

"THE BLOB"

FADE IN:

OPENING CREDITS OVER:

EXT. DOWNINGTOWN DINER - NIGHT (ORIGINAL)

MUSIC rumbles ominously over the end of the 1958 **THE BLOB**, with the pulsating alien mass wrapped around the Downingtown Diner.

Students and cops BLAST the evil mass with CO₂ fire extinguishers as people run, screaming. Typical B-movie panic.

(MATCH FILM ATMOSPHERE TO OURS:)

EXT. DINER, 1958 - NIGHT

SELMA SLUMP, 20, a vaguely used-looking woman, walks towards the diner, firetruck and cop car gumballs strobing her face, hungry and tired, seemingly oblivious to the madness around her.

Fleeing CITIZENS push roughly past Selma, carrying suitcases with their clothes and pets hanging out. Selma's hair is blown by HELICOPTER WIND as...

EXT. DOWNINGTOWN DINER - NIGHT (ORIGINAL)

The CROWD reacts as an O.S. HELICOPTER lifts the BLOB off the diner.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

A trophy: "Cleanest Bathroom, 1957." The DINER OWNER clutches this dubious honor under one arm and a CHILD under the other as he flees out the front door, BANGING into Selma. He has 50 pounds on her, easy, but Selma doesn't budge.

SELMA

Mister, can I get a burger?

DINER OWNER

You can have the whole damn diner, lady!

He runs into the night like a butt-shot cat, leaving the door swinging open. From Selma's dirty face...

INT. DINER - NIGHT

The gumballs outside illuminate a dingy small-town diner with tables by the windows and a counter and cash register facing them. High-cholesterol food burns untended on the filthy grill.

Selma enters, and begins hungrily scooping meat and eggs off the hotplate with her bare hands.

EXT. DINER WINDOW - NIGHT

A hand-made sign appears in the window: "Under New Management." Then another: "Post Alien Brekfast Speciul, 19 Cents."

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - NIGHT

The population sign beside the desolate highway into Downingtown is lit by passing headlights as HORNS BLARE PAST.

You Are Now Leaving
DOWNINGTOWN
Population: 1,760

EXT. OUTSKIRTS - DAY

PAN BACK to the sign the next DAY, with 3 digits crudely painted out:

You Are Now Leaving
DOWNINGTOWN
Population: 17 6 0

OPTICAL: Smoke curls up from ruined buildings in the b.g.

INT. DINER 1958 - DAY

The jukebox plays Sheb Wooley's "Purple People Eater." An OLD DUDE in dark glasses with a white cane is the only customer.

Selma opens a can of luncheon meat, scrapes the jelly off the top with her hand and looks for somewhere to dump it.

THE SINK is stopped up with what looks like Al Sharpton's bath water.

THE STUFF wobbles and glistens in Selma's hand. There's a fist-sized HOLE in the wall above the stove. What the heck: Selma smears the gelatinous goop into the hole, and it slides behind the wall out of sight. She hangs a *1958 calendar* over the hole.

INT. INSIDE WALL - DAY

The goop drips OMINOUSLY down between the wallboards.

INT. DINER, 1965 - DAY

Selma, better dressed (and with more of her in it), pushes aside a **1965** calendar to shove in more meat jelly. "Eve Of Destruction" on the jukebox. Selma's got a few customers now, mostly TEENS.

INT. DINER, 1980 - DAY

Elvis Costello's "Accidents Will Happen" on the juke box, and BABY SHERMAN, 3 months old, at his mother's breast as she cooks for a nice-sized CROWD.

A fly traverses a burger patty. Selma swats it with the spatula and flips the burger over, fly and all. She shoves more jelly with a now-practiced hand behind a 1980 calendar.

LOW: Ominous GURGLING from the floorboards, which BULGE.

CREDITS END.

WIPE from top to bottom with a BLACK DRIPPING MASS, and...

EXT. DOWNINGTOWN OUTSKIRTS - DAY (D1)

With a LOUD, drum-heavy Contempo Hit For Young Popsters. We're on a hill, looking at the old-fashioned brick downtown in the distance, and -- something that wasn't there in 1958 -- the slick, post-modern EPPING COLLEGE. (OPTICAL)

A sign in the foreground:

DOWNINGTOWN
Population: 3,500
Proud Home of Epping College!

Music DOPPLERS out as a convertible zips past.

INT. DINER - DAY (D1)

The diner hasn't changed much since 1958, except it's become a campy low-rate hang-out for the "Eppies" to slum in. Today's chalkboard menu advertises "Pigeon Week Specials."

PAN from smart-ass COLLEGE KIDS larking around in booths, wearing cardboard "pigeon" hats...

... to College Security CHIEF SLATER, 25 going on 50, at the counter grimly chowing down on a steak the size of a radio.

CHIEF SLATER
So, Selma, what's a vivacious
creature like you doing for
Pigeon Night?

SELMA, now a large 62, sneezes on the salad she's preparing and wipes her nose on a piece of butter lettuce.

SELMA
I'll probably stay here and
reshape people's leftover butter
back into patties.

CHIEF SLATER
I tell ya, if you married me?
That boy of yours'd have a father
around long after you were dead.

Selma coyly but forcefully slaps Slater with her spatula, turning his head and leaving a greasy rectangle on his cheek.

SELMA
You quit your sweet-talking and
finish that steak.

CHIEF SLATER

Picture the honeymoon. We go to my apartment and don't leave until we can't stand the smell of the bed.

Across the diner, a bunch of JOCKS larking with a ketchup bottle drop it on the floor with a smash.

SELMA
Sherman! Spill!

From the back, SHERMAN SLUMP, 19, enters in an apron, carrying a bucket and mop. Sherman is dutiful, quiet, distracted. He's trying to read from an open ASTRONOMY text as he crosses.

Slater looks thoughtfully at his plate.

CHIEF SLATER
What kinda meat's this?

SELMA
Guar. Asian herbivore. Fell off a ledge last night at the Zoo.

Sherman cleans up the glass. The jocks rag on him.

JOCKS
Hey Diner Boy, you missed a spot!
/ Do my shoes!

Selma leans in to Slater:

SELMA
You should be hunting for a girl your own age... and just doing me on the side.

CHIEF SLATER
What, these stuck-up Barbies? I want a woman who, no matter what part of the bed I reach to, there's some of her in it.

Selma giggles. Sherman puts the dustpan full of glass on the counter. Selma takes it, extracts some glass and lifts the bun off a ready-to-serve burger platter, eyeing the jocks laughing unsuspectingly in the b.g. Sherman stops her.

SHERMAN

No Ma. I've gotta stand up for myself. I can't have you putting broken glass in people's burgers all my life.

He dumps dishes in the sink, where they disappear beneath what looks like greasy harbor water.

SHERMAN

Can I wash these when I get back from class?

SELMA

I don't know why you're wasting your time studying UFOs when you could be taking an ax to the rest of that Guar.

Sherman peels off his apron.

SHERMAN

It's not UFOs, Ma. It's *Astronomy*.

Knowing how this argument ends, Selma wearily relents.

SELMA

Okay, go.

On his way out, Sherman hangs his apron on the door to the cellar, *which is elaborately nailed, caulked, and boarded shut*.

Slater's BEEPER goes off. He checks the number and rolls his eyes.

CHIEF SLATER

Dean Markham.

(his steak:)

Can ya keep this warm for me?

Slater slides off his stool, taking his unopened longneck beer. Selma picks up his steak, licks it suggestively and drops it down her cleavage.

Walking out, Slater grabs one of the EPPIE GUYS in a headlock.

CHIEF SLATER
Police. Don't move.

He sticks his beer in the guy's mouth and pops it open. Out comes the cap and several expensively-orthodontured teeth.

INT. COLLEGE GYMNASIUM - DAY (D1)

A BEADY yellow EYE above a gruesome, mis-shapen BEAK. Students put the finishing touches on several large papier-maché PIGEONS which decorate the walls of the Epping College gym. We hear the Modeling Instructor, MRS. CAPALDI.

MRS. CAPALDI (O.S.)
Supermodels of the future!

Mrs. Capaldi addresses 10 stunning MODELS standing in skimpy lingerie in the middle of the gym floor.

MRS. CAPALDI
Several phrases will always come in handy as you traverse the globe, baring your lustrous skin in the name of fashion. Repeat after me: "Lassen mich jetzt, zu dreckig schwein!"

Mrs. Capaldi has the English for this written on a portable blackboard: "Leave me alone, you filthy pig!" The phrase beneath it is, "I want my passport back, and I'm not shaving anything."

The gorgeous but unaffected MIRABELL FILLNER, 18, shoots a shy smile to Sherman, who watches moonily from the bleachers, eating his brown-bag lunch as the girls repeat the phrase.

MRS. CAPALDI
In preparation for Friday night, Miss Fillner will now lead us in a rehearsal of the Pigeon Dance.

One of the GIRLS does a Vanna-White type move to push the button on a boom-box. MUSIC, and...

Mirabell leads the girls in a ludicrous pigeon-pecking cheerleader dance, their hands doubling as beaks.

IN THE STANDS, Sherman's friend ARTHUR REZZLE joins him, wearing a loud green leisure suit.

ARTHUR

Hey Sherm. You want an apple?

He sticks a hand down his pants and produces an apple.

SHERMAN

Gee, that's mighty tempting, with your 'nard sweat glistening on it like that.

Arthur shrugs and eats. Sherman stares at his suit's hideosity.

SHERMAN

Jesus, Arthur. Did you mug The Wedding Singer?

ARTHUR

I picked up some new threads to impress *der babenhosen*. Whaddya think?

Sherman's gaze returns to his unrequited beloved. The girls continue their spazzy dance.

SHERMAN

I'm thinking of asking Mirabell Fillner to the dance.

Arthur coughs and wipes apple spit off the neck of the girl in front of him.

ARTHUR

Who are you kidding? You're a *townie*. You can't get a model. You've gotta find yourself a girl with no breasts and one eye.

He reaches down the BACK of his pants and produces:

ARTHUR

Slice of watermelon?

Sherman doesn't hear this. He's staring at Mirabell.

CHIEF SLATER (O.S.)
You beeped me, sir?

INT. DEAN MARKHAM'S OFFICE - DAY (D1)

Chief Slater stands in a wood-paneled office. The severe, humorless DEAN MARKHAM stands behind his desk in a toga and laurel wreath.

DEAN MARKHAM
The Ancient Greeks, Slater! They may have been hopeless at heterosexual relations but they knew a thing or two about *sport*. Their games were performed in the nude...

FROM BEHIND: he TOGA-FLASHES Slater, throwing in some hip-thrusts. Slater's eyes narrow. One guesses he's seen worse things in this office.

DEAN MARKHAM
... and unknown was it not for them to wrestle *to the death*.

He strides over to Slater, toga swirling.

DEAN MARKHAM
When we win Saturday night I intend to stride Athenian-ly across the court, grip Coach Lobue's hand, *rip his arm off*, wave it above my head and toss the bloody finger-twitching stump at his feet!

CHIEF SLATER
Very gracious of you, sir, but what did you need me for?

Markham smiles evilly.

INT. COLLEGE GYMNASIUM - DAY (D1)

In the bleachers, Sherman's hackles go up, looking at...

A particularly cocky Epping jock, the Aryan BECKMANN, strolling into the gym, eyeing the babes.

SHERMAN

There's that bastard Beckmann. Always riding my ass in the diner. Yesterday he sent his steak back because it had a splinter in it.

EXT. FIELD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Sherman's mother strides across a field towards a COW, clutching a baseball bat.

SHERMAN (V/O)

What does he think, cows just drop dead of old age?

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY (D1)

Back to the bleachers.

ARTHUR

We're going up to Logan's Bluff with several young "ladies of indeterminate virtue." And, okay, not all of their eyes. You coming?

SHERMAN

I like outdoor copulation with un-picky uni-ocular women as much as the next guy but I've got a mid-term.

ARTHUR

So skip it. Big deal.

Sherman surveys the well-dressed, practically *glowing* Eppies all around him; their easy smiles, their tailored clothes, their sheer manifest *belonging-ness*.

SHERMAN

And then what? I'm not slick enough to charm my way up to a B-minus. I'm not rich enough to

buy my way up. And I can't take
it up the tube like Bruce de
Mellers.

INSERT: A swishy SOPHOMORE, smoking a Capri in an angora
sweater, bats his eyes at a MALE TEACHER.

ARTHUR

You knew all that before you
enrolled.

SHERMAN

What happened to this town,
Arthur? Why are we all mutants?

ARTHUR

Hey, speak for yourself.

SHERMAN

I feel like that guy in Amadeus:
(to God)
"If you didn't give me the
talent, why give me the *desire*?"

ARTHUR

I love where he runs in and farts
at that party. Ffffppppthhhllth!

Arthur wipes more apple spit off the girl in front. Sherman
gives his friend a long look.

SHERMAN

How do you pass?

ARTHUR

Hey, Urban Planning. Ever see
one city that was put together
right?

Sherman closes his Astronomy textbook with a sigh.

SHERMAN

What am I doing studying the
heavens when the most gorgeous
being in the universe is right in
front of me...

The girls do the Pigeon Shit Dance, bending and flapping.

SHERMAN

... pretending to crap on a statue.

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY (D1)

Slater is still being held captive by his boss.

DEAN MARKHAM

For several months I've been working on my arm-ripping technique with mannequins...

He tears the arm off a MANNEQUIN in a suit and tosses it onto a PILE of mannequin arms in one corner.

DEAN MARKHAM

... but now by God it's time to try it on a *human*.

The Dean holds out his right arm and smiles.

DEAN MARKHAM

Go on, man. Shake it.

INT. GYM - DAY (D1)

Mrs. Capaldi's blackboard says "The Stiletto Heel: The Model's Best Friend."

MRS. CAPALDI

The stiletto can be *pleasing* to the eye when worn on the foot, or it can *remove* an eye when held in the hand. Keee-yi!

She kicks one shoe up in the air and catches it in her hand, adopting a martial arts posture. The girls all do the same, many dropping their shoes.

IN THE BLEACHERS, Arthur coaches Sherman.

ARTHUR

Just go up and tell her you like what she did with her hair.

SHERMAN

What if she didn't do anything to it?

ARTHUR

Every chick has always just done something with her hair.

Sherman notes several Epping JOCKS eyeing the girls predatorily from the gym's periphery. He takes a few quick breaths, gets up, trips over the bleachers and crashes all the way to the gym floor. The Jocks hoot at his clumsiness.

Mirabell would like to run and help him, but at that moment Mrs. Capaldi is joined by COACH BENEDICT, a 40-ish guy with ramrod posture, in sweats.

MRS. CAPALDI

Over to you, Coach Benedict.

COACH BENEDICT

Sometimes, ladies, language and eye-gouging footwear are not enough. Sometimes, you have to run. Let's get *joggy* wid' it!

The girls moan.

MIRABELL

Could we *change* first?

COACH BENEDICT

You won't have time to change when you're being chased by a *pantless, penis-wielding Lighting Director across the Pont Neuf!*
Now move!!

The girls jog, still in their revealing garb, out the door, screaming polylingually. Sherman scrambles after them.

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS - DAY (D1)

The baby-dolled lovelies jog around the campus as GUYS staring at them fall off their bikes and walk into trees.

Sherman, breathing hard, catches up to Mirabell.

SHERMAN

Hi Mirabell. I love what you did to your hair and I was wondering...

MIRABELL

I won't see you at the diner tonight, Sherman. I'm going to Fresh-Co to stock up on all my woman-freshening needs.

SHERMAN

Uh-huh. Good. But I was wondering...

Sherman runs into a GUY feeding branches into a gas-powered Wood Chipper, knocking him into the chipper. The machine GRINDS.

SHERMAN

Sorry!

INT. DINER - DAY (D1)

With the steady hand of 40 years of practice, Selma pushes meat jelly into the wall hole as Slater re-seats himself.

WALKIE-TALKIE (filter)

Chief Slater?

The Chief takes out his walkie-talkie.

CHIEF SLATER

Whatcha got, Venokur?

WALKIE-TALKIE (filter)

Cadaver missing at the Anatomy Lab.

CHIEF SLATER

What are we talking? the whole body or a jar of messy, dismembered, squishy bits?

The people around him stop eating.

CHIEF SLATER

... with the veins and leftover bits of undigested food hanging out, along with the trailing bloody ends of the scrotum, anal tract and eyeballs?

WALKIE TALKIE (filter)

The whole thing, Chief.

Slater rises, carrying the plate and his steak. Sherman enters, covered in blood. To Selma:

SHERMAN

I've got a mid-term Friday, can I get off chicken-strangling tonight?

SELMA

Sure. Just put 'em in a sack and I'll drive over 'em later.

(to Slater)

Who'd steal a dead body?

CHIEF SLATER

Selma, you're so naïve...

EXT. MARKET STALL IN BAZAAR - DAY (ACTUALITY)

A MERCHANT in an foreign bazaar holds a grocery weigh-pan with a HUMAN ASS in it. He pours it out of the weigh-pan into a RICH CUSTOMER'S string-bag.

CHIEF SLATER (V/O)

In some parts of the world, cadaver butts can fetch up to \$200 a pound.

INT. DINER - DAY (D1)

Selma mulls this piece of foreign trivia. Slater puts his arm around Sherman, who's typing an apron, and drags him out.

CHIEF SLATER

C'mere Sherm, I've got something that'll cheer you up.

EXT. COLLEGE - NIGHT (N1)

That night. The campus is abandoned after dark.

INT. ANATOMY LAB - NIGHT (N1)

Slater stands beside an autopsy table, eating his steak. Sherman is still in his bloody clothes. Slater reaches into a trash can and pulls out the top of a head and a brain.

CHIEF SLATER

Hey cool, a brain!

Slater sniffs the brain then licks it, and puts the skull cap on his own head. Dean Markham strides in.

DEAN MARKHAM

I'm very unhappy today, Slater.
First your arm doesn't come off,
and now this.

Markham picks up a gravy boat full of SOMETHING VAGUELY FORENSIC and thoughtfully pours it into a bowl.

DEAN MARKHAM

I don't like people disappearing
from my college, especially dead
people. If news of this gets
out, dead people may stop coming
here.

CHIEF SLATER

Obviously a fraternity prank,
sir. We'll find the body.

DEAN MARKHAM

Do that, Slater. Or *take its
place.*

(abruptly, to Sherman)

You. You're a student here?

SHERMAN

Yes sir.

The Dean grabs Sherman and SNIFFS him - his shoulders, his neck, his face - like a bloodhound on a sock. Then, threateningly:

DEAN MARKHAM

You don't... *SMELL* like an Eppie.

SHERMAN (militarily)

I'm a grateful beneficiary of the school community outreach program, Sir, and may I say on behalf of the townies we wish you a speedy and violent victory in the game Friday.

Well said, but the Dean is still suspicious.

DEAN MARKHAM

I have a little bag under my clothes that collects all my wee-wee. Now it's empty...

(deep, silly inhale)

Now it's full.

(another twisted face)

Empty...

(smile)

Full.

TILT DOWN to THE FLOOR: a wide drain hole.

DEAN MARKHAM (O.S.)

I can do it while dancing.

SFX: Frantic TAP DANCING.

DEAN MARKHAM (O.S.)

Empty, full, empty, full.

Something shiny and wet MOVES below the grate...

FADE OUT:

ACT BREAK

FADE IN:

EXT. DINER - NIGHT (N1)

Emphasizing how remote this place is after dark. The diner is Closed; lights off. Tall weeds/grass all around it.

SHERMAN (O.S.)
It seems so hopeless.

INT. DINER - NIGHT (N1)

STAR FIELD, through telescope gobo.

ARTHUR (O.S.)
So drop out, switch to Urban Planning. We've got some real retards in *my* class.

FULL SHOT. The lights are OFF as Sherman trains a home-made reflecting telescope out the diner window. Arthur has an entire roast chicken on a fork. He eats it like it was a corn cob.

SHERMAN (eye to scope)
Why would a super-intelligent being come 200 light-years to visit a planet where Jewel is considered an intellectual?

ARTHUR
Cos Sherman, we got something they will never have.

SHERMAN
Mutilatable cattle?

ARTHUR
(nods, chews)
Plus! Women. Say you're an alien, sitting there on Plartech 9, right? *No matter what you look like*, I'm talking giant worm, big silver rotating whatever... if you see the Pam and Tommy bangeroo video you're gonna go...
(his idea of an alien voice)
"Wowwwwww. E.T. go *therrrrre*."
(chomp, chew)

Plus, our anuses fit their probes
so well. Got any Dom?

Sherman stares at Arthur mauling his meal.

SHERMAN

Are you selling other people's
blood again?

Arthur changes the subject.

ARTHUR

The Pigeon Dance is in 2 days.
If you're with your sweetie when
that first *camarone* flies
overhead...

SHERMAN

Camarone is shrimp.

ARTHUR

... *pigerone*, whatever -
according to tradition, you two
get to...

Arthur makes a crude hand-copulating motion, kind of like
"This is the Church, this is the steeple."

SHERMAN

How do I ask her? She's this
beautiful college girl...

ARTHUR

So? *We're beautiful college
guys.*

Arthur bites his chicken. Sherman stares out the window.

SHERMAN

We're *townies*.

Sherman stares out the window into the night. Bitterly:

SHERMAN

Epping *has* to take us because of
the quota.

INT. GARAGE BATHROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK, ACTUALITY)

The 17-ish GARAGE OWNER'S KID sticks his head under the pump-soap nozzle in the sink.

SHERMAN (V/O)

Last year they accepted the gas-station owner's kid who sniffed so much liquid hand soap the roof of his mouth fell out.

The kid pushes the pumper and snorts the pink soap up his nose. A look halfway between ecstasy and terror crosses his dim face.

INT. DINER - NIGHT (N1)

Sherman at the window, Arthur eating.

ARTHUR

So ask someone else. Love's a numbers game...

EXT. DINER - NIGHT (N1)

HAND-HAND from outside the Diner, moving in on it RAPIDLY.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

He who sees the most naked women wins. If you croaked tomorrow you'd be tied for last place with Bruce Vilanch.

We're almost at the DOOR...

INT. DINER - NIGHT (N1)

As Sherman turns, the door flies open in his face. He jumps. But it's only Mirabell, breathing hard.

MIRABELL

Sherman! Guess what?

Go to EXTREME, like 200-frame, SLOW-MO. Sherman gazes at the beautiful Mirabell, right there in front him.

SHERMAN (V/O)

I want to take you in back, rip off your clothes, lick parts of you your doctor hasn't seen, then pleasure you until you scream out the names of our unborn children.

Back to REAL TIME. Sherman panics for what to *really* say.

SHERMAN

Uh, Arthur's - eating - chicken?

Arthur looks up, his face shiny with grease à la poulet.

MIRABELL

(thrown)

Yeah, but also they picked me for Seed Queen! I get to release the pigeons at the game!

Arthur does the crude hand gesture again for Sherman's benefit. Sherman blocks Mirabell's view of his crude buddy.

SHERMAN

Cool. Can I open you an unmarked can of something to celebrate?

He indicates a pyramid of rusty, unlabelled cans on the counter. There's a sign: "Unmarked Surprise, \$1."

SHERMAN

On the house. Someone got corned beef this morning.

MIRABELL

No thanks, I had half a carrot stick yesterday.

SHERMAN

(remembering)

Oh, I got your landlady's cat meat.

He hands Mirabell a soggy dripping bag of meat bits.

MIRABELL

Thanks.

There's a brief moment between them as the cat meat changes hands, then Mirabell remembers her excitement:

MIRABELL

So! I'm going to the wardrobe department to find a dress I look good pulling a rope in.

She theatrically mimes pulling a rope.

SHERMAN

Is that late, this safe at night?
[sic] Maybe I could...

MIRABELL

Oh pshaw! This is Downingtown,
not Downing *City*.

(a dopey pigeon call)
Coo coo coo!

She flaps out, a vision of youth, optimism and loveliness, leaving Sherman gazing at her with a pain in his loins, and the anguish of things unsaid.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT (N1)

Mirabell trips happily into the spooky darkness. A LOW-ANGLE POV FOLLOWS her from the tall grass bordering the diner.

INT. DINER - NIGHT (N1)

Sherman watches her go.

ARTHUR

Why didn't you ask her?

Sherman turns on a light and looks balefully around. There are RATS hanging from the flypaper. He makes a decision...

INT. DINER - NIGHT (N1)

Alone, Sherman gathers tools and wood, towels and soap, Windex and Brillo pads, and determinedly tidies up the diner.

He takes a can of "ASS GREASE REMOVER" to a counter stool.

He stands on a ladder and scissors the flypaper, which falls,

rats and all, into a bucket.

He chips a gumwad the size of a wasp nest from under a table.

THE SINK is stopped up and bubbling. Sherman, in a divers mask and snorkel, grips a wrench and plunges his head INTO the sink.

He takes wood and nails, and BOARDS UP the meat hole in the wall.

INT. BEHIND DINER WALL - NIGHT (N1)

... the narrow, meat-glistening space between the wallboards as the hole is boarded over and the dim light fades to BLACK.

We hear an ominous low RUMBLING...

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY (D2)

Glorious morning dawns over Epping College.

INT. DINER - DAY (D2)

Selma, at the grille with a handful of meat jelly, looks behind a framed art print at where the hole was; now boarded up, patched and painted. There's a semi-decorative ceramic dog lamp next to the cash register. And a vase of flowers.

SELMA

Sherman! Where's my meat hole?

Sherman crosses from waiting on a table.

SHERMAN

I fixed the place up a little last night. The disposal works now.

He clicks a switch and the garbage disposal whirrs.

SHERMAN

And I've got an idea for a new menu design.

SELMA

What's wrong with the old ones?

She picks up a MENU. It's a grease-spattered, tattered page that looks like it was torn from the Dead Sea Scrolls then shit on.

Slater beckons from the open diner door:

CHIEF SLATER
Hey, Sherman!

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY (D2)

The HEADSTONE for one **Eunice P. Nutz**:

"Mother and Wife,
Loved to skydive, played flute...
Lewinski'd her boss
'Stead of pulling her chute."

SHERMAN (O.S.)
Slater - ?

Chief Slater and Sherman stare down at an empty grave, the dirt piled messily around it, the headstone tossed aside and the cheap coffin lying open on the ground.

SHERMAN
... the next time you've got a
treat for me, could it be concert
tickets instead of a grave
robbing?

CHIEF SLATER
Any of your college friends like
their women a little on the ripe
side?

Slater bends down to examine the ground around the hole.

DEAN MARKHAM (O.S.)
Is that what I think it is,
Slater?

The Dean stands beside them in fishing gear, carrying a rod.

DEAN MARKHAM
Mmmm, grave worms!

He drops his fishing tackle, holds his nose and cannonballs happily into the grave as if into a pool.

INT. DINER - NIGHT (N2)

Late, the diner closed. Sherman refills the ketchup bottles, balancing one atop another to oh-so-hygienically merge their contents, when he hears:

A GUTTERAL VOICE (O.S.)
Sherrrrr-man!

The diner is dark and empty.

Sherman crosses toward the back-access hall, carrying the ketchup bottles. He puts the bottom one down, continuing to carry the inverted one, which drips on the floor as he approaches...

THE SEALED CELLAR DOOR

A GUTTERAL VOICE (O.S.)
Sherman. Down here.

Sherman breaks all the stuff off the cellar door, stripping out a rubber seal and silicone, aluminum flashing, 2" nails, and cracking the rust around the handle to open the door.

Fresh air sucks dust into the cellar for the first time in 40 years.

INT. DINER CELLAR - NIGHT (N2)

A room that hasn't been entered since 1958. A dozen wooden steps abutting a block wall descend to a concrete floor.

Sherman, ketchup bottle in hand, comes cautiously down the stairs. Something hits him in the nose. The pull-string for a light.

He clicks on the 7-watt bulb. The far corner of the room remains shadowed.

BOTTOM OF THE STEPS

Without taking his eyes off the far wall, Sherman bends at the knees, puts the ketchup bottle down and inches towards the

middle of the room.

SHERMAN

Mom?

There's a NOISE behind him. He turns...

The ketchup bottle is SPINNING on the floor where he set it, but now empty and *dishwasher clean*. The label has been sucked off.

Sherman, scared shitless, backs up AROUND IT, returning to the stairs, keeping his eyes on the bottle...

We see something move BEHIND him.

TIGHT, LOCKED TO Sherman as he reaches the stairs, walking backwards, and puts one hand gropingly behind him...

He withdraws his hand from the rail. It's covered in RED SLIME.

Sherman slowwwwwwwly turns.

A CURTAIN of blood-red goop, gurgling and shivering from ceiling to floor, blocks his exit. Sinews ripple within it, corded like the muscle tissue of the undead.

Sherman is half-way across the floor at a full run when it comes down on him like a wave. THE BLOB sucks him backwards with a spasmodic gulping motion like a pelican eating a sunfish. The last we see of Sherm is his fingernails scraping the cement floor as they disappear into its crimson maw.

FADE OUT.

ACT BREAK

FADE IN:

INT. DINER CELLAR - NIGHT (N2)

Sherman wriggles inside The Blob like a rat in a python. He rips a hole in the ooze near his head and draws a gasping breath, but is sucked back inside, his scream gargling into inaudibility.

With a sound like a cat vomiting, The Blob EXPELS Sherman onto the floor, where he remains, wet and sticky, shivering like a just-born calf.

Sherman flops onto his back, expels a mouthful of red goop and draws a rasping breath. THE BLOB intones in a menacing, gravelly baritone.

THE BLOB
Somethin' wrong?

Sherman makes a mad attempt to escape but slips on the slimy floor and goes face down.

SHERMAN
Aaaaaaaahhh!!

Sherman crab-crawls backwards to the nearest wall and wipes a fistful of blood-red gelatin off his forehead. The Blob slides over and dabs bits of itself off Sherman's body, the way you'd pick up Play Dough crumbs.

SHERMAN
You're a- a- a- an *alien*?

THE BLOB
It's the accent, right? Unless
ya learn a language by nine or
ten ya *never speak it like a
native.*

EXT. DOWNINGTOWN PARK - NIGHT (N2)

Midnight in a park, dimly lit by distant streetlights.

Sherman runs like hell through the park. Running, he looks over his shoulder...

THE BLOB extrudes from a pop-up sprinkler head in the grass...

... and Sherman runs into it - SPLAT!!

THE BLOB
Is it my breath? You can tell
me.

Sherman tries to run but it cuts him off. He trips. He

falls. It moops over to where he lies.

SHERMAN

Wh-where'd you come from?

THE BLOB

It's that awkward part in the date when we have to talk about ourselves. Okay. I was sent to scout out your planet for a little, let's call it a "picnic"...

EXT. DOWNINGTON - VARIOUS - NIGHT (ORIGINAL)

Original **BLOB FOOTAGE** from 1958. CLIP: Pandemonium and terror at the **CINEMA**. The Blob V/O's, in huge understatement:

THE BLOB (V/O)

I think I may have been noticed.

CLIP: The Blob is wrapped around the Downingtown **DINER** like a big flesh-eating tortilla, as civilians flee, and police and firefighters blast it with fire extinguishers.

THE BLOB (V/O)

Next thing I know all hell breaks loose. They hauled me off to an icy grave, Sherm. But they missed a piece.

BACK TO THE PARK:

THE BLOB

I was doin' fine, minding my own business, thinking of putting in a ping-pong table... until you cut off my food supply.

SHERMAN

You were *eating* me!

THE BLOB

Hugging.

It goops appraisingly around Sherman like 3 tons of red Flubber.

THE BLOB

I've *grown*, I've *learned*. I'm no longer that callow, town-eating youth. I appreciate humans for what they are, and not just as wriggling, screaming entrées. Though I do love the way their eyes pop out when you squeeze...

(catches himself)

Anyway, it's not me you're afraid of.

SHERMAN

Fuck off! Of *course* it is! Look at you!

THE BLOB

You're afraid of being stuck in this town. You wanna be the first Slump to go places 'cos he *wants to* and not 'cos there's bloodhounds chasing him through a swamp. Am I right?

Sherman's silence says this has touched on some truth.

20 MINUTES LATER:

The duo walk/slither through the abandoned park. Sherman is less terrified, but still very conflicted.

THE BLOB

It's perfect! You're *studying* space; I'm *from* it. I can help ya, Sherm; I'm talking money, power, Nobel Prizes.

SHERMAN

I don't know. This is *wrong*.

It molds itself into a vaguely "female" hourglass shape.

THE BLOB

White-smocked NASA babes *lining up* to board your joy rocket.

A BUM sleeps on a park bench under some newspapers. As they PASS the bench we STAY ON Sherman. But the Blob drops behind.

SHERMAN

It's like making a deal with the devil. Or going on one of those FOX reality shows...

THE BLOB (now O.S.)

I could be a powerful friend.

SHERMAN

It was you that ate that body in the anatomy lab. And the one in the graveyard.

He notices The Blob isn't beside him. He looks back. The Blob is next to the bench. But the Bum is history.

THE BLOB

("mouth full")

Hmmoo, mme?

It burps up the newspaper and a skeletal arm/hand.

THE BLOB

I could even help ya with your current romantic situation. I've got an I.Q. of must be about a *million*.

SHERMAN

Yeah well to get women down here that doesn't help; you just need to be a *jerk*.

THE BLOB

I'm a *jerk too!* I feel so good about this, Sherm. So this babe you're sweet on, what's she taste like?

(catches himself)

Ha! I mean *look like*...

But he can't take it back. He's lost all the points he made.

SHERMAN

Leave her alone! YOU HEAR ME?
You don't come anywhere near her!

Sherman runs off into the night. The Blob freezes, hearing LAUGHTER, off.

ITS POV through trees: some TEENS kick a can across the park.

The Blob hunches and GROWLS hungrily. Looks like a bad night for the teens.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT (N2)

Dean Markham pep-talks the Epping BASKETBALL TEAM, ladling Bird Seed from a bucket into their cupped palms.

DEAN MARKHAM

Men! Negro...

The one BLACK team member looks nervous.

DEAN MARKHAM

The advantage of having your Dean as your Coach is that, should you fail on the court, I can expel you in the blink of an eye, and write Doggy Molester across your Academic Record in permanent marker.

Now *all* the players look uneasy.

DEAN MARKHAM

I'm sure I don't need to tell you to kill the Muskrats tomorrow night and stomp on their steaming entrails as they beg for mercy in their death throes. So let's instead rehearse the pre-game Releasing Of The Pigeons. Seed Queen ready?

Mirabell waves from her position atop a hydraulic scissor lift near the ceiling. She's in a nice gown, holding a rope that goes to the flap-door of a large BOX fixed to the ceiling.

DEAN MARKHAM

Music music... tuba player
surreptitiously sprays Alzheimer-
inducing aluminum dust over
opposing team. Drum roll...

The Dean does a verbal "drum-roll" and cues Mirabell, who pulls her rope and "shows" the non-existent pigeons which way to fly.

DEAN MARKHAM

Flap flap, cheer cheer, peck
peck!

He does his impression of a lot of pigeons, then goes to the players and, bobbing his head, pecks seed from their hands.

EXT. LOGAN'S BLUFF - NIGHT (N2)

A makeout spot on a hill above the town. Two EPPIE COUPLES wait with flashlights and binoculars. One of the guys picks up two beers and uses them as binoculars. Since they all find this funny, presumably most of the beer is gone. One FRAT GUY lectures inebriatedly:

FRAT GUY

Every day on this day, every
year, the pigeons return. And he
who spots the first one must, *by
tradition, schtank* the first
person of the female gender he
sees.

HIS DATE

It'd better be soon, you're about
a beer away from useless.

FRAT GUY

You esterundimate me. Hey,
pigeon! The lady can't wait all
night. Where are ya, ya little
feathered bastard?

He whips an empty beer bottle into the darkness. It clinks to ground, far away. NEARER, something in the bushes rustles. He lurches towards the bush.

FRAT GUY

Here, pidgy. Coo coo coo!

THE BUSHES: he walks into the tall underbrush. Something moves in front of him. Close. He crouches and reaches down...

BACK AT THE CLEARING. There's a mad thrashing in the bushes, then silence. His friends stand, worried...

FROM THE BUSHES: RAPID HAND-HELD POV as the teens scream and are overtaken before they can run.

ACT BREAK

FADE IN:

INT. STAGE (SHERMAN'S DREAM)

Sherman in a suit. In his DREAM, 3 GOLD MEDALS are draped around his neck. He holds a small BEAKER with some of the BLOB in it.

DREAM SHERMAN (echo)
It gives me great pleasure to accept these Nobel Prizes for Astronomy and Chemistry, plus this special "Congeniality" Nobel Prize...

Mirabell is beside him, on one knee, in a bikini.

DREAM MIRABELL
Sherman, if ya marry me I'll show you this trick I learned using my thighs and a parking meter!

INT. SHERMAN'S BEDROOM - DAY (D3)

Sherman sleeping, smiles. But his smile fades.

EXT. HELLISH LANDSCAPE (DREAM)

Sherman walks through a post-apocalyptic blighted RUINS. Arthur calls UP to him, immobilized in RED GOOP:

DREAM ARTHUR
Shermaannn! You've allowed a world in which the living envy

the dead!

INT. SHERMAN'S BEDROOM - DAY (D3)

Sherman sits bolt upright.

ACROSS the room, his BEDROOM DOOR is nailed and boarded shut from the inside -- a security precaution from last night.

Looking at the door reminds him of something.

INT. DINER - DAY (D3)

CLOSE-UP Sherman in the diner, horrified.

SHERMAN

YOU KNEW!

It's before Opening; there's nobody here but Sherman and Selma, who chips gum from under a table with a chisel and hammer.

SELMA

Of course I knew. Why'd you think I boarded up the cellar?

SHERMAN

I always thought Dad was buried down there.

(back on track)

The whole world's in danger! Why didn't you warn everyone?

Selma stands, very serious about this.

SELMA

Do you know what that'd do to business? When there's a roach in their soup they want free dessert. Here.

She hands him a sack.

SELMA

An orangutan at the zoo broke his neck on the tire swing last night. And we're out of parsley.

EXT. HILL ABOVE TOWN - DAY (D3)

Sherman, lost, trudges along the road carrying the sack, his conscience warring for dominion over his ego and penis.

SHERMAN

Okay okay okay okay, do I risk
the annihilation of the world as
we know it for something as
shallow as Nobel Prizes, NASA
groupies and my mother's
livelihood?

A convertible passes, the Sherman-taunting BECKMANN sitting in it with his girl.

BECKMANN

Diner Boy! Spill on table five!

Sherman gets a takeout cup of Coke and ice cubes and a cardboard breakfast tray of food remnants in the chest. The car zooms past, Beckmann howls. Sherman makes up his mind.

SHERMAN

You betcha.

Arthur bicycles up, wearing a heavy backpack.

ARTHUR

Hey, Sherm. Hear about the kids
at Logan's Bluff? Four Eppies,
murdered.

(gory delight)

There was nothing left of 'em but
their blood-soaked make-out
blankets.

SHERMAN

It's happening all over again!

ARTHUR

What's happening?

SHERMAN

(a worse realization)
Mirabell! I need your bike.

ARTHUR

Sure. When? Cos I'm using it
for the next aaaaaaaa!

Sherman knocks Arthur off his bike and pedals madly off.

EXT. MRS. THOMPSON'S HOUSE - DAY (D3)

A ramshackle 2-story place on the outskirts, inviting comparison with the Psycho house. This is the place where Mirabell rents a room. There's a ROOM FOR RENT sign in the window.

INT. MRS. THOMPSON'S HALLWAY - DAY (D3)

MOVING THROUGH a dim interior hallway with 40 years of newspapers and cereal boxes tied with string piled to the ceiling. Far too many CATS crawl over and around the stacks. They're eating bloody red MEAT BITS off plates atop the stacks. There's a RAT SKELETON with MICKEY MOUSE EARS lying atop one stack.

And there's Mirabell's door at the end of the hall...

INT. MIRABELL'S BEDROOM - DAY (D3)

Mirabell poses in front of a full-length mirror, wearing her Seed Queen gown, practicing pulling the Pigeon Rope to her left, to her right, one-handed, double-handed, one-handed while waving...

Her door creaks open.

MIRABELL

Mrs. Thompson?

RAPID LOW-ANGLE ATTACK on the screaming Mirabell.

INT. MRS. THOMPSON'S HALLS - DAY (D3)

Sherman slams into the house and negotiates the packrat maze of junk towards Mirabell's room, tossing cats aside. He opens a door...

10,000 empty cat food tins cascade out. Sherman wades through them to a different DOOR...

INT. MIRABELL'S BEDROOM - DAY (D3)

The correct room. Sherman slams in.

SHERMAN

Mirabell!

Silence. Her closet is open, her outfits gone, the hangers still swinging. Stuck on the full-length mirror is a crude note: "Left Forever, Not Coming Back. Mirabell." Sherman grabs it.

SHERMAN

That's not her handwriting;
there's no little heart over the
i.

His POV, pushing in on her full-length MIRROR.

SHERMAN

And she'd never leave town
without her full-length modeling
mirror and "Smile" reminder
stickies.

There are stickies around the edges of the mirror: "SMILE!"

Sherman sees something sticking out from under Mirabell's BED. He bends down and pulls it out.

It's a framed picture; Sherman's own face, GLUED onto the photo of a muscleman in micro trunks. UP with Sherman as he stands, shocked but strangely titillated by this discovery.

SHERMAN (reproach)

Mirabell!

He's dragged violently off his feet from behind. THUNK!

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY (D3)

A STUDENT with braces reclines in a dental chair with his mouth open.

DEAN MARKHAM (O.S.)

Round, shiny thing!

Chief Slater slaps a dental mirror into the hand of the Dean, who is working on the student's teeth in his office.

DEAN MARKHAM

Those were tuition-paying students who disappeared last night, Slater. I just got off the phone with Hercule Poirot.

CHIEF SLATER

Isn't he fictional, sir?

DEAN MARKHAM

Not for what I'm paying. I have every psychic, channeler, freelance witch and a little boy named Cyril in Scotland working on this case. You may turn your head and scoff - as I had to during my Army physical - but since I began wearing these powerful wrist magnets...

He holds up his wrists and clang! they stick to the braces in his dental patient's mouth. He yanks them off.

DEAN MARKHAM

... I've been receiving terrabytes of information from the cosmos. And the Weather Channel. But until they tell me what's going on around here, you're my only hope.

CHIEF SLATER

I'm on it like Charlie Sheen on a prostitute, sir.

DEAN MARKHAM

If any *more* students disappear, I shall have to continue performing unlicensed dentistry to pay the bills. There is no joy in Mudville, Slater...

Through a MOUTH-WITH-TEETH GOBO (looking out form inside the patient's mouth) as Markham yields huge PLIERS.

DEAN MARKHAM

... Mister Toothie must come out.

The O.S. student huhs? anxiously.

Slater heads for the door.

DEAN MARKHAM

Oh, and Slater? Tomorrow?

He holds his magnetic wrists to his forehead and closes his eyes.

DEAN MARKHAM

Wear galoshes.

INT. MIRABELL'S BEDROOM - DAY (D3)

Hours later; the shadows long. Sherman comes-to on Mirabell's floor, moans, and staggers to the bathroom, holding his head.

INT. MIRABELL'S BATHROOM - DAY (D3)

Crowded with Mirabell's ceiling-to-floor Makeup and Wig rack. There's a dispenser labelled "FRESH-CO: Embarrassing Women's Products since 1932." Sherman bends over the sink.

THE SINK: red droplets appear, blip blip. Sherman feels his forehead. But this isn't blood. It's a glistening red slime dripping from THE FAUCET.

INT. MRS. THOMPSON'S HALLWAY - DAY (D3)

Brushing cats aside, Sherman rambles down the hall.

There's a BOX on the wall with an ax in it and a sign: IN CASE OF FIRE OR MURDERING SOMEONE. Sherman grabs the AX.

INT. DINER - DAY (D3)

Sherman bursts into the diner with his ax like Jack Nicholson in The Shining. CUSTOMERS turn.

SELMA

Something wrong, Sherm?

SHERMAN

Just gonna slice some bread, Ma.

Everyone shrugs and goes back to eating.

INT. DINER CELLAR - DAY (D3)

Sherman kicks open the door and marches down the cellar stairs.

SHERMAN

You ate my possible future
girlfriend, you crimson pudding
from Hell!

Beyond reason, beyond caring, he dives into The Blob.

INT. DINER - DAY (D3)

Slater has entered, and confides in Selma.

CHIEF SLATER

Looks like I'm on the trail of a
demented murderer. Where's
Sherman?

SELMA

He just ran through with blood on
his forehead, swinging an ax.

CHIEF SLATER

Huh. Well if you see him, tell
him I'm on the trail of a
demented murderer.

INT. DINER CELLAR - DAY (D3)

The Blob spits Sherman out onto the floor. He slides across it like a curling stone.

THE BLOB

If ya knew how good you taste,
you'd know how hard it was for me
to do that.

SHERMAN

Where is she?

THE BLOB

Who?

SHERMAN

You know damn well who!
Mirabell!

THE BLOB

Beats me.

SHERMAN

LIAR! I found this piece of you
in her sink!

He pulls a blob of carmine goo from his pocket and throws it
with a disgusted WHAP back into the Blob.

THE BLOB

Woo, *busted*. Okay I was over
checking out the landlady's cat
buffet and I snuck a peek at your
babe. Did you know she sleeps in
the nude with a picture of you -

SHERMAN

That picture's none of your
business!

(intrigued)

In the *nude*?

THE BLOB

I didn't touch her! Okay, I
licked her leg...

SHERMAN (crestfallen)

I haven't even got to do that
yet.

SHERMAN

What's this?

Sherman picks up an ARM in a plain sleeve.

THE BLOB

Jehovah's Witness. I've been
throwing up these little
magazines all morning.

He spits out a "Watchtower."

SHERMAN

If she's hurt you'll wish you'd
never seen this planet!

He runs up the stairs. The Blob shifts and turns. A VACUUM
CLEANER SALESMAN stands, speechless with fear behind him.

THE BLOB

I'm sorry, please tell me more
about your many handy
attachments.

As it STRIKES we mercifully cut to...

INT. GIRLS' SHOWER ROOM - DAY (D3)

COLLEGE GIRLS showering in all their soapy nakedness. PAN. A
LARGE GIRL is washing off a DIAPHRAGM the size of a Wham-O
Frisbee.

Beneath the SHOWER DRAIN, something wet MOVES.

Come DOWN through a few feet of earth, and...

INT. SEWERS - DAY (D3)

... into the sewer below: a section of wide damp pipe, lit
with an incongruous mixture of bedside lamps and desktop
fluorescents.

There's a familiar-looking *backpack* on a makeshift table.

At the end of this table is a quad-split MONITOR featuring the
girls showering, plus OTHER GALS in a hot-tub... and one in a
baby-doll leading a HORSE towards a bed.

Fiber-optic cables arriving from all directions are bunched
into a switching unit behind a laptop. The individual cables
have hand-written labels: "Sigma Phi Dorm," "Cheerleader
Change Rm," "Beta Delta Shwr," etc. A gas generator chugs
away.

At the laptop, ARTHUR REZZLE munches a sandwich and CLICKS to
ZOOM on some gals in lingerie having a pillow fight. Fresh
label in hand ("College Lovelies, Volume VII"), he ejects a
just-recorded videotape from his VCR.

INT. MRS. THOMPSON'S HALL - EVENING (E3)

Sherman negotiates Mrs. Thompson's refuse-crowded hallways, (and the cat-food tins) wading loudly through the spilled catfood tins, and knocks on a door.

SHERMAN

Mrs. Thompson? It's Sherman
Slump! Mirabell's friend?

MRS. THOMPSON opens the door half an inch.

SHERMAN

Did you happen to see Miss
Fillner last night?
(prompting her memory)
Watching TV, or being savagely
murdered, or - ?

She thinks, and offers, in an asthmatic voice:

MRS. THOMPSON

I heard *something* behind the
house.

EXT. MRS. THOMPSON'S HOUSE - EVENING (E3)

Losing the sun. Sherman barrels out the front door and runs hell-for-leather to the field beyond.

INT. MRS. THOMPSON'S BEDROOM - EVENING (E3)

Mrs. Thompson, in her bathrobe, closes her bedroom door and turns slowly AROUND. She looks dazed.

Red slime begins to drip from her mouth, ears and eyeballs. Then from under her clothes. Her head peels off and falls to the ground, leaving The Blob quivering beside her unmade bed and staticky TV.

FADE OUT.

ACT BREAK

FADE IN:

INT./EXT. CAMPUS - EVENING (E3)

The Pigeon Bonfire, a papier-maché bird atop a pile of wood, is lit as boom box MUSIC blasts. Soaring flames, loud revelry.

A sign nearby: "BOBBING FOR BAKED POTATOES." Eppies look jeeringly on as 2 blindfolded freshmen kneel nervously beside the glowing coals.

INT. GYMNASIUM - EVENING (E3)

The bleachers fill up as CHEERLEADERS (our MODELS) in cardboard pigeon beaks peck and strut and the BAND oomps.

PAN the bleachers, passing students... ending on TWO FAT MOUSTACHED GUYS in WEDDING DRESSES with bouquets. One says something to the other in RUSSIAN:

GUY IN DRESS (Russian)
 "Gdyé muyja kotorich ani nam
 obeshali?"

SUBTITLE: "Where are our promised husbands?"

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - EVENING (E3)

The Dean, in his COACH uniform, is pouring POISON into a dozen Gatorade bottles, each labeled "VISITORS." He looks up as his door opens.

It's two sexy CHEERLEADERS in pigeon garb, their beaks up on their foreheads.

PIGEON GIRL
 You wanted to see us, Dean?

DEAN MARKHAM
 Ladies, I've covered my buttocks
 in peanut butter and millet. If
 you have any love for this school
 or the success of its athletic
 program, get pecking.

He stands and drops trou. A BELL attached to part of him RINGS. The girls look at each other, shrug, and lower their paper beaks over their mouths.

EXT. MRS. THOMPSON'S HOUSE - EVENING (E3)

Tall grass behind the house. Sherman bends and retrieves a heel from a dress shoe.

SHERMAN

Manolo Blahniks. Size 9!

He pushes frantically into the tall grass.

INT. UNDERGROUND VAULT - EVENING (E3)

Another dank underground area with a high ceiling, cobwebs, large-capacity pipes along the walls, and a lot of bad-looking furniture. Somebody has made this stinking pit into a *home*.

Mirabell is tied with heavy rope to a discarded armchair. She calls for help multilingually, as per her training:

MIRABELL

Help! Au secours! Tasukeru-mi!
Helfen mich!

(Morse Code)

Dit-dit-dit dah-dah-dah dit-dit-dit!

She gasps as a shadowy figure steps before her. It's **Coach Benedict**, wearing a lab coat spattered with blood.

MIRABELL

Coach Benedict!

COACH BENEDICT

Former Coach. Markham fired me after last year's loss, remember? And demoted me to coaching *models*.

MIRABELL

Don't tell me you've been bitterly plotting twisted revenge for your public humiliation ever since!

COACH BENEDICT

You're smarter than you look.

MIRABELL

Thanks. It's the supermodel training.

INT. GYM - EVENING (E3)

The bleachers fill up, the cheerleaders flirt.

COACH BENEDICT (V/O)

Then you'll understand why I'm going to kill everyone at tonight's basketball game, and create a new college dedicated to physical fitness...

INT. UNDERGROUND VAULT - EVENING (E3)

He runs a bloody finger adoringly under her chin.

COACH BENEDICT

... which you and I shall rule together, as Dean and...

MIRABELL

... *Deanette?*

EXT. WOODS - EVENING (E3)

DRAG MARKS in the dirt go up to a manhole cover which Sherman has pried open. He looks down into BLACKNESS.

INT. UNDERGROUND VAULT - EVENING (E3)

Coach Benedict paces manically before his captive beauty.

COACH BENEDICT

The fruit of our union will be so beautiful, so *fit!*

MIRABELL

But I don't want your fruit in my union.

(half-heartedly)

Help? Anybody?

COACH BENEDICT

I'll soon make you forget all

about that scrawny Slump boy.

MIRABELL
 (lying badly)
 What makes ya think I like
 Sherman?

The Coach reaches into a clothing rack glittering and swishing with some of Mirabell's outfits.

COACH BENEDICT
 When I went back for your clothes
 - which by the way took eighteen
 trips - I found *this*.

INSERT: her Sherman/muscleman photo. She gasps!

MIRABELL
 My most private picture, and the
 reason I'm late for school most
 Tuesdays!

INT. SEWERS - NIGHT (N3)

Sherman walks through the sewer, carrying the dismembered *front half* of Arthur's bike, spinning the wheel with his free hand to operate the generator LIGHT.

He gets a creepy feeling and turns his light slowwwwwly to the CEILING like Sigourney Weaver in Aliens.

PAINTED on the ceiling is the ADAM-reaching-for-GOD part of the Sistine Chapel.

SHERMAN
 Wow. The Cistern Chapel.

He hears a noise and turns...

Arthur stands a foot away, scaring the crap out of both of them.

SHERMAN
 Aaaargh!

ARTHUR
 Sherm! Mah main man!

A FEW FEET AWAY: Sherman walks to the table full of gadgetry.

SHERMAN

What are you doing down here?
What is this?

ARTHUR

Fibre-optics, Sherm. Plus state-of-the-art T-1 delivery, at \$14.95 a month, first month Free. I say free, but I ask for a credit card for age validation...

SHERMAN

Delivery of *what*?

ARTHUR

Ounce-for-ounce, the most valuable commodity in the universe. *College Babes*.

PANNING the monitors - jiggly stuff.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

(à la Henry Fonda)

Wherever there's a girl showering, I'll be there. Wherever there's two naked girls playing ping-pong without paddles, I'll be there. Wherever there's...

WIDE: he sees what Sherman's holding.

ARTHUR

Is that the front of my bike?

INT. UNDERGROUND VAULT - NIGHT (N3)

Mirabell flinches from Coach Benedict's repulsive caress. He's put a Madonna nose-cone bra on her and is drawing Madonna's cheek mole on her with a magic marker.

MIRABELL

You're mad!

COACH BENEDICT

Would you call a man who's been stealing dead bodies for a year *mad*?

MIRABELL

Yes, I *would*, actually.

INT. ANATOMY LAB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The anatomy lab, a few days ago. The Coach surreptitiously drags the dead BODY off the autopsy table.

COACH BENEDICT (V/O)

After I was fired, I began stealing human flesh wherever I found it. Anatomy labs...

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Benedict hauls a coffin from the grave hole we saw earlier.

COACH BENEDICT (V/O)

... car wrecks, graveyards...

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

SICK PEOPLE wait on a bench. Coach Benedict walks THROUGH pushing a wheelbarrow loaded with dead people.

COACH BENEDICT (V/O)

HMO Waiting Rooms...

INT. UNDERGROUND VAULT - NIGHT (N3)

Back to scene.

MIRABELL

Why?

COACH BENEDICT

Because when that coop is opened above the gym tonight, everyone will look up and be greeted by a thousand vicious flesh-eating birds!!

MIRABELL

Pigeons are harmless seed-eating creatures with no ax to grind against humanity!

COACH BENEDICT

True. But *crows* are another matter. *Corvus brachyrhynchos* is a vicious opportunistic carnivore.

He holds up one of his own hands, which is bloodied and scratched. Admiringly eyeing his own scars:

CHIEF BENEDICT

Once he gets the taste for it, he'll eat almost *anything*.

INT. UNDERGROUND VAULT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

In his grisly redoubt, the Coach saws neck meat off the spurting corpses and flings it to cages of squawking CROWS. Cans of GREY Paint sit next to their cages. A TV plays in the b.g.

COACH BENEDICT (V/O)

... as I discovered, feeding them yummy human neck meat while they watched Love At First Bite over and over and over!

INT. UNDERGROUND VAULT - NIGHT (N3)

Back to scene.

MIRABELL

Just 'cos they'll eat dead neck meat don't mean they'll attack living, sport-loving *people*!

COACH BENEDICT

I had that same concern. Why don't we ask these folks what *they* think?

He steps into the darkness and wheels in a rack with several BODIES hanging on it. It's the students from Logan's Bluff,

including Beckmann. Their faces stare in blank horror. All have been picked clean of their NECK MEAT, down to the bone.

Mirabell averts her eyes.

MIRABELL

You *fiend!* Don't you know only
God and that Doctor from Michigan
can take a life?

He laughs demonically and shakes the rack; the corpses jiggle.

MIRABELL

Why tie me up?

BENEDICT

Because, my dear, there can't be
two of you at the game.

He removes his lab coat to reveal he's wearing Mirabell's Seed Queen dress and sash. He pulls on a Mirabell wig, and goes down the sewer tunnel, leaving Mirabell alone with the grisly swaying corpses. She looks down at the SHERMAN PHOTO, then at her bound hands, which she moves crotch-ward, then reconsiders.

MIRABELL

No. Not the time.

INT. SEWERS - NIGHT (N3)

Arthur guides a frantic Sherman through the tunnels. They have Arthur's flashlight.

ARTHUR

If she's down here I'll find her.
I know these sewers like the back
of my hand. And since I started
this business, I've *really* got to
know the back of my hand.

(pointing)

That way is the women's change
room, this comes up outside the
sorority hot tub...

SHERMAN

What about down here?

Arthur dismisses this route.

ARTHUR
Fraternity row. I'm not that
sort of Internet provider.

Sherman shines the light on something glittery hooked on a sharp spike of rebar. It's a tuft of dress material.

SHERMAN
Tommy Hilfiger. *This season's!*

Sherman runs down this tunnel.

EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT (N3)

The Bonfire blazes. Coach Benedict wobbles unsteadily past it on his high heels, unnoticed, grinning evilly.

INT. UNDERGROUND VAULT - NIGHT (N3)

Mirabell struggles with her bonds. Sherman and Arthur step into the vault with their flashlight.

SHERMAN
Mirabell!

MIRABELL
Sherman!

Arthur nudges Sherman.

SHERMAN
Would you go to the game and the Pigeon Dance with me?

MIRABELL
I'd love to! Couldja untie me first?

Sherman and Arthur untie her.

SHERMAN
Who did this to you?

MIRABELL

Coach Benedict. He's mad! Look!

Untied, she points to the BODIES. Sherman pukes on Arthur's boots.

ARTHUR

Hey! Those are lizard skin!

MIRABELL

He's trained savage crows to attack everyone at the game and eat their necks!

SHERMAN

WHAT?

She nods affirmatively.

MIRABELL

Uh-huh.

ARTHUR

Your *mother* has a neck.

MIRABELL

Three of them!

SHERMAN

Oh my God. We have to warn everyone.

ARTHUR

I know a shortcut.

Arthur leads Sherman O.S. at a run. Mirabell lingers.

MIRABELL

Guys? My luggage?

(thinks)

You're right, later.

She runs after them.

INT. GIRLS' SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT (N3)

A grate opens. Arthur leads Sherman and Mirabell through it into the shower, where several GIRLS scream and grab towels.

SHERMAN

Excuse us. Sorry.

He can't help ogling. Mirabell pulls him away. Arthur stands up and finds himself in geek paradise.

ARTHUR

Hi ladies! When you're washing your breasts, do you think you could face that way and moan?

Arthur gets beaten silly by sudsy girls.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT (N3)

The band plays. The bleachers are full.

AT THE CEILING: Benedict is in position in dress and wig. He waves at the crowd. Vicious CAWING behind the grille of the Pigeon Box.

COACH BENEDICT

Not long now, my hungry lovelies.

He shows the birds a PHOTO of Dean Markham, with a big arrow, pointing at his neck.

COACH BENEDICT

Don't forget, eat him first.

He grips the release rope, as...

BELOW, Dean Markham sprints onto the court with the Epping Team, their cupped hands full of millet. Applause.

DEAN MARKHAM

Welcome, Downingtowners. The spirit of sport is alive and well at Epping tonight. I think you'll also agree that a man's arm coming off after a vigorous post-game handshake is a perfectly normal event and by no means indicative of a crime.

They're confused by this but they clap anyway. The Big Russian Women/Men clap confusedly.

Markham cues the band. The drummer begins a DRUMROLL.

DEAN MARKHAM

... I now call on this year's
Seed Queen...

(reading off a card)

Ms. Mirabell Fillner...

Applause. A door bursts open and Sherman and Mirabell run breathlessly onto the court.

MIRABELL

No, wait! That's not me! I'm
me!

SHERMAN

They've been trained to eat your
neck meat! People with big
necks, get out!

POV: GIRL with a particularly conspicuous neck.

SHERMAN

Edwina Cervichek! Run for your
life!

A beat, then the entire auditorium LAUGHS.

MIRABELL

It's true! Get out, now!

The band plays a little comic burp-splat on the hi-hat and TUBA.

COACH BENEDICT

Revenge, Markham!

He pulls the rope. A tornado of crows, painted grey, dive from the box at the crowd below.

Faces turn upward, smiling, cameras to eyes. Smiles turn to terror as the birds alight, pecking viciously at their necks.

Kids tumble off the bleachers, lashing at their avian tormenters...

Onlookers and players alike flail about with vicious birds on their shoulders, flapping, pecking, cawing. The crows keep coming, as though the box were inexhaustible. Benedict whoops and hollers with maniacal delight.

The tide of panicking citizenry knocks Mirabell over. Her head bumps the floor; she's OUT.

A particularly ferocious bird mauls the Dean. Benedict looks gleefully down.

COACH BENEDICT

Oh the humanity!

Sherman cradles Mirabell to protect her from the crush. A crow seizes his neck. He flails and scratches at it, then notices, under the bleachers...

THE BLOB. It rears up beneath the seats and morphs into a JET ENGINE shape, revving to a high-pitched scream.

Crows are sucked out of the air and off people's necks and into the alien's maw. The crow is sucked off Sherman's neck.

EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT (N3)

Selma Slump and Chief Slater approach the College arm-in-arm, on a date. Pain-crazed young men and women run out of the college, keening in agony, with grey flapping basilisks on their necks. Slater and Selma don't seem to notice.

CHIEF SLATER

If you cover your body in lip balm before a shower, and I'm talking *all over*... when ya get out, you're dry in, like, eight seconds. I *invented* that.

SELMA

You shoulda gone to college, Slater.

CHIEF SLATER

College's for thinking men. Cops can't think. They gotta *react*.

He quick-draws and shoots a GUY IN A SUIT who falls to the

ground holding his chest.

CHIEF SLATER

Sorry. I was aiming at the bird.

INT. GYM - NIGHT (N3)

The panicked populace has mostly escaped. Sherman remains on the gym floor, cradling the unconscious Mirabell. Coach Benedict totters towards them on his high heels.

COACH BENEDICT

You IDIOT!

Sherman looks up, scared, but won't leave Mirabell's side.

SHERMAN

You may have Mirabell's fall outfit, but you'll never have her heart!

COACH BENEDICT

Oh I don't know about that.

He reaches into his cleavage and pulls out his gruesome neck-slicing knife.

Sherman starts banging her head on the gym floor to rouse her.

SHERMAN

Oh, Mirabell? Mirabell?

There's a GROWLING sound. Benedict turns toward the bleachers. The Blob creeps and glops from its hiding place.

Benedict's eyes pop. He drops the knife (which PANGS point-down into the wooden floor). He looks to Sherman for some explanation of what he can't believe his eyes are telling him.

Sherman commits to his new future with a paraphrase of the Coach's own words.

SHERMAN

"Sometimes, being a madman isn't enough. Sometimes, you have to *run*."

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT (N3)

Coach Benedict careens down a hall of the college...

BANG! The Blob explodes from a locker and cuts him off.

He slips, gets up, skitters out a side door...

EXT. CAMPUS PARKING LOT - NIGHT (N3)

Benedict runs to his crappy old car, clambers inside...

INT. COACH'S CAR - NIGHT (N3)

... locks the doors and fumbles the key towards the ignition.
The key won't go in, because...

RED SLIME is dripping from the keyhole.

And the cassette slot. And the cigarette lighter.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT (N3)

Muffled screams as the Coach's car FILLS with Blob.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT (N3)

Sherman raises a hand to slap Mirabell into consciousness.
Eyes still closed, she says:

MIRABELL

Not the face.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT (N3)

Half an hour later. Police cars, ambulances, flashing lights,
dazed students, burst water mains: *chaos*.

Arthur hugs young women indiscriminately:

ARTHUR

It was horrible! You poor thing,
let me hold you, back at my
place.

Selma picks up dead grey crows with bits of shirt in their

beaks.

SELMA
These'll fry up real nice.

Sherman walks an unsteady Mirabell out of the gym.

MIRABELL
Sherman? Thank you for saving my
life.

SHERMAN
Mirabell, there's no one whose
life I'd rather save.

MIRABELL
While I was unconscious, did
you...
(shyly)
... lick my leg?

WHAT? Sherman comes to an ugly realization:

SHERMAN
He did it again.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY (D4)

Next day. Sure enough, it's raining. Firemen and Red Cross employees are cleaning up, coiling hoses. Dean Markham, his neck covered with Sesame Street Band-Aids, one arm in a sling, puts a good face on last night's events for the PRESS.

DEAN MARKHAM
... so you see, it was a
perfectly natural occurrence.
The pigeons just got a little
excited. Incidentally, I'm
declaring Epping the winner of
the game because someone shot the
Muskrats' coach.

The Dean winks big to Slater.

REPORTER
Look!

She points. A solitary PIGEON wings overhead.

On a LAWN NEARBY, Mirabell and Sherman sit wrapped in a blanket, drinking coffee from styrofoam cups.

The pigeon lands on the grass in front of them.

MIRABELL

Sherman? Unless I'm mistaken, I believe that's the first pigeon.

They know what they have to do. Sherman and Mirabell shyly *kiss*.

A fire hose beside the pigeon writhes and spasms. A glob of RED bursts from the end, frog-tongue quick, and sucks the pigeon back into the hose.

FADE OUT.