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

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 Tuscaloosa 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 themself 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, TRODENVILLE - 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

cought in the middle of his headlights. Oh fuck.


... 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 crumpled into a pile of weeds. Ugly guy jumps into the driver’s seat.

He cranks up the car engine. Vroom. 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
   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