

Attack of the Yeti Hand  
by  
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EXT. OFFICE - DAY

An Express Mail Service van pulls in front of the building.

Ned, in full EMS uniform, exits the driver's side of the van.

He tucks a clipboard under his arm, then removes several packages from the van and carries them to the service entrance.

He carefully balances the packages while he presses the buzzer.

A WOMAN'S VOICE blares out of the speaker.

WOMAN'S VOICE

What?

NED

EMS.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Hold on.

Ned waits. He watches the traffic on a nearby street.

After a moment, he reaches for the button, again. The service door swings open, knocking all the packages out of his hands.

GENE HOWARD, office assistant, glasses way too big for his face, looks at the packages.

GENE

Sorry.

He watches as Ned scrambles to pick up his deliveries, obviously having trouble keeping a hold on them all.

GENE (CONT'D)

Those important?

NED

Every package is important, Gene.

Ned can't manage to get a grip on one last, small package, so he kicks it through the doorway.

A black sedan pulls into the lot and parks next to Ned's van. STEVE DANBURY, dark suit, dark glasses, steps out of the driver's side.

INT. MAIL ROOM - DAY

The mail room is a small dank space with every horizontal surface covered in letters and packages.

The small package skitters through the doorway, across the floor.

Gene and Ned enter room.

KANDACE KLEIM, [\* Perhaps a duller, sadder version of Pam from The Office] her sweater, shirt and pants all the same drab shade, stands over a stack of incoming mail.

She robotically places envelopes and packages into their corresponding containers.

Gene lurks in the doorway.

NED  
Morning, Kandace.

Kandace doesn't look up from her work.

KANDACE  
Hi, Ned.

Ned stacks his packages on an adjacent counter top. He looks at his clipboard, then offers it to Kandace.

NED  
Just need a signature.

She slowly shifts her focus from table to the clipboard, then just stares at it.

NED (CONT'D)  
Oh.

He pulls a pen out of his pocket, clicks it, then hands it to her. She takes the pen, but just as it meets the board, her watch alarm beeps.

KANDACE

That's lunch.

She ambles out of the mail room.

Ned looks at the signature line. There's a small dot where the pen touched the page.

GENE

I'll sign it.

Ned looks at Gene, then back at the board.

NED

It's fine.

Ned exits. Gene still stands in the doorway.

EXT. OFFICE - DAY

Steve walks around to the back of the car, looks around the parking lot, then opens the trunk. In the trunk sits a small duffle bag.

He reaches into the bag and shuffles through the contents, pulls out various items out and sets them next to the bag: A length of rope, a large knife, a list of names.

He surveys his inventory, then packs the knife and rope back into the bag.

List in hand, he slings the bag over his shoulder and slams the trunk. He approaches the service door and presses the buzzer.

WOMAN'S VOICE

What?

Steve consults his list.

STEVE

I'm looking for Judy Terracotta?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Hold on.

The door swings open as Ned exits the building. It knocks Steve over and sends his bag flying.

NED

Sorry!

He offers Steve a hand up. Steve accepts.

STEVE

I-it's okay.

NED

You all right?

STEVE

Yeah. I just have a thing. Still new at it. Nerves.

NED

Deep breaths. That's what I do. You know, if I'm nervous.

STEVE

Thanks.

Steve turns to enter the building.

NED

Hey!

Steve spins back around, startled.

STEVE

What?

Ned retrieves the bag.

NED

Don't forget this.

STEVE

Oh. Thanks. Can't really do my thing without my stuff, can I?

NED

Good luck.

Ned nods to him and climbs into the van.

Steve takes a deep breath and enters the office building.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

A single small table sits in the center of a dinky room. There is a counter at the back of the room with a microwave. On the floor is a small, half-size fridge.

Kandace enters and removes a Lean Cuisine from the fridge. She pops it in the microwave.

INT. MAIL ROOM - DAY

Gene lingers in the doorway. He scopes the hallway, then casually moves over to the sorting table.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Kandace stands in front of the microwave, waiting for the meal to cook.

INT. MAIL ROOM - DAY

Gene pokes through the envelopes, keeping one eye on the door.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

The microwave beeps.

Kandace removes the Lean Cuisine from the microwave, holding it by the edges. She sets it on the table.

INT. MAIL ROOM - DAY

Gene reaches for a piece of mail, but Steve walks past the doorway.

He steps away from the table, as if he's just minding his own business. He steps on the package Ned kicked into the room, then bends down and retrieves it.

CARL MACKEROY, personnel manager, perfect hair and shiny shoes, sticks his head through the doorway.

CARL

Gene. What are you doing in here?  
Get back to your desk.

GENE

I wasn't doing anything.

CARL

I know. And you need to start doing  
something before I have to fill out  
your evaluation. Get your mail and  
lets go.

Carl walks away. Gene looks at the package in his hands.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Kandace takes a large bite of her meal.

Steve pops his head through the doorway.

STEVE

Hi.

Kandace politely covers her mouth.

KANDACE

Hi.

STEVE

You're not Judy, are you?

KANDACE

No. Kandance. Judy's further  
down.

STEVE

Thanks.

He smiles at her. Winks, even. Kandance blushes.

INT. MAIL ROOM - DAY

Gene opens the package and peers inside.

INT. UNIVERSAL LIPS LOBBY - DAY

The lobby of Universal Lips, a small cosmetics company, is modest but nicely decorated.

A large sign behind the reception desk reads: UNIVERSAL LIPS

SKIP NOVAK, sits at the receptionists desk. Ned stands on the opposite side, studying his clipboard.

NED

I'm sorry. It's here on the list,  
but I don't have it in the van.

SKIP

All I know is, she specifically  
told me to watch for this package  
today. You're sure it's not in the  
van?

NED

Yes.

SKIP

You looked.

NED

Yes.

SKIP

Can you look again?

NED

I know it's not there.

SKIP

Maybe you didn't look hard enough.

NED

Look, buddy, I checked.

SKIP

Maybe it's on another route?

NED

We're a small company, so... I'm the only delivery guy on this side of town. Well, in both sides of town.

He looks around, then leans closer.

NED (CONT'D)

Like, it's not even a company van. I'm my own van with a big magnet sign on the side.

SKIP

I'm sure it's very nice. She needs that package.

Skip looks around, then leans closer.

SKIP (CONT'D)

I need that package is I want to make it to Aspen this Christmas.

HILARY MONTEGNYA, in a fur coat and sunglasses, sashays across the lobby and disappears down the hall.

HILARY

Skip-Bo, darling, get me my Manhattan.

SKIP

Right away, Ms. Montengya.

NED

That her?

SKIP

Yes.

NED

Want me to explain it to her?

SKIP

NO! Just get it. If she knows it's missing, she'll be very unhappy.

The phone rings. Skip picks his hand up off the

SKIP (CONT'D)

It's her!

Skip picks it up.

SKIP (CONT'D)

Yes, ma'am? Yes, I'm mixing it  
right now.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Kandace drops her trash into the break room garbage can. Her watch beeps.

INT. MAIL ROOM - DAY

The room is empty.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

The office is cramped, more like a closet. A monitor displays the various feeds from security cameras. One angle specifically shows the service door.

JUDY TERRACOTTA, security guard for life, her hair in a tight ponytail, sits at her desk.

Huddled next to her is Steve Danbury. Steve showcases a knife. He slices through the length of rope with it.

STEVE

Now, this is the Macheto model. And just like all of our knives, it's guaranteed to cut anything. Rope. Flesh. Bone. You name it. It cuts it.

JUDY

And this runs how much?

STEVE

Well, it comes in the Ultimate  
Housewarming kit. And that runs...  
um...

He consults a binder that sits in his lap.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Twelve hundred fifty-nine dollars.

EXT. OFFICE - DAY

Ned's van pulls back into the parking lot. He exits the  
driver's side door, clipboard in hand. He walks to the  
service entrance and presses the buzzer.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

The phone chirps. Judy presses a button on the telephone.

Ned is visible on the security monitor.

JUDY

What?

EXT. OFFICE - DAY

NED

EMS. Again.

JUDY'S VOICE

Hold on.

Ned steps aside, anticipating the door opening and hitting  
him again.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Judy examines the knife.

JUDY

Can I just by the one knife?

STEVE

It's recommended you purchase a set. You know, different tools for different jobs.

EXT. OFFICE - DAY

Ned watches the traffic on a nearby street.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

JUDY

But what if I only want one knife?

STEVE

We do have a smaller set. Four knives. It's... um...

He consults the manual.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Six hundred fifty nine dollars.

JUDY

But what about just this one knife?

STEVE

The four knife set comes with an ice cream scoop as a free gift.

EXT. OFFICE - DAY

Ned presses for the button, again.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

The phone chirps.

JUDY

Honestly, some people have no respect.

EXT. OFFICE - DAY

Judy's voice blares out of the speaker.

JUDY'S VOICE

What?

NED

EMS. Still.

JUDY'S VOICE

Hold on.

The door swings open and knocks Ned backwards. Carl steps outside.

CARL

Can I help you?

NED

I need to check on my last delivery.

CARL

You have the paperwork?

NED

Right here.

He shows Carl the clipboard.

CARL

There's no signature.

NED

Right here. He taps the signature line.

CARL

That dot?

NED

Perfectly acceptable in a court of law.

CARL

It is not.

NED

Look, Mister...

CARL

Mackeroy. Carl.

NED

Mister Carl. I don't mean to step on your toes here, but I am the Express Mail Specialist in this situation, and I think I know what is and isn't an acceptable signature.

Carl just stands in the doorway.

NED (CONT'D)

May I come in and check the delivery?

CARL

Go ahead.

Carl doesn't move out of the way, so Ned is forced to squeeze between him and the door frame.

INT. MAIL ROOM - DAY

Kandace enters the room and resumes her place at the sorting table. Ned and Carl follow closely behind.

CARL

Kate, you sign for some stuff earlier?

KANDACE

Kandace.

CARL

What?

KANDACE

My name is Kandace.

CARL

I know that. Kate's just a  
nickname. You know, like, Jim for  
James. You sign with this guy?

Kandace nods. Ned looks through the packages he dropped

NED

It's not here.

Carl picks up some crumpled paper off the floor.

CARL

You need to keep it clean in here,  
Kate.

He throws the paper toward the wastebasket, but it falls  
short. Carl doesn't notice.

Kandace takes a stack of mail to another table. As she turns,  
she trips and falls.

NED

Are you okay?

He rushes to help her up, but stops when he sees that she's  
tripped over Gene's body.

Carl storms over and kicks Gene's leg.

CARL

Dammit, Gene! Get back to work!

NED

Is he dead?

CARL

No, lazy moron's just sleeping on  
the job.

KANDACE

He usually does that between the vending machines. He says it's warm there.

Something skitters through the piles of mail.

NED

What was that?

CARL

Mice.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Judy writes a check. Steve fills out a form. They unceremoniously make the exchange.

STEVE

All right. You should expect your knives in about ten to fourteen days. Thanks so much.

JUDY

And that was a thirty day money back guarantee?

STEVE

Sure thing. But, honestly, I've never seen anyone take advantage of it.

JUDY

How long have you been selling these?

STEVE

Uh, as of yesterday?  
(he does the math)  
Three days.

INT. MAIL ROOM - DAY

Kandace, Ned and Carl are still searching for the source of the skittering.

KANDACE

I've never seen mice in here.

CARL

I set traps.

It skitters again. A package falls to the floor and lands on top of the crumpled paper by the wastebasket.

KANDACE

There!

The skittering stops.

Kandace and Ned keep their distance, but Carl leans in.

CARL

Just a mouse. A little mouse.

A disembodied Yeti HAND flies up out of a stack of mail and grabs Carl by the throat.

Ned and Kandace scream. Ned swats at the Yeti Hand with his clipboard.

Carl tries to pry it off his neck, but can't. He falls to the ground. Kandace grabs the Yeti Hand, trying to loosen its grip.

NED

Help! Someone help us!

Kandace yanks the Yeti Hand free, but it flings up into the air, out of her hands and lands out in the hallway.

Ned creeps toward the doorway, looking for the Yeti hand. Judy swings around the corner.

Ned screams and hits her with his clipboard. Judy draws her pepper spray from its holster.

JUDY

Drop it! You have just assaulted a security professional!

Ned throws his hands up.

NED

It attacked us!

Judy sweeps the room with her pepper spray, ready to fire.

JUDY

Who attacked you?

NED

It's out there. In the hall.

JUDY

I just came from out there. Didn't see anyone.

Steve peeks into the mail room, he carries a small duffel bag.

STEVE

Everything okay?

Ned screams. Judy remains calm. She re-holsters her spray.

JUDY

It's fine, Steve. I have to take care of some business. Thanks for stopping by.

The Yeti hand eases into the duffel bag through an unzipped section of the opening. No one notices.

STEVE

Sure, sure. Call me if you want to add anything to that order.

He leaves.

Judy turns back to Ned. She pulls an ID card out of her pocket and flashes it at Ned.

JUDY

Judy Terracotta, Sunfield Security  
Company. Now, what happened?

She tucks the ID card away. Kandace slowly rises to her feet.

KANDACE

I don't think he's breathing.

JUDY

What happened to him?

NED

I told you, it attacked us.

KANDACE

Well, really just Carl.

JUDY

Carl attacked you?

KANDACE

No. It attacked Carl.

JUDY

Who attacked Carl?

NED

The hand.

JUDY

Is that, like, a code name?

NED

No, it was a hand. Like, a hand.

He holds up his hand.

JUDY

A hand.

Kandace nods. Judy looks over at Gene's body.

JUDY (CONT'D)

And him?

Ned shrugs.

NED

He was already here.

JUDY

So, there are two men down.

KANDACE

Shouldn't we call someone?

JUDY

Probably.

NED

Maybe you got it on the security cameras.

JUDY

Probably.

NED

Should we look at the tape?

KANDACE

What about Carl? And Gene?

JUDY

They're dead, right?

KANDACE

I guess so.

JUDY

Okay, here's the thing. They're already dead. So, no rush. I mean, why call the ambulance and waste their time. I'd hate to be responsible for some lady having a baby in an alley because we called the paramedics for some dead guys.

NED

What are you saying?

JUDY

Look, pal, my job here is to provide security. If the folks around here think some hand is running around killing people, they're not going to feel very secure, are they?

NED

I guess not.

JUDY

So, let's just spread the word that Gene and Carl got into it and killed each other.

NED

That's supposed to help people feel secure?

JUDY

Buddy--

NED

Ned.

JUDY

Ned. You don't work here every day. These guys had it out for each other. It was bound to happen. Am I right, Kandace?

KANDACE

Carl was always telling Gene to get back to work.

JUDY

See? Office politics. They took each other out, nothing I could do. I was busy out on the beat, didn't happen to see anything on the monitors.

NED

Yeah, but what if someone wants to check the tapes?

JUDY

Got lost.

NED

Fine, okay. But what about the fact that there's something out there now, possibly attacking more people.

JUDY

I'll look into it.

NED

I can hardly wait.

INT. HILARY MONTEGNIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Hilary sits at her desk. Across from her is ANDREW NEVILLE, young, clean cut. She consults a file folder that sits open in front of her as she swills a cocktail glass in one hand.

HILARY

Well, your file looks fantastic.  
You have all the proper experience.  
This looks very, very good.

Andrew looks down at the stack of papers that sits in his lap.

ANDREW

But, I haven't given you any of my paperwork, yet.

HILARY

Look, Andy. You want this job or not?

ANDREW

Y-yes. I do.

HILARY

Great.

She takes a drink.

ANDREW

Really?

HILARY

Skip will give you an assignment.

ANDREW

Thank you. Thank you so much.

He stands and extends his hand to her. She downs the remainder of her drink and shoves the glass in his hand.

Andrew holds his position, looking down at the glass. Hilary punches a button on the intercom.

HILARY

Skip-bo. I need you. And a spritzer.

(to Andrew)

We're done. Get out.

ANDREW

Yes, Ms. Montegnaya.

Andrew scurries toward the door, just as Skip enters. He carries a wine spritzer, which he immediately passes to Hilary.

HILARY

Where's my package?

SKIP

I'm still waiting on it.

HILARY

Wasn't the delivery fellow already here?

She takes a sip of her drink.

SKIP

He... was.

HILARY

And?

SKIP

There was a mix up?

HILARY

This is no good.

SKIP

I know, Ms. Montegnya. I explained to him that it was unacceptable.

HILARY

No, this spritzer tastes like balls.

SKIP

I, um, did use a different chardonnay.

HILARY

Taste this.

Skip sips the spritzer.

SKIP

It does taste somewhat ballsy.

HILARY

Fix it.

SKIP

Yes, Ms. Montegnya.

HILARY

And get my package!

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Judy sits on the table, while Ned sits in a chair across from her.

JUDY

So, Mr. Whiteman, after you realized you were missing a package, what did you do?

NED

I came back here.

JUDY

And then?

NED

I already told you what happened.

Judy slaps the table.

JUDY

Tell me again!

NED

I really have to get back to work.

He stands up. Judy sprawls across the table and grabs his arm.

JUDY

Don't go!

NED

Let go of me.

She lets go and straightens up.

JUDY

Look, I just can't be left alone with this without any answers. I'll lose my job.

NED

Well, you don't seem to be very good at it.

JUDY

All I ever wanted was to be a real cop. Like the ones on tv. They're so tough. And they look so nice.

NED

You... look nice.

JUDY

Please. Help me figure this out.

Ned hesitates. Kandace edges through the doorway.

KANDACE

Um, I don't know if this means anything, but this was in the mail room.

She hands Judy the empty envelope, the one Gene opened.

NED

That's the missing package. The one I came back for.

JUDY

It's empty. Too bad for you. Hope they had insurance.

She tosses the envelope on the table. Ned stares at her.

NED

Okay, Judy, you know those cop shows you like?

JUDY

Sure, yeah.

NED

When they're solving a crime, what do they look for?

JUDY

Fibers. DNA.

KANDACE  
Fingerprints!

NED  
And...

JUDY  
And... we should check the mail  
room for prints! This hand probably  
left a ton.

NED  
We could. Or... maybe we have a...  
clue.

He picks up the envelope.

INT. NED'S VAN- DAY

Ned drives while Judy rides shotgun. She fiddles with the  
glove compartment, windows, etc. Suddenly, Judy sits straight  
up.

JUDY  
OH! The envelope! It's empty! Maybe  
the hand was inside.

NED  
There's an idea.

JUDY  
So, we go to this... Hilary person  
and ask about this package she was  
expecting.

NED  
You are a genius.

Ned pulls the van into the Universal Lips office parking lot.

INT. UNIVERSAL LIPS LOBBY - DAY

Ned begins to step into the lobby, but Judy blows past him. She deliberately flashes her ID card at Skip, who sits at his desk. Judy surveys the lobby and hallway as she speaks.

JUDY

Judy Terracotta, Sunfield Security Company. What's your name?

SKIP

Skip. Skip Novak.

JUDY

Mister Novak, we're looking for Hilary Montana.

SKIP

Montegnya.

JUDY

What did you call me?

SKIP

It's Hilary Montegnya.

JUDY

Mellenonya?

SKIP

Montegnya?

JUDY

Malangya?

SKIP

Montegnya.

JUDY

Mon...

SKIP

... teng... ya.

JUDY

... tang... yah.

SKIP

Ms. Montegnya's in her office.

Judy immediately heads down the hallway and opens a door.

SKIP (CONT'D)

She's very busy.

Judy walks into a broom closet. She walks out and shuts the door. She opens the next door, then calls down the hallway.

JUDY

He's telling the truth. She's here.

Ned shakes his head apologetically at Skip.

INT. HILARY MONTEGNYA'S OFFICE - DAY

Hilary sits at her desk, drinking a martini. Judy storms in with Ned close behind.

HILARY

What is this?

She presses the intercom.

HILARY (CONT'D)

Skip-bo, what's going on?

Judy flashes her ID card.

JUDY

Judy Terracotta, Sunfield Security  
Company.

Ned snatches the card out of her hand.

NED

Will you knock that off?

He approaches the desk.

NED (CONT'D)

Ms. Montegna, I'm very sorry.  
We're in the middle of a situation  
and it seems that your package may  
have been involved.

HILARY

Who the crap are you?

She presses the intercom.

HILARY (CONT'D)

Skip-bo, who the crap are these people?

Skip rushes in.

SKIP

Sorry, Ms. Montegnaya, I didn't have a chance to stop them.

Hilary still speaks into the intercom.

HILARY

Yes, but who are they?

NED

I'm Ned Whiteman. I'm with Express Mail Service. A package addressed to you was mis-delivered on my route.

HILARY

Well, re-deliver it.

NED

I'd very much like to, but there seems to have been a problem.

JUDY

A very big problem.

NED

It seems that, along the way, an individual at my last stop, assumed the package was his, and he opened it.

HILARY

Isn't that a federal offense?

JUDY

Not just that, it's also a crime.

SKIP

So, someone opened it. They must have realized it wasn't theirs.

NED

I'm sure he did.

JUDY

Right before it killed him.

HILARY

There must be a procedure for this. Do I need to sign a form?

NED

It's bigger than that, ma'am.

JUDY

It got away.

SKIP

The package just got away? This is ridiculous.

HILARY

No, Skip-bo. It's not. Please, detective...

She gestures to Judy, then to Ned.

HILARY (CONT'D)

... delivery man. Sit down.

NED

She's not a detective.

Judy kicks Ned before she sits in one of the chairs. Skip remains standing.

HILARY

Perhaps my guests would like a drink?

NED

Oh, I'm fine, thanks.

JUDY

I'll have a...

She drums her fingers on the arms of the chair.

JUDY (CONT'D)

...pina colada.

Skip slinks out of the office.

HILARY

It's been released. This is what you're telling me?

NED

It was accidental. It attacked us.

HILARY

You both seem to be all right.

JUDY

Oh, I wasn't there. I was buying knives.

HILARY

That reminds me.

She presses the intercom button.

HILARY (CONT'D)

Skip-bo, cancel my three-thirty appointment.

NED

What is it?

HILARY

Just an appointment to look at some knives. It can wait.

Ned takes a calming breath, then speaks deliberately.

NED

What was in the package?

HILARY

A while back, I was a quest.

EXT. STORM - DAY - A WHILE BACK

Hilary walks against the wind as it blows around her. She wears a heavy fur coat and goggles.

INT. HILARY MONTEGNYA'S OFFICE - DAY

Hilary opens a desk drawer.

HILARY

Are you familiar with the Yeti?

NED

Like bigfoot?

Hilary removes a file folder from the drawer and passes it to Judy.

HILARY

They're similar. But the Yeti are indigenous to the Himalayas.

Judy looks at one of the pictures.

JUDY

Oh my god, it's indigenous all right. I can hardly stand to look at it. UG-LY!

Hilary snatches the picture from her.

HILARY

That is a photograph of me with Aldan Heldreath.

She picks up another photo.

HILARY (CONT'D)

This is a Yeti.

JUDY

Cute!

NED

I thought they killed people. You know, red glowing eyes, razor sharp fangs. Certain death kind of a creature.

HILARY

The Yeti are kind. Even helpful. There are stories of them helping wayward travelers caught in snowstorms.

NED

That's sweet.

HILARY

And boring.

NED

Who's Allan Hellbreath?

HILARY

He was my guide. I was on an expedition.

NED

To find the Yeti?

HILARY

More accurately, a Yeti hand.

JUDY

Why would you just want a hand?

HILARY

It's enchanted.

JUDY

I don't think a disembodied hand is that enchanting.

HILARY

Enchan-TED. Magical.

NED

Magic enough to come to life?

HILARY

I suppose. I never saw it in action.

JUDY

You're thinking this is what killed Gene and Carl.

NED

It fits.

HILARY

I don't think so. The Yeti Hand is kind and benevolent.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Steve lies on the ground, stabbed and bloody. His knife bag is dumped over and knives lay scattered around his body. Steve is still alive, but he won't last much longer.

STEVE

Please... I've got a family.  
They'll miss me at the biannual  
family picnic.

The Yeti hand clutches one of the knives and moves in to take another stab at Steve.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I'm supposed to bring the potato  
salad!

The Yeti hand plunges the knife into Steve. Steve screams.

INT. HILARY MONTEGNYA'S OFFICE - DAY

Hilary and Judy are engrossed in a photo album. Judy sucks down a pina colada. Ned picks lint off his pants.

HILARY

This is my trip to Greece. The food was excellent.

JUDY

Who's this handsome fellow?

HILARY

Our waiter, Nico. He was a dream.

Hilary flips a page.

HILARY (CONT'D)

Here he is filling our water glasses.

She points to another photo.

HILARY (CONT'D)

And bringing out the entrees.

She turns the page.

HILARY (CONT'D)

And--

JUDY

That's some service!

Hilary quickly closes the book.

HILARY

I had a lot of wine.

JUDY

You are so bad!

NED

If we're done with the jaunt down memory lane, we're still on the look out for a murderous Yeti hand.

JUDY

Will you excuse me a moment, Hil?

She pulls Ned aside.

NED

Are you ready to go?

JUDY

What are you doing?

NED

What are YOU doing?

JUDY

Bonding. If she feels comfortable with us, she will tell us everything she knows.

Ned glances over at Hilary as she gleefully opens another photo album.

NED

That's what I'm worried about.

JUDY

Fine. We can go. But I really was looking forward to the pictures of Aruba.

She drains the remainder of her drink. Her straw slurps at the bottom of the glass.

JUDY (CONT'D)

You think I could get another one of these?

Ned stomps on her toes.

NED

Will you focus? We need to find this hand. Before it kills again. Didn't you take some kind of vow to serve and protect?

JUDY

Well, to secure and not steal from my employers. But it's kind of the same.

NED

So, be Judy Terracotta, Sunfield Security Guard. Not "BFF Bore Me With Your Travel Photos Judy".

JUDY

Can I have my card back?

NED

No. Judy sighs.

JUDY

Hil-- I mean, Ms. Montegnya, it looks like we have to leave and resume our investigation.

HILARY

Of course. You'll let me know as soon as you find it?

NED

Absolutely. Thanks so much.

Ned turns and walks out the office door. Judy follows, but looks over her shoulder.

JUDY

Email me those Aruba pictures.

Ned yanks Judy out of the office.

EXT. UNIVERSAL LIPS PARKING LOT - DAY

Ned and Judy walk toward Ned's car. COCO CHANEL, a drag queen, leans against the back of the car. She smokes a cigarette.

NED

Excuse me, but this is my car.

COCO

It's nice.

NED

We're leaving, so...

Coco doesn't even flinch, she just takes another drag.

COCO

A woman just asked me if I was a prostitute.

JUDY

What?

COCO

I was just walking down the street and she asked me.

JUDY

Oh my god!

NED

That's... unfortunate.

COCO

And I know, I KNOW that I have unconventional looks. But really. A prostitute?

NED

I'm sorry.

Coco moves aside, away from the car.

COCO

I'll get out of your way. Sorry I just unleashed that on you.

NED

It's okay.

COCO

Your uniforms are really nice.

JUDY

You think so?

COCO

Oh, sure. Are you a police officer?

NED

No. She's a security guard.

Coco perks up.

JUDY

Actually, we're looking for a hand.

Coco leans in, talking quietly.

COCO

Hand is five dollars. Each.

JUDY

Each hand?

COCO

Each person.

NED

You are a prostitute!

COCO

It's perfectly legal.

NED

In Nevada!

COCO

What are you, an atlas?

NED

At least I'm not a hooker.

He opens the driver's side door.

NED (CONT'D)

Judy, we need to find this Allen  
Hellsbreath guy.

COCO  
Aldan? Aldan Heldreath?

JUDY  
You know him?

COCO  
Of course!

NED  
He isn't one of your... clients...  
is he?

COCO  
No, he is not. He's an old family  
friend.

NED  
What does that mean? He doesn't  
have to pay?

COCO  
For someone so condescending, you  
sure want to know an awful lot  
about my business.

NED  
I'm sorry. Can you tell us where he  
is?

COCO  
Sure.  
(beat)  
For five dollars.

Ned sighs and pulls out his wallet.

NED  
Here.

He puts a five dollar bill in Coco's hand.

COCO  
Dragon Lady Antiques.

JUDY

Fun! I love antiquing!

NED

He'll be there?

COCO

He's there every day.

NED

Thanks.

COCO

Unless he's, you know, busy.

She winks at Ned.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Ned's van parks on the street. Judy jumps out of the passenger side and rushes to the sidewalk.

JIM VAN DOUGAL, a street musician, plays his guitar. His case sits open with a few dollars and some change scattered inside.

Ned opens his door and steps out.

NED

What are we doing?

JUDY

I have an emergency.

Judy almost trips over the guitar case.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Get a job.

She turns and enters the restaurant behind her.

Ned methodically pulls out his wallet and drops a five-dollar bill into the case.

NED

Sorry.

INT. LEMON LEAF CAFE - DAY

Judy sits at a table, looking over a menu. Ned sits across from her.

NED

This was your emergency.

JUDY

Low blood sugar. If I don't eat, I get cranky.

NED

What about the Yeti hand?

JUDY

I don't know? You think it eats?

NED

I think it kills.

MIZ, the attractive male server, approaches the table.

MIZ

Are you ready to order?

JUDY

We'll need a minute, thank you.

MIZ

Sure.

JUDY

Oh! But I will take a hazelnut latte.

MIZ

Excellent choice. Anything for you, sir?

NED

No. Thank you.

Miz walks away from the table.

JUDY

No need to be Rudy McRuderson.

NED

I said thank you.

JUDY

Looks like I'm not the only one  
with low blood sugar.

NED

I am not cranky. I just wish we  
knew where this Yeti hand might  
strike next.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Jim continues to play music. Someone tosses change into the  
case.

JIM

Thanks.

He turns to nod at them, but there isn't anyone there. He  
looks down.

The Yeti hand sits in his guitar case. He screams and kicks  
it shut.

INT. LEMON LEAF CAFE - DAY

Miz serves Judy her latte.

MIZ

Have we decided?

JUDY

Yes. I would like the greek  
salad. And he will be having the  
four cheese pizza.

MIZ

Excellent choice. He walks away.

NED

No, I don't want anything.

JUDY

Don't worry, we'll do halvesies.  
Some for you, some for me.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Jim slowly opens the guitar case. The Yeti hand just sits still. He throws a penny at it. Nothing.

INT. LEMON LEAF CAFE - DAY

Judy slides her latte in front of Ned.

JUDY

Try it.

NED

I don't want to.

JUDY

Listen, we've already ordered, so  
you're stuck here for another  
twenty minutes. Just try it.

NED

Fine.

He sips the latte. His eyes light up.

NED (CONT'D)

Oh, yum.

JUDY

I know, right?

She reaches to take it back, but Ned takes another drink.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Jim reaches to pick up the Yeti hand. It suddenly grips his wrist and forces him to slap himself in the face.

INT. LEMON LEAF CAFE - DAY

Miz delivers the order to the table. Behind Ned and Judy, Jim can be seen through the window, slapping himself in the face. Miz watches Jim, then rolls his eyes.

MIZ

Performance artists. Get a job.

JUDY

Amen to that!

Ned taps the edge of the latte cup.

NED

Can we get, like, three more of these?

INT. HILARY MONTEGNYA'S OFFICE - DAY

Hilary lies face down on a massage table. She is nude, but all essential areas are covered with a sheet.

The massage therapist, SERENDIPITY, hair and skirt both flowing, performs a rather violent massage on Hilary's back.

SERENDIPITY

Feel it, feel the energy!

Skip enters, carrying a computer print-out.

SKIP

Ms. Montengnya... Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you'd canceled all your appointments.

HILARY

Serendipity isn't an appointment, she's a necessity.

Serendipity grabs one of Hilary's arms and waves it around.

SERENDIPITY

Feel it, feel it!

SKIP

I can come back.

HILARY

No, I'm listening.

SKIP

I did the consulted the database  
about the guard and the delivery  
kid.

HILARY

And?

SKIP

Ned Whiteman, age 20. Single.  
Virgo. Caucasian. Judy  
Terracotta, age question mark.  
Single. Buddhist. Caucasian.

HILARY

That's all?

SKIP

He like soft rock and she's a fan  
of wrestling.

Serendipity lifts up the sheet.

SERENDIPITY

Flip!

Hilary turns over, baring everything to Skip. He cringes and  
turns away.

SKIP

That's, um, all our resources had.

HILARY

Let me see.

The hands her the pages. They are print outs from MySpace.

HILARY (CONT'D)

Hmmm... well, then I suppose this is all we have to work with. Good job. Send a friend request to both.

Serendipity climbs on top of the massage table.

SERENDIPITY

FEEL IT!

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Judy and Ned exit the cafe. Ned carries a to-go coffee cup. He bounces when he walks and talks fast.

NED

So we need to kind this Allan, Aldan, Allan Aldan. Isn't he an actor? On television? Or the movies? Do you watch tv? Of course you do, you love cop shows. I think they're all right, but I'd rather watch a comedy. Like that one about the television network. I love self inflicted satire. That's fun. What do you do for fun?

He attempts to take another drink of his latte, but Judy slaps it out of his hand.

NED (CONT'D)

That was uncalled for.

Judy looks out into the parking lot next to the cafe. Several people stand looking at something, but Judy can't tell what it is.

JUDY

What's that?

NED

People. Persons. A group.

Judy walks toward the group. Ned tags along after her. Jim lays, sprawled across the blacktop, face down.

DARLENE, a young woman, stands next to Jim. Her car is positioned as if it just hit him.

JUDY

What happened?

DARLENE

This guy just came across the parking lot. And the whole time he was just hitting himself. And I was thinking, why are you hitting yourself? Why do you keep hitting yourself? Why don't you stop hitting yourself? And then I hit him.

JUDY

Huh.

DARLENE

I know, right?

NED

Why was he hitting himself?

DARLENE

Because he was lame? I don't know.

Judy pulls a notepad out of her pocket.

JUDY

Name?

DARLENE

How should I know? I've never seen him before in my life. Well, that's a lie. I've seen him playing out in front of the mall.

(MORE)

DARLENE (CONT'D)

A lot actually. Get a job,  
already.

JUDY

Seriously. But, I meant your name.

DARLENE

Darlene. Flavorflave. But I need  
to get this body out of the way,  
otherwise I'm going to be late for  
acrylic nail school. We're doing  
jeweled tips. I really can't miss  
it.

JUDY

Okay, Ms. Flavorflave, just give me  
a number where someone can reach  
you.

DARLENE

Nine eight two, six one four.

Judy jots it down, then looks at it.

JUDY

That seems kind of short.

DARLENE

Oh, you're just thinking of the  
area code.

JUDY

Oh, sure. Right.

Darlene climbs back into her car, without missing a beat.

NED

She seems little high strung.

Darlene leans on the car horn.

JUDY

Help me move this body.

Judy grabs the arms while Ned grabs the feet.

NED

Doesn't this make it a hit and run?

JUDY

How can he run?

NED

No, I mean for her?

JUDY

I got her information.

They lug the body out of the path of the car. Darlene drives away. She cordially beeps the horn as she goes.

NED

Sure, you'll just ask for Darlene  
Flavorflave, when you call nine  
eight two, six one four.

Judy looks at her notepad.

JUDY

She totally lied, didn't she?

NED

I think so.

JUDY

Son of a bitch.

NED

Wanna go look for Aldan?

JUDY

Yeah, sure.

EXT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

The shop is quaint, likely an old house gutted for the antique biz.

GELDA GELDSTEIN sits in a chair outside the front door. She smokes a cigarillo and wears glasses on a chain around her neck.

Ned and Judy approach the shop.

GELDA

Good afternoon.

NED

Afternoon.

GELDA

You kids know this ain't no thrift shop, right? I get a lot of people come in here, think we're a thrift shop and they want funny old t-shirts. We don't have that. If that's what you want, we're not it.

NED

No, ma'am. We're actually looking for someone.

Judy pulls a photo out of her pocket. It's the picture of Hilary and Aldan.

JUDY

Is he here?

Gelda takes the photo.

GELDA

Let's see...

Gelda slips on her glasses. She gasps.

GELDA (CONT'D)

What a beast!

JUDY

No, not her. This guy.

GELDA

Oh, sure! That's Aldan.

NED

Is he here?

GELDA

Sure.

She shouts through the doorway.

GELDA (CONT'D)

ALDAN! GET OUT HERE!

No response.

Judy examines a table full of goods just outside the entry door. Ned just stands where he is.

GELDA (CONT'D)

Those are all near-priceless  
heirlooms. ALDAN!

Judy picks up a ceramic frog.

JUDY

How much for this?

GELDA

Twelve ninety-five. Belonged to my  
Aunt Clemmy. ALDAN!

NED

Maybe we could just go look for  
him.

Gelda stands and closes in on the doorway.

GELDA

Oh, no need, honey. ALDAN!

Gelda rests her cigarillo on the ceramic frog.

GELDA (CONT'D)

For the love of the Virgin Mary  
riding a donkey through the desert  
on her way to Bethlehem.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP OFFICE - DAY

ALDAN HELDREATH, college dropout in a witty t-shirt, sits at the computer. He wears headphones and dances in his seat to the music while he surfs the internet.

The office door flies open and Gelda enters. Ned and Judy squeeze into the small space behind her.

GELDA

ALDAN!

He doesn't hear her. Gelda thumps him on the head.

ALDAN

Ow!

He pulls one headphone off his ear.

ALDAN (CONT'D)

What?

GELDA

These officers are here to see you.

NED

We're not police... Oh, never mind.

JUDY

What do you know about the Yeti hand?

ALDAN

The what? Gelda, will you go get me an energy drink?

GELDA

Get it yourself. You can walk to the junior market.

ALDAN

Please? I'll give you money for more of those vanilla cigarillos.

He waves a five dollar bill in the air.

GELDA

Fine.

She snatches the money and exits the office.

ALDAN

Shut that door.

Ned pushes the door shut.

NED

You don't know anything about the  
Yeti hand?

ALDAN

Of course I do.

NED

But you just said...

ALDAN

I know what I said. It's called  
lying. People do it.

JUDY

So you do know about it.

ALDAN

Yes. How do you know about it?

JUDY

About what?

ALDAN

The Yeti hand.

JUDY

I don't.

ALDAN

Then why are you asking about it?

JUDY

To find out.

ALDAN  
About the Yeti hand.

JUDY  
Yes.

ALDAN  
Okay. Glad we got that cleared up.

NED  
So, what do you know?

ALDAN  
What do you know?

NED  
That you led Hilary Montegnya on an expedition to find it.

ALDAN  
That's not true.

JUDY  
We have a picture of you together.

She hands him the photo.

NED  
Yeah, and you're wearing those... expedition clothes.

ALDAN  
You don't see me making fun of what you're wearing.

NED  
These are uniforms.

ALDAN  
They look nothing alike.

JUDY  
They're different.

ALDAN

Well, that doesn't seem very  
uniform, does it?

Ned kicks Aldan's chair.

NED

Tell us what you know about Hilary  
Montegnya and the Yeti hand.

ALDAN

Okay!

EXT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY - A WHILE BACK

Aldan arranges the outside sale table. He wears full  
expedition gear: boots, cargo pants, a large parka, a wool  
cap and a pair of goggles on top of his head.

Hilary crosses the lot next to the shop, wearing her fur coat  
and goggles.

A GARDENER blows leaves and dust with his leaf blower. Hilary  
walks against the wind as it blows around her. She passes  
the gardener and the wind stops.

ALDAN

Welcome!

HILARY

Thanks. Do you guys have any Yeti  
hands?

She picks a leaf out of her hair.

ALDAN

Actually, I think we just got one  
in.

He digs around in the box next to the table and pulls out a  
wooden case. He opens it to reveal the Yeti hand.

HILARY

May I?

She reaches for it. Aldan hands it to her.

HILARY (CONT'D)

Exquisite. I'll take it.

ALDAN

Are you sure? Our price is sixteen hundred dollars. Mostly that's for the case it's in. Handcrafted by blind monks.

HILARY

How much without the carrying case?

ALDAN

Let's say... three hundred?

HILARY

Perfect. Sold.

ALDAN

Would you like it wrapped?

HILARY

Actually, I'm on my way to a luncheon. Can you ship it? Here's my card. Just bill it to that address.

ALDAN

Sure. It'll be an extra twenty-five dollars for overnight express.

HILARY

Oh, just send it the cheapest way. I'm in no rush.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP OFFICE - DAY

Ned and Judy stare at Aldan.

NED

That's it?

JUDY

It makes sense.

NED

It doesn't explain anything.

JUDY

That's true. I mean, why did she take this picture?

EXT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY - A WHILE BACK

Hilary takes out her cell phone.

HILARY

Would you mind taking a picture with me? I just love your outfit.

ALDAN

Sure.

They pose while Hilary holds up the camera.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

Judy nods.

JUDY

Oh, okay.

NED

But why were you wearing that?

JUDY

Some people have a fashion sense.

NED

This is absurd. And ridiculous. And this hand is out there, murdering people.

ALDAN

Wait, you're saying it's loose?

NED

Yeah, it is.

ALDAN

Oh, god. This is not good. How long has it been free?

NED

Since earlier today.

ALDAN

Of course!

He turns to the computer and brings up a news webpage. He clicks through several pages that read:

TWO SLAIN IN OFFICE BRAWL  
SALESMAN VICTIM OF OWN PRODUCT  
LOCAL STREET PERFORMER HOSPITALIZED

Judy points to the last one.

JUDY

Hey, we saw him. He slapped himself into traffic. Witness says he just kept hitting himself. Why? We don't know.

NED

Go back.

Aldan clicks back to the previous page.

JUDY

That's Steve! My knife guy. You think he processed my order already? I was having second thoughts about that knife set. I really only wanted to buy one. But apparently, they can't break up a set.

ALDAN

Oh, they can. They're just trained for the hard sell since they work on commission.

JUDY  
Son of a bitch!

NED  
Go back to the first page.

Aldan clicks back to the first page.

ALDAN  
Let me guess, you know them, too?

NED  
Gene and Carl. It got them.

ALDAN  
Yeah, and your friend, the musician? There's a reason he wouldn't just stop hitting himself.

He clicks back to the story about Jim and zooms in on a photo. The Yeti hand can clearly be seen clutching Jim's wrist.

NED  
The hand!

JUDY  
These are all from today. How can they be in the news so fast?

ALDAN  
Technology, man. Instant information.

NED  
So, how do we stop it?

ALDAN  
You can't. It's a web of information, worldwide.

NED  
How do we stop THE HAND?

JUDY

And why did you sell a homicidal  
hand, anyway?

ALDAN

The hand is bound by this.

He reaches over to a shelf and picks up the wooden box that  
once held the hand. Ned takes the box and examines it.

NED

It's a magic box?

ALDAN

Yeah, sure. The blind monks who  
crafted it infused it with the  
power to bind the hand from  
committing harm.

JUDY

But you sold it without the box.

ALDAN

Yeah. I was kind of hasty to make  
a sale that day.

NED

So, it's free.

ALDAN

No, the box retails for about  
twelve or thirteen hundred.

NED

So, the Yeti HAND is loose.

ALDAN

Yeah. I guess it was kind of a bad  
idea.

JUDY

Don't beat yourself up about it.

NED

Four people are dead and/or  
hospitalized.

JUDY

Maybe you should be a little upset  
about it.

NED

If we can get it back in the box,  
it will stop?

ALDAN

Yeah, but good luck with that. The  
hand hates that box. It's like it  
knows, you know?

NED

We'll figure something out. Thanks  
for your help.

He opens the office door.

ALDAN

Where are you going?

NED

To capture the killer hand?

ALDAN

That box is worth over a thousand  
dollars.

JUDY

Oh, he'll be very careful with it.  
He kind of... you know... dainty.

NED

I am not dainty.

JUDY

Hey, I'm just trying to help.

ALDAN

You have to pay for that.

NED

I'll bring it back.

JUDY

What if we leave collateral?

ALDAN

Like what?

Judy grabs a statuette off the shelf next to her.

JUDY

How much is this worth?

ALDAN

Six hundred dollars.

Judy throws it on the ground.

ALDAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?! That is SO  
not leaving collateral!

JUDY

I guess I meant collateral damage.  
We'll be right back with your  
monkey hand box.

NED

Yeti.

Judy picks up a pair of sunglasses from the shelf and puts  
them on.

JUDY

I was born Yeti.

She marches out the door. Ned turns and follows her.

Aldan grabs his cell phone and dials a number.

INT. HILARY MONTEGNYA'S OFFICE - DAY

Hilary is on the telephone.

HILARY

Uh huh. Uh huh. Uh huh. Yeah.

She flips through a magazine.

HILARY (CONT'D)

But, see, that's where I disagree. Kelly has had numerous hit singles and she embodies the entire concept of... no, I'm hearing you. I just don't agree. Hold on, I have another call coming through, and my male secretary is on his lunch break.

She punches a button on the phone.

HILARY (CONT'D)

Hilary Montegnya.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP OFFICE - DAY

Aldan reclines in his chair.

ALDAN

Ms. Montegnya. I have some bad news. It seems your package has been delayed.

INT. HILARY MONTEGNYA'S OFFICE - DAY

She spins around in her chair and peeks out the window.

HILARY

Who is this? How do you know about my surgery? I haven't told anyone other than my doctor, his nurse, my driver, and my male secretary.

She spins around again, making a full rotation and picking up her martini on the way.

HILARY (CONT'D)

Oh. THAT package. With the hand.  
I already know. Stan and Nancy are  
already on the case. You know,  
that delivery guy and his police  
wife. Hold on.

She presses the button on the phone.

HILARY (CONT'D)

Hey, Candy? I'll have to call you  
back. Sure, sure. Give the kids a  
kiss for me.

She presses the button on the phone.

HILARY (CONT'D)

What a bitch. What? Oh, no, not  
you, Candy. I just saw... that  
modeling agency woman on TV,  
again. You're right I do love her  
show. Uh, huh. Buh-bye.

She presses the button on the phone.

HILARY (CONT'D)

Hello? Whew. Okay, Aldan. Keep  
it together. Stop weeping. Buck  
up! Listen, I don't even really  
care, I'm just trying to be nice.

She hangs up the phone, then presses the intercom.

HILARY (CONT'D)

Skip-Bo. Get me my henchmen ASAP.  
And then bring me a bloody mary.  
No, bring the bloody mary, then get  
me my henchmen.

She leans back in her chair. Skip does not respond. She  
presses the intercom.

HILARY (CONT'D)

Hello? Skip-Bo?

She looks at the clock, it reads: 2:45pm. She looks at a white board which lists various tasks to be done and other tidbits of information. Among them is a note reading: SKIP'S LUNCH BREAK, 2:30pm - 2:50pm

Hilary frowns.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Judy and Ned search the area for the Yeti hand.

NED

It's long gone, by now.

JUDY

How is it getting around?

NED

Maybe it's hitch-hiking?

JUDY

Who's going to pick up just a hand?

NED

It went from the office to the knife guy to here. How?

Judy stands with her eyes closed and her arms slightly raised.

NED (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JUDY

Visualizing.

NED

Does that work?

JUDY

I don't know. This is the first time I've tried it. I see... the man on the ground. And Darlene Flavorflave. And... in the car. In the back window! There it is!

NED

It worked? You visualized it?

Judy opens her eyes.

JUDY

No, I just remember seeing it. I thought it was a ratty old glove.

NED

Still, good job.

JUDY

And I remember thinking, what an ugly glove. Who would even wear that? Or, even worse, buy it? But maybe it was a really nice glove that just got ratty over time. You know?

NED

You make it very difficult to appreciate you.

INT. HILARY MONTEGNYA'S OFFICE - DAY

Several HENCHPERSONS gather in Hilary's office. Among them is Andrew, the new recruit from earlier.

HILARY

Now, you have all proven yourselves in various situations. But now the time has come to see who is the best.

She paces in front of them, inspecting each one as she passes by.

EXT. NAIL SALON PARKING LOT - DAY

Ned's van pulls up next to Darlene's car. Judy jumps out and runs up to the car, peering into the back window.

JUDY

I was wrong. It is a ratty old glove.

The Yeti hand flies up and hits the glass. Judy jumps back.

JUDY (CONT'D)

I was right. It is the Yeti hand.

A car pulls up behind Ned and honks.

NED

I have to park, will you be okay?

JUDY

Yeah, it's just a hand.

The Yeti hand hits the window, again. Judy screams. The car behind Ned honks, again.

NED

Keep your pants on!

INT. HILARY MONTEGNYA'S OFFICE - DAY

Hilary leans against her desk, still eyeing her henchpersons.

HILARY

I've taken a lot of time to consider who will ascend to the next level. And it's...

Hilary pats Andrew on the shoulder.

HILARY (CONT'D)

You.

ANDREW

I don't know if I'm ready.

HILARY

No one is until they are.

Andrew stands and rubs his hands on his pant legs.

Hilary hands him a microphone, which is attached to a karaoke machine. HAVA NAGILA begins to play. Andrew begins to sing, softly.

HILARY (CONT'D)

Give it some gusto!

INT. NED'S VAN - DAY

Ned drives around the parking lot, looking for a space, but they're all taken.

EXT. NAIL SALON PARKING LOT - DAY

Judy reaches for the door handle of the car, but then pulls back. She reaches again. Then pulls back. Then reaches again.

INT. HILARY MONTEGNYA'S OFFICE - DAY

Andrew is really getting into the song, dancing as he sings. The other henchpersons clap in time along with the song.

INT. NED'S VAN - DAY

Ned passes various spaces: A motorcycle. A tiny compact car. A huge SUV taking up two spaces.

NED

Oh, come on!

A woman walks toward a car with a shopping basket. She talks on her cell phone. Ned follows her.

EXT. NAIL SALON PARKING LOT - DAY

Judy has her hand on the handle, about to pull, when Darlene clambers up to the car.

DARLENE

What in the hell are you doing?

JUDY

Oh, hey! Darlene Flavorflave.  
Good.Â I just need to get  
something out of here.

DARLENE

Like hell. Get out of here.

JUDY

You don't understand. There's a  
hand in there.

INT. HILARY MONTEGNYA'S OFFICE - DAY

Andrew finishes with a flourish and bows. Everyone applauds  
wildly.

INT. NED'S VAN - DAY

Ned waits as the woman unloads her cart into the trunk of her  
car while she still talks on her cell phone. She moves one  
item at a time and pauses several times to become more  
involved in her conversation.

NED

Hurry up you whore-faced cow! Get  
off the phone! GET OFF THE PHONE!

EXT. NAIL SALON PARKING LOT - DAY

Darlene's arms are crossed over her chest.

DARLENE

A hand?

JUDY

Yeah, a hand.Â Without an arm. Or  
any other rest of a body.

Darlene opens the car door and reaches into the backseat.Â  
She pulls out a fake hand.

DARLENE

Like this?

JUDY

Yeah! Well, no.

DARLENE

This is my practice hand. In case I want to try my hand at home at some new nail techniques.

JUDY

That's definitely a hand with out an arm. But the one I'm looking for is more... Yeti-y.

The Yeti hand flies out of the car and grabs Darlene's hair.

JUDY (CONT'D)

That's it!

INT. HILARY MONTEGNYA'S OFFICE - DAY

Hilary presents Andrew with a medal.

HILARY

Anthony...

ANDREW

Andrew.

HILARY

Andrew Newhart...

ANDREW

Andrew Neville, ma'am.

HILARY

Andrew Neville, it is my honor to announce you as the official Universal Lips Office Idol!

Everyone applauds. Hilary smiles at everyone.

ANDREW

Thank you. I am so honored. This is amazing.

HILARY

I know. Okay, I'm bored of this. Go back to work.

INT. NED'S VAN - DAY

The woman finally shuts her trunk and begins the walk the cart toward the cart corral.

NED

Oh, yeah. Can you walk any slower? You are the dumbest slut on the face of the earth.

The woman approaches her car and waves to Ned, letting him know he can have the space. Ned rolls down the window. He smile.

NED (CONT'D)

Thank you, sweetie!

EXT. NAIL SALON PARKING LOT - DAY

Judy tries to pull the Yeti hand out of Darlene's hair while Darlene flails about. Coco cuts across the parking lot and sees them.

COCO

Oh my god! Catfight!

Coco rushes over to watch.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Ned walks down the aisle of cars, then stop.

NED

The box!

He turns back around and walks toward his car.

EXT. NAIL SALON PARKING LOT - DAY

Judy is on top of Darlene, still trying to wrestle the Yeti hand out of her hair.

A small crowd has gathered. One WOMAN eats popcorn. Coco grabs a handful. Ned runs onto the scene.

NED

Judy!

Judy looks up. Ned tosses her the box.

JUDY

It's in her hair! What do I do?

INT. NED'S VAN - DAY

Judy holds the Yeti hand box in her lap. Strands of Darlene's hair stick out from the edges.

JUDY

Now what?

NED

We deliver the package. But, is it right to pass along a killer hand?

JUDY

Is it our job to interfere?

NED

You did take a vow of security.

JUDY

And you took one to make deliveries through snow and rain and whatever.

NED

That's the post office. We just try really hard to get it there without causing irreversible damage.

JUDY

Close enough.

NED

You did good work back there.

He takes Judy's ID card out of his pocket and hands it to her.

JUDY

Thanks.

Ned puts the van in gear and pulls out of the parking space.

EXT. NAIL SALON PARKING LOT - DAY

Darlene leans against the back of her car, wearing a hat and weeping. Coco consoles her.

COCO

Honey, you'll be fine. It'll grown back. And in the meantime, I've got a great selection of wigs I'd be more than happy to loan you at a reasonable price.

INT. UNIVERSAL LIPS LOBBY - DAY

Skip surfs the web on his computer.

Ned and Judy enter the lobby. Ned's clipboard is tucked under his arm.

They walk right past Skip. He calls out after them but doesn't get up.

SKIP

Ms. Montegnys in a video  
conference!

INT. HILARY MONTEGNYA'S OFFICE - DAY

Hilary watches an old movie on the television. Ned and Judy enter.

HILARY

You're back! You're just in time!  
Pizza's on the way.

NED

We just came to deliver this.

Judy sets the Yeti hand box on the desk. Hilary flicks at the hair that still protrudes from opening.

HILARY

What is this?

JUDY

One Yeti hand. With binding box.

HILARY

Oh, I didn't want the box. Too expensive.

NED

It's kind of essential. See,  
without the box, the hand is free  
to kill and maim.

HILARY

Oh. I didn't know.

JUDY

Consider it a gift with purchase.

HILARY

I love gifts!

JUDY

Me too!

Ned hands Hilary the clipboard.

NED

If you'll just sign here. Hilary signs with a flourish.

HILARY

There. Do I tip you?

NED

No need.

JUDY

I'll take it.

Hilary hands Judy five dollars.

NED

Have a nice day.

JUDY

Can't we stay for the movie?

HILARY

Like I said, pizza's on the way.

Ned hesitates, then shrugs.

NED

Oh, all right.

EXT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Ned's van pulls into the parking lot.

INT. NED'S VAN - DAY

Ned puts the van in park. Judy unfastens her seatbelt.

NED

Well, that was certainly interesting.

JUDY

I know. What was that scene with the lizard thing? Weird.

NED

It was certainly an interesting day.

JUDY

Oh. Yeah. Sure was. What do you suppose anyone wants with an old Yeti hand, anyway?

Ned shrugs.

NED

Weird people collect weird stuff.

JUDY

Guess so.

Judy opens her door.

NED

I'll see you around, huh?

JUDY

Yeah. See you around.

Judy steps out of the car, but her foot knocks some trash onto the ground. She picks it up. It's the envelope that originally contained the Yeti hand.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Oops. This is yours.

She's about to toss it back into the car, then studies the address label.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Huh. That's funny.

NED

What?

JUDY

If you re-arrange the letters in  
Universal Lips... it spells  
Supervillains.

NED

Hey, that's clever. Wanna meet up  
and do some word jumbles sometime?

JUDY

Sounds fun. See you later.

NED

Hey, Judy?

JUDY

Yeah?

NED

You look real nice. Like, tv cop  
nice.

She smiles.

JUDY

Thanks.

She shuts the door. Ned pulls away, giving a cordial honk as  
he goes. Judy pulls her keys out of her pocket and begins to  
unlock the door.

She laughs to herself.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Supervillains. Clever.

She pauses.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch.