

Stu
by
Rudi Anna

Revised: March 1st, 2011

Rudi Anna
459 Willard St. #201
617-894-3056

© WGA East, 2013

INT. WALMART SUPERSTORE - DAY

The Electronics section. Standing behind a glass counter, flipping through an old WIZARD MAGAZINE, is STU(20s). He is clean cut, holding a frail, awkward posture under a tucked-in, white button-down. Incongruous with his puny frame, though, Stu's plucky gaze suggests a keen yet distant sense of purpose.

Rising above him from behind, a varied array of TELEVISION SETS playing an 80s JACK NICHOLSON flick, like *Terms of Endearment* or something.

We hear faint, beautiful singing-- but not from the TV's. It's from another EMPLOYEE donning Walmart's blue apron as she passes by Stu's counter. She is SCARLET(30s). With her hair tightly pulled back, she is a serious and beautiful woman. Under each arm she carries packaged BARBIE DOLLS. One of the DOLLS, with curling tufts of shiny brown hair and a curious face, leaves a lingering impression it could be a living soul with eyes gazing right into you--

Until the singing abruptly STOPS. Scarlet betrays annoyance towards Stu while nearing him. She passes by without slowing.

STU

Hey, Scar...you want some help with stocking Barbies?

SCARLET

No. I have it.

STU

Word. I'm here for 'bout fifteen more minutes, if you think you might need a hand, al-

SCARLET

Nope. I have it.

STU

Nice. Sounds like a plan.

Scarlet continues on her way as:

Stu's gaze lingers dejectedly on her every step until--A WOLF HOWL sounds off. It's Stu's ringtone. Someone's calling him. He digs into his pocket, pulling out a bulky block of a CELL PHONE. He reads the caller ID, then settles the phone on his ear.

STU
 (to phone)
 Ya, I figured you were gonna call me today... O.K. fine, but... isn't it funny that basically the only day you communicate with me is on your own birthday?

Stu listens with banal amusement.

STU
 (to phone)
 ... Trust me. It's funny, Pops. Sure I'm laughing at you... Yups... Ya? Whatcha get?... Wow. Nice.... You're a wild man... Holy shit, Dad! You're pretty much Ron Jeremy.

Working near Stu is a tough-looking WALMART EMPLOYEE with TRIBAL TATOOS all over his arms and neck. He overhears the conversation, eyeing Stu with contempt.

Stu notices and wants to impress him.

STU
 (loud, to be heard)
 Finally, somebody else besides ME is gettin' some cut up around here. Right on.

Stu nods 'what's up' to the Tattooed Employee.

Back at Stu's counter, a FEMALE CUSTOMER(40s) waits for assistance. Stu acknowledges her, but points to his phone. He's preoccupied. Can't talk. Then he turns his back on her.

STU
 (to phone)
 Good times for you then--

We hear the muffled sound of a BLENDER WHIRRRING on the other end of the phone line.

STU
 Now I don't understand anything you're saying... Something, tequila and mollies...

The WHIRRING gets louder.

STU
 Ya, now it's impossible-- Dad!

A beat. The blender continues.

STU
Ya, well... Happy Birthday, Dad.

Finally, Stu clicks the phone shut. He looks up to see:

Scarlet coming back towards him. She locks eyes with Stu and hooks a left, avoiding his section. Stu checks the clock.

INT. WALMART BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Stu hangs over a bathroom sink. He turns on the faucet, looking at his reflection in the mirror. He splashes his face with water a few times, then digs into his pockets, pulling out two prescription bottles...one of them reads: *Clozaril*.

He looks back at his reflection for a beat. A flicker in his eyes, some emotion raging deep inside. To his face, a subtle twist in expression. He clenches his teeth hard, then BASHES the pill bottle against the sink, sending PILLS flying and spilling away. We hear PLINKS of innumerable pills hitting the tile floor.

Finally, it occurs to Stu what he's just done.

STU
(regretful)
Oh, man.

A prim CUSTOMER enters the bathroom. Anxious, Stu searches around the floor. There's no way he can pick all those pills up. Stu scurries out.

The Customer watches him leave, then looks out to the mess on the floor.

EXT. WALMART SUPERSTORE ENTRANCE - LATER

Stu trails behind a small group of chatting Walmart EMPLOYEES, Scarlet amongst them. She's snuggling up on the Tattooed Employee from before. No one speaks to Stu.

The group heads in their own direction, pulling away from Stu.

Stu slows to a standstill, the group leaving him behind until he's standing alone-- a pathetic and lonely figure.

He lifts a hand high in the air to signify a goodbye.

STU
 Alright, guys!...If you end up
 getting those drinks, lemme know!

TATOOED EMPLOYEE
 ... Drink my nuts, dribble dick!

Stu tries to make sense of this comment, feebly laughing it off while keeping his hand held high.

STU
 Oh, your nuts. I get it... Gross!

Hand still in the air, he makes it a fist and pulls it down past his face like a nerdy rockstar. He smiles.

STU
 Alright!... Cool!

Stu walks down the street, the opposite direction as the others.

EXT. DESERTED STREET - LATER

Dilapidated fences, empty lots brimming with weeds, derelict office buildings and dumpsters backdrop a lonely, torn up street.

Stu shuffles down its cracked sidewalk, humming Deanna Warwick's 'Do You Know the Way to San Jose'. He kicks a few pebbles around when-- something catches his eye. He freezes in his tracks. His eyes study the thing he sees, and he baby steps towards it. His interest and focus sharpening as he draws closer...closer...until he nears a hulking black dumpster. He stares to the ground, next to one of the dumpster's corners, his eyes glued to what he sees:

It is the lifeless body of a small, foot-tall, humanoid figure-- an honest-to-god, pixie-dust wielding, winged FAIRY-- laying unconscious on the asphalt.

Stu reaches out for it and cradles it in his hands. He clutches it closely to his chest. The Fairy's arms dangle lifelessly from his hands.

Stu takes a few absent-minded steps backwards-- transfixed on his possession-- and then he runs away with it.

INT. STU'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

We are close on Stu. He gently places the Fairy on a table, reveling in its presence. *Where did it possibly come from?*

Several DOGS BARK loudly nearby outside.

Stu eyes the Fairy with a relentless gape until a thunderous:

BOOM! BOOM! BANG at the door-- Stu, jumps-- instantly alarmed. He slips backwards.

INT. STU'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The BANGING continues as Stu rushes to the door. He unlocks the dead-bolt and swings it open to reveal:

BRUCE(40s). Annoyed, hiding an anxiety under wearied eyes impregnated with a deep spirituality borne of a life which at some point smoldered dark and grotesquely within the mind-numbing raptures of a personal hell. His face darkened with stubbles, he wears a long, black coat.

BRUCE

'Bout time. You haven't ruined it yet, have you?

Bruce pushes through the doorway, past Stu and into the apartment.

BRUCE

Did you touch it? Yeah, I guess you had to touch it, or it wouldn't be here.

STU

(confused)

Can I help you?...Do I even know you?

BRUCE

I'm Bruce. Everybody knows me...Where is it?

Bruce doesn't wait for an answer. He studies the apartment's layout, searching for something. Stu tags along, stuttering behind him.

STU

Uhh...You, you-- Umm.

INT. STU'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The Fairy rests on the table. Bruce spots it from the next room.

BRUCE

Good work, short bus. You just left
it on the table.

He hurries towards it with Stu close behind. Bruce looms
closely over the Fairy's body, a saddened expression crosses
his face.

STU

No, I found it, and I--

BRUCE

Changed your world. As of now.
Forever... Changed, and topping
that, for a little surprise, is
that they prob'ly already know it's
here. They're, like, psychic that
way.

(A beat, Bruce thinks)

... Do you have shit like wooden
boards, nails, hammers?

STU

(points around)

Uh, yeah... there's a hammer, ya
know...

Bruce furiously rummages through cupboards.

STU

... maybe in the cupboard.

BRUCE

We're makin' this joint Katrina
proof. You know what I'm saying?

STU

No...I'd rather you don't start
using a hammer or nails... on
anything. What d'you need it for--

Bruce stands, glaring menacingly at Stu, wielding a fierce-
looking hammer he's found. We can see two sharp and subtle
fangs in his mouth.

BRUCE

...Dwarves...

INT. STU'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

A nail is HAMMERED hard and definitively into a WOODEN BOARD. We pull back to see that Stu's entire doorway has been boarded-up thoroughly with a haphazard collection of wooden planks nailed into the wall.

Dogs still BARK outside.

STU

(whiney)

Ya know-- I don't understand why I ever just let you in my friggin house, bro. This is not dope.

A huge CHEST OF DRAWERS is SLAMMED down in front of the boarded door by Bruce. He strains to push the heavy piece of furniture into place. He looks over his work. The entrance is fortified.

BRUCE

Gives us a few minutes at least...They're persistent and very shifty.

STU

Shifty you say?

BRUCE

Ya...shifty.

STU

Who!?!...Is my apartment about to get battle rammed by somebody...

The nearby sound of the BARKING DOGS in the yard has increased to something fierce. Now, they're barking AT something, ready to attack. Stu senses something off.

STU

Little hungry, dark raccoons...

One by one, the dog's go silent-- a few sound off with a sharp YELP just before nothing.

STU

...or something else really...

All barking stops as we close in on Stu, scared shitless.

STU

(eyes wide)

...really inhumane

BRUCE
Are you positive you only have the
one window?

Stu nods.

INT. STU'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Bruce finishes wrapping a white linen towel around the Fairy's body, then carefully wraps his hands around its head and legs, cradling it as though it might crumble to pieces.

STU
How many...dwarves...did you say
are stalking us?

BRUCE
Seven...There's always seven...Plus
her.

Stu's face is smeared with confusion.

STU
What? Who is 'her', now? Lemme
guess-

From outside we hear:

DWARF VOICE 1 (OS)
I smell a shit-eating wolf!

DWARF VOICE 2 (OS)
I can smell his guts!

Stu peers out a curtained window. He turns back to Bruce gently cradling the fairy.

STU
The seven dwarves...want the fairy?

BRUCE
No...Rose wants the Fairy. But Rose
ain't getting it...Can you open
that window?

INT. STU'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The front door's knob is VIOLENTLY WRIGGLED. Behind the door, we hear VOICES.

DWARF VOICE 1 (OS)
Little wolf, Little wolf, let me
in!

A thunderous CRACK nearly shreds through the door. The lights flicker and shudder.

Bruce and Stu tiptoe into the kitchen, listening.

DWARF VOICE 1 (OS)
Or we'll rip out all your hair and
burn you alive with it!...Your
hair!

DWARF VOICE 2 (OS)
Ha! You said his hair.

GIGGLES from the other side and another hard CRACK hits the door, splintering some wood, causing PAINT CHIPS to spit out.

DWARF VOICE 3(OS)
Sumbitch! Y'almost took out my
finger!

DWARF VOICE 2 (OS)
My bad... Ah, shit. Is it bleeding?

BRUCE
(to Stu, whispering)
You have a running car?

STU
Yes...but, inconveniently, my
license has been revoked--

Bruce's hand slaps over Stu's mouth. The lights in the house flicker out. Pale moonlight contours the now all-consuming darkness.

BRUCE
(hard whisper)
We're leaving this apartment right
now...You're going to come because
they'll kill the shit outta you if
you stay here and I don't really
know how to drive...So...listen and
follow as fast as you can...Keys?

Stu points to a specific location off screen.

KEYS are swiped off a DRAGON-SHAPED KEY HOOK.

EXT. OUTSIDE STU'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Bruce lands hard on the ground but on his feet. The linen-wrapped Fairy gripped securely in his hands.

Above him, we see the open window he's jumped from where Stu clumsily negotiates his body through the small opening. He finally falls out, hitting the ground flat on his back.

STU

Ow...

Inside Stu's apartment, we can hear the RENDING sound of wood, then SHATTERED GLASS-- the apartment getting trashed.

BRUCE

Wheels?

Stu picks himself off the ground and points to a beat up HONDA CIVIC a few feet away.

BRUCE

Does it have gas?

Stu nods, a little dazed from the fall.

Bruce races for the car and gets in the passenger seat. He rolls down the window.

BRUCE

Move it!

Stu hurries to the car.

At the window, we see a menacing, small man with tribal tattoos all over his neck and face. This is one of the DWARVES.

DWARF

They're outside! Get out there!

(to Bruce)

That little pixie ain't yours, asshole! Not no mores. And we'll skin you alive-- both you buttfucks-- inch by fleshy inch if you keep running!

The car's engine STARTS UP.

INT. STU'S HONDA - CONTINUOUS

Bruce looks out the window.

BRUCE

Punch it, man!

Through the car's windshield as it starts to accelerate, we can see the dark figure of another DWARF bending the corner of the building in full sprint toward the car.

BRUCE
Watch out!

The car PEELS out.

Badump! As the car smacks hard into the Dwarf causing him to spin off into the yard.

STU
Oh-no, Oh-no, Oh-no, Oh-no, Oh-no.

Bruce looks back to see:

EXT. SIDE DRIVEWAY OF STU'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Climbing up wooden sidesteps from the house next door, an Older NEIGHBOR(Female, 50s) drops sacks of groceries. She's horrified.

NEIGHBOR
Terry!

INSIDE HONDA

BRUCE
And then there were six. Nice job.

From inside the car, we can hear the Older Neighbor SCREAMING indecipherably.

SIDE DRIVEWAY OF STU'S HOUSE

The Honda breaks to a momentary stand still.

INSIDE HONDA

STU
I really couldn't tell if that was a-- what that was.

BRUCE
It was him or us. You made a good decision--

SPRACK! Something hard and metallic clunks off the back side of the car.

BRUCE

Go, damn it! Stop thinking so
fucking hard about it!

FRONTYARD

The Honda accelerates, speeding ahead again.

In the glow of the headlights, we see a lifeless form flopped
on the ground.

STU

Ah, man...they killed all the dogs.
There're three of 'em lying over
there. Ah, man!

INSIDE STU'S HONDA

Stu squeezes his eyes shut as--FOOMP! We hear a YELP as the
car runs over something else.

BRUCE

Nice. I think that was number five
right there. Keep moving.

Stu tightens his face, working hard to stay calm.

STU

Where the hell are we going?

BRUCE

...To the desert. We need a buffer
zone for as long as possible. Go
freeway.

EXT. EDGE OF DESERT - NIGHT

The little Honda and its headlights are all alone, speeding
down a dark, empty highway.

INT. STU'S HONDA - CONTINUOUS

Bruce, anxious, keeps looking out the back window at an empty
highway road. He repeats this twice before:

STU

Question.

Bruce eyes Stu.

BRUCE

...What?

A beat. Stu's not sure how to phrase the question.

BRUCE

What?

STU

...Is that...Is it dead?

Bruce looks down to the wrapped bundle in his arms.

BRUCE

She ain't dead yet.

A beat. Bruce looks behind again.

BRUCE

I'm surprised you were able to see her. You shouldn't've been able to see her.

Bruce keeps looking back. A moment of silence follows.

STU

... Are you human?

Bruce doesn't like the question.

BRUCE

... Mostly.

STU

They called you a wolf.

BRUCE

Yeah, I'm a little of that too.

STU

You're a werewolf?

Bruce looks back again.

BRUCE

Eh-- That sounds so stupid when you say it.

STU

Can you change form?

BRUCE

In a heartbeat.

STU

That's insane.

BRUCE

Yes. It is.

Stu tries to wrap his mind around what he's being told. Eventually, he just shakes his head.

STU

... So... She's a fairy.

BRUCE

Yup... Fairy.

STU

Pretty special, this one, huh?...or-

BRUCE

They're all special.

STU

I can't believe it's real. It's...

BRUCE

Do you believe in heaven?

STU

... I can't say that I do.

BRUCE

Strange. You must be joking.

STU

Why.

BRUCE

... Because finding a real fairy and saying you don't believe in heaven is like holding a .44 magnum and saying you don't believe in the golden, glorious U-S-of A... and not only that, but, to put it mildly, this creature is maybe the single most precious existing thing in this world. Period. The end. D'you get what I'm saying?

STU

Dude, I work at Walmart. Electronics. So...

BRUCE

That fairy... for lack of a better word, is frozen.

(MORE)

BRUCE (cont'd)

It's under a force so deadening, so oppressive, it ought to be a skeleton by now-- It's been in this condition for a long time and, in this world, it's the last of its kind.

Stu looks panicked.

STU

... Really?

BRUCE

Those seven dwarves-- five dwarves thanks to you-- and that sneaky bitch, and it's mostly that sneaky--
(censors himself)
... She wants to resuscitate the fuckin' thing and strap it under her control.

STU

...So, how did the most precious, ya know, artifact on Earth get shucked out next to a dumpster?

Bruce is dead serious leaning into Stu.

BRUCE

That one's been grating on me since I met you. I don't know, Stu.

STU

I don't understand why it's so important.

BRUCE

No?... You ever been on a rollercoaster?

STU

Sure.

BRUCE

Mm-hmm, so you know that part when you curl downhill really fast, plummeting at seventy miles per hour and get that feeling like an orgasm bursting through your pants that just flutters up inside like a billion butterflies?

STU

... Flutters?

BRUCE

Sure. Sweet and hard--That feeling. A thrilling, kinda glitter-brained, ecstasy that's really only matched by a first ever encounter with your ultimate sexual fantasy, witnessing your own birth, witnessing your own death... free falling supersonic style or being mortally touched by the hand of God...

STU

And?

BRUCE

You know what'd happen?... To all that, if this baby-girl ceased to exist?

STU

No.

BRUCE

Well, kiss it goodbye, hombre. It'd be like turning down the frequency of life. If anything ever happens to her, then your perception of being alive'd be instantaneously reprogrammed, and you'd be unable to feel the things that provide the most intense pleasure or even pain... But that's not even that little thing's most precious gift.

STU

... And what's that?

Bruce closes his eyes, imagining a profound ecstasy.

BRUCE

... She sings.

A beat. Stu drives, thinking.

STU

That's incredible.

BRUCE

... It is what it is. But that's how ya know it's... not dead.

STU

And somebody, Rose, is after it?

BRUCE

Yeah, Rose Red. It's what she calls herself now cause she thinks it sounds cooler than Snow White.

STU

What happens if she gets possession of it?

BRUCE

She'll bring the world as you know it to your knees.

STU

To MY knees? You just said it'd bring the world to MY knees.

BRUCE

... Yup.

Behind the Honda, a pair of HEADLIGHTS lift up over the horizon. Then another PAIR, and ANOTHER, and ANOTHER. FOUR VEHICLES zoom at top speed some distance behind the Honda.

Bruce looks back and sees them.

BRUCE

Ok, they put together a little caravan for us. Just lay it to the wood. We're almost there.

EXT. SILVER BOUGH TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Headlights illuminate a sign saying: *Silver Bough Park*.

The lights turn left off the sign.

INT. STU'S HONDA - CONTINUOUS

Stu turns the steering wheel. Bruce seems more tense and distressed than ever. He points to a TRAILER HOME.

BRUCE

It's that one, the green one, right there.

STU

I know who lives here.

BRUCE

You sure do... And this is it. The buck stops right here.

EXT. SILVER BOUGH TRAILER PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Stu slams the door shut on the car while Bruce, holding the linen-wrapped Fairy, hurries towards a GREEN TRAILER'S DOOR.

Cars can be heard speeding closer, their head-lights brightening the darkness. They're accompanied by a faint sound of POLICE SIRENS.

Bruce knocks hard on the door with Stu flanking right behind.

EXT. GREEN TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

The door is opened by a drunk OLD NATIVE AMERICAN MAN, FRED(70s) with a coned party hat barely staying on his head. His hardened face and squinty eyes make things hard for him to see.

BRUCE

(to Fred)

Captain Morgan. You all rummed up?
We need to get inside.

FRED(SLURRED SPEECH)

What's the cat draggin' in to me
these days. Everybody left already.
You missed the little party. Who's
we?

BRUCE

No time. They're almost here.

FRED

Who? Not the damn dwarves, huh? Ya
psycho mess.

Bruce steps inside.

BRUCE

(to Fred)

No time, greybeard--and we're not
fuckin' psycho.

Stu follows Bruce inside making apologetic gestures.

STU

(to Fred)

What? He's got sharp teeth. It
completely freaks me out.

INT. GREEN TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Bruce's demeanor is changing, his expression more savage and desperate. He looks out the window, eyes wide, his fangs bared fiercely.

BRUCE

Outta time.

He turns to hand the linen-wrapped Fairy to Stu.

BRUCE

Take it and don't forget that its existence is your life... You're on your own now. I'm about to flip my shit on these midgets outside in about ten seconds. Master-blaster.

Stu carries the bundle as though the world would end if he dropped it.

Through the window drapes, BLUE and RED POLICE LIGHTS FLASH. Several car doors SLAM shut.

Bruce and Stu both peer out the window to see:

OUTSIDE

Several yards away, MEN in black scramble about, looking around with FLASHLIGHTS. A mist stretches its way along the ground.

Bruce breathes heavily, his teeth glistening in the dark.

BRUCE

I'm gonna kill 'em all.

Bruce points to the Fairy in Stu's hands.

BRUCE

That's your life-- your LIFE!
Understand?!

Stu nods, scared.

Bruce rips open the door and races outside, slamming the door shut behind him. We hear brutal sounds of STRUGGLE, GROWLING, SCREAMS of pain, RIPPING FLESH.

FRED

What in the shit is going on out there? I think the police are comin'.

STU
Dad, I'm feeling a little weird
right now. I'm dealing with way too
much responsibility.

FRED
Stu, what have you done?

STU
I wish momma was here.

FRED
My boy, what have you done?

Stu looks over at him, his mouth trying to answer, but no sound comes out.

The front door opens again and a gorgeous FEMME-FATALE in skin tight black leather steps inside. She's quick to close the door behind her. This is ROSE RED. Upon seeing her, Stu steps backwards, tripping back onto a dingy couch.

ROSE
Let me get outta that fiasco right
quick. Woah, whatta mess...

She brushes herself off, adjusting her outfit.

The SOUNDS from outside fade away.

FRED
Shit, man! I gotta flush my stash
down the toilet!

Fred disappears down the hallway.

No matter. Stu is mesmerized by Rose's magnetic beauty. His fear and lust meshing into one singular and overpowering emotion.

ROSE
Boy I'm sure you've got a mouthful
just bursting to get out, but...how
'bout I just take the floor first,
huh?

Stu can't take his eyes off her-- can't even blink.

Rose eyes the Fairy.

ROSE
That the li'l ball of magic you got
there?

Rose sits down right next to Stu.

ROSE

See, Stuey... I know it's your fairy, but I want it. I really, really want it, and, in all honesty, I'd make better use of it than you would.

She caresses Stu's neck with her finger tips.

ROSE

The other part of it is... I'm a very beautiful woman... Don't you think so?

Reluctantly, Stu nods.

ROSE

You do too... There, see?... We both think I'm pretty... Don't you like pretty girls?

Stu nods again. She gives him a seductive wink.

ROSE

That makes two of us... Stuey... My, you've had quite a hectic, little day haven't you? Sorry about that... but I need you, right now, to give her to me.

She gets right into Stu's ear, whispering.

ROSE

Do it, and I'll make the world a much better place... No more work, no more angry faces in the mirror.

Rose starts to finger her way through the linen-wraps trying to unwrap them.

ROSE

Only pure, perfect blissss. Just me and you. It's gonna be wonderful...

She unwraps a little more. Stu's hand grasps hers. *He can't let her do this.*

ROSE

Do you want me to make it worth your while first? Does Stuey want a joyride, monster-fuck first? Hmm?

(MORE)

ROSE (cont'd)
 Rosey can do that for you, if
 that's what it wants... Yeah?

VOICES from outside are getting audible.

MAN'S VOICE
 He's inside that one, 727! The
 green one!

STU
 No...

ROSE
 I'm sorry, sweetie?

STU
 It's not yours... You can't have
 it. You can NEVER have it. Get your
 damn fingers off it right now!

Rose swings a leg across Stu's lap. She sits on his lap,
 facing him, the linen in between them.

ROSE
 Stuey, think of the alternative...
 We'll switch the pains love and
 chaos with...

Rose takes one of Stu's hands and slides it into his pants.

ROSE
 (whispers in his ear)
 ... Nothing.

STU
 Get off!

Stu pushes her hard with all his strength, just as:

The door BURSTS open. POLICE OFFICERS file inside with GUNS
 out and aimed.

POLICE LIGHTS FLASH and FLICKER across everything.

Rose has vanished, nowhere to be seen.

OFFICER
 Hands up! Keep your hands up! Up!
 (to the other Officers)
 Clear it up!

Stu clutches the linen-wraps. In a flash, it's ripped away
 from him. An Officer grabs his wrist and neck, driving him
 face-down onto the floor, putting him in a hammer-lock.

He's handcuffed immediately. The Officer on top grabs the walkie-talkie strapped to his shoulder with his free hand.

OFFICER

(into walkie-talkie)

We're good, Tommy. I got him in check over here.

(to Stu)

Stuart Yazzie, you are under arrest for attempted vehicular homicide, fleeing the scene of an accident, destruction of private property, this looks like some B and E, and that's just for starters, brotha.

Hearing nothing, Stu blankly stares ahead at:

The discarded linen bundle, now unwrapped enough to see the head and upper body of a BARBIE DOLL with bright, brown hair.

Another serious OFFICER is questioning Fred.

FRED

Nah-uh. He's my kid. He's around for my birthday. This is a birthday party, and you guys are intrudin'. How do you smash into somebody's house---...

AUDIO is reduced to muffled and very faint murmurs in the background.

Stu's in his own world, his expression nuanced with a childlike joy. LIGHTS from police cars FLASH across his face.

STU

(face pressed to floor)

I did it. I saved you... I really saved you.

With his head pressed to the floor, Stu musters a genuine smile.

STU

Now... Wake up.

Black.

THE END