

STONE STUPID & DEAD UGLY

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FADE IN

INT. APARTMENT - LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Bachelor's pad. Whistle clean. Everything in its place.

Exiting a bedroom is VIRGIL LAFATE, 35, nebbish and frail. White shirt, pressed slacks. He knots his tie at the collar.

Strolls around a corner. Down a hallway.

VIRGIL
Morning, Sharon.

He pats a wall as he walks past. A shrine to the Hollywood Goddess, Sharon Stone. Framed photos, posters, scripts.

KITCHEN

Virgil grabs a bowl, into which he pours cereal and milk. Sits down and eats. A PING from his computer on the table.

He taps a key. A GOOGLE ALERT. Taps the key again.

COMPUTER MONITOR

links him to an image of CASS BASSETT, 44, a walking bulldozer with tits. A face like a punching bag.

This is a live video feed from the streets of hick town U.S.A. Sun beating down. Cass has a mike in her face.

CASS (FILTERED)
(southern accent)
I don't do it for the money.
Never have, never will.

LITTLE LLOYD (FILTERED - O.S.)
Then what drives a bounty
hunter like yourself?

CASS (FILTERED)
The thrill of the kill. Once
I get the scent, game over.

Talk show host, Little Lloyd, swallows. He's a short twerp in his early 30s. Big blonde hair. Paint-brush moustache.

LITTLE LLOYD (FILTERED)
Are you sayin'... you kill
people for kicks?

CASS (FILTERED)
 Course not. Sayin' if I
 killed a man, it wouldn't be
 the first time. And it
 wouldn't bother me a busted
 tooth either.

LITTLE LLOYD (FILTERED)
 Strong parting words. Thank
 you much Ms. Cass for joinin'
 us on Troddenville Today.
 (to the camera)
 There ya go, folks. You heard
 it from our very own thrill
 hunter, Killer Cass Bassett.

A second talk show host joins Little Lloyd before the camera.

BIG BUD (FILTERED)
 Do not, I repeat, do not mess
 with that woman. Yikes.

BIG BUD. Late 30s. Tall. Pompadour and mutton chops.

BIG BUD (FILTERED)
 Movin' along, Little Lloyd,
 have you heard the buzz? We
 just landed the blonde bazooka
 for our grand prize,

LITTLE LLOYD (FILTERED)
 Would that be Miss Reese
 Witherspoon?

BIG BUD (FILTERED)
 No, Little Lloyd. That would
 not be Reese Witherspoon. I'm
 talkin' major league grand
 prize. None other than Sharon
 Stone at her beautiful best.

LITTLE LLOYD (FILTERED)
 Ms. Stone? Can't get much more
 better... you are truthin'?

Bud flashes a badly faded 8x10 photo of Sharon Stone. A
 black arrow points to her, with the words: WINNER GETS THIS.

BACK TO VIRGIL'S KITCHEN

Virgil's cereal bowl crashes to the floor. His eyes are
 riveted to the computer monitor.

He taps the keyboard. Ramps up the audio.

BACK TO THE MONITOR

The Bama boys are grinning like 2 cats in a bunny hutch.

BIG BUD (FILTERED)
 I'm serious as a gunshot hole.
 A blind date with Ms. Sharon
 Stone goes to the winner of
 our very first Ugliest Loser
 on Earth Contest. Sponsored
 by Smith & Wesson and held
 right here in Troddenville,
 Alabama.

Commotion of human traffic. Bud and Lloyd pause. Lloyd
 points and the camera swings ACROSS the street.

To a theater, showing: WAR OF THE LIVING DEAD

Camera RETURNS to Little Lloyd and Big Bud. Movie crowd
 having dispersed. Lloyd shrugs and smiles for the camera.

LLOYD (FILTERED)
 'Scuse the interruption,
 folks. Matinee just ended.
 Truth is, Bama chillbillies
 get a woody over a good shoot-
 the-monster picture. Reckon
 'War of the Living Dead' must
 be a good shoot-the-monster
 picture. Hee Haw.

BIG BUD (FILTERED)
 Amen and right on, Little
 Lloyd. Now back to business.
 For the ugliest loser on earth
 contest, rules is as follows:
 Do not, I repeat, do not under
 any circumcisions, enter the
 state of Alabama in drag, in
 makeup, in costume, wearin' a
 hockey hat, a Halloween mask,
 or a virgin white, potato-sack
 hood. Cuz that will clean
 disintegrate you from further
 competition. Back to you,
 Little Lloyd.

LITTLE LLOYD (FILTERED)
 (checks his watch)
 Y'all got four days to bring
 your hideous selves on down.
 Judgin' starts in town square
 Friday, promptly at nine a.m.
 sharp. And guess what? No
 entry fee. Hee Haw.

BIG BUD
 Check in will be the midnight
 before at the old General
 Store. With that in mind,
 come butt ugly or don't come
 at all.

EXT. TRODDENVILLE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Live on the streets of Troddenville. Camera stops rolling.
 Big Bud and Little Lloyd high-five it and relax with a cold
 brewski. Then Lloyd gets a message on his headset.

LITTLE LLOYD
 Say what? Ah shit.

He turns to Bud.

LITTLE LLOYD
 We fucked up, Big Bud.
 Sponsor says it ain't the
 ugliest loser contest. It's
 is the dumbest loser contest.

Big Bud ponders the predicament.

BIG BUD
 What's the main difference?

INT. VIRGIL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Virgil stands facing the Sharon Stone shrine. Back of his
 head not much uglier than the front.

VIRGIL
 So that's the way you think I
 should play it, huh, Ms.
 Tramell? The suspension of
 disbelief. Make it up, but
 make it believable?
 (shrugs)
 I know. Go with the flow.

Virgil dials a phone. Brings it to his ear and listens.

VIRGIL

This is Virgil LaFate,
employee 1138, section 1971.
I'm taking an emergency leave.
Testicle surgery. Aha. Ball
whacking. Sounds worse than
it is... No, no, nothing to
get alarmed about. Just
replacing a dud nut with a
perfect stone, so to speak...
Yes, about seven days of
leave, aha. Starting today.
Great. Thanks much.

He hangs up. Returns his gaze to the wall.

VIRGIL

Sharon. Could you ever,
seriously, ever ever groove on
a guy as homely as me? You
can. Wow. I'm on my way.

He peels off fake skin at the base of his neck.

VIRGIL

But first, I want you... NO.
I need you to see me for what
I am.

He pulls up a silicon-rubber mask.

VIRGIL

Are you a fan of Beauty and
the Beast? How about the
Phantom??

He struggles. Fighting to remove the mask. It's stuck.

VIRGIL

FUCK.

INT. SAM AND ELLA'S DINER, TRODDENVILLE - DAY

Old-fashioned diner. A smatter of folks. Ceiling fans spin.

A sleepy waitress takes an order. Fat girl fans herself with
a fly swatter. Old man scratches his nuts with a fork.

KABAMA. Front diner door swings open. Heads barely turn.

In stumbles a Redneck. Meet TRAVIS B. HUSKY, early 50s. He bumbles to a counter seat. Boozed all to hell and grinning dumb. He sits and swivels, and sweats. Looks around.

TRAVIS

My gun is loaded and I need to shoot somebody.

Nobody's listening. Travis B. swivels back to the counter.

REAR OF THE DINER

in a corner booth, sits Killer Cass Basset.

Across the table from her are her two lady buds. LUCY DELIGHT, 24, a willowy, glasses-wearing girl. And RED, 30s, with a cotton candy burst of orange hair.

They sip Cokes and munch fries. Cass pushes a newspaper toward Lucy and Red.

CASS

We got us an opportunity.

With a pen, she circles an article. Lucy peers at the paper.

LUCY DELIGHT

Oh my good lord. The Dumbest Loser on Earth Contest. You got my vote, Cass.

Cass glares at Lucy for a long beat.

CASS

That article you're readin', is it circled in blue ink?

LUCY DELIGHT

(looks down)

No.

CASS

'm I askin' too much to read what I circled in blue ink?

LUCY DELIGHT

(looks up)

No.

Cass draws another circle around her first circle. Red takes the paper and examines the article that Cass has circled.

RED

Lemme read it. Says War of the Living Dead movie really happened. Down Tuskalooosa way.

Red belches. Lucy Delight cracks up, till Coke shoots out of her nostrils. That sends Red into gales.

Cass watches her friends till the laughter subsides.

CASS

You done havin' a gay old ball? Cuz my point is a valid one. The zombies in that movie must be the real poop.

RED

Uh, well...

Red suppresses a giggle.

RED

... beggin' your pardon, Cass. What you're readin' there is the World Weekly News. All that shit's made up.

CASS

That's exactly why you're as stupid as a tire iron. The World Weekly News prints stuff other papers can't. Stuff the government don't want us to know about.

RED

(reading headlines)
My Teacher Was a Wolfman.
Jesus Christ Wore Ladies
Underwear. That's all real?

CASS

It's called entertainment, ya dumb troll. Every newspaper mixes entertainment and news.

RED

Well. You got me a good one there, Cass.

CASS

Did you read farther down?
Down to the rewards?

Rewards? Red and Lucy Delight shake their heads 'No.'

CASS

Jeez, you two are dense. The article finishes up by sayin', whoever brings in the most zombie bodies, wins themselves a hundred dollar shoppin' spree at Bert's All-Mart in Squakee.

RED

You told Little Lloyd you don't bounty for big money.

CASS

I know that. I'm just sayin'.

Cass leans in and lowers her voice.

CASS

The other day, saw two fellas walkin' herky-jerky by the old general store. And they didn't appear to be American, if you catch my drift.

RED

Foreigners?

CASS

Right as rain. Government experiments. AKA Zombies.

Lucy Delight raises a timid hand.

LUCY DELIGHT

Cass, there's a school for the developmentally troubled in that area. Maybe you...

CASS

I don't think so, Lucy.

Cass stands and drops a penny tip on the table. Red and Lucy rise and follow Cass to the door. Travis swivels around.

TRAVIS

Any you cows wanna date me?

Cass flips Travis the bird on her way out.

CASS

Kiss my ass finger.

EXT. STREETS OF TRODDENVILLE - DAY

The three women amble down the street. Sun a blazin'

RED

Ain't keen on seein' War of
the Livin' Dead. Nothin' more
borin' than a dick flick.

LUCY DELIGHT

Gives me the willeys thinkin'
'bout all those hungry dead
folks in Ethiopia.

CASS

Do you two wanna go zombie
huntin' without knowin' zombie
habits? Good gawd. Thought
y'all graduated from junior
high school.

They approach the theater. Lucy buys tickets at the counter.

INT. SAM AND ELLA'S DINER, TRODDENVILLE - DAY

Travis B. Husky strolls to the rear of the diner. Moseys to
the ladies' table and gives a fake yawn. Then he steals the
penny tip.

His eyes are drawn to the newspaper on the table. Sees the
article and reads. Smiles big like he just fired a fart.

INT. VIRGIL'S CAR - DAY

Virgil drives. Drinks from a cup of Starbucks. He loosens
his tie a smidgen. A picture of Sharon Stone on the dash.

EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY, SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA - DAY

Virgil leans over the hood of his car. Checking a road map.
Sweat dripping off his face. His tie is removed and his
shirt now undone at the collar.

Virgil draws a circle on the map. Then drives away.

EXT. GUN SHOP, TRODDENVILLE - DAY

A small crowd at Hoover's Gun and Fun Shop. World Weekly News article posted on a window. Circled twice in blue ink.

Next to that a flyer.

INSERT OF FLYER:

ZOMBIE HUNT FOR \$\$\$\$\$\$. GUN SAIL AT HOOVERS TODAY.

INT. GUN SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Good ol' boys getting the feel of new rifles. Others buying ammo. Still others checking out new handguns. One guy looks through a rifle scope.

In the pay line are Cass, Red and Lucy. Red carries boxes of bullets. Lucy fans Cass. Up walks a smiling Travis B.

TRAVIS

Howdy doody, little fruities.

CASS

Get sober, ya dick hole.

TRAVIS

Betcha I bag the most zombies.

CASS

Betch ya don't.

TRAVIS

If I win, I bang you billies from behind.

CASS

OK. And if I lose, I castrate you with a ripcord.

TRAVIS

Deal.

SUPER: 4 HOURS BEFORE THE CONTEST.

INT. - VIRGIL'S CAR - NEAR DAWN

Virgil's POV as he approaches a guard shack on a dark road. At the Mississippi/Alabama border.

GUARD SHACK

An old fart in a green uniform slow-walks from the guard shack to the car. Flashlight in hand.

Virgil rolls down his window. Old fart shines the light.

OLD FART

Holy bucket o' shit. What happened to you?

VIRGIL

Virgil LaFate. Here for the Mr. Ugly contest. Got lost.

EXT. OPEN ROAD, ALABAMA BORDER - CONTINUOUS

Virgil's face is not for the faint of heart. It looks like his grill stopped a grenade full frontal.

OLD FART

Reality TV, huh. Why didn't you say? Ten bucks.

VIRGIL

Ten bucks? I thought there was no entry fee.

FART

This is a toll road. You enter Alabama, you pay the price. Ten bucks.

EXT. ABANDONED GENERAL STORE - NEAR DAWN

The sky brightening a bit in the horizon. Virgil's car pulls near the abandoned store. Stops.

VIRGIL

Great. Missed the orientation.

Virgil exits his car. Throws his hands on his hips. Looks around. The area is surrounded by tall weeds. There's rustling out there and Virgil freezes. Then...

BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM... Bullets spray every which way. Virgil hits the dirt. His car ping and pangs with bullet holes.

A lull in gunfire and Virgil's races to his car. Jumps in and fires up the motor. Roars away. Burning dust.

INT. VIRGIL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

He floors the gas pedal, back to the main road. Almost fish tails into a sand trap. Gains control and speeds ahead.

VIRGIL
What the hell?

Checks his rearview mirror. Darkness. His eyes swing back to the road, just in time to see

SOMEBODY

caught in the middle of his headlights. Oh fuck.

Virgil slams the brakes. Simultaneously cuts the steering wheel a hard right. Car veers. Blowing through weeds. His world spinning topsy-turvy. Then, everything stops dead.

... QUIET.

Virgil sits grogged behind the steering wheel. His car pluck in a thatch of high weeds. Then, POUNDING at his window.

Virgil recoils. A middle-aged, UGLY GUY swings open the driver-side door. Ugly guy leans into the car.

UGLY GUY
Look, we gotta get your car
back on the road. Now.

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, ALABAMA - CONTINUOUS

The ugly guy helps unfasten Virgil's seat belts. Ugly guy eases a dazed Virgil out of the car. Virgil crumples into a pile of weeds. Ugly guy jumps into the driver's seat.

He cranks up the car engine. Vrrrooom. Slams closed the door.

VIRGIL
HEY. That's...

Virgil watches his car shoot in reverse to the road. Slam skids on gravel. His car then blasts forward. Out of sight.

VIRGIL
... a rental, you asshole.

Virgil climbs to his feet. Knees wobbly.

BAM, BAM, BAM... Another blitz of gunfire and Virgil drops to the ground. Covers his head.

VIRGIL
Fuck. Why is everyone always
shooting at me?

Then comes a BOOOM -- and a ball of fire from down the road. Followed by distant WHOOPS and LAUGHTER.

Virgil looks up. Gets to his feet and staggers to the road. Just in time to see his rental car now a giant bonfire.

VIRGIL
Shit on wheat.

GUNFIRE starts again. Virgil ducks low. Scurries to the weeds. Notices the gunshots are not zinging near him.

EXT. WEEDS IN THE OPEN FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Sky turning lighter.

Hunters combing through the fields. Maybe three dozen or so.

Killer Cass armed with a hunting rifle, as are Red and Lucy. Sifting through the brush. A runner makes a break for it.

Cass aims. Exhales and BANG. Runner goes down.

Another runner sprints out of the brush. And another runner. Then a third runner. Lucy and Red take aim.

Both woman shoot, BANG BANG. A SCREAMING MAN in the distance.

SCREAMING MAN
Which one of you assholes just
shot the mayor?

Cass turns to Red and Lucy Delight. Cass rolls her eyes. Lifts her rifle, aims and BANG. Takes down another runner.

CASS
Y'all start baggin' em.

EXT. WEEDY COUNTRYSIDE - DAWN

A runner sprints. Gunfire chases. The runner twists and slashes through the weeds. Escape in sight, until he trips.

Falls flat in front of a hiding Virgil. Virgil's eyes meet the Runner's eyes. They wince: One ugly to another ugly.

VIRGIL
What's going on?

RUNNER
They're hunting us.

VIRGIL
Why? That's crazy. I'm here
for the Mr. Ugly -

RUNNER
We're ALL here for the Mr.
Ugly... Oh God, I gotta get.

Runner gets to his feet and gallops away. Hunters approaching. Virgil gets moving in another direction.

Virgil crashes through weeds like a low missile. Breaks into the open near the road. He sees an old hunter by a truck.

Virgil bolts toward the old man, who is fussing with his rifle. Old hunter looks up. His eyes fly open.

CRASH -- Virgil slam-bams the guy into his own truck. Virgil opens the door, sees the keys in the ignition. Jumps in.

Truck engine fires up. Then the truck zooms down the road.

CASS (O.S.)
Shit in my hat. That zombie
just stole Ned's pickup truck.

INT. STOLEN PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Virgil swallows. Glances into the rearview mirror and sees about a dark, battered truck giving chase.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE, TRODDENVILLE - DAY

Virgil's truck rockets through town. Whips a sharp turn. Just missing a VW Bug. Trucks comes to a skids and stops.

Virgil falls out of the truck. The town empty. He gets to his feet. Drags himself up the steps to town square. His eyes skate upward. To a banner roped across 2 utility poles:

DUMBEST LOSER ON EARTH CONTEST. Cancelled.

Virgil collapses in frustration. Gasping for air.

Cass's pickup truck barrels toward town square. Wheels a sharp corner and about 6 dead ugly guys fly out of the long bed. They smash like pumpkins on the morning street.

Truck brakes to a vicious stop. Cass and the girls bolt out and charge toward Virgil. The girls swing their weapons up.

CASS

You gotta dumb stupid to think
you could get away from me.

She lowers her shotgun against Virgil's family jewels.

Virgil holds up a hand in defense. Lips dry and peeling.

VIRGIL

Not a monster... I'm a man.

CASS

Ha ha. I don't think so.

BANG.

INT. CASS BASSETT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cass being interviewed in her home.

CASS

I did it for the thrill. And
the book deal.

Behind her, mounted on the wall beside stuffed animal heads

IS VIRGIL'S HEAD

monstrous in appearance. Next to Virgil hangs the shrink-wrapped privates of Travis B. Husky. And under that is

A ONE-SHEET POSTER of SHARON STONE from "Basic Instinct."

Autographed:

"To Cass Bassett, from one killer to another.

Love, Catherine Tramell"

FADE OUT:

THE END