

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

EXT. BACK PATIO - AFTERNOON

A group of middle-aged parents holding beer or wine and their unruly children surround KATIE (12) who wears a party hat beside big balloon letters "12". Beside her is her father, FRANK (late 40s).

PARENT
Open it Katie!

She tears open a present, holding up a little doll. People cheer and clap. Frank looks proudly towards Katie, receiving happy looks from other parents.

PARENT (CONT'D)
Next one!

Katie opens another present, slowly revealing a purple Furby. Frank's smile turns to anxious worrying as the sounds of the party fade. Out of focus, KENNY walks up to Frank.

KENNY
(muffled)
Frank! You like the gift? Frank?
Frank?

Frank snaps out of it, seeing Kenny.

FRANK
Huh?

KENNY
Do you like my gift Frank?

Frank looks at Kenny like he's covered in his daughter's blood.

KENNY (CONT'D)
The furby. My little Emily loved hers when she got one, so I thought Katie would too-

Frank socks Kenny in the jaw, knocking him down. He gets on the floor and throws another punch. Chelsea runs up to him.

CHELSEA
Frank! Frank stop it!

He looks around, everyone is watching him. He runs inside.
Chelsea tends to Kenny.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

After the party, when everyone's left, Frank sits on the sits
on the couch inside. Chelsea walks in from outside.

CHELSEA
Now what in the absolute FUCK,
Frank?

FRANK
I don't want Katie keeping that
thing, Chelsea.

CHELSEA
What? This is about a doll?

FRANK
The furby. I don't like it.

CHELSEA
You can't punch your brother-in-law
over a FURBY, Frank! You nearly
broke his nose!

FRANK
She is not keeping that... thing!

CHELSEA
She likes him!

FRANK
My daughter is not keeping that
thing!

He storms out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. KATIE'S ROOM - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING

Frank walks in, putting on a calm facade for his daughter.

FRANK
Katie, I'm going to take your
furby, okay?

KATIE
What?

FRANK
It's... not safe, hon. I'm sorry.

He grabs the furby and leaves.

EXT. BACK PATIO - EVENING

Frank dumps the Furby in the trash and walks back inside.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank lies awake in his bed, flashes of Furbies playing in his mind. He stands up and walks into the bathroom. A lightning strike outside illuminates the furby sitting on the counter.

FRANK
Ah!

CHELSEA
(sleepy)
Frank?

FRANK
I'm alright, Hon! Go back to bed!

Frank stares at the furby, before rushing out of his room, grabbing a jacket on the way out.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Frank sits at a bar, damp hair and wet jacket. As he finishes his drink, he taps the bar.

SHELLY
Hey, Frank! Happy birthday to your
little girl!

The bartender, SHELLY, refills his drink.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
How old's she turnin' now?

FRANK

Nine.

SHELLY

Ohhh, that's a good age. It feels like a million years ago, but when my Sarah was nine...

(Sinister high-pitched voice)

...I took over the world.

Frank looks up, horrified to see a giant furby pouring his drink.

FRANK

JESUS!

Frank stumbles onto the ground, screaming.

SHELLY

(Running from behind the bar)

Frank... Frank what are you doing? Are you alright?

Frank, snapping out of it, looks up to see Shelly.

FRANK

(Standing back up)

Yeah. Fine. Just... another drink.

Shelly gets back behind the bar.

SHELLY

What's got you like this, Frank?

FRANK

You ever have this... this feeling that something isn't right? Not a general "something" like... something. That an object just isn't... isn't right. Something that just pollutes, and corrupts, and... is just. Evil.

SHELLY

No, Frank. I can't say that I have.

FRANK

I cant escape it. Everywhere I go, it's there with me. It follows me. No, it- it haunts me, Shelly. It haunts and lurks in every corner and every shadow.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

I don't know how to get rid of it.
I've turned into someone I don't
recognize.

SHELLY

When something bothers me- like, a
general something- I try to fix it.
Whether I learn to live with it or
get rid of it. Sometimes I can cut
it off at the source, and it goes
away. When my ex-husband Ron-

FRANK

Get rid of it at the source?

SHELLY

Yeah. Just stop it before it was
ever born.

FRANK

Thank you, Shelly! Put it on my
tab.

Frank runs out of the bar.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

Frank gets in his car, turns it on and adjusts the mirror. He
sees a Furby in the rearview, lit by lightning.

FRANK

NO! I'm getting rid of you! Once
and for all!

He hits the gas and reverses quickly out of the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Frank pulls into a parking spot half-hazardly and runs into a
large office building.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Frank uses his Keycard to enter a room that holds a large
metal contraction. He flips a couple of switches and the
lights come on, revealing a large array of cables and wires.

FRANK

Dave... Hampton. Child.

The circle illuminates in a swirl before taking form of a port-a-potty. The door swings open, showing a bright light, and Frank slowly walks through.

INT. BEDROOM - 1950

Frank appears in a bedroom, He looks around seeing teenage decorations all over the place. At a desk in the corner is DAVE HAMPTON, 15, drawing.

FRANK
Dave Hampton.

Dave, startled, jumps out of his chair with a scream.

DAVE
Who are you?

FRANK
My name is Frank Gutierrez.

DAVE
What are you doing in my room?

FRANK
On this night, your whole life changed. Tell me, what are you drawing?

Dave looks at his desk.

DAVE
I... I can't tell you.

FRANK
(Raising his gun)
TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE DRAWING.

DAVE
(crying)
ITS CALLED A FURBY! It's just a...
a doll. For kids!

FRANK
That thing should never have
existed.

DAVE
PLEASE I'M SORRY!

Frank looks defeated. He's too late.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Please don't hurt me!

FRANK
I'm afraid there's no other option.

Frank pulls the trigger off screen.

I/E. VARIOUS FLASHES

Flashes of old historical events changing. The presidents change, the Cuban missile crisis changes, etc. The world explodes.

INT. 1960'S BED ROOM - SAME TIME

Frank walks back through the port-a-potty.

EXT. WASTELAND - PRESENT DAY

Frank walks out of the port-a-potty to see a world gone to ruin. He steps out and looks around. Buildings are destroyed, fire is everywhere, and massive trucks run through the desolate wasteland.

FRANK
No! NO!

He turns to a camp fire with people huddled in blankets. He runs over and grabs one's shoulder.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Please! Where am I?

The person in the blanket turns around to reveal a punk rock-looking apocalyptic raider.

RAIDER
YOU'RE IN MY WORLD NOW, BUDDY!

Frank, startled turns to the port-a-potty, which is quickly run over by a truck. Frank turns back and holds his gun out, threatening the now-growing group of raiders.

FRANK
GET BACK! ALL OF YOU!

The raiders slowly step back.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Now. Where. Am. I.

RAIDER
Akron! Ohio!

Frank's eyes widen. He takes off into a sprint behind him.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Frank runs down an empty street with disheveled houses around him. He turns toward his own broken-down house.

FRANK
Chelsea!? Katie?!

He sprints inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK

He frantically looks around his house before noticing two skeletons, the size of his family, on the other side of the couch.

FRANK
No. No no no NO NO NO!

He holds the skeletons in his hands.

FRANK (CONT'D)
NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Frank cries.

FADE TO BLACK.