

UPRIGHT CITIZENS BRIGADE - SKETCH 101

ALL SKETCHES WRITTEN BY CHI LAUGHLIN

THE GRAMMAR NAZI

INT. BARCLAYS CENTER - NETS GAME - FRONT ROW

Two white men, MARK and RANDY, sit front row at a Nets game. The seat next to Mark is empty.

RANDY

Dude, these seats are amazing!

MARK

Right? There's something to be said for having a little dirt on your boss.

RANDY

Hell yeah!

They fist bump.

RANDY (CONT'D)

I thought your brother-in-law was supposed to meet us.

MARK

Yeah, he said he got caught in some traffic. Say, listen, man. About Tucker... I feel like I should warn you...

RANDY

What?

MARK

It's just...he can be a bit of a grammar nazi.

RANDY

Okay.

(laughing)

That's it?

MARK

Sometimes it rubs people the wrong

way.

RANDY
Relax. I'm sure I can handle it.

MARK
(relieved)
Thanks, man. Oh, here he comes now.

TUCKER, in a zipped up windbreaker, makes his way to the empty seat and greets Mark and Randy.

TUCKER
Holy shit, bro. Have you got some dirt on your boss or something? These seats are incredible!

MARK
What's up, man? This is my buddy, Randy. Randy, Tucker.

The two shake hands, then Tucker punches Mark playfully on the arm.

TUCKER
Jack Nicholson over here sitting court side.

RANDY
Right? We're gonna be directly in front of those tv cameras all night long.

TUCKER
Get ready for your SportsCenter moment!

Tucker takes off his windbreaker, and for the first time we see that he's wearing a red white and black Nazi flag t-shirt.

RANDY
Whoa! WHOA! What the hell, man! Why would you come here with that on?

TUCKER
(suddenly fierce, threatening)
You need to be real careful how you talk to me, friend. I know you're tight with Mark here, so I'm gonna let this one slide, but you are not going

to come at me like that, ending your sentence with a preposition.

RANDY

What?!?

MARK

It should be, *Why would you come here wearing that shirt?*

RANDY

(momentarily forgetting his anger)
Are you sure? Because the way I said it felt really natural to me.

TUCKER

Rules are rules.

RANDY

(outraged again)
You know what I meant.

TUCKER

And rules are still rules. I'm wearing this shirt to represent. Blacks have a place on the court. Jews have a place in the front office. There needs to be a place for proud whites like us to make a stand.

RANDY

No no no! There's no *us*. Don't lump me in with you like that because I'm white. You and me have nothing in common. Nothing!

Mark shakes his head.

TUCKER

I guess not. One of us is a proud Aryan and the other doesn't know the difference between subject and object pronouns.

RANDY

Wait...what???

MARK

You and I have nothing in common. You said you and me.

RANDY

(to Tucker)

Well you're gonna get your ass kicked wearing that shirt--I hope you do--but I don't want anybody thinking we're here together or that I'm okay with this shit. Okay? And I could care less what you think about my fucking grammar.

TUCKER

I'm not so sure you could care less. If lazy whites like you cared more about the sanctity of our institutions, this great country might not be overrun with foreigners and minorities right now.

MARK

I could not care less.

RANDY

Fuck you, Mark!

MARK

(quietly)

That one's not so much grammar but usage.

Randy gets up to leave.

RANDY (CONT'D)

And fuck you, asshole! I hope they get this on SportsCenter.

Randy throws an aggressive middle finger at Tucker and storms off. Tucker crosses his arms and watches the basketball game, pretending not to be bothered.

MARK

Jesus Christ, man.

Mark lets out an exasperated sigh.

MARK

How many times do I have to tell you? No one likes it when you correct their grammar!

Blackout.

THE INITIATION

INT. BIKER BAR

A gang of OUTLAW BIKERS are crowded together, kicking the shit out of a new PROSPECT. Some hold chains, broken bottles or brass knuckles, and they all wear leather vests that read "FREAKS - NEW YORK".

VIPER

That's enough!!!

The gang stop fighting and step aside, revealing the Prospect, disheveled and a little bloody.

VIPER

(to the Prospect)

You done good...real good.

He puts a friendly hand on the Prospect's shoulder.

VIPER

You're a Freak now, brother. One of us!!!

OTHER BIKERS

(chanting)

One. Of. Us. One. Of. Us. One. Of. Us.

As they chant, one of the Bikers hands the Prospect a leather vest of his own and he puts it on.

PROSPECT

Thanks, Viper. I knew I wouldn't let you down. If I couldn't be a Freak...man, you could just curb stomp me now and put me out of my misery.

TORCH

You got some real high-octane balls, man.

CHAINSAW

Hell yeah, motherfucker, one of us!

From the back of the crowd, another biker pushes through. He's smaller than the others, clean cut and modest. Beneath his leather vest, he wears a white short-sleeved, button-down shirt. This is TOM.

TOM

Hi! Welcome to the Freaks! I'm Tom.
I'm the club's HR rep. We're excited
to have you. You excited?

PROSPECT

Hell yeah!

TOM

Excellent. We've just got a few
details we need to iron out to
complete your onboarding. Then you'll
be *one of us*, officially.

PROSPECT

Right on! I'm ready to fuck some shit
up!

TOM

Outstanding.

(handing him a packet of forms)
This has your W-4 and direct deposit
information. You'll get paid on the
7th and 21st of each month, but that
payment won't come from the Freaks
Motorcycle Club. It'll come from our
parent corporation, Happy Puppy
Technologies. Some new hires find that
a little confusing.

PROSPECT

(clearly confused)

Okay...but the name on the patch still
says Freaks, right?

TOM

Oh, absolutely. Now, that vest is only
a loaner until we order one with your
name on it, but we do have a few
issues with your current handle.

PROSPECT

You don't like *Snatch Smasher*?

TOM

Oh, I love it, but it's not
really...*on brand*...with our current
vision for the club. Don't worry. I
had Dave in Marketing come up with
some alternatives.

(handing him a list)

Obviously, you get to choose, but I kinda liked Fang, Reaper and Eightball. Dave is so good at these.

PROSPECT

I don't care, man. As long as I get to fuck some shit up!

TOM

Wonderful. I'll just put Eightball on the form.

A COLLEGE KID walks through, carrying a tray of coffees.

COLLEGE KID

Who got the Large Frappuccino?

TOM

That was mine.

VIPER

You sure, Tom? I thought that was mine.

TOM

(to PROSPECT)

This is Kyle, our intern. He usually goes on a coffee run at two, so if you want anything, just get your order in before then.

PROSPECT

(really confused)

Wait. You send this kid out for Starbucks??

All of the Bikers grow silently hostile, ready to fight again.

VIPER

Fuck Starbucks, man. You're a Freak now. You drink Dunkin Donuts.

COLLEGE KID

Viper, this is yours. Large frappuccino with soy.

Viper takes the coffee and glares at Kyle.

VIPER

The fuck you looking at?

Kyle hurries off.

VIPER

(smiling)

Reminds me of when I was an intern.

PROSPECT

(frustrated)

I don't know about any of this shit, man! I just want to be a Freak! Run some guns, do a little blow, bust up some cops... I came here to fuck some shit up.

TOM

We know! That attitude is exactly what set you apart from the other candidates we interviewed. Listen, man. We all want to fuck some shit up. It's our mission statement. But we also want to disrupt some shit in this industry. And we can only do that if everyone here is on the same page. Everyone.

Tom puts a gentle hand on the Prospect's shoulder.

TOM

There is no "I" in "gang", brother.

PROSPECT

(humble)

I'm sorry, Tom. I really appreciate this opportunity. I won't let you down, I swear.

TOM

We know you won't, Eightball. Also, moving forward, if you're going to post any photos or tweets, could you please use the hashtag #oneofus? It helps us build our social presence.

Blackout.

QUIET PLEASE

INT. LIBRARY STUDY AREA

Two librarians, ROBERTA and J, sit behind a reference desk. A sign on the desk reads "Quiet Please". J wears a denim jacket, hijab and a big ass pair of noise-canceling headphones. She works quietly, sorting through a pile of returned books and entering them into a computer.

Roberta wears a blue flannel shirt over a mock turtleneck and drinks from a 32 oz coffee mug. She sits with her arms crossed and gazes out over the room, scanning the various library patrons like a prison guard manning the wall.

NOTE: All dialogue in normal type should be spoken softly, while dialogue in **boldface should be spoken at full volume.

ROBERTA

Because it's the third time that lady's called this week! I told her we don't have *Parasite*, but if it means that much to her, she should probably call the main branch and let them know. This isn't a Blockbuster Video, right? I've got more important things to do with my time than sit here on the phone with--**Shh!**

This is violent and explosive and aimed at some noisy visitor. Roberta stares daggers at the offender, waiting a beat before she continues to J.

ROBERTA

Right? And I've still got to sort out all of those new Young Adult titles we got in on Wednesday. It's a very big shipment and those books aren't just going to--**Shh!**

This one is aimed at a different patron. Roberta takes a drink of her coffee and turns back to J.

ROBERTA

It's already Friday and I haven't even made a dent in that. Jesus, I'd be lost if you weren't here.

A woman approaches the reference desk.

WOMAN
Hi. I was just--

ROBERTA
Shh!

WOMAN
(quieter)
I wanted to know if--

ROBERTA
Shh!

WOMAN
(almost a whisper)
Do you have--

ROBERTA
Shhhh!

Roberta gestures for the woman to come close and mouths "Whisper".

The woman leans extremely close and puts her mouth up to Roberta's ear. She whispers her question, and as she does, Roberta nods several times in understanding. Finally, the woman pulls away.

ROBERTA
No. Shh!

The woman storms off, and Roberta suddenly notices someone else entering the room.

ROBERTA
(to J)
Oh my god. Don't look.

J is not going to look. She hasn't been looking or listening to any of this shit.

ROBERTA
It's that guy! *The* guy! The one from the Verizon store. Oh, just kill me now. That uniform is so adorable. Right? Do you think--**SHHHHHH!!!**

Roberta points to the guilty party. It's a ten year old boy.

ROBERTA

(to the boy)

Are you having trouble understanding me? Chitón! Chut! Akhrus! I've got ten bushels of shoosh back here and I can do this all day long!

BOY

I wasn't being loud.

ROBERTA

I WILL SHUSH YOU STRAIGHT TO HELL, MISTER!

She takes in a deep, meditation-style breath, then exhales.

ROBERTA

(to J)

Do you think he wants to ask me out? I'm serious. Because why else does he keep coming back in here? Right? He never checks anything out. I don't even know if he knows--**SHHHHHHH!!!** Goddammit, where is that kid's mom? Storytime ended over an hour ago!

ROBERTA

(to the boy)

You want to park on my bad side today? Huh? You want the dragon?

BOY

You're the one making noise.

ROBERTA

Fine. You have no one to blame for this but yourself.

Roberta pushes a button beneath the desk, causing the bulletin board behind her to part like theater curtains, revealing a large screen television and two theater sized speakers.

Roberta picks up a desktop PA microphone and holds it to her mouth.

ROBERTA

(pointing at the boy)

You did this.

She presses a button to activate the microphone and as she

does, the word **SHHHHH!!!** appears in large, bold, flashing letters that fill the screen, and Roberta's sustained shush BLASTS through the speakers like the voice of God, RATTLING the windows and causing the library patrons to hold their hands over their ears.

Roberta puts down the microphone and SILENCE returns. As if nothing has happened, she takes a sip of her coffee, then turns her attention back to the wandering Verizon Store Guy, who is now heading her way.

ROBERTA

(to J)

Oh my god. Here he comes. You have to talk to him. I can't. I get all tongue tied when I'm nervous. He's going to think I'm such a goofball. Does this shirt make me look like Kathy Bates? Thank god I have you here with me.

The VERIZON STORE GUY saunters up to the reference desk and leans on it with one hand.

ROBERTA

(quietly)

Hi. Can I help you?

VERIZON STORE GUY

(really fucking loud)

**MAYBE... I WAS WONDERING IF YOU'D LIKE
TO GET SOME COFFEE WITH ME SOMETIME.**

Roberta shudders violently until her head literally EXPLODES like the guy in *Scanners*.

J, unfazed, peels off her headphones.

J

I'm sorry, sir. Could you keep it down, please? This is a quiet area.

Blackout.

WHAT THE COLD DOES TO A MAN (FILM PARODY)

**NOTE: All dialogue should be in fake Swedish with subtitles

OVER BLACK: THE CRITERION COLLECTION LOGO...

...accompanied by the sound of CHURCH BELLS, a dog BARKING, and the stir of a dry, brittle WIND.

EXT. RURAL LANDSCAPE - DAY

In high-contrast, black and white photography, a COUNTRY PREACHER in a long black robe holds his hat securely to his head as he trudges across a snow-covered field towards a country church in the distance.

ON SCREEN TEXT: "Winner, Golden Bear - Berlinale, 1961".

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

The Preacher and his sparse CONGREGATION kneel, reciting in unison, their words accompanied by excessive puffs of condensation. Even indoors, the congregants wear heavy winter clothing.

ALL

We have not loved our neighbors as ourselves. We justly deserve Your present and eternal punishment. For the sake of Your Son, Jesus Christ, have mercy on us.

INT. RECTORY - DAY

The Preacher sits reading near the frost-covered window of his study, when something outside catches his eye. He stands to take a closer look.

EXT. RECTORY - CONTINUOUS

A beautiful young woman, CLARA, makes snow angels with children from the village. Behind her, we see the Preacher in his window, gazing out through a small gap in the frost.

INT./EXT. RECTORY - CONTINUOUS

PREACHER'S POV:

Clara laughs gaily, then drops to the ground, where she is largely obscured by the frost in the window.

To get a better view, the Preacher scrapes at the frost with his fingernails, but finds this largely ineffective.

He then grabs a letter opener from a nearby desk, but this offers little help.

Desperate, he pulls down a crucifix from the wall and uses it to rapidly SCRAPE the frost from the window.

Clara is suddenly aware of his presence. The Preacher stops scraping, smiles awkwardly, then holds up the crucifix and shakes it side to side as if to wave hello.

Just then, a WOMAN SCREAMS.

Everyone turns to see CLARA'S MOTHER, kneeling in the snow over the lifeless body of Clara's LITTLE BROTHER, frozen to death in the position of a snow angel.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A handful of MOURNERS gather around a gravesite, where the Preacher is delivering a funeral service. His faith shaken, the Preacher struggles to get the words out.

PREACHER

Receive this lamb into the arms
of...your mercy, into the blessed rest
of...of everlasting peace, and into
the glorious company of the
saints...the saints in light.

As he prays, Clara and some of the mourners comfort Clara's weeping mother, while the others hop up and down to keep warm, occasionally blowing on their hands and rubbing them together.

ALL

Amen.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

The others now gone, a GRAVEDIGGER drives his shovel into the frozen earth with a low, tinny THUD. The soil is too hard. He tries again, harder, but again has no luck.

GRAVEDIGGER

Dammit!

WIDE on the frustrated Gravedigger, surrounded by several broken shovels.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

TIGHT ON a small figurine of an angel, looking down beatifically. PULL BACK slowly to reveal the Gravedigger fastening the angel to the roof of a traditional, Snoopy-like dog house that's been erected at the gravesite.

The Gravedigger steps back to admire his work, and as he does, we PULL BACK further to reveal a child's two feet jutting out from the opening of the doghouse.

GRAVEDIGGER

(noticing the feet)

Dammit!

ON SCREEN TEXT READS: "CHILLING" - Andrew Sarris, The Village Voice

INT. PARLOUR - DAY

The Preacher sits in a modest parlour, having tea with Clara. He tries to stir his tea but the surface has frozen over. He CRACKS his spoon against the ice to break it.

CLARA

Can you really still believe in God?

PREACHER

I...I don't know.

CLARA

Do you still believe in heaven?

PREACHER

(pleading)

Help me, dear Clara. I don't know.

CLARA

Do you believe in hell?

PREACHER

(his nerves shot)

I must! Please! I must believe in someplace warmer than this.

ON SCREEN TEXT READS: "Gave me goosebumps" - Pauline Kael, Film Quarterly

INT. RECTORY - DAY

Clara finds the rectory door open and lets herself in.

CLARA

Hello??

She searches the house for the Preacher. At the end of a long hallway, she comes to an OPEN DOOR, and quietly peers inside.

CLARA'S POV

Thinking himself alone, the Preacher stands before a dresser and pulls off his long, black robe. Beneath it, he wears a long white flannel nightshirt.

Clara takes a deep breath and watches intently.

The Preacher takes off the nightshirt, beneath which, he wears a heavy wool sweater and breeches.

Clara puts a finger to her lips.

The Preacher takes off the sweater, beneath which he wears a heavy shirt and suspenders. He takes these off and reveals a white dress shirt, then an undershirt, then long flannel underwear, then a tank top and knickers.

Clara's lip quivers.

With his back to Clara, the Preacher finally takes off the remainder of his clothes, revealing dozens of scars across his back, the marks of self-flagellation.

Clara gasps.

Startled, the naked Preacher turns around and discovers her in the doorway. He sees her eyes quickly dart down to his crotch.

Shocked, she runs off. The Preacher immediately covers himself and calls out after her.

PREACHER

No! Clara, wait!! Please! I can explain. You must understand... This is, it's just what the cold does to a man!

ON SCREEN TEXT READS: "Recalls *Nanook of the North* in its raw depiction of human beings in really cold places." - Bosley

Crowther, The New York Times

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

The Preacher stands alone before the altar. He's been praying himself into a frenzy and shaking his fists at the image of Christ on the giant crucifix before him.

PREACHER

WHY?? Why, O Lord...must it be so, so cold here? There are so many trees. We could build a fire. Or use coal or natural gas! Please, Lord. Solar panels. Anything. This is ridiculous!

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The Preacher, dressed in shirtsleeves and suspenders, runs with wild abandon through the snowy countryside.

INT. CLARA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Preacher bursts through the front door, surprising Clara, her grieving mother, and the rest of their family.

PREACHER

Clara!

The Preacher rips open his shirt.

Clara steps close to him and slowly reaches a hand towards his naked chest. Before she even touches the skin, her eyes grow wide in amazement. Warmth!

CLARA

It's a miracle...

TITLE: WHAT THE COLD DOES TO A MAN

INT. CLARA'S HOUSE - SAME

Back in Clara's house, Clara and her family have all gathered around the Preacher like hobos around a barrel fire, warming their hands in the heat emanating from his chest.

Blackout.

UNIVERSAL ORLANDO RESORTS (COMMERCIAL PARODY)

This is an upbeat sizzle reel for the amusement park, made up largely of self-captured footage of real guests having the time of their lives inside the resort. The music is exciting and intense. The editing is fast and dynamic. All of this comes together to capture the spectacle and awe-inspiring wonder of Universal Resorts Orlando.

EXT. UNIVERSAL ORLANDO RESORT

A laughing YOUNG WOMAN spins around, swinging her selfie stick in a wide arc to capture herself in front of the iconic Universal fountain/globe.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is adventure.

A YOUNG MAN walks towards Hogwarts, capturing a selfie video with the wizard school visible in the background.

YOUNG MAN

This is amazing! We're actually going to Hogwarts.

(shouting in bad English accent)

Harry!!

A roller coaster zips past a statue of the Incredible Hulk.

A FAMILY poses for a selfie in front of a robot velociraptor. The dinosaur ROARS and the family go bug-eyed with SCREAMS and LAUGHTER.

INT. BEDROOM SET

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)

Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

In the center of the frame, two middle-aged DADS dressed in pastel polo shirts stand with their mouths agape, watching what appears to be a live sex act just below the camera.

A soft focus leg and shoulder rock back and forth in the foreground.

EXT. UNIVERSAL ORLANDO RESORT

In the next few shots, families are still having fun, but a few HUSBANDS/FATHERS can be seen walking through the background, as if in a trance. The DADS featured in the shots take notice and peel off from their families to join the

other men.

A MOM and and her teen DAUGHTER dance with an ACTOR in a Minion costume.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is suspense.

In Diagon Alley, an astonished LITTLE BOY gazes all around, trying to take everything in.

An awkward TEEN BOY takes a selfie video just near the exit of a ride.

TEEN BOY

For real, Hagrid's is
the...best...ride...ever!

Mounted point-of-view camera shots of the Hagrid motorcycle ride zipping along its tracks.

INT. BEDROOM SET

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Aww, yeah! That's it. That's it.

Several polo- and t-shirt wearing DADS have joined the group, huddled around to watch as more live sex is happening just off camera.

A WOMAN'S hand reaches up into the frame and a HELPFUL DAD hurries to hand her a riding crop. As she holds up the riding crop, we

MATCH CUT:

EXT. UNIVERSAL ORLANDO RESORT

A MOM holding up a Harry Potter wand. She's flanked by her two TEEN SONS, posing for a selfie with the Gringotts dragon perched behind them. A plume of fire shoots from the dragon's mouth and the mom and kids SQUEAL with delight.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is spectacular.

In the remaining shots of the park, DADS/HUSBANDS are completely absent. KIDS are still ecstatic, but MOMS/WIVES begin angrily searching for their husbands.

Mounted camera footage of MOMS and KIDS being flipped upside

down on a roller coaster.

An animatronic BUMBLEBEE looks down at a YOUNG GIRL doing the floss dance.

Actors dressed as WOLVERINE and CYCLOPS walk through the park, fist-bumping KIDS.

A giant Tyrannosaurus Rex ROARS, lurching towards the camera.

INT. BEDROOM SET

Several male and female voices MOAN in ecstasy.

The large room is now full of DADS, several of whom have formed a line leading from the background up towards the camera. The dads in the line are apparently naked, although we only see them above the waist.

At the front of this line, closest to the sexual participants, stands a PORTLY DAD in a swim cap, slathered in massage oil, a sex wedge tucked under his arm like a surfboard. He rubs the oil over his hairy torso, then takes a few bounding steps towards the camera like someone about to jump off a diving board.

MATCH CUT:

EXT. UNIVERSAL ORLANDO RESORT

A mounted camera shot of a MOM and KIDS on a water ride, emerging from a dark tunnel, water splashing everywhere.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
This is Universal.

A wide angle shot of Hogwarts high up in the distance.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Come be the star of your own movie at
Universal Resorts Orlando...now
featuring our newest park, Pornhub
Village.

Crane shot of dozens of MOMS/WIVES wandering near the iconic Universal fountain/globe, looking all around and calling out their husbands' names.

Blackout.

A SATANIC PREGNANCY

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM

ROSE, 16, sits in her room, staring at the printout of an ultrasound image and rubbing her slightly bulging belly.

With a KNOCK, her MOM and DAD enter.

MOM

Rose, honey?

ROSE

We've been through this already.

DAD

We know. But it's a big decision. Your mom and I have prayed and prayed that you'd come around and do what's right.

MOM

Sweetie, there's someone from the church we'd like you to talk to.

ROSE

You want me to talk to a priest??

DAD

Not a priest. In fact...

(slightly confused)

...she never actually graduated from any kind of seminary or anything.

PAULA WHITE enters.

MOM

Honey, this is Paula White.

PAULA WHITE

Hello, Rose. Aren't you just adorable!

DAD

We figured, if she can advise our great President in these troubled times, then who better to advise our little girl?

ROSE

You're wasting your time, I've already made up my mind.

PAULA WHITE

I don't want to change your mind, Rose honey. I just want to pray for you and for the abomination growing inside your uterus.

Rose, offended, looks to her parents, but they hold up their clasped hands, pleading with her to try.

ROSE

Fine.

Paula White begins to pray.

PAULA WHITE

Oh, Heavenly Father, in the name of Jesus, we command all satanic pregnancies to miscarry--

ROSE

Hey!!!

MOM

Rose, please!

ROSE

I thought life was supposed to be sacred...that God loved all babies.

PAULA WHITE

He does! Every single one of them. Just...not yours.

Paula snatches the ultrasound image and holds it up. The fetus has little horns and goat legs.

PAULA WHITE

See? Your little satanic baby's gonna have horns and hooves and eyes like a cat. I bet you can even feel his little pitchfork poking you after you eat something spicy, can't you? Maybe a big plate of Nachos BellGrande?

ROSE

My body, my baby, my choice.

PAULA WHITE

Sure. But, honey, that baby's preordained to bring death and destruction the whole world over. You

don't want to choose that now, do you?

ROSE

I'm not getting an abortion.

PAULA WHITE

Abortion?? No, no, no. We just want to pray the baby away. And if that doesn't take, then praise God, we can send you to live with your aunt and uncle for the summer like in the old days. One day you just come back with no baby like nothing ever happened.

The door BURSTS open and a throng of OLD PEOPLE come in.

MR. CASTAVET

Don't listen to them, Rose. The child must be born!

MOM

Mister and Missus Castavet??
(to Paula)
They live next door.

MRS. CASTAVET

We've come to secure the covenant.

PAULA WHITE

Devil worshippers!

DAD

No. Not the Castavets. They're "*spiritual, but not religious*".

PAULA WHITE

It's the same thing!

MR. CASTAVET

Satan is the child's father! He came up from hell and begat a son of mortal woman.

OTHER OLD PEOPLE

Hail Satan!

MR. CASTAVET

His name shall be Adrian! He shall overthrow the mighty and lay waste their temples! Hail Adrian! God is dead! Satan lives!

ROSE

Noooooo! ***Hell no!*** I am not naming him Adrian. That is totally a girl's name.

MRS. CASTAVET

It most certainly is not. Adrian Peterson... Adrien Brody...

MR. CASTAVET

Adrian Grenier! He was the star of *Entourage!*

ROSE

I guarantee, every one of them got made fun of for having a girl's name. My baby is not getting picked on. He'll grow up believing that he's strong and special, because that's the way that I want to raise him. You all need to get out of my room...***now.***

Rose ushers all of them out the door, but Paula White keeps trying to push back in.

PAULA WHITE

I'll be praying for you, Rose. Don't give up on God's promises. Also, give me a follow on twitter and instagram, and check out my youtube channel. It's got--

Rose finally slams the door on her.

In the background, the closet door opens slightly, and a glowing cloud of red smoke seeps through the crack. A deep, gravelly voice calls out from within.

SATAN (O.S.)

They gone?

ROSE

Yeah. It's clear.

SATAN steps out from the closet: red skin, horns and tail, dressed like a teen skater.

SATAN

Thank god, dude. That Paula White chick seriously creeps me out.

ROSE

Sorry you had to hear all that.

SATAN

It's not the worst idea in the world,
you know.

ROSE

What??

SATAN

I'm serious. Do I look like I'm ready
to be a dad? I got stuff going on.
Like, this esports thing is really
taking off for me. I just don't know
if I've got eighteen years to raise
the kind of kid who can crush the
world beneath his heel.

ROSE

I never asked you to. Look, when I met
you, I didn't know I was hooking up
with Satan. I just thought you were a
cute guy who was a little too serious
about cosplay. If you want to be in my
baby's life, we can talk about that,
but I don't need you to be. I don't
even know if I like you. So go do your
esports. Or whatever. I don't care.
I'm having this baby--my baby.

She holds open the door for him and he walks out, sullen.
Before she closes the door, he turns back to her.

SATAN

Seriously, though, you don't like
Adrian? I thought that was a cool ass
name. Like, you could call out to him
and be like...

(imitating Rocky)

Yo, Adrian.

Unimpressed by the joke, Rose shuts the door, then leans back
against it and slides down to sit on the floor, holding the
ultrasound image to her breast.

The lullaby from *Rosemary's Baby* plays.

Blackout.

TAXI DRIVER PARODY

***The final assignment only asked for one page, just enough to set up the game of the sketch**

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Bernard Herrmann's unsettling, heavily percussive theme from *Taxi Driver* plays as TRAVIS BICKLE writes in his diary, a plate of brownies on the table beside him.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
May 29th, 1972. My headaches have gotten worse. I must get into shape.

A half-eaten brownie in one hand, Travis passes his free arm through the flame of a gas burner without flinching.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
Total organization is necessary. Every muscle must be tight.

Travis watches teens dancing on a small black and white television set. Holding out his index finger like a gun, Travis fires shots at the young couples.

BRADLEY (O.C.)
Travis?

Startled, Travis looks up to see BRADLEY, a baby-faced man in his early 20s, wiping his shoes on a floor mat.

BRADLEY
Did you eat the brownies I left on top of the refrigerator?

Feigning innocence, Travis shrugs, ignoring the brownie crumbs all over his tank top.

BRADLEY
Come on, man! Those were from my mom.

Bradley SIGHS and sulks off into his bedroom.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
I have learned that Bradley is not a good roommate. He is weak...soft...pathetic...constantly blaming me for things. If he did not want me to eat those brownies, he should have put them somewhere else.