

MY NAME IS BRUCE

Screenplay by Mark Verheiden

EXT. SAWVILLE - DUSK

OPEN on green hills, hidden under mysterious swathes of ground fog. There's an eerie quiet as the sun sinks and the shadows lengthen...

PAN DOWN to a "Welcome To Sawville, Population 2649" sign. The city's motto, "We Came, We Sawed, We Prospered" scrolls over a cartoon image of a sawmill. Suddenly, an entire 12 pack of

EGGS splat the sign, yolk dripping as we HEAR METAL MUSIC and a KID WHOOPING over the ROAR of a pick-up truck.

INT. PICK-UP - NIGHT

In the truck, two teenagers (CLAYTON and JEFF) roar down a back road. Jeff, wearing an EVIL DEAD tee shirt, is driving. As they approach a row of

RURAL MAIL BOXES,

Clayton, sporting a John Deere cap, finishes a beer, tosses the empty and grabs a baseball bat from behind the driver's seat, noticing a pile of DVDs and comic books.

CLAYTON

Thought I told you to ditch all  
this monster movie stuff.

JEFF

What's wrong with it?

CLAYTON

Sheesus, Jeff...

As they pass the mailboxes Clayton leans out the window and swings, smashing the boxes and sending plumes of letters into the air.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Mail's in!

(back to Jeff)

...when are you going to grow up?  
I'm trying to get you laid, but  
how's that going to happen when  
first thing the chick sees is...

(grabs DVD)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
...some piece of shit starring  
"Bruce Campbell"...

JEFF  
*What* did you say...?

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Jeff suddenly SLAMS ON THE BRAKES and the truck fishtails to a stop, dust washing up over the cab.

INT. PICK-UP

As Clayton lurches forward then back, Jeff glares him.

JEFF  
Take it back.

CLAYTON  
What?

JEFF  
Bruce Campbell is the greatest  
actor of his generation!

CLAYTON  
You're kidding, right?  
(going through boxes)  
"Mindtrap?" "Alien Apocalypse?"  
"Cavealien?"

JEFF  
(defensive)  
Shut up! That's a good one!

Clayton flips the box, dramatically reading the blurb.

CLAYTON  
"Bruce Campbell IS Lt. Jack  
Stryker, a rogue clone-warrior and  
mankind's last hope against the  
deadly Cavealiens."

JEFF  
Yeah? So?

CLAYTON  
Dude, forget thumbs, Ebert  
wouldn't wipe his crack with this  
trash!

Jeff grabs the DVD away from him, angry.

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JEFF

Get out of the truck.

CLAYTON

Whoa, slow down...

JEFF

You don't like Bruce, you walk.

CLAYTON

I loved Army Of Darkness!

JEFF

Everybody loved that one!

(anger abating)

But... all right.

CLAYTON

(a \*whew\*)

Now, could we please go get laid?

Jeff begrudgingly puts the truck into gear, headlights stabbing the shadows as they careen down the dusty road.

EXT. OLD CHINESE GRAVEYARD - DUSK

TIME PASSES and the truck's headlights wash across the dilapidated arches of an old GRAVEYARD. As the truck rolls through the arches, pan across another

OLD, HALF-ROTTED SIGN

identifying this new location cryptically with some painted Asian characters, along with a few broken English words of warning: PRO ECTE FO THOSE WH DIE . BEWA E HOSE WITHOUT EAN URD. ("Protected for those who died. Beware those without bean curd.") As

HEADLIGHTS stab the moonlit darkness, Jeff's pick-up SMASHES OVER the sign and skids to a stop. PULL OUT to reveal a

DILAPIDATED CHINESE GRAVEYARD, nestled in the shadow of a tall hill. Rotted sticks with faded Chinese characters jut from the ground. Barely visible somewhere in the background is a long abandoned mine-shaft, barely visible in the mountainside. After a moment,

JEFF STEPS OUT OF THE TRUCK, flashlight in hand. The BEAM dances through the darkness and across the grave markers, some tagged with wisps of tattered cloth, others broken and jagged. As Jeff moves up to one of the markers, staring at it...

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SOMEONE SUDDENLY GRABS HIM FROM BEHIND!

Jeff JUMPS UP with a SCREAM and turns his light, revealing LITTLE DEBBIE. A creepy teenage Goth chick with multiple piercings and heavy mascara.

LITTLE DEBBIE

You scream like a girl.

Next to her looms another teenager, BIG DEBBIE. She's REAL big, well over six feet. Their car's parked nearby, hidden by the darkness.

LITTLE DEBBIE (CONT'D)

(eying graves)

Come on, Big Debbie. Let's check it out.

The Debbies exchange excited "let's check it out!" looks and bolt to explore the graveyard.

JEFF

Who are they?

CLAYTON

Big Debbie and Little Debbie.  
From the Apple Festival.

JEFF

I thought they blew us off.

CLAYTON

They blew *you* off, "Evil Dead."  
(nods at Goth girl)  
When I told the Mascara Queen  
about this old boneyard she  
practically dry-humped me on the  
spot.

JEFF

She's kind of cute.

Clayton notices Jeff's anxious/horny look.

CLAYTON

Don't worry, hard-on. Morticia's  
all yours.

(eyes on Big Debbie)

I'm going human fly on that  
skyscraper.

As they follow the girls into the graveyard, Goth "Little Debbie" hesitates, looking across the stones.

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CONTINUED: (2)

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

The graves haven't been touched in years. We're all alone out here.

LITTLE DEBBIE

(reverent)

It looks ancient. Historic. This place must have meant a lot to these people.

Suddenly Little Debbie gleefully KICKS DOWN a grave marker.

LITTLE DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Let's break something!

JEFF

As long as it's not my heart.

Jeff makes his move on Goth Little Debbie. He's doing a faux Bruce Campbell riff, but Little Debbie, stomping apart ancient grave markers, couldn't care less.

JEFF (CONT'D)

What do you say? Gimme some sugar, baby.

LITTLE DEBBIE

What?

Jeff gets in front of her. Working it.

JEFF

Come on. We can dance the "hard to get" all night, but if this game's called eye-tag...

Jeff takes Little Debbie in his arms, staring with smoldering Campbell-esque intensity into her eyes.

JEFF (CONT'D)

...your lips say I'm "it."

Little Debbie stares at him, almost like she's succumbing, then she suddenly SPITS her gum in his face. As it bounces off his nose, Jeff releases Little Debbie and she runs across the graveyard.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Mmm. Juicy Fruit.

As the girls move off, laughing and throwing "you freak" looks at Jeff, Clayton leans close to Jeff.

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CLAYTON  
Smoooooth, "Brucie."

Clayton takes off across the old graveyard with the Debbies, laughing as they vandalize more Chinese graves. Jeff just stands there, struggling to maintain his Campbell-esque cool.

JEFF  
Your loss, baby. Your loss...

Grumpy, Jeff picks up his flashlight and continues across the graveyard, stumbling toward an

OLD MINE SHAFT.

Broken timbers surround a landslide of boulders that have completely blocked the entrance. As his flashlight washes across the rocks, something GLISTENS. Jeff turns, like he wants to tell the others he's found something, but in the

GRAVEYARD all he can see are flickers of flashlights, dancing across the darkness, and distant, mocking VOICES.

CLAYTON (O.S.)  
(distant)  
"Here lies Hung Far Low, he dug  
too deep, no Low no-mo..."

As LAUGHTER rings across the old graveyard, Jeff kneels and grabs at the shiny object, pulling. It's jammed in tight, some sort of

SHINY AMULET. While Clayton and the girls continue to yell in the darkness, Jeff pulls harder, really putting himself into it, finally YANKING the amulet free. As Jeff rolls back on his ass,

CAMERA pushes through the small hole into the avalanche of rocks...

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Camera zooms in through the rock-slide, around wet cave walls, past a broken HUMAN SKULL, until it closes on dark red circle. It might just be a strange formation in the rock, until

TWO RED DEMONIC EYES SUDDENLY OPEN.

EXT. OLD CHINESE GRAVEYARD

Jeff backs away from the rock wall, studying the amulet with his flashlight as he moves back into the graveyard. Closer examination shows some faded CHINESE ETCHINGS in the metal, and a glowering demonic face.

JEFF

Groovy.

Suddenly, Jeff hears the faint rumble of falling rock just behind him. Surprised, Jeff turns and shines his light on the face of the

MINE SHAFT. A few pebbles and a puff of dust roll down. Doesn't look like much, and after watching for a second, Jeff shrugs and looks back toward the graveyard.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Hey -- !

OUT OF FOCUS, behind Jeff, more rocks move as something seems to be clawing free from the rubble. Jeff turns, his eyes going wide as the rocks rumble free and there's an awful, unearthly ROAR.

JEFF (CONT'D)

OH CHRIST SHIT!!

Terrified, Jeff bolts, tucking the talisman in his pocket as he scrambles toward the

GRAVEYARD. Hearing Jeff's cries, Clayton (his hand clamped firmly on Big Debbie's boob) and the two girls look over, assuming it's a prank.

CLAYTON

Son of a...

JEFF

HOLY JESUS CRAPPING HELL!! RUN FOR  
YOUR LIVES!!!

As Jeff races by, an oblivious Clayton continues to fondle Big Debbie.

CLAYTON

Wha...

Suddenly a SWORD SWOOSHES across frame. BLOOD SPRAYS. Stunned, Big Debbie looks down at the hand still clutching her boob, and realizes it's been

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CHOPPED OFF AT THE WRIST! As she SCREAMS, the mystic blade suddenly SLASHES across her throat, blood gushing from the wound.

JEFF races toward the pick-up as Big Debbie's scream stops. Suddenly something large and bloody FLIES over his head,

CRASHING WITH A GOOEY SPLAT against the back of the truck. As Jeff runs up, his flashlight finds Little Debbie's broken, bloodied body lying in a heap. Sticks of Juicy Fruit spilling from her coat pocket.

JEFF

SHIT!!!

INT. PICK-UP - NIGHT

Scared, Jeff jumps into the truck, fumbling for the keys. He fires it up, engine roaring, reaching for the gearshift when

CLAYTON staggers to the window, smearing the glass with blood gushing from his severed arm, clearly in shock.

CLAYTON

Don't leave me, man!

JEFF

AHHHH!!!!

There's another unearthly ROAR from the released DEMON. Terrified, Jeff PUNCHES IT. As the truck tears gravel, a scared Jeff looks in the rearview and sees

CLAYTON staggering in the dust, illuminated by the truck's red tail lights. As Clayton staggers, arm gushing blood, a large FIGURE surrounded by swirling, windswept robes, RAISES A SWORD...

IN THE TRUCK Jeff can't look as he drives crazily, Bruce Campbell DVD's sliding around on the seat...

INT. SOUNDSTAGE (EXT. WOODS) - NIGHT

TIGHT on Bruce Campbell, shouting into the darkness.

BRUCE

Hold it right there!

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For an instant, we think Bruce is yelling at Jeff. But then we pull back, revealing that Bruce is wearing some quasi-futuristic coveralls (CAVE PATROL patch on the shoulder) and he's yelling at

PETRA, a sultry blonde with a thick Russian accent, wearing the same uniform.

PETRA

Vat's wrong with you, Stryker?  
We've got the Cavealien cornered!

("Cavealien" is pronounced as one word.) PULL BACK to reveal Bruce and Petra standing out a cave opening, totally unlike the mine shaft at the beginning.

BRUCE

So transmit the scans up to Delta-Baker, plant some bio-blasters and send out for Chinese. Your Colonial Jarheads can handle the shake and bake.

PETRA

Col. Packer's still trapped down there!

Bruce throws a sarcastic look toward the cave.

BRUCE

Knew there was a reason I got up this morning.

PETRA

You bastard!

BRUCE

Hey! Last time I saw Packer he tried to put me in front of a firing squad!

Petra SLAPS Bruce across the face.

PETRA

Coward! I should have left you on Regula Nine!

As she swings to slap him again, Bruce catches her hand.

BRUCE

We both know you couldn't do that.

Petra doesn't pull away. Her expression says she knows Bruce is right.

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CONTINUED: (2)

PETRA

I still can't believe a loser like you was cloned from one of my dead husband's cells.

BRUCE

That's right, baby. They built me out of your old man's DNA. So how about we share a little, mouth to mouth?

PETRA

You're dees-gusting.

BRUCE

I'm a man. And I've been wanting to do this ever since we landed on this rock.

As Bruce kisses her, Petra reluctantly, then enthusiastically accepts his kiss. The erotic moment interrupted by a gurgling NOISE off screen.

PETRA

What the --

Bruce whips out his "blaster."

BRUCE

Dammit! They're all around us!

Petra throws a sarcastic look at Bruce.

PETRA

Looks like you get to play soldier-boy after all!

A gelatinous MONSTER suddenly appears behind Petra, rubbery tendrils flailing. Bruce aims his futuristic blaster and

FIRES A SPARKY BLAST into the beast. Hit, the monster ejaculates a great spew of alien goo. A gout hits Bruce in the face and he reacts with disgust, then SURPRISE as MORE and MORE alien glop geysers from the monster's wound.

BRUCE

Je-sus H...

Bruce raises his hands to fend off the ridiculous amount of "alien blood."

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CONTINUED: (3)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Easy on the ichor! I think we get  
the point!

DIRECTOR

Okay, cut!

PULL BACK to reveal the cave is actually a low budget  
movie set for the movie CAVEALIEN (cave-alien) 2. The

DIRECTOR, a younger guy with a boyish attitude and  
glasses a half inch thick, walks onto the set as Bruce  
coughs up the last of the alien goo.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

That was aces, Bruce. Nice work.

The myopic Director keeps walking, running head first  
into a fake tree. He bounces back, like this happens all  
the time.

BRUCE

(wiping off goo)  
You didn't think it was a little  
over the top?

The Director blinks behind his thick glasses.

DIRECTOR

It's Cavealien 2.

BRUCE

That's not an answer.

DIRECTOR

Did you see Cavealien 1?

As the Director moves on, Bruce notices an overweight  
male P.A. standing by craft services.

BRUCE

Hey, Tiny. Fetch me a lemon  
water, will ya?

The P.A. grabs a bottle from a nearby cooler and quickly  
passes it over. Bruce gives the bottle a glance and  
tosses it back at the P.A., annoyed.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Lemon. Le-mon.  
(as P.A. hesitates)  
Let's go, Jumbo! Ondelay,  
ondelay!

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The annoyed P.A. moves off toward a craft services cart as Petra comes up. Bruce continues to "drip" goo throughout this scene.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Hey, baby, nice work. On a show this down and dirty, it's a relief to be working with a professional.

Even out of character, Petra has the Russian accent.

PETRA

(withering)

I wouldn't know.

Bruce raises his hands, "take it easy" style, accidentally spattering her with goo.

BRUCE

Easy, Quick-Draw. We're both on the same page.

PETRA

Veally.

BRUCE

Sure, baby. Low budget show like this is just a detour. A quick cash infusion while Scorsese and Spielberg are warming up our chairs.

PETRA

Who?

Bruce blinks.

BRUCE

Sounds like you could use a little filmmaking 101. Lucky for you, the Professor is in.

(seductive)

I know this little bar off Cahuenga where the drinks are cheap and the barmaids are cheaper...

BRRRING. Petra gets a call on her cell. She takes it, cutting Bruce off in mid-sentence.

PETRA

Hullo? Why yes!

(eying Bruce)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

PETRA (CONT'D)

No, you're not ee-nterrupting anything.

As Petra wanders off, cooing into her phone...

BRUCE

(calling after her)

Think it over!

Bruce looks out across the location, hands on his hips, "in charge", as the D.P. adjusts the lens on the camera.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Jimmy. I'm thinking we should go with a '50 for this next shot.

D.P.

Got one up your ass?

BRUCE

(considers, then)

Maybe a '75?

As Bruce continues to "consider" lens choices,

TINY THE ANGRY P.A. is standing to one side, grinning evilly as he pees lemon-green urine into an empty "Lemon Water" bottle. OFF this...

EXT. SOUNDSTAGE - NIGHT

Bruce, dressed in gaudy civilian clothes as shooting wraps for the day, exits the soundstage, only to find himself suddenly surrounded by a gaggle of devoted

FANS. Practically wetting themselves in Bruce's presence. Geek central. NO GIRLS. Not in the mood for a fan encounter, Bruce forces a wan smile as he wades through them.

FANS

Bruce! Mr. Campbell! Ash!

Always prepared, Bruce whips out a stack of 8 x 10's and starts dealing them out like a poker player.

BRUCE

Here ya go, one for you, one for you, Holy Mother of God what's that *smell* --

As the fan in front of Bruce cluelessly sniffs his own armpits, Bruce reaches in his pocket and hands him a stick of Right Guard.

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BRUCE (CONT'D)

It's called deodorant. Look it up  
on your "internets."

(passing more photos)

Don't worry, I've got enough for  
all you little trolls...

A fan in a wheelchair rolls up and Bruce hands him a  
photo. The Wheelchair Fan thrusts it right back, mega-  
demanding.

WHEELCHAIR FAN

Mr. Campbell! Mr. Campbell! How  
about an autograph?

The Wheelchair Fan holds out Bruce's 8 x 10, but there's  
no pen.

WHEELCHAIR FAN (CONT'D)

What, no pen?

Bruce rolls his eyes and slides out a pen, scrawling his  
signature.

WHEELCHAIR FAN (CONT'D)

Say cheese!

Before Bruce can answer, he's BLINDED by a flash.

BRUCE

Gahhhh!

WHEELCHAIR FAN

How about five bucks for the bus?

Blinking, his eyes clearing, Bruce glares at the kid.

BRUCE

Ever hear the theme from  
"Rawhide?"

WHEELCHAIR FAN

Huh?

Bruce lifts his foot and gives the fan's wheelchair a  
shove, sending him rolling backward down the sidewalk.

BRUCE

"Keep them doggies rollin'..."

As Bruce continues ahead, he's trailed by the fans and  
peppered with more inane questions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SECOND DEVOTED FAN

When you were trapped in the pit  
in ARMY OF DARKNESS, how did you  
get your shotgun?

THIRD DEVOTED FAN

When you kissed "Ellen" did it  
turn you gay?

FOURTH DEVOTED FAN

How much wood could a woodchuck  
chuck?

BRUCE

Who cares, absolutely not and  
three cubic board feet...

(shoving through)

Gotta run, boys, I'm late for a  
soiree.

Bruce maneuvers around to his car, a battered Ford Pinto.  
As he slides in and slams the door, the fans continue to  
assail him with inane questions, one of them even getting  
in front of the car. Bruce

GUNS IT ANYWAY, plowing right into the guy, who shouts  
his question even as he's tumbling across the hood...

DEVOTED FAN

Mr. Campbell, Mr. Camp...

(WOMP! He's hit!)

...bellAHHHH...

As Bruce ROARS OFF, we can see his fans running after him  
(or, in the case of the one who's been hit, stumbling and  
clutching his injured leg), shouting more questions...

DEVOTED FAN (CONT'D)

Mr. CampOWWW, Mr. CampOWWW...

EXT. MUSSO AND FRANKS - NIGHT

Hollywood Blvd. Bruce screams up to the UNIFORMED VALET  
in his Pinto, tossing the valet his keys.

BRUCE

Park her close, chief. This won't  
take long.

INT. MUSSO AND FRANKS - NIGHT

Bruce enters the busy restaurant, face sour as he looks for someone. As he passes the bar, the BARTENDER shoots him a knowing look.

BRUCE  
Gimme a bourbon with a loaded  
revolver back.

Bruce continues into the restaurant itself, spotting MILLS TODDNER sitting alone at a table, talking on his cell-phone and flipping through the trades. As Bruce walks up, he points at the Variety.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Hear I made the trades today.

MILLS  
Really?

BRUCE  
Yeah. My career's in the  
obituaries.

Mills closes his phone and rises, laughing at Bruce's "joke", giving him a big Hollywood hug and kiss.

MILLS  
Give me some sugar, baby.

As Bruce disdainfully accepts the hug...

MILLS (CONT'D)  
(re: phone)  
That was the studio. They're  
crazy over the dailies from  
Cavealien 2. Said you've never  
been better.

BRUCE  
I speak English. In their world  
that makes me Meryl banana-sucking  
Streep.

The Bartender arrives at the table and puts a huge tumbler of bourbon in front of Bruce.

BARTENDER  
Will that be cash, Mr. Campbell?

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CONTINUED:

BRUCE

No. My agent Mr. Toddner will be picking this one up.

Mills' frown suggests he clearly wasn't planning on buying, but what the hell. As Bruce guzzles his drink...

MILLS

Why not. It's special occasion.

BRUCE

Yeah. The night I finally fire your polyester ass.

MILLS

Brucie! Why all the hostility?

BRUCE

I'm just getting warmed up. And don't give me that innocent look! I've just spent six days of my life making a sequel to one of the worst movies ever made!

MILLS

You've made worse.  
(that didn't help!)  
Come on. The customer reviews on Amazon were great!

BRUCE

The ones I posted!

Bruce polishes off his drink, wincing at the burn, as Mills motions for him to sit.

MILLS

Park it, B.C., unload. That's why I'm here.

BRUCE

It's just... I feel like I'm losing my muse.

Mills blinks, an "oh God, not this again" expression.

MILLS

Say what?

BRUCE

The innocent, child-like quality all great artists tap to "create"...

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CONTINUED: (2)

While Bruce pontificates, Mills wearily motions for another drink, spreading his fingers to indicate he'd like a double.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

They say an actor's life is like a painting, a work in progress, but how can I create my masterpiece when my paint's drying up, my canvas is cracked and my brushes are coated in fake monster blood.

Mills brings back his game face as Bruce finishes.

MILLS

It's Deborah, isn't it?

BRUCE

No.

MILLS

It's been almost a year since your divorce.

BRUCE

I said no.

MILLS

You need to put her out of your mind.

BRUCE

If I say "no" three times will the Candyman come out?!

(slides back)

Screw this. You were fired when I walked in and you're twice as fired now...

As Bruce slides back, getting ready to leave...

MILLS

Leave now, you'll never know what I got you for your birthday.

The moment of actual sentiment catches Bruce off guard.

BRUCE

My birthday? You actually remembered?

MILLS

How could I forget? You're my numero uno client!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRUCE

If this is another Matthew Perry  
movie...

MILLS

Better.

BRUCE

Give me a hint.

MILLS

I thought you were firing me.

BRUCE

Goddamn it, Mills!

MILLS

Let's just say it's going to be  
the best birthday you've ever had.  
(snapping fingers)  
Garcon! Bring Mr. Campbell  
another highball! And pretzels  
all around! Tonight we celebrate!

OFF Bruce sorely tempted, easily suckered by Mills' offer  
of a snazzy birthday present...

EXT. MUSSO AND FRANKS - NIGHT

Mills and Bruce exit together, Bruce three-sheets drunk  
and stumbling while Mills continues to console him.

BRUCE

(slurring)

Happy birthday... to me... happy  
birthday... to muhhhh...

Bruce grabs Mill's face with both hands, squeezing it.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I wuv you, man.

MILLS

("I know you do.")

Uh ow ah ou.

Bruce releases Mills as Mills' Porsche Boxster comes up.

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MILLS (CONT'D)

Enjoy what you've got, Bruce. You know how many wannabe Oliviers would quick-lime their Grandmothers for a career like yours?

Sloppy drunk and emotional, Bruce lunges at Mills again, trying to squeeze his face.

BRUCE

Would 'ou be my Grandmama?

MILLS

No. But thanks for the offer.

Mills manages to duck him this time and duck into his car. As Mills pulls out, Bruce motions to the valet, who trots off to get Bruce's car.

BRUCE

Maybe he's right. Hell, I am a lucky fella. I've got my health...

(racking cough)

...JE-sus... my divorce is almost final...

(getting angry)

...lousy whore...

(revving up)

...and I've got my fans... my loyal fans... who hated my last movie... hated my last five movies... me and my wonderful, wonderful FANS...

As if on unfortunate cue, Bruce hears a "clop THUD clop THUD" as the limping fan he ran down at the studio hobbles toward him.

DEVOTED FAN

Mr. Campbell, Mr. Campbe...

BRUCE

Lucky friggin' ME!!

WUMP! Bruce throws a punch into the limping fan's gut. Stunned, the fan drops to his knees, holding out the autographed photo he got earlier from Bruce as...

BRUCE'S PINTO pulls up, the Valet screeching it to a halt in a haze of exhaust. The Valet steps out, holding out his hand for a tip, and Bruce plucks the photo from the gasping fan's hand and passes it to the Valet.

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CONTINUED: (2)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Merry Christmas.

As Bruce roars off, swerving into the street, the gasping Devoted Fan grabs to get back his photo.

DEVOTED FAN

Give it back! That's mine!

The fan and the Valet get into a pitched fight over the glossy as the Pinto roars off into the distance...

EXT. ROAD - SAWVILLE - NIGHT

A POLICE CAR is driving down a lonely stretch of road.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Uniformed Officer KELBO behind the wheel. 30ish, moustache, typical small town cop. As he drives, we can hear POLICE CALLS over the radio.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)

Kelbo, this is dispatch. We're getting calls about weird noises in the woods off Crescent, over.

COP'S VOICE (RADIO)

Roger that. I'm coming up on Crescent now, over.

As Kelbo hangs up the microphone, suddenly

A BIRD HITS THE WINDSHIELD OF HIS CAR!

Startled, Kelbo hits the brakes and goes into a sideways skid, stopping by the side of the road. He's in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by woods.

KELBO

Damn.

Kelbo steps out of the car to check the damage. The impact has spider-webbed the windshield and left spatters of blood on the white hood. Disgusted, Kelbo starts wiping up the blood on the hood. But as he cleans a patch, suddenly

MORE BLOOD APPEARS. Then blood drips on his hand. With dawning apprehension, Kelbo realizes the blood is dripping down from above. He slowly turns, looking up...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INTO THE SHADOWED FACE OF THE CHINESE DEMON! There's a silvery GLINT. A blade SLASHES forward. OFF Kelbo's aborted SCREAM...

EXT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Pinto winds down a scrubby driveway and pulls up to a dilapidated

TRAILER HOUSE

in the middle of nowhere, banging over a row of garbage cans. Still drunk, Bruce gets out, grabbing a grubby suitcase from the back of the car. He stagger-walks to the door, walking over a mess of gathering mail, mostly magazines like HUSTLER, JUGGS, 40 D-CUPPER...

INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cradling the magazines and mail in his arms, Bruce pushes the door open and enters, tossing the mail on a couch. We HEAR the tinkle-bell of a dog collar and little feet rustling as Bruce's arrival arouses his dog.

BRUCE

Here boy. Come'mere, Sam'nRob.

The little dog enters the front room, stops at Bruce's feet and GROWLS MENACINGLY.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Whatsamatter boy? Whatsamatter with poor widdle Sam'nRob?

The little dog continues to SNARL until Bruce remembers something. He pulls a brown paper bag from his jacket pocket and pulls out a pint of cheap bourbon. He unscrews the top and pours it into a doggie bowl.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Thought I forgot, didn't you?

As "Sammy" starts to drink greedily from the bowl, Bruce idly checks some of the "envelope" mail. Virtually every letter has red ink on it and says something about "FINAL NOTICE" or "THIRD REMINDER." He tosses the mail and plops down in front of his ancient

BLACK AND WHITE TELEVISION, replete with coat-hanger rabbit ears. Using a primitive remote, he switches the set on and gets a static ridden image of an "Entertainment Tonight" type announcer on a studio set.

INT. ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT SET

(Still in Bruce's B/W) The ANNOUNCER WOMAN is finishing a typical ET/Access Hollywood type story...

ANNOUNCER

...studio sources say Tom Hanks' next project will be released next Summer...

BRUCE

(mocking voice)

Duh duh, "Bubba Gump," yup yup  
yup...

ANNOUNCER

Next, we take a scarrrry look at the life and times of B-movie horror star Bruce Campbell...

IN BRUCE'S LIVING ROOM, the thought of a actual publicity gives Bruce a smile. He tips up his bourbon bottle, toasting the screen.

BRUCE

Now we're cookin'!

A Photo of a smiling Bruce appears on screen, followed by the chironed letters: WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

ANNOUNCER

Campbell, best known for his roles in the horrific Evil Dead films, appears to have disappeared from the entertainment scene...

Stunned, Bruce SPITS out a spew of bourbon.

BRUCE

Huh?!

ANNOUNCER

Tonight, our "Where Are They Now" reporter Charlie Payne takes an affectionate look back on a promising career that many feel was squandered on low budget trash...

Bruce drains his pint and PITCHES the empty bottle at the TV, hitting the off-button.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE  
Those BASTARDS!!

Staggering, enraged, Bruce goes to a cupboard and rummages through a half dozen empty whiskey bottles. There isn't another drop in the house.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
They're making me sound like a has-  
been! Like I'm all washed up...

Desperate for more booze, Bruce notices "SamNRob" still lapping at the bourbon Bruce poured into his bowl. Bruce suddenly drops to his knees and grabs the bowl away from the snarling dog.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
They're making me look pathetic!

Bruce tips up the filthy doggie bowl and gulps down the rest of the bourbon, booze spilling down his shirt, enraged at his depiction on the show. OFF this moment...

INT. DEBORAH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bruce's ex-wife DEBORAH, 30's and attractive, is rolling over in bed, fumbling sleepily with the phone. The light up clock next to her bed says 3:14 AM.

DEBORAH  
Oh God...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bruce's on his bed, hair sticking out wildly, tanked, phone cradled against his shoulder.

BRUCE  
Hey, Deb. It's me.

DEBORAH  
What now, Bruce?

BRUCE  
I was just, you know, celebrating  
the almost-wrap of my latest  
picture... just one more day...

Bruce's dog GROWLS LOUDLY off camera.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DEBORAH

You got into the dog's bowl again.

BRUCE

(yelling at dog)

QUIET! Selfish mutt...

DEBORAH

It's your birthday, isn't it?  
Every year, it's the same old  
"poor me" routine.

BRUCE

Can't a guy get bombed and call  
his ex-wife at 3:00 in the morning  
without it "meaning" something?

DEBORAH

Bruce, I talked to Mills.

BRUCE

Yeah? What did ol' ten percent  
have to say?

DEBORAH

Just that you were depressed. So  
he's planning something special  
for your birthday.

BRUCE

(perks up)

Did he say what?

DEBORAH

It's a surprise!

BRUCE

Come on...

DEBORAH

Bruce...

BRUCE

(annoying baby-talk)

Pweese pweese pweese Debwah...

DEBORAH

I'm hanging up...

Bruce's face falls.

BRUCE

No, don't. I'm sorry, baby.

(sniffing)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

How did things get so messed up  
between us?

DEBORAH

You slept with the dog sitter.

BRUCE

One stupid mistake...

DEBORAH

All of them.

BRUCE

Twelve stupid mistakes. I was  
mixed up, crazy... God, I miss you  
and the kids...

DEBORAH

What kids?

BRUCE

The ones we would have had, if  
we'd just held on...

Deborah takes a breath.

DEBORAH

You want the truth about us,  
Bruce? It wasn't the cheating or  
the boozing or the endless whining  
that killed our marriage. You  
just couldn't commit. To our  
relationship, your career, to much  
of anything...

(getting mean)

Go ahead. Name one single thing  
you stuck through to the end.

Drunk, Bruce has to think a second, then finally:

BRUCE

Dogs always had a sitter...

SLAM \*CLICK\* buzzzzz. Bruce just sits there, mulling  
drunkenly over his life of missed opportunities...

IN DEBORAH'S BEDROOM, Deborah hangs up the phone and  
rolls over, revealing MILLS, Bruce's agent, lying in bed  
beside her.

MILLS

Gimme some sugar, baby.

As Deborah GIGGLES and they kiss...

INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

THUD THUD THUD. Someone's banging on the trailer house door. Bruce, hair sticking out, face pale, looking like a walking hangover, stumbles toward the door.

BRUCE  
Keep your pants on fer Chrissakes,  
it's four in the friggin'  
mornin'...

Bruce throws open the door and... nobody's there.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Ho ho. Very funny.

He stands there a second, bleary and blinking, then notices something glistening at his feet. Curious, he bends down and reaches for a SHINY NEW QUARTER.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Saaayyyy. A brand new quar--

Suddenly a metal baseball bat swings down and CRACKS HIM across the back of the head. As Bruce drops, CUT TO

BLACK.

INT. TRUNK OF CAR - NIGHT

As an engine rumbles, Bruce, jammed in the trunk, wakes up. Dazed, he lifts his head and CRACKS it against the trunk lid. Cramped, barely able to move, he slowly realizes where he is.

BRUCE  
What the hell -- ?

He pushes against the trunk lid, trying to force it open. No good. Annoyed, he starts to YELL.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Hey! HEY!!! Lemme out of here!

The car hits a hard BUMP, jarring Bruce, as JEFF'S MUFFLED VOICE calls back.

JEFF (O.S.)  
Mr. Campbell? Are you okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE  
Who are you? Who hit me?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jeff is behind the wheel, driving down a dark highway.

JEFF  
Uhh, that would be me. Sorry!

BRUCE  
(sarcastic)  
Oh. Well. As long as you're  
sorry...

JEFF  
Really?

They hit another bump, slamming Bruce up against the trunk lid.

BRUCE  
OWW!! NO!!!  
(kicking at lid)  
Let me out of here, you psycho  
freak!

JEFF  
I can't. Not until we get to  
town.  
(helpful)  
I put some Twinkies and a couple  
magazines in the side pocket. And  
there's a flashlight next to the  
spare.

Disgruntled but not really knowing what else to do, Bruce finds the flashlight and switches it on. Near his head he finds a couple issues of FANGORIA and RUE MORGUE. As Bruce stares at the mags in disbelief...

BRUCE  
No no no...

JEFF  
I know you're probably sore and  
tired and suffering from a  
concussion, but... is it true  
you're doing a sequel to  
Cavealien?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE

What?!

JEFF

That's probably my favorite movie  
of all time!

BRUCE

Oh my God. He's a *fan*.  
(screaming)  
HELP!!! HELP!!!

BAM! Another bump slams Bruce's head again.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

GAWW! For God's sake, could you  
at least go easy on the bumps?

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

As Jeff's car speeds down the road, reveal a sign: "ROUGH  
ROAD NEXT 75 MILES." As the car bumps along...

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

A FARMER steps out his front door with a shotgun, looking  
off his porch into the darkness. His WIFE stands behind  
him, anxious.

WIFE

What is it, Hank?

HANK

I don't know. Thought I heard  
something in the barn.

Serious, he PUMPS his shotgun.

HANK (CONT'D)

Stay inside. Bolt the door.  
Don't open it, no matter what you  
hear!

Scared, the wife closes the door.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Her back against the door, the Wife listens as Hank's  
footsteps crunch off toward the barn. A barn door CREAKS  
open. The footsteps enter, fading away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then suddenly there are MULTIPLE GUNSHOTS! The Wife GASPS, shocked.

WIFE

Oh dear Lord...

She hears frantic running, then something SLAMS against the door. POUNDS AGAINST THE WOOD.

HANK (O.S.)

Open the door! Open the door!!  
For Christ's sake, OPEN THE DOOR!

Terrified, the Wife throws open the door... only to find her husband Hank standing there, LAUGHING. It was a sick practical joke.

HANK (CONT'D)

Haw haw haw!!

WIFE

You bastard! I can't believe you punked me like that!

HANK

You should have seen your face!  
Told you to never open the do--

Suddenly a SAMURAI BLADE erupts through Hank's chest. He looks down, gasping in shock, blood spilling from the wound... the eerie silhouette of

THE CHINESE DEMON visible behind him. OFF this...

EXT. SAWVILLE - DAY

The "Welcome To Sawville" sign, still dripping with (dried and yucky) egg yolk. A hand reaches in and changes the population number "2649" into "2646" with a quick stroke of paint...

INT. TRUNK OF CAR - DAY

Bruce is lying, cramped and half asleep, when the trunk lid suddenly flies open and he's doused in bright sunshine. Wincing in the light, a sticky Twinkie wrapper stuck to his cheek, Bruce JUMPS UP and suddenly FREEZES.

BRUCE

Uhhhh...

EXT. SAWVILLE - MAIN STREET - DAY

PULL BACK to reveal Jeff's car surrounded by two dozen Sawville townfolk, all rural types, who let out a semi-rousing CHEER as Bruce staggers out of the trunk.

TOWNSFOLK

Hip hip hooray! Hip hip hooray!

BRUCE

What th --

The bearded MAYOR of Sawville steps forward, authoritative, offering his hand to a bewildered Bruce.

MAYOR

Welcome to Sawville, Mr. Campbell!

BRUCE

"Sawville?"

(peels off Twinkie  
wrapper)

Where the *fuck* is "Sawville?"

Jeff, wearing a CAVEALIEN tee-shirt, rushes around from the driver's side of the car, surprised by Bruce's outburst. Trying to calm him.

JEFF

Easy, man. That's the Mayor!

BRUCE

I don't care if he's the King of  
Kiss-My-Ass-ia! I just spent six  
hours in a TRUNK. I want some  
answers, chop chop!

Bruce waits, looking out across the stunned/dull faces of the Townsfolk, momentarily locking eyes with

KELLY, 30-ish and pretty. It's a "love at first sight" moment for Bruce, complete with a slow motion "hair shake" from Kelly. He attempts a suave gesture, despite the "bed head" hairdo from his trunk ride.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Holy --

(recovering)

Don't worry, sweet-stuff. When  
I'm done with these yokels, I've  
got a pair of lips with your name  
on 'em.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She holds Bruce's look for a moment, almost like she's going to respond, then she shakes her head again, this time in utter disdain.

KELLY

You've got to be kidding.

As Kelly pulls away from the crowd. Bruce snaps back into "I'm pissed!" mode.

BRUCE

Well?! Don't all talk at once!

One of the Townfolk tries another desultory cheer.

TOWN GUY

Hip hip...

(no one is helping)

Uhh...

BRUCE

Maybe you don't get "moving pichters" in this fart-hole, so let me explain something. I'm a "movie star." Tinseltown. Lights, camera, etc.? When Bruce Campbell says frog, production assistants jump!

(leaning into it)

I even know Sam Raimi!

There's a muffled, awed "ooooh" from the crowd.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

So when you kidnapped me, you didn't just commit a crime against me... this is a crime against art!

(looks at watch)

In fact, I was due on set three hours ago. You can bet they'll pull out the stops to get me back!

To amplify this point, we suddenly CUT TO:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE (EXT. WOODS) - DAY

The myopic Director peers through his coke bottle glasses, setting up what looks like the tenth scene of the day, his cameraman nearby.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ON SET, Petra, her uniform unzipped to reveal considerable cleavage, is in the clutches of the Cavealien creature, which looks remarkably not-frightening from this angle.

DIRECTOR

Okay, looks good...

(squinting)

Wait a second. What are those bulges on his chest?

D.P.

Breasts. That's Petra.

DIRECTOR

(squints again)

Thought it was Bruce.

D.P.

A-hole didn't show up. Bob from the machine shop is going to play him for the rest of the shoot.

The D.P. hooks a thumb toward a guy who looks nothing like Bruce, but is wearing Bruce's space uniform while covering the bottom half of his face with a cape, like Dracula. (This is a direct homage to PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE, where the awful double for a dead Bela Lugosi covered his face with a cape.)

The Director considers a moment, then shrugs.

DIRECTOR

Oh. Okay.

(to Petra)

Action!!

EXT. SAWVILLE STREET - DAY

CUT BACK to Bruce exactly where we left him before the cutaway, still checking his watch.

BRUCE

So as much as I'd love to stick around until the FBI rips you grit-eaters a new one...

JEFF

But your agent said you were "between jobs."

Bruce shakes his head in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE  
You called my *agent*?

JEFF  
He was very helpful.

BRUCE  
That couldn't have been Toddner...

Bruce stops. Dawning realization washing over him.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Wait a minute. What else did he say?

JEFF  
Just something about not booking you on your birthday...

BRUCE  
Birthday...? Birthday...? Say...

As this sinks in, a light comes on for Bruce. His birthday? He suddenly looks at the Mayor and Townfolk through new eyes.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Mills, you magnificent bastard.  
When you said you had a "surprise" in store...

More blank looks. They have no idea what Bruce is talking about.

MAYOR  
Mr. Campbell, I realize this is rather... unorthodox, but Jeffrey tells us your skills extend beyond the Thespian...  
(dramatic beat)  
And the town of Sawville desperately needs your help.

Bruce sees the Mayor through new eyes, assessing his performance.

BRUCE  
That's good. You're good.

MAYOR  
(perplexed)  
Thank you...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bruce considers a moment, rubbing his aching head, then makes a decision.

BRUCE

Let's say I decide to play along.  
What's next?

MAYOR

Well, uhh, we've arranged a  
presentation at City Hall.

Rejuvenated, Bruce glances over the heads of the Townsfolk and notices cute Kelly entering an official looking building.

BRUCE

(re: Kelly)

Is that where Miss Make-My-Day is  
headed?

MAYOR

As a matter of fact...

Bruce smiles, definitely getting into the "ruse."

BRUCE

Lead the way, gents!

INT. CITY HALL - DAY

The Mayor, Jeff and the other Townfolk gather in the town's small "town hall", outfitted with benches and a slide projector in the middle of the chairs. As Bruce enters, he makes a point of looking for

KELLY. She's sitting between two FARMERS, but Bruce doesn't care. He pushes down the crowded row...

FARMER

Ow... my foot!

FARMER #2

Aghh, my corns!

BRUCE

(to farmer by Kelly)

Yo, Jimmy Dean. You're in my  
seat.

The Farmer scoots down and Bruce squeezes in next to Kelly. The slide projector is right behind Bruce's shoulder. Kelly shoots Bruce a cold look but holds her tongue.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

You're probably can't break  
character, but I gotta tell you,  
you guys really had me going.

KELLY

What?

BRUCE

For a second I thought I was in a  
remake of "Deliverance" and  
somebody was about to tell me to  
go "soo-eeey!"

As Kelly reacts poorly to the slur, the oblivious Bruce  
offers his hand.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Sorry, I should have introduced  
myself. I'm Bruce. Bruce  
Campbell.

Kelly unenthusiastically shakes Bruce's hand.

KELLY

Kelly Graham.

BRUCE

Graham. Bet all the boys go  
"crackers" over you.

KELLY

(not amused)

Ha ha ha.

BRUCE

Me, I could have sworn your name  
was Daisy.

KELLY

Why?

BRUCE

Because I have this crazy urge to  
"plant" one on you.

Aghast, Kelly starts to get up.

KELLY

I have to go...

But as Kelly rises, the Mayor and Jeff motion for her to  
stay put. They don't want to rile Bruce back up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As she reluctantly sits back down, more people enter and take seats. The Mayor goes to the front of the room, standing next to a projector screen.

MAYOR

Mr. Campbell, if you're ready?

BRUCE

Knock yourself out, Whiskers.

As the lights dim, Bruce lounges back, elbows on the back of his chair, a cocky look, like he loves being the center of attention...

MAYOR

As we all know, Sawville was mining country before the logging industry moved in...

FIRST SLIDE: A shot of an old mine entrance.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

In the late 1860's, hundreds of Chinese immigrants came to our shores to help work the claims.

SECOND SLIDE: Photo of a modern Chinese Restaurant. While the slides continue, Bruce continues his line of patter with poor Kelly.

BRUCE

Kelly's an Irish name, isn't it?  
(bad Irish accent)  
Maybe later you can show me your  
"Lucky Charms."

As Kelly squirms at Bruce's attempts to "charm" her...

MAYOR

The largest mine was the Triple T., run with an iron fist by the legendary Thomas T. Triplettee.

THIRD SLIDE: A photo of a harsh looking man with a handlebar moustache. Dressed in 1860-style finery.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

At her height, the Triple T employed hundreds of Chinese immigrant laborers. They worked long hours, in harsh and primitive conditions, surviving on rice and bean curd...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FOURTH SLIDE: A historical photo of overworked Chinese laborers standing in front of a primitive mine. They look bedraggled and skinny. Bruce nudges Kelly.

BRUCE

You want primitive, you should have seen craft services on my last picture! Licorice sticks were like tent stakes!

Kelly glares at Bruce, incredulous.

MAYOR

Then disaster struck. A cave-in. Over a hundred Chinese workers were buried alive. Sawville was devastated...

FOURTH SLIDE: Photo of the front page of the local paper, "The Sawville Gazette", circa 1860. The big headline reads: CAVE IN CLOSES TRIPLE T. Next headline: FOREMAN SUFFERS BROKEN LEG. Next headline (smallest): CALL GOES OUT, SEND MORE CHINESE.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Soon after, rumors began to spread of a curse.

FIFTH SLIDE: A colorful image of the "Guan-Di" warrior, a mythical Samurai with flowing robes, glowing red eyes and a deadly sword.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Legend has it that a Chinese demon was summoned to protect the spirits of all those who died.

SIXTH SLIDE: A shadowy, out of focus image of the Chinese Demon, barely visible but pretty damn creepy.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

An amateur photographer captured this image almost fifty years ago, when the demon was last thought active... in fact this is the only copy of that rare photo...

BRUCE

(blowing it off)

Yeah, yeah, real scary.

(to Kelly)

Look, baby, when this is over, how about you and me sharing a bottle of Chateau La Partydown?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

KELLY

I barely know you!

BRUCE

Couple glasses of Sawville's finest and we'll be the best of friends. I may not be Fred Flintstone, but trust me, I can still make your "bed rock"...

Kelly suddenly explodes.

KELLY

That's it! You are, without a doubt, the rudest, crudest, most insincere jackass I've ever met!

As she stands, Bruce also rises, his arm bumping the slide projector and jamming the lens against the hot bulb. As the precious demon image **MELTS AND BURNS...**

BRUCE

Crude?!

(loud, to room)

What crawled up her crack and died?

As Kelly tries to get down the row, the Mayor desperately tries to salvage the situation.

MAYOR

We need a champion, Mr. Campbell. A warrior who understands these dark forces.

Bruce glances over his shoulder, looks over the group.

BRUCE

Great. Want me to pick somebody?

MAYOR

Actually, Jeff told us that *you* had some... experience with evil spirits.

BRUCE

Moi? Gents, you got me all wr...

Suddenly there's the hideous **SCREECH** of **FINGERNAILS** on a blackboard, followed by a wizened **CKACKLE** from the back of the room. All eyes turn toward the rear of the hall and

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

WING, a small, elderly Chinese man with a wispy goatee, wearing traditional Chinese robes. He has brought a small portable chalkboard just to make the screech noise.

WING

Be warned. He who confronts the  
Guan-Di confronts death itself.

Bruce slips down the aisle and walks back to Wing.

BRUCE

Hello, second act escalation.  
(to Mayor)  
What's with the fortune cookie?

MAYOR

His name is Wing. The last living  
descendant of the dead laborers.

For punctuation, Wing scratches his nails across the blackboard again. Bruce winces and grabs the blackboard away from him, tosses it aside.

BRUCE

"Jaws." We get it.

WING

The Guan-Di has been unleashed  
from his resting place.

As Wing says this, he looks straight Jeff, who winces guiltily. Bruce, meanwhile, misunderstands "Guan-Di" for "Gandhi."

BRUCE

Always figured this "Gandhi" fella  
for being some sorta pushover in a  
diaper...

WING

The Guan-Di is a great warrior.  
Protector of the dead, savior of  
the innocent and of bean curd...

BRUCE

Bean curd?

WING

It's a Chinese thing.  
(intense)  
The graves of the dead were  
disturbed and the Guan-Di will not  
rest until this sacrilege has been  
avenged.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (6)

BRUCE

And when exactly will that happen?

WING

When every blood relative of the  
one responsible lies rotting in  
the Earth.

Oddly, Bruce brightens at that.

BRUCE

Well hell. There can't be that  
many.

(looks across room)

Blood relatives, raise your hands.

Virtually every hand in the City Hall goes up.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Remind me to lock my door tonight.

WING

(points at Bruce)

He will continue to kill, and with  
each death his strength will  
increase. Anyone who tries to  
interfere... will die...

A light bulb suddenly EXPLODES overhead, sending a shower  
of sparks down on the frightened crowd. Everyone turns,  
including Bruce. Then someone looks back toward Wing and  
GASPS.

TOWN GUY

Wing's gone!

TOWN GUY 2

He's gone!

Bruce turns and sure enough, Wing has disappeared. As  
the Townsfolk murmur uneasily, Bruce looks out the  
window...

EXT. SAWVILLE STREET - DAY

Bruce sees Wing walking nonchalantly down the sidewalk,  
clutching a bowling ball bag.

BRUCE

Uhh --

INT. CITY HALL - DAY

Bruce is about to tell the people in the hall about his  
"Wing spotting" when the Mayor SHOUTS over the voices.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYOR

Mr. Campbell, the future of  
Sawville rests in your hands.

The place goes silent. Waiting for Bruce's response.  
Bruce gauges them, then...

BRUCE

Lemme get this straight. One of  
your boys goes Giambi on my skull,  
locks me in a trunk and drags me  
to hayseed central... and now you  
expect me to lay my life on the  
line against some supernatural  
hell-spawn?

The Mayor looks at the other townfolk, shrugs.

MAYOR

Ehh, more or less.

Bruce looks across the desperate Townies. His face is  
arrogant until he spots Kelly, standing by the door,  
hesitating as she awaits his answer.

BRUCE

Lucky for you, I find myself at a  
crossroads in my life. Struggling  
to find the artist, the "hero"  
that I know still lies deep inside  
me.

The faces go from desperate to blank. But everyone  
continues to listen.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Maybe that's why I'm here, to  
rekindle that spirit.

(revving himself up)

It's the ultimate acting  
challenge. "Method" times ten, a  
way to reclaim my dying muse...

MAYOR

Will you help us, Mr. Campbell?

Bruce sucks in his gut, puffs out his chest and strikes a  
heroic pose.

BRUCE

Can.

(pregnant pause)

And will!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As CHEERS erupt from the grateful crowd and Bruce exults in their "love"...

INT. JEFF'S CAR - DAY

Bruce rides in the passenger seat as Jeff drives. Bruce is leaning back in the seat, waving like a Rose Parade Princess as they pass overjoyed pedestrians.

BRUCE

So you're telling me the whole town's in on this?

JEFF

(puzzled)

Well, yeah.

BRUCE

Guess it's like some crazy fundraiser, huh? Instead of a bake-sale, you turn your town into Demonsville for a few weeks a year.

JEFF

No... I mean...

(distraught)

My friend Clayton was killed by this thing. I had to do something.

Bruce nods knowingly, thinking Jeff's still trying to stay in character.

BRUCE

That's cool. Professional courtesy. No more questions.

(looks out window)

So what's next, kid?

JEFF

Town's throwing a party for you tonight. Sort of a send off before you head into battle.

(tentative smile)

Something I'd like to show you first.

Jeff pulls off the road and turns up a driveway, driving past a house toward a TRAILER parked on a hill. As they approach, Bruce's jaw drops open. The trailer is dead ringer for his Victorville digs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE

You gotta be shittin' me.

INT. JEFF'S TRAILER - DAY

The door pushes in and Jeff ushers the perplexed but still game Bruce through the door. As they enter, the lights are off and the front room is in shadow. Jeff reaches for the light switch and clicks it on, and

BRUCE STOPS IN HIS TRACKS. Jeff's trailer is a virtual shrine to all things Bruce Campbell. There are movie posters, scripts and 8 x 10 glossies... DVDs, videos and laserdiscs... scrapbooks of newspaper articles, trade ads, Bruce's books, etc.

BRUCE

Kid, if your last name's "Lector"  
I'm outta here...

Jeff shrugs, self-conscious but still proud.

JEFF

Guess I am kind of a fan.

Stunned, Bruce looks around the collection. There's a demon mask from the first EVIL DEAD. A bottle of bug goo from ALIEN APOCALYPSE. A shoulder patch from the CAVEALIEN movie.

BRUCE

"Kinda?" Only thing missing is a  
stool sample!

Bruce notices the Chinese Amulet that Jeff stole from the graveyard hanging from a Bruce action figure. Bruce grabs the amulet, checking it out.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

This doesn't ring a bell...

Jeff grabs it back, stuffing it in his pocket.

JEFF

That's... personal.

Oblivious, Bruce keeps looking, surprised to find a photo of him with his ex-wife Deborah tucked in with the other memorabilia. Touched by the old photo, which had been taken in happier times, Bruce takes it off the shelf.

BRUCE

Where did you get this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFF

Www.photos-of-bruce-campbell-with-  
his-ex-wife-deborah dot com.

(watching Bruce)

You... miss her, don't you?

Bruce stares at the photo.

BRUCE

Guess I do. But sometimes things  
happen between people that you  
just can't take back.

JEFF

Like the dog-sitters?

Bruce does a double-take.

BRUCE

How the hell --

JEFF

It was in Fangoria!

(as Bruce recovers)

Look, I know this was a huge  
imposition, Mr. Campbell, so  
whatever you need, just let me  
know.

Bruce can't help it. He's starting to like this kid.

BRUCE

First of all, "Mr. Campbell" makes  
soup. You can call me Bruce.

Bruce sniffs his arm pits, grimacing.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

And if you really wanna get on my  
good side, fetch me a bottle of  
Jack, a bar of soap, then point me  
toward the nearest motel with hot  
water and a naked cheerleaders  
channel.

JEFF

(thinking)

Hmm. Closest motel is the Pink  
Lumberjack...

Bruce tightens at that.

BRUCE

Keep going.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JEFF

Then there's the Manflower on  
Route 99, Ryan's Rear-Entry on Old  
Prescott Road, and...

BRUCE

Maybe I'll just spruce up here.

Jeff is thrilled. A visit from his hero!

JEFF

Really? Wow! Great! I brought  
some fresh clothes from your  
trailer.

BRUCE

That's wonderful, kid...

Bruce is about to respond when he notices a shelf of hand-  
labelled video tapes.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Jesus God. You actually have  
every episode of Jack Of All  
Trades?

JEFF

Yeah. Want to watch one?

Bruce reluctantly tosses his jacket across the couch.

BRUCE

I'm gonna regret this.

OFF Jeff's hero-worshipping smile...

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The Chinese cemetery visible out front. Wing, the  
Chinese Man, moves through the old stones toward the  
foreboding cave site.

WING

(to "ancestors")

They allowed you to die... left it  
to the few who survived to tend  
your spirits...

EXT. CAVE - DAY

Wing goes up to the cave and sits at the entrance, the  
wind whistling eerily around him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WING

I pray to you, Guan-Di, for  
vengeance. I pray for you to  
destroy them all...

(with intensity)

Especially the demon-fighter  
known... as Campbell...

INT. JEFF'S TRAILER - DAY

Bruce steps out of the trailer's bathroom, dressed in  
fresh clothes, still toweling his hair dry. Curious,  
Bruce holds out a small bottle with an "EVIL DEAD" logo  
but Japanese lettering identifying the actual product.

BRUCE

Ahh! Nothing like a shower to  
wash your blues away!

(holding out bottle)

Where the heck did you find this  
"Evil Dead" shampoo?

JEFF

That's drain cleaner!

Bruce stops drying his head, looking down as a big CLUMP  
of hair falls from the towel.

BRUCE

That would explain the burning  
sensation.

Gingerly, Bruce tosses the towel aside, catching the  
worshipful look from Jeff.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(off Jeff's look)

What?

Jeff realizes he's been staring and looks away, a little  
embarrassed.

JEFF

It's just... you're going up  
against the Guan-Di tonight and  
you're not even scared.

Bruce looks at Jeff, assuming this is part of his  
birthday present.

BRUCE

Compared to Kandarian devils, this  
Guan-Di cat's no biggie-mo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFF

Really?

BRUCE

Look, kid, when you're in the hero business, there are only two things you need to know. One, monsters are mostly pussies. Two, repeat number one.

JEFF

Wow.

As Jeff reacts with awe, Bruce slaps his belly, "I'm hungry!" style.

BRUCE

Now, think a hungry demon slayer could score a few Slim-Jims, then catch a ride into town?

EXT. SAWVILLE STREET - DAY

Jeff pulls up to the curb in his pick-up and Bruce slides out, finishing his peanut butter and jelly sandwich. Jeff nods down the street toward a bar and grill festooned with plastic flags and decorations.

JEFF

I promised to pick a few things up for the party. Sure you'll be all right on your own?

Bruce glances down the street of the one-horse town.

BRUCE

If I get lost, I'll fire a flare.

As Jeff nervously pulls away, Bruce saunters down the sidewalk, cocky as he nods and waves at passerby, playing the role of "town hero" to the hilt. Passing a

GROCERY STORE with a display of apples out front, Bruce grabs an apple and polishes it on his sleeve. The SHOPKEEPER steps out, like he's proud to have Bruce pausing at his store. Bruce takes a big, juicy bite.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Nice apple!

Bruce raises an eyebrow, "thanks, pal" style, and continues down the sidewalk, pausing in front of an

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

APPLIANCE STORE. A display of ghetto blaster radios out front. As the APPLIANCE STORE OWNER watches, Bruce hefts one of the radios, cranking up the sound.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Nice radio!

Assuming the radio is also "on the house", Bruce just walks off with it, leaving the speechless Appliance Store Owner standing there, not sure how to react. A few yards down, Bruce walks past an

ELDERLY MAN who gives Bruce the sign of the cross. Bruce gives the guy a slap across the back.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Nice improv!

As Bruce continues on, a gaggle of excited

SCHOOL CHILDREN suddenly rush up and surround him, "hail the conquering hero" style.

KIDS

Mr. Campbell! Bruce! Bruce!

Bruce holds his arms out, savoring the adulation as he continues down the sidewalk.

BRUCE

What's up, kids?

FIRST KID

Are... are you really going to save us from the monster?

BRUCE

That's the idea, son.

There's a collective OOOOH from the youngsters. A SECOND KID shows Bruce a crude crayola drawing of a cartoon Bruce heroically stabbing a monster.

SECOND KID

I drew this picture of you!

BRUCE

Not bad, junior, not bad.

A THIRD KID shows Bruce a crude crayola drawing of a cartoon Bruce getting his head torn off by a monster. Blood spurting from his gaping neck wound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THIRD KID

So did I!

Bruce double-takes, shoving the drawing back at the kid.

BRUCE

Get with the program, Rembrandt.

As the kids continue to crowd around him, Bruce finally arrives at...

EXT. GREENE'S BAR - DAY

A large banner across the front of the bar reads "HAIL OUR CHAMPION: BRUCE CAMBELL." Bruce stops under the banner, taking a second to study it.

BRUCE

Memo to self, buy agent a dictionary.

But before he can lament the poor spelling too long, he's spotted by various TOWNFOLK who rush up and surround him. As Bruce exults in their adoration, the Townfolk lift him on their collective shoulders and carry him inside...

CRACKING HIS HEAD on the door jamb. As he's pulled inside, rubbing his sore noggin...

INT. GREENE'S BAR - NIGHT

A small-town country dance-bar, with a wooden floor, tables, and a long bar across one wall. A WOMAN wearing an apron is behind the bar, back to us, as Bruce is lowered to the floor by the crowd. Bruce steps up to the bar like a movie cowboy, the Townfolk crowding around him...

TOWNFOLK

What do you want, Bruce? Open bar! It's on the house!

As the "waitress" bends over to grab a bottle, Bruce checks out her ass, nudging the guy next to him.

BRUCE

(re: her butt)  
Nothing like spending a night out on Half Moon Bay, eh, boys?  
(to Woman behind bar)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Hey, baby, how about a sloe  
comfortable screw up against the  
wall...

As Bruce chortles at the old gag, the Woman turns,  
revealing she's KELLY. Bruce chokes on his laughter as  
she glowers at him.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(\*gulp\*)  
...with a lime twist?

Nonchalant, Kelly picks up a bowl of pretzels, offering  
them to Bruce.

KELLY

Pretzel?

BRUCE

(reaching to bowl)  
Don't mind if I...

Kelly suddenly THROWS the entire bowl into Bruce's face.  
As Bruce recovers, Kelly starts making Bruce's drink.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Look, I know what you're thinking.  
Movie-star like yours truly might  
look down his schnoze at an every  
day waitress, but trust me, doll-  
face, that's not how the Bruce-man  
operates.

She's almost done making the drink.

KELLY

I own this place.

BRUCE

(relieved)  
On the other hand, movie star like  
me doing a plain-vanilla waitress  
would be a definite step down...

Kelly pick up the drink as if to pass it over, then  
laconically THROWS IT into Bruce's face. The Townfolk  
GASP, but Bruce just accepts it.

KELLY

Want another?

Bruce licks at the drink as it spills around his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRUCE

In a glass would be nice.

(off her glare)

Is it me, or did we get off on the wrong foot?

In the background, Jeff enters, carrying some boxes.

KELLY

We never "got off" at all, and if there's a God, we never will.

(glances toward Jeff)

Unfortunately, my son seems to think you're some kind of hero.

Bruce follows her eyes, realizes she's looking at Jeff.

BRUCE

Ultra-fan belongs to you?

Bruce takes Kelly's hand, throwing an exaggerated look at her ring finger.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I don't see a wedding ring...

KELLY

That's because Jeff's father left us. Right after Jeff was born.

BRUCE

Must have been hard, raising a boy on your own.

(big smile)

But in the "lemons into lemonade" category, sounds like there's no reason you and I can't do a little of the ol' "trains and tunnels"...

Kelly stares at Bruce, aghast.

KELLY

Maybe it's all a big joke to you, but Jeff's talked the whole town into thinking you're going to save us from this "Guan-Di."

BRUCE

Right. And?

KELLY

Far as I can tell, you're totally full of shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Bruce is taken aback by that. There's a long pause as he considers the insult, then he breaks out laughing!

BRUCE

I get it! You're the meet-cute!

KELLY

The what?

BRUCE

Mills thought of everything! He's a genius!

Chortling, Bruce wanders across the bar, leaving Kelly baffled. The Mayor comes over, mindful of her attitude, still hoping and praying that Bruce can save them.

MAYOR

Kelly, I know you don't much like the stranger, but we need someone to go up against the demon.

The Mayor looks over at Bruce, almost as dubious as Kelly.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

And right now, in an absolutely tragic turn of events, he's the best we've got.

Bruce looks back at Kelly and the Mayor and laughs even harder. OFF Kelly's befuddlement...

EXT. SAWVILLE - SUNSET

The sun sets, the dazzling orange glow growing dim...

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

As the last rays of the sun set, rocks begin to move in front of the old cave, as if something is stirring inside. Suddenly, a

BLOOD-SOAKED SWORD

splits through the stones. The Guan-Di emerging for another night of vengeance...

INT. BAR - NIGHT

We HEAR a loud YEEEE-HAWWW, revealing the festivities are in full swing. A band (The Smithereens?) is playing full volume while Townfolk drink and dance. At the front of this bacchanal, in the seat of honor at the front of the hall,

BRUCE sits, massive joints of beef and turkey in each hand, eating like King Henry the eighth.

BRUCE  
(spitting food)  
More meat!!

As a SEXY WAITRESS hauls over another massive joint of beef, Bruce grabs her and plops her into his lap. While the Waitress GIGGLES at the attention,

KELLY watches all this with a disgusted glare. Suddenly, there's an announcement from a frontier-outfitted

SQUARE DANCE CALLER.

SQUARE DANCE CALLER  
Ladies and gentlemen. Grab your  
partners!

Enthusiastic townfolk "grab their partners" (male + female) and sashay out toward the center of the floor. With a smile, Bruce tosses his leg o' whatever, pushes past the Waitress and makes a bee-line toward Kelly.

BRUCE  
Ma'am, may I have this dance?

The Mayor shoots Kelly a look and she reluctantly comes out around the bar, taking Bruce's arm. Even though she clearly doesn't like being here, there's something in Bruce's infectious, giddy enthusiasm that starts to get to her. As they get in formation with the others, Bruce whispers to her...

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
You realize I have no idea what  
I'm doing.

KELLY  
I'm sure that's a first.

BRUCE  
Not really. I haven't known what  
I've been doing for years.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bruce keeps watching her, catching the hint of a smile.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Wait a minute. What was that?

KELLY

Nothing.

BRUCE

No no, both sides of your mouth curled at the edges. There's an old Indian word for this phenomena... Kawatatcheeacha... Cherokee for "she who smiles at one she is beginning to not hate."

Kelly rolls her eyes, but not so mean this time. With a hint of actual pleasure.

KELLY

Shut up and dance.

A Square-Dance band takes position on the floor and the room fills with music. The Square Dance Caller barks out orders to the dancers.

SQUARE DANCE CALLER

Bow to your partner!

As the dancers begins to move, Kelly tries to help Bruce navigate through the crowd.

KELLY

Just follow my lead...

SQUARE DANCE CALLER

Now swing your partner and dosi-doe, pass the axle then let go!

While Kelly tries to actually keep up with the dance moves, Bruce is a loose-limbed marvel, his legs swinging around like some kind of string-puppet.

SQUARE DANCE CALLER (CONT'D)

Allemande left with a right hand star, box the gnat and allemande thar!

Bruce's a terrible dancer, but the Townfolk are being polite because of his mission, and his enthusiasm continues to be somewhat infectious. So infectious that he finally pulls away from Kelly, twirls toward the official Square Dance Caller and grabs his microphone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRUCE

(calling dance)

Now swing your partner toward the door, then empty your pockets and pretend you're poor...

The Townfolk are swirling around the dance floor, but these are "unusual" calls to say the least. But, in an effort to keep Bruce happy, they all swing their partners toward the door, then pull out their pockets, sending wallets, keys and change spilling to the floor.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(calling dance)

Allemande left then allemande right, then spoon in together all "Brokeback" like...

The Dancers look at one another then comply, doing the dance move, then the women jam their butts into the male dancer's crotch...

Taking advantage of a musical "bridge", Bruce breaks into a crazy, tangled-legged dance that ends with him doing the splits in the middle of the dance floor. Still holding the microphone, Bruce picks himself up and advances on an astonished Kelly.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(calling dance)

Now as this dance is coming to a close, see if she'll kiss you without holding her nose...

With a swoop, Bruce grabs Kelly and pulls her into a full fledged, bent-over backward smooch. She flails a little at first, then the flailing stops and for a moment, she seems to be anticipating the kiss. Then:

KELLY

You wanna move that hand?

Reveal Bruce's hand completely inside and up the back of Kelly's shirt.

BRUCE

Oops.

Meanwhile, all around Bruce and Kelly, the dancers are locked in similar steamy embraces, but with Bruce distracted and not making any more square dance call, they're groaning as they try to hold their awkward positions, turning blue as they remain mouth-to-mouth...



EXT. SAWVILLE - NIGHT

Bruce and Kelly step outside the noisy bar and start down the street. At night the town is actually quite lovely, a throwback to an earlier, more innocent time...

BRUCE

Ahhh. I could use a little fresh air.

Kelly is still a little wary of Bruce.

KELLY

Me too.  
(eyes on him, wary)  
And *just* fresh air.

They start down the sidewalk together, the lights from the businesses twinkling in the darkness.

KELLY (CONT'D)

(re: town)  
Even with everything that's happened, God I love this place.

BRUCE

I grew up in a town just like it. Little place in Michigan. You ever hear of it?

KELLY

Michigan?

BRUCE

"Little Place." About fifteen miles North of Dearborn.

KELLY

Sounds nice.

BRUCE

People really cared about one another out there. "Values" meant more than half-price cereal at the supermarket.

(remembering)

Made my first movie there, when I was still in High School.

KELLY

Really?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE

We were kids... naive, innocent.  
We wanted to make a film that  
reflected our hopes and dreams...

KELLY

What was it called?

BRUCE

"Blade of the Skullripper." Guess  
that's when I got the acting bug.

KELLY

You've come a long way since then.

BRUCE

(sardonic)

Guess you haven't seen any of my  
recent movies.

Kelly smiles at that.

KELLY

Believe it or not, Jeff's shown me  
a couple. I don't know about the  
plots, but you're usually pretty  
good in them.

Bruce is taken by the compliment.

BRUCE

You really mean that?

KELLY

Wouldn't say it if I didn't.

Bruce stops and turns to face Kelly. A romantic moment  
in the offing.

BRUCE

You're just full of surprises,  
Kelly Graham. You're going to  
find this hard to believe, but  
I've always been shy. Maybe  
that's why I come on so strong...

KELLY

Hey, I came on a little strong  
myself.

BRUCE

(moving in for kiss)

It's never been... easy for me  
to...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KELLY

Yes?

BRUCE

...express my... true feelings...

As Bruce is about to kiss her, Kelly suddenly looks over her shoulder, annoyed.

KELLY

You want to move that hand?

PULL OUT to reveal Bruce's hand clamped securely on Kelly's butt cheek. He jerks it away.

BRUCE

Sorry.

KELLY

I'll let it go... this time...

Kelly's already forgiven him. They're closing for their first KISS when there's a HARUMMPH off camera. Bruce and Kelly both look over in surprise, seeing

EVERYONE FROM THE DANCE in the street, staring at them.

MAYOR

Mr. Campbell.

(taps watch)

It's time.

Bruce looks at Kelly. Back at the Mayor. Desperate to consummate the kiss.

BRUCE

Five minutes.

MAYOR

Mr. Campbell...

BRUCE

For the love of God, I can smell her Chap-Stick!

But the Mayor's expression says "nope!" OFF this moment...

INT. GUN STORE - NIGHT

The doors whip open and Bruce moves inside, checking out the walls of rifles, shotguns, pistols and other weapons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Zoom in on Bruce's face, hard and serious. The bald STOREKEEPER waits expectantly.

BRUCE

All right, small-town America.  
Show me what you've got.

In a montage of image we see a tough man's hands getting ready for some monster killin' action.

Capable hands strap on a flak-jacket with multiple pockets for weapons.

Cinch up a sheath for a big-ass hunting knife.

Fingers quickly punch shells into a shotgun.

A hand SPINS a revolver old west style, dropping it into a leather holster.

Hands strap on double shotgun holsters, plunging double-barrels into each holster.

Finally the hands grab a Jason-esque HOCKEY MASK. As the hands prepare to put on the mask...

PULL BACK to reveal the incredibly well-armed/armored man is actually... THE MAYOR.

MAYOR

Okay. I'm set.

Continue to PULL BACK to reveal Bruce standing nearby, totally unarmed, watching incredulously.

BRUCE

Wonderful. Anything left for me?

Jeff reaches behind the counter and swings up a silver plated CHAINSAW, banging it down on the counter.

JEFF

I had it made special, just for you. A Briggs and Stratton two-barrel with a half-inch claw.

Bruce picks up the saw, hefting it, checking it out. It's been customized with a Bruce Campbell signature on the gleaming blade.

BRUCE

Sweet.  
(tosses it aside)  
And if I were going up against a tree, possibly even appropriate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bruce starts pointing at guns, grenades, bear-traps and other devices hanging on display in the gun store, like a guy pointing at the food pictures in a Chinese restaurant.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Gimme one of those, two of those,  
a handful of those... attaboy,  
just keep 'em coming, Cueball...

The bald STOREKEEPER loads the weaponry up in Bruce's arms, weighing him down with rifles, shotguns and bazookas. Bruce staggers a moment under the weight, then suddenly just DUMPS everything.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Who wants a piece of this?

Jeff and several other Townfolk steps forward. Casual, Bruce starts tossing them weapons. He hurls a rifle at a squinch-faced MAN smoking a PIPE...

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Here you go, Popeye...

He tosses a '45 Magnum pistol at a skinny looking SCHOOLTEACHER TYPE...

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Schwarzenegger gets the "make my  
day"...

On a roll, Bruce tosses three or four hand grenades to a second MAN, nonchalantly going for style points and tossing the last one under his leg.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Heads up! Hup hup hup!

As the Grenade Man struggles/juggles to catch them, the Storekeeper is aghast.

STOREKEEPER  
Mr. Campbell, those are live  
grenades.

Bruce gives the Storekeeper a knowing wink.

BRUCE  
Pull the other one, spit-shine!  
(rising)  
The rest of you, don't be shy!  
Load up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

As the other Townfolk gather around the pick up their weapons, including a severe looking "FARM WOMAN" who samples several pieces, then picks up one of the bear traps.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Sure you know how to handle that,  
sister?

The Farm Woman pulls a carrot out of her pocket, puts it between the trap's jaws and triggers the mechanism. Chopping the carrot off at the root.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
All right! You're taking point!

As the Farmers continue to arm up, Jeff comes up beside Bruce.

JEFF  
Are you ready for this?

BRUCE  
Kid, I made a movie in Bulgaria.  
I'm ready for anything.

The Mayor and several other male TOWNFOLK nod knowingly at the seemingly non-sequitur comment as Bruce moves to the doorway of the store. He frames himself heroically in the doorway, looking back at his peeps.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Let's rock.

EXT. SAWVILLE STREET - NIGHT

A convoy of cars and pick-ups tear through downtown Sawville, past the bar, where

KELLY watches with worry. Some of the armed-up Townfolk are standing in the back of the pick-ups, waving and firing their guns in rowdy celebration of the battle to come. Suddenly,

BRUCE'S TRUCK skids to a stop outside the bar, dust billowing up around it (even though it's a paved street... what up with that?) Bruce emerges from the wafting dust, practically in Kelly's arms.

BRUCE  
Hey baby. How about a kiss for  
good luck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Apparently moved by the gesture, Kelly looks Bruce in the eye. For an instant it looks like they're going to finally kiss, then:

KELLY  
You wanna move that hand?

PAN DOWN to reveal Bruce's hand clamped on Kelly's boob.

BRUCE  
Just checking.

The "romantic" moment shattered, Bruce backs toward his truck, jaunty as ever.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Put yourself on simmer,  
sweetheart. 'Cause when I come  
back, I plan to stake a claim to  
the prettiest green eyes I've ever  
seen.  
(to the others)  
Now let's do this thing!

As the pick-ups and cars tear out, HOLD ON Kelly, who looks worried and concerned.

KELLY  
My eyes are brown...

As the cars careen into the darkness...

EXT. STAGING AREA - NIGHT

A field outside some woods somewhere on the outskirts of town. The full moon offers some illumination along with the fiery TORCHES being carried by several Townfolk. They're also all equipped with small personal WALKIE TALKIES. As the move through the area, the MAYOR spots something on the ground.

NOTE that the Mayor is still wearing his Friday The 13th hockey mask and all the weaponry/accoutrements that he gathered at the gun store.

MAYOR  
Hold it. What do you make of  
this?

Bruce kneels, authoritative, picks up a handful of gravel, sifting it through his fingers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE  
(thoughtful)  
Looks like gravel.

MAYOR  
I mean these tracks.

A set of well defined, devil-hoof footprints are visible  
IN the gravel.

BRUCE  
I'd say we've found us a Guan-Di.

Bruce rises as the townspeople gather 'round.

MAYOR  
No surprise. The killings have  
all been in this general area.  
(rising, somber)  
We're on it's hunting ground now.

BRUCE  
(with gravitas)  
It's not hunting us, Mayor. We're  
hunting *him*.

The Townfolk exchange dubious looks.

MAYOR  
No, I think it's still hunting us.

Bruce can sense the "nervousness" of his team.

BRUCE  
Okay, it's liable to get ugly out  
there. So when things look bad,  
when it looks like you're not  
going to make it, remember two  
things. One, even if you don't  
have medical insurance, emergency  
rooms are mandated by Federal law  
to treat severely injured  
patients.

That doesn't exactly inspire confidence.

GUY WITH TORCH  
What's number two?

BRUCE  
(pauses for effect)  
None of that matters, 'cause Bruce  
Campbell's got your back.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

With that rousing thought galvanizing them, the Townfolk ROAR their approval and the whole posse takes off into the woods. Bruce and the Woman lugging the bear-trap take the lead...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The Townfolk and Bruce have fanned out in the dark woods. Flickering torches and flashlights through the trees. Random walkie-talkie messages SQUAWK through the silence.

WALKIE VOICE

This is Henderson. I'm crossing Haselton Road... no sign of the demon, over.

Jeff hangs close to Bruce as they stalk through the underbrush, their guns out and ready.

BRUCE

It's quiet. Almost too...

WALKIE VOICE

(super-loud)

Wait!

Bruce JUMPS at the super-loud warning.

BRUCE

Jesus!

WALKIE VOICE

I think I heard something...

Suddenly, the weird, ominous sound of the Guan-Di echoes through the area. Sort of like a cross between some Chinese chant and the screech of an owl. Bruce is impressed, glances toward Jeff.

BRUCE

When this is over, you gotta introduce me to the guy who does your foley!

THROUGH THE WOODS

A dark figure, the Guan-Di, floats through the darkness. Moonlight glints off the demon's sword and ritual costume, but it's barely visible.

WALKIE VOICE

Wait... wait... Oh God, I think I see it, over!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bruce grabs his walkie-talkie.

BRUCE

Good! Now see if you can flank him and ease him around to my position, over.

WALKIE VOICE

He's got a sword, over!!

BRUCE

Right. Just move him on over and...

WALKIE VOICE

It's a big sucker!

Bruce is getting annoyed with all the pointless "delays."

BRUCE

Point taken! Now please lead El Demonostro my way so I can...  
(makes "air quotes"  
for a baffled Jeff)  
..."open fire" and we can all get back to town...

WALKIE VOICE

Shit, he saw me! He's turning this way...

BRUCE

Oh great.

WALKIE VOICE

God oh shit oh AHHHHHHHH --

The Walkie Voice suddenly does DEAD. Bruce stares at the Walkie in his hand.

BRUCE

Hello?

He hits the "talk" button, getting loud SQUAWKS.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Testing, testing. Dammit, are you bringing me this "demon" or not?

Nothing but static on the walkie-talkie. Really annoyed now, Bruce stands up, waving his arms impatiently.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Okay, everybody. Cut, cut!  
(annoyed)  
I'm trying to stay in character,  
but radio-schmucko seems to lost a  
couple pages of the script...

Suddenly something CAREENS out of the darkness, landing  
at Bruce's feet with a THUD. It's the bear-trap Woman's

SEVERED HEAD, steam-breath still puffing from her lips.  
Bruce looks down at the head, still not quite  
understanding what's really going on. Thinks it's a make-  
up effect.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Breath's a nice touch.

Dead ahead, several more TOWNFOLK suddenly rush out of  
the woods, straight toward Bruce, SCREAMING in terror.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
What the -- ? Where are you  
going?

As one of the slower Townfolk tries to get away, the  
fiercesome figure of the Guan-Di suddenly looms over him,  
his sword LASHING OUT and splitting the man's head in  
two!

SPLIT MAN  
GAHHGHH!

Jeff grabs at Bruce's sleeve, tugging at him.

JEFF  
Bruce! Do something!

As Bruce gapes in disbelief, the Guan-Di emerges from the  
shadows, rising to it's full eight foot height. Sword  
dripping blood, it's eyes blazing red. Suddenly (and  
improbably) there's a flash of lightning, and Bruce gets  
his first full-on look at the terrifying demon.

BRUCE  
What the fuck is that?

RUNNING TOWNIE  
It's the Guan-Di!

ZOOM IN on Bruce's astonished face as the full, awful  
reality hits him like a sledgehammer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRUCE

You mean the son of a bitch is  
REAL?

RUNNING TOWNIE

Shoot it! Shoot it!

Bruce's action hero derring-do suddenly vanishes.  
Terrified, panicking, Bruce struggles to whip up his  
shotgun. Shaking like Don Knotts, he blindly

FIRES! BLAM! Hitting one of the fleeing Townspeople in  
the shoulder!

FLEEING TOWNIE

AGHHH! My arm!

Freaking out, Bruce shoots wildly again. BLAM!

ANOTHER FLEEING TOWNIE

OWWWW, my leg!

BRUCE

Gangway!!

Terrified, Bruce starts to run away from the approaching  
demon, firing blindly over his shoulder. BOOM!

YET ANOTHER FLEEING TOWNIE

AHHH, my ear!!

TERRIFIED TOWNIE

Stop shooting, stop shooting!

As Bruce bolts, Jeff can't believe his eyes.

JEFF

Bruce! Where are you going?

Bruce tosses his shotgun into the brush and starts to run  
full tilt.

BRUCE

The hell away from here!

The Guan-Di continues advance, raising his blood-soaked  
sword, a genuinely scary vision in the moonlit woods as

BRUCE picks up speed, hurdling brush and fallen logs like  
an Olympian, eventually passing some of the scared  
Townies who had a head start on him. This includes the  
Mayor, still in his hockey mask.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MAYOR

Campbell, you coward! You were supposed to protect us!

BRUCE

Branch.

The Mayor doesn't understand the comment until he SLAMS face first into a low hanging branch. As the Mayor flips over onto his ass, Bruce doesn't even slow down, running back into the

EXT. STAGING AREA - NIGHT

Breathing hard, the SCREAMS of the Townspeople echoing behind him, Bruce frantically runs to the parked cars and pick-ups, trying to find one with the keys in the ignition.

BRUCE

No keys?!

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Desperate, Bruce throws open the door to a car and leans under the dashboard, ripping out the ignition wires. He breaks apart two of the wires and tries to spark the engine to start, but instead he electrocutes himself!

BRUCE

All right, coil wire to the ignit...

(as he gets a spark)

GAHHYGG!!

The force of the electric shock SLAMS Bruce's head into the underside of the dash.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

OWWWW!

Dazed, he falls forward on the exposed wires and gets ZAPPED AGAIN.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

JEEZZ!!

Struggling to get away from the sparking wires, Bruce suddenly hears a gentle DING-A-LING of a bicycle bell.

EXT. STAGING AREA - NIGHT

Bruce pulls out of the car as LITTLE KID on a tiny "Sting-Ray" type bike (!) rides through the scene. Canvas newspaper delivery bags on the back of his bike.

LITTLE KID  
Paper, Mister?

Bruce thinks a moment, then has an idea.

BRUCE  
Yeah!

As the Little Kid stops, reaching for a newspaper, Bruce runs for him, glancing around guiltily.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Hey, kid! Your parents around?

KID  
Uhh --

BRUCE  
Good!

Desperate, Bruce

THROWS THE KID OFF THE BIKE

then jumps on the banana seat, churning his legs as fast as he can. Teetering, barely keeping his balance, Bruce races away from the staging area.

EXT. SAWVILLE ROAD - NIGHT

Bruce races the small bike out onto the main road, legs still churning wildly, when he's BLINDED by on-rushing headlights. Bruce throws an arm up to protect his eyes and

LOSE CONTROL OF THE BIKE, sailing off the road and crashing into a tree. As he picks himself up from the brush, the car that almost hit him backs up to check on him. An OLD LADY driver rolls down her window.

OLD LADY  
Young man, are you all right?

Bruce runs for the car like a drowning man clawing for a life preserver.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE

You gotta get me out of here!

The Old Lady points to the cat carrier resting on the car's passenger seat. The old tabby inside MEOWS affectionately.

OLD LADY

I'm sorry, but there's no room...

Frantic, Bruce suddenly grabs the Old Lady's arm and THROWS HER out of the truck!

BRUCE

There is now!

As the Old Lady hits the pavement, Bruce jumps into the trunk and PUNCHES IT. As gravel spews from the tires, the Old Lady raises a feeble hand.

OLD LADY

Wait! My kitty-kitty!

As if in response, the cat carrier suddenly FLIES out the passenger window, accompanied by a loud MEOWWWW!

INT. OLD LADY'S CAR - NIGHT

Desperate, sweaty, crazed, Bruce hunkers over the steering wheel and careens down the dark road, driving like a bat outta hell. The light from the dashboard gives his face an eerie, "up-shadow" cast.

BRUCE

Demons... monsters... what the hell were they thinking? Thing's on my ass now... supernatural bastard... I gotta make tracks but fast...

EXT. OLD LADY'S CAR - NIGHT

From Bruce's POV as he hauls ass, headlights stabbing the darkness, suddenly flashing across a WOMAN pushing a BABY CARRIAGE! And Bruce is heading straight for her!

BRUCE

Oh hell!

Bruce CRANKS the wheel to avoid the woman...

EXT. SAWVILLE - NIGHT

The swerving, careening headlights of Bruce's stolen car suddenly appear in the distance. In the foreground, a couple of disinterested Townsies, munching on snow-cones, take vague notice.

DISINTERESTED TOWNIE

Wonder who that is?

In the distance, the headlights suddenly swerve

OFF THE ROAD. There's a distant SCREEECH of tires, the CRUNCH of metal, then a muffled "plumphh" as FLAMES erupt in the distance. Then

A SINGLE FIGURE begins to run/limp down the street. As he gets closer, we see it's Bruce, silhouetted by the flames, yelping every time he lands on his injured leg.

BRUCE

(limping)

Son of a OWW gotta get OHH outta here SHIT...

Bruce runs up to the two Disinterested Townies and grabs them by their jackets. Bruce is crazy/angry with fear.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I need a car! Pronto!

DISINTERESTED TOWNIE

Aren't you that demon-fighting fella?

That pulls Bruce up short. As he looks around, more Sawville shopkeepers and residents emerge onto the sidewalk. Bruce begins to realize he's making a "scene."

BRUCE

Yeah, yeah, that's me.

(thinks, then)

I, uhh, I blew the thing to Kingdom Come! Yeah, that's it... I just came back for, uhh, shovels. To scrape him up. And trash bags! It's helluva mess out there...

As Bruce "improvises", a pick-up truck rolls down the street. Seeing that the open bed is empty, Bruce throws a "goodbye" salute toward the baffled Townies and

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LEAPS INTO THE BACK. Grinning at his good luck...

BRUCE (CONT'D)

So long, suckers!

...as the truck pulls over and parks, the driver getting out and going to one of the shops.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Son of a --

Beside himself, Bruce leaps out of the truck as the sounds of CAR HORNS rise in the distance. It's the

CARAVAN of surviving monster fighters, coming back into town. Hearing all the racket,

KELLY comes out of her bar, worried. When she sees Bruce, they lock eyes for a moment.

KELLY

Bruce. Where's Jeff?

BRUCE

Jeff?

KELLY

You just left him out there?

BRUCE

No! I mean, kind of!

(off her disdain)

Come on, lady, nobody told me this monster was real!

Down the street, a GRAYHOUND BUS comes around a corner, getting ready to pull out of town.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(desperate, to Kelly)

Shoe's untied!

Kelly looks down. Bruce takes the opportunity to SPRINT FOR THE BUS just as

JEFF steps out of one of the approaching cars, devastated by Bruce's betrayal.

JEFF

Mom! Where's Bruce?

More townfolk emerge from their cars, some still bleeding and seriously pissed off after Bruce's shoot 'em up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHOT IN ARM GUY  
Thespian bastard shot me in the  
arm!

Bruce, running for the bus, turns and runs backwards as he tries to respond to the charges.

BRUCE  
Sorry!

SHOT IN LEG GUY  
He got *me* in the leg!

As the crowd becomes a mob and begins to surge toward Bruce, he BOLTS for the Grayhound.

BRUCE  
(to bus)  
Wait! Wait! For the luvva God,  
stop!

He reaches the bus and slaps at the side until it grinds to a stop. Gasping, Bruce runs for the door and jumps inside, the bus pulling out just as the mob reaches it.

TOWNSFOLK  
Get out of town! Go back to  
Hollywood! You shot my Uncle!

Gasping, Bruce moves to the back of the bus and looks out the rear window as the mob recedes, throwing ROCKS, FAUCETS, a round POKER TABLE and other handy items against the glass. But Bruce's focus is on

KELLY AND JEFF, standing together. As they recede in the distance, their mutual looks of betrayal are like daggers in Bruce's heart. As Bruce settles into his seat, utterly devastated, a elbow-jointed piece of plumbing pipe BANGING behind him...

EXT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - DAYBREAK

The bus stops at the driveway by Bruce's trailer and he gets off, shoulders slumping, a shell of a man. As Bruce nears the stoop of his trailer, he spots a padded manila envelope on the porch. Dissolute, Bruce grabs it and heads inside.

INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - DAY

Bruce walks into his trailer and spots SamNRob on his blanket. After his awful day, Bruce is aching for a little affection.

BRUCE  
Cute little Sam'nRob. At least I  
still have you.  
(kneeling)  
C'mere, boy.

The dog just stares at Bruce.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Come on, little guy. Here boy.  
Here boy. Come on, fella. Come  
to Daddy. That's it. Come on.  
Here boy, here boy, here boy...  
(suddenly mad)  
Son of a bitch!!

Bruce HURLS the manila envelope at the dog, getting a loud BARK and SCREECH.

Giving up on the mutt, Bruce wanders to a cupboard, pulling out a box of generic "Fruit Loops" cereal. He fills a bowl with cereal, then grabs a quart of milk from the fridge and sloshes it on.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
I'll feel better after  
breakfast... it's most important  
meal of the day...

He's about to dig in when he notices the "message" light blinking on his answering machine. Heartbroken, he punches the "play" button.

ANSWERING MACHINE  
(jaunty voice)  
This is Bruce Campbell, actor  
extraordinaire. If you're young,  
female and not currently  
incarcerated, page me at star-998,  
otherwise leave a message after  
the tone...

BEEP.

DEBORAH  
(on machine)  
Bruce, it's Deborah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE

Deb...?  
(grabbing machine)  
Deborah?

DEBORAH

(on machine)  
There's something I've been  
meaning to tell you, something  
that's been weighing on me ever  
since our divorce.

Bruce clutches the answering machine to his heart,  
praying for good news.

BRUCE

Of course I forgive you!

DEBORAH

(on machine)  
...it's the alimony payment. It's  
just not cutting it.

BRUCE

Huh?!

DEBORAH

(on machine)  
My lawyer's filed a motion to have  
it increased, along with a  
restraining order, so don't even  
try returning this call...

Fuming, Bruce RIPS the answering machine cord out of the  
wall, then smashes the box on the floor.

BRUCE

Heartless hell-spawn!

Emotionally crushed, Bruce spots the manila envelope near  
Sam'Rob's dog blanket. He rips it open and pulls out

TWO SCRIPTS. "Cavealien 3 and 4." As Bruce's jaw falls  
open, he notices a little buck slip paper-clipped to the  
first script, "From The Desk Of Mills Toddner." Hand  
written under that,

"Pack your bags, baby, they're back-to-back in Romania!  
Love ya, Mills."

BRUCE (CONT'D)

No... NO...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

His life falling to pieces before his eyes, Bruce stumbles back, tripping over a throw rug. As he flails, he accidentally smacks the bowl of Fruit Loops,

SENDING THEM FLYING. As Bruce lands on his ass, the Fruit Loops and milk explode over him, the cereal sticking to him like bizarre sequins. As Bruce lies there, dazed, milk and cereal dripping off him,

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Hold on... just a minute...

Still dripping Fruit Loops, Bruce staggers to the door. He throws it open, revealing...

A HARD-EDGED STRIPPER (KASEY) IN A FLAG BIKINI, waving two lit sparklers. Bottle of whiskey under one arm.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I'm busy!

KASEY

And I'm Kasey, the famous singing prostitute!

(singing)

I'm here to offer birthday greetings and wish you lots of luck, and if you're really really nice I'll even toss in a f--

BRUCE

(cuts her off)

Who sent you?!

Kasey fumbles in her tiny purse, finding a note...

KASEY

"From your friend and agent, Mills Toddner. Here's some birthday sugar, baby."

Bruce stares at Kasey in slack-jawed disbelief. Fruit Loops dangling from his hair and face.

BRUCE

*This* was my surprise? A woman?

KASEY

Actually I'm only half-way through my trans-gender surgeries, so technically...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Kasey reaches for her bikini bottoms, like she's going to pull them down and show Bruce something "surprising."  
Bruce waves his hands frantically.

BRUCE  
For the love of God, stop!!

As Kasey relents, Bruce's phone RINGS. Struggling to maintain his emotional equilibrium, he staggers back to answer it as Kasey enters, looking around curiously.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Campbell residence.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JEFF'S TRAILER - DAY

Jeff's on the phone, talking to Bruce from his trailer.

JEFF  
Bruce. It's Jeff.

BRUCE  
(eyes narrowing)  
You little BASTARD. You're the one who dragged me into this nightmare! Now I suppose you're going to chew my ass for taking a powder.

JEFF  
No. I... I just wanted to thank you.

Bruce looks at the phone like Jeff's speaking Swahili.

BRUCE  
Thank me?!

JEFF  
For teaching me the meaning of "courage."

BRUCE  
I ran like a cheap mascara!

JEFF  
That's just it. I was trying to dodge my responsibilities by dumping them on you. You showed me that I have to face this thing on my own.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bruce can't believe he's being let off the hook. Improvs to suggest that was his plan all along.

BRUCE

Well... thought I'd help you shape up... I'm glad you've seen the error of your ways... yeah...

JEFF

Truth is, I'm the one who unleashed the Guan-Di. So it's up to me to kill it.

The reality of Jeff's plan hits Bruce's addled brain.

BRUCE

You're gonna take on Toshiro McShithead?

JEFF

All I needed was a push. Thank you, Mr. Campbell...

As the line goes dead...

BRUCE

Kid! KID!!  
(slams down phone)  
Son of a --

KASEY

Boyfriend troubles?

BRUCE

(reeling)  
No!

Distraught, Bruce paces his living room. He grabs the bottle that Kacey brought and spins off the cap, about to drink himself to oblivion when he hesitates...

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Stupid kid... he's gonna get himself killed!  
(about to drink)  
What do I care? I've got my own problems!

As Bruce stares at the bottle, suddenly two tiny Bruce figures appear on his shoulders. One is the "Angel" Bruce, complete with simpering voice. The other is the "Devil" Bruce, with a growling nasty voice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Who are you?

ANGEL BRUCE

I'm your good nature, Bruce.

(simpering voice)

If Jeff goes up against the Guan-Di alone, he'll be cut to ribbons. You've got to help the lad!

DEVIL BRUCE

(gruff voice)

Don't listen to him! Kid's an asshole! Fuck him! Nobody lives forever!

ANGEL BRUCE

(simpering voice)

How can you even think such a thing? This young man is our biggest fan!

As this conversation continues, two more, even TINIER Bruce figures magically appear -- this time on the ANGEL BRUCE'S tiny shoulders!

ANGEL BRUCE'S ANGEL

(simpering voice)

You're absolutely right, Angel Bruce. Remind him that our fans support us no matter what.

ANGEL BRUCE'S DEVIL

(gruff voice)

What the hell are you talking about? If Campbell takes the dirt nap, we're all toast!

Surprisingly, that last piece of logic hits home with Angel Bruce.

ANGEL BRUCE

(simpering voice)

Well, he does have a point. And young Jeff did release the fiend...

(to big Bruce)

Maybe we *should* let him die...

Bruce suddenly SCREAMS, waving his arms, dissipating the multiple bickering devil/angel figures.

BRUCE

AHHHH!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

Bruce looks at the whisky bottle, sorely tempted, then suddenly HURLS it across the room. Resolve building in his face.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(to Kasey)

You. Uncle Sam-Antha. How'd you like to make a quick fifty bucks?

Kasey rises with a matter of fact sigh, reaching for her bikini bottoms.

KASEY

Story of my life...

BRUCE

No! I need a ride!

KASEY

That's why I'm here...

BRUCE

IN YOUR CAR!

KASEY

Oh. Where are we going?

BRUCE

Little town called Sawville.

(gritting his teeth)

Looks like I've got to kill me a Guan-Di.

As Kasey blankly mulls this non-sequitur...

EXT. SAWVILLE STREET - DAY

Kasey's VW Bug putt-putts into town, pulling over on main-street. Regardless of the weather, Kasey's still in her sexy patriotic bikini. As they both get out...

BRUCE

Sit. Try not to blow anybody until I get back.

Bruce starts down the sidewalk, the same walk he took the day before. But this time the reaction is much different. He's met with sneers and snarls. Gingerly, he approaches the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GROCERY STORE, display of apples out front. Bruce starts to reach for an apple, like yesterday, only to have the Shopkeeper slam a BUTCHER KNIFE down inches from his fingers.

SHOPKEEPER

Apples aren't for sale!

Bruce backs off, counting his fingers, and continues down the sidewalk, pausing in front of the

APPLIANCE STORE. A display of ghetto-blaster radios out front. Bruce offers a meek little wave to the Appliance Store Owner, who angrily punches the play button on one of the radios.

APPLIANCE STORE OWNER

Wrote this last night, bitch.

A chugging RAP SONG starts to play...

RADIO RAP SONG

(sing-song rap)

BRUCE CAMPBELL, man used to be it,  
now BRUCE CAMPBELL, man's fulla  
shit. Actor-man said he'd save  
our town from fear, but all we saw  
was his yellow rear, BRUCE  
CAMPBELL, dat's right, BRUCE  
CAMPBELL, runs from a fight, BRUCE  
CAMPBELL, got balls like a mouse,  
BRUCE CAMPBELL, he's worthless  
louse... (etc)

Bruce moves off from the blaring rap-song, passing

AN ELDERLY MAN, the one who gave him the sign of the cross earlier.

BRUCE

I just wanted to thank you for  
your blessing, kind sir...

The Elderly Man suddenly HAWKS an enormous loogie into Bruce's face, leaving strands of saliva dangling from Bruce's chin. As Bruce tries to mop this off, he comes across the same group of

SCHOOL CHILDREN he had bumped into the day before. Seeing Bruce, they rush up excitedly, but instead of "hail the conquering hero," they start kicking and punching him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KIDS

You piece of shit! Coward! Wimp!

BRUCE

Come on, kids, I did my best --

The First Kid KICKS HIM.

FIRST KID

You shot my Dad!

SECOND KID

I drew this picture of you!

The kid shows Bruce the drawing: Bruce running away from a monster, a yellow streak up his back, lumps of poop coming out of his pants. As the kids jeer, a

THIRD KID, the one who had drawn Bruce getting his head cut off last time, tentatively shows Bruce his new drawing.

THIRD KID

I still believe in you, Mr. Campbell.

The drawing shows Bruce standing on the neck of the dead monster, triumphant. Bruce is touched...

BRUCE

Gosh, thanks...

But before Bruce can get too mushy, the other kids turn on Third Kid and start pounding him, ripping his drawing to pieces.

THIRD KID

OWW! STOP!! Wahhhhhh...

Bruce uses the distraction to ease away, finally reaching Kelly's bar. A CLOSED sign in the window. Frustrated, Bruce is trying to figure his next move when he notices a billow of smoke rising from behind the building. He goes around to the side, where

KELLY is standing over a burn barrel, grabbing papers and posters from the back of her pick-up bed and jamming them into the flames. NOTE: There's a stocked gun rack inside the pick-up.

BRUCE

Kelly!

Kelly turns, eyes narrowing when she sees Bruce.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KELLY

Go back to Hollywood, big shot.  
Find yourself some hot and cold  
running starlets. You and I are  
so over...

BRUCE

Kelly, please. I'm not a shallow  
sex machine like most Hollywood  
types...

As Bruce struggles to reason with Kelly, KACEY, still in  
her bikini, marches up on them.

KACEY

Hey, Mister, you owe me \$50!

Kelly is stunned. Bruce is mortified.

BRUCE

Just a second...

KACEY

And we still need to have sex!

As Bruce stammers, Kacey pats the ground, like that's  
where they should do it.

KACEY (CONT'D)

Right here would work.

(to Kelly)

Hey, B-cup, got a blanket we could  
borrow?

KELLY

Who is this?

BRUCE

She's a...

KACEY

(catches him)

Technically I'm still a "he"...

Bruce's shoulders sag as he realizes the truth is only  
going to get him in more trouble, but...

BRUCE

"He" is a...

(mumbling real fast)

...famoussingingprostitute...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

KACEY

Toss in another twenty-five bucks  
and I'll do her too.

KELLY

(to Bruce, disgusted)  
My God. You really are a total  
waste of skin.

Torn between Kacey's demands and Kelly's disgust, Bruce  
turns to Kelly.

BRUCE

Just... wait!

Frustrated, Bruce runs back to Kacey and peels out \$50.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

For Christ's sake, just take it  
and go!

He starts back toward Kelly, then stops, lowering his  
voice to Kacey.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(pig latin)  
I'll take a raincheck on the ex-  
say a little ater-lay.

As Kacey takes the money and leaves, Bruce runs back to  
Kelly as she shoves even more papers into the bin. He's  
about to say something when he notices the "papers" all  
consist of Bruce Campbell memorabilia.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Kelly, listen to me, we don't have  
time to...  
(shocked)  
Hey! Those are my posters!

KELLY

Jeff asked me to purge his  
trailer. It was my pleasure.

She stuffs a MINDWARP poster into the flames.

BRUCE

Sweet Jesus! That's the limited  
edition "B" style!

KELLY

Plenty more where that came from.  
(annoyed)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

KELLY (CONT'D)

Are you still here? Don't you  
have a bad movie to make?

Kelly pulls an Ash "Army Of Darkness" action figure from  
the bed of the pick-up and tosses it into the flames as  
Bruce winces.

BRUCE

A couple, actually. But the truth  
is... I haven't been able to stop  
thinking about you.

KELLY

Oh please.

She shakes her head derisively as Bruce takes a step  
closer, just inches away from her.

BRUCE

I know it sounds crazy. I mean, we  
barely know each other. But I  
think... I think I'm in...

KELLY

You wanna move that hand?

PULL OUT and REVEAL Bruce's hand jammed down the back of  
Kelly's pants. Bruce pulls out his hand, chagrined.

BRUCE

Okay. So maybe it's over between  
us. At least let me help you  
rescue Jeff.

Kelly stops in the midst of jamming another poster into  
the flames, startled.

KELLY

Jeff needs to be rescued?

BRUCE

He called me this morning. He's  
going after the Guan-Di!

KELLY

WHAT?

BRUCE

I thought you knew!

Kelly looks toward the sky, the sun close to setting.

KELLY

Oh my God! It'll be dark soon.  
(intense)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

KELLY (CONT'D)

We need to get the town together,  
now!

As Kelly grabs a cell-phone from her pocket, frantically punching a number, Bruce tries to pluck the smoldering Bruce doll from the flames...

INT. KELLY'S BAR - NIGHT

A group of grumbling townfolk, several sporting new splints, bandages on their faces, crutches and other medical evidence of Bruce shooting spree have gathered in Kelly's bar. A rumble of discontent magnifies into open rebellion when

BRUCE appears. As if on cue, the entire mob surges forward and grabs Bruce, pinning him against the wall, punching him.

BRUCE

OWWW! Wait! OWW! A boy's life  
OWW hangs in UMPH the balance!

KELLY

Stop it! Now!

The angry ROAR subsides. The crowd, still holding Bruce, turns toward Kelly.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Let him talk.

Bruce stares into their faces, all seething with sheer rage, then...

BRUCE

Look, rural folk, I know I let you  
down... and I'm sorry. But the  
callow movie star who came into  
your lives yesterday is not the  
man standing before you today.

The Townfolk release Bruce and take a step back, tentatively giving Bruce a moment to redeem himself.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

That's right. It took the faith  
of a kid like Jeff, and the  
decency of a good woman like Kelly  
to help me see the light. In the  
last twenty four hours, I've  
learned a little something about  
honor. Respect.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
(he looks at Kelly)  
Maybe even love.

This time even Kelly is touched by Bruce's sentiment.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Man's not much if he can't own up  
to his mistakes. So I'm here to  
apologize, but more importantly,  
to makes this right.  
(heartfelt)  
I'm not just asking you for a  
second chance. I'm begging you  
for one.

There's a long moment of silence. Bruce stands there a  
moment, then REVERSE THE ANGLE, revealing that the room  
is COMPLETELY EMPTY. Everyone just left, except Kelly.

KELLY  
You moved 'em, all right.

EXT. CHINESE GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

The gates loom in the darkness as headlights wash across  
the gate. After a moment, Jeff steps from his car,  
grabbing a rifle and a flashlight. As he closes the car  
door, a breeze kicks up a flutter of leaves that wash  
across the old tombstones.

JEFF  
Okay. *This* was a bad idea.

As Jeff stares at the moldering graves...

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

Rocks begin to rattle, signaling the re-emergence of the  
demonic Guan-Di. As the rock-fall clatters...

EXT. CHINESE CEMETARY - NIGHT

Jeff hears the rocks moving and gets the creeps.

JEFF  
Scratch "maybe."

As Jeff nervously holds his position, rifle in hand,  
waiting for the Guan-Di to emerge...



INT. KELLY'S PICK-UP/EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Kelly hunched over the wheel, steaming mad. Bruce is sitting beside her, reeling from her verbal assault. As they tear down the road, the last vestiges of sunlight disappearing behind the trees...

KELLY

Big ass movie-star. Haven't you ever heard of a TELEPHONE?! No, YOU had to waste eight hours DRIVING all the way back.

BRUCE

Thought chick's got off on the whole mano a mano thing.

KELLY

Mano a moron, you mean...

Bruce glances through the back cab window, looking at the Bruce Campbell memorabilia scattered in the truck bed. Posters, cardboard standees and even scripts.

BRUCE

Wait a minute.

Light-bulb going off, Bruce reaches through the window into the back truck bed...

KELLY

Don't mess around. My demolition supplies are back there.

Bruce looks again, noticing a wooden crate that says DYNAMITE.

BRUCE

You keep a crate of dynamite in your truck?

KELLY

You don't?

Bruce doesn't have an answer to that. He fumbles a little more, pulling back with a handful of OLD SCRIPTS.

KELLY (CONT'D)

What are you doing with those?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE

Listen, sister, maybe your idea of a "plan" is to tap this Guan-Di on the shoulder and "pretty-please" him to death, but seems to me we're gonna need more than that.

KELLY

And you think you're can find it in one of your old scripts?

BRUCE

Brilliant Hollywood writers spent weeks on these stories!

KELLY

Gimme a break...

BRUCE

Rising action, character arcs, set ups and pay offs...

KELLY

I've seen better plots in a Bazooka Joe comic!

Bruce sneers at the insult, flipping open a script. He reads a second, then...

BRUCE

This could work -- where's the closest oceanic oil drilling platform?

KELLY

Ireland.

Miffed, Bruce tosses that script out the window, opens another.

BRUCE

You got any abandoned steel mills with giant vats of molten metal?

Kelly shakes her head "no." Bruce tosses that one, tries again.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Extensive cave systems with cannibal bats underneath an active volcano?

Kelly shakes her head no again. Out goes another script.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

An island full of mutated giant gorillas? No, wait, I died in that one...

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Kelly suddenly veers off the main road, taking the same dirt road we saw Jeff and Clayton take earlier. As Bruce SLAMS against the side of the truck from the turn...

BRUCE

UMPH!

(rubbing his head)

Do you even know where you're going?

KELLY

Jeff's friends were killed outside an old Chinese cemetery. I'm guessing that's...

BRUCE

(cuts her off)

Lady, guesswork is the last thing we need right now.

She points out the window at a sign nailed to a tree. "Jeff's this way!"

KELLY

The signs help.

They careen down the dirt road, coming up on the...

EXT. CEMETARY - NIGHT

Bruce and Kelly pull up to the old cemetery, a waft of dust rolling over them as they park next to Jeff's car. Kelly jumps out and looks in Jeff's vehicle, scared when she realizes he's gone.

KELLY

Oh my God. He's gone.

(yelling)

Jeff! JEFF!

No answer. As Kelly gets more concerned.

BRUCE

Boy's got any sense, he's probably hightailing it back to town.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY

If he had any sense, he wouldn't  
have called you.

(yelling)

JEFF! JEFF!!

As Kelly continues calling, Bruce reaches into Kelly's  
truck and grabs a rifle off the gun rack.

BRUCE

We'd better split up. You go  
around to the right, I'll go...

(bumps into someone)

AHHHH!!

Bruce YELPS as he turns around, realizing he bumped into  
JEFF, who was standing right behind him.

KELLY

Jeff!

As Kelly runs toward her son, Bruce notices that Jeff's  
frozen in fear, his eyes wide and staring.

JEFF

(eyes fixed)

Hi, Bruce.

With trepidation, Bruce follows Jeff's stare across the  
graveyard, to...

THE FEARSOME GUAN-DI, looming in the shadows, sword  
gleaming in the moonlit darkness. As Kelly reaches Jeff,  
pulling him close in a hug, she also sees the demonic  
creature.

Oh no...

Rifle in hand, Bruce steps in front of Kelly and Jeff.

BRUCE

Stay behind me.

(cocks rifle)

Things heat up, Mr. Winchester's  
gonna get mighty nervous.

Suddenly, the stand-off is broken when another figure  
enters, just in front of the Guan-Di. It's old WING, the  
bowling Chinese wise man!

WING

Mr. Campbell. So you have  
returned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRUCE  
That's right, Wing.

WING  
You think you can destroy Guan-Di?  
Destroy the protector of the dead?  
You're a fool!

BRUCE  
Pot meet kettle, pajama-man.

WING  
Don't you see? The demon is under  
my command... exacting my revenge  
against those who have scorned  
me... he's nothing more than an  
empty-headed vessel doing my  
bidding...

The Guan-Di looks down at Wing with a cranky "huh?  
What'd you say?" look.

BRUCE  
Uhh --

KELLY  
Mr. Wing! He's right behind you!

Wing LAUGHS at Kelly's concern, pulling a small packet of  
food from his Chinese robe.

WING  
I have nothing to fear from Guan-  
Di, for I have come with the  
sacred bean curd.

Bruce glances toward that mottled sign at the mouth of  
the graveyard. PRO ECTE FO THOSE WH DIE . BEWA E HOSE  
WITHOUT EAN URD.

BRUCE  
Kelly, that sign!  
(beat)  
"Protected for those who died...  
beware those without bean curd!"  
Of course!

Wing laughs at Bruce, Kelly and Jeff, taking an enormous  
bite of the (rank) bean curd.

WING  
(curd spilling from  
his mouth)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WING (CONT'D)

You see! HA HA HA HA!! Mmmm,  
good!

While Wing is chuckling, the Guan-Di is getting seriously pissed. He rises to his full height behind Wing, eyes blazing red with rage.

BRUCE

Wait a sec. Didn't you say the  
Guan-Di protects the *dead* --

ZOOM IN on Wing, bean curd still spilling from his mouth, as he glances back and sees the Guan-Di's demonic, angry eyes glowing over him. Bean curd still spilling from his mouth, Wing suddenly realizes he's hosed.

WING

Good poin --

The Guan-Di suddenly LASHES OUT, his silver blade lopping off Wing's head with one savage whack! Bean curd goes flying as the Guan-Di turns his demonic red eyes toward Bruce and Kelly.

KELLY

Bruce --

Bruce contemplates his next move, snapping his fingers as he gets an idea.

BRUCE

Wait, wait one minute...  
(remembering)  
There was one other script... I  
did pass on it... more like a  
rewrite... actually, I saved the  
thing, Writer's Guild screwed me  
out of my credit...

KELLY

Bruce, what is it?!

Bruce suddenly raises his rifle and aims it, NOT at the Guan-Di but at the tree branches over the Guan-Di's head.

BRUCE

Sweet little number that goes  
something like this --

Bruce FIRES! The bullet hits a branch over the Guan-Di's head and splits it off, sending it dropping straight toward the demon. The Guan-Di looks up as the branch comes down --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MISSING HIM BY INCHES and crashing into a pile of LOGS by the Guan-Di's feet. The impact dislodges the logs and sends them rolling out of the graveyard...

STRAIGHT TOWARD BRUCE, KELLY AND JEFF.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

RUN!!

Kelly and Jeff bolt, but Bruce TRIPS over a fallen branch and pancakes to the ground as the Guan-Di approaches.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Kelly! Jeff! Run!

As they sprint off, the Guan-Di reaches Bruce and PICKS HIM UP BY THE SCRUFF OF HIS SHIRT...

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Aiyaiyaiyai...

Then the Guan-Di THROWS Bruce across the graveyard. Bruce SLAMS into one of the old markers and slides to the ground, groaning. He's struggling to pick himself up when the Guan-Di suddenly looms over him, grabbing him and

HURLING BRUCE into Kelly's pick-up. Bruce's ass crunches in the windshield, then he rolls off and hits the dirt. As Bruce tries to get up, the Guan-Di's shadow looms over him again.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Wait... can't we talk this  
ouWWWW...

The Guan-Di lifts Bruce to his feet so they're looking at each other eye to eye, then the Guan-Di SLAMS his palm into Bruce's chest.

ETHEREAL FIRE explodes from the contact as Bruce's eyes flutter, stretching into an "oriental" configuration and turning demonic red. He's been

POSSESSED by the Guan-Di!

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(growling)

Nhhgrrrrrrr...

The Guan-Di releases Bruce and he staggers back, walking jerkily, like a puppet on a string...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Am... u... let...

EXT. WOOD - NIGHT

Kelly and Jeff are racing through the moonlit woods, around trees and dense foliage, desperate to get away.

KELLY

Hurry, Jeff, run!

JEFF

(over shoulder)

But, but what about...

SUDDENLY THE POSSESSED BRUCE springs up in front of them. Kelly SCREAMS as Jeff SLAMS right into him.

Bruce's hand SNAPS OUT and grab Jeff around the throat, choking him. His other hand reaches for Jeff's pocket, and the Asian amulet (which has been there since Jeff put it there, back in his trailer).

BRUCE

(possessed)

You... *released* Guan-Di... took am-u-let...

KELLY

Bruce! What are you doing?

As Jeff chokes, unable to break free, Kelly tries to punch Bruce away, but he's too strong.

KELLY (CONT'D)

For God's sakes, Bruce! Let him go!

Desperate, Kelly finds a heavy branch on the ground and swings it like a BASEBALL BAT, smashing it across the back of Bruce's head. But the limb simply disintegrates into dust as Bruce continues to choke Jeff.

BRUCE

(possessed)

...took... keeeeyyyy... beaaannn curd...

KELLY

Oh God oh God oh God...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Desperate, getting an idea, Kelly picks up on the possessed Bruce's last comment and BOLTS back toward the graveyard.

EXT. CHINESE CEMETARY - NIGHT

Kelly races to Wing's decapitated body. Looking for something, she kneels by Wing's corpse, prying open his dead hand...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Kelly runs back into the woods. Jeff is faltering, gasping as possessed Bruce continues to choke him. Suddenly,

KELLY rushes up to the demonic Bruce and STUFFS a handful of bean-curd into his mouth!

KELLY

Suck on that, hell-demon! Let him go!

Bean curd dribbling from his possessed lips, Bruce releases Jeff, rears back and ROARS toward the Heavens. Spitting curd into the sky. Then, spent, Bruce drops to his knees, head down, gasping. Not willing to take any chances,

KELLY finds another thick branch and raises it, preparing for a killing stroke. She hesitates, just for a moment, eyes filling with unexpected tears...

KELLY (CONT'D)

I... I'm sorry...

As she swings, Bruce's hand suddenly SNAPS UP and catches her wrist mid-swing. Bruce's head is still down, so for an instant we don't know if this is real or Memorex-Demon Bruce until...

HE LOOKS UP. His eyes clear, back to normal. Slowly shaking his head "no" as he stands, savoring Kelly's relief.

BRUCE

You're sorry. That bean-curd tastes like...

The heroic moment is muted when Jeff, angry after being choked, KICKS BRUCE IN THE BALLS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE (CONT'D)

OOmphhhh!!

JEFF

Son of a bitch, you tried to kill me!

BRUCE

(pained voice)

No... it was the demon... the one *without balls*...

Still in agony, Bruce shows them the amulet.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

And this... is what it's after.

KELLY

Costume jewelry?

BRUCE

Not quite.

(glaring at Jeff)

Genius here took it when he unleashed Hari-Kari-Larry. It's a sacred amulet, the one that brings peace to the Guan-Di and the souls of the dead. You know. Just THE WHOLE REASON WE'RE HERE!

KELLY

Easy. We can play the blame game later. Question is, what do we do now?

Bruce pulls himself together. Looks into the darkness.

BRUCE

What else you got in that truck of yours?

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

OPEN TIGHT on a smiling, heroic Bruce Campbell face. Slowly PULL BACK to reveal it's actually a CARDBOARD STANDEE from the CAVEALIEN movie, featuring Bruce in his uniform. The box of DYNAMITE right behind it.

The Standee is perched between some fallen rocks in the mouth of the cave. CONTINUE PULLING BACK to reveal Bruce and Kelly rolling demolition wire out away from the standee, toward a

EXT. DARK SPOT IN WOODS NEAR CAVE - NIGHT

Bruce and Kelly bring the wire back to Jeff, waiting with the dynamite plunger.

BRUCE

Way I figure it, this demon has a serious hard-on for yours truly. When he spots my puss on his doorstep he's gonna go Pearl Harbor, and that's when we drop the mountain on his Jackie-Chan ass.

KELLY

Sounds risky.

BRUCE

Yeah. That's our only standee. But right now it's our only...

In the distance, they HEAR the demonic YOWL of the Guan-Di. Jeff, hooking up the wires to an old-fashioned "shove the handle down" detonator box, shivers.

JEFF

Jesus. He's coming back.

As they finish their preparations, Bruce looks Kelly and Jeff in the eye.

BRUCE

Look, however this turns out, I just want you both to know...

Kelly and Jeff both take a breath, like they know the sentiment that Bruce is going for...

BRUCE (CONT'D)

...that I'll never forgive you for dragging me out here.

In the distance, the Guan-Di moves out of the woods into the moonlight. His gleaming sword WET with blood. As he nears the cave entrance...

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Hold... hold it... wait until he's inside the cave...

The Guan-Di sees the smiling Bruce standee in the cave entrance and REARS BACK, GROWLING. With a samurai change, it runs at the standee, blade high.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE (CONT'D)

He's seen it! Easy... easy...

But just as it seems it's going to take the bait and go into the cave entrance, the Guan-Di STOPS. Like it senses something's wrong.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Shit.

KELLY

What's wrong?

BRUCE

He's not buying it! Shit! That's a great likeness, too.

JEFF

What are we going to do?

Bruce collects himself, shaking his head. Can't believe he's about to do this...

BRUCE

Wait here. I'm going in.

KELLY

Bruce, wait! That's suicide!

BRUCE

You're right.

Bruce shoves his rifle into Kelly's hands.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You'd better do it.

JEFF

Bruce, the Guan-Di's going to be looking for you.

BRUCE

Kay-rist....

(takes gun back)

All right. I'll try to lure him into the cave. The second he does inside, you drop that plunger. Got me?

Bruce is about to take off when...

KELLY

Bruce! Wait.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She suddenly, impulsively pulls Bruce into a tight embrace. They look into each other's eyes, then, just as they're about to kiss...

KELLY (CONT'D)

You wanna move that hand?

Bruce looks down, surprised. PULL BACK to reveal that for once, he's NOT groping her.

BRUCE

But I...

Kelly smiles, takes his hands and pulls them around her in a passionate embrace. Then they kiss, passionate, the kind of kiss a girl gives a guy right before he heads off to war. As they finally break...

KELLY

For luck.

BRUCE

Another kiss like that, I could win the lottery.

Bruce nods back to Jeff, poised over the plunger, then BOLTS FOR THE CAVE ENTRANCE.

EXT. CAVE

The Guan-Di turns as it hears Bruce running toward him.

BRUCE

All right, Top Ramen, let's do this!

The Guan-Di raises his sword, the steel glinting in the moonlight, as Bruce runs at him and TACKLES HIM STRAIGHT BACK INTO THE CAVE.

EXT. DARK SPOT OUTSIDE CAVE - NIGHT

Jeff realizes it's time to do the deed, but he's frozen over the plunger.

KELLY

Jeff!

JEFF

Mom, I... I can't!  
(anguished)  
It... it's Bruce Campbell!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY

I know how much he means to you...  
how much he means to audiences the  
world over... but right now,  
you've got to ask yourself one  
question.

(beat)

What would Bruce Campbell do?

Jeff thinks a moment, then shrugs and SLAMS DOWN the  
plunger!

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

The cave entrance EXPLODES in a plume of fire and rock.  
As the explosion settles, dust and smoke billowing, an  
eerie quiet falls across the scene.

KELLY and JEFF slowly move toward the cave entrance.  
It's completely sealed by fallen rock. Horrified by what  
they've done, Jeff and Kelly drop to their knees outside  
the blast area.

BRUCE'S SMILING FACE, torn from the shattered standee,  
grins at them from the dusty boulders.

JEFF

I... I can't believe he's gone.

Suddenly there's a RATTLE of rock by the cave entrance.  
Kelly and Jeff turn, fearing the worst, stunned to see

BRUCE'S BLOODIED HAND clawing out of the rubble.

KELLY/JEFF

BRUCE!!!!

They rush over and throw away some of the rocks, pulling  
Bruce free. He's battered and bloodied, but alive.

BRUCE

Somebody get the license number of  
that truck?

As they pull Bruce out, he makes a point of taking the  
stolen amulet from his pocket and JAMMING it into the  
rocks.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

And STAY there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wobbly, Bruce takes Kelly's hand, and with Jeff beside them, they begin to limp away from the cave. It's a quiet moment, the horror finally winding down.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Just got one request, Jeff.

JEFF  
Anything, Bruce.

BRUCE  
Next time you release an ancient Chinese demon, call that Buffy chick, will ya?

As they all share a movie-ending laugh...

THE GUAN-DI BURSTS OUT OF THE ROCKS behind them. In SLOW MOTION, Bruce, Kelly and Jeff turn in horror as the monster ROARS toward them, sword high, about to kill them...

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
CUT!  
(regular motion)  
Cut cut cut cut CUT!

All action stops. The Guan-Di pulls up short, puzzled. Kelly and Jeff take a step back, watching as Bruce goes out of character.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
This isn't working.  
(re: Kelly)  
First of all, could props swing a little mouthie-washie for Ms. Romania 1992? Kissing this broad's like licking a cat's ass.

KELLY  
(Romanian accent)  
Up yours.

PULL BACK to reveal we're on an EXTERIOR MOVIE SET. A gaffer's truck nearby reads ROMANIAN LIGHTING SERVICES. As the crew chatter in ROMANIAN, the DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY (the same guy we saw shooting CAVEALIEN) steps into frame.

DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY  
What's the problem, B.C.?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRUCE

A blind man could see it! The audience is going to be totally invested in my character by this point. We pull the ol' "surprise, they all die" ending, we're gonna lose 'em.

(slaps Fred on the back)

People love me, Fred. They want me to win.

DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY

But...

BRUCE

Don't argue with the muse.

Bruce paces a moment, snapping his fingers, the picture of "the creative process." Finally, triumphant, like he's hit on the solution...

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Pack up these potato eaters. We're moving on...

EXT. COUNTRY HOME - DAY

A lovely little country home on a bright sunny day. After a moment,

KELLY, wearing a pretty summer dress, steps out, smiling broadly as BRUCE comes down the walk, jaunty and heroic.

BRUCE

Sore eyes, meet sight-for. I could use some serious feel-good about now.

KELLY

Step right up, movie-star.

As they sweep back in a romantic kiss, Jeff, now dressed like a college preppy, walks out on the porch, smiling at all the love on display. As Bruce and Kelly break off their kiss, Jeff unfolds an official looking letter.

JEFF

Guys, guess what! I was just accepted to Yale!

Bruce and Kelly both rush to Jeff, pulling him close.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BRUCE

Told you that C average wouldn't  
matter!

(pulls them together)

Come on. Group hug!

As they hold one another, savoring their new, perfect  
lives, suddenly a shadow washes over them. As they turn,  
eyes going wide in horror, reveal

THE GUAN-DI standing over them, raising his sword and  
SCHWACK --

(THIS COULD BE THE END, WITH THE FOLLOWING RUNNING  
BETWEEN THE CREDITS)

INT. EDITING ROOM - DAY

With the Guan-Di image frozen on a small screen, Bruce  
leans back from a flatbed, enraptured with the conclusion  
of his latest masterpiece. He gives his weary editor a  
nudge.

BRUCE

Perfecto. Fanboy's will be  
creaming their jeans over the  
false ending.

(cocky, to editor)

Take three more seconds off  
Kelly's close-up... no, make it  
five... and hold on me. Then give  
me a fade and a dissolve... pre-  
lap that dialogue... show me some  
magic, baby!

Suddenly there's another demonic RUMBLE. The editing  
room SHAKES. Cocky Bruce suddenly looks nervous... what  
the hell is going on? Suddenly the fierce Guan-Di demon

BURSTS INTO THE EDITING ROOM

and careens toward a SCREAMING BRUCE (just like the  
ending of the first EVIL DEAD). CUT TO:

INT. SCREENING ROOM - DAY

ON SCREEN, the violent editing room scene fades to black.  
Bruce leans back in a comfy chair in the plush screening  
room, puffing a stogie, savoring the completion of his  
latest epic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE

*Two trick endings! Get my  
publicist on the phone and tell  
her to book my tickets to the  
Saturn Awards. 'cause we've got a  
winner!*

*(hits intercom)*

*Okay, Morrie, roll it again!*

Bruce leans back, savoring his smoke, when suddenly we hear another RUMBLE... and Guan-Di suddenly LEAPS ACROSS THE SCREENING ROOM and lunges at Bruce as he stands and SCREAMS, mimicking (again) the end of EVIL DEAD...

FADE OUT.