

# S SHAD UL WS II

## SOULSHADOWS II: UNCLE HARRY

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Tanis By  
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FADE IN:

INT. THE ALCOVE

Tanis fidgets in her wooden chair, as she pokes and prods at something unseen in her lap.

She glances up to us -- frustration mars her features.

TANIS

Some things be so dark...so  
mysterious...not even Tanis  
be understandin' them.

Tanis holds up the object -- a universal remote.

TANIS

So what Tanis 'sposed to be doin'  
with somethin' like this?

She regards the device with disdain -- and caution.

TANIS

Be makin' no mistake...this box  
got power. Every house got itself  
a dark Medusa...freeze you to  
stone,  
right where you sit! And this...  
this be its kindred.

She lifts the remote -- aims it directly at us.

TANIS

But it do carry a tale...an  
ugly tale...'bout an ugly man...

Tanis punches one of the buttons -- and the screen fills with a burst of static.

TANIS (OVER STATIC)

...and this tale be called...  
"Uncle Harry."

SUPER: UNCLE HARRY

FUZZY FADE TO:

INT. SCOTT AND SARAH'S HOUSE - DEN - DAY

The room is trashed. It looks like a war zone.

SCOTT (38) Tall, ordinary looking with thinning hair, his clothes ripped and rumpled, sweating profusely and breathing hard, leans against a wall. He holds a steak knife, ready to slash, as:

SARAH (34) Scott's wife, who is petite with coal black hair and glasses, clothes ripped and rumpled, breathing hard and sweating profusely, stands in front of him with a meat tenderizer held above her head, ready to pound.

The telephone rings in the background.

And the image freezes. Another burst of static.

FUZZY FADE TO:

INT. ALCOVE

With a stern frown, Tanis repeatedly beats the remote against her palm.

TANIS  
(muttering)  
That ain't no beginnin' to this  
tale...you electric devil...

With a sigh, she aims the remote and tries once more.

TANIS  
And this tale be called...  
"Uncle Harry".

She punches another button. More static, and another...

FUZZY FADE TO:

INT. FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

Scott and Sarah hold hands and walk close as they enter the room with the placard which reads "Harry Mitchell Blank 7 pm to 9 pm".

They both wear respectable clothes, but not the 'basic black' you might expect for calling hours.

The room is full of people. Scott and Sarah stop and look at each other in astonishment. They lean close to talk, so others can't hear as they move further into the room.

SARAH

I can't believe your Uncle had this many friends.

SCOTT

He didn't. Well, he knew pretty much everyone in town. Mostly, they were his drinking buddies at the Eagles Club, but I wouldn't really say they were real friends.

SARAH

So why are they all here?

SCOTT

They must think he left 'em something.

Scott spots his cousins up front.

RHONDA (43) is a matronly woman with conservative black clothes and conservative hair. She has a warm smile and greets people in a vary 'classic' fashion beside her sister:

GINA (40) who also wears black, although it's a silky, form-fitting number more suited for a casino than a funeral home. Her blond hair is more stylish, and she greets people more like a game show hostess. Schmoozing and hugging.

Scott gives them a small wave.

SCOTT

Poor Rhonda always gets stuck being in charge of this stuff.

SARAH

But your Uncle didn't have any money, really, and that crap he called his collection isn't worth anything.

SCOTT

He liked to make everyone think it was.

They reach Rhonda and Gina as an older couple talks with Rhonda. They are MYRA and LES GORDON. Their clothes and manner indicate that they are not an affluent pair.

MYRA

Your Uncle was such a sweet man.

RHONDA  
He was. Thank you.

LES  
Give you the shirt of his back,  
Harry would!

RHONDA  
He sure would, wouldn't he? Thank  
you so much for coming.

The couple moves off and pauses by the casket. When they  
move out of hearing range:

LES  
And he'd stab you as soon as you  
turned away to get his shirt back!

MYRA  
Damn right. He just better have  
remembered us in his will!

Gina gives Scott and Sarah a huge, flourish-y hug. They  
reluctantly acquiesce.

Rhonda gives them each a nice conservative hug. Scott's  
eyes follow the receding couple:

SCOTT  
I see all of Harry's old drinking  
buddies are here.

RHONDA  
Oh yeah.

GINA  
They're coming out of the woodwork.

Another couple walks up and gives Rhonda and Gina the oily  
business about what a great man their Uncle was, and how  
much they loved his beautiful collection of antiques.

Rhonda thanks them, then crinkles her nose up as they walk  
away.

RHONDA  
Rum!

SARAH  
This is just awful. I don't know  
which is worse. These people or  
your Uncle.

SCOTT  
Well, it's his own fault, in a way.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. EAGLES CLUB BAR - DAY

The bar is quite full. Scott (13) looks very uncomfortable sitting next to a younger UNCLE HARRY (48). Scott is sipping a coke, and Harry brandishes a very large mixed drink.

Younger versions of Myra and Lee sit across the bar from them.

HARRY  
. . .and my nephew and I are now heading to out find more pieces of silver to complete that set!

MYRA  
Sounds expensive, Harry!

HARRY  
Nothing's too expensive when it comes to my collection, my dear!

SCOTT  
Can we go now?

HARRY  
Not yet, son! I need more 'nourishment' before we continue our journey! Gar con! Another Long Island Ice Tea, my good man!

The bartender sets about making a new drink.

HARRY  
And get my friends, Sir Lee and Ms. Myra one more on me, as well!

LES  
Why thank you, Harry!

Scott sighs and sips his drink.

RETURN TO PRESENT:

SARAH  
Taking you to bars when you were thirteen. Sweet.

GINA

He never took me to the bar until I was old enough to drink with him.

Rhonda rolls her eyes and motions to Scott and Sarah.

RHONDA

C'mon up to see Harry. They did a wonderful job. He doesn't look a day over forty.

Sarah motions a strong 'no way'.

SARAH

Not me, thank you. This is as far as I go. Staring at people in their coffin is just ghoulish.

Scott and Sarah move up to the casket. UNCLE HARRY (73) lies in the casket. He looks totally at peace, and heavily, but expertly, 'made up'.

Scott sighs, and fidgets a bit.

RHONDA

He looks at peace, doesn't he?

SCOTT

I guess so. You know, I haven't talked to him in almost two years, Rhonda.

RHONDA

I know, Scott. It's been almost a year for me. Gina saw him last about three months ago, before she gave up.

SCOTT

That last visit was IT. . .

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. UNCLE HARRY'S APT. - NIGHT

Uncle Harry leads Scott and Sarah from the kitchen of his apartment into the living room area. He's smoking and picks up his Universal Remote as he sits in 'his chair'.

Scott and Sarah sit close by each other on his small couch. Sarah sits on the side away from Harry. Her face shows that the smoke annoys her.

Harry turns on the news using his Universal Remote.

HARRY  
Sure you kids didn't mind the  
ravioli being burnt?

Scott sighs.

SCOTT  
No, Uncle Harry. It was fine.

Uncle Harry watches the television for a few moments, then turns on them and points the remote right at Scott's face menacingly.

HARRY  
Just look at the state of this  
apartment!

SCOTT  
It looks fine, Uncle Har. . .

HARRY  
It looks like shit! That fat ass,  
lazy cousin of yours. . .

SCOTT  
Rhonda works full time and can only  
come once a week, Uncle Harry.

HARRY  
Hmmmph! She's a lazy, good for  
nothing. Just like that father of  
yours! Letting that house of his  
rot down around your mother's ears.

Harry goes back to watching the television, as though nothing had been said.

Sarah squirms visibly on the couch next to Scott. She looks at her watch, and whispers something into Scott's ear.

SCOTT  
Well ,we have to be going, Uncle  
Harry. Thanks for dinner.

Harry waves the remote more menacingly.

HARRY  
Just what was she whispering in  
your ear?

SCOTT

Nothing, Uncle Harry. She was just reminding me that we need to stop at her mom's house, and I need to get to bed because I have to go in to work early in the morning.

Harry explodes, and the remote becomes almost like a blurring light saber.

HARRY

Well of all the nerve! Of all the rude nerve! Whispering like some little child behind my back!

Sarah is near tears.

SCOTT

Uncle Harry, please.

HARRY

Well, apparently your mother never taught you about manners, young lady! And Scott wouldn't have to work himself to death if you'd get off your fat rump and get a job to help out!

Sarah bursts into tears and heads for the door. She stops at the door and turns on Harry.

SARAH

You're a horrible, fat old man!

She runs out.

HARRY

Well! I never! You kids today.

SCOTT

Just shut the hell up, Harry.

Scott runs out after Sarah.

RETURN TO PRESENT:

SCOTT

We never went back. This is the first time I've seen him since then.

RHONDA  
He ran us all off. Even his own  
sister.

Scott moves up to the casket, and peers inside.

SCOTT  
Where is your mom?

RHONDA  
Oh, her friend Clydene took her  
home. It was getting near  
dark. Mom hates to drive in the  
dark, even when she's not the one  
driving.

(beat)  
What are you looking for?

SCOTT  
That damn remote. I thought he'd  
be buried with it.

Rhonda chuckles.

RHONDA  
No, but you'd think so. We all  
know what it's like to have that  
damn thing pointed in our  
face. When they found him dead in  
his chair, it was still in his  
hand. I guess they had to pry it  
out.

SCOTT  
Sarah and I'd better get  
going. The more I think about him  
the madder I get. Folks might not  
like it if I punch the corpse.

Rhonda gives him a big hug.

RHONDA  
It's okay, kiddo. See you at the  
cemetery in the morning?

SCOTT  
Yeah, we'll be there.

FADE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

MONTAGE:

1) A large crowd of people surrounds Uncle Harry's grave. Scott, Sarah, Rhonda, Gina and their mom, MIRIAM (73) stand the closest.

The casket is suspended above the opening in traditional fashion, as REVEREND SINGLETARY (52) stands with an open bible, preparing to speak.

REV. SINGLETARY  
We gather here today to pay our  
final respects to Harry Mitchell  
Blank.

Scott leans close to Sarah and whispers:

SCOTT  
Harry never showed anyone respect.

Sarah elbows him.

SARAH  
Shh.

2) Scott fidgets.

REV. SINGLETARY  
We knew Harry to be a kind and  
generous soul. . .

Scott clears his throat and gets another jab from Sarah.

Reverend Singletary hears this, and gives a slightly mischievous grin.

REV. SINGLETARY  
Although, at times, he could be a  
bit . . .difficult to deal with,  
and many feared the point of his  
remote!

This brings a polite chuckle from the whole crowd.

3) The Reverend has raised his hand for the benediction.

REV. SINGLETARY  
Earth to Earth, ashes to ashes. . .

Scott leans in again.

SCOTT  
Funk to funky.

Sarah stifles a giggle.

SARAH  
No more, darn it!

END MONTAGE

Scott, Rhonda, Gina and Miriam each take turns shaking hands with the Reverend. Sarah just stands back. Then they head back towards their cars.

Scott and Sarah hold hands. Rhonda walks with her arm around Miriam. They both wipe their eyes. Gina lags behind, her arms folded about herself and her head is down.

SCOTT  
Man! That was excruciating.

RHONDA  
It was good to see you hold back your emotions, Scott.

SARAH  
Yes, you almost behaved.

SCOTT  
Well for Christ's sake. Even Reverend Singletary couldn't help but get a jab in, so what does that tell you?

They all chuckle except Gina and Miriam. She stops and faces Scott.

MIRIAM  
Listen! We all know your Uncle could be a jackass, Scott. But for all he was, he was still my brother, and I love him!

Scott moves to Miriam and gives her a big hug. She sobs on his shoulder.

SCOTT  
Oh Miriam. I know. I know.

He holds her until she calms down.

SCOTT  
Okay, Rhonda, what do we do next?

RHONDA  
(Shrugs)  
Don't ask me, ask Miss Executor.

Rhonda turns to Gina, who is still hugging herself closely, so they all turn to her.

SCOTT  
Gina?

GINA  
It wasn't my idea to be made executor. I had no idea he'd done that.

SCOTT  
Doesn't matter to me, but what do we do next?

GINA  
Could uh, could you all come back to Uncle Harry's apartment for awhile?

SCOTT  
Um, sure. We'll meet you there.

INT. SCOTT AND SARAH'S CAR

Scott maneuvers the car down a beautiful tree shaded street.

SCOTT  
Holy Mackerel! I can't believe Rhonda's not the executor. Gina can't handle anything like this.

SARAH  
Rhonda probably was the executor, at one point.

SCOTT  
Yeah, until Harry got pissed at her for not coming 'round anymore. I could see him doing that. Gina was his drinking buddy.

SARAH  
He was a spiteful old man. I'll tell you right now, I hope he

(MORE)

SARAH (cont'd)  
 didn't leave us any of his smelly  
 old shit!

Scott pulls the car into the parking lot of the WADSWORTH  
 SENIOR HAVEN apartment building.

SCOTT  
 Well ,let's just humor Gina here,  
 okay? She damn well knows she's in  
 over her head. You know Rhonda  
 will really wind up handling all of  
 it for her.

SARAH  
 All right. But please, let's go  
 home as soon as we can.

SCOTT  
 Fifteen minutes. I promise.

FADE TO:

INT. HALLWAY SENIOR HAVEN APTS. - LATER

Gina, Rhonda, Sarah and Scott exit a storage room carrying  
 boxes and head down the hall.

SARAH  
 (Whispers)  
 Fifteen minutes, huh?

SCOTT  
 (Whispers)  
 I'm sorry, honey, but we couldn't  
 just leave them to do all this  
 work.

They all enter the door of:

INT. UNCLE HARRY'S APT.

The apartment is full of boxes, bags, piles of books and  
 clothes. Miriam sits on the sofa. She's visibly agitated,  
 and wrings her hands.

MIRIAM  
 You kids okay with all that?

RHONDA  
Yes mom, we're okay.

Scott sits down his box.

SCOTT  
That's the last of it.

Gina sits down her box and just stands there. Everyone looks at her.

RHONDA  
Oh for heavens sake, Gee, tell 'em.

GINA  
Well, it seems Uncle Harry left everything he has to me.

SCOTT  
Everything?

Gina looks miserable.

GINA  
Everything.

SCOTT  
What the hell are you gonna do with it all?

GINA  
No idea. That's why I asked you guys here. Please, take a look around and see if there's anything you want to take home.

SARAH  
Well, there isn't any. . .

SCOTT  
Sure, we'll take a look around.  
(Off her piercing stare.)  
Honey, why don't you go see if there are any video tapes you might want, and I'll take a look around out here?

Sarah leaves the room, robot-like. Steve scans the various boxes.

MIRIAM  
Your Uncle had such beautiful glassware, Scott. I'm certain  
(MORE)

MIRIAM (cont'd)  
there must be something you and  
Sarah could use.

SCOTT  
Oh boy, Aunt Miriam, Sarah would  
string me up if I brought home a  
bunch of dust collectors.

GINA  
Please take whatever you can,  
Scott.

SCOTT  
Well, I've always loved the big  
four slice toaster of his.

GINA  
It's yours!

SCOTT  
And . . . hey!

Scott leans over behind a box right in front of Uncle  
Harry's favorite chair. He stands up holding the Universal  
Remote.

SCOTT  
Now THIS, is what I want. The  
perfect memento!

SARAH  
Aw Jesus! No, Scott!

Sarah holds two video tape boxes at the end of the room.

RHONDA  
Scott, you don't want that damn  
thing.

SARAH  
Listen to her, Scott.

SCOTT  
Oh, come on, Honey. We need a new  
remote, and it'll be a kick. Uncle  
Harry always said we just liked  
pushing his buttons. Now's our  
chance to do it for real!

SARAH  
(Sighs)  
I don't know why I put up with  
you. Let's go home.

GINA  
Don't forget your toaster!

FADE TO:

INT. SCOTT AND SARAH'S CAR

Scott turns on the headlights, and pulls out of the parking lot. Sarah looks out her window.

SCOTT  
You're not really mad, are you?

SARAH  
Well yeah, I am! I told you I didn't want any of that shit, and then . . .

SCOTT  
I was just trying to help Gina.

SARAH  
. . . you go and pick up that god awful remote control.

SCOTT  
It's just a remote control. I think it's funny.

Sarah gives him an imploring look.

SARAH  
It's not funny, Scott. It's creepy. It makes me feel creepy. Please promise me you'll throw it away.

SCOTT  
It's just a remote, Honey.

She grabs his hand, which is holding the remote.

SARAH  
Please?

SCOTT  
(Sighs)  
All right. All right. If it means that much, I'll throw it away as soon as we get home.

She leans over and kisses his cheek.

SARAH

Thanks. Now, can we roll down the windows some, this junk still smells like cigarette smoke!

FADE TO:

INT. SCOTT AND SARAH'S HOUSE - MORNING

Scott sneaks into the kitchen. He roots around in the trash can, takes out the remote, tiptoes into the living room.

He gingerly turns on the TV, manually turning the sound to zero, and sets about programming the remote.

Just as he is successful, and starts to flip through channels:

SARAH (O.S.)

What the Hell are you doing?

Scott instantly shuts the TV off, then tries feebly to get the remote out of sight, and winds up just fumbling with it until it drops on the floor.

SCOTT

(Rapid fire)

I just wanted to see if it still worked.

Sarah rubs her eyes with the heels of her hands. She is not fully awake yet.

SARAH

C'mon Scott. You promised. You even threw it in the trash.

SCOTT

I know. I know. It's just. I don't know what it is.

SARAH

It's creepy.

SCOTT

Yeah, kinda, but I . . .

SARAH

And smelly.

SCOTT  
I'll clean it off. Sanitize it. I  
don't know why I want it. It's  
just, I don't know. The last thing  
Uncle Harry . . .

SARAH  
Pointed at us?

Scott moves over to her and gives her a hug.

SCOTT  
Held . . . I can't explain it,  
honey. I know Uncle Harry treated  
us like shit, but I didn't always  
hate him. When I was a kid he was  
kind of my buddy.

SARAH  
Sure, he took you out drinking to  
all the best joints.

He stands back and cradles her face in his hands, and looks  
her straight in the eye.

SCOTT  
(Sighs)  
I know it doesn't make sense honey,  
but I really want to keep this  
remote to remember Uncle Harry.

SARAH  
It makes my skin crawl.

SCOTT  
He's dead now, honey. He can't  
hurt us any more and this remote is  
just a hunk of plastic. That's  
all. It can't hurt us either.

Sarah takes a deep breath and gives him a level, stern look.

Scott pulls his very best puppy dog face.

SCOTT  
Please?!

Sarah closes her eyes and shudders.

SARAH  
Okay.

SCOTT

Yes!

SARAH

BUT! If that thing doesn't work perfectly, or even one button goes on the fritz, I will personally break it into a thousand pieces and bury it in the backyard,.

SCOTT

What could be more fair than that?

SARAH

Hmmph.

SCOTT

It works perfectly. I tried it out.

SARAH

I saw. That's why we're standing here.

SCOTT

(Chuckles nervously)  
Yeah, right. Here, try it out while I go get showered for Miriam's lunch. The Morning Show is on.

He nudges her over to the Lazy Boy, then starts to move out of the room in a quick, nervous fashion.

SCOTT

Go on. You'll see it's fine. Saves us ten bucks because we don't have to buy one now.

(Beat)

I'll be out in ten minutes.

Sarah stares down at the remote, arms crossed tightly around herself, she looks at the ceiling, silently imploring to the heavens, then back down at the remote.

She nudges it with her foot, and . . .the TV turns on . . .to the Morning Show.

Sarah jumps, and lifts her foot to stomp on the remote. She stops, slowly picks it up and sits in the chair.

She stares blankly at the screen.

SHOW HOST (FILTERED)  
Good morning, and welcome to the  
Morning Show Sunday, April 25th  
edition.

INT. BATHROOM

Scott leans in to set the water temperature for his shower.

SCOTT  
(Yells)  
Never hurts to save ten bucks!

INT. LIVING ROOM

Sarah yells to be heard over Scott's shower.

SARAH  
Hey! I think this remote's messed  
up!

SHOW HOST (FILTERED)  
(In Scott's voice)  
Well, it wouldn't hurt if you got a  
job young lady. Then ten bucks  
wouldn't mean so much!

INT. BATHROOM

Scott is in the shower as pounding filters through the noise of the water. He realizes it's the door, and leans out.

Sarah is saying something from the hallway, but it can't be made out over the shower.

Scott shuts the water off, quick-wraps a towel around his waist, slip-slides to the door on his still wet feet, and cracks it open.

SCOTT  
Huh? What?!

SARAH  
What did you just say?!

He pushes some soap out of his eye.

SCOTT  
I didn't say anything. I was just  
in the shower.

SARAH  
Bullshit! What did you just say  
about ten bucks?!

SCOTT  
Well, I said it's always good to  
save ten bucks, but that was before  
I got in the shower.

SARAH  
Bullshit!

And she stomps away from the door.

INT. KITCHEN

Scott comes in, hair still wet, socks half on, trying to  
tuck in his shirt.

Sarah stands at the counter, eating a sandwich.

SCOTT  
Honey, what happened?

She stakes a vicious bite of her sandwich.

SCOTT  
What'd I do, Sarah? I was just  
taking a shower.

She turns her back to him.

SARAH  
Go play with your remote.

Scott stands there in the classic 'implore' stance, hands  
out.

SCOTT  
I . . .

She points out of the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Scott rubs his head in frustration as he enters the room.

He locates the remote, plops down on the Lazy Boy and  
changes the channel to some sports show.

SPORTS COMMENTATOR (FILTERED)  
. . .and that was the story last  
night, as LeBron James pours in 36  
points to carry the Cavs to another  
huge win.

He can't take it anymore.

SCOTT  
(Yells)  
I was just taking a shower!

SPORTS COMMENTATOR (FILTERED)  
(In Sarah's voice)  
And you still look like hell!

INT. KITCHEN

Scott comes stomping in.

SCOTT  
What the Hell's that supposed to  
mean?!

Sarah leans on the counter, crying. She snaps her head up.

SARAH  
(Between angry sobs)  
What's what supposed to mean?

SCOTT  
Don't give me that shit.

SARAH  
Give YOU that shit! Get the Hell  
away from me.

She pushes past him and heads for the living room.

Over her shoulder.

SARAH  
Just go to your aunt's house and  
leave me alone.

INT. HALLWAY

Scott stalks past the living room, stares at Sarah sitting  
in the Lazy Boy, remote in hand, then he stomps into the  
bedroom and slams the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Sarah watches the Morning Show. Scott can be heard slamming and throwing things around in the bedroom.

SCOTT (O.S.)  
(Yells)  
Where the Hell are my shoes?

SARAH  
(Yells)  
I'm not your maid!

SHOW HOST (FILTERED)  
(In Scott's voice)  
Well, if you'd get off your lazy  
ass and clean once in awhile, maybe  
we could find things.

INT. BEDROOM

Scott leans behind the bed, as Sarah slams through the door and starts pounding him with her fists.

SARAH  
I hate you, I hate you, I hate you!

Scott attempts, without success, to dodge the blows.

SCOTT  
What the . . .

He finally shoves her on the bed and runs out.

SCOTT  
. . . fuck!

INT. LIVING ROOM

Scott runs into the room and yells as he kicks the couch.

SCOTT  
Shit!  
(Kick)  
Shit!!  
(Kick!)  
SHIT!!  
(KICK!!)

He picks up the remote and throws it on the Lazy Boy.

The TV switches to the sports show.

SCOTT  
What the Hell is going on here?!

SPORTS COMMENTATOR (FILTERED)  
(In Sarah's voice)  
Maybe if you weren't so damn dumb,  
you could figure it out!

SCOTT  
That's IT!

He rushes from the room.

CUT TO:

INT. MIRIAM'S HOUSE - DAY

Rhonda, Gina and Gina's Boyfriend, John (35) sit in the living room watching TV.

Miriam comes in, wiping her hands nervously on a dishtowel.

MIRIAM  
I'm worried about Scott and Sarah.

RHONDA  
Oh Mom. Those love birds? They're probably in the middle of a tickling contest.

MIRIAM  
I don't know. They're always on time. I'm going to call them.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SCOTT AND SARAH'S HOUSE - DEN - DAY

SCOTT, his clothes ripped and rumpled, sweating profusely and breathing hard, leans against a wall. He holds a steak knife, ready to slash, as:

SARAH, her clothes ripped and rumpled, breathing hard and sweating profusely, stands in front of him with a meat tenderizer held above her head, ready to pound.

The telephone rings in the background.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MIRIAM'S HOUSE - DAY

Miriam stands there listening to the phone ring and ring. She hangs it up.

MIRIAM  
No answer.

RHONDA  
They're probably on their way here.

John gives Gina a playful squeeze.

JOHN  
Maybe they uh, 'got busy', and forgot!

Gina elbows him.

GINA  
Oh John!

MIRIAM  
I don't know, it just seems strange.

RHONDA  
Mom, your problem is, you worry too much!

INT. SCOTT AND SARAH'S HOUSE - DEN - DAY

Scott and Sarah's shadows cast on the wall as they attack each other.

Vicious slashes and the dull pound of a meat tenderizer on flesh mix with grunts, groans, and screams as blood splatters the wall.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The remote falls from the Lazy Boy.

The TV switches to a rerun of Happy Days.

The Happy Days theme song plays across the background massacre.

FADE TO:

INT. SCOTT AND SARAH'S HOUSE - LATER

Rhonda, Miriam, Gina and John come into the house through the front door.

The house is now straightened up, with things in boxes.

Miriam shakes terribly. Rhonda puts an arm around her.

MIRIAM

I, I still can't believe it.

RHONDA

None of us can, Mom. None of us can.

John walks with his arm around Gina into the living room. Gina tries to hold back tears.

JOHN

I can't believe you and Rhonda got all this packed up.

RHONDA

I got it all packed up.

Rhonda and Miriam enter the living room.

GINA

I just couldn't.

JOHN

It's okay, hun. Hey, look here!

John reaches down into a box, and comes up with the remote.

JOHN

Isn't this the infamous remote? You guys mind if I take this?

ON THE REMOTE

In John's hand. He punches a button.

Static.

FUZZY FADE TO:

THE REMOTE

Now in Tanis' hand.

TANIS (O.S.)  
You got to be careful when you  
go punchin' buttons.

WIDER

Tanis randomly pokes at buttons as she speaks, disregarding her own sage advice.

TANIS  
'Cause nobody so beautiful they  
ain't got some ugly inside...and  
you never be knowin' what might  
be bringin' it out.

Growing bored with the device, she now looks up and fixes us with her sly smile.

TANIS  
And this ugly devil box...well,  
to Tanis, it be good for only  
one thing...

She points the remote to us once more -- and clicks.

With a small, electric POP the screen suddenly goes dark like an ancient Philco -- as the collapsing edges of the screen form a dark, shrinking circle around Tanis.

It is like tunnel vision -- until only a single point of light remains in the center of the screen.

TANIS (V.O.)  
...and that be killin' the  
Medusa...and givin' Tanis  
some peace.

And then even this small pinprick of light winks out of existence -- and there is only darkness.

And a blissful, perfect silence for Tanis.

FADE OUT: