

# GOOD NIGHTMARE

written by

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CLICK!

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

SHHHHHH! Television static glows on the face of SUNNY PECK (mid-20s). She squints. The circles under her brown, saucer eyes are so dark she looks like the *undead*.

Sunny slumps onto her unmade bed amongst a pile of felt, stuffing, and sewing supplies.

Her room is filthy. Moving boxes and food containers litter the floor. Ants fight over a spoon of dried ice cream.

Sunny holds the dismembered claw of a massive puppet. Sitting on the bed beside her, a disheveled, STUFFED PURPLE MONSTER -- with similar claws -- watches her work.

Over on the TV, static fills the frame -- except for the green channel indicator, glowing 666 in the corner.

**INT. JOHNNY RINGO'S GAS STATION - NIGHT**

Ding! The security monitor shows BOBBY BLANEY (early 50s, athletic) entering the store. He slicks his hair back and flashes a devilish grin to the camera.

Bobby grabs his usual cheap handle of vodka and tucks a two-liter bottle of bright-red soda under his arm.

He snatched a pack of beef jerky, and we follow his walk to the register from behind, eye level with the gun holstered on his back hip.

FERN (O.S.)  
You're gonna kill yourself.

Boop! FERN (19, queer), the monotone teenager behind the counter, rings up the soda.

Bobby is caught in a trance, shamelessly ogling her. The comment breaks his concentration.

BOBBY  
Whaddya mean?

FERN  
This stuff has so much sugar.

Bobby gives her a suggestive smirk.

BOBBY  
Well, maybe I like eating... *sweet things*.

Boop! Fern rolls her eyes as she rings up the vodka.

Bobby notes the look, and his smile disappears. He un-velcros his wallet, then gestures to the jerky

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
Lemme guess. You're a vee-gan too?  
*Cows-have-feelings* typa' shit?

FERN  
Food is for mortals. I gotta grab  
my manager real quick.

BOBBY  
(indignant)  
Why?

FERN  
The alcohol. I'm only *nineteen*.

BOBBY  
That's old enough for me, baby.

Fern grimaces and heads to the back. Bobby watches her exit, then tears open the jerky.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
*Pfft*. Ugly bitch.

He chews off the end of a meat stick.

*Ka-Ching!* The cash drawer closes. Manager PHIL (60s, loves his job) rips a receipt, places it in the bag, and pushes the purchase forward to Bobby.

PHIL  
Have a good night.

BOBBY  
(mocking sing-song)  
*Have a good night*.

#### **INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

*Clack! Clack! Clack!* Three locks turn in succession. Bobby steps into his ratty house.

It's clear from the blankets and collection of bottles that he's been sleeping in his recliner in front of the TV. The mess is seasoned with pizza boxes and used tissues.

Bobby closes his door and triple-locks it.

He walks toward a soft beeping coming from his security system — an out of place expense considering his environment.

Bobby disarms the system.

**INT. BOBBY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Bobby fills an enormous plastic Icee cup with vodka and immediately chugs half of it.

He pauses to catch his breath.

A bulging wrestler on the cup sneers mercilessly. The Ultimate Warrior.

Bobby dumps in more vodka and adds a couple glugs of soda.

**INT. BOBBY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Bobby slams down into his recliner, tears into his jerky, and switches on the TV.

TELEVISION (V.O.)  
 ...UP NEXT! A fantasy made real...  
*"He said, my name is Elvis Presley  
 - will you marry me?"*

He gulps from his cup.

TELEVISION (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 ...but was he really the Devil in  
 Disguise?... *"But, he was an  
 alien, posing as a man."*

Bobby's eyes go wide at this development.

*SHNNK! SHNNK! SHNNK!*

Bobby is now passed out in the chair, hand still gripping his wrestler cup. Soft, static white noise hisses him a lullaby.

*SHNNK! SHNNK! SHNNK!* Outside the window, a pair of car headlights pass, drawing out the shape of WALLACE, a 7-foot tall corpse in a suit, decomposed down to a sickly blackish-green. He's standing directly next to Bobby.

Wallace mindlessly sharpens a foot-long metal rod that attaches to a frayed coaxial cable.

*SHNNK! SHNNK! SHNNK!* He stops sharpening and taps his index finger on the needle-tip, drawing a drop of dark, inky blood.

Wallace moves in close to sleeping Bobby. The electrical cable pulls a rolling I.V. stand into view. There's a small TV monitor attached.

Wallace clicks it on, hypnotic static swirls begin to loop through the monitor.

Wallace wipes the blood from his finger under Bobby's left eye, leaving a dark mark like a bruise.

Using his giant, black fingers, Wallace carefully pries open Bobby's eyelid.

In his other hand, Wallace wields the needle like a knife.

With Bobby's eye held open, the needle is ready to strike.

Bobby's eye. Needle. Eye.

The needle *thrusts* down hard.

CUT TO BLACK.

An ELECTRIC DRUM FILL collapses into the silence, and *POP!* -- a spotlight punches through the darkness to reveal MARK DARK.

Mark Dark is the androgynous, zombie-demon host of *GOODNIGHTMARE*. He looks like glamrock Dracula. Camp, green makeup. Striking, lifeless eyes. And his mouth leaks oily sludge, staining his teeth and lips black.

Mark sits behind a small, wooden desk. Beside him, Bobby sleeps in the recliner, the demonic cable jutting from his eye. The setup looks like a demented, late-night talk show.

An eerie theme song follows the drum loop, and Mark Dark begins to sing along.

MARK DARK

*If the rigors of modern life have  
left you stressed. Take a long  
slow breath and practice  
mindfulness.*

He floats up from the desk and rises, weightless, into the air.

MARK DARK (CONT'D)

*If there's any tension, let it go.*

The host flies past his mark and outside of the spotlight. Wallace's huge hand enters from the shadows and grips his ankle.

MARK DARK (CONT'D)

*Feel it from your head down to  
your toes.*

Wallace firmly guides the wandering foot down on top of the desk, where Mark Dark begins to dance along to the song.

MARK DARK (CONT'D)  
*If you're too afraid to dream...  
 six, six, six... have a good  
 nightmare!*

On this last line, Mark Dark floats down to softly sit on the front edge of the desk.

The spooky song concludes and canned applause brings in the show's TITLE CARD: **GOODNIGHTMARE**

Behind the graphic, Mark Dark hops off the desk and rushes around to his seat.

MARK DARK (CONT'D)  
 Good evening, y'all! It's your host, Mark Dark, callin' atcha from beyond the grave, and I'm delighted -- if not obligated -- to welcome you back to another episode of *GOODNIGHTMARE*.

Mark Dark snaps to B-CAMERA.

MARK DARK (CONT'D)  
 Now, if you're a fan of the show, y'know we like to play a little game with our guests we call, "*Will They, Won't They*"; that is to say, will they...  
 (gestures to Bobby)  
 ...claw their way out of their nightmare, making it out alive, and "win"? -- Or, will it be a good ol' fashioned rerun of the usual and...  
 (does a drum roll on the desk)  
 ...they won't.

Mark Dark gives a *thumbs down* and makes an exaggerated pout.

MARK DARK (CONT'D)  
*However!...*

Mark flicks a *thumbs up*, which ignites his pointed thumbnail like a lighter. He brings a long, black cigarette to his lips and lights it off the nail. He inhales.

MARK DARK (CONT'D)  
 ...my little *Nightmarians* know I'm a helpful fella, and I like offerin' up a little advice before we start.  
 (MORE)

MARK DARK (CONT'D)  
 So, lemme shoot it to ya  
 straight...

Thumbnail still alight, Mark extends his index finger to make the shape of a gun. He takes aim at the camera, and exhales. *PTEWW!* It makes a cartoon gunshot noise.

MARK DARK (CONT'D)  
Don't sit too close to the  
television.

*TSSSst.* He stabs out the cigarette on the desk.

MARK DARK (CONT'D)  
 Should be simple enough. But, hey!  
 If you're on that side of the  
 screen tonight, you're winnin'  
 either way, folks.

(back to A-CAMERA)  
 The evening's episode involves a  
 misguided little man, so  
 preoccupied with his fear of  
outsiders that he's forgotten...  
 the most frightening things in  
 life come from the inside!

While Bobby reclines peacefully, deep in dreamland, Mark Dark grabs the channel knob on his IV/TV.

MARK DARK (CONT'D)  
 Y'all see what I did there? Little  
 wordplay. Anyway, let's tune in  
 to... *"THE TV MAN"*.

He switches it over.

*SHHHHHH!* Static screams from the speakers of a snowy television, and Bobby *jumps* awake in his chair, splashing himself with his drink.

BOBBY  
 Jesus Christ.

He's alone again -- living room back to normal.

Bobby digs for the remote and races the blaring volume back down.

A title appears over his wincing face: *"THE TV MAN"*

The channel indicator, a green 666, is the only color on Bobby's fizzy screen.

Bobby is so drunk he sees it as double.

After regaining a version of composure, Bobby laughs at himself and tips the rest of his drink into his mouth.

He flips the channel up to a sitcom and melts back into the recliner.

*SHHHHHH!* Bobby jumps again. TV is on 666. Volume maxed.

He grabs the remote and smashes down the volume button.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

The fuck? Piece'a shit satellite.

The television hiss quiets down.

Bobby takes a deep breath to calm down. He gathers his courage and flips the TV back to the sitcom.

Bobby waits, holding the remote rigid in the air as one canned laugh after another passes. He finally relaxes and sets down the remote.

*SHHHHHH!*

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Goddamnit!

Bobby stomps over to the TV and rips the power cable from the wall. The screen goes black. Bobby storms out of the room.

*Rrrrring!*

#### **INT. BOBBY'S KITCHEN - LATER**

Bobby waits on hold. He pours the final slosh of vodka into his cup and tosses the empty container.

Bobby grimaces at the now-blurry pamphlet in his hand: Surf 'n Satellite Cable and Internet.

*Rrrrring!-click.*

VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

Thank you for calling Surf  
n' Satellite Cable and  
Internet.

BOBBY

Oh thank you actually. For  
your upgrade that is  
bullshit.

VOICEMAIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, you've reached us  
after business hours. Our offices  
are open Mond--



BOBBY  
Oh, you fucking *assholes*.

Bobby hangs up.

*SHHHHHH!* The TV turns on in the other room. Bobby goes still.

He eyes his front door. Still locked shut. However, he can't see into the living room from the kitchen.

Bobby unholsters his handgun and clicks the safety *OFF*.

He inches toward the static hiss, sweat beading his forehead, until he's standing just around the corner. The glow from the TV casts a light on the floor at his feet.

Bobby swiftly spins around the corner, weapon drawn.

**INT. BOBBY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

*SHHHHHH!* The room is empty. But the glowing static is now in hypno-loop.

Bobby cautiously approaches the looping television. He gets down on all fours, peering around the back of the console to the wall outlet. The TV is still unplugged.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
What the *fuck*?

Bobby sits up to face the glowing set.

*CRACK!* Two thick arms burst through the console on either side of the television.

Bobby gasps and scrambles backward.

The console buckles as large, leather-gloved hands grip the sides for support. The television rises into the air, the screen sitting atop the shoulders of a large torso.

Bobby backs up to the wall and stands, gawking in terror.

A heavy boot steps down from the console and hits the floor. *THUMP*. And another. *THUMP*. Then, THE TV MAN straightens up to his full height, head almost touching the ceiling.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
W-wh-whaddya want?

Bobby is frozen in fear. The TV Man suddenly barrels forward.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
No!

Bobby shrieks and raises his gun.

BAM! The bullet strikes the glass of TV Man's face, shutting off the hypno-loop and leaving a gaping, jagged hole in the screen. Sparks illuminate the electrical abyss inside.

But The TV Man doesn't flinch. He grabs Bobby's throat and the wrist holding the gun.

BAM! Bobby fires a wild shot into the wall.

The TV Man twists Bobby's hand, snapping several bones. Bobby *screams* and drops the gun.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
No. Please. Please, stop.

The jagged hole in the TV Man's face opens like a mouth. He pulls Bobby's mangled wrist toward its opening.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
What are you doing? No. Please,  
no. STOP.

Bobby struggles hopelessly to pull his arm back.

The TV Man slowly wraps its glassy teeth around Bobby's hand and crunches down, biting it clean off.

Bobby screams in agony, and The TV Man tosses him all the way across the room, and Bobby violently smashes into the corner of his recliner and falls to the ground.

The TV Man *spits*.

The severed hand flies through the air and thumps down next to Bobby. He crawls over and tucks it into his jacket.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
Look... man. I can help you.  
Whatever you want, I'll do it.

Bobby spots the open doorway, then looks back at The TV Man.

The TV Man marches forward.

Bobby scrambles to his feet and sprints for the exit.

*Teleported* by static electricity, The TV Man appears between Bobby and the door and clotheslines him with his massive arm. Bobby flips and slams down onto his back, cracking his skull on the wooden floor.

The TV Man hunkers over and straddles Bobby as he cowers, whimpering and nursing his gushing nub.

The TV Man grabs Bobby by the shirt, lifting him off the ground until he's eye to eye with the broken screen. Bobby is losing consciousness. He pleads into a glassy, blood-drenched smile.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
God. Please, *somebody*. Please,  
Mama, help me...

*SHHHHHH!* The TV Man's screen blasts a white hot beam of light directly into Bobby's face.

Bobby *screams* then--

Bobby and the TV fall to the floor. The TV Man is gone.

**INT. JOHNNY RINGO'S GAS STATION - NIGHT**

*Ding!* Fern looks up from the manga she's reading and her face pales.

Bobby stands in front of her. His wrist spurts blood onto the glossy tiles. His other hand is clutching his gun.

Fern tries to speak but only lets out a guttural noise before Bobby raises the gun and fires.

*BAM!* Fern is hit in the face. She crumples to the floor behind the counter.

PHIL (O.S.)  
What was *that*?

Phil rushes in from the back office.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?!

*BAM!* Bobby shoots Phil, and he topples to the ground.

PHIL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Ow. Ow. Ow.

Bobby takes better aim and fires again.

*BAM!* Phil is silent.

Bobby turns to face the store's security camera.

BEHIND THE COUNTER: The security monitor glows, next to Fern's dead body. Bobby's black, emotionless expression smolders into the lens. He raises the pistol to his temple.

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

On Sunny's television set, the scene continues. In a tight closeup, Bobby squeezes the trigger, and BAM! Blood and brains splatter all over the screen.

SUNNY  
(amused)  
Holy shit. Bobby really did it.

On her screen, the show hard-cuts back to Mark Dark and Bobby, still in his recliner hooked up to the IV/TV.

MARK DARK  
Well, there you have it! The sad story. Or at least the bullet points. Just another grisly end for another miserable friend. Can't say I didn't warn him...

The drum beat to the GOODNIGHTMARE theme song returns.

MARK DARK (CONT'D)  
(turns to B-CAMERA)  
Uh-oh. They're playin' me off. Guess that's my time for tonight, folks. But, I'll see ya soon, and 'til then, remember... *if you're too afraid to dream... have a good nightmare.*

Mark Dark rips the cable from Bobby's eye and the feed on Sunny's TV abruptly ends.

SHHHHHH!

**EXT. PECK RESIDENCE - NIGHT**

The satellite dish on the Peck's roof reaches up at the moon.

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Sunny is tucked into bed, fast asleep, with the purple stuffed monster in a headlock under her arm. Silence until--

A GRAVELLY VOICE rumbles from the shadows under the bed.

GRAVELLY VOICE (O.S.)  
Wake up, Sunny.

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - DAY**

*Quack! Quack! Quack!* Sunny is in a pile on her bed, sleeping peacefully through her duck alarm.

*Quack! Quack! Quack!* NORA PECK (early 50s, a tiny force of nature) enters and flicks on the light.

NORA  
Sunny, c'mon! I don't wanna have  
to come in here again. Get up.

*Quack! Quack! Quack!* Nora swats Sunny on the butt and yanks her comforter off.

SUNNY  
(fuming)  
MOM.

*Quack! Quack! Quack!* Sunny covers her face with a pillow. Nora balls up the blanket and tucks it under her arm.

NORA  
Ah-ah. Gimme that pillow, I'm  
gonna wash it.

SUNNY  
(through the pillow)  
I'm an adult.

*Quack! Quack! Quack!*

NORA  
Then act like one. Gimme.

Nora sticks out her hand. *Quack! Quack! Quack!*

SUNNY  
HERE. Jesus!

Sunny relents and hands over the pillow. Nora carries the laundry away.

NORA  
Thank you. Now, three, two, one,  
GO. Feet on the ground.

*Quack! Quack! Quack!* Sunny pulls her phone to her face and looks for *snooze*.

*Quack! Qua-* Sunny relaxes, closes her eyes, sighs.

NORA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Get up cause I'm coming back for  
those bedsheets!

*BRRRRUM!* A clothing dryer in the other room starts.

**INT. SUNNY'S BATHROOM - DAY**

*Click!* Harsh, fluorescent light floods into the bathroom, revealing Sunny in the mirror, half asleep.

She glares at her reflection.

*PSHHHHH!* Water spouts from the shower head.

**INT. PECK RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Sunny is hunched over the counter, hair is still wet from the shower.

With her oversized, green headphones slung around her neck, she stares into the galaxy of granules inside a French Press.

WILL (O.S.)  
You little monster.

WILL PECK (mid-50s, human teddy bear) sits on the floor in his button-up and tie, fighting to fit the plastic produce drawer back into the fridge.

Nora enters and spots Will.

NORA  
Oh leave it, sweetheart. I'll do that.

WILL  
No, I got it.

Will continues to struggle while Nora washes her hands.

NORA  
*French Press*, huh? Don't you need to leave for work soon?

Sunny doesn't react.

NORA (CONT'D)  
You know I almost killed myself tripping over the boxes in your room.

SUNNY  
Well, if you stay out, you won't trip.

WILL  
I give up.

NORA  
Too bad, so sad, have a life day.

Will grunts and struggles to stand.

WILL  
I bestow this drawer upon ye,  
m'lady.

He bows and hands the plastic drawer to Nora.

NORA  
Thanks, handsome.

They kiss.

SUNNY  
Aww. You two are *a-drawer-able*.

Stop. NORA WILL  
Good one!

SUNNY  
*A-drawer-able*. Get it?

NORA  
Yes, we get it.  
(to Will)  
Doesn't your meeting start soon?

WILL  
Shoot! I gotta find my jacket.

Will quickly slides out of the room. Nora takes his spot on the floor to fidget with the fridge.

SUNNY  
Is Bobby an actor now?

NORA  
Huh?

SUNNY  
Did Bobby become an actor?

NORA  
Bobby?... My Bobby? I don't think so.

(back to the fridge)  
This drawer is broken.

SUNNY  
There's a tab on the side I think.  
(back to the subject)  
This guy looked exactly like him  
on *GOODNIGHTMARE* last night.

NORA  
On who-dah-what-uh?

SUNNY  
GOODNIGHTMARE. The horror show.

NORA  
Never heard of it.

SUNNY  
I talk about it *all* the time.

NORA  
You talk about a lot of things *all* of the time, baby. It's hard to keep track. Anyway, I don't wanna talk about Bobby. You said there's a tab on the side?

SUNNY  
Well, I'm pretty sure he was on it last night. Until he got his brain zapped and shot everyone.

Will slides in, modeling his suit jacket.

WILL  
Found it!

SUNNY  
He looked exactly like him.

WILL  
Like who?

NORA  
No one.

BAM! Nora jams the drawer back into place.

WILL	NORA
Hey, you got it! Honey, have you seen my laptop?	There is a tab on the side.

Nora stands.

SUNNY  
Told you.

NORA  
Laptop's on the coffee table. Kiss me, I'm going to work.

They kiss.



WILL  
Coffee table! Yes!

Will exits again.

NORA  
Sunny, I need you to pick up some groceries on your way home. I want to start dinner by six.

Sunny slowly pushes down on the French Press's plunger, studying the coffee grounds as they compress.

Nora snaps her fingers. Sunny looks up.

NORA (CONT'D)	SUNNY
Groceries? After work?	I <u>got</u> it.

NORA  
I mean it, Sunny. Six o'clock. Or I'm taking the TV.

Nora tears a grocery list from the fridge and holds it out.

NORA (CONT'D)  
And pick up your medication while you're there, please. For the benefit of all of us.

Sunny shoots her mom a dirty look. She snatches the list, and pulls her headphones up over her ears. The music box intro to "**Lullaby**" by **Mothica** fades into the soundtrack.

**SLOSH!** Sunny dumps her coffee into a thermos, and grabs her car keys. She snatches the stuffed purple monster from her room, slinging it over her shoulder to reveal that the creature doubles as a backpack. Finally at the front door, Sunny grips the knob, but she's paused -- waiting for the right moment in the song.

MOTHICA (V.O.)  
*So I keep singing to myself,  
'cause it's the only thing that  
helps; a lullaby nobody knows...*

Eyes closed, Sunny counts down.

SUNNY  
(to herself)  
Three, two, one...

MOTHICA (V.O.)  
*...and it goes...*

Eyes open.

SUNNY

Go.

Sunny turns the knob.

**EXT. TOWNSEND HIGHWAY - DAY**

HONNNNNNK! An SUV swerves around Sunny's hand-me-down sedan as she cuts them off in traffic.

**INT. SUNNY'S CAR - DAY**

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Shit. Sorry!

Sunny squints through the windshield into the abrasive, late-morning sun. She's still in headphones, wiggling and singing along to the music.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

La, la-la-la, la!

MOTHICA (V.O.)

La, la-la-la, la!

**EXT. SURF 'N SATELLITE PARKING LOT - DAY**

Sunny speeds into the only available space in the back of the sprawling parking lot. She spills out of the driver's side, slams the door, and hurries toward the grey building; her purple monster backpack bouncing between her shoulder blades.

The sign at the lot's entrance displays a large *Surf 'n Satellite* logo and its cartoon mascot -- a television monitor with arms and legs surfing on an electrical current.

**INT. SURF 'N SATELLITE - DAY**

BOOP! A verification box populates: *FIRST NAME / LAST NAME / PIN NUMBER*

SUNNY (O.S.)

Thank you for calling Surf n' Satellite. My name is Sunny. Can I get your name and PIN number, please?

Sunny sits at her computer on the edge of a U-shaped row of desks. She's surrounded by other Surf 'n Satellite employees, all having impassioned conversations with their headsets, all facing the oppressive, five-foot cubicle wall.

Silence. She adjusts her mouthpiece.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Thank you for calling Surf n' Satellite. My name is Sunny. Hello? Are you there?

Only static. Sunny checks the call connection. The caller is still there.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
Okay, well I'm sorry I can't hear you. Please try calling us back.  
I'm hanging up now.

Sunny ends the call. *BOOP!* Another verification box populates right away.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
Thank you for calling Surf n' Satellite. My name is Sunny. Can I get your name and PIN number, please?

EVERETT FISH (V.O.)  
Are you fucking *serious*? I already did that.

SUNNY  
Oh, I'm sorry, sir. It didn't show up in my system here, so I'll just need those one more time.

Everett drags out a long, labored sigh.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
...Hello? Sir?

EVERETT FISH (V.O.)  
Everett. Fish. Zero, two, three, seven.

SUNNY  
Is Everett two t's?

EVERETT FISH (V.O.)  
Yes, Everett is two t's.

SUNNY  
Thank you. And um... how do you spell the last name?

EVERETT FISH (V.O.)  
Are you stupid or something?

SUNNY  
No, I'm not stupid.

KEVIN (early 20s, terrible mustache), the sales rep beside Sunny, gives a concerned glance.

EVERETT FISH (V.O.)  
How else do you spell fish?

SUNNY  
I don't know, maybe with a F. I. S-- With a "C"?!  
"c"? I'm jus--

Everett erupts in laughter.

EVERETT FISH (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Jesus Christ. You need to get  
another job.

Surf 'n Satellite supervisor ZACH (mid-30s) approaches and  
vultures over Sunny's shoulder. With his crotch eye-level,  
Zach's I.D. grins from the work badge attached to his khakis.  
Sunny tries to regain composure.

SUNNY  
So it's f-i-s-h? Correct?

EVERETT FISH (V.O.)  
This is ridiculous. Yes. It's  
spelled how *fish* is spelled.

Sunny types in the last name.

SUNNY  
Thank you, Mr. Fish.

Sunny furrows her eyebrows at the empty spot next to PIN. Her  
fingers hang over the number pad.

EVERETT FISH (V.O.)  
...Hello?!

SUNNY  
Sorry. Could I get that PIN number  
one more time?

EVERETT FISH (V.O.)  
You are fucking useless. You know  
that? You should do us all a favor  
and kill yourself.

Sunny's face goes hot.

SUNNY  
Excus--

EVERETT FISH (V.O.)  
No, don't talk, sweetie. Just  
listen, 'cause I'm helping you  
now. Okay? Ready?...

Everett pauses to make sure she obeys.

EVERETT FISH (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 You... should... just... kill...  
 your... self. Understand *that*?  
 Now, lemme speak to your manager.

Zach shoves his open hand in Sunny's face. She bats it away.

SUNNY  
 No, you know what, Mr. FISH...

**INT. SUNNY'S CAR / PARKING LOT - DAY**

Sunny tosses her monster backpack into the passenger seat and -- *SLAM!* closes herself in her car. She takes a moment to decompress, then turns the key in the ignition.

*BRUUUUM!* Her car rumbles to life. She pulls her green headphones over her ears, thumbing for a song on her phone.

*TAP!TAP!TAP!* Sunny shrieks and, in misplaced instinct, presses her horn. *BEEEEEP!*

She realizes it's Zach.

SUNNY  
 What the fuck's wrong with you?

ZACH  
 (muffled through window)  
 Whoa, dang! *Chill* out, girl.

Zach raises some paperwork like a white flag. Sunny rolls the window down a crack.

SUNNY  
 What are you doing? You scared me to death.

ZACH  
 Didn't want you to leave without your incident report.

Zach carefully slides the paperwork through the crack. Sunny, reluctantly, swipes it.

**EXT. DRUMMOND'S DRUG AND GROCERY - PARKING LOT - DAY**

*SLAM!* Sunny's car door closes.

With the purple monster on her back, Sunny heads through the lot in front of the grocery store, but veers left down the corridor of the strip mall to an adjoined pawn shop.

**EXT. 'ATTA BABY PAWNSHOP - CONTINUOUS**

A neon sign hangs in the window. It's meant to say **'ATTA BABY**, but only **••TA BA••** is illuminated.

Sunny pauses in front of her reflection on the door. She straightens her posture and fusses with her hair and clothes.

Mostly satisfied, Sunny takes a deep breath.

SUNNY

Three, two, one... go.

**INT. 'ATTA BABY PAWNSHOP - CONTINUOUS**

*BEE-Dum!* An electronic bell chimes as Sunny pushes through the entrance. **Bad Nerves - "Can't Be Mine"** chugs through the overhead speakers.

Hunched over a display case, ignoring the bell, is 'Atta Baby manager and Mr. Fix-It, GABE (early 30s). His scruffy brown hair curls around his rose-red tinted sunglasses like vines.

Sunny sees Gabe not paying attention, and her expression turns mischievous. She slows her approach, quietly pulling her backpack from her shoulders as she tiptoes closer.

Gabe references an internet guide on a vintage laptop as he scrubs dust from the guts of a stereo amplifier with a Q-tip. He hears a shuffle and pauses to look, when -- a stuffed purple monster *pops up* from behind the counter.

The monster, with Sunny puppeteering, talks.

SUNNY (O.S.)

(English accent)

Excuse me, sir, but is this the  
'Atta Baby Pawnshop? 'Cause the  
sign outside just says *tabba*?

Gabe smirks.

GABE

Oh hey, *Little Betty*. It's  
actually pronounced *Ta-bahhh*. Like  
*ta-da*.

Sunny pops her head up.

SUNNY

Oooh, I actually like that.

GABE

What's up, Sunny?  
(MORE)

GABE (CONT'D)  
 You two comin' in here just to  
 make fun?

Sunny struggles to stand while putting on the backpack.

SUNNY  
 No way. We hate fun.

Gabe types something into the laptop.

GABE  
 Good. 'Cause ya know, a man's  
 broken sign is not something you  
 should... make light of?...

Gabe taps the space bar. An audience applauds from the speaker.  
 Sunny holds back a smile, straight-facing him.

SUNNY  
 I hate that you had that ready.

GABE  
 Oh, c'mon. Make light of?...

Tap! More applause. Sunny stoically shakes her head.

GABE (CONT'D)  
 Tough crowd. Well, maybe this'll  
 light up your life?

Gabe dips under the counter. He pops back up with two boxes of  
 dusty, but unopened, LED strips.

GABE (CONT'D)  
 Ta-bahhh! I found 'em.

SUNNY  
LEDs! For Big Betty?

GABE  
 Yep. They run on double A's too so  
 you can hide them in the suit.

Sunny does a little wiggle in approval.

Ka-Ching! Gabe tucks the boxes into an 'Atta Baby bag.

GABE (CONT'D)  
 How big is it gonna be?

SUNNY  
 Well, I gotta fit in it, so life-  
 sized. Like Big Bird. Or Barney.

GABE

Scary.

SUNNY

Let's hope -- oh! Did you record  
last night's episode of  
*GOODNIGHTMARE*?

GABE

Always.

SUNNY

Yesss. That's why I came,  
actually. Could you send it to me?

GABE

It's on VHS.

SUNNY

VHS?! Be still, my heart. Well,  
could I borrow it sometime?

GABE

Totally. Why?

SUNNY

The guy in the episode looked *just*  
like my mom's ex-husband, Bobby.  
Like exactly like him.

Gabe comes around the counter and hands Sunny the bag. They  
stroll toward the exit together.

GABE

Okay... But it's not him?

SUNNY

I dunno. I only met him once, a  
long time ago. I thought I'd play  
it for my mom and see what she  
thinks.

GABE

Gotcha. You diggin' the show?

SUNNY

Obsessed. Love it. Here, look.

Sunny fishes out her phone, thumbing through some audio files  
before landing on one labeled, "666".

SUNNY (CONT'D)

I even recorded the song on my  
phone.



She taps PLAY, and the electric drum fill from GOODNIGHTMARE ushers in the show's theme song. Sunny wiggles to the beat.

GABE

Cool! I knew you'd get into it.  
What's your favorite episode?

Sunny stops the song and pockets the phone.

SUNNY

Ooh, good question. Maybe...  
*Monster Match?*

GABE

Yes! Gotta love a lady werewolf.

SUNNY

Or maybe *Nightcaller*. Hmmm...

Sunny strokes at a mimed beard, pretend pondering.

GABE

Well... as far as the doppelgänger goes, I would say just check online, but I've tried searching the show before an--

SUNNY

There's nothing! I know, I tried looking it up already. Oh well. I like a good mystery once in a while.

GABE

Well, hey, real quick...

Gabe jogs back over to the register. He rips off a strip of receipt paper, scribbles something down, then hurries back.

GABE (CONT'D)

If you find any more clues...

Gabe offers the paper with his phone number jotted down.

SUNNY

Are you giving me your number?

GABE

Is that okay? In case you wanna chat GOODNIGHTMARE... or whatever?

SUNNY

Or whatever, huh?...

GABE  
(blushing)  
Is that alright?

Sunny takes the paper, and smiles for the first time.

SUNNY  
Yeah, I like *whatever*.

**INT. DRUMMOND'S DRUG AND GROCERY - DAY**

All possible sounds of a grocery store invade the soundscape.

SUNNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Eggs, potatoes, onion, Adderall.

People squeeze between each other. The checkout queues bleed into the aisles.

SUNNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Eggs, potatoes, onion, Adderall.

In the dairy section, a loose fluorescent bulb flickers above Sunny. She is visibly uncomfortable in this environment.

She adds a carton of eggs to her basket, crossing it off aloud.

SUNNY  
Eggs.

DEB (O.S.)  
*Next!*

**INT. DRUMMOND'S DRUG AND GROCERY - PHARMACY**

Sunny stands by the *PLEASE WAIT HERE* sign with a blank expression.

DEB (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Next customer in line!

Sunny snaps out of it and walks to the pharmacy counter.

The pharmacist, DEB GONZALEZ (mid-40s, counting down to vacation), sits behind the plexiglass.

SUNNY  
Hey, Deb. Just picking up my usual prescription.

Deb taps on the keyboard.

DEB  
Last name?

SUNNY  
Oh. Peck. P-E-

DEB  
Twenty minutes.

Deb swivels away.

SUNNY  
Oh. I got a text that said it was  
ready now.

Sunny produces the proof, extending her phone. Her reach forward pulls Sunny's sleeve back to expose a LARGE, FRESH SCAR down the length of her wrist.

Deb eyes the phone. Then the scar. Sunny notices, and reels her arm back.

DEB  
Uh-uh. Twenty minutes.

**INT. DRUMMOND'S DRUG AND GROCERY - LATER**

Beep. Beep. Beep. Around the corner from the pharmacy counter, Sunny sits, mindlessly pressing buttons on the store's blood pressure machine with her arm through the loop.

The machine whirs to life. Sunny straightens up for her reading.

GRACE (O.S.)  
She's on her break.

Sunny startles, and looks up to see GRACE GONZALEZ (12, imaginative, unfiltered) in the adjacent aisle.

Grace is rehearsing a dance number, halfheartedly hum-singing "**Ghost of John**". With every step, her sneakers blast red light onto the old carpet.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
My mom. She's the pharmacist.  
You're waiting for her, right?

SUNNY  
Oh, yeah.

Sunny strains forward to see the pharmacy window. A sign says: **BACK IN 30.**

Sunny pulls out her phone to check the time. It's 6:36pm -- with notification's from 'Mom' littering the screen: 5 missed texts, 3 missed calls, and a voicemail.

Sunny frowns, and buries the phone in her pocket.

GRACE  
(rehearsing)  
*One, two, hmm, hmm ghost of  
John... Long and hmm, hmm, three  
and four...*

Sunny fixates on the sneaker lights.

SUNNY  
Cool shoes.

GRACE  
Thanks. I like your monster  
backpack.

SUNNY  
Oh, thanks. That's Betty. I see  
you in here a lot. Deb is your  
mom?

Grace nods and continues going over the moves.

GRACE  
She kicked me out of the break  
room. She said if she had to  
listen to me practice for five  
more seconds, she'd jump out the  
window.

Sunny smirks at the girl's candor.

SUNNY  
You got a show coming up?

Grace nods.

GRACE  
At school. Do you believe in  
ghosts?

The abrupt topic shift surprises Sunny.

SUNNY  
Oh. Mmm... I'm not sure.

GRACE  
We're doing a song, "Ghost of  
John", and this girl, McKenzie,  
said that the guy in the song is  
real... and if we sing it, he'll  
show up and kill everybody.

SUNNY  
Whoa. McKenzie's hardcore.

GRACE  
She was held back a grade.

SUNNY  
I think she was just trying to scare you.

GRACE  
That's what my mom said -- after I had a real bad dream about it...

Grace trails off, pausing her dance as the dream replays in her head. Grace gently touches under her left eye with a distant expression.

*PSHHHHHH!* The blood pressure cuff relaxes. Sunny shakes her newly freed arm.

SUNNY  
Well, nice to finally meet you.  
I'm Sunny, by the way.

Grace is giving jazz hands to the ceiling, swaying around like an inflatable tube man.

GRACE  
I'm Grace.

**INT. DRUMMOND'S DRUG AND GROCERY - PHARMACY - LATER**

DEB  
*Next!*

Sunny hurries to the pharmacy window, and sets her 'Atta Baby bag on the counter.

SUNNY  
Picking up for Peck. P-E-

DEB  
I.D.?

SUNNY  
Oh...

Sunny sets her grocery basket on the ground, and pulls the Betty backpack off her shoulders. She unzips the monster's stomach, and fishes out her I.D.

DEB  
This is expired.

Sunny looks at the I.D.

SUNNY  
Oh. Yeah, but it's still me.

Sunny shows it to Deb again. Deb is unmoved.

DEB  
Ma'am, since you don't have a  
valid I.D., I'm gonna have to ask  
you to step to the side.  
(to the line)  
Next customer!

SUNNY  
Wait, hold on. But you know me? I  
come here all the time. What about  
my credit card? Or debit card? I  
need my medicine.

Deb waves these away.

DEB  
Uh-uh. Those are not valid I.D.  
(to line)  
Next!

Sunny shrinks. Flustered, she storms off, fumbling to tuck her  
cards and wallet back into Little Betty's stomach.

DEB (CONT'D)  
Ma'am. Ma'am!

Realizing Deb's talking to her, Sunny turns with renewed hope.

DEB (CONT'D)  
Your bag.

Deb points to the 'Atta Baby bag on the counter. Deflated,  
Sunny hurries back and swoops it up.

**INT. PECK RESIDENCE - ENTRYWAY - LATER**

*SLAM!* Sunny lets out a loud sigh and kicks off her shoes.

NORA (O.S.)  
Finally! Why were't you answering  
your phone?

Nora rushes in and grabs the 'Atta Baby bag from Sunny.

NORA (CONT'D)  
What's this? Is this it?

Sunny takes off her jacket and throws it on the coat rack.

SUNNY

They wouldn't give me my medicine.

Nora looks up from searching the bag.

NORA

(exasperated)

Sunny, where are the *groceries*?!

Sunny's face drops.

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - EVENING**

Music plays from the small Bluetooth speaker on Sunny's desk. The opening of *Mothica* - "*Tears*" swells to the verse.

Sunny sits on the bed, crying, as she works on the headless puppet body in her lap. She lethargically sings along between sniffles, Betty watches from the opposite side of the mattress, while Nora and Will can be heard fighting in the kitchen.

NORA (O.S.)

I mean it! If she doesn't respect our rules, doesn't even *consider* our feelings, she's not welcome here.

Sunny claws at the tape on the box of LEDs from 'Atta Baby. Beside her is the Surf 'n Satellite *INCIDENT REPORT: DESCRIBE WHAT HAPPENED IN YOUR OWN WORDS*

It's blank.

WILL (O.S.)

That's a little harsh. I'm just worried about pushing her.

NORA (O.S.)

She *needs* to be pushed, Will! I only sent her to get two things, and she can't even handle that. It's pathetic!

Sunny gives up clawing and grabs a box cutter.

WILL (O.S.)

C'mon, Nor.

(fainter)

She tried to...

Sunny glides the box cutter through the tape.

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

...kill herself.

NORA (O.S.)  
(scoffs)  
Oh, she did not. She just did that  
for attention.

Sunny stops the song. Her parents notice the missing music and hush their tones. Sunny examines the scar on her wrist, then the box cutter.

Sunny snatches up the *INCIDENT REPORT*, clicks a pen, and starts writing.

**INT. WILL'S HOME OFFICE - LATER**

The door is cracked. The lights are off, but there's enough moonlight to make out Sunny on her tiptoes, inside the closet.

Trying not to make a sound, she fishes a small, black case down from the back.

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Case in hand, Sunny sneaks into her room and gently closes the door. She locks it. *Clack*.

*Click. Click.* Sunny unlatches the metal clasps on the case. She sits on the floor next to her bed, the case resting on her legs. She opens it to reveal a REVOLVER.

Sunny pulls the gun from its foam cutout. She lifts a single bullet from a box of ammunition, and holds it up to examine it; tapping its tip gently with her finger.

Sunny slides the bullet into the top slot of the cylinder and snaps it into the revolver.

*Click!* She cocks the gun. The sound spikes Sunny's adrenaline, her heartbeat thumps in her ears. She breathes in and out. In. Out.

Sunny closes her eyes, brings the barrel of the gun up to her temple, and--

*Thud. Thud. Thud.* Someone is coming down the hall.

Sunny's eyes go wide. She un-cocks the gun, returns it to its cutout, and snaps the case shut. She shoves the case deep under her bed.

WILL (O.S.)  
*Knock, knock!*

Sunny emerges from under the bed holding Betty Badfellow's skinless head, a puppet skull just smaller than a beachball.



SUNNY

Hold on!

*Clack!* Sunny unlocks the door and hustles into bed. Sunny's bedroom door gently cracks open to reveal Will's sleepy face.

WILL

Just wanted to say goodnight, Sun.  
Leftover pizza's in the fridge, if  
you get hungry.

SUNNY

Am I a burden?

WILL

*What?*

(steps into the room)

No, sweetheart. Your mom just  
needs a little time to adjust. We  
want you here. We love you. You  
just gotta pitch in a bit more,  
okay?

SUNNY

I know. I'm trying. She didn't  
have to take my TV.

Will glances over to the empty spot where the TV used to be.

WILL

Tell ya what. If you promise to  
come straight from work tomorrow,  
with your *medicine*, and the  
*groceries*, I'll go bargain with  
the boss.

Sunny lights up, and nods.

SUNNY

I promis--

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - LATER**

*SHHHHHH!* Static dances on Sunny's TV, green 666 glowing.

Sunny works on Big Betty in bed. She stuffs an LED strip up into Betty's head, and the hollow eye sockets shoot out neon-red headlights. Sunny clicks the lights *OFF* and then *ON* again. *OFF. ON.* Staring into them like a beacon.

On the TV, the static switches over, and electric drum fill starts the *GOODNIGHTMARE* theme. Sunny turns her attention away from Betty, clicking the LEDs *OFF*, just as--

POP! A spotlight once again illuminates Mark Dark behind his desk; Wallace standing in the back, almost out of shot.

**INT. UNKNOWN BEDROOM - NIGHT**

This episode's broadcast comes from the bedroom of a SMALL, SHADOWED FIGURE, asleep under the covers, with the vicious cable jutting from their eye. The room is lit for the show.

Mark Dark begins to sing.

MARK DARK

*If the rigors of modern life have  
left you stressed. Take a long  
slow breath and practice  
mindfulness. If there's any  
tension let it go. Feel it from  
your head down to your toes.*

Mark Dark floats up and across the room. It's clearly a young girl's bedroom.

MARK DARK

*If you're too afraid to dream...  
six, six, six... have a good  
nightmare!*

Mark Dark lands at a desk, just in time for the spooky song to conclude with a title card: **GOODNIGHTMARE**

MARK DARK (CONT'D)

Good evening, y'all! It's your  
host, Mark Dark, callin' atcha  
from the *other side*. And whether  
you're new here, or one of our  
devotees... whether you're a  
mister or sister, man, woman, or,  
like our damsel tonight -- *child*.  
Whether you like it or not,  
welcome to GOODNIGHTMARE.

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Sunny notices something familiar about the girl on the TV.

MARK DARK (CONT'D)

We've got a fantastic show  
tonight. This little lady is quite  
the talent, lemme tell ya. So,  
I'll quit boring you to *death*.  
But, for the folks at home placing  
bets on her *life*, let's see if she  
follows these simple, singular  
instructions...

Sunny leans forward to investigate.

**INT. UNKNOWN BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Mark Dark leans forward for emphasis.

MARK DARK (CONT'D)  
Always keep your eyes... on the  
prize.

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Sunny gasps.

SUNNY  
 Grace?

**INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Fast asleep next to Mark Dark -- is Grace.

MARK DARK  
 Easy enough, right? Speaking of!  
 What did the ghost teacher say to  
 the class?... Keep your eyes on  
 the board, while I go through it  
 again... Go through it again, you  
 see?  
 (beat)  
 Anywho, whaddya think, my little  
 Nightmarinos? Will she do  
 everything right? Will she live to  
 see her name up in lights? Or do  
 ya think we'll be seeing it in the  
obituaries instead? -- Ooh! Or  
 maybe we'll get a wildcard option,  
 and the...  
 (points up)  
 ...Big Guy in the Sky will show up  
 and save this one; a little Deus  
 Ex Machina action? Hmm...  
 (strokes mimed beard)  
 Let's find out!

Mark Dark grabs the channel knob on his IV/TV.

MARK DARK (CONT'D)  
 Tonight's tale involves spells,  
 spirits, skeletons, and a school  
 program so scary... this sad,  
 young soul might just succumb to  
stage fright. Let's tune in to...  
**"GHOST OF JOHN"**.

Mark flips the switch.

**INT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT**

SHHHHHH! Static tears through the P.A. system speakers in a quaint middle school's cafeteria/gymnasium.

Grace whips toward the sound, covering her ears. A title fades in over her face: **"GHOST OF JOHN"**.

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Grace's wincing face beams through Sunny's TV.

**INT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT**

The music teacher, MR. MOORE (late 30s, wild, musical theater energy), is hunched over a stereo amplifier on a small stage. He's dressed as the Phantom of the Opera; black hat and a white mask.

A projector beams TV static onto the stage curtains. Mr. Moore yanks the aux cord from the amp and the sound stops. He throws up his hands in apology.

MR. MOORE

Sorry!

Grace, LUIS (16, Grace's brother), and their dad, DONALD GONZALEZ (mid-50s, former footballer) remove their hands from their ears. They're lingering in the middle aisle between two blocks of folding chairs, the small audience trickling in.

MCKENZIE ELLORY-FOX (13, fiery red hair) stands by her crush, TYREE (also 13). She yells up at the teacher.

MCKENZIE

*Fuck!* Way to make us deaf, Mr. Moore!

The music teacher grabs the microphone off the stand.

MR. MOORE

(into microphone)

Language, McKenzie. Sorry, everyone. Technical difficulties.

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Sunny scoots to the edge of the bed, transfixed by the show.

SUNNY

(remembering)

McKenzie.

**INT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT**

Grace looks to her dad and brother.

GRACE  
I'm scared.

DONALD  
Scared of what? That ghost? I'll  
kick him right in his bony ass.

GRACE  
What if I mess up?

DONALD  
We'll just have to abandon you and  
start fresh with a new kid.

LUIS  
Ooh -- Can we get a dog instead?

GRACE  
I wish Mom would have taken off  
work.

DONALD  
Luis is gonna film it for her.

LUIS  
I got you.

GRACE  
It's not the same...

**EXT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL PARKING LOT - LATER**

The interior lights of the school's gymnasium shine out into the surrounding darkness. At the back entrance, the vice principal, MRS. STRANNIGAN (late 30s) wears a classic ghost sheet costume with sad, black eyes.

She stands next to a handwritten **WELCOME GROWN-UPS!** sign, fumbling with a pack of cigarettes.

An SUV whips into a space. Deb springs out and rushes to the gym's back entrance. As she approaches the tall ghost in heels, Mrs. Strannigan quickly hides the cigarettes.

DEB  
Have they started yet?!

**EXT. CEMETERY ON THE HILL - NIGHT**

On a hill, just beyond the middle school parking lot, is a small, overgrown cemetery overlooking the action.

Under a crooked tree, a tombstone stands spotlighted by the moon. It reads: *HERE JOHN LIES*

MR. MOORE (O.S.)  
(into microphone)  
Are we ready? Is everyone still  
alive out there? Okay, great.

**INT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT**

The kids are silent, waiting on Mr. Moore's command.

MR. MOORE  
Okay, my future stars. Just like  
we practiced. And one, two, three,  
and...!

KIDS  
*Have you seen the Ghost of John?  
Long, white bones with the rest  
all gone. Ooo! Wouldn't it be  
chilly with no skin on?*

Grace isn't singing, she's staring at Deb's vacant seat. Luis dutifully films. Dad's texting.

Grace shrinks and sighs. She looks over to the double doors of the gymnasium entrance. The school police officer, OFFICER RUSSO (early 40s, spectacular mustache), stands at the threshold, bored.

One of the double doors cracks open, Grace perks up. The officer snaps to attention, covering his sidearm with his hand. He checks to see who it is.

The kids on stage start the verse over.

KIDS  
*Have you seen the Ghost of  
John?...*

After a moment, Officer Russo opens the door to reveal Deb. Grace instantly lights up, beaming with excitement. Her mom gives her a little *thumbs up* as she sneaks over to her seat.

MR. MOORE  
 (to audience)  
 Okay, now the grown-ups.  
 Ready! And!...

AUDIENCE  
*Have you seen the Ghost of  
 John?...*

Grace tunes back into the song, and finally sings along.

ALL  
*Wouldn't it be chilly with no skin  
 on?*

The TINIEST BOY on the stage hollers out.

TINIEST BOY  
 Three! Two! One! Hit it!

In the back corner, JANITOR P.J. (early 60s) flips a switch and the auditorium goes dark, leaving the kids as silhouettes with their arms stretched out.

A funky, 90s dance bassline thumps through the P.A. *HISSSSS!* Fog pours in from both sides of the stage as the drums kick in to back up the bass.

The children's bodies sway like spooky trees, wiggling their fingers and howling like ghosts.

KIDS  
 (howling)  
*Oooo! Oooo!*

#### **EXT. CEMETERY ON THE HILL - NIGHT**

The music echoes up the hill to the cemetery, now blanketed in an unnatural fog.

An eerie, red light glows from under the soil in front of the headstone until -- THE GHOST OF JOHN's bony arms erupt from the dirt.

#### **INT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT**

The synths in the song swell, until, all at once, 20 flashlights light up 20 tween faces from under their chins.

KIDS (CONT'D)  
*Have you seen the Ghost of John?  
 Long, white bones with the rest  
 all gone...*

The kids scribble their flashlights chaotically through the air, howling louder.

KIDS (CONT'D)  
 (howling)  
 Oooo!

The stage dips to black with 20 almost-simultaneous clicks. The beat drops out and only Grace is left, standing in front of the microphone.

GRACE  
*Wouldn't it be chilly with no skin  
 on?*

**EXT. CEMETERY ON THE HILL - NIGHT**

Fog rolls around the gargantuan creature as it climbs out of the grave. Its decaying skin, rooted to the earth, slowly rips away from the figure, revealing the horrid skeleton underneath.

**INT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT**

Just as the beat kicks back in, Grace throws off her robe to reveal her costume underneath, skeleton bones glowing under blacklight.

She rips the mic from its stand and launches into a confident rap. With every dance move, Grace's light-up shoes bounce red beams off the fog under her feet.

GRACE  
*Ruh roh, kids! Oh say, can you  
 see? Stalkin' study hall, lookin'  
 all skeletal? It ain't a mystery;  
you're History now, y'all! Guess  
 who got you prayin' by the see-  
 saw?*

**EXT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - NIGHT**

The foggy silhouette of an enormous, walking skeleton. John lumbers toward the music.

**INT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT**

The kids produce white-gloved hands from behind their backs and clap along to the beat. Their disembodied gloves float like spirits through the air.

GRACE  
*It's the Ghost of John, no bet.  
 You sang a little ditty, and he  
 showed up in your city. Acting  
 real upset. Six-shooter on the  
 hip. If I was wearing your skin, I  
 would dip!*



Grace disappears into the wings, as Mr. Moore launches into a demonic solo on an electric Keytar. Through the side curtain, Grace peeks at the audience. She smiles at her family, enjoying themselves and bopping along.

**EXT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Mrs. Strannigan takes a long drag from a cigarette while she scrolls her phone. She's wearing the sheet with the front flipped back like a nun's habit.

Feeling something's off, she looks down to find fog curling around her red heels from behind. Mrs. Strannigan turns to find herself standing inches from John's reanimated remains; his ribs reaching out through his decomposed chest.

**INT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT**

Mr. Moore's fingers propel themselves across the keys. The evil music swirls from the speakers.

**EXT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Mrs. Strannigan takes a step back. She has to look way up to meet John's ghostly pale gaze.

Above his head, John holds a large BOWIE KNIFE with a long, heavy blade.

Mrs. Strannigan gasps-- her cigarette drops from her lips, sparking onto the concrete at her feet.

The knife glimmers, and Mrs. Strannigan screams.

John swings the knife down into her mouth, immediately silencing her.

**INT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT**

Officer Russo turns toward the scream. He covers his sidearm with his hand, and this time, cautiously exits into the hall.

In the wings, Grace's attention turns to the officer's departure. She furrows her brows.

**EXT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Blood splashes onto the concrete, dousing Mrs. Strannigan's cigarette out completely.

Her body drops to the ground with a slap.

**INT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Officer Russo rounds the corner.

OFFICER RUSSO  
Mrs. Strannigan?

**INT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT**

Grace returns to sidelines, readying herself. She takes a deep breath as Mr. Moore's Keytar solo comes to its unholy climax.

**INT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Officer Russo spots the open doorway and sees the skeleton man standing over Mrs. Strannigan's bloody corpse. He gawks in horror as John pulls Mrs. Strannigan's ghost sheet costume over his head. The once pristine, white cloth is now soaked red. John turns, his haunting gaze trained on the officer.

Officer Russo goes pale. He turns and RUNS -- but John pulls his knife and launches it toward the officer.

CHKKk! The blade hits Russo with the impact of a horse's kick, burying itself handle-deep between his shoulders. The officer falls, smashing his face flat onto the school's floor. His gun clacks down the hall.

**INT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT**

Grace energetically paces the stage. Shoes blasting neon crimson with every step.

GRACE  
*And now you know better! So don't  
end up as a turtleneck sweater on  
the shoulders of a spirit with a  
grudge to bear. Until you dream  
again... have a good nightmare!*

Grace gives the audience a salute, signing off. The music ends and the stage drops to blackout -- except for her shoes.

The audience erupts in cheers.

**INT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT**

The Ghost of John approaches a trophy case and stops eye-level with an American flag, hanging from its 7" tall stand. John grips the wooden pole and snaps it out of its base.

Officer Russo lies on his stomach, groaning as John approaches. He turns his cheek against the floor. Blood drains from his broken nose.

John grips the staff with both hands and lines up its splintered point over Officer Russo's head, targeting the ear canal.

OFFICER RUSSO  
I don't feel s-so good. My ears  
are *ringin'*. Can you hear that?

The ghost raises the flag high into the air -- and drives the stake down hard.

**INT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT**

The kids on stage bow to the applause. The house lights come up, and Luis stands and cups his hands to his mouth.

LUIS  
You killed it, Grace!

**INT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT**

John stands at the threshold of the gymnasium. A thin beam of light shines through the gap in the double doors, drawing a line down the middle of his sheet.

Suddenly, John swings his massive leg up and--

**INT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS**

BAM! The double doors blast open, startling the audience.

Grace snaps her focus to the doorway. Fog pours in from the hallway. The Ghost of John appears in his full, blood-soaked, horrific glory.

Mr. Moore pops into the middle aisle to face the specter.

MR. MOORE  
Hey! Who is that?

John takes a few deliberate steps toward the music teacher.

MR. MOORE (CONT'D)  
Hey now, c'mon. Wait a minute.

John stops his advance. Mr. Moore swallows hard, unsure of how to proceed. The audience is glued to the standoff.

John flips the front of the ghost sheet over his shoulder, revealing his black, COLT REVOLVER, holstered opposite his knife. He hovers his skeletal hand over the pistol.

Mr. Moore puts his hands up and takes a step back.

MR. MOORE  
Hold on, now. Wait.

With *inhuman speed*, John jerks the large revolver from its holster and BOOM! The vintage weapon fires like a cannon.

The shot hits the teacher in the face, and tears off half of his head. Blood and brains splash the stage.

Grace is spattered with red.

Mr. Moore's body spins backward and slams to the floor, his black, Phantom hat landing beside him.

Smoke dances from the barrel of John's gun.

TINIEST BOY  
*Lockdown! Lockdown! Lockdown!*

Pandemonium breaks out. The audience scatter from their chairs, tripping over one another. The kids on stage race for the wings. But Grace stays frozen.

In a flash, John spins the heavy revolver through the air and back into its holster. He turns his sad, ghostly gaze up to Grace and -- points his bony finger directly at her.

Through the chaos, Donald traces John's pointed finger to his daughter Grace, rigid with fear on stage.

DONALD  
RUN, Grace!... GRACE.

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Sunny shouts out to her television in shock.

SUNNY  
What are you doing, Grace?! RUN!

**INT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT**

John starts down the aisle, but Grace is frozen.

Donald ducks down and huddles together with Deb and Luis.

DONALD  
Fuck.  
(to Deb)  
I'm gonna tackle him. You get his gun.

Deb nods. She turns to Luis and holds his hands in hers.

DEB  
Go get your sister. Take care of  
her, okay?

Luis exchanges a knowing look with his mother and father, then  
rushes off toward Grace.

LUIS  
Snap out of it, Grace!

Luis darts up to the stage, breathlessly shouting up at Grace.

LUIS (CONT'D)  
*Gracie!*

Grace blinks back to consciousness to realize John is heading  
directly at her. She sees her parents crouched down just ahead  
of him, ready to pounce as he passes.

Donald spies John closing in. He looks at his wife.

DONALD  
(mouthing)  
Ready?

Deb steadies herself. Donald holds up three fingers... then  
two... one...

DONALD  
(mouthing)  
...GO.

Donald and Deb spring up.

John immediately jerks his revolver free. BOOM! BOOM!

The shots tear through each of their faces and explode out  
through their skulls, showering the folding chairs with blood.  
Their bodies collapse, hopelessly short of their goal.

Grace screams. John spins his gun into its holster and locks  
back onto her.

LUIS  
Let's go!

Luis climbs onto the stage and yanks Grace by the arm toward  
the wings.

The Ghost of John calmly watches the two exit. He steps up to  
Mr. Moore, now resting in a pool of blood. John bends down and  
picks up the black, wide-brimmed hat.

**INT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Luis and Grace emerge into the side hallway. Luis grabs his sister's hand. He rushes her to the double doors that enter a different wing, away from the gymnasium.

They're locked.

LUIS (CONT'D)  
Goddamnit.

BOOM! Another gunshot thunders through the school, followed by scattered screams.

LUIS (CONT'D)  
We have to go back around to the  
door that's open.

Luis grabs Grace's hand again and leads her down the hall next to the gym. They turn the corner to see Officer Russo on the ground in the distance. The American flag stands tall, flying proudly from his skull. His gun rests just feet from his body.

Just beyond Russo lies Mrs. Strannigan - and their exit. They have to pass the gymnasium to escape.

BOOM! Another gunshot. More screams. Grace grips Luis.

GRACE  
Luis. I'm scared.

LUIS  
It's okay, Gracie. We're just  
gonna run, okay? Just run and  
don't look back.

Grace starts crying.

LUIS (CONT'D)  
You were really great tonight.

GRACE  
I love you, Luis.

LUIS  
Love you too, Gracie. Ready?

Grace nods. They face the hall.

LUIS (CONT'D)  
RUN.

They take off. Luis matches Grace's stride for a length, but then slows just as they pass the gymnasium double doors.

LUIS (CONT'D)  
Keep going!

Luis stops to grab the officer's gun. Grace slows to a halt right before the exit, and turns to see Luis hurrying back into the gym, weapon raised.

GRACE  
Luis! No!

She doubles back, but -- POP! POP! POP! Grace startles at the shots, frozen in place. POP! POP!

BOOM! John's much larger gunshot rips through the school. Grace flinches, but she doesn't run, eyes fixed on the doorway.

After a long moment, The Ghost of John steps into the hall, now wearing Mr. Moore's wide-brimmed hat. Smoke pours from the barrel of the .45 in his hand.

Grace's face contorts in anguish. She turns, sprinting out into the foggy night.

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Sunny frantically searches the piles of trash on the floor for the 'Atta Baby bag. She finds the receipt and types Gabe's number into her phone. She sends a text.

*SUNNY: are you watching?*

**EXT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

John calmly walks toward Grace's direction. He flicks the chamber of his revolver and the empty shells clatter to the concrete.

Grace passes beyond the halo of light surrounding the school, into the cover of the dense fog bank.

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

*SUNNY: this is sunny btw*

Sunny shifts her focus back to the show.

SUNNY  
Come on, Grace.

**EXT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

With his bony fingers, John chambers a single bullet and snaps the weapon back to firing position.

In the distance, two small, red lights bounce up and down through the fog. Grace's shoes. John lifts the barrel and aims very deliberately between the two bouncing lights.

Grace breathes heavily, running for her life.

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
Come on, Grace.

Sunny thumps out another message.

SUNNY: *I know her!*

SUNNY: *she's not an actor. this is REAL*

**EXT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

John cocks the weapon and steadies his hand.

Grace is almost over the hill. Almost to safety. But then, as she turns to look back toward the school, Grace trips. She gasps as she falls forward into darkness.

*Bounce. Bounce. Bounce. Boun--* The red lights from her shoes disappear. John lowers his weapon.

**EXT. CEMETERY ON THE HILL - NIGHT**

Fog circles the tombstone under the crooked tree: *HERE JOHN LIES*. The small, suburban cemetery would be silent, if it weren't for Grace's *soft whimpering* coming from below the earth.

*Crunch. Crunch. Crunch.*

John's heavy cowboy boots stamp out the silence, his image revealing itself slowly as he crests the hill. As he approaches, a haunting, crooning voice begins to sing.

GHOST OF JOHN	GRACE (O.S.)
<i>Have you heard the Ghost of</i>	<i>Please.</i>
<i>Grace?</i>	

GHOST OF JOHN  
*Twelve years old, gone without a  
trace... Oooo!...*

John stops at the grave's precipice, and peers down into the deep hole. We hear Grace plead from below.

GRACE (O.S.)  
*Somebody! Please. I don't wanna  
die.*



GHOST OF JOHN  
*How can she be singing when she's  
 got no face?*

John takes aim.

GRACE (O.S.)  
 Please, somebody! Help me! Someb--

John squeezes the trigger and BOO--! The TV turns off.

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Sunny pulls her hand back from the TV's power button, unable to keep watching. She sits silently in the dark.

**EXT. PECK RESIDENCE - NIGHT**

The satellite dish on the Peck's roof reaches up at the moon.

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT**

*SHNNK! SHNNK! SHNNK!* The sound of Wallace sharpening his broadcast needle pierces the encompassing darkness.

Under the bed, through the shadows, a crooked mouth covered in matted, purple fur moves from the dark into a beam of moonlight. Red lipstick smears the creature's cracked smile.

GRAVELLY VOICE  
 Better wake up, Sunny.

Wallace's black fingers pry open Sunny's eye. He raises the broadcast needle into the air. He stabs down.

Sunny shrieks and shoots up in bed, clutching her eye. She's alone, barely visible in the pitch black room.

**EXT. PECK RESIDENCE - THE NEXT MORNING**

*SHHKA-SHHKA-SHHKA!* A sprinkler sprouts from the ground and waters the Peck's pristine front lawn.

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Light streams in through Sunny's window. She's buried in her bedsheets.

*Quack! Qua--* Sunny silences her alarm immediately.

**INT. SUNNY'S BATHROOM - DAY**

*Click!*

Harsh, fluorescent light floods the bathroom, revealing Sunny in the mirror, half asleep, but also -- a dark mark, swiped in blood, underlining her left eye.

Sunny jolts at the image.

SUNNY  
What the *fuck*?

She carefully touches the mark.

*PSHHHHH!* Water spouts from the shower head.

**INT. PECK RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY**

*SLOSH!* Sunny dumps her coffee into a thermos.

She sits at the table, hunched over her drink. The mark under her eye is now gone, but Sunny can't shake the image of it.

Will enters and kisses Sunny on top of her still-wet hair.

WILL  
Wow. Early bird.

SUNNY  
Couldn't sleep.

Will slices an English muffin.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
You know how everyone always says,  
*"the early bird gets the worm"*,  
but what if you're the worm?

WILL  
You're bird breakfast.

He depresses the halved muffin down into the toaster as Nora enters, looking as though she's seen a ghost.

NORA  
Bobby's dead.

WILL  
*What?*

Sunny's mouth drops open in shock.

NORA  
Cheryl just called. I guess he got  
into a fight at a gas station and  
uh... Bobby's dead.

WILL

Oh my god, sweetheart.

Will embraces Nora to comfort her.

SUNNY

Is this a joke?

NORA

What?

SUNNY

Like because of what I said about  
*GOODNIGHTMARE*? Are you just making  
this up to mess with me?

NORA

Am I *making this up*? What is *Sunny...*  
wrong with you?

WILL

SUNNY

I told you I saw Bobby in that  
show yesterday, and now today  
you're saying that's *real*?

NORA

No, Sunny. I am not *messing with*  
you. Are you serious? This has  
nothing to do with you.

SUNNY

So he *didn't* shoot himself in the  
head?

WILL

Sunny, what is the matter  
with you?

NORA

Why are you saying this?

SUNNY

I told you 'cause that's what  
happened in *GOODNIGHTMARE*!

NORA

You know what? Not everything in  
the world revolves around you,  
believe it or not.

SUNNY

That's not even what I'm sa--

NORA

Not every single *fucking* thing in the world *has* to revolve around you or whatever special little thing you think is so important at the moment. Okay? Other people exist and have real lives and feelings and you should show some *fucking* tact and *grow up*.

SUNNY

Okay, but what I'm trying to say is there's this girl, Grace. She was on the show last night...

NORA

Sunny, please. Stop.

SUNNY

Just listen!

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Since Bobby was on it, and now he's dead, maybe she's dead too.

NORA

I'm not doing this.

Nora exits. Sunny calls after her.

SUNNY

So Bobby *didn't* shoot himself?

WILL

ENOUGH.

Pop! The English muffin jumps out of the toaster.

**INT. SURF 'N SATELLITE - DAY**

BOOP!

SUNNY

Sorry to keep you waiting. I know that took a little longer than expected.

Sunny sits at her desk at Surf 'n Satellite, absentmindedly fingering her eye where the mark was.

ROLAND (V.O.)

A lot longer.

SUNNY

Yes, well... I was able to honor the expired coupon after all.

ROLAND (V.O.)  
I told you.

SUNNY  
You should see that money back in  
your account in three to five  
business days.

ROLAND (V.O.)  
I gotta wait five days?

Sunny is distracted, writing on a notepad.

SUNNY  
Three to five, yes. In the  
meantime, would you like to hear  
about our new satellite  
subscription service?

ROLAND (V.O.)  
Oh, fuck you.

*Click.* Roland hangs up. *BOOP!* Another verification box  
populates immediately, but Sunny doesn't answer. She stares at  
the notepad. At the top, she's written:

**THE TV MAN** - Bobby  
**GHOST OF JOHN** - Grace?

CALLER WAITING (V.O.)  
...Hello?

SUNNY  
Thank you for calling Surf 'n  
Satellite. Can you hold, please?

CALLER WAITING (V.O.)  
Are you serious? I've already been  
holding fo--

Sunny hits the HOLD button.

Sunny stands, poorly faking a stretch. She peers over the top  
of the cubicle to the break room.

Her manager, Zach, has SIERRA (early 20s, tiny Tinker Bell)  
cornered by the microwave while she waits for her lunch. She  
looks so bored.

Sunny sits and opens an internet browser. She types into the  
search bar: *bobby blaney shooting*

Sunny opens the first news link: THREE DEAD AFTER SHOOTOUT AT  
TOWNSEND GAS STATION, POLICE SAY

She scrolls the article solemnly. At the bottom is a captioned picture of Bobby: *GUNMAN ROBERT BLANEY*

SUNNY  
(to herself)  
*Robert.*

Sunny scrolls down the page and finds photos of the victims: the cashier, Fern, and the gas station manager, Phil. She gasps.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
The TV Man. They're real.

Sunny scribbles down the names on the notepad:

**THE TV MAN** - ~~Bobby~~ Robert Blaney, Fern Teller, Phillip Abucayan  
**GHOST OF JOHN** - Grace?

Suddenly remembering she's at work, Sunny stands for another fake stretch and peek.

Back in the break room, Zach continues his pursuit by the microwave. The closer he gets, the further Sierra goes.

ZACH  
...I live right down the street  
from here, if you wanna come over  
some night and watch true crime.

Sunny sits. Boop.

SUNNY  
Sorry to keep you waiting, it'll  
just be a few more minutes.

CALLER WAITING (V.O.)  
No! Do not put me back on ho--

HOLD. Sunny clicks the link below the images of Fern and Phil:  
TOWNSEND TRIBUNE / LOCAL OBITUARIES

It loads a long-scroll list of the town's recent deaths. The same images of Fern and Phil appear near the top of the page, but Sunny scrolls further, looking for something.

*Scroll, scroll.* Sunny passes the portraits of the recently deceased; some professional, some look like they were snapped from a grandchild's phone. Then, Sunny stops. She's found it.

The headshot of a lanky woman with frizzy hair and freckles peppering her nose. The name reads KIM MEADOWS (mid-30s).

SUNNY  
 (to herself)  
 Lady werewolf.

*Scribble, scribble.* Sunny adds to her notes, then quickly returns to the screen.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
 But, where's your date?

*Scroll, scroll.* The anonymous, happy faces of Townsend float up and away like specters. Then, Sunny stops on BRENDAN TATE (mid-30's), blonde, handsome.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
 Found you. Monster Match.

Sunny adds it to the notes, then--

*Scroll, scroll. Scribble, scribble.*

*Scroll, scroll. Scribble, scribble.*

*Scroll, scr--* Sunny hits the bottom of the site. She sets her pen down, and tears the page off the notepad. It now reads:

**THE TV MAN** - ~~Bobby~~ Robert Blaney, Fern Teller, Phillip Abucayan  
**GHOST OF JOHN** - Grace?  
**MONSTER MATCH** - Kim Meadows, Brendan Tate  
**STONE DEATH** - Roger Elliot, Nicholas Seeley, Julio Cedillo, Gunner Herman, August Nazeeri, Alexis Vega  
**NIGHTCALLER** - Natalie Nguyen, Edward Nguyen, Jennifer Nguyen  
**PUMPKIN PRIZE** - Teri Dott, Mark Mieden, Dillon Petrillo, Troy Trevino  
**HAPPY HALLOW-DAYS** - Kathryn Eichman, Clary Peters, Thomas Peters, Dale Williams, David Miller-Hill, Sarah Miller-Hill  
**THE STREAM** - Jeffrey Maestes, Jason Joyce, Alana Lopez

Sunny shakes her head in disbelief.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
 What the fuck is going on?

Sunny focuses in on the line: **GHOST OF JOHN** - Grace?

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
 Oh, no.

She quickly returns to her computer screen, opens a new tab, and searches: *Townsend school shooting*

Sunny pauses, finger hovering over the RETURN key, not wanting to continue -- but she does. Tap. The results load.

A look of dread overwhelms Sunny's face.

**INT. SURF 'N SATELLITE COPY ROOM - DAY**

*Bvvvvvt!* The printer spits out the last of Sunny's papers.

**INT. SUNNY'S CAR - DAY**

Sunny's car door flies open. She sit, *SLAMS* her door, and tosses the paperwork onto the passenger's side. *BRUUUUM!* the car starts, and she cranks into REVERSE.

**INT. 'ATTA BABY PAWNSHOP - DAY**

*BEE-Dum!* The electronic bell chimes as Sunny pushes through to the entrance.

Gabe is in his usual spot, using canned air to clean the dust out of a set of dismantled speakers. Sunny charges in, full force.

SUNNY

Gabe! Can you take a break?

**INT. SUNNY'S CAR - DAY**

*SLAM! SLAM!* Sunny and Gabe close themselves into her car. Gabe rifles through an 'Atta Baby bag.

GABE

I threw in a couple adapters with the VCR. One of them should work with your TV. Oh, and of course...

Gabe pulls out a VHS tape.

GABE (CONT'D)

*Ta-bahhh!* The evidence. To borrow. You gonna tell me what we're doing now?

Gabe offers the tape, but Sunny doesn't take it. She clutches the papers from work against her chest.

GABE (CONT'D)

Hey, you okay?

SUNNY

You watched last night?

GABE

Always. What's up?

SUNNY

Did she die?



GABE  
Did who d--

SUNNY  
The little girl. *Grace*. She  
died at the end, right?

Gabe senses Sunny's intensity. He proceeds with caution.

GABE  
Is this about your texts?

Sunny sighs. She hands Gabe the stack of papers.

On the top is an article printout: SHOOTING INTERRUPTS MIDDLE  
SCHOOL RECITAL / THE SEARCH FOR THE KILLER CONTINUES

GABE (CONT'D)  
This is *real*?

Sunny stabs the key into the ignition. *BRUUUUM!*

**EXT. MCCAY MIDDLE SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY**

From their view on an adjacent street, McCay Middle School looks perfectly quaint at first glance -- until you notice the police tape wrapping the perimeter.

GABE  
This is unbelievable.

Sunny and Gabe sit in the car, parked at the back of the closed school parking lot. Sunny munches on a burger behind the steering wheel.

SUNNY  
(mouthful)  
I know. Bobby's place and the gas station too. Just like the show -- but real.

Gabe reviews the Surf 'n Satellite printouts.

GABE  
(re: Phil's obituary)  
"Leaves behind a wife and two children". All these people from the show are really dead.

SUNNY  
Yeah.

GABE  
We, watched these people *die*...  
cheered on their demise...

SUNNY  
Yeah.

GABE  
I feel like I'm gonna throw up.

SUNNY  
Gross. I'm eating.

GABE  
(scoffs)  
You found that under the seat.

SUNNY  
It was in a Tupperware!

Sunny's phone buzzes from the cupholder.

GABE  
Your mom's calling.

SUNNY  
Ugh. You can decline it.

Sunny chomps into her burger.

GABE  
Ouch. Daughter burn.

Gabe swipes the incoming call away.

SUNNY  
(chewing)  
Too bad, so sad, have a lifey day.

GABE  
Lifey?

SUNNY  
Yeah, lifey. I dunno, it's just something we say at my house. Life sucks. Deal with it. Too bad, so sad, have a lifey day.

GABE  
You really think you're next?

Sunny stops chewing, and she gently touches under her eye.

SUNNY  
Mmm... I dunno. That *nightmare* last night felt so real. And Grace told me she had a bad dream the night before her episode.

Sunny suddenly points in the opposite direction of the school.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Red-head.

GABE

What?

Sunny points harder.

SUNNY

From the show. *Red-head. Red-head.*

Gabe follows Sunny's gesture to the cemetery on the hill. Another band of yellow tape encircles the area, however, inside the perimeter, a small figure sits opposite a gravestone, alone, her curly, red hair blazes in the midday sun.

*Snap. Snap. Snap.* Sunny is trying to remember.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

McKenzie!

Sunny takes a goodbye bite from her sandwich and leaves it behind as she jumps out of the car.

GABE

*Sunny?*

**EXT. CEMETERY ON THE HILL - DAY**

McKenzie sits opposite the decrepit tombstone from the dream: *HERE JOHN LIES*. The grave has been freshly filled.

McKenzie stares ahead, despondent, and takes a long drag from a vape. *Crunch. Crunch. Crunch.* McKenzie startles, and turns to see Sunny cresting the hill. She stealthily pockets her vape, exhaling into her sleeve to conceal the smoke.

SUNNY

Oh, hey, sorry! I don't care if you do that.

McKenzie relaxes. Sunny crosses the tape.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

I just saw you up here alone and... do you need help or something?

MCKENZIE

I'm fine.

*Crunch. Crunch. Crunch.* Gabe appears.

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)  
If you guys are here for the news  
people, they left already. Looking  
for some guy in a costume.

SUNNY  
You were there?

McKenzie gives a lethargic nod.

MCKENZIE  
Didn't look like a costume to me.

McKenzie takes a drag from her vape, deep in thought.

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)  
Can a story scare someone to  
death?

Sunny ponders the left-field question.

SUNNY  
Mmm... Like from a heart attack?

MCKENZIE  
No. I mean like... can someone  
make up a story so scary, that  
like... if people believe it, then  
it can come true?

SUNNY  
(quietly, to Gabe)  
Like Mark Dark.

McKenzie perks up at the mention of this name.

MCKENZIE  
Mark Dark the serial killer?

Sunny and Gabe jolt to attention.

SUNNY	GABE
<i>Serial killer?</i>	You know Mark Dark?

MCKENZIE  
Guy from Townsend that killed a  
bunch of people? Isn't that who  
you're talking about?

SUNNY	GABE
The host of the show?	Like recently?

MCKENZIE

(to Sunny)

What show?

(to Gabe)

Nah, this happened a long time ago  
in Townsend. You never heard this?

Gabe and Sunny exchange an incredulous glance.

SUNNY

No.

GABE

No.

McKenzie's eyes light up. This is her moment.

MCKENZIE

Oh my god. Okay, so...

She preps for her tale with a drag from her vape.

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)

...a long time ago...

(exhales)

...a buncha' people in Townsend  
went missing. It started around  
Halloween, so at first, all the  
religious people blamed like...  
*devil worshippers... then rap  
music... gay people... the usual  
suspects, ya know?*

SUNNY

Right.

MCKENZIE

Anyway, there was this show --  
*GOODNIGHTMARE* -- with this host  
guy named *Mark Dark*.

GABE

Is that his real name?

McKenzie decides to make up an answer to this interjection.

MCKENZIE

Nobody knows... Anyway, Mark Dark  
would come on and play these  
horror movies. Not good ones,  
though. These were *shitty*.  
*Homemade*. But people didn't care.  
They were all inside anyway --  
scared of the *kidnapper* on the  
loose -- so everyone watched the  
show. And Mark Dark became like...  
iconic around town.

McKenzie pauses, milking the drama. She takes another drag.

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)  
But then, late one night...  
(exhales)  
...this little kid, Bobby is home  
alone and he--

SUNNY  
Wait. Bobby?

MCKENZIE  
Yeah, Bobby. Anyway, his mom is  
late getting back from work one  
night, so he's up past bedtime  
watching TV, and *GOODNIGHTMARE*  
comes on... So Bobby's watchin',  
and Mark Dark does his usual  
thing, lalala... but when he  
starts the movie, Bobby recognizes  
the woman playing the victim...  
It's his MOM.

GABE  
No way...

MCKENZIE  
Yes, way. Bobby's MOM is in the  
horror movie. And this poor kid  
just sits and helplessly watches  
her get murdered on the TV screen.

McKenzie takes a drag to let this sink in.

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)  
And Bobby doesn't wanna believe  
what he saw, obviously.  
(exhales)  
So, he waits *three whole days* for  
his mom to come home.

SUNNY  
And she never did?

McKenzie shakes a solemn, no.

MCKENZIE  
*Ghosted*. Anyway, the kid explains  
what he saw, and turns out, he's  
not even the first person this had  
happened to. A buncha' other  
people had *already* reported seeing  
the same thing. Cops didn't care.  
(MORE)

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)  
 So, finally, the victims' families  
 get sick of waiting, and decide to  
 just go search Mark Dark's house  
 themselves... and guess what they  
 find?

GABE  
 The missing people.

MCKENZIE  
 Buried under the house. Thirteen  
 people for thirteen episodes.

Satisfied with the telling of her horrific tale, the wild look  
 on McKenzie's face settles.

SUNNY  
 What happened to Mark Dark?

MCKENZIE  
 (casually)  
 Oh, he shot himself in the head  
 the second cops knocked on the  
 door.  
 (she shakes her head in  
 disapproval)  
 Everyone was so mad they didn't  
 get justice... they just buried  
 his body right there under the  
 house. No tombstone. Didn't even  
 publish an obituary.

*Bzzt! Bzzt! Bzzt!* McKenzie jumps and retrieves her buzzing  
 phone from her pocket.

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)  
 Shit. I gotta go.

McKenzie rushes to gather her things.

SUNNY  
 Who lives there now?

MCKENZIE  
 Where?

SUNNY  
 Mark Dark's house.

MCKENZIE  
 Oh, they tore it down. Now, it's  
 that weird yard, off Mayfield.

SUNNY  
The yard by the call center?

MCKENZIE  
Yeah, with the big, ugly satellite  
in it.

**INT. SUNNY'S CAR - DAY**

*SLAM! SLAM!* Sunny and Gabe sit in the car in silence. Sunny  
stares straight ahead, her face tense in deep thought.

SUNNY  
Why isn't any of this online?

GABE  
Maybe people wanted to forget?

Sunny groans, dissatisfied.

GABE (CONT'D)  
Or maybe it's an urban legend.  
Like razor blades in candy. That  
was just some guy who poisoned his  
own kid for money. I mean, do you  
think they'd *actually* build a Surf  
'n Satellite on a mass grave?

SUNNY  
(without hesitation)  
Yes. They definitely would.

Sunny's phone buzzes: 5 TEXTS FROM MOM.

GABE		SUNNY
Mom's textin'!	Ugh.	

GABE  
Could be something good!

SUNNY  
It could not. Believe me.

GABE  
Can I check?

SUNNY  
Be my guest.

Gabe leans forward and swipes. He winces at the text.

GABE		SUNNY
Oops.	What?	



GABE  
 She asked where you were, and if  
 you left work, then sent, "come  
 home, *immediately*". All caps.  
 Angry emoji.

SUNNY  
*Gabe!... I told you.*

GABE  
*Sorry! Don't shoot the  
 messenger.*

SUNNY  
 You wanna come over and set up the  
 VCR for me? We can watch the Bobby  
 tape for clues?

GABE  
 Yeah, I'll give you a hand.

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - LATER**

ON TV: Bobby's dismembered hand plops to the ground. He crawls  
 over to collect it while pleading for his life.

Across the room, she and Gabe study the scene.

BOBBY (O.S.)  
 Look... man. I can help you.  
 Whatever you want, I'll do it.

ON TV: The TV Man *teleports* and clotheslines Bobby. The figure  
 bends and lifts Bobby off the ground.

BOBBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 God. Please, *somebody*. Please,  
Mama, help me...

ON TV: *SHHHHHH!* The TV Man blasts Bobby with his light beam.

Gabe looks over to Sunny, checking in. She's glued to the  
 screen, face wrought with intense focus. Gabe admires her for a  
 moment, then turns back to the screen.

ON TV: *Ding!* At the gas station, Fern looks up, her face pales,  
 then FREEZES when Sunny pauses the tape.

GABE  
 What's up? Find something?

SUNNY  
 No. But, I can't watch this  
 anymore, now that I know it's  
 real.

GABE  
Yeah, I understand.

SUNNY  
We should probably just give the  
tapes to the police. They'll  
investigate, figure it out.

GABE  
Sure. Makes sense. But what about  
tonight's episode?

SUNNY  
Yeah, that won't help me tonight.

Sunny, formulating an idea, pulls out her phone. She thumbs  
through her saved audio and finds "666". She taps PLAY.

The electric drum fill starts the *GOODNIGHTMARE* theme, but  
Sunny hits PAUSE and scrubs to the end of the track. PLAY.

MARK DARK	GABE
<i>...if you're too afraid to</i>	<i>I do like his voice.</i>
<i>dream... six, si--</i>	

PAUSE. Sunny scrubs back. PLAY.

MARK DARK  
*...if you're too afraid to*  
*dream...*

PAUSE. Sunny scrunches her face tight, solving a mental puzzle.

GABE  
What's up, Columbo? You got a  
plan?

SUNNY  
Mmm... Only something stupid.

Sunny turns off the TV.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
You wanna meet Big Betty?

Sunny plops Big Betty and Little Betty into Gabe's lap.

Gabe examines the bigger monster's giant, furry head, staring  
into her empty eye sockets. He lifts Little Betty, comparing  
the two.

GABE  
This is wild.

SUNNY

I still gotta do her eyes, and teeth, and a bunch of other details.

GABE

I can totally see it. With lights and everything, it'll be rad.

SUNNY

I'm worried I'll never finish her, honestly.

GABE

Whaaat? Why not?

SUNNY

I dunno. I used to really love working on cosplays and stuff. I even went to college to be a costume designer. But now it kinda feels like a chore.

Sunny retrieves Little Betty from Gabe.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

She was my imaginary friend.

GABE

Really?

SUNNY

Yeah, *Betty Badfellow*. But she was bigger in my head. And when I'd get in trouble, or have a meltdown or whatever, I'd blame it on her.

GABE

Did you know you were Autistic back then? Or did your parents?

SUNNY

Not yet. Though I wondered for a while if I was "*on the spectrum*".

GABE

*Suspectrum*.

SUNNY

(laughs)

Suspectrum! Yeah, but I hate that term, honestly. I prefer "*on the frequency*".

GABE

Ooh, yeah. Anyway, sorry. You blamed Betty...

SUNNY

Yeah, but then even after I stopped believing in her, it became a *thing* in our family. You know? Like every time I'd mess up, Mom would say...

(sarcastic Mom voice)

..."Oh, of course it wasn't Sunny's fault. Musta been Betty Badfellow, huh?"

GABE

Yikes.

SUNNY

Right? And then when I was thirteen, I even said if she called me Betty again, I was gonna kill myself.

GABE

Damn. So did she stop?

SUNNY

She stopped. And honestly, I'd completely forgotten about it until -- fast forward to last year -- I was depressed, and blackout drunk, in my dorm one night, and I slit my wrist.

Sunny shows the scar.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Only one though. I guess *Drunk Sunny* changed her mind.

(points to the sky)

Thanks, *Drunk Sunny*!

GABE

I'm so sorry.

Sunny waves this off.

SUNNY

I don't even remember doing it. But the weird thing was... when I woke up in the hospital, the first thing I said to my mom was -- "Betty Badfellow did it".

GABE

Sheesh.

SUNNY

Anyway, that's when I thought of making a life-sized version of her.

Gabe examines Betty's threatening claw. He shudders, then--

NORA (O.S.)

Sunny?!...

SUNNY

Ugh. Great.

GABE

Uh-oh. She found us.

NORA (O.S.)

Sunny Marie?!...

GABE

Marie?!

SUNNY

(threatening)

You shut up.

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SUNNY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Sunny joins Nora halfway down the hall, standing with her arms crossed. She speaks in a half-whisper.

NORA

Why did your manager tell me you left work without asking?

SUNNY

What? What are you talking about?

NORA

Your *manager*. Zach. He called and said you left out of nowhere.

SUNNY

What the *fuck*? Why does he even have your number?

NORA

I'm your emergency contact. He was worried.

SUNNY

Worried about *what*?

NORA

Sunny, you can't just leave work whenever you feel like it.

SUNNY

It wasn't 'cause I *felt* like it, it was an emergency.

NORA

Some boy is not an emergency.

SUNNY

What is your problem?

NORA

And you were supposed to turn in an *Incident Report*? Are you getting fired?

SUNNY

That's why you're *freaking out*? Because I might not be able to pay you rent anymore?

NORA

Oh, I'm sorry. I forgot that because you decided to quit school, I'm supposed to pay for all the extra groceries you eat? The *fancy* coffee? The soap you like?

SUNNY

I didn't quit, I'm taking a break.

NORA

You think that stuff's free? Oh, and where are the groceries, by the way?

SUNNY

...and I didn't leave work for a boy. Mom, listen! There is a *see-ree-ial* killer. He killed Bobby, an--

NORA

Oh, stop! Just stop.

SUNNY

It's true! I can show you the Bobby tape in my room right now.

NORA

I'm not listening to your stupid *nightmare thing* anymore.

SUNNY

MOM. Just listen to me...

NORA (CONT'D)

NO. I'm *done*. Got it?

Nora storms off.

SUNNY  
God. You're so fucking selfish!

WILL (O.S.)  
Hey! You watch your tone.

Sunny is startled by her father's sudden entrance.

SUNNY  
She won't listen! He's really  
killing people, Dad. He buried  
them under Surf 'n Satellite and  
we're gonna go try to s--

WILL  
ENOUGH.

Sunny stops. Will shakes his head in disappointment.

WILL (CONT'D)  
*Medicine and groceries. You  
promised me.*

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Sunny bursts into her room, startling Gabe. He's wearing both  
of the Betty Badfellow claws.

SUNNY  
You wanna come do something  
stupid?

GABE  
Well, obviously.

**EXT. SURF 'N SATELLITE PARKING LOT - DUSK**

Behind the main building, wrapped in protective fencing, a  
satellite the size of a house blooms from the Surf 'n Satellite  
back lawn.

Sunny and Gabe gawk at the enormous dish from the other side of  
the fence.

GABE  
Ya gotta admit, it's kind of an  
impressive tombstone.

Sunny doesn't react, her mind elsewhere.

GABE (CONT'D)  
So what, you think there's an *OFF*  
switch?

SUNNY  
Thirteen people.

GABE  
You think that's a true story?

SUNNY  
I dunno. Maybe.

Sunny abandons the fence and heads for the building. Gabe follows.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
But then who's the *other* guy?

GABE  
Other guy?

SUNNY  
The big guy. Stands in the back.

Sunny and Gabe approach the call center's back entrance.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
Also, Mark Dark is always...  
warning us or whatever.

GABE  
Warning us? Whaddya mean?

SUNNY  
*"If you're too afraid to dream..."*

GABE  
That's a warning?

SUNNY  
Mmm... I guess we'll find out.

*Boop!* Sunny badges into the back door and grabs for the handle, but Gabe quickly stiff-arms it, holding it closed.

GABE  
One sec. You sure about this?

Sunny's face falls slightly. She tries to hide feeling hurt.

SUNNY  
You can leave if you want.

GABE  
No, I'm with you. Just... doin' a quick pros and cons of breaking and entering your workplace.



SUNNY

Cons: I lose a shitty job. Pros:  
it might *save my life*?

GABE

Okay, yeah. But...

SUNNY

Okay, look. I cross-referenced all  
of these names in the database at  
work and...

(holds up a finger one)

...every victim on the show, or  
someone in their house, had a Surf  
'n Satellite account...

(finger two)

...they all had a subscription to  
the new satellite -- and not just  
main characters either. I mean  
anyone who died in the show...

(and three)

...and that upgrade is the only  
way to watch channel 666. At least  
in Townsend. I think.

Gabe thinks it over, then removes his hand from the door.

GABE

Okay, what do you need me to do?

Sunny swings the door open.

**INT. SURF 'N SATELLITE - DUSK**

Sunny and Gabe pass by the call center desks, honeycombed  
through the mostly grey office space.

SUNNY

Set up the show, so we can watch  
and see if this works. I'll do the  
rest.

GABE

I'm nervous! Now I *definitely* feel  
like I'm gonna throw up.

SUNNY

Don't do that. That's DNA.

GABE

Oh no, you're right! True crime.  
Is this a true crime?

SUNNY

It will be if you puke near me.

Sunny turns to see Gabe stopped behind her, staring at the wall. She doubles back to join him. He's ogling a grid of mounted flat-screen TVs.

GABE  
Can we watch it on these?

**INT. SURF 'N SATELLITE - BREAK ROOM - NIGHT**

Sunny switches on the break room light. The overhead fluorescent buzzes like a locust.

SUNNY  
I think there's some extension  
cords in here you can steal.

Gabe enters, grimacing.

GABE  
This is your break room?  
*Depressing.*

SUNNY  
Stay here, I'll just be a sec.

GABE  
What are you gonna do?

SUNNY  
Not tellin'. I don't want to make  
you an accomplice.

GABE  
Accomplice to *what*?

SUNNY  
Exactly.  
(winks)  
Just finish setting up for the  
show, and don't worry, I'll be  
*riiiight...*

Sunny walks out of the break room and around the corner to her cubicle. She turns and stands on her toes, just high enough to see Gabe over the cubicle wall.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
...here.

GABE  
I feel very safe.

*Ding!* Sunny badges into her computer and sits.

SUNNY  
 (true crime voice)  
*Dun! Dun! Dun! Townsend, Colorado.*  
*A place where people felt very*  
*safe. Everyone loved GAAABE.*

GABE (O.S.)  
 Do not! Do not *True Crime* me.  
 Everyone does not love me, that's  
 a lie.

SUNNY  
 (true crime voice)  
 He had such a great smile.  
 The kinda *smile* that could  
 really... How do I say this?

GABE (O.S.)  
NO. Don't do it! Sunny, don't  
 you dare say those words.

Sunny peeks over the divider at Gabe, he's giving her the eye.

GABE (CONT'D)  
 I'm serious. I don't wanna hear  
 that "smile that could ligh--

SUNNY  
*Light up a room!*

Gabe gasps.

GABE  
 I can't believe you did that. The  
*True Crime Curse*. You know what,  
 YOU have a smile that lights up  
 the room! How do you like it?

Sunny shrugs.

SUNNY  
 I've never smiled.

She sits and logs in.

# **INT. WILL AND NORA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Will and Nora sit up in bed, TV illuminating their faces. Nora looks troubled and isn't really watching.

WILL  
 You should just go talk to her,  
 you'll both feel better.

Nora considers, then pulls the covers off her legs and stands.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Also while you're up will you grab  
me a little sweet treat?

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

NORA  
*Knock, knock.*

Nora stands in Sunny's doorway, disappointed to find the room empty; other than the Betty backpack, abandoned on the bed.

Nora surveys her daughter's room -- the mismatched bedding, the grim artwork, the dismembered body parts of abandoned costumes -- seeing them again with fresh eyes. The usual anxiety on her face is replaced by a motherly warmth.

But then, Nora sees a week-old plate of food, half-eaten under Sunny's bed, and the anxiety returns.

NORA (CONT'D)  
Sunny...

Nora pushes into the room, zeroing in on the plate.

With a grunt, Nora's hand pops up from under the bed, delivering the moldy plate to the mattress. The hand disappears again, momentarily, before producing another plate to stack on top... then a fork with a napkin stuck to it... then a crunched aluminum can.

Finally, the hand returns with Nora attached, this time holding a bent manilla envelope. She slides the crunched paperwork out of the sleeve: *Surf 'n Satellite INCIDENT REPORT*

**INT. SURF 'N SATELLITE - NIGHT**

*Click.* Sunny drags her cursor down a long list of alphabetical names filed in *SURF'n SUBSCRIBERS*. Page by page, Sunny's eyes narrow in determination as the highlighted names speed by. The voices of all the angry callers echo in her head:

VOICES (V.O.)  
*You're useless. You should kill  
yourself. Are you stupid? Kill  
yourself. Why won't you try  
harder? You're such a burden. You  
should just kill yourself. Kill  
yours--"*

*Ba-dum!* A pop up on the computer: *ALL ACCOUNTS SELECTED.*  
*UNSUBSCRIBE / CANCEL*

GABE (O.S.)  
Sunny?...

SUNNY  
Almost done! Sorry.

Sunny takes a deep breath, she slides the cursor to UNSUBSCRIBE, and -- *click*.

Nnnt. Nnnt. An error message: ACCESS DENIED.

SUNNY  
What the fuck? C'mon.

Sunny clicks the message away and tries again -- UNSUBSCRIBE.

Nnnt. Nnnt. ACCESS DENIED.

SUNNY  
Well... *fuck*.

GABE (O.S.)  
Hey, Sunny. Can you c'mere a sec?  
I wa--

THUD. A noise from the break room interrupts him. Sunny stands, just in time to see the lights go out. She rushes from her cubicle.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
Gabe?

# **INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

DESCRIBE WHAT HAPPENED IN YOUR OWN WORDS: A customer told me I should kill myself, and I yelled at him.

Nora stands, the incident report in hand, reading. Her brows furrow. Nora continues.

WHAT WILL YOU DO DIFFERENTLY IN THE FUTURE?: Kill myself.

Nora's heart drops. She reads her daughter's words again.

*Kill myself.*

NORA  
Oh, Sunny...

The nakedness of the threat knocks Nora back. She takes a seat on the messy bed -- right on top of the TV remote. *Click!*

ON TV: *Ding!* Bobby enters the gas station, wrist spurting blood onto the floor.

Nora looks up from the report.

ON TV: Fern looks up from her manga and her face pales, seeing bloody Bobby wielding the gun.

NORA (CONT'D)  
Oh my god. Bobby.

BAM! Nora yelps, startled by the gunshot. She covers her mouth with her hands.

PHIL (V.O.)  
What was *that*?... What are you doing?!

BAM! Nora flinches at the second shot.

PHIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Ow. Ow. Ow.

BAM! Nora's eyes well up. Glued to the horror.

ON TV: Bobby turns to face the store's security camera, and lifts the gun to his temple.

NORA  
Will?!...

ON TV: BAM! Bobby shoots himself, and the image warps and bends until -- the tape breaks.

SHHHHHH! Static fills the frame on channel 666, and the VCR whirs and spits out the tape.

NORA (CONT'D)  
...WILL?!...

# INT. SURF 'N SATELLITE - NIGHT

SUNNY  
Gabe?

Sunny cautiously peeks into the break room, now dark and empty, and turns back out to the main office floor when--

Click-SHHHHHH! The TV grid lights up a patchwork of channel 666 screens. It glows salt and pepper static onto Gabe, holding a power strip, and standing in front of the grid by a folding table.

GABE  
Ta-Bahhh! Check it out. Annnd...

Click! An amber lamp on the folding table illuminates.

GABE (CONT'D)

All ready to watch you get sucked  
into the TV.

Sunny relaxes, relieved to see Gabe is okay.

SUNNY

The lamp is a nice touch.

GABE

Right? I stole it off a desk.  
Thought I'd lamp things up a bit.

Gabe makes a little ramp gesture with his hand.

SUNNY

Mmmm... Not your best work.

GABE

Well... Maybe give it some time  
and it'll glow on you.

Sunny laughs.

SUNNY

Okay, that was good.

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

NORA

It was Bobby! I swear to god,  
Will, you gotta believe me.

SHHHHHH! Pacing in front of the TV static, Nora fumbles with  
the VHS tape, desperately trying to stuff its guts back in.  
Will solemnly gazes over the incident report.

**INT. SURF 'N SATELLITE - NIGHT**

SUNNY

You got another joke coming? I can  
literally see the gears turning.

Gabe blushes.

GABE

Hey, Sunny. I, um...

Gabe pauses, conflicted, searching for the right words.

GABE (CONT'D)

...if, for whatever reason, this  
doesn't work... I just want to  
say, I'm sorry.

SUNNY  
Don't be silly. What do you have  
to be sorry for?

GABE  
For GOODNIGHTMARE. Telling you  
about the show and getting you  
into this.

SUNNY  
Oh, that's okay. You didn't know.

GABE  
I did though. That's what I mean.

Gabe's voice chokes up.

SUNNY  
Huh?

GABE  
But, I think it'll be different  
this time... since you already  
know what's goin' on... before...

Overwhelmed, Gabe starts to cry.

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

SHHHHHH! Nora hysterically pleads with Will.

NORA	WILL
I <u>swear</u> , Will. I swear to	Nora, baby. Baby, it's okay.
god, it was him. I can show	Stop. Stop, stop, stop.
you.	

**INT. SURF 'N SATELLITE - NIGHT**

SUNNY  
Stop, you're freakin' me out.

GABE  
I'm sorry. It's okay. It's okay.

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

WILL  
It's okay, Nor. I believe you.

SHHH-- The static on Sunny's TV flips to channel 666, causing  
Nora and Will to snap their attention to the screen.



**INT. SURF 'N SATELLITE - NIGHT**

GABE

You'll make it out. I'm sure. I swear.

SUNNY

Gabe, stop. You're scaring me.

Sunny steps back from Gabe, unaware of the enormous figure -- Wallace -- now standing in the shadows directly behind her.

GABE

Sorry, Sunny. But...

Gabe removes his rosy sunglasses. It's the first time Sunny's ever seen his eyes. They're striking -- and familiar.

GABE (CONT'D)

(Mark Dark voice)

...the show must go on.

Gabe recedes into the shadows just as Wallace's huge arms wrap Sunny from behind and snatch her into the void.

CUT TO BLACK

The familiar electronic drum fill of the *GOODNIGHTMARE* theme tumbles in and -- *POP!* A spotlight reveals Mark Dark. But this time, he's not sitting behind his desk, he's standing where Gabe was standing.

Mark Dark sighs, wistfully, and walks over, taking his place next to the folding table to reveal Sunny -- flat on her back, asleep. The broadcast cable sticks out of her eye.

Mark Dark begins to sing.

MARK DARK

*If the rigors of modern life have  
left you stressed. Take a long  
slow breath and practice  
mindfulness. If there's any  
tension let it go. Feel it from  
your head down to your toes. If  
you're too afraid to dream... six,  
six, six... have a good nightmare!*

A guitar floats down, delivered by Wallace from above, into Mark Dark's waiting arms.

He marches down the aisle of the call center, picking along.

MARK DARK (CONT'D)  
*Feel your breath inside your body,  
 warm and free. If you want to  
 close your eyes and count to  
 three. Know that you are perfect  
 how you are. You don't need a halo  
 or a harp. If you're too afraid to  
 dream... six, six, six... have a  
 good nightmare!*

Mark Dark launches into a guitar solo. His fingers expertly climb the fretboard as he plays.

MARK DARK (CONT'D)  
*On occasion, it may be helpful  
 just to shout. Put on some of that  
 devil music and dance it out.*

His feet stomp down in rhythm like a funeral procession.

MARK DARK (CONT'D)  
*Shake it to the left. Shake it to  
 the right. Shake it like you're  
 horny and it's Friday night.*

Mark Dark completes a loop around the office, arriving back at the TV grid and Sunny.

#### **INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Nora and Will are locked to the screen, in shock.

NORA  
 Is that Sunny?! Oh my God...

MARK DARK (V.O.)  
*Shake it for your mama. Shake it  
 for the priest.*

Will snaps out of his trance and into *Dad mode*.

WILL  
 I'll get the keys.

They rush out of the room, leaving only Little Betty to watch.

#### **INT. SURF 'N SATELLITE - NIGHT**

The theme song approaches its climax.

MARK DARK  
*Tell 'em 'bout six. Six. Six. And  
 have a good nightmare!*

Mark Dark strums the final chord, then releases the guitar, which floats weightlessly up and away. He then reaches over to the IV/TV, and turns the switch.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - EARLY MORNING**

SHHHHHH! Sunny jolts awake, throwing her hands up to protect her face.

SUNNY

NOOOO!

She's in a hospital bed, alone, surrounded only by equipment and a mounted television blasting static. An episode title fades in over the shot: **"BETTY BADFELLOW"**

Sunny lowers her defenses to reveal bandages wrapping her sweat-drenched head. The dressing crosses down to cover her left eye entirely. Blood has soaked through, forming a red circle where her eye should be. Though her other eye is uncovered, it's nearly swollen shut, outlined with a thick, black bruise.

SHHHHHH! The sound of the static continues as electric snow covers the TV. A green channel 666 glows. Dazed, Sunny notices she's holding the remote to the TV, and that she's connected to an I.V.

She reaches up to her throat and finds a brace on her neck. Her fingertips trace upwards until they reach her bandaged eye, hovering over the bloody spot -- then, Sunny gently presses down on the wound. The static warps to a high-pitched squeal in Sunny's ears as searing pain washes over.

SUNNY

Aah--!  
(exhales)  
...Sssssssssss!

She drops the remote, it clatters to the floor. The channel flips to an early-morning children's show.

ON TV: a little girl in roller-skates, who looks exactly like Sunny, sits on a sidewalk, knees skinned and nursing her wrist.

LITTLE GIRL

Help! Help, Betty! I hurt myself!

Pain radiates from Sunny's eye socket into her jaw and ear. She squirms on the bed, curling her toes and clenching her fists against her chest.

SUNNY

FUCK. Ow, ow, ow, ow...

Sunny takes slow, purposeful breaths. After a minute, the ringing subsides as the pain dulls down.

GRAVELLY VOICE (O.S.)  
Well *yeah*, dummy. What did you  
think would happen if you stuck  
your finger in it?

Sunny goes quiet.

GRAVELLY VOICE (O.S.)  
Don't ignore me, Sunny!

Sunny sits up.

SUNNY  
Hello?

GRAVELLY VOICE (O.S.)  
Over here. Up on the TV.

Sunny looks at the television on the wall.

ON TV: A massive, puppet monster's face fills the screen. Her purple fur is matted and worn out in spots, as if the creature was recovered from the trash. She's wearing red lipstick.

Sunny's eye goes wide. It's BETTY BADFELLOW.

SUNNY  
*Betty?*

Betty Badfellow grins wide through the television.

BETTY BADFELLOW  
Mornin', Bozo. Long time, no see.

SUNNY  
*Why?... What are you doing here?*

BETTY BADFELLOW  
Whaddya mean? Not happy to see me?

SUNNY  
I must be dreaming.

BETTY BADFELLOW  
*Bzzzt! WRONG. You were dreaming.  
But now you're awake. Back in your  
horrible, meaningless life. Yuck!*

Sunny processes this for a moment.

SUNNY  
(to herself)  
But... what about the call center?

BETTY BADFELLOW  
You look *hideous*, by the way.  
Totally disgusting. I love it.

SUNNY  
What did he do to me?

BETTY BADFELLOW  
Who?

SUNNY  
Mark Dark.

Betty chuckles.

BETTY BADFELLOW  
Oh, you pathetic little creature.  
You absolute *muppet*. Mark Dark  
isn't real. That's just a show.

SUNNY  
But--

BETTY BADFELLOW  
Mark Dark didn't do anything to  
you. You did this to you.

SUNNY	BETTY BADFELLOW
I don't get it. I did <i>what</i>	Honestly, I think it's an
to me?	improvement.

Sunny struggles to keep up.

BETTY BADFELLOW  
*Golly, Sun. You never remember  
anything. You shot yourself... in  
the head... with a gun...?*

Sunny goes pale. Her ears start to ring again.

BETTY BADFELLOW (CONT'D)  
(scoffs)  
Your memory is *terrible*. Is that  
why you did it?

Sunny's vision is tunneling.

SUNNY  
Why I *what*?

BETTY BADFELLOW  
Did they bandage up your ears too?

SUNNY  
You're lying.

Sunny swings her legs over the edge of the bed.

BETTY BADFELLOW  
Oh, I wouldn't do that if I were  
you.

Sunny attempts to stand and immediately collapses, writhing on the ground as a fresh wave of pain washes over.

BETTY BADFELLOW (CONT'D)  
Told ya.

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Sunny sits straight up in bed, gripping Little Betty by the neck, gasping for air.

BETTY BADFELLOW (O.S.)  
*Breathe, dummy. Breathe.*

Sunny is at home, still wrapped in bandages. A set of crutches rests by the bed. Betty is on the TV.

BETTY BADFELLOW (CONT'D)  
Breathe. Count down from three.

The shot of Betty's face flips over to the roller-skate girl on the children's show.

LITTLE GIRL  
Okay, Betty! Let's do it together.  
Three... Two...

Each number colorfully animates on the screen. After "two", the image loses signal and warps, pitching down slightly.

**INT. SURF 'N SATELLITE - NIGHT**

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)  
(warped)  
...One...

Mark Dark's broadcasting needle juts out of Sunny's eye. She's back at Surf 'n Satellite, connected to Wallace's nightmare device. Behind her, the TV grid has duplicate images of the little girl on each screen.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)  
 ...Wait. Are you following along  
 at home?

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

SUNNY  
 Where's Gabe?

The girl on the TV looks upset. The image jumps back to Betty.

BETTY BADFELLOW  
 Listen, Sunny. I'm here to *help*  
 you. But first, you gotta get a  
 grip.

SUNNY  
 What happened to Gabe,  
 Betty?

BETTY BADFELLOW  
 And I gotta get out of this  
 stupid show.

SUNNY  
 Betty.

BETTY BADFELLOW  
 That's why we're here. I need'a  
 body.

SUNNY  
BETTY.

BETTY BADFELLOW  
 Alright! Geez Louise. *Emotional*.  
 I'll show you, but you ain't gonna  
 like it.

Betty switches the channel on Sunny's television. *CLICK*.

**INT. 'ATTA BABY PAWNSHOP - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE**

Sunny and Gabe stand by the front door inside 'Atta Baby.

GABE  
 Well, hey, real quick...

Gabe jogs back over to the register, and Sunny watches as Gabe  
 rips off a strip of receipt paper. He scribbles something down,  
 then hurries back.

GABE  
 If you find any more clues...

Gabe offers the paper. Sunny's face lights up as she takes it.

SUNNY  
 Are you giving me your number?

Gabe's face twists a little.

GABE

Oh. No. Sorry, no, that's uh...

Sunny looks at the paper. There's a long web address written on it. She's not understanding.

SUNNY

Oh.

GABE

Yeah, sorry, that's just this forum for weird stuff I thought you might like.

Sunny finally gets it. Her heart sinks, but she tries to cover.

SUNNY

Oh yeah, no. Totally.

(forced laugh)

Yeah, I was just kidding anyway so...

GABE

Sorry, I didn't mean to give you the wrong impression.

Sunny's face is getting hot and she starts to fidget.

SUNNY

Noooooo worries! One hundred percent. It's *fine*. Let's just move on.

GABE

I'm sorry, Sunny. I think you're a really great kid...

Sunny feels herself losing to a meltdown, and she tries again to silence Gabe before he makes it worse.

SUNNY

*Ugh*, it's alright. I get it, dude.

GABE

...honestly, I really like you...

SUNNY (CONT'D)

I don't wanna hear this, I get it.

GABE (CONT'D)

...but I only like you as a friend.

SUNNY

I SAID I FUCKING GET IT.



CLICK.

**INT. DRUMMOND'S DRUG AND GROCERY - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE**

Deb Gonzalez huffs behind the pharmacy counter.

DEB  
(annoyed)  
Next, please!

SUNNY  
Wait, hold on. What about my  
credit card? Or debit card? I need  
my medicine.

Deb waves these away.

DEB  
Uh-uh.  
(to line)  
Next!

Sunny shrinks. CLICK.

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE**

Sunny sits in the dark, sobbing quietly on the floor with her back against her bedroom mattress.

NORA (O.S.)  
I mean it! If she doesn't respect  
our rules, doesn't even *consider*  
our feelings, she's not welcome  
here.

SUNNY  
(whispers)  
I'm sorry.

WILL (O.S.)  
C'mon, Nor. She tried to... kill  
herself.

NORA (O.S.)  
(scoffs)  
Oh, she did not. She just did that  
for attention.

Sunny sniffles.

SUNNY  
(whispers)  
I'm sorry.

*Click!* Sunny cocks the revolver. As soon as she turns it toward her face --BANG! *SHHHHHH!* *CLICK.*

**INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - BACK IN THE PRESENT**

BETTY BADFELLOW

Gross! Your mom had to throw that comforter away, by the way.

Betty is back on the screen.

BETTY BADFELLOW (CONT'D)

Anyway, enough of that *sob story*, let's play a game!

SUNNY

(unsure)

That's not real.

BETTY BADFELLOW

It is real. A real bummer. Told ya you wouldn't like it...

The fight leaves Sunny's expression. She relents.

BETTY BADFELLOW (CONT'D)

Game time?!

SUNNY

You said you were here to help me.

BETTY BADFELLOW

I am. That's what the game's for. By the time we're done playing, you won't be sad anymore. I promise. Okay?

Sunny is stuck processing. She holds up Little Betty, searching the stuffed creature's blank expression for guidance.

BETTY BADFELLOW (CONT'D)

What's happening, Cyclops? Did you go nonverbal? Look, just blink your good eye twice for yes.

Sunny sets Little Betty to the side.

SUNNY

What's the game?

BETTY BADFELLOW

*Huzzah!* I knew you'd come around, ya push-over. Okay, have you ever played "Make-a-buddy Make-a-body"?

SUNNY

No.

BETTY BADFELLOW

Perfect.

Betty's eyes roll back into her head and the picture on Sunny's TV warps and glows blindingly bright. Sunny squints and shields her eyes.

SUNNY

Whoa. What are you doing?

Betty groans, and fog slowly creeps out from under the bed.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Betty?

CRACK! The wooden legs on the bed buckle, violently jostling the mattress. Sunny startles and braces herself.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Betty?!

The bed's legs stretch and twist up from the ground, raising Sunny's mattress an additional two feet.

The TV distorts as Betty's groans grow to fever pitch. The lights in the room flicker, drained by the sudden power surge until -- POP! Every bulb in the room bursts at once. The TV shuts off, leaving Sunny in harrowing darkness.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

...Betty?

The thick fog curling out from under the bed ushers in a wild, tropical soundscape. Sunny pulls herself to the edge of her bed, and carefully peeks over the side.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Hello?

She sees two dim, red lights gently glowing. Betty's voice trembles weakly from below.

BETTY BADFELLOW (O.S.)

(whispers)

Sunny.

Sunny worms herself over the mattress further, cautiously lowering her head to look under the bed. Out of the infinite black, two red dots stare back at her -- Betty's eyes.

BETTY BADFELLOW (CONT'D)

Feed me my body.

Sunny grabs her bedside crutches. She makes her way to the closet on her weakened legs, opening the door to reveal the half-finished Betty Badfellow costume, hanging on the rod.

Sunny turns back toward the bed and the glowing eyes watching her from underneath.

BETTY BADFELLOW (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Don't worry. This is the *Make-a-buddy* part of the game. Bring it to me, we'll finish it together.

Sunny pulls the costume from the rack.

BETTY BADFELLOW (CONT'D)  
 Slide it under.

*CLACK! CLACK!* Sunny's crutches drop and she struggles to lower herself to the floor while holding the costume.

A crowd of whispery voices begin chanting from under the bed.

CHANTING VOICES  
*Make-a-buddy. Make-a-buddy. Make-a-buddy...*

Sunny hesitates, then slides the material forward. It slips away into the abyss. Betty purrs.

BETTY BADFELLOW  
*Mmmmmm. It's terrible. I love it! I need more. Bring me your sewing kit...*

Sunny looks back at the open closet and sighs. The voices from the deep cheer her forward.

CHANTING VOICES  
*Make-a-buddy. Make-a-buddy. Make-a-buddy...*

Sunny slides the sewing kit under the bed. Betty moans with pleasure.

BETTY BADFELLOW  
*Mmmmm. More! Gimme cloth, gimme thread...*

Sunny slides a pile of furry cloths under. She tosses in spools of yarn and thread.

CHANTING VOICES  
*Make-a-buddy. Make-a-buddy. Make-a-buddy...*

Betty's red eyes shine brighter with every sacrifice. The raspy voices intensify.

BETTY BADFELLOW  
...shears and razor-blades...  
Gimme everything you've got.

Sunny tips the contents of a cardboard box labeled MASKS & COSTUME STUFF into the darkness. She slides over pair of shears and a box of razor-blades. Betty howls out in ecstasy.

BETTY BADFELLOW (CONT'D)  
AWOOOOOOOOO!

Sunny's eyes widen. Betty's red lights abruptly disappear, and the feral chanting and rainforest noises stop.

Sunny's bedroom is silent. The closet stripped empty.

Sunny inches up to the floor's precipice on her hands and knees, staring into the void.

SUNNY  
....Betty?

Nothing. Blackness. Until--

An enormous set of deadly-clawed, puppet hands emerge and latch onto the floor on either side of Sunny.

Sunny goes pale.

The claws dig into the wood and pull Betty Badfellow's face up into the moonlight. She's different from the version on the children's show. She's worn, ugly, with a handmade quality to her. Her shiny, doll eyes are possessed with sinister glee. Her lipstick is smeared across her cracked grin.

Betty smiles a mouthful of razor-blade teeth.

BETTY BADFELLOW  
Hey, buddy. Let's make a body!

Betty's giant hands grab Sunny by the forearms.

Sunny gasps. The chanting voices return.

CHANTING VOICES  
Make-a-body. Make-a-body. Make-a-body...

Betty's eyes roll back. She stuffs Sunny's arms into her mouth.

SUNNY  
No, wait!

*CRUNCH!* Betty's rows of razor teeth bite down hard into Sunny's wrists. Blood sprays from Betty's jaws.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
AAAAAAGGGHHH!

Sunny screams and kicks her legs in pain.

CHANTING VOICES  
*Make-a-body. Make-a-body...*

Betty thrashes back and forth under the bed, dragging Sunny side to side, painting the floor with blood.

SUNNY  
STOP! STOP! STOP!

Betty pauses long enough for Sunny to gain some traction with her knees.

With all the strength she can muster, Sunny pulls, exposing Betty's face from the shadows.

CHANTING VOICES  
*Make-a-body. Make-a-body...*

Sunny shuts her eyes and lurches forward, head-butting Betty.

*CRACK!* Sunny's forehead connects between Betty's eyes. Betty blinks, shocked, and she loosens her grip.

CHANTING VOICES (CONT'D)  
*HISSESSSSSSSS!*

With a shriek, Sunny tugs an arm free, and immediately drives her thumb deep into Betty's eye socket.

BETTY BADFELLOW (O.S.)  
*AH, GODDAMNIT!*

The chanting voices launch into *angry chaos*.

Sunny pulls her thumb back and -- *POP!* -- Betty's eye launches out of the socket.

BETTY BADFELLOW (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*MY EYE!*

Sunny frees her other arm and scampers away on the blood-slicked floor. Betty disappears back into the shadows, howling out.

BETTY BADFELLOW (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Sunny, that was my *winking* eye!

Sunny frantically searches her surroundings. She grabs a dirty t-shirt off the floor.

SUNNY  
Now we're even.

She quickly wraps and ties off one of her arms.

BETTY BADFELLOW (O.S.)  
What about my modeling career?

Sunny reaches out to grab another laundry bandage.

SUNNY  
Guess you gotta give up on that dream.

Sunny examines her other arm. Blood runs from the wounds. One of Betty's teeth is stuck in Sunny's wrist bone.

BETTY BADFELLOW  
Y'know, I went to a lot'a trouble  
to open up those veins for you,  
missy. The least you could do to  
thank me is die.

Betty's claw grips the bottom edge of the wooden frame and pushes upward. CREAAAAAK. Sunny watches as her bed's legs stretch and twist longer. It hinges open from the side like a lid.

CHANTING VOICES  
*Make-a-body. Make-a-body...*

Betty's massive silhouette rises up, out from the darkness.

Sunny holds her breath. She grips the razor lodged into her bone and yanks it out. She stifles a scream, wrapping and tying her arm.

CHANTING VOICES (CONT'D)  
*Make-a-body. Make-a-body...*

Sunny looks up to see Betty Badfellow's entire figure for the first time. She's massive.

BETTY BADFELLOW  
Here, let's play on EASY mode.  
Looky what I found.

Betty hucks the black revolver across the room. It clatters and slides next to Sunny, and immediately--

Sunny grabs the gun, cocks it, and aims at Betty's chest.

The chanting voices gasp in horror.

*Click.* Sunny deflates.

Betty laughs. The voices laugh with her.

BETTY BADFELLOW (CONT'D)  
You're so stupid.

Pinched between long nails, Betty holds up a single bullet.

Sunny looks at the bullet, then down at her bloody forearms and the empty gun in her hand. She gives up.

SUNNY  
Okay. You win.

Sunny snaps the revolver's empty chamber open, and offers the gun to Betty.

CHANTING VOICES  
*Make-a-body. Make-a-body...*

Betty dutifully approaches Sunny.

BETTY BADFELLOW  
This is better, Sunny. For you.  
For everyone. It'll just be like  
going to sleep.

Betty bends way down to Sunny's level.

BETTY BADFELLOW (CONT'D)  
Ready to say goodnight?

The TV snaps back on to the little girl on the Betty Badfellow show. The girl is in bed on set and gives an exaggerated yawn.

LITTLE GIRL  
Goodnight, everybody!

The little girl falls back onto her pillow and the walls of the set fly away, revealing her bed is now flying through a matte painting of the cosmos. She sleeps through the journey.

#### **INT. SURF 'N SATELLITE - NIGHT**

Sunny lies motionless on the desk at Surf 'n Satellite.

#### **INT. SUNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The little girl dreams as the credits of **"SUNNY & FRIENDS"** appear over the sleeping cosmonaut.



Betty takes the gun from Sunny. She drops the bullet from her claw into the chamber, snaps it shut, and cocks the hammer.

Betty puts the gun to Sunny's temple.

BETTY BADFELLOW  
Take my hand.

Sunny reaches up to Betty's paw and helps hold the weapon.

BETTY BADFELLOW (CONT'D)  
Any last words?

Sunny thinks.

SUNNY  
Wanna hear a joke?

Surprised, Betty giggles with delight.

BETTY BADFELLOW  
Oooh! Yes, of course.

Betty leans way in.

BETTY BADFELLOW (CONT'D)  
Do your worst.

SUNNY  
What do you call a failed suicide attempt with a razor?

BETTY BADFELLOW  
Hmmm.  
(thinks)  
I dunno. What do you call a failed suicide attempt with a razor?

Betty's eyes blaze in anticipation.

SUNNY  
A close shave with death.

And with that, Sunny rears back her arm -- gripping Betty's razor tooth in her bloody fingers -- and swings.

*Ssllllckk!* The razor slashes through Betty's throat, and a wash of dark, red blood sprays Sunny's face.

The little girl on the show wakes up, *screaming*.

Betty's giddy expression changes to fright. She gurgles out.

BETTY BADFELLOW  
Wait...

Sunny quickly shoves Betty's paw away just as--

BANG! Betty fires a wild shot. The bullet hits the screaming girl's face. The TV pops and sizzles to black.

*Slllllckk! Sslckk! Slllckk!* Sunny slashes the razor through Betty's throat over and over, releasing sprays of crimson, puppet blood.

*Sslckk! Slllckk!* Betty's eyes roll back. A wet, raspy breath escapes from her painted lips. She drops the gun, and collapses her weight down onto Sunny. Betty dies.

The room is quiet.

SUNNY

I knew that one would leave you in stitches.

*Boop!* The portable Bluetooth speaker on Sunny's dresser connects.

BETTY BADFELLOW (V.O.)

(through speaker)

Haha, good one! You can't kill a figment of your imagination though, dipshit.

The speaker glows red as Betty speaks. Sunny looks over, strangely relieved to hear the familiar voice of her terrible friend.

SUNNY

I know that. I just needed to borrow your legs.

Sunny reaches forward and grabs Betty's foot to pull her carcass closer.

BETTY BADFELLOW (V.O.)

Okay, well did you shoot out the part of your brain that knows how to say please?

SUNNY

That didn't happen.

BETTY BADFELLOW (V.O.)

Why are you fighting this? I'm trying to help you. I thought you wanted to die.

SUNNY

I do. Sometimes.

BETTY BADFELLOW (V.O.)  
But not tonight?

SUNNY  
Not tonight.

BETTY BADFELLOW (V.O.)  
Hmm. Bummer.

SUNNY  
Can you shut up now? And put on  
some music?  
(beat)  
Please.

BETTY BADFELLOW (V.O.)  
...Yeah, okay.

Betty chooses "**Guttermilk**" by **The Bobby Lees**. The distorted bass guitar scratches through the speaker and, with the razor blade, Sunny saws Betty's furry leg to the rhythm.

THE BOBBY LEES (V.O.)  
*I left that girl dyin' somewhere  
down on the way...*

Sunny's expression intensifies as a trance-like focus rapidly takes over.

*Crack.* Sunny twists one leg free just above the knee.

*Crack.* Then the other.

She saws off one of Betty's claws.

Sunny scrapes at the insides of the leg with the claw. Then, as if it were a jack-o-lantern, she scoops the gory insides out and tosses them aside.

THE BOBBY LEES (V.O.)  
*I haven't slept for, my God, it's  
been days and days...*

Sunny rips a thin strip of puppet flesh in half.

Sunny tears her jeans off at the knee, and she slides Betty's legs over her own, like enormous boots.

Sunny uses the puppet skin strip as a thread and pulls it through her jeans, fastening them to the leg fur.

Sunny crawls to her dresser and claws up the drawers, pushing herself to stand. She rises up, a foot taller on her Betty legs.

THE BOBBY LEES (V.O.)  
*I'm just like guttermilk, yeah...*

She takes a brief moment to adjust, but quickly finds confidence on the powerful Betty Suit legs. Sunny lifts the top half of Betty from the floor.

THE BOBBY LEES (V.O.)  
*I left my love dyin' somewhere  
 down on the way...*

Puppet guts and bones splash into a pile of viscera.

Sunny tears more puppet thread. She stitches the 'Atta Baby LED strip into the skin.

THE BOBBY LEES (V.O.)  
*You started shifting back and  
 forth, then all my skin went  
 away...*

Sunny retrieves Little Betty from the floor.

SUNNY  
 Sorry, Little Betty.

Sunny snips the straps off the Little Betty backpack. She carefully sews them onto Big Betty.

Sunny connects the LEDs to a battery, and tucks it into a fabric pouch on Betty's belly. She steps back to view her creation -- the BETTY SUIT. After taking it in, she raises the LED remote. *Click*. Neon red light glows on Sunny's face.

THE BOBBY LEES (V.O.)  
*I'm just like guttermi--*

The music abruptly stops.

BETTY BADFELLOW (V.O.)  
 Pause. Hang on.

SUNNY  
 Oh my god. It was *right* at the end  
 of the song.

BETTY BADFELLOW (V.O.)  
 Where are you going?

SUNNY  
 To stop Mark Dark.

Sunny turns off the light and starts searching the floor.

BETTY BADFELLOW (V.O.)  
Sunny... I already told you he's  
not real, sweetie. You nee--

SUNNY  
Enough. That's enough. I know  
what's real, okay? So from now on  
we're playing a new game. You  
remember Sunny Says?

BETTY BADFELLOW (V.O.)  
Yeah.

SUNNY  
Well Sunny Says, no more bullshit  
from you. Got it?

Sunny is firm and certain.

BETTY BADFELLOW (V.O.)  
Got it.

Sunny spots what she was looking for, Betty's red eyeball,  
resting on the floor. She walks over and picks it up.

Sunny examines the eyeball. She reaches up and gently pulls the  
bloody bandage off her head, then -- pushes Betty's eyeball  
into her empty socket. She blinks a few times to adjust to the  
transplant. The bandage falls to her feet.

SUNNY  
Good. And it's we. Where we are  
going.

Sunny grabs the speaker from the dresser. She tucks it into  
Betty's stomach pouch, then shoulders the backpack straps.

Sunny stands, the top half of the Betty Suit on her back, and  
faces her bed frame -- still hinged open like a mouth, leading  
to infinite nothingness.

Sunny steadies herself, bending her Betty Suit legs slightly.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
Can you cue up the end of that  
song so my brain can stop freaking  
out?

After some thought, the speaker glows through the pouch.

BETTY BADFELLOW (V.O.)  
...Yeah, okay.

Sunny digs her clawed foot into the floorboard. She takes a  
slow breath in, exhales, and narrows her eyes.

SUNNY  
Three, two, one...

She sprints forward.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
...GO.

The song erupts from the speaker as Sunny closes the gap to the bed. She dives feet first down to the floor, and turns to slide on her stomach until--

THE BOBBY LEES (V.O.)  
GUTTERMILK\*\*!

Sunny disappears under the bed.

### **INT. ZACH'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The lights are off in Zach's bedroom. All is silent except for the crickets chirping a lullaby to his generic, *budget hotel* decor.

Zach's beige khakis rest, neatly folded, on a small wooden chair by a dresser -- his I.D. photo grins from his badge, clipped to the waistband.

Tucked into bed, Zach is asleep, dreaming peacefully under the safety of his covers. But then--

*Bump.* The mattress bucks up a little, shaking Zach awake. He lifts his heavy head, straining to see through the darkness. A moment passes, and with the coast clear, Zach collapses back into his pillow, immediately falling back asle--

*BUMP.* The bed bucks up so hard it flips the mattress and catapults Zach through the air into his dresser.

SUNNY (O.S.)  
Holy shit. Sorry, Zach.

Sunny swipes the khakis from the chair.

### **EXT. MAYFIELD STREET - NIGHT**

Zach's house sits at the end of an identical line of rentals. Like a siren, his shrill *scream* rips through the quiet neighborhood.

SUNNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*Sorry!*

*BLAM!* Zach's front door explodes open and, with Betty on her back, Sunny flees the scene on her long, puppet legs.

She unclips Zach's badge from his pants and tosses them onto the pavement.

BETTY BADFELLOW (V.O.)  
*Sorry?! WHY? That was incredible.*  
 You Peter Panned his ass like  
 thirty feet.

Betty cackles through the speaker, losing herself to joy as Sunny hurries out onto the street. Won over by Betty's giggling, Sunny starts to chuckle too. The duo head toward their destination in the distance...

SUNNY  
 Okay, you gotta be quiet now.

...the Surf 'n Satellite call center.

**EXT. SURF 'N SATELLITE PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

The call center's giant satellite dish reaches up toward the stars.

**INT. SURF 'N SATELLITE - NIGHT**

Sunny carefully peers around the corner of a cubicle wall. At the end of the center aisle, past the rows of desks, Sunny sees Mark Dark and Wallace in front of the television grid.

Mark Dark is sitting, staring listlessly down at his desktop. His usual on-screen energy has drained from his body. His skin more grey than green.

Wallace is also sitting, leaning way back, facing the call center's drop ceiling. A cable connected to his nose drapes down to the floor and back up to the glowing IV/TV.

Sunny's eyes widen. From this distance, she can really see just how big he is.

Sunny traces a separate cable running from the IV/TV into the body lying on the table -- her body. Asleep, with a giant needle sticking out of her eye, is *Sleeping Sunny*, lit by the amber desk lamp.

Sunny closes her eyes and shakes her head. She steels herself, then opens them again to be sure.

It's definitely her -- a sleeping doppelgänger. And on one side of her is Wallace, and on the other side is Mark Dark's desk -- but he's not behind it anymore.

Sunny's face drops. Where is he? She frantically searches the darkness, not realizing that Mark Dark is standing directly over her shoulder.

MARK DARK  
 (quietly)  
 You shouldn't be here.

Sunny startles. Mark Dark quickly covers her mouth, just catching her before she yelps out loud.

Sunny is frozen, face to face with Mark Dark.

But he looks scared. With his free hand, Mark Dark presses his finger to his lips and exaggerates a *shush*. He points to Wallace.

Wallace's face is twisted and pale, covered in wrinkled, paper-mâché skin. His milky eyes stare dead ahead, gently glowing from their hollowed sockets as he absorbs the IV/TV feed. A modified breathing tube runs from the TV to Wallace's skeletal nostrils, piping in the broadcast. A trickle of black runs like snot into Wallace's cracked mouth, gaping with loose, rotten teeth.

Mark Dark carefully removes his hand from Sunny's mouth.

MARK DARK  
 He's gonna see you're here when  
 the feed catches up.

Sunny studies Mark Dark's pained expression.

SUNNY  
*Gabe?*

MARK DARK  
 You gotta get out of here. Now.

SUNNY  
 Why are you helping me?

MARK DARK  
 Sunny, please. I made a mistake.  
 You can't die in here, you gotta  
 leave. *Hide*.

SUNNY  
 (louder)  
No.

Mark Dark winces at the sound, and looks to check on Wallace.

Wallace stirs slightly -- his raspy, wet breathing turning erratic -- but after a moment, he goes still again.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
 Why did you kill those people?



MARK DARK

What?

SUNNY

Thirteen people. Thirteen episodes.

Suddenly overcome by shame, Mark Dark deflates.

MARK DARK

Everyone in town... *bullied* me. Ruthlessly. All the time. It got so bad, I couldn't sleep. So, this one night, after tossing and turning for hours, I gave up trying and decided to watch TV. But when I sat up, I saw this... GIANT man standing at the foot of my bed. Watching me. I was terrified, but -- he said he was there to help me; that we could "get back at 'em together", and make 'em love me. Make me *famous*. I asked why he'd do that for me. He just said, *as long as I stayed out of his business -- he'd stay out of my spotlight*. I thought it was just a nightmare, but...

SUNNY

It came true.

Mark Dark gives a solemn nod.

MARK DARK

I can still see their faces. The way their eyes changed when they realized they were looking at a monster. I tried killin' myself to stop it, but... I'd made a deal. The show must go on.

SUNNY

Well, *fuck*, dude.

Sunny's eyebrows furrow as she tries to add this information to her mental puzzle.

MARK DARK

Please just go. *Hide*.

Wallace grumbles and snorts black goo out of his nostrils.

MARK DARK (CONT'D)

He's gonna wake up.

SUNNY  
Wait, *literally* "out of your  
spotlight"?

MARK DARK  
...What?

SUNNY  
You said he has to stay out of  
your spotlight. Does he literally  
have to stay out of it?

MARK DARK  
...Yeah.

Next to the Sleeping Sunny, Wallace jolts. He knows something's  
wrong.

SUNNY  
Can I borrow it?

Mark Dark nods.

The feed on the IV/TV shows Sunny slash through Betty's throat.

WALLACE (O.S.)  
*Nnnnnnoooooooooo!*

They snap their heads to investigate, and Sunny jumps at the  
sight of Wallace, *bounding* toward her at an incredible speed.

She turns back to find Mark Dark -- *gone*.

SUNNY  
Shit. Okay, what do I do though?

BETTY BADFELLOW (V.O.)  
Sunny...

SUNNY  
Mark, man, the spotlight. How do I  
turn it on?

BETTY BADFELLOW (V.O.)  
I think that's our cue.

Betty's voice illuminates the speaker in her stomach pouch as  
Wallace closes in on them.

BETTY BADFELLOW (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Heya, Sunny, no rush, but, uh...

He's nearly there. Sunny has an idea, and pulls out her phone,  
frantically thumbing through.

BETTY BADFELLOW (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 ...this man's about to kill us...

SUNNY  
 Sunny Says shut up.  
 (finding the recording)  
 Got it!

Sunny opens "666" and taps PLAY. The electric drum fill from the GOODNIGHTMARE theme collapses into the soundtrack and--

POP! A circular spotlight beams down onto Sunny.

Sunny squints to find that Wallace has stopped dead in his tracks. He glares just outside the halo of light surrounding her. She takes a step forward, moving the light's edge toward Wallace, who backs away and snorts.

Sunny marvels at this trick.

SUNNY  
 I knew it. Scared of the light.

Sunny cautiously takes her eyes off Wallace to thumb through her phone again.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
 But...

Sunny switches "666" to a different track, **"Tears" by Mothica.**

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
 That's better. Ready, Betty?

BETTY BADFELLOW (V.O.)  
 Ready, Freddy.

As the song's heavenly strings swell, Sunny mouths along.

SUNNY  
 (lip-syncs)  
*I've tried everything; red wine  
 and suffering. Anything to feel  
 less alone...*

Sunny peels her backpack off her shoulders. She pulls the Betty Suit on like a huge, winter coat.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
 (lip-syncs)  
*Someday, I'll be lookin' down from  
 the big stage.*

Betty's hollowed-out head rests between Sunny's shoulder blades, flipped backward at the neck like a Pez dispenser.

Sunny elegantly steps in time with the tune as she fusses with her costume.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
(lip-syncs)  
*Forget all about the heartbreak.*

Sunny stuffs one hand into a Betty claw, then the other, while Wallace scowls at her from the shadowy sidelines.

Sunny scowls back.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
(lip-syncs)  
*Look what I've made with my tears.*

Sunny flips Betty's head forward over her own like a helmet.

SNAP. The Betty head clicks into place, connecting the electrical circuitry sewn into the fur -- and a gentle hum emits from the fabric as Sunny raises up, now over six foot tall, in full Betty Suit.

BETTY BADFELLOW  
*Tears, tears, tears, tears.*

Betty's new eyes shine like laser beams as she sings along. Her jagged mouth glows from the internal LED strip, and the crimson light leaks through Betty's neck, carving out her slit throat through the stitches.

Wallace's confidence drains from his posture.

BETTY BADFELLOW (CONT'D)  
*Well hello, handsome.*

Betty offers her claw to Wallace with a smile.

BETTY BADFELLOW (CONT'D)  
*Wanna boogie?*

Wallace looks down at the outstretched claw, and Betty curls it into a middle finger.

Betty explodes forward, kicking Wallace hard in the stomach with devastating force, sending him flying through the air.

Wallace's body *smashes* through a cubicle wall, and comes crashing to the ground.

SUNNY  
(lip-syncs)  
*When they see how far I've come...*

Sunny flips the Betty helmet backward off her head.

She steps in time with the music toward Wallace, who's groaning in a pile on the ground. The spotlight follows her.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
(lip-syncs)  
*I'll sit back and laugh at all...*

BUM. BUM. BUM. In time with the song's snare hits: Sunny grabs Wallace by the collar... Wallace's body sails through the air, through another cubicle wall... and he crashes onto a desk.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
(lip-syncs)  
*...the things they said...*

Sunny peels Wallace's head up from the desk then--

Ding! Slams it back down hard onto the telephone, causing black goo to spray from Wallace's busted nose.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
(lip-syncs)  
*...All the tears I've shed, oh.*

BUM. BUM. BUM. In time with the snare hits: Sunny jerks Wallace back from the desk... He lands in a black office chair. The momentum rolls him directly into the wall of TVs.

The wall lights up on impact, sending a ripple of colorful O's across the screens in time with the vocals.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
(lip-syncs)  
*Ooh! Someday I'll see my name up  
in lights.*

Sunny skips over to Wallace, twirling a long phone cable.

BUM. BUM. BUM. Sunny spins Wallace around in his chair to face the TV grid. The screens light up with a patchwork of identical Sunny faces.

SUNNY (CONT'D)	THE SUNNIES
(lip-syncs)	Ooh!
Ooh!	

The bright burst of light launches Wallace backward in his chair. The wheels lock against the carpet and he flips over.

From his POV: Sunny's head pops into view, upside down.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
 (lip-syncs)  
*I'll wait for you to say I was  
 right.*

She raises the phone cable.

*BUM. BUM. BUM.* Sunny wraps Wallace's wrists with the cord. She marches on tempo through the call center, dragging Wallace behind.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
 (lip-syncs)  
*Ooh! Only took a couple of years.*

They reach the end of the office, where the Sleeping Sunny doppelgänger dreams peacefully.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
 (lip-syncs)  
*But look what I made with my  
 tears.*

Sunny bows forward and -- *SNAP*. Betty's head clicks back into position. As Betty joins in singing again, her feet float up off the floor.

BETTY BADFELLOW  
*Someday, I'll be lookin' down from  
 the big stage.*

Betty glides weightlessly upward, the telephone cable tethering her back to earth.

BETTY BADFELLOW  
*Forget all about the heartbreak.*

Suddenly, Wallace musters his strength and rips through his restraints with a furious snarl.

WALLACE  
*Eeenough!*

Wallace snatches the telephone cord and reels Betty in. He tears the Bluetooth speaker from Betty's pouch and hucks it into a wall.

BETTY BADFELLOW  
*Look what I've ma--*

*Crack!* The speaker smashes, stopping the music.

BETTY BADFELLOW  
*Hey!*

Wallace reaches into the spotlight to grab Betty by the neck, the translucent skin on his hands sizzling and bubbling.

WALLACE

*Hushhhh. Youu haaaad yourrr  
momentt. It'sss ttttime to diie.*

Betty gurgles as the grip tightens on her fuzzy throat. The spotlight flickers.

Wallace violently tears downward, unzipping the flesh from Betty's neck all the way to her belly, and the spotlight goes out. Wallace rips Sunny from the cavity, throwing her across the room.

*SLAP!* Sunny slams hard onto the floor. Wallace tosses Betty's body aside. *SLAP!* Betty lands, lifeless, in the distance.

Wallace targets back onto Sunny, who crawls backward, away from the towering figure, and leans up against a pillar.

SUNNY

*Oops. You shouldn't have done  
that. Now you're really in  
trouble.*

Sunny realizes her lip is cut, and spits blood.

Wallace approaches.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

*I'm serious. I'd be scared if I  
were you.*

This causes Wallace to abruptly pause. He wheezes out an awful, throaty chuckle -- a guttural clucking sound that builds into a full-bodied, hacking cackle.

Sunny rolls her eyes at the cartoon extravagance of it.

WALLACE

*If youuu werre meeeeee?*

SUNNY

*That's so annoying you stopped the  
song before the end. Why does  
everyone always do that?*

Sunny spits another mouthful of blood onto the floor.

WALLACE

*(mocking)*

*Whyyy would I beee s-s-scared of  
youuuu?*

Wallace steps closer cautiously. Sunny scowls up at him.

SUNNY

For one, because I'm not scared of  
you...

Wallace scoffs.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

...and you seem to need that to  
get off.

(gestures to IV/TV)

But, two, 'cause you tossed my  
fr--

WALLACE

You'rrre uselesss. You'rrre  
nooothering. Youuu shoould've  
dooone uss alll aa faavor  
and killed yoouurself.

SUNNY

(incredulous)  
Hey, dude I wa--

WALLACE

No, ddooon't taalk, sweetie.  
Jussst lissten, 'cause I'm  
heelping you nooow. Okaa--

SUNNY

(snapping her fingers)

No. No. No. Hey, shut the fuck up.

Wallace, shocked, pauses his speech.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

I don't need your help.

(beat)

Because what I was trying to say  
is that you tossed my *friend*,  
Betty Badfellow...

(points past Wallace)

...right by your power cable...

Wallace spins to see a trail of blood on the floor leading to  
Betty, who's sitting up against the wall next to the IV/TV.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

...and you can't kill a figment of  
my imagination.

Betty holds the TV's frayed cable in her claws. She smiles.

BETTY BADFELLOW

Yeah, dipshit.



SUNNY

What happens if she cuts the power  
before I die in the nightmare?

Wallace whips back to Sunny, his face contorted in anger.

WALLACE

*Youuu'd beee the fiiirst.*

SUNNY

I wake up, right? Alive.

WALLACE

*I'll beee backk on the aair  
toooooomorrow.*

SUNNY

Even if, say, I just delete  
everyone who subscribes to your  
channel?

WALLACE

*Youuu alllready triiied. Youu  
dooon't haave the pooower.*

SUNNY

*NnnNt!* Wrong. I didn't have the  
power. But then I took it.

Sunny holds up Zach's I.D. badge, wiggling it.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

So, if no one watches you anymore,  
who you gonna feed off of?

Wallace's eyes widen in fear. Betty opens her jaws and pops the  
cable between her jagged teeth.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

I guess you're just gonna have to  
eat shit and die.

Betty chomps down.

*Bzzzt!* Smoke and sparks explode from the punctured cable,  
glowing bright white. Betty's body jolts stiff from the  
current.

WALLACE

*Aaaaaaaagck!*

Black goo spurts from Wallace's mouth, and he buckles to the  
floor in pain.

The crushed Bluetooth speaker on the floor glows red, then--

*BUM! BUM! BUM!* The snare hits from "**Tears**" bring back the final chorus of the song. Betty sings along.

BETTY BADFELLOW  
*Someday, I'll be lookin' down from  
the big stage.*

Electricity lights up the smoke leaking from Betty's jaw. The heat causes her glass eyes to pop and her face to ignite, but she keeps singing.

BETTY BADFELLOW (CONT'D)  
*Forget all about the heartbreak.*

Sunny wells up, watching her terrible friend sacrifice herself.

*POP!* A shower of sparks sprays from the cable connected to the TV grid. All the screens go black.

**EXT. SURF 'N SATELLITE - NIGHT**

Outside on the lawn, the enormous satellite powers down, the dish tilting downwards as the power drains.

**INT. SURF 'N SATELLITE - NIGHT**

Betty's head goes limp, tilting down like the satellite, to rest on her chest.

A tear streams down Sunny's cheek, and she quietly takes over for Betty, finishing the song.

SUNNY  
*Look what I've made with my tears.*

Sunny wipes the tear away.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
I love you, Betty.

Wallace gurgles, summoning his last bit of strength to stand. He raises his leaky head to glare at Sunny, and snorts.

Unfazed, Sunny tucks Zach's badge into her pocket and flashes him a big, cheerful, smile. Wallace boils over, yowling out as he lunges forward, hands outstretched.

Sunny sits calmly -- eyes straight ahead -- and just before Wallace's black fingers reach Sunny's throat...

...the song ends.

INT. SURF 'N SATELLITE - LATER

SHHHHHH!

Sunny jolts upright in front of the staticky TV grid, gasping for breath. She's back on the folding table, the broadcast needle sticking out of her eye. She's alone.

The pain floods in and Sunny whimpers, trying not to panic. She takes a few rapid breaths and raises a shaky hand to her pierced eye.

Sunny carefully wraps her fingers around the needle. She takes a deep breath in, holds, then yanks--

*Click.* Sunny's bloody hand flips the switch on the wall, and the main overhead lights kick on, revealing the wrecked call center.

With one hand over her wounded eye, Sunny surveys the damage.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

With her free hand, Sunny raises the chewed cable attached to the abandoned IV/TV.

She examines it with pride.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Betty really did it.

Sunny spots something else on the floor in the distance. She shuffles over to the object and carefully bends. After a pained grunt, she raises back up -- with Gabe's sunglasses.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Gabe?

She waits, searching her surroundings. No one responds.

*BAM!* The back door blasts open, startling Sunny. She whips around to see Will, standing at the threshold, holding a wooden baseball bat in the ready-to-kill position.

SUNNY

Dad?

Nora pushes past Will in full mama-bear mode.

NORA

Sunny?!

SUNNY

Mom?!

Sunny can't believe it.

NORA  
SUNNY!

Nora runs to her daughter. Will follows, only steps behind, covering the rear.

Nora crashes into Sunny, wrapping her in a tearful embrace.

NORA  
(crying)  
My baby. My baby. My baby.

Sunny lowers her palm from her wounded eye and puts on Gabe's sunglasses, freeing her hands to hug her mom back. Will approaches, still ready with the baseball bat.

WILL  
You okay, Sun? You safe?

SUNNY  
Yeah. Well... I'm probably gonna get fired.

Nora pulls her head away from Sunny's chest, teary eyes racoon'ed with mascara. She lifts Sunny's sunglasses.

NORA  
Look what they did to my sunshine!  
I'm so sorry I didn't believe you.

Nora collapses back into Sunny's chest and cries harder.

SUNNY  
(scoffs)  
Oh my god, mom.

Will stares at his daughter's wounds. Sunny notices.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
It's okay, Pops. You should see the other guy.

WILL  
You get him?

Sunny smirks.

SUNNY  
Too bad, so sad, have a lifey day.

Will relaxes and lowers the bat.

*Squeak. Squeak. Squeak.* The wheels on an office chair complain as they roll.

*Squeak. Squeak. Squeak.* Will leads the way out of the center, with Nora close behind, pushing Sunny in the chair.

SUNNY

*Shit! Wait.*

*Squeak. Squ--* Sunny leaps up from the chair and hobbles away.

NORA

What is it?

SUNNY (O.S.)

Just a sec!

Sunny limps over to the glow of her computer monitor.

Her employee profile is still up on the screen, as is the error message: ACCESS DENIED.

Sunny reaches into her pocket and -- pulls out Zach's work badge. She shakes her head.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Unbelievable.

Sunny touches the badge to the reader on her desk. *Ding!*

ACCESS DENIED disappears, revealing the popup window: ALL ACCOUNTS SELECTED. UNSUBSCRIBE / CANCEL

Sunny gingerly bends to reach the mouse on her desk.

The voices in her head begin again:

VOICES (V.O.)

*You're useless. You should kill yourself. Are you stupid? Kill yourself. Why won't you try harder? You're such a burden. You should just kill yourself. Kill yours--*

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Cowabunga.

Sunny clicks UNSUBSCRIBE. The voices go silent.

ALL ACCOUNTS SUCCESSFULLY UNSUBSCRIBED.

Sunny sighs in relief.

NORA (O.S.)

*Psst?! Sunny! Can we go now?*

SUNNY  
Yeah, coming!

The thumping beat from "**Lullaby**" by **Mothica** cues as Sunny glides the cursor over to: LOG OUT

MOTHICA (V.O.)  
*If I keep singing to myself, like  
it's the only thing that helps, a  
lullaby nobody knows...*

Eyes closed, Sunny takes a deep breath.

SUNNY  
Three, two, one...

Eyes open. *Click.*

MOTHICA (V.O.)  
*...and it goes...*

CUT TO BLACK.

CREDITS ROLL

GRACE  
*Hi, movie viewers! Grace, here.  
Apologies for ghostin', let's be  
clear!*  
*But now this ghost is yer  
hostess, buzzin' on the track like  
a locust, six feet from the dirt  
with that worm for your ear.*  
*So, did you make it this  
far? See Sunny dream and take the  
steam out of Mark Dark's malarkey?  
Or did you fall asleep? If  
so, let's review these things:*  
*The TV Man streamed  
Bobby's death rattle. The Spirit  
of John hopped back in the saddle,  
droppin' kids like classes; shots  
in the hall zippin' past, 'cause  
he's fast on the draw, got that  
lead for the masses.*  
*But then there was Betty,  
a bad bedfellow all action-ready  
for her friend; claws steady in  
the make-pretend.*  
*Now, have a good  
nightmare...*

**THE END**