

SCRIPT TITLE

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"* DREAM WEDDING - HORROR SHOW *"

Written by

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ADVISORY: The following screen play, "DREAM WEDDING", captures the dreams and disappointments of a trusting virgin bride in Peachland... a picturesque small town controlled by Reverend Robaire's Cult, whose rules he trusts.

FADE IN - EXT - PEACHLAND, A PAINTED PICTURE OF AN AMERICAN SMALL TOWN... FROM 2020 OR 1920, SUMMER

MUSICAL BED: LOUIS ARMSTRONG'S "WONDERFUL WORLD"

Billboards shout the "WORD" from Reverend Robaire's larger-than-life image on every corner. The camera lands on a recently-built single-steepled church trumpeting the Reverend, and... Sandy Foster's wedding.

EXT - LOADING DOCK OF BRICK BUILDING ATTACHED TO THE CHURCH.

Workers load a highly styled, refrigerated pearl Cadillac SUV with sealed medical pouches, then leaves.

EXT - CHURCH'S FRONT DOOR, DAY

Guests arrive for the wedding... Louis Armstrong's "Wonderful World" plays over the opening credits... except for the title. Once the church is almost full, the limo pulls up. Behind it, the wedding party arrives in three relatively new, high end sedans... the fourth car is an orange and tan 1934 Packard Sports Convertible. Sandy gets out of the limo and as they go into the church, the "Dream Wedding" title floats on the screen.

REV SHOT - OF CHURCH LOOKING OUT AS THEY ENTER

INT - CHURCH - FROM FRONT DOOR, SAME TIME

The inside of the church is dominated by a huge cross covering the entire front wall above the altar.

As soon as they're inside, the music changes to THE WEDDING MARCH, and the Words "Horror Show" crash onto the screen. Strangely, the change in music doesn't seem to effect the congregation... an odd collection of wedding guests... many more women than men. Almost all the women are under 30, and the vast majority wear small translucent Cross necklaces. The older women, and all of the men don't have any neck wear.

Quietly, and unnoticed, a man well into his 60s, dressed completely in black, slips in the door and slides into a dark corner at the back of the church. Hidden in the shadows, it's hard to see his features clearly, but he appears to be well-dressed and may be a man of the cloth.

Reverend Robaire, Peachland's spiritual CULT leader, presides.

When the Wedding March starts, it grows more addictive as Sandy and her party move down the aisle to greet her husband to be... her first Dream.

CROSSED LADY GUEST 1
Sandy looks so lovely...

CROSSED LADY GUEST 2
She'll be one of us soon.

The procession reaches the designated spot and the ceremony begins... the Wedding March stops, the music eases into seduction-for-success.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
(to CROSSED Ladies)
Friends... let us commune.

As Reverend Robaire speaks in his slow, melodic tone, a shining shadow from the giant Cross inches forward until it only touches Reverend Robaire and Sandy.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Let us pause for a moment of
reflection... a moment to reaffirm.

The CROSSED Ladies smile contentedly... vacantly as their CROSSES glow warmly reflecting on the Reverend's WORDS.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Now that you all have the true
meaning of our WORD... it's promise
and the rewards we have given you.
(opening his arms to the
CROSSED Ladies... and
then to Sandy)
You will soon know this joy. The
joy of Devotion.

CROSSED LADIES
Praise to the Word... Devotion.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
Devotion... the key to OUR
marriage... the cornerstone to live
by. And when we are married, you
must put Devotion first... without
Devotion your life rests on sand.
But with Devotion, we will be on
solid ground. Do you understand?
(Sandy under the spell of
his voice, and Words.)

SANDY

I do.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

Will you obey?

SANDY

I will.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

Good, consider what all these mean
to us.

TWO SHOT - KEVIN AND HOWARD (BEST MAN)

Kevin is puzzled... expecting to be asked too, but Howard
grabs his arm to reassure him.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D)

With Devotion, good things will
come from this marriage...
children. And children bred from
this union will be whole and
pure... our hope for the future...
OUR future... a future controlled
through our children. Marriage
without Devotion is shiftless... a
marriage without OUR children is
empty... it is a tax on our
resources... it contributes
nothing... it is selfish. It is
without Devotion.

CROSSED LADIES

(feverishly)

Children! Devotion!! Together!

Reverend Robaire has really warmed to his subject, but still
has to temper his remarks to avoid turning the wedding into a
revival meeting. To help the audience capture the moment and
the thrust of his Words, 'flash-forward' images of the hopes
and dreams of what marriage can be... a home, kids, times
together reinforce Reverend Robaire's words... especially
the parts about children. In the 'flash-forwards', all the
little children bear a striking resemblance to each other...
as if they had been packaged on an assembly line from a
single seed.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

Remember Sandy, while your marriage
may have come as a result of your
love for...

(checks his notes)

(MORE)

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D)
...Kevin, its true meaning only
comes from your pledges of Devotion
and OUR child seeds.

FLOCK
Devotion.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
(turning to Kevin)
And as for you... sacrifice must be
a part of marriage, and your
marriage without sacrifice would be
hollow. Do you understand?

KEVIN
(not too sure, but goes
along for Sandy's
benefit)
I do.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
And will you obey?

KEVIN
(looking at Sandy)
I will.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
(to both of them)
Give me your hands...

(Reverend Robaire offers her his left hand, which she takes
in her left hand. Reverend Robaire takes Kevin's left hand
and puts it under his and Sandy's tightly clasped hands.)

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
By my power, OUR marriage is
complete.

Allan gives the wedding ring to Kevin. Reverend Robaire takes
it and places it on Sandy's finger, giving her a small look
and a long kiss as he does.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
(to Kevin)
You may kiss the bride.

The couple kiss very briefly.

KEVIN
Hi Mrs. Maxwell... I love you.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
 (commanding the moment)
 Now we must finalize the deed.
 Come with me.

As the Bride, Groom and the wedding party follow Reverend Robaire to the registry, the lit shadow from the giant Cross stays on the Reverend and Sandy... nobody else is touched.

INT - REGISTRY - APPROXIMATELY 2:20 PM

In the small, dark room, Reverend Robaire sits in a throne-like chair behind a short, desk-like table. The table is so low compared to where the Reverend sits that people using it are forced into a submissive position.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
 (continuing in his sweet
 controlling tone)
 That's right... good... now you
 over here, Sandy.

Arranging the four of them in front of him so Sandy again faces him and is closest.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 I know you aren't from Peachland,
 Kevin, and our ways may seem a
 little different to you...

Waits for Kevin to acknowledge, but Robaire's gaze shifts to Kevin's sexy sister Anne... getting her to move right in front of him.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D)
 But we've found they serve us
 well... so if you'll sign the book
 here for the authorities.

(sliding in another paper
 for Kevin to sign)

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Now here too, if you will....

KEVIN
 What is it?

REVEREND ROBAIRE
 Nothing... just our consent form.

KEVIN
 Consent? For what?

REVEREND ROBAIRE
 Didn't Sandy tell you... it's just
 like we said, our special way of
 doing things. Sign please.

Kevin signs without any more fuss, so Reverend Robaire turns
 his attention to Sandy.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D)
 Now my dear, it's OUR turn.
 (taking a translucent
 Cross out of a felt box)
 Come here my dear.

Sandy has to move right in front of him, while Robaire stays
 seated. She is in a very submissive position, with her body
 and knees bent, facing the Reverend's crotch.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Now repeat after me... with this
 Cross and chain...

(Begins placing the Cross around her neck)

SANDY
 With this Cross and chain...

REVEREND ROBAIRE
 I signify my Devotion...

SANDY
 I signify my Devotion...

REVEREND ROBAIRE
 ...to our church, our WORD, and to
 the life of your marriage in our
 service.

SANDY
 ... to your church

REVEREND ROBAIRE
 (cutting her off)
 No, no, remember now... our church

SANDY
 ...to your church, your WORD, and
 to the life of our marriage in your
 service.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
 The marriage is now complete, OUR
 blessings to you all, and may our
 WORD direct you.

(eyes Sandy, then Anne, and back to Sandy)

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Let us receive their good wishes.

INT - THE CHURCH 2:35 PM

Reverend Robaire leads the wedding party triumphantly out of the church to the tune of a victory march... a victory for Reverend Robaire, his Cross, his church and his rules instead of a happy marriage of two young people with a future of choices of their own. The man in black pulls himself into the shadows as the wedding leaves.

EXT - THE CHURCH LAWN 2:40 PM

The trappings of a happy summer wedding burst out of the church and flow over and around Kevin and Sandy... photographers), kids running, greetings, kisses, hand shakes. The Cross Ladies gather around Sandy and Reverend Robaire... pushing Kevin out of the picture.

CROSS LADY 2
Sandy... welcome.

CROSS LADY 1
You're going to love it.

CROSS LADY 2
And the baby... you're really going to love the baby. What kind do you want?

SANDY
Kevin and I haven't really talked...

CROSSED LADY 1
No need... you know she doesn't decide that ... tonight does.

Sandy isn't shocked at their ramblings even though it's obvious from her great figure that there is no way she's even one second pregnant... now.

SANDY
What's it like?

CROSSED LADY 1
Well, it's sort of...

SANDY

(more excited)

Yes! I've heard a bit, and guessed some, but what's it really like? What happens? How does it feel?

CROSSED LADY 2

It's kind of hard until you've had it, but it's...

REVEREND ROBBAIRE

(interrupting forcefully)

Now, now! We don't want to spoil things, do we? Remember, anticipation heightens the experience... increased faith... greater Devotion.

SANDY

Surely you know Reverend, couldn't you guide me just a little so I'll know the way.

REVEREND ROBBAIRE

All in good time. As you promised... your faithfulness, your love, your children all rise out of your Devotion to our Word.

SANDY

Yes Reverend.

REVEREND ROBBAIRE

Do you believe? You must believe.

SANDY

Yes... of course.

CUT TO KEVIN AND HOWARD WELL OFF TO THE SIDE

HOWARD

You were all right... breezed right through.

KEVIN

Well it wasn't the horror show of some weddings I've sat through.

HOWARD

The hour and a half jobs.

KEVIN

Some sort of local tradition.

HOWARD

Oh yeh... she's from Peachland.

KEVIN

Met her a couple of years ago when
the team was heading for a
tournament.

(remembering)

Stopped for a drink... and there
she was.

CUT TO THE GROUP AROUND THE REVEREND

Reverend Robaire casts a more than passing eye on Anne, who
is close to him in the swarm around Sandy.

ANNE

(aware of Robaire's
stare)

Unusual service Reverend. Where
did you find it?

REVEREND ROBAIRE

Thank you, my child. We don't find
things... they are sent to us.

ANNE

(wryly interested)

Really... on a bolt of lightning?

REVEREND ROBAIRE

(more attracted to her)

More correctly on a shaft of
light... through the Cross... on a
tide suited to our needs.

ANNE

(she doesn't believe a
Word he says)

Sort of like surfing.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

(annoyed... catching
himself)

A different perspective. Not
appropriate to our ministry.

(sees Janice nearby, and turns to her realizing Anne's a
bigger challenge... and prize than he imagined)

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Excuse me... church business,
 perhaps we can continue our talk
 later.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D)
 (to Janice... demanding)
 Come with me my dear.

Janice is busy congratulating Sandy. She's happy in the
 moment and doesn't really want to go with Robaire right now.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 It'll only take a minute.
 (leads Janice away)

BACK TO KEVIN

KEVIN
 I've got to find my 'wife'.
 (begins to move off)
 Got to get some pictures.

ON THE GROUP AROUND SANDY, KEVIN MOVING INTO IT NOW THAT IT'S
 SMALLER... IN THE BACKGROUND, THE SIGN IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH
 ANNOUNCES SERVICE TIMES, AND 'GUIDANCE SESSIONS' AT 8:00 PM
 EVERY WEDNESDAY.

KEVIN
 Ah, there you are
 (kisses her softly)
 I thought I'd lost you.

CROSSED LADY 1
 She won't be lost... it'll be you.
 (she's suddenly stopped by
 a blast in the ribs from
 the one next to her)

JABBER
 He's not from here.

SANDY
 No, Kevin's from the Coast.

KEVIN
 (into Sandy's ear)
 Let's get the pictures.

SANDY
 Two minutes...

CUT TO DOORWAY ON THE SIDE OF THE CHURCH - JANICE AND
REVEREND ROBAIRE

JANICE
(upset)
No... it's too soon.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
(consoling... very firmly)
Janice.

JANICE
(almost crying)
It's too soon.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
Be strong... above all Devotion.

JANICE
(crying now)
Not now... I don't want to...

REVEREND ROBAIRE
(very firm)
Janice! It's the law. It's the
same for all... no exceptions.

Janice just looks up at him, gently sobbing... nods in sheep-
like agreement.

VIEW FROM FRONT OF THE CHURCH - A LITTLE LATER

Anne talks with Kevin and Sandy. Janice stands trance-like
while Howard has a casual word with others.

ANNE
(to Sandy)
Relaxed?

SANDY
Yeh... now.

HOWARD
(approaching Kevin)
You good?

KEVIN
Sure.
(to Sandy)
Ready?

SANDY
Yeh... let's go.

Howard nods to Kevin at Sandy's Words, and moves off to get Janice. Right after he's helped Janice into the orange Packard, a bird shits on the hood.

HOWARD

God damn.

KEVIN

(noticing problem)

Supposed to be good luck.

HOWARD

Yeh for you... it's on the car.

Howard gets a rag from under the seat to wipe up the shit.

KEVIN

Use your sleeve.

ANNE

(to Kevin, noticing the car)

What is that?

KEVIN

'34 Packard.

SANDY

Howard restored it from scratch.

ANNE

It's beautiful.

Kevin and Sandy, hand in hand wave to the crowd.

INT - RECEPTION HALL ABOUT 9:00 PM

A small town party room decorated to disguise its rustic character. A local rock band plays from a stage across the room from the head table. Dinner is over and the tables have been cleared and moved to the sides to allow dancing. As the scene develops, seated conversation gives way to vertical drinking, conversation and eventually dancing. Sandy and Kevin have the first dance by themselves. Their eyes are filled with each other... with visions and DREAMS of what could be in their future, until...

KEVIN

I'm going to make you so happy.

SANDY

I know... you said you'd try.

KEVIN
 More than try...
 (squeezes her, then
 kisses her passionately)

SANDY
 I've heard so much...
 what it's really like.

KEVIN
 More of this.

Kevin and Sandy dissolve into each other's eyes again... eyes filled with each other and images of a wonderful life. Suddenly, the spell of their dreams is broken when the Reverend's hand drops on Kevin's shoulder.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
 May I...

KEVIN
 (not too pleased)
 ...ah, oh sure...
 (into Sandy's eyes)
 ...we've got forever.

Sandy and Kevin reluctantly part... while the Reverend puts his charm in high gear.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
 Radiant, simply radiant....

SANDY
 Thank you Reverend. Kevin says...

REVEREND ROBAIRE
 (his finger to her lips)
 This is going to be the first great
 night of your life.

As Sandy and the Reverend dance, very intimately for a new bride and the man who just performed her marriage, the camera captures the festive atmosphere of the party... festive except for the man in black watching through the window... expressionless... the face of uncertainty.

REVERSE SHOT

Through the window, the party is in full flight... Janice stumbles in from outside. Sandy and the Reverend are still dancing. Kevin has a drink and is talking to a number of guests, accepting their congratulations. Everything looks as it should until a few minutes after nine o'clock when Sandy's dance with the Reverend ends.

Reverend Robaire checks his watch, noting the time, and nods to Crossed Ladies 1 and 2... who approach Sandy explaining something as they move off toward the ladies' room.

THREE SHOT - KEVIN AND TWO GUESTS

KEVIN
Thanks for coming.

GUESTS
Oh... thank you, great wedding.

Janice, appearing to be drunk, bumps in between Kevin and the guests.

JANICE
'scuse me...we've got to talk.

KEVIN
(amused)
Having a good time?

JANICE
(drinking and spilling)
Shshseriously
(pulling at Kevin's arm)
You've got to...
(despite the booze, her
eyes are full of fear)

KEVIN
(helping her to a chair)
Give me a minute...

JANICE
S'no time. C'mm here, I've got to
tell you.

Kevin winks at the guests... moves to the side with Janice.

GUESTS
It's OK, Kevin... you're in demand!

The guests move off as Janice drags Kevin to a quiet corner.

KEVIN
Wait... I need a pop...

JANICE
S'no time.

Kevin doesn't listen, and heads for the bar anyway.

Janice pulls at her brightly glowing Cross.

KEVIN
(not noticing her fear)
It's early.

JANICE
'Sss not... look.
(pointing at the large
wall clock... 9:11)
You've only got a few minutes...
(her Cross smolders)

KEVIN
(humoring her)
Stop what... we're not leaving yet.

JANICE
(frustrated and fearful)
No... only a few minutes... SEE!

Her Cross is so angry, it hurts her to talk.

KEVIN
Maybe you should sit down... I'll
get you some coffee.

JANICE
(slurred and scared)
NO... you've got to stop...

KEVIN
(interrupting, consoling,
and moving away)
Just sit here.

JANICE
(sobbing)
No... don't go! You've got to stop
it... Nooo.

Her last Words are garbled as her Cross has become very hot
and bright, pulsing angrily, and tight around her neck.

CUT TO - DOOR TO .LADIES WASHROOM - UNDERTAKER'S GONG SOUNDS

Sandy and the Crossed Ladies are about to go in. One of them
motions to another to guard the door.

INSIDE THE LADIES ROOM

The three of them come in, not speaking as they wait for another guest to leave. Crossed Lady 2 checks for feet in the stalls.

CROSSED LADY 1
Sandy, remember you asked...

CROSSED LADY 2
(finished looking)
All clear.

CROSSED LADY 1
(continuing)
...about marriage?

SANDY
(excited and expectant)
Yes...

CROSSED LADY 2
(excited too)
Isn't this great... we've never
been on this side before.

CROSSED LADY 1
Shh, we're only here to help.

CROSSED LADY 2
Yes, but...

SANDY
What's going to happen? Please
tell me.

CROSSED LADY 1
(to Crossed Lady 2)
Watch the door.

Crossed Lady 2 moves to the door, and catches it just as it's about to open.

CROSSED LADY 2
(to whomever wants in)
Busy.

CROSSED LADY 1
Quick, come over here.

SANDY
(full of anticipation)
Please tell me.

Crossed Lady 2 moves from the door to stand in a line by the wall with Sandy between her and Crossed Lady 1.

CROSSED LADY 2
Soon, you will be fulfilled.

CROSSED LADY 1
Your Devotion will be satisfied.
Here. Put these on.

She hands Sandy a pair of weird-looking stainless steel bracelets with inch-long knobs on each of them. Sandy looks a bit puzzled, but is overcome with the thrill of anticipation... that the mysteries of married life will be revealed to her by two married women so that she will satisfy her new husband in a happy marriage.

CROSSED LADY 2
And these...

She hands Sandy two steel anklets similar to the bracelets... with additional restraints. Sandy struggles with the devices, but eventually gets them on... ready to be strapped down and plugged in.

CROSSED LADY 1
We'd help, but you must enter
Devotion freely.

BOTH LADIES
You are about to be fulfilled.

INT - THE SATIN LOUNGE

No sooner has the Word 'fulfilled' rolled out of their mouths, than lightening quick a wall comes down behind them sealing them off from the ladies room. At the same time, the wall in front of them disappears into the ceiling revealing THE SATIN LOUNGE, with Reverend Robaire standing beside a huge bed in the center of the seductively decorated room. At first, the Satin Lounge looks like a bachelor's playroom, except that instead of a mirror above the bed, there's a suspended electronic dildo... a stainless steel artificial insemination dildo. A large Cross on the wall behind the head of the bed casts its shadow over the bed.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
(even smoother than
before)

Welcome... Sandy. It's time for our marriage to be fulfilled. Your CROSS and mine must come together.

SANDY
 (fright begins to take
 over from anticipation)
 But, Kevin and I...

The two Crossed Ladies grab her so she won't foul up the schedule of events where she'll be the star performer. The big Cross glows warmly. Sandy's Cross glows warmly in anticipation. Two semicircular rods, like halves of a hula hoop, move toward Sandy. The round rods travel in tracks in the floor and ceiling leading to the big bed. Couplings in the rods accommodate the knobs on the securing bracelets and anklets Sandy is wearing. Surrounded and bombarded by the lights and sounds of the lab, Sandy's fear is smothered in a sea of electronic, climate-controlled seduction. Once she's fully connected to the device, her body is transported slowly to the bed. Hypnotic music increases in intensity as the fulfillment procedure develops and fills every corner of the room. Most of the enforcement comes from the big Cross on the wall, although the small Crosses around each woman's neck give off supporting tones/tunes too. Simultaneously the light levels in the room work up in intensity toward the big event. All of the sights, sounds, and senses cross breed extremely well to accomplish the final goal. At first, Sandy struggles a bit... after all, in her mind she married Kevin, not Reverend Robaire and his CULT's stainless dildo; but as the light and sound engulf her senses, she becomes a passive recipient as her dress drops to the floor. Against the red and black motif of the Lounge, her white lingerie makes her a very appealing victim. Even though she doesn't protest or resist, she's doesn't really participate either since the full effect of all the influences on her senses is to turn her into a blank target. Once she's plugged in, nearly nude, and strapped to the bed, Reverend Robaire activates the master control for the insemination equipment. The time is just after 9:17 p.m... or as near to it as the point where the hands on the clock form a straight line.

INT - RECEPTION HALL - SAME TIME

Kevin rumbles around the room... looking for Sandy... eventually coming up on the Crossed Lady guarding the door to the ladies room.

KEVIN
 Have you seen my wife?

CROSSED LADY
 Over there I think.
 (indicating the other
 side of the room)

Kevin throws a look at the ladies room door, but then his search is interrupted.

PETER

Let's get a beer... you look
thirsty, and you'll need the juice.

Kevin nods a 'why not' and moves off with his arm over Peter's shoulder as they walk toward the bar.

INT - SATIN LOUNGE - SAME TIME

REVEREND ROBAIRE

(preparing Sandy)

Now, now,... relax... trust us.

SANDY

(whatever she was
imagining, an ice-cold
dildo wasn't it)

I don't...

(looking at the metal
restraints)

My marriage.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

OUR marriage.

SANDY

(upset)

Kevin... ohhh... where are you?

Shot of Kevin and Peter drinking beer... laughing at the bar.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

Easy... remember OUR vows.

The light, sound and his WORDs take their toll... as the electronic dildo descends menacingly toward her secured body.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

The vows we made together? And the
vows your mother made for you?

SANDY

What about Kev...

REVEREND ROBAIRE

Later... now you must receive the
spirit of OUR marriage.

The dildo gets closer. Sandy makes a last convulsed protest in a stream of imagined images of what her first experience was supposed to be... a warm, personal, loving experience with Kevin. Reverend Robaire's CULT rules drown her dream.

SANDY

I don't want...

REVEREND ROBAIRE

Your mother promised you to us...
she promised we would be the first.

SANDY

No, no, I don't want...

REVEREND ROBAIRE

You must, your virginity is
promised. What is the WORD?

SANDY

(overcome by it all)
Devotion.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

And Devotion comes first above all.

SANDY

(dreamlike)
Yes.

The dildo is very close now... Reverend Robaire controls its progress and checks the control panel... especially the temperature and pressure gauges for the CULT injection juice.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

And from your Devotion...

SANDY

Come our children.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

Our children... children produced
through your faithfulness to our
Devotion.

SANDY AND CROSSED LADIES

Faithfulness, children, Devotion.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

Do you believe?

SANDY

I believe... ooohhhh.
(whimpers softly)

As the dildo does its one-stroke deed, the light and sound in the room turn a colder shade of pale as if the warmth and dreams of the love and promise of her marriage to Kevin had been killed by the single stroke of the electronic dick.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
And what is the Word?

SANDY
Devotion.

CUT TO RECEPTION

Janice is still very upset, Kevin and Howard approach.

JANICE
(seeing them)
Did you stop it?
(seeing clock)
No... you didn't. Ohhh...
(cries harder)

KEVIN
What's she talking about?

Janice keeps fumbling with her Cross... it's still very tight around her neck.

HOWARD
Search me?

JANICE
My friend....

The two men haven't a clue what she's talking about. Another guest comes by to see what's wrong.

GUEST
Can I help? Howard?

Howard doesn't know what's wrong with his wife.

KEVIN
Maybe some coffee. Could you?...

GUEST
Sure.

The guest moves off for the unneeded and unwanted coffee, while Janice begins to put a lid on her sorrow and starts to get her mind together.

JANICE

I'm sorry, I should have told you
sooner.

KEVIN

(he still thinks she just
drank too much)
Don't worry. You can tell me
later.

JANICE

(sadly)
It doesn't matter now.

CUT TO THE SATIN
LOUNGE

Reverend Robaire and his machine have finished the job, and Sandy is being helped back into her clothes by the Crossed Ladies. Reverend Robaire looks smugly satisfied with his work. Once Sandy has been put back together, the ladies walk to the wall that moves and are lost to sight as the walls rearrange themselves. Reverend Robaire leaves the Satin Lounge via a side door. Just after the door closes behind him, the Cross on the wall, which had gone to rest, begins to pulse unevenly... grating, hateful sounds spew out of it in ever greater intensity.

CUT TO - THE RECEPTION

Janice has calmed down... Kevin and Howard can relax.

REV SHOT - THE LADIES ROOM DOOR

Sandy and the two Crossed Ladies return to the party. The ladies move into the crowd. Sandy spots Kevin, but when she joins him, the look of love that had been in her eyes has been replaced by the vacant look of a programmed, seeded Flocker.

JANICE

(seeing Sandy and the
look... screams.. points)
AAIIIEEE....

HOWARD

Now what?

Sandy floats into the group, Kevin embraces her, but she's vacant. Her Cross glows warmly... satisfied with its CULT seed plant.

KEVIN

Missed you... don't stay away so long.

SANDY

(smiling benignly)

I'm fine... everything's fine.

JANICE

Don't believe her... look...

(pointing to the Cross
and the dark area
underneath it)

It's happened... she's a Flocker.

The rest of the group, especially Kevin, are puzzled. Janice's Cross begins to act angrily again and forces her to stop her exposé. Kevin still treats her comments as the ramblings of a drunk.

KEVIN

Let's dance.

SANDY

(totally spaced)

Fine.

They move off to dance with some of the other guests. The dance is a relaxing love-song, well-suited to Sandy's state-of-mind, and goes on long enough to let everyone catch their breaths. As the dance ends, the camera picks up Janice and Howard in some sort of less than relaxed discussion.

SLOW ZOOM INTO JANICE

She keeps yanking at the Cross around her neck... and sticking it into her drink when it starts to glow and tighten around her neck.

JANICE

(serious)

I'm not drunk... the booze screws this thing up.

HOWARD

You're weird.

JANICE

I'm trying to save you... us.

She moves to embrace her husband affectionately and succeeds until the Cross dries and the booze loses its influence.

When the Cross gets too hot and tight around her neck, she has to pull away and dunk it again.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Damn this thing... why'd we stay?

HOWARD

I thought you liked it here.

JANICE

Well I don't.

HOWARD

Every time you get drunk it's the pits, the rest of the time it's OK.

JANICE

(getting angry)

Drinking lets me think.

(standing and pulling her

Cross out of the booze)

...about how to get rid of this thing.

A very pious-looking female guest passes close by. She's almost thirty.

GUEST

Shame. You know the Reverend doesn't like us to drink.

JANICE

Stick it.

HOWARD

(trying to calm the waters)

Janice!... sorry... we'd better go.

GUEST

Well!!! I...

JANICE

Ahh... you wouldn't know where to anyway.

(to Howard)

That's it, we've got to... ah

(screams as the Cross has dried off again, but she quickly dunks it again)

Get an extra... straight booze.

HOWARD

Why? Where are we going?

JANICE
Away from here. Hurry.

Howard goes for the booze, while Janice hurriedly gathers herself together... with the Cross stuck in her glass, she leads Howard out of the party.

INT - REVEREND ROBAIRE'S LAB - NIGHT

From a throne-like, elevated chair in the middle of the room, Reverend Robaire commands the situation. He has a wide variety of knobs, levers, and buttons within easy reach. His power seat faces a glassed-in area similar to a hospital emergency reception area. Another giant Cross directly behind him sputters in low tones attempting to increase its intensity level... but it can't get the job done. On either side of the Rev, and slightly below his lofty perch, are a number of comfortable recliners also facing the glassed-in area. There's a large clock on the 'hospital' room wall.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
(looking at clock)
Where is she?

The Cross makes a muffled attempt to tell him, but fails.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D)
Where is the donor? Delivery must
be timely?

He flicks angrily at the controls causing weird sounds from weirder-looking machines to arise from behind the glass. Apart from the sterile 'hospital' appearance, the place looks like an automated machine for the methodical and precise dissection of frogs.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D)
(angrier... sweetness
gone)
Damn her... she'll pay for this.

The Cross continues its muffled attempts to emit light and sound... getting angrier and more frustrated as time passes.

EXT - RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Janice drags Howard as fast as she can while keeping her Cross in the drink. Howard carries the spare glass of booze.

JANICE
Come on... we've got to get away.

HOWARD
Why? What's wrong?

JANICE
Hurry!!!

As they rush toward their car, which is parked a fair distance away, the booze spills out of the glasses a little bit at a time. When Janice's Cross is dry even for a couple of seconds, it begins to burn and choke her... and since her glass wasn't that full of straight stuff to start with, the Cross gradually begins to get a grip on her.

JANICE (CONT'D)
Owww... let me dunk this thing.
(wets the Cross)
Don't spill that...

HOWARD
Why? You've got some...

JANICE
Just don't.

HOWARD
OK, OK.

JANICE
That glass is going to save us.

Howard isn't getting any more aware, even though it's obvious the Cross plays havoc with Janice if it isn't in the booze.

JANICE (CONT'D)
We've got to get out of town.

They're getting tantalizingly close to the Packard.

JANICE (CONT'D)
Give me the keys.

HOWARD
(protesting)
No, I'll...

JANICE
Give me the keys! You watch that glass.

They have just about reached the car, and Howard lets go of her hand to reach for his keys. They are not on his free hand side, so he puts the glass on the fender to search the other pocket.

Janice still has her Cross in her glass, although the booze level in it has fallen considerably in the rush so the Cross is gaining strength. Finally Howard finds the keys and gives them to her... but he forgets to pick up the glass off the fender. Janice starts the car, and because it's in a tight spot, she has to take it easy getting onto the road. So far the glass hasn't spilled, but Howard hasn't remembered it either. Once the car is clear and ready to go, Janice hits the gas... and the booze hits the road.

EXT - PEACHLAND STREET - NIGHT

JANICE
Where's the glass?

HOWARD
On the...
(looking back at the wet
patch on the road)

JANICE
I hope this lasts.

As the car rolls along the dark street, just a block from the reception, and still perilously close to the church/lab/lounge complex, its headlights suddenly pick up the man in black walking with his head down into the street out of the shadow of a large billboard reminding the populace of Reverend Robaire's Wednesday night Spiritual Strength meetings. Janice has to swerve to miss him, and spills what's left of her booze when the car bounces off the curb.

JANICE (CONT'D)
(half sorrow, half anger)
No!!! Quick... get out.

Howard won't, so she tries to jump out, but he won't let her out... and the Packard has only got as far as the street outside the Bottle Baby lab.

HOWARD
Not without you... drive.

JANICE
I can't. Not now. It'll dry and
take over.

HOWARD
Then let me drive.

JANICE
NO... save yourself... I'll betray
you.

Time seems to be suspended as they argue it out, with the Cross taking longer than usual to impose its power on Janice. She continues to beg her husband to leave and make a break for it, but he won't leave her.

JANICE (CONT'D)
Please... you've got to, before
this dries.

HOWARD
Not without you.

JANICE
Please.

The Cross starts to act up again... it's getting stronger.

HOWARD
Let's take the thing off.

Howard begins looking for the clasp, but the mechanism is a strange one... it's like a piston fitting into a cylinder allowing the chain to pull itself tighter around the wearer's neck and preventing the chain from being pulled far enough out to get it over her head. He tries as hard as he can, but with no success, and the Cross is getting very hot and angry.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
(blowing on his hands)
Shit.

JANICE
It won't work... leave me... go.

HOWARD
No.

JANICE
Kiss me.

She embraces him warmly, knowing this will be the last time for her to do this... a last act of love and tenderness for their short marriage. He responds just as warmly, without knowing what evil is lurking for them. As they embrace, the Cross regains its full power and glows angrily. Slowly, as their embrace continues, Janice opens her eyes, revealing the vacant look of the programmed Flocker.

JANICE (CONT'D)
(calmly now)
Come with me.

Janice gently pulls away from his embrace, taking his hand and leading him out of the car toward the darkened lab.

Her calmness seems to reassure him... he follows without protest like he's relieved she's regained her composure.

INT - THE LAB - NIGHT

Reverend Robaire has calmed down a bit too, although he's still a lot more agitated than the programmed Janice.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
Yes... she'll pay for this.
Without Devotion, all is lost.
Rules must rule!

Reverend Robaire paces around, and while the Cross behaves angrily, it glows less antagonistically as he speaks.

The Undertaker's Entrance Gong from WWE hangs in the air.

EXT - THE LAB - NIGHT

Leading Howard by the hand, Janice reaches the outside door. Her blank, emotionless stare doesn't bode well for Howard... she puts her hand up to the door and opens it. The light from inside streams out into the black night, and then is cut off again as soon as they're inside. The door bolts itself.

EXT - REAR OF THE LAB - MORNING

At the back of the building, there's an L-shaped loading dock and an unmarked overhead door. Reverend Robaire signs a receipt for the driver of refrigerated pearl SUV and gets a briefcase full of old hundred dollar bills in return. At the loading dock, two 45 gallon drums go into the back of a waste disposal truck and the Reverend hands a couple of hundred dollar bills to the driver.

TRUCK DRIVER
How come two?

REVEREND ROBAIRE
Bad parts.

RENDERING DRIVER
When'll you need me again?

REVEREND ROBAIRE
I'll check the schedule. If they
(gesturing after the pearl SUV)
could figure out how to use
everything, I wouldn't need you.

RENDERING DRIVER
Be talking to you.

EXT - HIGHWAY - DAY

In the moderate traffic, a wholesaler's auto carrier approaches and as it passes the camera picks up Janice and Howard's orange Packard leaving Peachland for the city. After the truck passes and the camera follows it around the corner and out of sight, a bright orange '69 Challenger convertible rumbles into town. Kevin is driving... and he's having an animated discussion with Sandy... she is still displaying the calm of the programmed Flocker, but he is not.

KEVIN
Why? What's wrong with me?

SANDY
Yes dear.

KEVIN
There is something wrong with me.

SANDY
No dear.

KEVIN
What then?

SANDY
Nothing... everything's fine.

KEVIN
How can you say that. It's been eight days. We've been married eight days, and nothing.

SANDY
Just a few more.

Kevin turns onto a side street leading to their small house.

KEVIN
Well how 'bout a little head instead?

SANDY
(pulling away)
Kevin... that's only in the movies.

KEVIN
No head... no tail... and you say there's nothing wrong?

SANDY
There isn't... it's just the
Peachland way. The Reverend...

They pass a couple of very attractive, sexy young things on
the corner.

KEVIN
(cutting her off)
Never mind the Reverend, what am I
supposed to do? Go blind?

INT - THEIR HOUSE - NIGHT

Inside, the lights are on, and the battle continues.

SANDY (VO)
Don't Kevin... my program's coming
on.

KEVIN (VO)
I wish I got half the attention you
give that damn TV.

SANDY (VO)
It guides my life.

KEVIN (VO)
What life? All you do is watch
that God damned Reverend.

SANDY
(sweet/spaced)
I know... isn't he great. He says
such wonderful things.

KEVIN
(in anguish)
A load of crap. I'm going out.

The smooth sales pitch of one of Reverend Robaire's TV promos
can be heard in the BG.

SANDY
(sounding totally
engrossed in the TV)
Don't be late.

KEVIN
Why not???

Kevin slams the door as he leaves. Sandy doesn't move... she's into the TV as Kevin roars off into the early evening, as the Reverend's WORDS fill the air.

REVEREND ROBBAIRE
...and so you see, if you look at
the world through eyes filled with
Devotion, you will see things
clearly and our mission will be
fulfilled. Now say the WORD.

SANDY
Devotion.

INT - HARVEY'S BAR - EVENING

Harvey's is a typical small town bar geared to selling beer and straight shots to people who want to talk, play pool, video games or watch TV. The place is about three-quarters full. Peter Sanduski sits at a table talking to some other guys who were also at the wedding. Kevin stomps into the place and heads directly to the bar without noticing anybody. Peter spots him.

KEVIN
(to bartender)
Jug of Keiths.

PETER
(calling from the table)
Kevin...
(Kevin turns... Peter
waves him over.)
You're not allowed to drink alone.

OTHER DRINKER
Yeh... he's from the city... they
don't know how to drink here.

PETER
He's OK... he married one of ours.

Kevin stands hesitantly beside the table.

KEVIN
I'm not very good company tonight.

PETER
Sit down. We'll fix you up. What
do you want?

KEVIN
I've got it.

The others go back to what they were doing.

PETER
So, how's married life?

KEVIN
(bitter)
Short!

PETER
Huh???

KEVIN
All talk... watching Reverend
Replay on TV, and no action...
nothing!

PETER
Hey, that's no way to talk, Sandy's
a great kid.

KEVIN
If you want a sister.

PETER
(recognizing the problem)
Oh yeh... Peachland purity?

KEVIN
What's that got to do with
anything?

DRINKER
(interjecting)
A lot.

Kevin's anger begins to give way to puzzled interest.

PETER
Let me explain. Come here.
(move to a quiet table)
She's not performing, right?

KEVIN
(annoyed at the intrusion
into his private life)
That's none of your business.

PETER
(calmly)
I what's not happening... waiting.
Right???

KEVIN
Yeh... so?

PETER
That's the rule.

KEVIN
Everybody goes short???

PETER
We have Peachland pace.

KEVIN
Yeh... so???

PETER
(understanding his
frustration)
How long you been married?

KEVIN
(puzzled)
What???

PETER
When was the wedding?

KEVIN
A week ago Saturday.

PETER
(counting on his fingers)
Eight days... you've got five to
go.

KEVIN
Five to go!!!!???

PETER
All brides wait 13 days.

KEVIN
Why? What for?

PETER
It's the law.

KEVIN
(really mad now)
The law!!! Who's God damned law?

PETER
OUR's.

The way he says "ours" is in the royal "we" sense... like it's been handed down to them, and they have never questioned its origin or source.

KEVIN

Yours???

PETER

Not "ours"... OUR's

KEVIN

What the hell's the difference. A go short law's stupid.

PETER

Not really. Not when you believe... to contribute to the Flock.

CUT TO INT - KEVIN AND SANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sandy is still watching the Reverend Robaire as he signs-off.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

...those are the Words for tonight.
As you turn out your lights, and
rest for tomorrow's tasks, keep
your Devotion next to you... you
will be a better person.

The TV goes blank. Sandy looks like the TV. Turning out the lights, she undresses for bed.

EXT - FRONT OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT

A man's silhouette moves silently through the still night. He stops for a moment in front of the house as the lights go off, then continues up the driveway and right up the stairs.

INT - THE BEDROOM OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT

As Sandy turns down the covers, there's a knock at the door. The sound startles her for a second, but then she decides it's probably Kevin who's forgotten his keys.

SANDY

Kevin?... just a second Kevin.

The knock comes again, louder than before and more threatening. She picks her way through the dark house.

EXT - THE HOUSE PORCH - NIGHT

The dark caller knocks again, and listens for sounds from inside.

INT - THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sandy has just about crossed the living room and is about to enter the front hall when the another knock comes.

SANDY

Just a minute.

It's black outside, and impossible to see who's knocking. She tries the porch light, but it burns out as soon as she switches it on. She strains to see who is there.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Kevin?

Although there's no response, she puts her hand on the knob, and slowly unlocks the door to find... NOTHING... at least there's nobody there... only a piece of paper folded and stuck to the door. She grabs the paper and re-locks the door... trying to read the note in the dim light.

NOTE

(neatly handwritten)

To learn, you must listen to all
the Words. The true meaning is not
always what it seems.

There is no signature on the plain white paper. The writing is in black ink. The only clue to the author's identity is an embossed cross in the lower right-hand corner of the page. As she stands in the dark considering the meaning of the note, the distinctive sound of Kevin's Challenger builds around her, but even after the car is parked in the driveway and turned off she still stands with her thoughts. Wearing tennis shoes, Kevin doesn't make much noise coming up the stairs so when he quickly unlocks the door, flings it open, and snaps on a light... the rush of sound and light dazzles her.

SANDY

(almost hysterical)

NO!!!!... Get away.

Kevin wouldn't have minded a welcome, but he wasn't ready for this. He has to catch himself, then tries to calm his wife with an amber liquid loaded embrace.

SANDY (CONT'D)
No... Oh it's you...

KEVIN
What's the matter?

SANDY
(still startled)
...Oh Kevin.

KEVIN
Course it's me.

Sandy latches onto him as if he were the last savior in a world of sinners.

KEVIN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Who else would it be?

SANDY
(still shaken)
Why were you knocking?

KEVIN
I wasn't.

SANDY
You were... somebody was.

Sandy drops the note on the floor and when Kevin sees it he unties her grip on him to pick it up.

KEVIN
What's this?

SANDY
You wrote it.

KEVIN
(reading)
...No.

SANDY
What do you mean... aren't you still mad at me?

KEVIN
This is left-handed...

SANDY
So???

KEVIN
I don't even drink left-handed.

SANDY

Well who left it? Did you see
someone?..... Right now?

KEVIN

(booze mellows him)
Who cares... let's have a drink.

He puts his arm around her waist and leads her to the kitchen. Kevin lurches into the fridge looking for something to drink... there's beer, some liquor, and white wine. A romantic mood, inspired by his wife's skimpy camisol, the touch of her body, all helped along by the beer he's had, overtake him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

How 'bout some wine. It's nice.
(pulls the wine out, and
searches for glasses)

SANDY

This what you're looking for.

KEVIN

(taking the glasses from
her in one hand, but then
giving them back so he
can pour)

Yep.

He decides the kitchen light is too bright for the mood he's in and wants to kindle in her.

KEVIN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

We got any candles?

The candles are retrieved, lit, and the light put out. They toast each other... then passionately embrace. Kevin starts to heat up... forgetting what he heard from Peter. Even Sandy lets herself slip for a few seconds... probably from the beer fumes.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

MMMM... love you.

In the flickering light, Sandy's Cross begins to throb in increasingly angry pulses... tightening around her neck like a constrictor squeezing its prey... but before it can get too tight a grip, Kevin's booze-breath cuts its power as he lavishes affection on his wife's neck.

CUT TO - THE SATIN LOUNGE - NIGHT

The room is empty, but the big Cross on the wall is putting on a very angry display of light and sound. Reverend Robaire crashes into the room in his embroidered pj's.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

What? What's the matter?

The Cross' light show lashes in all directions, supported by strong WORDs delivered by a completely neutral (neither male nor female) bitter voice.

CROSS

Sandy... failing Devotion.

Reverend Robaire recognizes the problem instantly and runs to a control panel with an array of gauges, levers, buttons, and video display screens. He assesses the situation based on the information in front of him, then makes some adjustments bringing one sector into larger focus, and pushes a series of buttons to determine which dot represents Sandy.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

OK... she's isolated.

He turns a control knob so a couple of dials move higher. The Cross continues behaving angrily. He waits for another dial to drop in intensity, banging on it move faster.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Come on... drop damn it.

CROSS

(even brighter)

Hurry up... stop her.

He cranks the gauge farther.

CUT TO - INT THE
HOUSE

Sandy and Kevin, glasses and bottle in hand, break up their passion only to begin to move toward the bedroom. When Kevin's breath moves away from the Cross, it gets hotter and tighter around Sandy's neck. Even so, her lust for the pleasures of the flesh overpower the pain of the minute. When they reach the side of their bed, they have another toast, which cools off the Cross again, and Sandy drops her camisol and slips under the sheets to wait for the quickly stripping Kevin.

CUT TO - THE
SATIN LOUNGE

The Cross is very upset at the situation in the bedroom, and at the Reverend for not being able to solve the problem.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Fool. What's the matter?

REVEREND ROBAIRE
Alcohol... blurring the signal.

CROSS
Turn it all the way up.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
(moving the controls)
We're past the incubation limit.

CROSS
Devotion to the WORD comes first.
Turn it up.

With the indicators already past the red danger line, his hand moves slowly for greater power...

CUT TO - THE
BEDROOM

The passion is furious... Sandy's Cross sputters under the confusing load of booze-breath and Rules reminders from the Reverend. They kiss passionately, rolling each other around and exploring each other's bodies. Just as the Cross begins to tighten and grow hotter, Kevin's breath hits the mark again.

BACK TO - THE
SATIN LOUNGE

Reverend Robaire moves toward full load.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Do it!

REVEREND ROBAIRE
I am.

CROSS
Don't be so delicate.

The indicators begin to slide back into the control areas an instant before he was going to give it all it had.

BACK TO - THE
BEDROOM

Sandy and Kevin have fallen asleep in each other's arms with Kevin's breath wafting over the frustrated Cross.

BACK TO THE
SATIN LOUNGE

REVEREND ROBAIRE

It worked... she's under control.

The light and sound from the Cross have calmed down even faster than he speaks.

CROSS

Are you sure??? Keep a tight grip
on her... no deviation... no
impurities in the seed...
everything must be as it is in the
rules.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

It is now... and always will be.
They believe. They believe me.
They are devoted. I will keep them
pure.

EXT - ALL OF PEACHLAND FROM ABOVE - DAWN

The early light of dawn spills over the eastern mountains and washes down on the sleeping town. Nothing moves. Slowly, as if it were attached to the first light of day, the hypnotic music the Cross makes when things are going its way starts to flow through Peachland.

CUT TO - INT - A SERIES OF LIVING ROOMS

In each house, the television turns itself on. The picture isn't live... there's only a looped promotional for the first program of the day... "Our Way" with Reverend Robaire... and the music fills each room. As the music builds, the woman in each house get up from her warm bed, leaving her husband alone to follow the sound to a seat in front of the television. They sit expressionless... waiting for the WORD. When Reverend Robaire comes on with his message of the day, his tone, and the Words he spews are not soft and philosophical, they're hypnotic orders for correctly controlled behavior for this and every day. The women sit transfixed, unquestioning, absorbing it all like good little Flockers.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
(on TV from the Satin
Lounge)
Today, you will follow us with your
Devotion. You will flush false
prophets. You will believe only
me.

Gradually, a few husbands begin to head for the bathroom or kitchen to make breakfast. The wives don't move. Kevin goes for the kitchen.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Cast them out... do not listen to
their lies.

INT - KEVIN AND SANDY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Kevin leaves the kitchen and heads for the bathroom. Even though he slams door to the bathroom, there's no reaction from Sandy... her ears are closed to everything but Reverend Robaire. There's a flush from the can, and Kevin reappears.

KEVIN
Hey... there's a place for that.

SANDY
Shh.

KEVIN
Want breakfast?

The TV drones on with Robaire's monotone orders.

SANDY
Isn't he great.

Kevin mutters under his breath, but he doesn't want to have a fight first thing so he cooks for himself.

INT - KITCHEN

Kevin turns on the radio only to find Reverend Robaire spewing out the same stuff on there so he flicks it off and switches the machine to a CD so he can have some raunchy blues to drown out Robaire's words.

INT - LIVING ROOM

Sandy still watches and listens intently... Kevin's tunes interfere with the message since it breaks her concentration with pleasant sounds encouraging free thinking instead of the Reverend's demanding orders.

SANDY

You up?

INT - KITCHEN

KEVIN

(amazed)

What?

SANDY

Oh, you're up. Want some breakfast.

INT - LIVING ROOM

The messages continue, with the Reverend repeating variations of his message of blind obedience over and over.

KEVIN

(from kitchen)

Watch your show.

SANDY

I've lost the theme.

INT - A ROMANTIC RESTAURANT - JUST AFTER 7PM

Kevin waits at the table, which has a single red rose in a glass on it, a couple of wine glasses, and a bottle of wine chilling on the side. Kevin checks his watch as the waitress leans over the table revealing a great view of her ample breasts... right down to her ankles.

WAITRESS

Sure you wouldn't like anything?

Kevin's face looks like he'd say 'yes' to a little side action, but he shakes his head no... smiling shyly as he does. The waitress slowly stands up straight, gazing into his eyes as he examines her body's curves and tight, short skirt. Sandy appears and cuts the visual lust short.

SANDY

Sorry I'm late.

WAITRESS
Better watch it girl, you can't
make him wait for everything.

The waitress counts out 13 on her fingers... looking at Kevin
and suggesting she knows what he's waiting for.

WAITRESS (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Bloody Mary and a beer... right?

She spins, leaves, emphasizing her nice ass as she goes.

INT - THE RESTAURANT - MUCH LATER

They're well into their second bottle of wine, and a romantic
mood is overtaking them. Sex may not be far away. Sandy's
Cross tries to cool her down, but the wine takes care of its
protests. The restaurant's phone rings as they gaze into
each other's eyes... when the waitress answers and points to
their table, the magic is shattered by the wail of a
screeching dart and its death 'thunk'.

WAITRESS
Sandy?

SANDY
Yes.

WAITRESS
There's a call for you.

Kevin and Sandy are even more puzzled than the waitress.

SANDY
For me?

WAITRESS
Your father?

KEVIN
(shaking his head no)
Long gone. Who knows you're here?

SANDY
Nobody... I didn't tell anybody...
I didn't see anybody.

WAITRESS
Sounds important.

Sandy goes to the phone, as her Cross acts up again.

CUT TO SANDY ON
THE PHONE

SANDY

Hello???

REVEREND ROBBAIRE (VO)

Sandy... remember your vows... your
devotion... you must wait 13 days.

SANDY

(losing romantic edge)

Yes... Devotion... I remember.

REVEREND ROBBAIRE (VO)

Say it again. Repeat it to me.

SANDY

Devotion... to you... to your Word.
13 days. I remember.

She's reverts to Flocker mode, puts the phone down, goes back
to the table but doesn't sit down. Her Cross is glowing, but
calm... a firm, controlled kind of calm.

KEVIN

Who was it?

SANDY

I've got to go now.

KEVIN

What????

SANDY

I must go... take me home.

She turns and starts for the door, leaving Kevin locked in
his seat... scrambling to pay the bill. The waitress
understands, and would like to take advantage.

WAITRESS

(brushing against him)

Shame to waste your mood.

Kevin starts to respond... that he might take her up on it,
but then he looks at Sandy's great figure going out the door,
and simply fumbles for a tip and chases after her.

EXT - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

KEVIN

Will you wait a second. Who was that? What's the matter with you?

SANDY

Got to go... it's only the 13th.

KEVIN

So what?

SANDY

It's not the 13th day.

KEVIN

(disbelieving)

Huh?

SANDY

My vows to Devotion.

KEVIN

What about us?

SANDY

You don't understand... my vows.

KEVIN

(angry... cutting her
off)

Never mind that... what about in there...

SANDY

(totally serene as her
Cross glows approvingly)
Friday... the WORD... all will be
beautiful on Friday.

KEVIN

It should be beautiful now.

SANDY

Devotion comes first.

KEVIN

Get married, cross your legs, and
hold your breath for 13 days.

He opens the car door to let her in, slams it in disgust, and drives off like he was in a hurry to stick a poker up the CULT's virtual ass.

INT - THE CHURCH - NIGHT

A regular Wednesday night meeting... Reverend Robaire presides in a relaxed, sermon-like atmosphere. The tone and setting are skillfully camouflaged indoctrination. As if the morning TV onslaughts weren't enough to ensure control, Robaire requires the wives to attend in person to ensure their total belief in his vision of the Peachland CULT. Reverend Robaire delivers his Words, and at the appropriate times, the wives... the assembled Flockers, all chant in unison like a bunch of Hare Krishnas. Sandy's right there.

FLOCKERS

We believe.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

For the purification of our mission, the seeds are our future... the pure stock to ensure our survival. You must produce on schedule so we meet our destiny. Remember your promises... your vows of Devotion... they must be kept... no matter the sacrifice. The greater good matters more. Do you believe.

WIVES

Yes, we believe.

Their little Crosses glow appreciatively as they follow his direction attentively.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

We must have perfection... perfection in our daily lives... in the creation of our seeds... and in the sacrifice to the greater good of healing others... we give them parts so that others will be whole again... according to the WORD.

INT - KEVIN AND SANDY'S LIVING ROOM - ABOUT 8:40 PM, FRIDAY, THE 13TH DAY

Sandy watches TV. Kevin is on the phone in the kitchen.

KEVIN (VO)

...sounds good, what time?

(pause)

Yeh, yeh.

(pause)

Wait, I'll ask her. No...

(MORE)

KEVIN (VO) (CONT'D)
 she's watching TV.
 (calling)
 Want to go to the lake Sunday?

No response... Sandy's totally engrossed in the TV.

KEVIN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 (into phone, VO)
 Sounds good, where?

ON SANDY/TV UNDERTAKER'S GONG ABOUT TO SOUND

Kevin's conversation sinks into the background as the camera picks up Sandy's POV of the TV. For a while, it looks like any other Stupidest Home Videos, but then, in a freeze frame, we see why she is so captivated by the stuff... Reverend Robaire has inserted targeted subliminal 'open-captioned' messages showing in WORDS and images what Sandy must do.

MESSAGES
 (silent, in and out of
 the regular program)
 Sandy... Sandy...
 (The frozen images are
 very alluring...
 appealing to her forced
 repressed sexual
 desires.)

MESSAGES (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 It's time... Remember your vows...
 your Devotion... to us...
 (images more beckoning)
 Tonight... come to me... we must
 continue... Insertion... tonight.
 Come to me now.

As the last, enticing message flashes before her dazzled eyes, Sandy obeys. Slowly, purposefully, she gets up and goes outside into the quiet night air. Kevin doesn't hear or notice her leave... he's still on the phone.

EXT - THEIR HOME 8:45 PM

Sandy appears on the porch, silently closes the door behind her, down the steps... making her way toward...

INT - REVEREND ROBAIRE'S CULT LAB - 8:50 PM

Reverend Robaire prepares for his night's work wearing a kind of religious operating gown well-suited to the sterile lab.

An operating table occupies a prominent position in the room... waiting silently for its victim. Around and beside the table, a strange array of instruments and video display panels stand ready to do their duty. The instruments have a vacuum-like quality to them, and since they are all made of glass everything inside is visible from the outside. Reverend Robaire tests the flow patterns through the system by dropping a small pink doll into the container closest to the operating table. When he activates the vacuum switch, the doll is sucked out of the first container, through the ribbon of tubes ending up in a large mason jar fitted with a series of brightly colored 'nutrient' tubes. The large Cross on the wall glows like an expectant parent waiting for a new 'arrival'. Sounds from the Cross mirror its image, while a large clock marches relentlessly toward the hour of destiny.

EXT - THE PARK BETWEEN SANDY'S HOUSE AND THE LAB - 8:55 PM

Through the dim night, Sandy marches on in her slow, determined trip to the commanded destination. She shows no fear... her face calm in total belief in the correctness of her mission.

INT - KEVIN AND SANDY'S LIVING ROOM

The room is empty... the TV is still on, and Kevin is still on the phone.

INT - THE LAB - 8:58 PM

Reverend Robaire finishes his preparations... checking visually to see all is in order for tonight's insertion... all that's needed is the patient/victim.

EXT - THE SIDEWALK LEADING TO THE LAB'S DOOR

Sandy walks on... on to her programmed meeting with her promised destiny. At precisely 9:00 PM she reaches the door and opens it without hesitation. Instantly, the rush of light dazzles the camera, but as quickly as it came, the light disappears into the night as the door slams shut behind her... electronically bolting itself.

INT - THE LAB - 9:00 PM - SANDY'S POV

Superficially, the room looks safe. Everything is neatly ordered. The light is relaxing, as are the sounds from the Cross, and the background music. When Reverend Robaire appears, he flashes his best plastic smile, spreading his arms in welcome... although the sterility of the room shouts loudest of what's going to happen here.

Off to one side, there's a precisely stacked storage area with neat rows of glass incubation cells like the mason jar Reverend Robaire used to catch the pink doll in his test run. The cells are filled with what looks like live human fetuses being nurtured to maturity under the watchful control of the lights and sound from the ceiling Cross. Each bottle is tagged with the bride's name and insertion date... from the most recent, to the previous nearly full-grown Bottle Baby. An empty jar with Sandy's name on it waits.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

Welcome.

SANDY

(the spaced Flocker)

Hello Reverend.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

Right on time... excellent.

Even before the Reverend makes another move, Sandy falls totally under his control. The lights and sound in the lab, Reverend Robaire's seductive tones, and the neck-grip of her small Cross leave no room for individual thought or action.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D)

Feeling fine?

Nods vacantly.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

(more powerfully)

Step over here.

Sandy edges toward him... getting very close to the insertion slab. The clock on the wall shows the time is 9:10 PM... when the hands become a straight line, the deed will begin.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D)

Do not be afraid. Remember our
vows. Devotion to our Word will
bear fruit. Trust me.

A glimmer of fear crosses her face, but then the avalanches of light and sound from the big Cross, her little Cross, and Reverend Robaire engulf her and she descends into blank space again.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D)

Yes... you do... you do trust me...
you remember your vows to us.

ON THE CLOCK - ALMOST 9:15 PM

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D)

It's almost time to begin. Let me help you.

The Flocker assistants help her take off her clothes. Again a flash of fear of the unknown crosses her face, but the hypnotic onslaught picks up again and she falls back, allowing them to strip her. Once her clothes have gone, they help her onto the table... strapping her arms and legs down. The arms of the clock are almost inline. Rev Robaire adjusts a few controls, throws some switches... and the equipment comes to life. He pulls a small table with an empty incubation cell close to the operating table, checks the clock... the time is right.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D)

(under the big Cross,
Sandy's just part of the
equipment to him)

Through my power... the power we
have created... it is time... time
to add another seed... a seed to
grow our future Flockers.

As the clock's hands form a straight line, he throws the master switch and the vacuum machinery does his bidding. Sandy writhes on the table, obviously in pain... a pain similar to childbirth... a forced, unwanted childbirth accompanied by a sound similar to a ShopVac sucking Silly Putty out of a balloon. Slowly, a tiny body takes shape and starts to travel through the clear tubing toward the glass incubation cell. Once the fetus has been 'suckmitted' into the incubation cell, a printer spews out the I.D. for the new Bottle Baby. After he completes his paper work, Reverend Robaire releases the slightly altered, seedless-than-whole Sandy from the ties that bind her to the table so she can go back to Kevin. As she dresses, there is no indication she has a clue or a memory of what she has just endured.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D)

You have performed well. At a
suitable time, we will call on you
again... your Devotion is
appreciated and noted in the book.

The sounds in the operating room have changed from their hypnotic frenzy to a more upbeat 'party' mood... and Sandy begins to come to her senses.

SANDY

Where's Kevin?

REVEREND ROBAIRE
Where he should be.

SANDY
I want him. I need....

REVEREND ROBAIRE
He'll be here.

SANDY
I'm so hungry.

Reverend Robaire has just hung up and comes back close to her.

SANDY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
It's like there's a hole in there.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
(reaching into a drawer)
Peachland dinner for two... on me.

A horn honks outside. Looking tremendous, and acting like a real woman with full control of her mind, Sandy leaves the lab to join Kevin.

EXT - THE ROAD OUTSIDE THE LAB - NIGHT

The Challenger rumbles in waiting. Sandy's radiant, showing a nice bit of leg as she gets in. Even before she closes the door, she embraces Kevin at least as warmly as she did under the earlier forbidden influence of the all-cool. He doesn't ask what she's been doing. The way she looks and is acting... like a starving nymph released from repressed heat, makes him forget questions. The Challenger roars off.

INT - LEO'S RESTAURANT - A LITTLE LATER

A romantic, small restaurant. Sandy and Kevin have a quiet, out-of-the-way table... totally engrossed in the meal, the wine, and each other. No Words... their eyes and soft touches are the story. This will be the 'wedding night'... the end of 13 days. The host and hostess hand Kevin a bottle of champagne on the way out.

EXT - THE STREET IN FRONT OF THEIR HOUSE - NIGHT

Everything's quiet, as the sound of the Challenger slowly builds. The car isn't going fast... its rumble provides the bed for the romantic mood of the evening.

KEVIN
Wait... let me.
(opens the door for her)
Here, you take this.
(hands her the bottle,
and then picks her up)

SANDY
(excited)
Oooooo.

She unlocks the door, he flings it open and carries her into the moonlit interior.

INT - THEIR HOUSE

They kiss very warmly. Kevin grabs two glasses and opens the bottle. Sandy watches... extremely tasty. Kevin fills their glasses, they toast, and then he drops a small stream of the bubbly down her cleavage and licks it up as they edge toward the bedroom, helping each other out of their clothes. For the first time, Sandy's Cross is passive... just a piece of cheap costume jewelry.

INT - THEIR BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the soft, light of the moon through the drapes, their quickly becoming nude bodies glow with anticipation.

SANDY
Champagne? In bed?

KEVIN
Lubricant... works for the French.

They sip a bit of the bubbly, then trade a few carefully placed spills... on her breasts... on his belly... on her belly, and then...

EXT - MAJOR CITY HOSPITAL - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

INT - SAME HOSPITAL - DOOR FROM THE TRANSPLANT OPERATING ROOM

Anne Baxter, the transplant surgeon, and other operating team members are leaving the theatre.

DOCTOR
There's another one repaired.

ANNE

Amazing how we always get donor organs... just like we'd ordered them.

EXT - HOSPITAL DAY

Anne leaves the hospital walking along a street of used car lots... one has Howard and Janice's orange Packard.

INT - KEVIN AND SANDY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A month or more has passed... the room has changed... it looks like a home now. A few new pieces have been added, and Sandy is rearranging the furniture to see what suits her today. She appears to be very content with life, and to have her mind to herself. The phone rings, interrupting her pleasant planning.

SANDY

Hello.

Reverend Robaire's voice comes through loud and clear.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (VO)

Sandy... how are you?

SANDY

Fine thanks... yourself?

REVEREND ROBAIRE

No complaints.

SANDY

Did I miss a meeting?

REVEREND ROBAIRE

No, no.

SANDY

Just arranging our new furniture.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

I know.

SANDY

You saw the truck.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

No, but I know... it's my place to know.

(turning more controlling)

Sandy?

SANDY

Yes.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

Since you're not busy, I wonder if you could come over.

SANDY

Well... I'd like to surprise Kevin with...

REVEREND ROBAIRE

Yes, yes. It won't take long... as a favor to me.

SANDY

As long as I'm back by five.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

Certainly... I need you to give me a hand with a little problem.

SANDY

OK... for you.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

That's the spirit... come to the side door.

INT - THE LAB - DAY - UNDERTAKER'S GONG SOUNDS

Reverend Robaire watches a combined GPS monitor tracking system. The display features a map of Peachland and enables him to track Sandy's progress to the lab so that he opens the door just as she gets there. Through a clever combination of light and color-masking technologies, the Bottle Baby section and the operating/dissection equipment are hidden from view... only a small TV studio with two robotic video cameras and recording equipment is visible from Sandy's POV. The set is where he pre-records his TV show so he can rest while his control messages rule the Flockers. Once Sandy is inside, the door locks electronically behind her.

SANDY

(concerned... just
noticing the lock)

What's that?

REVEREND ROBAIRE

Nothing.

SANDY

The lock?

REVEREND ROBBAIRE
Don't want to be disturbed, do we?

SANDY
We don't?

REVEREND ROBBAIRE
No... this must be secret.

SANDY
Why?

REVEREND ROBBAIRE
You'll see... tomorrow morning....
(under his breath) ...if you're at
the right house.

SANDY
Pardon?

REVEREND ROBBAIRE
In the light house.
(pointing at the lighting
grid)
Come here.

He leads her to the set and the recording equipment.

SANDY
Wow... this is just like on TV.

REVEREND ROBBAIRE
Very good... now look...
(indicating a black box) ...see
this counter?

Sandy nods understanding.

REVEREND ROBBAIRE (CONT'D)
When it moves past this line. Oh
wait, I'm ahead of myself... I'm
going to be over there... on the
set... recording my WORDs of
inspiration. You're going to be
here... and you're the key to the
success of this performance... uh,
sermon. Now, as I was saying, when
the counter reaches 144, you punch
these two buttons at the same
time...
(indicating record
buttons)
Understand?

SANDY
I think so.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
Let's practice it once.

They do a run through... Sandy's a fast study so Robaire is able to take his mark and start his message rant.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
(his best sweetness)
Welcome. My Flockers, it is time
for our daily message. You
remember your vows of Devotion
would lead to a time for
(ON THE COUNTER...
approaching 144, then
Sandy hits the buttons)

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
(his best sweetness)
...your sacrifice. The prescribed
time has passed... come to me.
Tonight... be sure to lead a
Devoted day.

After a short silent pause, Reverend Robaire walks off the set over to Sandy.

SANDY
I did it.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
You did... and for your reward you
get to come with me.

SANDY
(excited)
Yes!!!... but who'll run this.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
No need now... Come.

He leads her onto the set after starting to record on a different unit.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Remember... still for five seconds.

They take their positions, hold for five, and then he starts.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Hello again, friends. Today, we
have a very special guest...
(MORE)

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D)
 a guest we all know and love...
 Sandy Maxwell... our newest bride.

SANDY
 Thank you, I'm so excited to be
 here... I've never been on this
 side of the camera.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
 (annoyed)
 NO... NO... NO!!! You can't say
 that!

To Sandy's amazement, Reverend Robaire gets up and stomps
 around. She doesn't understand what she's done wrong. He
 abruptly resets the recorder, and turns back to direct her.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Start again. This time only answer
 me... don't add anything.

SANDY
 (still taken aback)
 OK, but...

REVEREND ROBAIRE
 You'll be fine.

They're ready to start again.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Remember... still for five seconds.

They take their positions, hold for five, and then he starts.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Friends... today, we have a very
 special guest we all know and
 love... Sandy... our newest bride.

SANDY
 (nervously)
 Thanks... so excited to be here.
 (checking for approval)

REVEREND ROBAIRE
 Tell us about your new life.

SANDY
 Beautiful, Kevin and

REVEREND ROBAIRE
 (cutting in)
 Excuse me... you said "beautiful",
 are our teachings the reason?

KEVIN AND SANDY'S LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

The TV is on, and the Reverend Robaire Show is about to begin. Off the top, it's the standard homogenized opening of Reverend Robaire's show, and then it swings into Sandy watching herself on TV. Kevin isn't around. It's 6:33 AM.

SANDY (ON TV)
 Yes. I watch every day... just
 like you said.

CUT TO A SAMPLING OF OTHER LIVING ROOMS - SAME TIME.

All the TVs are on. Young married women watch the same opening as Sandy, and most of them get the episode with Sandy being interviewed. But in four homes, the program is different... the body of the show changes at the point where Sandy helped the Reverend with the recording... to a much more sinister package.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (ON TV)
 Welcome, Flockers it's time... time
 for your contribution... your 144
 days have passed.

Suddenly, this program becomes deathly hypnotic, the music and light grow furious... and then THE MESSAGE orders.

MESSAGE
 It is time to contribute. Bring
 your husband to me tonight at 9:00.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (V0)
 Remember your vows... you will
 come... tonight... at 9:00.

The message flashes in a frenzy. Reverend Robaire's WORDS very commanding.

FOUR QUICK REVERSE SHOTS OF THE FOUR WOMEN CUT IN WITH THE CALMNESS OF SANDY'S VERSION OF THE SHOW

The four Flockers are totally under Reverend Robaire's control, while Sandy and the rest could be watching 'Bowling 4 Bingo'.

EXT - THE GROUNDS OUTSIDE THE LAB - NIGHT (9:00 PM)

Slowly, and from different directions, four young couples appear out of the near darkness. Each wife leads her husband by the hand. They do not speak... the men follow their wives' wishes as blindly as the wives follow Reverend Robaire's. Each wife's Cross glows contentedly in the night. Reaching the door to the lab at the same time... four hands reach for the bell, but the door opens for them. The lab has regained its sterile face. A few trappings of the TV studio remain as a visual diversion. The Bottle Babies aren't in sight. Reverend Robaire, wearing a white-sequined three-quarter length morning coat over a scarlet velvet body suit, floats around the lab/TV set behaving, as he is for this occasion, a religious game show host welcoming them with open arms and his best toothy smile. Even when the door locks behind them, the couples don't seem to notice, or care that they are electronically confined.

INT - THE LAB - 9:00:01 PM

REVEREND ROBAIRE
Welcome... welcome.

They don't speak... it's as if they're in a deep trance, and falling deeper under the influence of the mind assaults of the lab.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
You look perfect. The very image
of ideal contestants.

His visitors smile and nod appreciatively.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Ladies, I have your reports.
(holding up 4
questionnaires)
Very high marks... very pleasing...
high marks yield high returns.

INT - GAME SHOW SET IN THE LAB

Reverend Robaire moves over to a row of computers... the couples follow.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D)
Gentlemen... take a seat. Ladies...
stand behind your man.

(putting the appropriate questionnaire beside each machine)

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Enter your wives' points report.
 Ladies, watch the monitors.

The men obey... entering the information on their physical attributes in the appropriate square of a 1-5 rating system. In a close-up of the screen, the questions are similar to a health insurance form... except these questions have been asked with deadly intent... to establish a dollar value for the husbands' vital organs. The wives just watch the screens for accuracy. Once all the answers have been entered, the systems spit-out a 'value' CD.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Give your CD to your wife. Go to
 the isolation booth. Stay behind
 the contestant in front of you.

The husbands walk through a door into a passageway behind four adjoining soundproof booths. The back door to each booth is open. The booths are walled in on three sides, except for the glass front, which allows the people in the lab... the wives and Reverend Robaire to see into the booths. Like all 'honest' game shows, each husband can't see into the other booths so the game's integrity is maintained. The booths are decorated/equipped with a beautiful array of stainless steel electric cutting tools like you'd find in a high-end home workshop or offbeat dental clinic. The equipment covers the sides and top of each booth, while the back wall is a hinged stretcher complete with selectively located padded restraint straps.

Once the husbands are in the booths, the doors slam shut and lock behind them. Inside, it's completely silent. By contrast, in the lab where the wives are, the noise from the large Cross is frenzied in joyous anticipation of what's coming... almost as happy as the end of the national anthem at the Super Bowl.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Ladies... your positions please.

Reverend Robaire indicates a line of comfortable command chairs equipped with TV monitors carrying extreme close-up shots of each woman's husband. Small, auto-racing cameras run on tracks inside each booth, and can be controlled by a joystick in each wife's chair, and from a master control handled by Reverend Robaire with a CD drive below each monitor.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 (to husbands)
 Comfortable?

After husband #3 manages to wiggle his oversized butt into the seat, they indicate they are OK. Reverend Robaire makes a couple of last minute checks, then takes his place at the master control. He calls up a computer program on his monitor showing the names of various hospitals and the body parts they need.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Ladies, insert your CDs... The game
 is about to begin... Remember...
 highest score wins... points lost
 for rejected parts.

The wives obediently insert the CDs into the drives. The information appears on a master screen beside Reverend Robaire. He calls up a program matching the orders for healthy human parts with the assessments of the value of each husband's organs. In seconds, he is able to see how many parts will be harvested from each man, and how many will be discarded since there are no paying customers waiting for them. On another bank of monitors... one for each 'donor' contestant, a 3-D graphic outline of the husband appears along with highlights of the parts he's going to contribute. The images also appear in front of each wife... exciting each of them even more especially when the 'parts-points-\$s' standings are displayed. The competition is close.

WIVES
 (counting, all together,
 and overtop)
 Six, seven, twelve, seventeen;
 eighteen, eighteen, I've got
 eighteen.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
 Ladies, ladies, calm yourselves.
 This is just the preliminary round.
 Remember the rules. To receive the
 highest reward for your sacrifice,
 you must correctly identify the
 number of parts you will
 contribute; and second, the total
 number of parts from all
 contestants will add to our list of
 contributions to human kindness.

He presses a button and the men are electronically locked onto the securing stretcher behind them.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Ready with your answers?

WIVES
 Just a second... wait.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
Hurry, make your bids... 6 seconds.

The time is 9:15... one minute before the hands of the clock will be in line. The wives make up their minds and enter their answers, which appear on the monitors and on a master scoreboard.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Wonderful... soon we'll be
harvesting flesh. Your answers are
locked in. So are your donors.
Soon your Devotion to our Word will
be rewarded... your sacrifice will
be pay off. Are you ready to
collect... cash in?

The hands of the clock slowly approach the time for the cutting to begin. Inside the glass booths, the shiny stainless equipment starts to move into cutting position. The husbands' faces flash terror as the tools move menacingly closer. The wives aren't alarmed... they watch as if it were all just entertainment. Outside each booth, in the 'stands', it's a party; but inside the booths, there are only screams.

HUSBANDS
(protesting in
anticipated agony)
Noooo.... Why???? Let me goooo.

As the arms of the clock form a line, Reverend Robaire hits the switches and the butchery begins... the husbands are stunned electrically... not killed... their eyes are open so they can see what's happening... while their wives watch excitedly, keeping score. The cutting tools slice the men's bodies delicately and decisively... although the spray of severed arteries covers the glass windows. As the operation proceeds, 'soft-touch' robot hands carefully remove the designated parts and place them in waiting insulated bags for transportation in designer white ice chests. The wives watch on their monitors, showing no emotion except the energy and enthusiasm of high school cheerleaders rooting for their team.

Reverend Robaire checks the parts list on his monitor as each order is filled... and the CULT's bank account jumps. Unneeded and unwanted pieces are tossed into chutes leading to the 45 gallon drums. The spectacle is gruesome, but orderly... although a marginally sensitive person might find the increasing pitiful faces of agony, loss, and betrayal on the husbands slightly heart-wrenching. Overall, the clinical nature of the scene makes it just slightly more horrible than the evening news.

As parts are packaged, scores go up for each contestant. Each wife's reaction is limited to excitement and anticipation of how close her score is to her pre-game estimate. At the end of the organ harvest, when the last monetizable body part is bagged, and the waste bits have gone down the chutes to the waiting drums, the cutting machinery parks itself back on the walls and each booth is robotically washed spotless.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

(on tape with an automatic dialer)

Your order is ready.

(disconnects and repeats)

Your order is ready.

(another call)

Your order is ready.

(another call)

Your order is ready.

(same time, live on another phone)

I have some remains for you.

Everything is clean, perfect, and back in its place. The wives wait expectantly to see who won. The frenzied noise during the action has dropped to the relative calm of anticipation of waiting for the winner to be declared... a commercial break would be happening if this were a TV show.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D)

Let's see who the winner is.

WIVES

(all together)

Yes... yes... it's me, I know it's me.

Robaire hits a couple of buttons... numbers whirl on the score panels revealing the original guesses and the actual totals.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

The third runner up is number 2...

(wild cheering and congratulations)

Second runner up is... number 1.

(more cheering and congratulations)

And the winner is... number 4.

(now they're all way over-the-top... beyond reach)

Wife number 4 is ecstatic, but the others are almost as excited since they all came very close to being right. There's no trace of remorse or loss from the dissection game.

WIFE #4

Ahhh... I knew I'd do it... he had the right parts... good diet.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

You sacrificed beautifully. I've seldom had such great players.

The ex-brides/new widows are very excited.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D)

Now as you know, there are no losers here. Only winners. And since you were all so good, you're all going to be rewarded. You first of course, Eileen since you won. But all of you will enjoy yourselves beyond your wildest dreams. Come with me.

INT - THE SATIN LOUNGE - NIGHT

The tone and light are very seductive as Reverend Robaire opens the door to The Satin Lounge. An orgy is about to unfold, but in the spirit of purity and innocence of the CULT's rules, the male parts of the package are lifelike, full size plastic replicas of legendary lovers of the past powered by rechargeable batteries, so each woman can help herself as often as she wants with as many as she wants as her reward. Unbridled lust fills is everywhere... the new widows are in extreme heat. They peel off their clothes and get down to skimpy lingerie as if they were winning points for fastest to nude. All of them have great, firm young bodies in definite need of servicing... now and often.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

Enjoy yourselves.

Reverend Robaire closes the door behind him, leaving the new widows to their indulgences.

EXT - BACK OF THE LAB - MORNING

Reverend Robaire receives briefcases of cash from three pearl organ transfer drivers picking up the organs in the designer ice chests. The truck to pick up the unwanted parts in the 45 gallon drums arrives as the unmarked pearl vans leave.

EXT - PEACHLAND BEACH - DAY

Kevin and Sandy walk alone... planning their future while Louis Armstrong plays. Kevin's thoughts are much more concrete than Sandy's... hers sounds like she sees the future as a dream floating on a cloud.

They stop for a brief embrace. Behind Sandy, just within earshot, the man in black watches. Sandy doesn't notice him, although she shivers on a warm day.

KEVIN

Say, you know what we haven't talked about?

SANDY

What?

KEVIN

Where you'd like to live.

SANDY

Right here.

KEVIN

No... when we've got a little money for a place of our own.

SANDY

I never thought about it.

KEVIN

How about up there.
(pointing at a hill
overlooking the lake)
We could look down on everything.

SANDY

Be OK, I guess.

KEVIN

Sure it would... it'd be great.

SANDY

You think too much.

KEVIN

Got to plan ahead.

SANDY

What for?

KEVIN

So you get where you want to go.

SANDY
Things are shorter here.

KEVIN
Shorter? Nobody's shorter here.

Sandy's Cross starts to get hot and tight around her neck, causing her some discomfort so she cuts off the discussion.

SANDY
It's just the way things are.

The figure in black lurks behind them... even a bit closer.

SANDY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Let's talk about something else.

KEVIN
What d'you want to talk about?

SANDY
Oh, I don't know... whatever.

They continue silently with Kevin wondering what came over her. Sandy fidgets with her Cross as it gradually backs off its hot hold on her neck. The figure still shadows them.

KEVIN
I know.

SANDY
What?

KEVIN
You never told me how many kids you wanted us to have.

SANDY
Oh, I don't know... I'll probably have two or three.

KEVIN
Hey, that's great. Which would you like first? A boy or a girl? I'd kind of like a boy for our first.

CUT TO - THE LAB - DAY

Reverend Robaire watches his monitors closely... talking to himself, and the big Cross. The atmosphere is very edgy.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
Better watch yourself.

BACK TO THE
BEACH

SANDY
Those things are decided.

BACK TO THE LAB

Reverend Robaire cranks up a couple of the controls.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
Watch it.

BACK TO THE
BEACH

Sandy's Cross makes its presence felt again.

KEVIN
For you???
(calming... hugging her)
Oh you mean.
(looking skyward)

EXT - PEACHLAND BUS STATION - 9:32 PM

Anne Maxwell gets off a just arrived bus, looks around for Kevin, but there's nobody there. Off to one side as she searches the station with her eyes, the man in black lurks in the shadows. She doesn't see him and walks right past where he's standing. He follows her, in sync, along the other side of a line of columns. Just as she is about to turn around and step into the shadows where he is, a horn honks and there's the familiar sound of Kevin's car at the curb. She throws her bag in the back seat and jumps in. The man in black stays discreetly out-of-sight... just close enough to hear her conversation with Kevin.

ANNE
(hurried, concerned)
Where's Sandy?

KEVIN
At her Wednesday meeting.

ANNE
What meeting?

KEVIN
Some group thing. What are you
doing here anyway? I couldn't
understand your message.

ANNE
I came to warn you.

ON THE MAN IN BLACK... GETTING VERY CLOSE TO THEM.

ON THE CAR

KEVIN
Warn me! Warn me about what?

ANNE
You're in serious danger of losing
your parts.

KEVIN
(Laughing... looking at
his crotch)
What parts? In Peachland?

ANNE
Not those... your organs.

ON THE MAN IN BLACK... GETTING CLOSER

ON THEM

ANNE (CONT'D)
I know it's strange, but trust me.

Kevin thinks his sister's lost several screws.

ANNE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Body parts.

KEVIN
What????

ANNE
Body parts... this is the country's
parts capital... MOVE IT!!!

One more step and the man in black will be at the car... they
still haven't noticed him. Kevin suddenly puts it in gear as
his laughter builds as they roar off.

EXT - THE CHURCH/LAB COMPLEX - NIGHT

The Challenger pulls up... Kevin isn't laughing anymore. Anne holds one of the 'parts bags'. Now that he's in the picture, they get out of the car quietly and approach the church. Reverend Robaire holds forth on his regular Wednesday Spiritual Strength meeting... he's in great form and has his devoted Flockers totally under his control... basking in the sound of his own voice.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

REVEREND ROBAIRE

You see how great the future will be. Our WORD... and your Devotion and our babies will create a new place of power and prosperity.

ON ANNE AND KEVIN

KEVIN

(whispering)

What's he talking about... power and prosperity?

ANNE

(whispering)

I don't know about the power... but the prosperity's in the bags.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (VO)

...the sacrificial contribution you make, and promised to make in your vows of Devotion, makes others whole, happy, and allows our work to continue.

ANNE

I'll say it does.

KEVIN

What's he talking about?

ANNE

Pieces of people... you know what he gets for a heart??? ...an eye??? ...a kidney???

KEVIN

No!!!

Their conversation gets louder... they could be discovered.

ANNE

That was last year... might be higher now.

KEVIN

He's getting rich on body parts?

ANNE

Not just parts.

KEVIN

What else?

ANNE

Insurance... like the one they've got on you.

KEVIN

I don't have insurance.

ANNE

Bet?

Inside, the meeting is beginning to break up.

KEVIN

I don't.

ANNE

What did you sign at the wedding?

KEVIN

(remembering)

Couple of things.

ANNE

(nodding knowingly)

An insurance application with the CULT as the sole beneficiary.

EXT - CHURCH - NIGHT

The wives, including Sandy, file out... their Crosses glow appreciatively. They wander off in groups toward their homes. The group Sandy is in passes right by the Challenger, but like the others she's too filled with the WORD to notice that it's their car.

INT - THE CHURCH - NIGHT

REVEREND ROBAIRE
(to the big Cross)
I was beautiful tonight... they'll
do as we want.

CROSS
(neutral voice)
Remain vigilant.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
Yes... but they believe.

EXT - NEAR THE LAB - NIGHT

Anne and Kevin try to get in... silently.

KEVIN
It's locked.

Out of the shadows, the man in black slowly approaches them.

ANNE
Don't you know how to use a credit
card?

KEVIN
(taking one out)
Yeh... to buy beer.

She digs her elbow into him for his stupidity. Recovering, Kevin tries to use the card to unlock the door. The man in black is even closer... they still don't know he's there. Kevin's attempts on the door don't get the job done.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Probably only works on TV.

INT - LAB - SAME TIME

A hand reaches up over Kevin's head as he works, Anne doesn't notice... she's absorbed on the door too. The hand touches a button above the frame and the door swings open revealing the heartwarming rows of Bottle Babies in the pre-birth nursery. The stainless insemination equipment adds a nice element of sterile conformity to the scene. As the light streams out into the night, Kevin is transfixed; so is Anne... for a second... until she notices the hand and the man in black.

EXT - LAB - SAME TIME

ANNE
AAIIIIIIIIII....

The man tries to cover Anne's mouth, but she wriggles free, only to be so scared she can only gasp for air.

KEVIN
What the...??????

Before he can finish, the grounds light up like a football stadium. The lights are supported by the walls of just as many sirens and horns. As Kevin and Anne turn to run, they bump into the man in black in the confusion. The man in black loses his balance, Kevin and Anne fall over each other and have to struggle to get away. The man in black grabs a metal railing to save himself from falling. Anne and Kevin make their hurried escape, but not before Reverend Robaire plunges headlong out of the church catching a glimpse of them roaring off in the car. He doesn't bother to give chase... instead his mind lapses into a series of erotic flashbacks to the wedding day and how much he had lusted after Anne. With his lust refreshed, he is determined to make her his personal Flocker. Reverend Robaire's preoccupation with his fantasy lets the man in black struggle to his feet and get away.

INT - KEVIN AND SANDY'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Sandy is doing house work... there's a knock on the door.

SANDY
Hello Reverend... nice to see you.

Without being asked, Robaire walks right in... checking for signs of other people.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Have a seat.

(He ignores the offer... preferring to 'lord it' over her)

REVEREND ROBAIRE
Are we alone? I need your help.

SANDY
Anything at all.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
Your brother Allan... he'll be ready to marry soon.

SANDY

I guess.

REVEREND ROBBAIRE

I think he's ready now.

SANDY

He's not in love with anyone...
doesn't even have a girlfriend.

REVEREND ROBBAIRE

No matter... I have a....

SANDY

(interrupting him, which
is amazing since she's
supposed to listen and do
exactly as he says)
Reverend!!! You know the law.

REVEREND ROBBAIRE

Never mind that.

SANDY

You said... it is written....

REVEREND ROBBAIRE

(re-asserting control)
Never mind... I have a mate for
him.

SANDY

(persisting)
It is written you must be in love
to marry... Allan isn't in love.

REVEREND ROBBAIRE

I want him to marry Anne. He must!

SANDY

Kevin's sister? Why? They hardly
know each other.

REVEREND ROBBAIRE

Because I want her... uhhh... him
to.

Sandy can't figure the Reverend out. She's never seen him
like this, and has never thought of anybody, especially
Reverend Robaire, breaking the CULT's WORD.

REVEREND ROBBAIRE (CONT'D)

Remember your vows... Devotion...
to me.

SANDY
(wavering under his
pressure)
Well???... I can't... they're not
in love.

Even though she has disobeyed him to his face, her Cross
hasn't acted-up... she obeyed the law, not his demands.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
You'll be sorry for this... for
disobeying me. I will have this
marriage.

Reverend Robaire stomps out in search of a back-up plan.

EXT - REAR OF THE LAB - EARLY EVENING

Kevin and Anne carefully investigate the area for clues, but
there's not much to go on since the area is kept so clean.
They can't talk for fear of being discovered by an
intermittent stream of 30-something women going into the
building. Even before they get another dose of the WORD, the
women appear to be as dazed as the ones coming out of the
Wednesday meeting. They're the oldest women in Peachland...
looking very good, more sophisticated than the 20-something
models... dressed immaculately... as if they're going to a
special reception. Kevin and Anne watch silently.

KEVIN
(whispering)
What's going on?

ANNE
Don't know.

KEVIN
So would I, but how???

ANNE
Maybe we can...

She takes off, leaving a puzzled Kevin behind, to watch.

KEVIN
Where are you go...?

ANNE
Be right back.

Time passes, Kevin checks his watch in the fading light.
It's ten minutes to nine when Anne reappears. More women
have been going in... another enters just as Anne gets back.

Anne's dressed like them and has made herself to look older so she fits in with the others. She has a package with her so Kevin can become the first Cross-dressed Flocker.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Get into these. We're going in.

KEVIN
(looking in the bag)
Not me...

ANNE
Did you see their eyes... they'll
never notice you... they're blank.

Kevin crawls into drag... complete with a red wig. Anne fixes his face with her make-up. They check to see no one is around as they come out of hiding... Anne and the lovely Kevin slip inside.

INT - THE LAB - 9:09 PM

Anne puts on a dazed expression to match the '30s wives who stand in front of a very large rear projection screen watching and listening to an image of Reverend Robaire. Kevin tries to be as inconspicuous as a man in drag at a revival meeting can be. The live Reverend is nowhere to be seen. The time is 9:14 PM.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (ON SCREEN)
...as we told you when you promised
to obey, our mission will go forth.
You have served us well. Your
Devotion will be well rewarded in
the next world... have no fear. As
it is written in our laws that a
great change will come to all of
you in this your thirtieth year.
You'll pass from life as a builder
into rest in the next world.

The clock's hands are in line.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D)
The time has come. Arrange
yourselves in the prescribed order.
Farewell mothers of mine.

The '30s arrange themselves in a line and move toward the sterile, glass room. The game show dissection booths are gone and the room looks more like a large glass shower.

As the older Flockers move into the room, their Crosses glow rhythmically, getting hotter, brighter and tighter around their necks.

1ST THIRTY
(hesitant)
Where are we going?

2ND THIRTY
(vacant)
To rest.

3RD THIRTY
(stupidly reassuring)
Trust the WORD.

INT - LAB - SEE-THROUGH SHOWER ROOM

Obediently, the '30s move into the room. The big Cross on the wall glows and beats in unison with the small control Crosses around the women's necks. Once the first 30 is only a few feet inside the glass room, her Cross strangles her and as she sags to the floor, the heat from the Cross becomes so intense that her clothes burst into flames and her body goes up in smoke like dry ice in the desert. Only the Cross, with a tiny number on it, remains to mark her passing. The other '30s follow, not noticing or caring about what is going on. When Anne and Kevin see the ritual, they try to stop it by blocking the pathes of the '30s... without success. They even try to pull the Crosses off, but all they get for their trouble are scorched hands... and their efforts set off alarms attracting Reverend Robaire... live and in person.

INT - LAB - WIDE SHOT

Robaire bursts into the lab, quickly assesses the situation, and attacks the cross-dressed Kevin, temporarily knocking him out of action when he trips over his dress. Free to function, Reverend Robaire grabs another control Cross and attempts to collar the prize of his dreams... Anne. He almost gets the thing secured around her neck when Kevin unravels himself and flattens the Reverend with his 'CULT of WORDs' knocking him out. While the fight rolls on, the last of the 30s has entered the room and gone up in smoke. Anne and Kevin survey what's left... then make a hasty exit just as the big Cross starts to make more threatening sounds. Before they can reach the door, the man in black runs into the lab. Anne and Kevin duck behind cover before he sees them, and then leave as soon as he is in far enough for them to get out. The man in black surveys the carnage. Slowly, Reverend Robaire begins to come around.

As soon as he's able to focus and sees the man in black, his rage reaches full bloom.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
You... I might have known.

The man doesn't speak, he just continues to look things over.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D)
Never again.

Robaire gets to his feet and moves to his master control panel. The man pays no notice... he just wanders around unafraid... eventually going into the sterile glass room, its floor littered with the tiny, numbered control Crosses; then he turns, looking Robaire straight in the eye in an unflinching gaze that is neither mean, evil, nor accusing.

MAN IN BLACK
You are what you eat... sweat what
you drink... act like you think.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
(spitting out the words)
Old time religion! Parables and
forgiveness... just like mother
used to spew.

Slowly, the man walks out of the carnage right up to the Reverend... his man's unwavering stare deflating Robaire's monetary soul as he fearlessly turns his back and leaves. As he does, he pulls a picture out of his jacket... a picture of a mother and two boys... Robaire and the man.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
I own their lives... to hell with
their souls.

EXT - KEVIN AND SANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Anne and Kevin sprint into the yard, race up the steps, and into the house.

KEVIN
Sandy... Sandy... quick.

INT - THEIR LIVING ROOM

Sandy appears from the kitchen as they burst in.

SANDY
What's the matter?

KEVIN
Packaged parts.

Sandy is totally confused by the answer.

ANNE
Quick... we've got to get out of
here.

SANDY
Why? Where are we going?

KEVIN
Away from here. Come on.

They drag Sandy out of the house, pile into the car and drive off. As fast as they've moved, their escape has not been quick enough to get them out of Peachland... the Reverend's Flockers have closed the roads.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
It's no use... they're everywhere.

SANDY
That's OK, they're my friends.

ANNE
Not now.

SANDY
They are so...
(waving and calling)
Hey...

KEVIN
Don't... they'll kill us.

SANDY
Reverend'll save us.

The car is close to Harvey's bar.

KEVIN
Just a second.

ANNE
What's the matter? What are we
stopping for?

KEVIN
We need some real holy juice.

Kevin has noticed Sandy's Cross glowing brighter, and remembered Janice's trick with the booze. He pulls up in front of Harvey's Bar, and runs inside.

INT - THE BAR - NIGHT

There are a half-a-dozen guys in the place with Harvey listening to a two-way radio as Kevin bursts in.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (V/O)
Keep an eye out Harvey, they're in
your sector.

HARVEY
Hey.

PATRONS
There he is.

HARVEY
Reverend Robaire wants to see you.

Three drinkers move to grab Kevin, but he smacks the toughest one, spilling his beer... the others back off to save theirs.

KEVIN
Tough shit.

Kevin grabs Harvey by the front of the shirt.
A 2-4, two magnums of rum, two...
no make that three glasses, and he
gets the tab.
(indicating fallen fake
fighter)

REVEREND ROBAIRE (ON THE RADIO)
Come in Harvey... come in...

Before leaving, Kevin eyes the rest of the bar... there are no takers, so he helps himself to a large draft... chugs the beer, grabs the 2-way and smashes it under his foot, slaps the fallen tough again and says to one of his friends...

KEVIN
Put my order in the car... and a
couple of BBQ chips.

The guy does as he's told, and the car speeds off into the night leaving the bar patron's alone with a useless radio.

EXT - A DARK DESERTED STREET - NIGHT

The Challenger rounds a corner with its lights out and engine off... the car coasts to a stop in between rows of bushes in a small park. They get out as quietly as possible. Anne holds Sandy's Cross in a plastic cup of booze. With the Cross inebriated, Sandy is more aware... she's capable of understanding the depth of their problem.

KEVIN
(to Sandy)
Understand?

Sandy's Cross is right in the booze so it can't give emit.

SANDY
I feel different.

ANNE
You should, now that thing has
found true religion.

Kevin embraces her warmly... around the ass, making it difficult for Anne to keep the Cross in the booze.

KEVIN
Welcome back.

ANNE
Save that... she's not back yet...
not all the way.

They begin pulling at the Cross and its chain, but when they do, they have to take it out of the booze and it immediately starts to get hot and tight around Sandy's neck.

KEVIN
No use, it's locked on somehow.

ANNE
There's got to be a way.

SANDY
Wait... I think I remember... from
the meetings... Crosses like light
and sound.

Sandy tries to recall. She's been programmed so it's difficult for her, and the others don't know what went on at the meetings and on TV so they can't help.

INT - THE CHURCH - NIGHT

Reverend Robaire holds forth. He still has all his oozy charm, but it's mixed with more than a little anger and frustration at the possibility his empire might be screwed up. He speaks to a full house... all the wives are there, the recent widows, and even the husbands/next victims/donors. The big Cross hums with its satisfied controlling light and sound.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

You know I AM the instrument for
the power of the laws.

FLOCKERS

We do.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

And you know I AM the only one who
can interpret the WORD.

FLOCKERS

We do.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

Good. Then do as I say.

FLOCKERS

We will.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

(more holier-than-ever)

There are intruders in our house.
They must be destroyed. Destroyed,
or they will infect us... poison
our future... destroy our children.

FLOCKERS

(gasps of horror)

No... what??? ... it can't be...

REVEREND ROBAIRE

I will lead you... you must find
them... wipe them out.

SOLITARY VOICE (MALE)

You taught us not to kill... that
only the laws could kill.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

That's right... but this is not
killing, this is cleansing. My...
our empire is in danger. I grant
you dispensation...

(MORE)

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D)
 in fact for erasing the poison,
 I... I will extend your stay
 here... more time for you.

FLOCKERS
 (various cries of joy and
 religious fervor... for
 the wonderful WORD)
 We're ready.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
 Go... exterminate our enemies.
 I'll be with you... in spirit.

The groups rush into the night in all directions, each with a two-way radio.

EXT - THE DARK SPOT IN THE PARK WHERE SANDY, ANNE, AND KEVIN ARE WAITING - NIGHT

The struggle with Sandy's Cross continues. From time-to-time, they have to stop trying to figure out the locking mechanism to put it back in the holy water. In between Cross drinks, Sandy tries to remember its secret.

INT - REVEREND ROBAIRE'S LAB

Robaire stands in front of the tracking screens. A weakly and slowly blinking spot indicates Sandy's position. The groups of searchers, represented by much larger and brighter dots, get closer... Robaire instructs them on his radio.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
 Flockers... the poison's in Assburn
 Park... destroy it.

Robaire watches the screens as his Flockers close in.

BACK TO SANDY, ANNE, AND KEVIN IN THE PARK

The struggle to remove the Cross continues.

SANDY
 Wait... I remember. The big Cross
 sends out waves.

ANNE
 So?

KEVIN
 So if we block the waves... like
 the liquor, the collar's toast.

Just then, a twig breaks and some leaves rustle near where they left the car. It's Harvey... alone... given away by squawks from his radio.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Harvey... he's our answer.

The Cross swims some more... Kevin stalks the stalker.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
(on the radio)
Hurry, their signal is fading.

HARVEY
I'm almost....

He doesn't get to finish what he was trying to say as Kevin grabs him by the balls, squeezes, twists, and lets him fall groaning in pain while making sure the radio isn't damaged. Kevin ties up the wounded Harvey with his own belt... leaving him on the ground... pantless. Picking up the radio, Kevin goes back to Sandy and Anne to use the 2-way to block the Cross waves by tuning it to some Bix Beiderbecke tunes until Sandy's Cross falls off..

REVEREND ROBAIRE
Say again. What was that?

INT - THE LAB - NIGHT

Reverend Robaire continues to monitor the screens. His patience is wearing thin. He slams the desk... talks to himself. The big Cross looks and sounds even angrier than the Reverend.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
Hurry... they must be destroyed.

The monitors show two large groups of searchers getting very close to the weak dot representing Sandy, Anne, and Kevin.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D)
Come on... closer...get them.

EXT - THE FRINGE OF THE PARK - NIGHT

Two groups of Flockers converge... unaware of the other.

INT - AN EQUIPMENT SHED IN ASSBURN PARK - SAME TIME

Sandy, Anne, and Kevin have gotten in through a gap in the old wooden door. The shed also has a garage-size door on the back wall to allow a tractor-pulled lawnmower to get in and out. The rest of the place is divided almost equally by a wall separating a bunch of hand-held gardening tools and equipment for the tractor... and there is a small loft.

EXT - THE PARK, CLOSE TO THE SHED

Some Flockers close in... moving relatively quietly toward the shed. The leader points to the shed, the others nod.

EXT - OTHER SIDE OF THE SHED

A second group has just reached the edge of the park, and they see the shed and head for it. Neither group is aware of the other because the good Reverend hasn't told them... and they're ruled by his commands.

INT - THE LAB

Reverend Robaire watches the screens. Slowly, the spot made by Sandy's Cross begins to get brighter, enabling him to pinpoint her location. He jumps on the radio.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
All Flockers... they're in the
shed. Attack!

The screens show the two groups converging on the single dot.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (CONT'D)
(ecstatic)
They have them. This is it.

He rushes out to experience the slaughter in person.

INT - THE SHED

The first group breaks into the shed and begins its search. As soon as they're involved, Kevin leads Sandy and Anne out the same way the group came in.

EXT - THE SHED

The second group is very close when it hears Reverend Robaire's last message.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (VO)
 They're in the shed... the shed...
 destroy the vermin.

The second group breaks into the shed by the large door and finds the first group inside.

INT - THE SHED - SAME TIME

The leader of the first group has Sandy's glowing Cross in his hand... very incriminating evidence of complicity.

LEADER OF 2ND GROUP
 Traitors... seize them. Raidorize them.

FIRST GROUP
 You let them get away.

Accusations fly for a second or so, and then all hell breaks loose... rather blood and body parts fly.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (VO)
 (repeating himself
 hysterically)
 Get them... kill them.

Each group of crazed Flockers only hear Reverend Robaire's WORDs to destroy the intruders. Men and women beat on each other mercilessly with their hands, their feet, and the garden tools in the shed... a few are chopped up when a dedicated Flocker starts the lawn mower and attempts to use it on the other group until she is knocked down and the machine chomps her up and runs in circles claiming victims at random. Soon, all Flockers are badly mutilated, dead, or soon-to-be-dead.

EXT - THE PARK - SECONDS LATER

Kevin, Anne, and Sandy can hear the mayhem, but they have no desire to see the results. They're getting away... a couple of seconds after they're out-of-sight in one direction, Reverend Robaire drives up from the other. In excited anticipation, he roars across the park to the shed.

EXT - THE SHED - REVEREND ROBAIRE'S POV

The Reverend has great expectations, but when he opens the door and finds a different mess than the one he expected, he implodes. Searching for the source of his problem, he finds Sandy's numbered Cross. Back outside, and unmoved by the bloody slaughter inside, Robaire checks for traces of the three pains. Not finding any, he goes back to his lab.

EXT - THE LAB/CHURCH COMPLEX - NIGHT

Kevin, Sandy, and Anne approach carefully. The doors to the lab are locked, but the church doors are open... left that way by the Flockers on their pursuit mission.

INT - CHURCH - NIGHT

They get into the church and move through it to a door leading to a passageway to the lab.

INT - THE LAB - SAME TIME

KEVIN

The big Cross has to lose its grip.

CROSS

(angry neutral voice)

You can't turn me off... I AM.

The three of them ignore the comment and look for solutions in the array of controls. The Cross just laughs at them.

EXT - VARIOUS SPOTS ALL OVER PEACHLAND - NIGHT

Other groups of Flockers stumble about in the night... still looking for the troublesome trio.

REVEREND ROBAIRE (VO)

(on the radio)

Return for further instructions.

Be quick... they tricked us.

From different places, the Flockers go back to Robaire.

INT - THE LAB

The big Cross blazes furiously... its noises almost deafening in their anger. Kevin, Sandy, and Anne furiously adjust the controls... trying to turn the thing off.

CROSS

Fools... you'll pay for this.

EXT - THE LAB - NIGHT

Reverend Robaire arrives and storms toward the entrance.

INT - THE LAB - SAME TIME

The sound level is slightly lower, but things aren't under the threesome's control yet. The big Cross still has power. Reverend Robaire bursts in on Kevin, Anne, and Sandy.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
You dare to come here... you die.

CROSS
(laughing evilly)
Ah-ha-ha... finished.

KEVIN
(to Sandy and Anne)
Keep trying. I'll deal with this.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
(into the radio)
Faster... the laboratory... the
intruders are in the laboratory.

Suddenly, a mirrored wall folds back at the command of one of the controls Anne or Sandy touched revealing the Bottle Babies and the big Cross standing guard over them... continuing its tirade.

ANNE
(aghast)
What the.....?????????

SANDY
So that's Devotion.

Kevin and the Reverend continue their fierce struggle.

ANNE
Devotion to what?

SANDY
Purity and innocence... his vision
of one world... one image... all
the same... every body the same.

Kevin starts to get the upper hand on the Reverend.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
(crying out)
Help me.

The big Cross becomes even angrier and more unintelligible in its screechings.

KEVIN
Too late.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
 (pleading)
 Help me.

ON ANNE

She finds the right buttons on the master panel. The big Cross dims, whines, moans, grows quieter, flickers in agony, sighs, repeats its painful demise, and goes out.

CROSS
 (sounds like dying)
 Noooooooooo.....

ON THE FIGHT

REVEREND ROBAIRE
 (noticing the change)
 Nooo. You can't. You mustn't.
 What about me?

EXT - THE LAB - NIGHT

The groups of Flockers converge on the complex. Suddenly, their composes change. Before, all the control Crosses had been glowing in the dark, now they're getting dimmer... some even fall off. The women/brides begin to regain their senses... just like Sandy did when her control Cross was gone. Even so, they still act as a group since each one now knows what to do to free herself, and her husband, from the power of the Cross... and the planned organ harvest. They storm the lab.

INT - THE LAB - SAME TIME

The fight goes on... the Reverend breaks away, but before he can get to the controls to reestablish his grip on the Flockers, they burst through the door. Now he really needs help, and he screams for it from the depths of nowhere.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
 Help me... Jacqueline... help me.

The Cross controlling the nourished development of the Bottle Babies stays lit and humming since it has different controls.

INT - MED SHOT ON THE CROSS WATCHING OVER THE BOTTLE BABIES

The arrival of the freed Flockers terrifies Reverend Robaire. He's used to being in control... not being controlled.

INT - GRADUAL ZOOM THROUGH THE BOTTLES TO THE CENTER OF THE GIANT CROSS

Slowly a pasty-whiter-shade-of-pale face appears in the Cross... a Cross still trying to keep its tight hypnotic grip. The whiter shade of pale is a woman's face... a much older woman with an evil face lift. As it becomes clearer, the hatred in it grows. As it becomes clearer, its voice becomes more audible... until it reveals the face of the evil reborn virgin Jacqueline... the voice and power behind the Cross.

JACQUELLINE
(in the Cross... more
clear and commanding)
Get back. Get back. Stop where
you are. They are mine. I am the
WORD. Stop!

REV SHOT

Gradually, the Flockers stop. Anne and Sandy don't know what to make of it. Kevin interrupts his pursuit of the Reverend.

JACQUELLINE (CONT'D)
Get out of here... they are mine!

The Flockers move back... a bit.

JACQUELLINE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Go... get out.

They move a bit more.

SANDY
(to Kevin)
Who or what is that?

KEVIN
(bewildered)
Damned if I know.

JACQUELLINE
(Screeching)
Get out... NOW.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
Go on... do as she says. Move.....

The Flockers show some movement away from what's left of the Bottle Baby lab... but not far.

KEVIN
(to the Flockers)
Wait.

JACQUELLINE
Get out. Obey ME!

REVEREND ROBAIRE
Your vows.... your Devotion...
OBEY!

SANDY
(smashing a control Cross
on the floor)
No... don't.

ANNE
You're free.

ON THE GIANT CROSS

A door in it opens and Jacquelline makes a terrifying in person appearance in front of the Flockers, scaring them since none of them has seen anything this powerful, evil, or a woman in her 50s before. The Flockers are freaked.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
(laughing, and leering at
Anne and Sandy)
I'll have them both... tonight.

KEVIN
Not even in your dreams.

REV SHOT

Kevin goes after Robaire again... with renewed enthusiasm and success leaving Robaire in need of more than emotional salvation... he could use several of the parts he was trying to harvest for sale.

REVEREND ROBAIRE
(crying to Jacquelline)
Help me... stop him.

Kevin's determination inspires the freed Flockers to action and they hustle Sandy and Anne away from Jacquelline's wrath and Reverend Robaire's lust. Recognizing Kevin as her main problem, Jacquelline grabs a live wire from one of the computer servers and swings it at his head. Her aim is worse than her dusty virginity. Instead of whacking him, she only knocks out some controls and launches a few more shelves of Bottle Babies onto the floor.

Meanwhile, Reverend Robaire huddles out of the way, rocking himself in a fetal position, hoping Jacqueline wipes out Kevin so he can get a shot at Anne. As Jacqueline's rage continues, Kevin keeps dodging the electrically-charged cord and a lot of Bottle Babies end up splattered knee deep all over the increasingly disgusting floor.

JACQUELLINE

Damn you... look what you've
done... my perfect babies who would
love only me... believe only me...
be just like me.

Her words aren't too well received by the freed Flockers... especially now that they've regained their minds after the control Crosses have fallen. They begin to eye the Reverend menacingly. Jacqueline swings the live cord again and misses again, knocking over more Bottle Babies. Now she's even angrier flying at Kevin in a heightened rage, but he avoids her charge.

JACQUELLINE (CONT'D)

I'll teach you.

She goes after him wildly , knocking more supposedly perfect specimens over.

ON THE FREED FLOCKERS

Meanwhile, in another place, the freed Flockers zero in on Reverend Robaire, who has to move quickly so they don't damage him... while Sandy and Anne confront Jacqueline.

ANNE

So you're the root of all this.

JACQUELLINE

I created them... all like me...
perfect... mothers and babies
untouched by man. Perfect.

ANNE

You're nuts... men taste good.

Jacqueline swings the live cord again... more angry that a woman would think a man had VALUE... this time she knocks out some of the key control panels.

KEVIN

(off camera)

Watch out.

JACQUELLINE

Crazy am I? I'm still a virgin....
but I've got all these babies.

REVEREND ROBAIRE

(pleading... more scared)
Do something.

JACQUELLINE

Shut up. All these babies... just
like me... virgins. And true
believers in me.

Jacquelline swings again, but this time she lets the cord out too far... not a good strategy as it bounces off an electrical panel and right onto Anne, lighting her up like an angel on top of a Christmas tree. Seeing the ultimate object of his lust fried right before his eyes, Reverend Robaire pulls a four-foot Cross off the wall and rushes past Kevin and stabs Jacquelline in her dusty virginity with the long end of the Cross. In an agony of hate, Robaire rams the rod right into her... causing the life to fly out of her. Just as he finishes the 'Cross fuck', the freed Flockers pounce on him, beating him to death with their discarded control Crosses. When the control panel shorted out, it shut down the big control Cross for the Bottle Babies. Flaring, blazing, and rocking on its moorings, the Cross crashes down on the remaining rows of mason jars squashing and smashing them into a writhing mass of pre-life death on the floor. Fumes and blood fill the room as the liquids, flesh, and electricity battle in an simmering gumbo. Through the ever-thickening haze, and looking out into the light of the early dawn through the now open door of the lab, the figures of Kevin and Sandy walk away hand-in-hand along the beach... truly together... in love, alone, and only controlled by their dreams of tomorrow.

Louis Armstrong plays his tune.

THE END

