NOISE. The door to the room opens. Kevin's brother, GENE, 8, sneaks inside.

Gene carries a stuffed teddy bear with a built-in recorder.

KEVIN  
 Yessir fans, that was a mighty  
 blow. Mike's twentieth homer of  
 the season, and the game winner!

Gene switches on the playback of the bear/recorder.

KEVIN (V.O.)  
 (from the recorder)  
 Yessir fans, that was a mighty  
 blow. Mike's twentieth homer of  
 the season, and the game winner!

Kevin turns and glares at Gene.

KEVIN  
 Eugene, you dork!

GENE  
 My name's Gene.

KEVIN  
 Give me that, you little retard.

Kevin reaches for the bear. Gene pulls it away.

GENE

No, Kevin, it's mine. Mom!  
Kevin's picking on me!

VOICE OF DIANE FIKE (O.S.)

Kevin! Be nice to your brother!

KEVIN

He started it!... All right.

Kevin hands a cookie to Gene. The youngster takes a bite.

GENE

Thanks, Kevin.

KEVIN

It's poison.

Gene spits out the cookie. He cries.

KEVIN

I'm only kidding, Gene. Stop.

DIANE FIKE, 35, appears in the doorway.

DIANE

Just once I'd like to see you two  
get along for five minutes.

KEVIN

But, he's such a pest --

DIANE

Don't be mean to your little  
brother, Kevin. Now, both of you  
come downstairs. I invited the new  
neighbors over, and they should be  
here any --

A doorbell RINGS.

GENE

The Arabs moved out?

DIANE

They're Egyptian, Gene. I'm  
talking about the people on the  
other side. They just moved into  
the Parker's old house. Let's go.

INT. FIKE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Diane leads the two boys down the stairs.

DIANE

And, I want you boys to stop  
bothering the Kamils, okay?



KEVIN

Okay, Mom.

The trio crosses the living room to the front door. Diane opens it.

BILL WALTERS, 45, and his wife, LUCY WALTERS, 40, appear in the doorway. Their daughter, CAROL, 13, stands behind them.

DIANE

Hi. Come on in.

The Walters enter. Diane turns to her sons.

DIANE

Boys... Bill and Lucy Walters.

BILL

And, this is Carol.

Carol comes into view. Kevin's jaw drops.

The young teenager flaunts a figure already developed. A knockout and heartbreaker, with long auburn hair and a pretty face. Thirteen, going on eighteen.

DIANE

My sons. Kevin. And Gene.

CAROL

Hello.

Gene waves a greeting. A speechless Kevin gapes at Carol. Diane nudges him.

KEVIN

Uh... Hi.

GENE

Nice boobies.

Diane whomps Gene on his behind. He pouts, rubs his sore rear end, and shuffles out of the room. Carol blushes.

Diane shrugs her shoulders to make light of the uncomfortable situation.

DIANE

Please, have a seat.

The adults plop down on a couch and chair. Kevin and Carol stand. Kevin can't take his eyes off the stunning young girl. An awkward pause.

LUCY

Carol is thirteen. How old are you, Kevin?

KEVIN

Uh... Thirteen. And-a-half.

DIANE

Kevin, why don't you and Carol go outside for a while? Show her around the neighborhood.

No response from Kevin. Carol takes him by the hand and leads him out the door.

EXT. FIKE HOUSE - DAY

Carol and Kevin walk through the Fike's front yard.

CAROL

What's there to do in this dump?

Kevin gathers up his courage.

KEVIN

Wanna see something really cool?

Carol nods. Kevin motions for her to follow.

He leads her to the run-down Victorian house next door.

Kevin signals for quiet. They maneuver around to the side. Stop at a cellar window.

Kevin pushes the window open. Crawls through. And helps Carol inside.

Gene scampers around the corner of the house and follows them. He still carries the bear/recorder,

INT. KAMIL HOUSE/CELLAR - DAY

Egyptian antiques and artifacts clutter the room. Pottery jars, ancient tools. A three-foot-high black obelisk.

CAROL

Wow.

Muffled VOICES from upstairs get their attention.

CAROL

(whispers)

Somebody's up there.

KEVIN

(whispers)

Old man Kamil and his son. Wait.

Kevin creeps up the cellar steps. Carol joins him.

Gene peers through the half-open cellar window. Kevin and Carol peek through a door that leads upstairs.

INT. KAMIL HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Egyptian style furnishings. Colorful rugs and tapestries. Stone and terracotta statues accent the room.

Among them, a four-foot terracotta statue of Taueret: a pregnant hippopotamus with the hind legs of a lion and a crocodile's tail. It stands on its back legs, like a pudgy version of the "Peanuts" dog Snoopy.

Carol's eyes light up with fascination.

In her excitement, she kisses Kevin on the cheek. Then, refocuses her attention on the room contents.

The spontaneous gesture stuns Kevin. He caresses the spot where Carol's lips touched.

Sixty-ish HASAN KAMIL enters with PASHA KAMIL, 30.

Hasan stands six-feet-four-inches tall. Intense eyes. Broad shoulders with a slender frame. A long, thin beard tapers to a point and sticks straight out from his chin several inches.

The handsome Pasha lacks Hasan's malevolent features.

Kevin and Carol continue to snoop through the narrow crack in the door.

Hasan strokes his beard with a plastic comb.

He takes papers from a desk and stuffs them into a heavy-duty, aluminum briefcase.

HASAN

Pasha, have you prepared your speech for the convention?

PASHA

I will finish it tonight.

Pasha exits the living room.

INT. KAMIL HOUSE/CELLAR - DAY

Gene pokes through artifacts. Kevin and Carol continue to peep into the living room.

Gene trips and crashes into a pile of soft drink cans.

Kevin and Carol turn. Gene sprawls on the floor.

INT. KAMIL HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hasan hears the noise.

HASAN

So!

INT. KAMIL HOUSE/CELLAR - DAY

Kevin and Carol scramble to the bottom of the stairs. Kevin goes to Gene and grabs him.

KEVIN

You dork!

He drags Gene to the cellar door that connects to the outside. Unfastens the lock and shoves him through.

Kevin and Carol prepare to exit. Gene sticks his head back inside and points to his teddy bear, on the cellar floor.

GENE

My bear! My bear!

Kevin pushes Carol out the door and runs to the bear. He retrieves it and dashes through the cellar door.

EXT. KAMIL HOUSE/REAR - DAY

Kevin exits the cellar door. Gene rests on top of Pasha's shoulder and grins.

Hasan clutches Carol around her waist. She struggles.

CAROL

(to Hasan)

Let me go! You pervert!

HASAN

You are the intruder, so I am a pervert? Accustomed to breaking into people's homes, young lady?

KEVIN

Take your greasy hands off her!

HASAN

And you! This is not the first time I caught you spying on me,.

KEVIN

I wasn't spying, I was looking.

(to Pasha)

Let go of my brother!

Pasha lowers Gene from his shoulder.

GENE

No, don't. I like it up here.

Pasha smiles and re-hoists Gene upon his shoulder.

CAROL

Rape! Rape!

HASAN  
Be silent, whore!

Hasan tightens his grip on Carol's waist.

CAROL  
Ow!

PASHA  
Father, stop! You're hurting her!

Kevin kicks Hasan in the shin.

HASAN  
Ahh! You hoodlum!

Hasan holds Carol with one hand. Threatens to strike Kevin with the other. Pasha steps between them.

PASHA  
No!

Diane Fike and the Walters rush onto the scene.

BILL  
What's going on?!

LUCY  
Let go of my daughter!

DIANE  
Mr. Kamil. What's this all about?

HASAN  
Burglary, Mrs. Fike. A case of breaking and entering.

PASHA  
They merely came through the cellar to look at things, that's all.

DIANE  
Kevin!

Pasha sets Gene down. Pats the boy on the head with affection. Gene scampers to Kevin and grabs the bear/recorder.

PASHA  
If they are curious about the collection of artifacts from our homeland, all they need do is ask. I would gladly take them on a tour of the house. They would be welcome at the Rosicrucian Egyptian Museum as well. My father is the curator.

HASAN

Mrs. Fike. My son Pasha speaks too freely on my behalf. I have no desire to have my valuable articles poked about and broken by the clumsy fingers of children. And, I doubt whether these three would have the patience or the intelligence to appreciate the exhibits at the museum.

PASHA

Father!

HASAN

I would be pleased to have them, as you may put it, out of my hair.

Hasan uses his comb to rake the hairs of his pointed beard. Returns inside the house.

PASHA

Forgive my father, I am sorry.

Pasha nods and follows his father. Bill grabs Carol's hand.

BILL

Mrs. Fike. I'm not sure it's a good idea for Carol to associate with your son.

Bill drags Carol away, and Lucy trails behind.

CAROL

Bye, Kevin.

Diane frowns at the two boys. Gene pushes the playback on his teddy bear.

HASAN (V.O.)

(from the recorder)

And I doubt whether these three would have the patience or the intelligence to appreciate the exhibits at the museum.

DIANE

Are you boys gonna behave when Grandpa George stays with you?

They nod.

DIANE

I haven't seen your father in three months. If I have to cut my trip to Alaska short and come back 'cause you kids misbehave --

KEVIN

We'll be good, Mom. Just ask Grandpa not to feel our heads like he always does.

Gene rubs his head.

GENE

Yeah.

INT. KAMIL HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hasan carries the large aluminum briefcase under his arm.

HASAN

I have not time nor desire to discuss our relations with the neighbors!

Pasha enters.

PASHA

How late will you be?

HASAN

I have two or three hours of work at the museum and should be finished by four. But, Miriam will pick me up. We go to dinner.

At the mention of Miriam, Pasha's body stiffens a bit. He heaves a sigh.

PASHA

Give her my love...

HASAN

Yes, I will. I will indeed.

Hasan heads for the door, stops, and turns to Pasha.

HASAN

Remember, Pasha, I did not steal her from you. She left of her own free will. Do not hate me for that.

PASHA

I don't hate you, father, I love you. And, I will always respect your wishes... Are you taking that short cut?

HASAN

Of course.

PASHA

Let me walk you to the museum.

HASAN

You think I am too old and feeble  
to walk one mile? I take care of  
myself, thank you!

PASHA

You know what I mean.

Hasan flings open the front door and leaves.

EXT. PARK - DAY

A small wooded park. Benches and tables. A clump of  
buildings at one end. Narrow alleys in between.

Hasan enters the park and heads toward an alley.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Four teenagers, three male, one female, parade in.

The males: ZITZ, bald and pock-marked; WASTED, tall, thin,  
and wiry; and CANDY, a baby-faced youth.

The female: JEWEL. Pretty, with stringy black hair.

The quartet blocks Hasan's way.

ZITZ

Hey, old man. Didn't we warn you  
about crossing our turf?

WASTED

Yeah. You got money for the toll?

HASAN

What toll? I am passing through. I  
will give you no money.

JEWEL

He don't understand you, Wasted.  
Zitz, explain it to gramps.

Zitz sidles up to Hasan. A foot from his face.

ZITZ

Look, shithead. Give us money, or  
get the crap kicked out of you.

WASTED

That's tellin' him, Zitz.

JEWEL

Shut up, Wasted!... Gramps. You  
see this dude over here?

She points to Candy, who leans against a wall. The  
youngster appears groggy and spaced-out. Snuffs air into  
his nose.



JEWEL

He's Candy. You know, like in nose candy? And, if he don't get a dose at least four times a day, he gets unhappy. Then, we're all unhappy. Get it?

HASAN

I know you people, with your peculiar names: Jewel, Wasted, Zitz... You do not scare me. I am not troubling you. Let me pass.

WASTED

I'll take care of this old fart.

Wasted steps in front of Hasan and holds out his hand.

WASTED

Pay up, asshole!

HASAN

Of course.

Hasan sets down his case. Shoves his hands in his pockets.

Wasted seems pleased. Nods with confidence. Grins at the others. They laugh and giggle.

HASAN

I shall be happy to give you just what you need.

Hasan takes his hands out of his pockets. Each contains a handful of coins. Hasan throws them in Wasted's face.

Wasted hollers, blind for an instant. Hasan picks up the skinny youth by the collar. Throws him against a wall.

This knocks out Wasted. He bounces off and crashes into the drugged-out Candy, who loses his balance.

Candy hits his head on a garbage can, which stuns him.

Jewel howls with laughter. Zitz rages with anger.

ZITZ

You'll be sorry you did that, shithead!

Zitz charges the Egyptian. Hasan ducks. Picks up the metal briefcase. Belts the bald teenager in the mouth with it.

Zitz freezes in his tracks. Glassy-eyed.

Hasan winds up and delivers a tremendous uppercut. It drives Zitz backward. He collapses onto the ground.

Motorcycles RUMBLE outside the alley. Candy pulls out a knife. Advances on Hasan.

Hasan backs away from the knife. Jewel punches the old man in the face. His knees buckle.

Before she can throw another blow, Hasan grabs Jewel's arm. Spins her around. And tosses her into the oncoming Candy.

Jewel and Candy knock heads, and the knife pierces Jewel's right hand. They fall down.

Two motorcycles pull into the alley. TURD and FLASH, two grubby teenage boys, ride on one cycle.

DIRK, 20, with a scruffy mustache and malevolent demeanor, drives the second cycle.

Dirk shares the bike with SPIKE, 16, who rides behind him. She wears excessive makeup and dresses like a cheap hooker. Dirty blond hair. Long, slender legs. Well-shaped figure.

Spike dismounts first. She walks to the fallen teenagers.

SPIKE

Jesus Christ! You guys look like warmed-over shit!

DIRK

Get away, Spike.

Dirk slides off his bike. The others scoot out of his way.

Dirk helps Zitz to his feet.

DIRK

You're not gonna tell me that old man did this?

ZITZ

He hit me with that suitcase when I wasn't lookin' --

Dirk cuffs Zitz across the mouth. Continues on. Turd and Flash spring off their cycle. Hasan tries to sneak away.

DIRK

Flash! Turd!

He gestures toward Hasan. The two teenagers block his exit.

Dirk reaches Candy and Jewel. Scoffs at Candy. Jewel remains on the alley pavement. Her hand bleeds.

CANDY

Jewel's cut, Dirk.

DIRK

Spike. Fix her up.

Spike attends to Jewel. Candy removes his head bandana. Wraps it around her injured hand.

FLASH

Oh no. It's her jack-off hand.

JEWEL

Don't worry, lover. I'm a switch hitter. I can use the other hand.

TURD

And with what Flash has got, you only need two fingers.

FLASH

Shut up, Turd! Or I ain't sharin' her with you no more!

DIRK

Shut up all of you! Candy, see if Wasted is dead or what. Now... what are we gonna do with this old piece of shit? I thought I told you to keep outa here, old man.

HASAN

I walk where I please.

DIRK

Is that right?

Dirk unsheathes a hunting knife.

DIRK

I think for starters, I'll cut off that stupid beard of yours and stuff it down your throat. Turd! Bad News! Hold him!

Turd and Flash close in on Hasan. Candy continues to try to revive the unconscious Wasted.

Hasan swings his briefcase. Turd ducks. Delivers a blow to Hasan's stomach. Hasan doubles over in pain.

Flash grabs Hasan and pins his arms to his sides.

Turd punches Hasan in the stomach again. Dirk advances with his knife.

A police car pulls up to the street alongside the alley. The driver, SHERIFF SAM HAIRSTON, 40, tall, with a bulky build, stumbles out.

HAIRSTON

You and your buddies playing games again, Dirk?!

ZITZ  
Hairston! Shit!

Hairston draws a pistol. Dirk turns to Flash.

DIRK  
Let him go.

Flash releases his grip on Hasan. Shoves him forward.

The old man remains groggy. Hairston advances toward Dirk.

HAIRSTON  
Haven't I told you to stay away  
from here, Dirk?

DIRK  
It's a free country, Sheriff.

FLASH  
Yeah Ain't it?

Hairston glares at Flash, who backs off a step.

HAIRSTON  
You okay, Mr. Kamil?

HASAN  
Yes, I'm all right. Thank you,  
Sheriff Hairston.

HAIRSTON  
Well. From the looks of things  
here, I'd call it a draw. Eight  
punks against one old man.

He glances at the injured Jewel.

HAIRSTON  
Better get her to the hospital.  
All of you. Get the hell out!

Turd, Flash, and Dirk walk their bikes away. The other  
teens follow. They glare at the sheriff and Hasan.

Candy revives Wasted. The two file past Hairston and Hasan.  
Wasted glowers at Hasan.

WASTED  
You'll pay for this, fart head.

Hairston cuffs the youngster on the back of the head. The  
teens exit the alley.

HAIRSTON  
If I'd seen them do anything, I'd  
arrest them. Otherwise, it's just  
your word against theirs.

HASAN

You can't do something about them?

HAIRSTON

What? Assign a squad car to every gang member in the city? Best thing we can do is cruise the streets, keep them off-guard. And, you could help by not crossing their turf.

HASAN

I have a job. This is the direct path to that job. I will not go around it.

HAIRSTON

You're a stubborn man, Mr. Kamil. Want a lift to the museum?

HASAN

No, I will continue walking.

Hasan picks up his briefcase and continues on his way. Hairston shakes his head in frustration.

EXT. EGYPTIAN MUSEUM - DAY

The Rosicrucian Egyptian Museum. Designed like an Egyptian temple. Two triple sets of elegant pillars. Palm trees flank the museum.

Obelisks, a small park, and other buildings, including a planetarium, surround it.

Statues of gods and goddesses line the walkway to the front entrance. Among the statues, a ten-foot likeness of the goddess Taueret. The 'Snoopy-looking' animal.

INT. MUSEUM GROUND FLOOR - DAY

TOURISTS and SIGHTSEERS roam through the exhibits.

MIRIAM, 40, an attractive women with a trim, curvaceous figure, addresses TOURISTS on a guided tour.

A nametag on Miriam's museum uniform identifies her. The group studies an exhibit of eight-inch to foot-tall human figurines in a glass case.

MIRIAM

These miniature likenesses are ushabti statues. They were made to do the work for a pharaoh or wealthy Egyptian, once that person died and crossed over to the underworld.

BLACK FEMALE TOURIST

Slaves?

MIRIAM

Well... In ancient Egypt, slaves were mainly prisoners of war.

BLACK FEMALE TOURIST

Hmph!

Miriam regathers herself and resumes the lecture.

MIRIAM

These ushabti were supposed to come to life when certain sacred words were said, then would act as servants.

BLACK FEMALE TOURIST

These... ushabti... Are they the same as the ka figures?

The interruption annoys Miriam, but she controls herself and doesn't register a discernible response, except a faint, exasperated sigh.

MIRIAM

Ka statues were said to be the exact likeness of the deceased. Same size. Duplicates. Made to house the spirit of the living. The essence of life, called the ka. Now, another guide will take you through a full-size reproduction of an Egyptian tomb. Thank you.

The group applauds Miriam. She bows and hurries up a set of steps to the first floor. Walks to an area with a bookstore and gift shop.

Miriam reaches a door whose lettering proclaims: "Hasan Kamil - Museum Curator".

INT. KAMIL'S OFFICE - DAY

Hasan sits behind a large desk. He examines some papers. Glances up, as Miriam enters.

MIRIAM

Just finished my last tour, Hasan.

HASAN

I too am done.

MIRIAM

Well... Come on, you big, tall camel jockey.

The two embrace and share a passionate kiss.

HASAN

Who would think an Egyptian and Jew could get along so well? Will you come to dinner Tuesday? Pasha will be at the convention in Chicago.

MIRIAM

Yes, but can we go to dinner now? Your Miriam is starving.

The two walk hand-in-hand toward the door.

EXT. TEMPLE OF THOTH - DAY

Camels around the perimeter of the building carry modern excavation tools and supplies.

SUPER: "Memphis, Egypt - Present Day"

EXT. HOUSE OF LIFE - DAY

DIGGERS extract dirt and debris from a hole underneath the original shrine location.

Cries echo from the excavation site. ARCHAEOLOGISTS rush to it, and diggers lift a wooden casket out of the hole.

An archaeologist pries off the half-eaten lid.

They find the mummified remains of Strabo the magician inside, wrapped in traditional cloth strips.

His arms clasp the tombstone-shaped tablet against his chest. The clay covering still camouflages the granite.

The archaeologist removes the tablet from Strabo's grasp.

A second archaeologist touches the body. It crumbles and disintegrates into dust.

INT. FIKE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Late morning. The doorbell rings. Kevin opens the door, while Gene clings onto his bear/recorder.

Diane appears, laden with two big suitcases. Next to her, GEORGE BRENNAN, 65, short, a bit overweight. He wears horn-rimmed glasses and has a slight British accent.

GEORGE

Hello there, Kevin!

DIANE

Say hello to your Grandpa George.

KEVIN

Hi.

GENE

Hi, grampa.

GEORGE

Little Gene?! I haven't seen you  
in two years! You've grown so big!

George grabs Gene's head, like he would pick a melon at the market. George feels the boy's head. Gene grimaces.

GEORGE

Definitely dolichocephalic... Long  
head, pronounced front lobe. Gene,  
my boy, you may not grow very  
large, but you will most definitely  
be some sort of artist.

DIANE

My dad, the phrenologist.

GENE

What's a frem... olo -- ?

GEORGE

Phrenologist, Gene. Since the  
brain is the organ of the mind, the  
outer surface of the skull matches  
its shape.

Gene presses the "record" button on his bear.

GEORGE

So, the size of each region  
measures the degree of mental and  
physical faculties.

KEVIN

Is that why you put on dark glasses  
and make like a blind man? So you  
can feel people's heads?

DIANE

Dad! You're not going to do that  
while I'm away?

GEORGE

Don't worry about me. The boys and  
I will get along splendid.

George tries to give Kevin an affectionate pat on the head,  
but the youngster backs up a step.

GEORGE

(to Diane)

Now, go up and finish your packing.  
We'll take you to the airport  
tomorrow... How much longer is that  
son-in-law of mine going to be  
absent from his family?



DIANE

He says his assignment should be  
over by Thanksgiving.

Gene touches the playback button on his bear/recorder.

GEORGE (V.O.)

(from the recorder)

So, the size of each region  
measures the degree of mental and  
physical faculties.

GEORGE

Ho, ho! What an invention. It's  
like a bloody parrot.

Diane climbs the stairs with George's suitcases. George  
looks out a window.

EXT. KAMIL HOUSE - DAY

A car pulls up to the Kamil house. Hasan and Miriam exit.

INT. FIKE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

GEORGE

Who's that?

KEVIN

Mr. Kamil.

GEORGE

Kamil, eh? And the woman?

KEVIN

His girlfriend, I think.

George, Kevin, and Gene crowd around the window and stare at  
Miriam. George turns to Gene and smiles.

GEORGE

Nice boobies.

George shuffles off toward the kitchen.

The two boys turn their attention back to the window.

Carol's face appears on the other side and presses against  
the glass. The boys cry out and jerk back.

Kevin regains his composure. Returns to the window.

CAROL

(in a loud whisper)

Kevin! Can I come in?

Kevin motions to the back of the house.

GENE

Kevin's got a girlfriend, Kevin's  
got a girlfriend.

Kevin gives Gene a stern look, and the youngster stops.

INT. FIKE HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

Kevin hustles through the kitchen and lets Carol in at the  
back door. She sits down at the table.

KEVIN

What's the matter, Carol?

CAROL

I can't believe my parents. I'm  
grounded for a month. Dad says we  
should have stayed in Indiana.  
That California's full of creeps  
and criminals.

She gazes at Kevin.

CAROL

I don't think you're a criminal.

KEVIN

(entranced)

You don't?

CAROL

Uh uh...

She leans toward Kevin, who anticipates a kiss.

CAROL

I think you're a creep.

Carol giggles at her joke.

Kevin forces a smile. His ears perk up when he hears Gene  
LAUGH from another room.

Gene strolls in from the living room. Grins and activates  
his teddy bear recording feature.

CAROL (V.O.)

(from the recorder)

I don't think you're a criminal.

KEVIN (V.O.)

(from the recorder)

You don't?

CAROL (V.O.)

(from the recorder)

Uh uh...

KEVIN

I'll set that bear on fire, Gene!

Gene dashes through the swinging door. Kevin shoves the door at Gene, but it misses the youngster's rear end.

EXT. EGYPTIAN MUSEUM - NIGHT

Sunset. Security floodlights turn on. They give an eerie glow to the building.

INT. KAMIL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The clay-camouflaged tablet lies on Hasan's large desk.

Hasan thumbs through a book. Alternates back and forth between the tablet and the book.

Miriam enters. She wears a sexy, low-cut dress. It leaves little of her figure to the imagination.

Hasan ignores Miriam. Continues to concentrate on his work.

HASAN

You are late.

Hasan does a double-take. Gawks at the sexy outfit.

HASAN

That is quite... a dress.

MIRIAM

Well, we're just going to your house for dinner, aren't we?

HASAN

Everything is prepared. I need only to reheat it. But, why are you so late, Miriam?

MIRIAM

My car. It was stalling out all the way here. I managed to get it into the parking lot, but I'm afraid it's dead. What is that you're working on?

HASAN

Found recently, below a shrine. From the ancient city of Memphis.

The news impresses Miriam.

HASAN

My friend Mahmoud sent this from Cairo yesterday. He was having trouble with the translation and wanted my help. But, I am having trouble also.

Hasan takes out his comb. Grooms his long, tapered beard.

HASAN

The book I require is at my house.

He places the aluminum briefcase on the desk. Opens it and places the stone tablet inside.

MIRIAM

My cellphone is dead.

HASAN

Use this. Here.

He indicates a phone on his desk. Miriam picks it up. Puts the earpiece to her ear. Hangs up.

HASAN

What's wrong?

MIRIAM

You forget. Phones are turned off after six o'clock.

Hasan shuts the briefcase.

HASAN

My cellphone is at home. We will walk to my house, and you shall phone from there. Have you a wrap in your car?

Miriam nods. They exit. Hasan carries the briefcase.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A full moon. Hasan waits for Miriam to catch up with him. She wears a shawl that hangs to her waist.

MIRIAM

Don't walk so fast, Hasan. I'm wearing heels, you know.

HASAN

It is the price you must pay for dating a tall, old man.

Miriam kisses him on the cheek. They continue on.

The two stop short. Zitz and Wasted appear from an adjoining alley and block their way.

ZITZ

Going somewhere, shithead?

Hasan and Miriam turn back, but Dirk, Candy, and Spike saunter in. Both exits sealed.

Hasan turns. Turd, Flash, and Jewel join the others. Jewel wears a sling on her right arm.

HASAN

I want no trouble from you.

DIRK

Well, you've got it, asshole.

Dirk swaggers over to them. Winks at Miriam.

DIRK

Hey, baby, this your grandfather?

The teens laugh. Wasted grabs Miriam's wrap and pulls it off. It falls to the ground.

The teens howl and wolf whistle. Miriam's sexy dress reveals her stunning figure.

WASTED

You got good taste, fart head.

Wasted pinches Miriam's half-exposed breasts.

HASAN

Stop it!

WHACK! Hasan smashes the metal briefcase on Wasted's chin. The vicious blow brings the youngster to his knees.

Dirk retaliates, punches Hasan in the face. The old man falls. The briefcase drops at his feet.

HASAN

Run, Miriam! Run!

Miriam attempts to run away. Flash grabs her.

Dirk picks Hasan off the ground. Plants a blow to his stomach. The old man reels backwards. Turd and Zitz catch and hold him.

Dirk punches Hasan in the face again.

Terrified, Miriam struggles to free herself. Screams. Wasted stumbles to the helpless Miriam.

Spike pummels Hasan's stomach with lefts and rights.

Flash holds Miriam from behind. Wasted pinches, gropes, and plays with her breasts. Miriam cries out.

WASTED

Firm, very firm.

CANDY

Wasted, that's no way to treat a lady. Here. Do it right.

Candy draws his knife. Places the blade in Miriam's cleavage. She whimpers.

Candy slits Miriam's dress and exposes her naked chest.

JEWEL

Yeah. That's more like it.

Wasted feels Miriam's breasts, along with Candy. Miriam sobs and trembles with fear.

CANDY

Nice titties. Bigger than yours, Spike.

SPIKE

Wouldn't you like to find out?

Spike kicks Hasan in the groin. The old man crumples to the ground in a heap.

Zitz and Dirk take turns and kick the fallen Hasan.

Spike concentrates on Miriam.

SPIKE

Oh, your dress is torn. Let me help you --

MIRIAM

No, please!

Spike grabs Miriam's torn dress. Rips it in half, down the middle. Displays more of Miriam's body.

Miriam screams again. The remains of her dress hang over her shoulders and drape over her rear end.

The other gang members applaud and yell their approval.

CANDY

Let's pull a train on this bitch.

JEWEL

Gang bang! Gang bang!

Candy shoves Jewel aside. Lifts up Miriam's tattered dress. He unzips his fly. Enters her from behind. Miriam hollers.

MIRIAM

Ow! Help!

Flash grips Candy's belt and tosses him aside.

FLASH

Out of the way, small fry. Let a real man show you how it's done.

Flash takes Candy's place and assaults Miriam.

MIRIAM

No! No!

Jewel leans over. Yells in Miriam's ear and points to her injured hand.

JEWEL

See what your boyfriend done to me?! Now it's our turn. Gang bang! Gang bang!

ZITZ, WASTED, TURD

Gang bang! Gang bang! Gang bang!

They continue to chant. The spectacle arouses Spike, and she rubs against Dirk. Strokes his thighs with her hand.

The gang ignores Hasan, who struggles to his feet. He bleeds from the face.

Still groggy, the old man picks up the heavy briefcase.

Hasan stumbles over to Flash. Hits him with the briefcase. It bounces off his skull and lands on the ground.

The blow knocks out the teenager. He collapses.

Zitz kicks Hasan in the back. Wasted retrieves the heavy briefcase from the ground. It springs open.

WASTED

What's in here? Bricks?

Wasted takes out the clay-covered tablet.

WASTED

A grave marker. Just what we need.

CRUNCH! Wasted uses the tablet and strikes Hasan hard on the leg. Hasan crumples to the ground.

Wasted hits him in the head with the ancient clay tablet.

Pieces of the clay break apart. Wasted tosses the tablet onto the pavement.

Hasan slumps against a wall, unconscious.

Turd takes Flash's place and continues the abuse.

MIRIAM

Please, stop!

Zitz unzips his pants.

ZITZ

I'm tired of waiting.

With Miriam on all fours, Zitz forces her head down to his crotch. She gasps.

ZITZ  
Swallow this, bitch!

JEWEL, CANDY, WASTED  
Gang bang! Gang bang! Gang bang!

Dirk and Spike french kiss during the rape. Jewel and the others cheer for Turd and Zitz.

Zitz emits a sudden, hideous scream. He reels back. His groin area spurts blood.

ZITZ  
Owwwwwhh! She bit it off!

Zitz crumples to the ground. Turd stops his assault.

In the confusion, Miriam tries to escape. Wasted drags her back to the others.

Dirk and the rest try to assist Zitz.

ZITZ  
Help me! Help me! Owww!

Dirk faces Miriam, held by Wasted. He slaps her.

He unsheathes his hunting knife. Jewel spits in Miriam's face. Spike joins in and backhands Miriam.

The injured Hasan regains consciousness, but can't move.

DIRK  
(to Miriam)  
Now, you've had it.

He slashes the blade of his knife across Miriam's neck. A gurgling gulp issues from her throat.

Blood flows from the wound and drips onto the pavement. Hasan watches in horror. Wasted releases his hold.

Miriam slumps to the ground. Gasps. And dies. A police siren WAILS in the distance.

DIRK  
Let's go!

Wasted helps the wounded Zitz. Candy lifts Flash to his feet. The teenagers hurry out of the alley.

The bruised and bloodied Hasan crawls to a lifeless Miriam.

HASAN  
(weeps)  
Miriam... no.



Hasan turns his head from the painful sight. An object glistens in the moonlight.

Inch-by-inch, he pulls himself toward the tablet.

Several large chunks of clay lie near the tablet. This reveals the granite underneath and makes part of the crystal near the top of the tablet visible. It shimmers.

Hasan feels the tablet and the embedded crystal. Then collapses, unconscious.

EXT. SAN JOSE HOSPITAL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

PERSONNEL and VISITORS enter and leave the modern facility.

INT. HASAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Hasan lies in a hospital bed. Bandages on the old man's face and leg. A pair of crutches next to the bed.

He opens his eyes. A MALE NURSE stands beside Pasha.

PASHA

Father... You'll be all right.  
But, your leg is badly injured.

HASAN

Miriam... She is -- ?

PASHA

Miriam was cremated this morning.

HASAN

Cremated? Already? No!

PASHA

I was still listed as her proxy...  
You've been unconscious for three  
days. I left the conference early.

HASAN

The tablet. Tell me, where is the  
tablet? I must have it!

PASHA

The tablet?

HASAN

It was with me in the alley.

PASHA

That?... I put it in the cellar.

HASAN

We must leave. Get my clothes.

Hasan tries to rise from the bed. Grabs his leg in pain.

MALE NURSE

Sir. If you want to get up, please use the crutches.

Pasha and the Male Nurse help Hasan onto his feet and position the crutches under his armpits.

NURSE

Now, be careful. Take it slow.

Pasha grabs Hasan's clothes from a closet. Helps Hasan slip them on under his hospital gown.

He hands a pair of shoes to Hasan, who puts them on, then struggles with the crutches to reach the room door.

PASHA

Father, you must speak with the police first.

Hasan tosses the gown aside. He maneuvers with the awkward crutches, hops past Pasha, and exits the room.

EXT. KAMIL HOUSE - DAY

George Brennan carries a covered casserole dish. Knocks on the front door.

INT. KAMIL HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Most of Hasan's facial wounds have healed. He sits at a desk and pours over several books. Crutches beside him.

Pasha lets George inside.

PASHA

Mr. Brennan.

GEORGE

Call me George. I made this for you and your father.

George brings the casserole dish to Hasan. Sets it on the desk in front of him.

GEORGE

I thought you might like some lamb curry, Mr. Kamil.

HASAN

(uninterested)

Uh huh...

GEORGE

Your injuries have healed well.

PASHA

He may never walk right again.

George runs his fingers over Hasan's head. Stops, as Hasan reacts and swats George's hand.

HASAN

What are you doing?

GEORGE

I'm a phrenologist. Your skull is scaphocephalic. Unbalanced. High in motive temperament and developed in the combativeness region. A tendency toward violence.

PASHA

You needn't examine his skull to calculate some of those qualities.

GEORGE

I have a tape measure at home. I'll come back and give you a full analysis.

HASAN

No, thank you. I have work to do, and you are interrupting.

George backs away and starts for the front door.

PASHA

Thanks for your thoughtfulness, George.

Hasan positions the crutches. Carries a book with one hand. Struggles through the door that leads to the cellar.

George opens the front door and finds Sheriff Hairston in the entryway. The two stand nose-to-nose for a moment. Neither speaks.

George nods to Hairston and leaves. Hairston scoffs at George's behavior, then approaches Pasha.

HAIRSTON

Your dad here?

PASHA

He's on his way down to the cellar.

HAIRSTON

Those punks made bail this morning. Thought you'd want to know.

PASHA

I see. How is the case coming?

HAIRSTON

Not so good. They got a lawyer. All of them claim to have alibis.

PASHA

Alibis?

HAIRSTON

Yeah. Except for that punk named Zitz, who lost his... uh... body appendage. Other than that, there's no real evidence. Semen testing takes a while, so --

Hairston notices Pasha's painful reaction and stops.

HAIRSTON

Of course, there's your father's testimony. Try to keep him away from that park.

PASHA

That won't be a problem. He's been in and out of that cellar since he left the hospital three weeks ago. He won't allow anyone down there. Not even myself.

INT. KAMIL HOUSE/CELLAR - DAY

Hasan sits and works by a single light bulb that hangs from the ceiling.

He refers to books and parchment spread on a table in the middle of the room. His crutches lean beside him.

With the clay covering gone, the tablet reveals the original granite, with ancient hieroglyphics and embedded crystal.

Hasan writes. His eyes light up.

HASAN

Pasha! Come down here at once!

Pasha hurries down the steps and joins Hasan.

HASAN

The clay covered granite underneath. Before I removed the clay, I translated. The clay was added during the Third Dynasty, the time of Pharaoh Zoser. Builder of the first pyramid. More than four-thousand years ago!

PASHA

Why was the clay there?

HASAN

The tablet was buried with the mummified remains of Strabo.

PASHA

Strabo? I've never heard the name.

HASAN

Something of a magician in his time. Strabo stole this sacred tablet. Performed a blasphemous act. For this, his eyes and tongue were torn out. And, he was embalmed alive.

PASHA

My God.

HASAN

And, underneath the clay. The markings on this granite are the oldest I have ever seen.

PASHA

How old?

HASAN

I believe, from the very first Pharaoh of Egypt. Menes. Perhaps earlier. Six-thousand years?

Hasan points to the crystal.

HASAN

This... is the eye of Ra. The god of the gods.

PASHA

There were no Egyptian gods, father. They were only legends. Like fairy tales.

HASAN

Save me your lectures condemning our religious heritage, Pasha! From Ra, the god Thoth learned the secret of life.

PASHA

Ridiculous.

HASAN

Sacred words spoke by Isis to raise Osiris from the dead... Ka and ushabti statues at one time were the same. Using this eye of Ra and the sacred words, the exact image of a man may possess his living essence. And live itself.

PASHA

Nonsense. You should be grieving over what happened to Miriam. And bring that gang of hoodlums to justice. Not pursue some ancient Egyptian bedtime story!

HASAN

Yes, I wish them punished. But, I will see to it. Their punishment shall be merciless. And vengeful.

PASHA

That's the job of police. You may be on crutches the rest of your life. Promise me you won't --

HASAN

Go to work, Pasha. I will do nothing today, until you return.

Hasan primps his pointed beard with the comb.

Kevin, Carol, and Gene eavesdrop at the cellar window. Their eyes widen with astonishment.

EXT. FIKE HOUSE - NIGHT

The only light in the house radiates from the living room.

INT. FIKE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Empty. A RECORDING of Bob Seger, who performs "That Old Time Rock And Roll" fills the room with music.

Senior citizen George Brennan slides into the room, in his stocking feet.

He wears red and white striped boxer shorts and an old-fashioned, sleeveless white tank top undershirt.

Kevin's electric guitar straps across his shoulder.

George lip-syncs the song and mimics Tom Cruise from "Risky Business". Pretends to play the guitar and dances around.

Kevin and Gene watch George, with his back to the boys. The two brothers take in all of George's antics.

GENE

Boy, grampa's weird.

INT. KAMIL HOUSE/CELLAR - NIGHT

Hasan, on crutches, places his notebook and a smartphone in a nearby glass-enclosed bookcase.

EXT. FIKE HOUSE - DAY

Kevin in the back yard. He uses scissors and a mirror to cut his hair. George and Gene play a game of croquet.

GEORGE

(to Kevin)

When we finish our game, I'll  
measure your head and do a chart of  
your regions.

Kevin makes a face. He tries to spike his hair.

GEORGE

You know, Gene. When I play  
croquet, sometimes I feel like a  
member of British aristocracy.

A hideous SCREAM comes from the adjacent house.

Kevin stops. Runs in the direction of the Kamil house.  
Gene follows.

George freezes for a moment. Kicks Gene's croquet ball off  
its course. And trots after the boys as fast as he can.

EXT. KAMIL HOUSE - DAY

Carol sprints toward the house. She joins Kevin at the foot  
of the front steps.

An unearthly GROWL emits from the house. Gene reaches the  
pair. Kevin pounds on the door.

KEVIN

Mr. Kamil! Are you okay?!

Kevin flings door open. A four-legged monster rushes past  
Kevin, Carol, and Gene.

It's the terracotta statue of TAUERET: the pregnant  
hippo/lion/crocodile combination that resembles a fat  
Snoopy. It makes a CRUNCHING, GRINDING sound, as it dashes  
down the stairs. Sprints into the nearby woods.

The three youngsters open their mouths in shock.

George reaches them, wild-eyed.

GEORGE

What the devil was that?!

Kevin recovers his senses. Creeps inside the house with  
caution. Carol, Gene, and George follow behind.

INT. KAMIL HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

A trail of blood on the carpet leads further into the room.  
Chairs, a table, and other furniture overturned and broken.

Kevin passes a chewed and splintered chair. And a large, steel wire animal cage with a big, jagged hole in it.

Hasan Kamil lies on his back, a deep hole in his chest. The Crutches scatter alongside his dead body.

His bloody heart rests beside him. Next to it, the heavy granite tablet.

Kevin, Carol, Gene, and George gape in stunned horror.

Gene sobs.

GENE

Snoopy killed Mr. Kamil.

Bill and Lucy Walters stumble inside. George punches buttons on a cellphone.

Lucy reaches Hasan's mutilated body. She screams.

BILL

Oh, my God!... Did you see the... thing that ran into the woods?

GEORGE

(into the phone)

Nine-one-one? I want to report a death. And... a loose animal.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

A small brook flows in the distance, a construction site just beyond.

DEPUTIES and POLICEMEN roam the woods. They search, armed with pistols, shotguns, and rifles.

DEPUTY #1

Hey! Up here!

The other lawmen run toward the bank of the brook.

They reach the bank. The terracotta statue of the Taueret snarls and snaps at them.

Deputy #1 pokes at the creature with the barrel of a rifle. The sight amazes the men.

DEPUTY #2

What the hell is that?

DEPUTY #1

It won't cross the brook. Maybe we can take it alive?

The Taueret leaps into the air toward Deputy #1.



It rips out the man's throat before he can scream. His loose head hangs in a grotesque pose.

A piece of flesh connects the head and neck. It snaps. The head flops onto the ground.

The decapitated body follows it.

The rest of the lawmen open FIRE on the Taueret. Bullets from the pistols and rifles tear off bits of the terracotta.

POLICEMAN #1 sneaks behind the Taueret.

Levels his shotgun on the back end of the creature's body. He fires both barrels, from point-blank range.

The terracotta statue blows apart. All four limbs and the head detach from the body and drop to the ground.

Others advance on what's left of the creature. The torso and tail still wriggle.

One detached hind leg grasps the leg of DEPUTY #3.

The lawman screams.

DEPUTY #3

Ahh! Help! It's got me!

The officers register varied expressions of amazement at the hideous sight.

Another policeman smashes the terracotta leg with a rifle butt, until it becomes powder and pebble fragments.

DEPUTY #2

It's still alive!

DEPUTY #3

Crush it! Smash it!

They use rifle and shotgun butts, along with their feet, to crush the remaining parts of the monster.

EXT. KAMIL HOUSE - DAY

Several patrol cars park. Various police PERSONNEL investigate. An ambulance drives away.

Sheriff Hairston interacts with WITNESSES, including Kevin, George, and Gene.

HAIRSTON

So, the only thing you saw come out of the house was this animal?

GENE

It was Snoopy.

HAIRSTON

Snoopy. Uh huh. I'll send for  
Charlie Brown.

A COP strides out of the house and approaches Hairston.

COP

We searched the cellar, Sheriff.  
Nothing but a couple of empty  
animal cages.

HAIRSTON

Right.

COP

Yep. Looks like the old man had  
some sort of wild animal in a cage.  
It got out. And got him.

HAIRSTON

(annoyed)

Thanks for your expert analysis.

Deputies from the hunting party reach him. They carry a  
folded-up blanket.

HAIRSTON

What's this?

DEPUTY #2

We got it, Sheriff.

HAIRSTON

Good. Is that it in there?

DEPUTY #3

Well... yeah, what's left of it.

HAIRSTON

Open it.

The men set the blanket on the ground and open it.

A collection of terracotta fragments represents all that  
remains of the Taueret statue.

This mystifies Hairston, Kevin, and others, who all shake  
their heads..

Hairston reaches into the blanket. Takes out a handful of  
the terracotta.

HAIRSTON

You're saying this is what killed  
Hasan Kamil?

DEPUTY #3

And Dixon. It killed Dixon too.

Hairston frowns.

HAIRSTON

(whispers)

Take this shit and throw it away.  
Don't write up the report till you  
talk to me. We'll say it drowned  
in the brook.

The lawmen nod. They fold up the blanket and leave.

EXT. KAMIL HOUSE - DAY - THE NEXT DAY

Morning.

SUPER: "Next Day"

Things back to normal. No signs of the previous scene.

INT. KAMIL HOUSE/CELLAR - DAY

A weary-looking Pasha Kamil places the granite tablet on the table, next to his father's beard comb.

He wanders around and rummages through Hasan's things.

Gene snoops from the outside cellar window.

Pasha notices a notebook and smartphone in the bookcase's enclosed glass. He removes the items and sits at the table.

He swipes through the smartphone, taps an icon, and listens.

HASAN (V.O)

(from smartphone)

This is a record of my  
investigation. The study of what I  
have named "The Tablet of Strabo".

Pasha chuckles and sighs. He advances the recording.

HASAN (V.O)

(from smartphone)

It is all clear now.

BEGIN HASAN FLASHBACK

INT. KAMIL HOUSE/CELLAR - DAY

The granite tablet rests on the table, along with a three-inch-high, clay ushabti STATUE.

Hasan reads translations of the markings.

HASAN (V.O)

When making a full-size ushabti  
statue, it must be an exact copy.

Hasan writes in his notebook.

HASAN (V.O.)

The ka of the dead person can inhabit and control the figure... The symbol of the ankh must be on the forehead of the ushabti statue, using blood of the deceased... The blood implants the essence of the person. Without it, the ushabti would have no human will. Its behavior would be erratic.

Hasan props up the tablet. Positions it for the embedded crystal to gather sunlight from the cellar window.

The crystal focuses light on the tiny ushabti statue.

HASAN (V.O.)

First, I tested the sacred words of Thoth, using the eye of Ra.

Hasan consults his notebook.

HASAN (V.O.)

(reads)

"Illumination to Ra, God of gods, and to the sun. Bestow upon this barren object, the gift of life. Arise!"

The miniature statue springs to life and walks toward Hasan. He allows the small statue to crawl on his hand like a bug.

He brushes it onto the table. And smashes it into dust with the end of the tablet.

HASAN (V.O.)

It worked with an inanimate object. But, I used no blood. I next experimented with the blood of a thing once alive.

INT. KAMIL HOUSE/CELLAR - DAY - LATER

Hasan sits, crutches alongside him. A cage with a live RABBIT on the table.

He dips a cotton swab into a clear bottle of liquid. Shoves it into the rabbit's nose. The animal expires.

He takes the dead rabbit out of the cage. Makes a slit on its back with a penknife. A few drops of blood ooze out.

Hasan dips his finger in the blood. Draws the symbol of the ankh on the rabbit's head.

He allows sunlight to beam through the tablet crystal onto the rabbit.

HASAN (V.O.)

"Illumination to Ra, God of gods,  
and to the sun. Bestow upon this  
barren object, the gift of life.  
Arise!"

The rabbit springs to life. Bares its teeth. Tries to bite Hasan. The old man manages to push it back into the cage.

HASAN (V.O.)

But, to create life from a thing  
which has lived, then died, is an  
abomination.

On crutches, Hasan tosses the cage with the reanimated rabbit into the flames of the furnace. The animal burns to a crisp.

INT. KAMIL HOUSE/CELLAR - NIGHT - LATER

Hasan writes in his notebook.

HASAN (V.O.)

A pattern emerges. The larger the  
object, the more violent its  
reaction. Perhaps, the essence of  
an animal cannot understand what is  
happening? An intelligent creature  
may not behave this way... I will  
conduct more tests.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. KAMIL HOUSE/CELLAR - DAY

Pasha sets down the smartphone on the table. Thinks for a moment. His shoulders drop. He sighs.

PASHA

Oh, father. Between this obsession  
and your sorrow, you must have been  
driven to madness.

A KNOCK on the upstairs door.

He hurries up the cellar steps.

Gene leaves his post and scampers away.

EXT. KAMIL HOUSE - DAY

A delivery truck parks in the driveway. A DELIVERYMAN at the front door holds a clipboard.

Pasha opens the door. Gene hides behind a bush and spies.

DELIVERYMAN

Okay, bud. Where do you want it?

PASHA  
What are you talking about?

DELIVERYMAN  
This the residence of... Hasan...  
Kamil, right?

PASHA  
My father.

DELIVERYMAN  
Delivery from University Fine Arts  
Department. Already paid for, bud.

PASHA  
What is it?

The Deliveryman takes notice of the number of steps that lead to the front entrance. Compares them to the ground level of the basement door.

DELIVERYMAN  
It's pretty damn big. And heavy.  
Look. Why don't I just wheel it  
around to the side and drop it off  
in the basement? You can move it  
somewhere else later on.

INT. KAMIL HOUSE/CELLAR - DAY

A wooden crate in the cellar. Seven feet long, two feet wide, and two feet deep.

The Deliveryman perspires and pries open the lid. Pasha stands by.

The lid lifts off. A black, USHABTI stone statue in the exact likeness of Hasan Kamil rests inside.

Pasha steps back in shock. The Deliveryman leaves.

Pasha checks out the statue. Picks up the smartphone on the table. Taps an icon. Hasan's recording continues.

Gene reappears at the cellar window and peeks in.

HASAN (V.O.)  
(from smartphone)  
These experiments could be  
dangerous. Pasha. If I should  
die... As your father, I beg you.  
Anoint the ushabti statue of myself  
which I had made. Use the eye of  
Ra. Speak the sacred words. I drew  
a small amount of my own blood. It  
is in the cellar refrigerator. Use  
it, Pasha. Promise me on your  
mother's grave. And, on Miriam's.

Pasha removes several test tube vials from a small refrigerator in a corner of the cellar.

Masking tape labels them: "rat," "hamster," and "Kamil."

Pasha stares at the vials and reflects for a moment.

PASHA

Well, I'll obey his last wishes and humor him. What harm can it do?

Pasha takes one of the vials. Grabs Hasan's notebook. Approaches the prone statue in the carton.

He opens a vial. Hesitates. Dips a finger in the blood. Draws the ankh sign on the Ushabti forehead.

He returns to the table. Positions the embedded crystal in the granite tablet between sunlight and the Ushabti.

PASHA

(reads)

"Illumination to Ra, God of gods,  
and to the sun. Bestow upon this  
barren object, the gift of life.  
Arise!"

Nothing happens.

Pasha turns away, shakes his head, and forces a smile.

The ebony eyelids of the Ushabti open. Eyes scope out the situation, then close. It lies motionless.

Neither Pasha nor the eavesdropping Gene at the cellar window notice activity by the Ushabti.

PASHA

I had almost believed it might  
work... Now, father, my obligation  
to you has ended.

Pasha walks up the cellar stairs.

Gene leaves his bear/recorder outside and slides through the window. Drops onto the cellar floor.

The eight-year-old lifts the heavy tablet off the table. Drags it across the floor.

Gene unfastens the cellar door to the outside and tugs the tablet through it.

EXT. KAMIL HOUSE - NIGHT

Darkness shrouds the Victorian-style house.

INT. KAMIL HOUSE/CELLAR - NIGHT

A black leg emerges from the carton. Plants on the cellar floor. The shadowy figure of the Ushabti.

The statue heads toward the outside door. When it walks, it sounds like pebbles that ROLL and RUB together.

The Ushabti stops. Returns to the table. Takes Hasan's comb. Runs it through his beard.

The plastic teeth of the comb break off and bend. The statue discards the comb. Exits out the cellar door.

INT. JEWEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A mess. Clothes, food, plates, and papers clutter the room. A metal coat hook on a door. Half-open window.

Turd, Flash, and Jewel lie in a large bed. Naked. They make love. And giggle. Flash rolls out of bed.

FLASH

I'm hungry. Gonna heat something up.

JEWEL

Ok. We'll keep things hot right here.

Turd and Jewel chuckle. Flash leaves the room.

A bandage covers Jewel's injured hand. She crawls on top of Turd. He reaches up. Fondles her breasts.

INT. JEWEL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Flash takes a half-full can of spaghetti from a refrigerator. Dumps it into a saucepan. Heats it on a stove burner.

Jewel's groans spill in from the bedroom, as she and Turd make love. Flash smirks.

INT. JEWEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jewel straddles Turd and faces away from him. Her hips grind, and the pair has sex.

The love-making becomes more intense. Jewel's groans amplify into screams.

The half-open window raises. The dark Ushabti statue of Hasan climbs through.

Engrossed in sexual frenzy, Jewel and Turd remain oblivious to what happens around them.



The Ushabti lunges at the couple. Grabs the head of the prone Turd.

CRACK! Snaps his neck like a twig. Jewel's screams of passion switch to shrieks of horror.

INT. JEWEL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Flash sits at the kitchen table and eats the heated spaghetti out of the saucepan.

He listens to Jewel's SCREAMS of agony. Snickers.

FLASH

(yells)

Hey, Jewel, what's the matter? Turd killing you or what?

Flash laughs again. The screams of Jewel intensify, then stop. Flash listens. Silence from the bedroom.

FLASH

What? Over already? You got no staying power, Turd. I'll help you out, Jewel.

INT. JEWEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Flash saunters through the open bedroom door. He giggles at Turd, on his side and motionless in the bed.

FLASH

Ha! You wore him out, eh Jewel? Jewel?... Jewel?...

Flash pokes Turd. A lifeless head flops toward Flash, who cries out.

FLASH

What the fuck?!

The youngster backs away and spins around. The bedroom door swings closed. He gasps.

Jewel's half-dead body hangs from a metal coat hook on the back of the door. Dangles like beef in a meat locker.

JEWEL

... help...

Flash freezes.

A huge shadow of the Ushabti appears behind him. It advances on Flash. He turns, horrified.

FLASH

(whispers)

Fuck me...

The Ushabti grabs Flash around the neck with one hand.  
Lifts him off the floor.

Flash gags, and the black statue tightens its grip. Crushes  
the young man's windpipe.

Flash gurgles, then goes limp. The Ushabti casts him off  
like a dead kitten. The body crumples in a heap.

The near-dead Jewel can do nothing but watch the carnage.

JEWEL

What... are... you?

Blood from the metal coat hook streams down her back and  
drips onto the floor.

The creature places its hand tight over Jewel's nose and  
mouth. She struggles to breathe.

In a few moments, the young woman suffocates.

INT. ZITZ'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The teenage, pock-marked Zitz lies in a hospital bed. A  
resuscitation machine on a portable cart in a corner.

A female NURSE enters. Hands him a paper cup with pills in  
it. And sets a glass of water on the tray in front of him.

Zitz raises the head of the bed with a hand control device.

ZITZ

More pills?

NURSE

We want to clear up that urinary  
infection, don't we?

ZITZ

Yeah, yeah. What does it matter?  
We can't have fun with girls  
anymore, can we?

NURSE

Doctor wanted you to consider the  
possibility of an artificial --

ZITZ

Yeah? I'll use this instead.

Zitz extends his bare arm. Grasps his forearm with the  
opposite hand. The Nurse shudders a bit. And leaves.

Zitz laughs to himself, but winces in pain. He swallows  
down the pills. Lies back in the bed.

The Ushabti statue bursts through the window. Glass  
shatters, and shards fly everywhere.

The Ushabti advances toward him.

ZITZ  
Jesus Christ!

He rings the bell to summon help. The Ushabti grabs the metal paddles from the resuscitation machine.

Zitz searches for an avenue of escape. He continues to press the call button, again and again.

ZITZ  
(panicked)  
Hey, nurse! This is a goddamn emergency! Get the fuck in here!

The Ushabti uses the paddles like a pair of cymbals and hits Zitz on either side of his head.

The blow stuns Zitz. The statue squeezes the teen's head with the resuscitation paddles.

The pressure increases, and Zitz bellows in pain.

Blood pours from Zitz's mouth, nose, ears, and eyes. The statue crushes his head like a melon.

Zitz's eyes pop out. His skull contorts. He collapses. Head smashes into a bloody pulp.

The Ushabti drops the paddles, and what's left of Zitz's squashed head droops onto the bed.

The statue leaps out the window. A beat later, the nurse rushes into the room and screams.

INT. KAMIL HOUSE/CELLAR - NIGHT

The Ushabti enters the cellar through the outside door.

EXT. KAMIL HOUSE - DAY

Hairston's patrol car parks in the driveway.

INT. KAMIL HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sheriff Hairston and Pasha sit in the living room.

HAIRSTON  
I'm not accusing you. It's just...  
When four of the punks who  
assaulted your father are murdered  
in one night... Well, the rest of  
the gang might think you had  
something to do with it.

PASHA  
What about a rival gang?

HAIRSTON

Yeah, could be. Maybe the Huns.

PASHA

Then, I condemn their actions.  
But, congratulate them on their  
taste in enemies. Thank you for  
the warning, Sheriff.

Hairston rises to leave.

HAIRSTON

By the way, where were you last  
night?

PASHA

In bed. From nine o'clock on.  
Sorry, no witnesses.

HAIRSTON

Just checking.

EXT. FIKE HOUSE - DAY

The sun nears the horizon.

INT. FIKE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

George Brennan walks down the stairs.

He checks the breast pocket of his suit. Brings out a pair  
of very dark sunglasses. Chuckles to himself. Then replaces  
the glasses.

GEORGE

(yells upstairs)

I'm going into town for a couple of  
hours! Stay close to the house!  
If you're hungry, supper's in the  
icebox!

KEVIN (O.S.)

Okay, Grandpa.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Wasted and Candy perch on the roof of an old building.

Wasted rests cross-legged and reads a comic book.

Candy kneels and bends over a piece of mirror with lines of  
cocaine spread on it.

He snorts a lines with a straw. Leans back. Offers the  
straw to Wasted, who waves him off and declines.

CANDY

Wimp.

Candy finishes what remains on the mirror.

WASTED

Someday you'll burn a hole right  
through your nose, and it'll come  
out the other side.

CANDY

Ha. Never. This nose is...  
indestructible.

WASTED

Candy. You think it was the Huns?

CANDY

What?

WASTED

The ones who dusted Jewel and --

CANDY

The Huns? Naw. They got no beef  
with us. I'll bet it was the cops.

Candy staggers to the other side of the stairwell enclosure,  
unseen by Wasted.

He leans against the brick wall. Sniffs one nostril, then  
the other.

Candy spots a black hand appear on the top rung of the fire  
escape ladder.

CANDY

Hey!

WASTED

What? Find some more blow?

CANDY

(stunned)

Holy shit...

The black stone Ushabti climbs up the ladder. Advances on  
the drugged teenager.

Candy scans the area for a weapon. Picks up an old single  
metal TV antenna. He thrusts it at the Ushabti.

The antenna bends when it presses against the stone.

CANDY

Help me!

WASTED

You hallucinating again, Candy?

Wasted laughs.

The Ushabti holds Candy by the hair. Yanks his head back. And shoves the television antenna up Candy's nose. Blood spurts out the nostril.

On the other side of the stairwell enclosure, Wasted struggles to his feet. He wanders toward Candy.

Wasted spots Candy's half-dead form, the antenna still stuck up his nose. Wasted jumps away with a yell.

He watches Candy fall, face-down. The body hits the roof, and the antenna drives deep into his head. The tip pierces the top of his scalp and sticks through.

Wasted screams. The Ushabti lunges toward him. Wasted ducks and avoids the creature. His eyes flash fear.

He scrambles to the fire escape ladder. Makes his way down the rungs.

EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING - NIGHT

Wasted shinnies down the fire escape ladder with amazing agility and lands on the sidewalk.

The Ushabti stands on the roof's edge and gazes down at him. The wiry teen takes off and runs down the sidewalk.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

A MAN escorts George Brennan across the street.

George wears dark sunglasses, plays the part of a blind man.

George rests his hand on the Man's head, pretends to use it as a guide. Examines his skull. They reach the curb.

GEORGE

Thank you, friend.

MAN

You're welcome. Sorry you lost your cane.

The Man continues on.

George stops. Removes the sunglasses. Takes out a notebook and pen and writes. He has trouble. Until he reaches into a pocket and puts on his horn-rimmed eyeglasses.

Finished, the near-sighted George substitutes the sunglasses for his regular glasses.

He stuffs the notebook and pen into his pocket, and notices someone approach.

GEORGE

Pardon me, sir, but I am blind and have lost my cane. Could you --

The oncoming person, Wasted, sprints past George. A few beats later, George turns to another figure.

GEORGE  
Sir, could you help me cross the  
street? I'm blind.

George reaches out and touches the head of the figure. It's the Ushabti. George's eyes bug out.

GEORGE  
My, what a hard head.

The Ushabti brushes past. George puts on his eyeglasses, and the statue turns a corner.

GEORGE  
I've felt that head before.

George jots in his notebook, puzzled.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A dead-end alley. Dirk and Spike on their bike.

SPIKE  
Ain't that Wasted?

She points. Wasted runs into the alley, out-of-breath. Dirk and Spike dismount from the bike.

DIRK  
Wasted! What's goin' on?

WASTED  
It's Candy! He's dead!

DIRK  
Dead? Who did it?

WASTED  
The Arab. That one we beat up.

SPIKE  
Him? He's dead.

WASTED  
No. He's out there, covered in  
some black shit. And, he's after  
me!

SPIKE  
You're stoned.

WASTED  
God damn! Look!

The Ushabti strides into the alley. Dirk and Spike gape at the statue. Wasted jumps on Dirk's bike and starts it.

DIRK

Hey!

WASTED

Fuck you, Dirk!

Wasted guns the bike and races down the alley. He tries to pass by the Ushabti.

The black stone figure forces Wasted and the bike into a wall. Wasted catapults from the vehicle.

The Ushabti advances toward him. Dirk and Spike run past the statue and through the alley.

WASTED

You son-of-a-bitch!

The teen punches the Ushabti in the stomach. Breaks his hand against the stone. He bellows in pain.

WASTED

He's made outa stone!

Wasted tries to run, but the Ushabti grabs him. Flings him down to the pavement.

It picks up the fallen motorcycle. Heaves it at Wasted.

The thin teenager avoids it at the last moment.

The motorcycle hits the wall, bounces off, and springs back at the Ushabti, who sidesteps it.

Wasted holds his head and hobbles out of the alley.

EXT. KAMIL HOUSE - DAY

Pasha escorts Sheriff Hairston out the front door.

HAIRSTON

If I were you, Pasha, I wouldn't leave town.

PASHA

You're saying I'm a suspect?

HAIRSTON

Look. All I know is I got five murders in two nights. And, they beat up your father and killed his girlfriend last month. Just stay close, huh?

PASHA

Okay.



HAIRSTON

Pasha... Why would your father have plaster on him?

PASHA

What?

HAIRSTON

The lab boys found flecks of plaster in his hair and beard. Any ideas on that?

PASHA

Uh, yes, I have an explanation. Father commissioned a statue to be made of himself. It was delivered two days ago. It's in the cellar. You want to see it?

Hairston shakes his head "no", moves to the door of his car and opens it.

HAIRSTON

Funny thing. They also found a trace of plaster on one of the first victims.

Hairston raises his eyebrows.

Pasha thinks to himself for a moment. Dismisses the thought and shakes his head. Hairston drives off.

Pasha heads toward the rear of the house.

INT. KAMIL HOUSE/CELLAR - DAY

Pasha enters the cellar. Walks to the wood carton. The motionless Ushabti statue lies inside.

He spots something on the floor. Picks up his father's comb, mangled, with several teeth bent and missing.

Pasha notices a white substance on the teeth of the comb and feels it with his fingers.

PASHA

Plaster?

He touches the stone beard of the Ushabti statue. It contains some white plaster. He arches an eyebrow.

Pasha sorts through aside papers, the notebook, and the smartphone, but doesn't seem to find what he wants.

EXT. FIKE HOUSE - DAY

Late afternoon. Sunset approaches.

INT. FIKE HOUSE/KEVIN'S ROOM - DAY

Neater than before. Kevin has company. He and Carol play a video game.

Kevin focuses on the monitor and manipulates the controller. Carol's attention divides between the video game and Kevin.

Kevin wins the game.

CAROL  
(feigns disappointment)  
Oh. I lost again.

KEVIN  
I got another game you might like better.

Kevin rummages through his video games.

CAROL  
Did you know your nose twitches when you concentrate?

Kevin stops his search.

Carol gives him a broad smile. Kevin rubs his nose, self-conscious.

KEVIN  
I'll bet my dopey brother took it.

Kevin bolts out of the room. Carol tags along.

INT. FIKE HOUSE/GENE'S ROOM - DAY

Typical room of an eight-year-old boy. Toys, games, and clothes litter the floor.

Kevin enters the room, Carol behind him. He fishes through Gene's desk.

He turns. Carol stands an inch from his face and grins.

Kevin issues a nervous giggle and forces a smile.

He attempts to maneuver around her, but Carol positions herself in front of the teen.

CAROL  
Do I make you nervous, Kevin?

KEVIN  
(nervous)  
No...

CAROL  
Do you like me?

KEVIN

Yes...

CAROL

Then, kiss me, you creep...

Carol takes the initiative. Drapes her arms around Kevin's neck. Pulls him toward her.

Their lips meet, and they kiss.

They break. Kevin's eyes gloss over.

He recovers. Cups his hands on either side of Carol's face and kisses her. Firmer and longer than the first kiss.

They separate. Carol's eyes glaze over. She grins.

Carol grabs Kevin and kisses him hard, with passion.

The young girl bends him backwards and pushes him against Gene's desk.

Carol continues her kiss. Forces Kevin's back onto the desktop. She sprawls on top of him.

Faint, TAPPING from a dresser. Kevin breaks the kiss.

KEVIN

You hear that?

Carol shakes her head "no". Kisses Kevin again.

The tapping returns, along with a muffled RUMBLE. Carol stops. Listens. Allows Kevin to pull himself off the desk.

CAROL

What is that?

Kevin goes to the dresser. Slides open the top drawer.

A hard plastic ACTION FIGURE of a baseball player with a bat, crawls out.

An animated MISTER POTATO HEAD follows.

And a tennis SNEAKER that walks.

CAROL

Holy shit.

Carol's profanity surprises Kevin, but the three creatures fascinate him more. They line up on the dresser top.

The baseball player gives off a high-pitched SQUEAK as it uses locomotion. The noise resembles when fingers rub against plastic.

Kevin tries to touch it. The player hits the youngster's hand with its plastic bat.

The sneaker curls the toe of the shoe and uses it to pull itself along, like a hand that crawls.

Mister Potato Head walks around the dresser top in circles.

It strays too close to the edge and falls to the floor. The potato portion smashes and flattens. The other parts fall off and wiggle.

Gene enters with his bear/recorder. He surveys the situation, tries to avoid trouble, and starts to leave.

KEVIN

Freeze!

Gene stops.

KEVIN

Get your ass in here.

Gene turns to face Kevin. Smiles uneasy.

GENE

Hi, Kevin.

KEVIN

Hi, Kevin? Gene, what's going on here?

GENE

You found my toys.

CAROL

Why are they -- ?

GENE

I'll show you.

Gene digs into his closet. Drags out the granite tablet.

CAROL

Hey. That belongs to the Kamils.

KEVIN

You stole it.

GENE

Borrowed. Wait a sec.

Gene pulls a Playboy magazine from a stack of others.

KEVIN

Where'd you get that?

GENE

Grampa's room.

Gene opens the magazine to the centerfold. Detaches the three-part spread. Places it on his desktop.

He tilts the tablet. Lets the sunlight pass through the crystal and onto the centerfold page.

The youngster switches on his bear/recorder.

HASAN (V.O.)  
 (from the recorder)  
 "Illumination to Ra, God of gods,  
 and to the sun. Bestow upon this  
 barren object, the gift of life.  
 Arise!"

The PHOTOGRAPH of the nude Playmate peels off the page and stands up.

KEVIN  
 (whispers)  
 Awesome.

The centerfold advances at Gene. Turns sideways, slashes at him and gives Gene a paper cut on his finger.

GENE  
 Oww! I'll fix you!

Gene pulls a book of matches from his pocket. Lights a match. Holds the flame in front of the photo, which continues to slash at him.

The fire ignites the paper and the centerfold bursts into flame. It burns to ashes.

CAROL  
 Whoa.

EXT. KAMIL HOUSE/CELLAR - NIGHT

A dark cellar. Moonlight streams through the window and provides the sole illumination.

The Ushabti rises from the wooden crate. Pasha pops up from a dark corner of the room.

Pasha's face twists in horror. He gasps and stands in front of the statue.

PASHA  
 Father?...

The Ushabti stares at Pasha for a moment. Then, starts for the cellar door. Pasha blocks its way.

PASHA  
 No. This is wrong. Go back!

The Ushabti shoves him aside with a swipe of its arm.

Pasha flies into the wall. Crashes against it. And crumples to the floor, unconscious.

The Ushabti gazes at Pasha for a moment. Continues its path to the door.

EXT. STOREFRONTS - NIGHT

A run-down street block. An old apartment building and some deserted stores.

INT. MARKET - NIGHT

An abandoned small market. The aisles still exist, with empty shelves. Dust and cobwebs replace food items.

Two dingy mattresses lie on the floor, at the end of the store. Dirk and Spike sit on one mattress.

An agitated Wasted paces and limps around the room. A bandana around his hand.

SPIKE

Give it a rest, Wasted.

WASTED

It busted my fuckin' hand! You didn't see what it done to Candy!

SPIKE

(ridicules)

Made outa stone, huh?

WASTED

Shut up, Spike!

DIRK

Both of you, shut the fuck up!  
Nobody's gonna find us here. What is he, a goddamn bloodhound?

CRASH! The glass of the front windows shatters. The Ushabti bursts into the store. Dirk and Spike jump up.

SPIKE

What the hell -- ?

WASTED

Run!

Wasted dashes into a back room. Dirk and Spike follow him.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Wasted runs through a back service door into an alley. He stumbles and falls.

He scrambles to his feet and sprints toward an intersecting alley. The Ushabti curves around the corner and meets him.

Dirk and Spike rush out the back door. Freeze when they catch sight of Wasted and the stone statue.

The Ushabti grabs Wasted under the wiry teenager's arm pits. Lifts him over the statue's head.

It leans its head backward. The pointed beard tilts at a 45-degree angle.

The statue thrusts the helpless Wasted onto the beard.

Dirk and Spike watch in horror. The stone beard pierces Wasted's stomach.

Wasted screams in torment, impaled onto the beard. Blood gushes from the wound.

The Ushabti tilts its head more. The beard sticks straight into the air.

Wasted struggles in vain. He kicks and waves his arms, like a huge bug stuck by a pin. He continues to shriek in excruciating pain.

Dirk regains his senses. Leads Spike past the Ushabti and speeds into the other alley.

Wasted's fight for life ends. His limp body dangles from the pointed beard of the Ushabti.

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

SHOPPERS enter and exit through the main doors of the concrete-enclosed shopping mall.

Sparse traffic and a half-empty parking lot.

Dirk and Spike stumble toward the mall entrance. And fall onto the sidewalk.

A SECURITY GUARD helps them up.

GUARD

What's going on here?

Dirk pushes the Guard aside. The Ushabti emerges and heads toward them.

Dirk and Spike run into the mall.

GUARD

Hey, you two. Come back here.

The Guard grabs his walkie-talkie.

GUARD

(into walkie-talkie)

Mel. We have a situation here.

The Ushabti zooms past him. It CRASHES through the glass doors. The amazed Guard does a double-take.

Raindrops fall.

INT. MALL GALLERY - NIGHT - TRAVELING

A few scattered SHOPPERS wander inside the mall. A long passageway leads to stores on either side.

Dirk and Spike run. They knock down two old LADIES.

The youngsters peer over their shoulders. The black stone Ushabti advances.

A small BOY walks with his MOTHER. The Ushabti passes them.

The mother concentrates on window-shopping, unaware of the creature. The stone statue fascinates the boy.

Dirk and Spike stumble onto an escalator that leads to the second floor of the mall.

The two try to catch their breath.

The Ushabti boards the escalator and takes the moving stairs two steps at a time, in giant strides.

INT. MALL SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

The escalator reaches the second floor gallery. Dirk and Spike jump off.

The Ushabti chases, twenty feet behind them.

Spike stumbles, falls down, and Dirk continues to run. He slows up.

SPIKE

Dirk! Help!

Dirk hesitates, then abandons her and quickens his pace.

The Ushabti approaches Spike, who crawls away. Presses up against a metal bench, near an iron railing.

Spike searches for a means of escape.

A large potted plant suspends from the ceiling, the same level as the second floor, five feet from the railing.

Spike climbs on top of the railing. Leaps toward the potted plant. She lands on it. And hangs onto the ceramic vessel for dear life.

The Ushabti leans over the barrier. Reaches for the teenage girl, but winds up a few feet short of the potted plant.

Spike glares at the stone statue. Smiles and laughs.



SPIKE

Ha! Now what, asshole?

Spike taunts the creature.

The chain that supports the potted plant creaks under the additional weight.

It snaps and plummets downward. Spike continues to hold onto the plant.

The potted plant crashes onto the ground floor below.

Spike lies motionless. Blood streams from nose and mouth.

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

The rain intensifies.

Two police patrol cars park in front of the main doors.

Four POLICE OFFICERS position themselves behind the cars, with guns drawn, trained on the entrance. The security Guard joins them, armed with a pistol.

Two additional squad cars drive up and stop.

An exhausted Dirk stumbles through the front doorway.

POLICEMAN #1

Freeze!

DIRK

(breathless)

Help... he's gonna... kill me...  
help me...

POLICEMAN #2

Hands behind your head! Do it!

Dirk obeys. Places his hands behind his head. The Ushabti comes up behind him. It grabs Dirk's head with both hands.

POLICEMAN #1

Hold it right there!

Four additional POLICE OFFICERS exit from the second pair of squad cars.

The Ushabti ignores the orders of Policeman #1 and pulls Dirk's head upwards.

Dirk screams. The statue rips Dirk's head off his body.

Blood shoots out from the decapitated body. Dirk's lifeless carcass collapses onto the sidewalk.

Police stand by, horrified by the hideous sight.

POLICEMAN #2  
Jesus Christ! You maniac! Freeze!

The Ushabti releases its hold on Dirk's disembodied head. It plops onto the concrete.

The stone statue steps into the downpour. The raindrops wash the blood from the Ushabti's forehead. The symbol of the ankh disappears.

The Ushabti pauses. Takes on a more aggressive posture.

A handful of police advance on the statue.

HASAN (V.O)  
The symbol of the ankh must be on the forehead of the ushabti statue, using blood of the deceased... The blood implants the essence of the person. Without it, the ushabti would have no human will. Its behavior would be erratic.

The Ushabti crouches into an attack position. Policeman #1 reaches it. The statue backhands the man and hurls him through the air.

The officer crashes through a huge plate glass window, fifteen feet away.

The security Guard and the other police SHOOT.

Bullets ricochet off the chest and body of the Ushabti. They chip off bits and pieces of stone.

POLICEMAN #2  
He's got a vest! Aim for the head!

Same results. Small fragments of stone tear from the head of the statue. The Ushabti lumbers toward them.

POLICEMAN #2  
Cease firing! Jump him!

Five of the seven remaining officers converge on the Ushabti. Surround it and attempt to subdue the creature.

The Ushabti disappears among the blue police uniforms.

One officer soars out from the pack. He sails through the air. And lands on his back, atop the hood of a patrol car.

The Ushabti grabs another policeman. Twists his neck a half-turn. Lets the lifeless body drop to the pavement.

The stone statue scoops another officer up into its arms, as though he were a baby.

The Ushabti raises a knee. And BREAKS the man's back over it, like a child snaps a twig.

A policeman fires a shotgun into the Ushabti's face at point-blank range. It pits the statue's features.

The Ushabti pulls the shotgun from the policeman's grasp.

It bends the barrel of the weapon. Uses it to smash the Officer's head and kill him.

The policeman from the initial five backs away a few steps. Draws his nightstick.

One officer who didn't charge the statue dives into a patrol car. Tries to start the engine. It fails.

The policeman with the nightstick swings at the Ushabti.

The statue grabs the weapon in mid-air and thrusts the nightstick into the throat of the policeman. Blood gushes from the wound. He staggers off.

The last policeman stands beside a second patrol car and leans through the driver's side window.

He holds the mike of the police radio. The terrified security Guard cowers alongside him.

POLICEMAN #3  
(into radio)  
Officers down! We need assistance!

GUARD  
Assistance?! We need the fucking  
National Guard!

The officer in the first patrol car manages to START the engine. He breathes a quick sigh of relief.

The car lurches forward and accelerates toward the Ushabti.

The speeding car approaches the statue.

The policeman with the nightstick through his throat stumbles into the car's path.

The patrol car swerves. It strikes the wounded policeman.

Out-of-control, the car CRASHES into the back end of the patrol car, where Policeman #3 stands and operates the vehicle's radio.

The trunk of the stationary vehicle pops open. Gasoline leaks from the gas tank.

The impact of the crash sends the driver of the racing patrol car through the vehicle windshield.

He tumbles onto the street and rolls away from the vehicle.

The Ushabti lumbers toward the only remaining men, the security Guard and the officer on the patrol car radio.

POLICEMAN #3  
(into radio)  
Central! Acknowledge!

The panicked security Guard springs away from the advancing Ushabti and hurries toward the rear of the patrol car.

He reaches into the open trunk. Takes out a highway flare.

The Guard ignites the flare. Shoves it in the Ushabti's bullet-ridden face. No effect.

The statue grabs the sleeve of the Guard. Jerks the man's arm downward and breaks his wrist.

The Guard cries out in pain, and the flare flies out of his hand. It lands underneath the dripping gas tank.

BOOM! The gas tank explodes.

Flames engulf Policeman #3, beside the patrol car window. He wobbles from the blazing vehicle.

The officer who went through the windshield crawls away from the fire.

The Ushabti picks up the injured security Guard. Heaves the man into the midst of the inferno.

The policeman on fire collapses onto the pavement, his body still in flames.

The Ushabti surveys the carnage. Turns. And walks through the parking lot, away from the mall, toward a highway.

After a beat, the officer thrown out into the street crawls to another patrol car.

He uses the door handle to pull himself up. He steadies himself and watches the Ushabti.

The stone statue crosses the highway.

The policeman has a crazed expression in his eyes. He points to the black stone statue. And laughs maniacally.

POLICEMAN #4  
Ha, ha, ha... He went off for a  
little walk.... Ha, ha, ha...

The insane lawman continues to point and laugh.

EXT. KAMIL HOUSE - NIGHT

Kevin, Carol, and Gene approach the front door of the Kamil house. Kevin carries the granite tablet under his arm.

Carol rings the doorbell. She cocks her head, as a GROAN resonates from inside.

CAROL

What was that?

KEVIN

It came from there.

The three make their way to the side of the house.

Pasha stumbles through the cellar doorway. He bleeds from the head. Collapses onto the ground. Carol screams.

EXT. SAN JOSE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Several ambulances park at the emergency entrance. PARAMEDICS transport VICTIMS of the battle between police and the Ushabti.

INT. EMERGENCY AREA - NIGHT

A large room. Partitions and curtains divide and separate it. DOCTORS and NURSES work on emergency PATIENTS in different locations.

Sheriff Hairston marvels at the organized chaos. A uniformed POLICE OFFICER reaches him.

OFFICER

Sheriff. We've got a survivor.

HAIRSTON

Is he conscious? Can he talk?

OFFICER

Well, yeah. But, he's not making sense.

The Officer leads Hairston to a curtain that surrounds an examination area.

INT. EXAMINATION AREA - NIGHT

A DOCTOR attends Policeman #4, the one thrown out the patrol car windshield. He lies on an examination table.

Hairston and the Officer approach the injured Policeman.

HAIRSTON

How you doin', kid?

POLICEMAN #4

(calm)

Oh. I suppose I'm all right.

Hairston gives the Doctor a quick, concerned glance.

HAIRSTON

(to Policeman #4)

What happened?

Policeman #4 smiles insanely.

POLICEMAN #4

He... he wasn't human.

HAIRSTON

Who was it? Describe him.

The lawman rises from the examination table, a blank expression on his face.

POLICEMAN #4

Black...

OFFICER

A damn nigger. Wouldn't you know it?

Policeman #4 pulls the Officer an inch from his face.

POLICEMAN #1

You don't understand, do you?

The Officer tries to back away, but the crazed cop holds onto him. He stands up.

The two recede through the curtains.

INT. EMERGENCY AREA - NIGHT

Policeman #4 and the Officer retreat into the emergency area. Sheriff Hairston and the Doctor follow them.

POLICEMAN #4

(to Officer)

Now, I'll explain it to you just once, very slowly.

HAIRSTON

Take it easy.

The Doctor goes to a medicine cabinet. Prepares a hypodermic needle.

An ATTENDANT helps a bloody and dazed Pasha into the room. George, Kevin, Carol, and Gene follow close behind.

Policeman #4 continues his insane demeanor and draws closer to the Officer, inches from the man's face.

POLICEMAN #4  
Not a black man. Black stone.  
Understand? Stone!

Pasha rushes to the cop. The Doctor administers an injection to Policeman #4.

PASHA  
(to Policeman #4)  
You've seen him?

HAIRSTON  
Pasha!

Policeman #4 acknowledges Pasha. He points at him, with the look of a wild beast in his eyes.

POLICEMAN #4  
He knows... he knows.

The drug takes effect. He becomes groggy. Kevin and the Attendant join Pasha. The rest follow.

The Doctor leads the drugged cop back through the curtain.

HAIRSTON  
What the hell's this all about?  
Pasha, what happened to you?

PASHA  
Listen to that man, Sheriff. He's  
telling the truth.

HAIRSTON  
This crap must be contagious.

GEORGE  
Pay no attention, he's taken a blow  
to the head. I know, I felt the  
bump. And, believe me, I'm an  
expert at feeling heads.

PASHA  
I am not hallucinating. There is a  
stone statue murdering people!

HAIRSTON  
Oh really? You know this for a  
fact, I suppose?

PASHA  
Of course I do. I'm the one who  
brought it to life.

HAIRSTON  
Look, Pasha. Why don't you get  
stitched up and rest awhile?

PASHA  
Don't treat me like I'm crazy.

HAIRSTON  
Of course not. Calm down.

ATTENDANT  
Come on, buddy. This way.

PASHA  
Take your hands off me, you fool!

ATTENDANT  
I need help here!

PASHA  
Listen to me, Sheriff! You need my help to destroy that thing!

HAIRSTON  
Uh huh. You won't mind if I pass on that offer, will you?

Two more ATTENDANTS file into the room. One carries a strait-jacket.

PASHA  
You idiot! More people will die if you don't listen to me!

The attendants restrain Pasha, who struggles. They secure him into the strait-jacket.

CAROL  
Don't hurt him!

KEVIN  
Take your hands off him!

HAIRSTON  
Stay out of this, son.

PASHA  
No, let me go! Someone, help me!

GENE  
We'll help you, Mr. Kamil.

GEORGE  
Let the sheriff handle things, kids.

The three attendants take Pasha away. He kicks and screams. They disappear into another room.

HAIRSTON  
What a night.



GEORGE

Come on, everyone. We've done our  
good deed. I'm taking you home.  
And, you're staying there.

EXT. WALTER HOUSE - NIGHT

Dead silence around the house. Kevin and Gene stand at the  
side, beneath a second-story window.

Carol waves at them from the window ledge.

KEVIN

(whispers)

Jump. I'll catch you.

Carol steps off the ledge. Plummets through the air. And  
lands in Kevin's arms.

The force of her landing knocks Kevin down with a thud.

Carol rises to her feet and glares at the fallen Kevin.

CAROL

Better stick to video games. You  
got the keys to your mom's car?

KEVIN

Of course.

CAROL

You're sure you know how to drive?

KEVIN

Yeah. I play "Grand Theft Auto".

EXT. STREET/INT. FIKE CAR - DAWN

Kevin behind the wheel of the Fike car, Carol beside him.  
Gene rides in the back seat and clutches his teddy  
bear/recorder. The granite tablet lies beside him.

Kevin weaves the car down the street and tries to avoid  
parked cars.

The sun rises.

EXT. MITCHELL FARM - DAY

Dawn breaks on the small farm. Casts light on the two-story  
farmhouse and barn.

MACK MITCHELL, 60, a tall man with a weather-beaten face,  
steps out of the house and heads to the barn.

MITCHELL

(mutters to himself)

Yessir, Mack Mitchell, you're a lucky man. Everyone else gets to go to the party. You get to work this whole goddamn farm all by yourself every goddamn day.

INT. MITCHELL BARN/LOFT - DAY

The usual farm tools mounted on walls. Two cows in stalls. One animal greets Mitchell with a "MOO", as he enters.

MITCHELL

Aw, shut your goddamn mouth, you goddamn sack of shit.

He grabs a pitchfork and points it at the cow.

MITCHELL

How'd you like this shoved up your goddamn ass, you goddamn lazy bastard?

The cow "moos" again.

MITCHELL

And, I'm just the son-of-a-bitch to do it, too.

Mitchell scrambles up the ladder to the hay loft. Pitches hay down to the ground level.

The Ushabti invades the barn. Both cows "moo" and kick their stalls with excitement.

MITCHELL

What the hell's the matter with you two, goddamn it?!

Mitchell catches sight of the Ushabti, as it walks toward the ladder.

MITCHELL

Hey! Who the hell are you?!

The Ushabti scales the ladder. Mitchell gains a better view of the black stone statue. He rolls his eyes.

MITCHELL

What the hell are you?!

The Ushabti reaches the loft. Mitchell backs away from the statue. Jabs the prongs of the pitchfork at it.

MITCHELL

Get away, you goddamn freak!

Mitchell thrusts the pitchfork at the Ushabti.

The metal prongs SMACK against its stone chest. They buckle and bend.

MITCHELL

Holy fuckin' mother of God!

Mitchell swings the pitchfork at the Ushabti. The wooden tool SPLINTERS when it hits the statue's body.

Mitchell drops the rest of the pitchfork. Turns. And runs toward the loft doors at the front of the barn.

The creature pursues him.

EXT. BARN - DAY

Mitchell leaps through the open loft doors and falls to the ground below. The impact knocks the wind out of him.

He manages to struggle to his feet. He runs off.

EXT. SAN JOSE HOSPITAL - DAY

The hospital appears still and quiet in the early morning.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD RECEIVING AREA - DAY

A large, curved reception desk dominates. Double doors seal off rooms in the ward.

A young, pretty, REDHEAD NURSE behind the desk oversees patients in rooms, via a set of small monitors.

She smiles and greets Kevin, Carol, and Gene.

KEVIN

Is there a Mr. Pasha Kamil here?

The woman checks a clipboard.

REDHEAD NURSE

Ah... yes, room six.

GENE

We wanna see him.

REDHEAD NURSE

Do you have one of your parents here with you?

KEVIN

Oh, sure.

CAROL

Yeah. Dad's in the lobby.

REDHEAD NURSE

Well, you're a couple of hours early. Tell Dad he'll have to talk to Doctor Simpson. He's in charge of this ward, but he won't be in until nine, so you've got a while to wait. Okay?

KEVIN

Uh huh.

Kevin whispers to Gene.

GENE

I gotta go to the bathroom.

REDHEAD NURSE

There's one in the lobby. Take the elevator.

GENE

I gotta go now.

KEVIN

Lady, when he says that, he really means it.

REDHEAD NURSE

(flustered)

Oh, well. All right. You two come with me.

She brings a set of keys with her. The two boys follow her down the hall. They disappear out of sight.

Carol scoots behind the reception desk and takes a quick peek at the monitors.

REDHEAD NURSE (O.S.)

Hey! What's the idea? Let me out!

Kevin and Gene return. Kevin dangles the set of keys.

EXT. RYAN FARM - DAY

An early morning celebration. GUESTS of all ages mingle between the large farmhouse and an expansive barn. Square dance MUSIC spills from the barn.

MILLIE RYAN, 25, shuffles out. PEOPLE square dance, visible through the open door.

BERNIE RYAN, 30, follows his wife.

BERNIE

What a party. The band just said they're gonna quit in half-an-hour. Let's get in one more dance.

He recognizes concern on Millie's face.

BERNIE

What's the matter, Millie?

MILLIE

Jenny's not in there. I can't find her.

BERNIE

Probably out playing somewhere. Or taking a nap. Sorry, honey. I had no idea the reception would last all night.

MILLIE

She's not in the house, either. I'm worried. Find her, will you?

BERNIE

It's my sister's wedding.

MILLIE

Bernie, please.

BERNIE

Oh, all right.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek.

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

JENNY RYAN, 4, sits cross-legged at the foot of an oak tree. A beautiful little girl with long blond hair.

Jenny picks daisies from the ground and plucks the petals off, one-by-one.

JENNY

He loves me, he loves me not. He loves me, he loves me not. He --

Jenny pauses. The Ushabti stomps in. Stops a foot away from the girl.

JENNY

Hello, my name's Jenny. What's yours?

The Ushabti gives her a blank stare.

JENNY

Don't be shy. Here. Want to play with me?

She hands a daisy to the creature.

JENNY

I'll show you.

The little girl plucks the petals off a daisy.

JENNY

He loves me, he loves me not. He  
loves me, he loves me not. See?  
Now, you try.

The Ushabti plucks the petals from the daisy in its hand.

JENNY

He loves me, he loves me not. He  
loves me, he loves me not.

Jenny giggles. The Ushabti continues to pluck the petals.

EXT. RYAN BARN - DAY

Square dance music continues from the barn.

INT. RYAN BARN - DAY

Wedding celebration decorations. Streamers, flowers, banners. GUESTS in fancy western-style jackets and party dresses. A country BAND plays, while people dance.

Among the dancers, a BRIDE and GROOM. Joy and gaiety everywhere. Several guests grow weary from the celebration and rest on hay bales.

Bernie plods inside and carries the lifeless body of his daughter, Jenny.

Bernie's coat drapes over Jenny and covers the little girl from neck to knees. Blood seeps onto the coat, where it hangs over Jenny's shoulders. No arms visible.

Bernie lugs Jenny's body toward the band platform.

One-by-one, dancers and other guests halt their celebration, as he passes them. They gasp and scream in horror.

Dead silence, as Bernie reaches the platform.

MILLIE

Jenny! My baby! No!

The overwrought woman runs toward Bernie.

She weeps, as Bernie sets Jenny's pale body on the platform. He attempts to comfort Millie.

A male RELATIVE heads for the platform. A GUITARIST from the band stops him short of Jenny's body.

The square dance CALLER and DRUMMER approach the body. The drummer lifts up the coat that covers Jenny and turns away. The Caller shudders and re-drapes her.

CALLER  
 (whispers to drummer)  
 Jesus... Looks like both arms been  
 ripped clean off.

Mitchell wobbles in. Dirt covers his face and clothes, and he drips with sweat. Guests react to his muddy and disheveled appearance.

GUEST #1  
 Mack Mitchell! What's the matter?

Mitchell struggles to catch his breath. A beat.

MITCHELL  
 A maniac... a monster. Tried to  
 kill me.

GUEST #2  
 Jenny Ryan's just been --

GUEST #3  
 He must have done it! Where's this  
 bastard?!

GUEST #1  
 Call the cops.

GUEST #3  
 Fuck the cops. I'm goin' after the  
 son-of-a-bitch.

GUEST #2  
 Yeah!

The other guests yell agreement.

GUEST #3  
 Let's go!

Male and female guests roar their approval. Some run out.

Others, including Bernie, seize pitchforks, shovels, scythes, and other tools that mount on the walls or lean against the corners of the barn.

EXT. STREET/INT. FIKE CAR - DAY

Pasha drives. Kevin, Carol, and Gene ride with him. Gene has his bear/recorder. Kevin holds the tablet.

CAROL  
 How are you going to stop it?

KEVIN  
 Anything on this thing tell how to  
 break the spell?

PASHA

No. I have a theory. But, we must find the ushabti. Where was he seen last?

KEVIN

Some guy at the hospital said cops fought with it at Ridgeway Mall.

PASHA

We'll start there.

EXT. ROAD/FIELD - DAY

A dirt road in the country runs alongside a series of farmers' fields.

Three pick-up trucks RATTLE down the road.

A handful of guests from the Ryan wedding celebration ride in the cargo beds of the vehicles. Armed with rifles, shotguns, and farm tools.

Combines, pickers, tractors, and other farm machines on the other side of the road keep pace with the trucks.

Other wedding guests, most of them male, ride the farm machines. Armed like those in the three pick-ups.

EXT. MALL HIGHWAY/INT. FIKE CAR - DAY

The Fike automobile cruises the highway and approaches the mall. A police siren HOWLS.

KEVIN

Oh, oh. Cops.

GENE

Speed up!

CAROL

We can't outrun a police car.

Pasha pulls the car to the side of the highway. A police patrol vehicle races beyond them.

PASHA

Strange.

Another police siren. A second squad car speeds past. Then, Sheriff Hairston's vehicle rushes by the Fike car.

KEVIN

It's the sheriff! Follow them!

The Fike car peels back onto the highway.



EXT. CREEK - DAY

The creek stretches thirty feet wide. Large rocks and boulders stacked three high and three deep, border its sloped banks.

A country road crosses over the creek. Water flows through a tunnel, below an overpass.

The Ushabti stands on the creek bank.

A pick-up truck parks on the shoulder. Armed men from the Ryan group form a semi-circle around the stone statue.

Two farm machines pull up and stop.

A second pick-up lines up alongside the first truck. The occupants pile out, Bernie among them.

A pair of police cars bounce onto the field. Sheriff Hairston's vehicle pulls beside the squad cars.

Hairston hurries out of his car and joins four OFFICERS from the patrol cars. Hairston carries a bullhorn.

HAIRSTON (V.O.)  
(into bullhorn)  
You people back off!

Bernie's group retreats a step. Hairston addresses the men who encircle the Ushabti.

HAIRSTON (V.O.)  
(into bullhorn)  
And you men! Get away from him!

CALLER  
We got him trapped, Sheriff!

BERNIE  
He's some kind of monster.

HAIRSTON (V.O.)  
(into bullhorn)  
He's a man. We don't want anyone else to get hurt. Let us handle him!

CALLER  
Yeah?! I heard this so-called "man" made mincemeat outa your so-called police force! You need all the help you can get.

The mob yells in agreement and lifts their weapons high in the air.

The Ushabti picks up a heavy boulder from the creek bank. Heaves it at the male guest closest to him.

The boulder strikes the man in the head. It knocks him to the ground, unconscious and bloody.

The others back away. The Fike car screeches to a halt on the overpass.

Pasha and the youngsters rush out. Kevin carries the tablet under an arm.

HAIRSTON

Pasha! What the hell are you and those kids doing here?!

PASHA

I am the one who created this nightmare. Now, I end it!

Pasha snatches a sledge hammer from a nearby FARMER.

HAIRSTON

You're nuts. Somebody grab him!

PASHA

(to Kevin)

Put the tablet on the pavement.

Kevin lays the tablet on the asphalt of the road overpass. Pasha raises the sledge hammer.

PASHA

By the Almighty God Thoth, I destroy the eye of Ra and all things which it has created!

The Ushabti raises its head and stares at him. Pasha brings the hammer down on top of the tablet's embedded crystal.

He hammers the crystal over and over. Smashes it into dust.

The Ushabti remains motionless, like the stone statue it is.

Bernie charges the Ushabti with a pitchfork.

BERNIE

You bastard!

Bernie tries to ram the pitchfork into the Ushabti's chest.

The stone statue springs to action. It yanks the weapon from Bernie's hands.

Bernie backs away, and the Ushabti breaks off the wooden handle of the pitchfork.

It throws the metal prongs at Bernie, which pierce his throat. He falls dead. People scream.

PASHA

No!

Pasha takes a tremendous leap from the overpass, down to the Ushabti. Hits the statue with a flying tackle to the chest.

The force of the impact propels Pasha and the Ushabti into the middle of the creek. They disappear underwater.

A beat. Hairston, his men, and the Ryan party ease toward the creek bank. They watch air bubbles on the water's surface vanish.

A guest bends down to examine Bernie's dead body.

Hairston gazes into the murky water. Kevin, Carol, and Gene join him.

HAIRSTON

It's over. They're dead.

Pasha's lifeless body bobs to the surface. Carol screams.

Two officers wade into the shallow water by the bank.

They drag Pasha's body onto the land.

HAIRSTON

(to an officer)

Call headquarters. Get a boat out here. That creek's twenty feet deep in some places, and muddy as hell. And, move these people out.

The officer nods to the sheriff. Hairston turns to Kevin, Carol, and Gene.

HAIRSTON

Come on. I'm taking you kids home. I'll get an officer to drive your car back.

He leads the trio of youngsters away.

The Caller wades into the creek, toward the center of the stream where the Ushabti disappeared.

Up to his neck in water, he searches with his hands.

EXT. HIGHWAY-FIELD/INT. HAIRSTON'S CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

The sheriff's car drives down the highway. Kevin rides in the front seat, next to Hairston. Carol and Gene sit in the back seat. Gene still clutches his bear/recorder.

The wet, glistening body of the Ushabti emerges from bushes alongside the shoulder.

It crosses the road, in front of the vehicle.

HAIRSTON

Jesus Christ! I don't believe it!  
 (into police radio)  
 Langhorne! Brown! This is  
 Hairston! He's alive! The goddamn  
 son-of-a-bitch is alive! Highway  
 two-four-seven, about two miles  
 South of Dunton Road! In pursuit!

Hairston turns to the youngsters in the vehicle.

HAIRSTON

Hang on, kids.

Hairston pulls his car off the road.

The vehicle bobs over a hilly, grassy field which parallels the highway.

It chases the Ushabti across the field.

GENE

Whee!

Hairston's car bounces up and down the hills. The Ushabti disappears from view.

HAIRSTON

Damn. Where is he?!

Kevin points out the window.

KEVIN

There he is!

The Ushabti appears on top of a steep hill, and the car turns in that direction.

EXT. MAINTENANCE YARD - DAY

A wire fence encircles a concrete building/garage. A sign on the fence designates: "State of California - Highway Maintenance Dept. - District #19."

Two trucks park outside the building.

An endloader with a bucket attachment fills a dump truck with tar and stone chips.

Three male WORKERS. One operates the endloader. Another watches the dump truck.

WORKER #3 maneuvers a steam roller up to the front of the yard. He does a double-take. Stops the vehicle, shuts off the engine, and jumps out.

He squints. Rubs his eyes. They widen.

WORKER #3  
What the hell is that?

The workers gape at the Ushabti, as it invades the yard.

WORKER #2  
Judas Priest!

The Ushabti grabs Worker #3 by the throat. Crushes his windpipe. And tosses the man aside.

WORKER #1  
Oh, God!

The two horrified men run off, and Hairston's car pulls into the yard. He exits the vehicle with a rifle. Leans through the car's open front window.

HAIRSTON  
(to the kids)  
Roll up the windows! And, stay in the car!

KEVIN  
It's not human! You can't kill it!

HAIRSTON  
Yeah? I'll give it my best shot.

Hairston aims the weapon at the statue's head.

HAIRSTON  
Smile, you son-of-a-bitch.

Hairston FIRES four point-blank shots. It only causes stone shards to blow off the already-pocked Ushabti face.

Panic sets in Hairston's eyes. He fires another shot from the carbine. Same result.

Worker #2 charges the Ushabti with a tire iron. He hollers. Winds up. Delivers a tremendous blow. Knocks the tip off the Ushabti's pointed beard.

Worker #1 watches the action from a safe distance, at the corner of the building.

The creature snatches the tire iron from Worker#2 and strikes the man across the face with it.

The face of Worker #2 splatters with blood. He sinks to his knees. And falls backward. Dead.

Hairston rams his rifle barrel into the back of the Ushabti. Fires the weapon. It blasts away a large chunk of stone.

The Ushabti picks up Hairston by the waist. Carries him to a huge mountain of gravel.

It thrusts the sheriff into the gravel, head-first and half-way in.

Hairston's legs kick and struggle for freedom.

INT. HAIRSTON'S CAR - DAY

Carol shrieks and shudders. Gene screams, out-of-control. Kevin slides to the driver's seat and starts the engine.

GENE

You can't drive a cop car, Kevin!

The Ushabti SMASHES its fist through the driver's window.

CAROL

Drive! Drive!

The Ushabti hands grope for Kevin's neck.

The teen puts the vehicle into gear, slams the accelerator pedal to the floor, and the car BURNS rubber.

EXT. MAINTENANCE YARD - DAY

Worker #1 sprints out of the yard through the open gate, into the path of Hairston's car.

Kevin yells, spins the steering wheel to avoid the man, and loses control.

The vehicle CRASHES against the side of the building/garage and flips over. It lands on its hood.

After a beat, Kevin opens a door and crawls out.

He stumbles to the back of the car. Pulls Carol, then Gene out of the mangled wreckage.

The Ushabti advances toward them.

KEVIN

Run!

Carol and Gene hesitate.

KEVIN

Go on! Run!

Carol and Gene dash inside the building/garage. The Ushabti pursues them.

KEVIN

Hey, crater face!

The Ushabti stops, turns, and faces Kevin. It charges and tries to capture him.

The nimble youngster dodges the black stone statue. Kevin taunts the creature and waves his arms.

KEVIN

Come on, rock head! Catch me!

Kevin avoids another lunge by the Ushabti. He races along the side of the building.

The Ushabti seizes a long, metal spike from a stack that leans against the fence.

It hurls the spike at Kevin. The point pierces the sleeve of Kevin's shirt. Pins him against the wood window sill of the building/garage.

The Ushabti closes in on him.

Kevin rips off his shirt sleeve. Ducks a blow by the Ushabti. He runs through the door of the building/garage.

INT. BUILDING/GARAGE - DAY

The area contains two service bays, plus a repair and tool shop section. A door leads to a small inner office.

Kevin rushes to the shop workbench. Picks up a chainsaw and STARTS the gas engine.

The Ushabti stomps toward him.

The door to the inner office opens. Carol and Gene peek out. Kevin turns and spots them.

KEVIN

Get back in there!

CAROL

Look out!

The Ushabti reaches for Kevin.

The youngster fends it off with the chainsaw. The teeth of the saw bounce and break off the stone body.

Carol leaves Gene, runs to the shop area, and hoists a welder torch from the bench.

The Ushabti knocks the chainsaw out of Kevin's hands.

Carol lights the welder and shoves the intense flame in the Ushabti's face. The stone statue backs away.

CAROL

Don't like it, huh? How about a little meltdown, asshole?

The Ushabti backs up against the wall. It grabs a pickaxe that hangs on a nail. Swings it at Carol.

Kevin pushes Carol out of the way, and they avoid the blow.

Off-balance, Carol bumps into Kevin. He slips, falls down, and hits his head hard, which knocks him out.

The Ushabti brandishes the ax at a helpless Kevin.

Carol retrieves the welder torch, re-lights it, and thrusts it in the creature's eyes.

From the corner of her eye, she notices Gene dash out of the office, hesitate, and start toward her.

CAROL

No, Gene, not here! Run away!...  
Go!

Gene runs out the door. The Ushabti abandons Kevin and Carol and follows him.

CAROL

Not him! Me! Come back!

The Ushabti ignores her and continues to pursue Gene. It takes giant strides and lumbers out the door.

Carol tries to revive Kevin. She shakes him by the shoulders and slaps his face.

CAROL

Kevin, wake up!

Kevin remains unconscious. Carol grabs a large wrench. She runs after Gene and the Ushabti.

EXT. MAINTENANCE YARD - DAY

The Ushabti chases Gene. A few feet separate the two.

Gene heads to a large length of drainpipe that rests alongside other pipes. He crawls inside.

INT. DRAINPIPE - DAY

Gene inches away from the opening.

The Ushabti extends an arm inside the pipe. Stretches and tries to grab hold of the youngster.

EXT. MAINTENANCE YARD - DAY

The Ushabti can't reach far enough into the drainpipe.

It lifts the heavy object, tilts it, and attempts to dump Gene out of the opposite end.

SMASH! A heavy pipe wrench crashes onto the back of the Ushabti's head. Knocks off more bits of stone.



Carol brings the large wrench down on the creature's head, again and again.

CAROL

You bastard!

The Ushabti pivots. Faces Carol.

The young girl lures the statue away from the drainpipe. In her flight, Carol drops the wrench.

The Ushabti corners Carol, her back against the mountainous pile of heavy gravel. She tries to scale the gravel hill.

A vehicle engine RUMBLES in the background.

Carol loses her footing. Slides down the side of the gravel mound. The Ushabti advances toward her.

She trips, hurts her ankle, and hobbles toward the gate.

The Ushabti closes within five feet of Carol.

The engine ROARS. The creature turns around. Kevin drives the steam roller toward it.

Carol hops out of the way.

Kevin maneuvers the machine into the Ushabti's path.

KEVIN

Die, motherfucker!

CRUNCH! The heavy metal drum rolls over the statue. It crushes the black stone.

The Ushabti pulverizes. Kevin brings the vehicle to a halt.

Police sirens WAIL. Kevin jumps off the steam roller and runs to Carol.

KEVIN

You okay?

Carol nods and hugs Kevin.

CAROL

How'd you drive that?

KEVIN

Amazing what you can do when you have to.

A police patrol car SQUEALS through the gate. Screeches and stops. Two OFFICERS exit, guns and rifles drawn.

Gene pokes his head out the drainpipe. He crawls out.

Kevin glares at the officers, as they survey the yard.

KEVIN

How come you guys always show up  
when everything's over?

OFFICER #1 checks the dead bodies of the two workers.

OFFICER #2

Where'd it go?

Kevin points to the black stone dust and rubble on the ground. The remnants left of the Ushabti.

A slight wind scatters the dust. Officer #2 raises an eyebrow in doubt, and chuckles.

OFFICER #2

Yeah. Right, kid.

Gene joins Kevin and Carol. They hug each other.

OFFICER #2

(to Officer #1)

Look around. If things are clear,  
we'll get back on the road. He  
can't have gone far.

OFFICER #1

Right.

OFFICER #2

Get another unit here to take these  
kids home. And call the coroner.

Officer #2 pats Kevin on the back.

OFFICER #2

Don't worry, kids, we'll get him.

The lawmen listen to a muffled YELL.

Officer #1 spots Hairston's legs, which stick out of the gravel pile.

OFFICER #1

What?!

HAIRSTON

(muffled)

Get me out of here!

Officer #2 joins his partner. The two grab Hairston's legs and pull him out of the gravel.

OFFICER #1

Chief!

Hairston takes out a handkerchief and wipes his face, cut up from contact with the stone chips. He glances down at the black dust of the Ushabti.

Officer #2 checks out Hairston's wrecked car.

HAIRSTON  
 (to the officers)  
 You two wait for another cruiser.  
 I'll take care of these youngsters.

He smiles at the trio of kids. Kevin shrugs his shoulders. Carol forces a half-smile.

Hairston takes Gene's hand. Leads him to the patrol car. Kevin and Carol enter the back.

Gene breaks away from Hairston's grip. Runs to the powdery traces of the Ushabti.

The young boy stomps on the black dust. Kicks it with an angry vengeance, again and again.

Hairston waits at the driver's door.

KEVIN  
 Gene... Gene!

Gene stops his assault on the remains of the Ushabti. He focuses on his older brother.

Kevin motions for Gene to join them in the police car.

KEVIN  
 Let's go home.

Gene heads for the vehicle. Officer #2 scurries to the boy. He brings the youngster's beloved bear/recorder.

Officer #2 hands the bear/recorder to him.

Gene nods "thank-you". He sits in the front seat, next to Hairston. The sheriff rubs Gene's head and smiles.

HAIRSTON  
 Good boy.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Gene removes a flap from the back of the teddy bear and exposes two batteries. He removes the batteries.

Hairston reacts with a curious expression.

HAIRSTON  
 Now, what are you doin'?

Without a reply, Gene tosses the batteries out the open window. Hairston purses his lips.

HAIRSTON  
 Considering the circumstances, I  
 won't fine you for littering.

Gene giggles. He tucks the teddy bear/recorder under his arm. Turns and gives Kevin a wide grin.

Carol kisses Kevin, and Hairston STARTS the vehicle.

EXT. MAINTENANCE YARD - DAY

The police car rolls out of the maintenance yard.

The breeze increases. A gust of wind blows the remaining Ushabti dust into oblivion.

FADE OUT.

THE END