

# BL DLIST



FRESH BLOOD SELECTS

GRADUATES OF THE GRAVE

an original screenplay  
by Kathryn Paulsen

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GRADUATES OF THE GRAVE

EXT. GRAVESITE -- NIGHT (NEGATIVE B&W)

An unmarked grave lies open. A SPADE lifts the last dirt from the wooden COFFIN it holds.

HANDS open the lid, revealing a SKELETON.

Other HANDS reach into the skeleton and pull out a HEART and a LIVER (BOTH IN POSITIVE COLOR).

EXT. UNIVERSITY -- DAY (NEGATIVE B&W)

An imposing turn-of-the century building. SEEN FROM BEHIND, at least a DOZEN STUDENTS enter, dressed in old-time clothing.

EXT. BARNABUS UNIVERSITY -- DAY

Establishing. A fine old campus, Southern style--with an antebellum flavor. Colonial buildings, lush landscaping, trees dripping Spanish moss.

On the lawn of the administration building (the building in the previous scene), a debonaire-looking student, CHIP SHIPLING, with a wicked gleam in his eye, faces a group of HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS AND PARENTS.

CHIP

Welcome to Barnabus University. I'm Chip Shipling, and I'm a junior here. I'm a soci major, and you and your fellow tourees are going to be the subject of my next paper. So I'm counting on you to give me some interesting questions and behaviors.

A COUPLE OF GIRLS GIGGLE.

CHIP

As most of you no doubt know, Barnabus is renowned as the South's premiere institution of higher learning. We're about to enter our centennial year, and we have some events coming up that will be truly unforgettable--

INT. UNIVERSITY KITCHEN -- DAY

Old walls; new industrial stove and counters.

An ASSISTANT COOK applies WHIPPED cream to BROWNIES on dessert plates. Behind her, a pantry door CREAKS OPEN, revealing an UNEARTHLY GLOW. But it disappears as the cook turns her head.

INT. BARNABUS UNIVERSITY - EXECUTIVE DINING ROOM -- DAY

TWO DOZEN TRUSTEES, all white, mostly male, are finishing lunch. Their chairman, HEDGE LITWELL, rises:

LITWELL

Now the moment we've all been waiting for--President Hardbury has good news to tell us about our centennial expansion.

He leads the APPLAUSE, then sits as PRESIDENT BOB HARDBURY--slick as a Cadillac salesman--stands.

HARDBURY

You folks sure brought home the bacon. Or should I say, a brand new business school that will put Harvard to shame. The last lot is in place, and--

Suddenly queasy, he backs away from the table.

HARDBURY

Excuse me--

Meanwhile, the trustees struggle to their feet--but too late. In one huge heave--a gang retch--vomit comes pouring out.

A courtly black waiter in the corner, SAM DANIELS, allows himself a ghost of a smile before offering napkins.

EXT. BARNABUS CAMPUS -- DAY

Chip stops his group in front of a slick modern building.

CHIP

Here's our new state-of-the-art science complex, Litwell Laboratories.

STUDENTS (O.S.)

(shouting)

Down with the cat house, down with the cat house--

Chip and group turn to see:

FOUR COSTUMED STUDENTS running toward them: TWO LAB TECHNICIANS, A MALE PIG, AND FEMALE CAT (in skin-tight black latex, high-heeled boots, cat-o'-nine'-tails for a tail, and cat mask).

The cat pulls away from the others, twirling her tail.

CAT

Please don't cut me up! I'm your friend.

LAB TECHNICIAN

Excuse me, you're not a dog. You're just a complacent, self-centered feline.

CAT

But I've got personality.

She detaches her whip-tail and waves it threateningly.

LAB TECHNICIAN

We're not interested in your personality. We just want your heart and your blood--

He wrestles the whip away from her.

LAB TECHNICIAN

And your liver and your spleen.

The lab technicians tie the cat's hands together with one thong of the whip.

CHIP

(to his group)

What do you think? Do cats have spleens?

The group ignore him, riveted by the performance.

CAT

(indicating pig)

Take him instead.

LAB TECHNICIAN

We'll take him, too.

The pig runs. The lab technicians grab him, and tie his wrists. The technicians pull their arms across the animals' throats. The animals collapse.

The tour group applaud. The actors spring to their feet and take a quick bow, then dash away.

STUDENT

Do they really do research on cats here?

CHIP

Cats? No. Rats, pigeons--maybe termites. So what animals would you like to research? Someone, anyone?

Students GIGGLE.

CHIP

Barnabus is also well-known for its drama department. We've got drama queens--excuse me, students--who'll do just about anything to get an audience.

INT. PROFESSOR MOONRUSH'S OFFICE -- DAY

EDNA MOONRUSH, drama professor and Drama Club coach, holds court. Dramatically dressed, she looks as if she's about to take off for another era--or planet.

Two students, CHRISSY and MICHAEL, wait. She's dynamic and gorgeous, African-American; he's gay.

PROFESSOR MOONRUSH

It's certainly refreshing to see the Drama Club taking an interest in the classics.

CHRISSY

Thank you, Professor Moonrush.

PROFESSOR MOONRUSH

But Chrissy, Michael--I have to ask, whatever possessed you to choose a play as obscure and difficult as *The Frogs*?

MICHAEL

Well, it's different. And the title kind of grabbed us.

CHRISSY

It's seriously hilarious. And the chorus of frogs is so theatrical.

PROFESSOR MOONRUSH

Let's talk about the plot, shall we? Tell me what you think the play's about.

CHRISSY

Okay, so the Greek god Dionysus--

PROFESSOR MOONRUSH

(interrupting)  
Who is--?

CHRISSY

God of drama.

MICHAEL

And debauchery.

CHRISSY

Dionysus thinks the art of tragedy is seriously endangered, so he goes down to Hades to bring back a dead playwright.

MICHAEL

He disguises himself as Hercules, and he brings along his slave, Ex-anthius.

PROFESSOR MOONRUSH  
 (correcting his pronunciation)  
 Xanthius.

MICHAEL  
 Yeah, Ex-anthius. He's the coolest.

CHRISSY  
 Then there's a contest to see whether  
 Aeschylus or Euripides is the best tragic  
 poet.

PROFESSOR MOONRUSH  
 Aeschylus, Euripides--How many of our  
 students do you think have so much as  
 heard those names?

CHRISSY  
 Don't worry, Professor Moonrush, we're  
 going to update it.

MICHAEL  
 Yeah, make it relevant.

PROFESSOR MOONRUSH  
 Relevant?

MICHAEL  
 Yeah, think Bessie Smith and Elvis.

PROFESSOR MOONRUSH  
 Elvis!

EXT. BARNABUS CAMPUS -- DAY

Chip stops his group in a lane lined with overblown mansions.

CHIP  
 For those of you who want to go Greek,  
 we offer a fine fraternity row. Here's  
 Phi Psi Xi--the frat our founder founded--  
 which I joined because they have the  
 biggest bathtubs on campus. Too bad they  
 also have the lowest water pressure.

From within Phi Psi Xi come LOUD YELLS AND WAILS (o.s.).

STUDENT  
 They having a party?

CHIP  
 You bet. And we're all invited.

He leads his charges up onto the porch. The door flies open,  
 and BOB, GENE and MARV run out, hands full of underwear.

BOB

Stand back!

The three guys shake out their drawers. Fat brown cylinders fly out. One hits a girl in Chip's group--

GIRL

Gross!

--bounces off her and scampers away, as the group run off the porch: "Yuck!", "Ick!", SHRIEKS, etc.

MARV

We've got a plague in there!

He holds up the most humongous COCKROACH you've ever seen.

FOUR MORE GUYS charge out, waving underwear. Chip backs his group away, as TWO EXTERMINATORS in uniform, pulling a MACHINE LIKE A BIG VACUUM CLEANER, march up the sidewalk.

CHIP

Where'd they come from?

BOB

Must be those aggies.

GIRL

What's an aggie?

CHIP

A student in the agriculture school.  
They grow all sorts of big things.

EXTERMINATOR ONE

Let's see it.

Marv holds out the roach.

EXTERMINATOR TWO

Wow, that's a beauty!

EXTERMINATOR ONE

Real prize winner--can we keep it?

MARV

Those ags better watch out.

As the exterminators reach the porch, HANK hurdles out, HOWLING, struggling to unzip his fly. When he finally succeeds, a ROACH zooms out.

Exterminator One catches it. Hank clutches his groin.

EXTERMINATOR ONE

Looks like these suckers bite.

EXTERMINATOR TWO  
Championship stuff, all right.

CHIP  
We're definitely on our way to a  
championship season.

EXT. HUMANITIES BUILDING -- DAY

Chrissy confers with Michael, as JANE, super-smart and pretty behind her glasses--a Yankee--comes up.

JANE  
Hey, Chrissy, wish me luck.

CHRISSEY  
Luck? Don't tell me--

JANE  
I just got permission to enter advanced  
Greek lit.

CHRISSEY  
A mere six weeks into the term--

JANE  
No big deal.

CHRISSEY  
What some people do for love.  
(to Michael)  
And she doesn't even know the guy.

JANE  
This is how I get to know him.

She enters the building.

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Jane steps up to a classroom door.

INT. GREEK CLASSROOM -- DAY

A spacious room, featuring an impressive birdcage. PROFESSOR NAT PERKINS, middle-aged, sits on the one paperless corner of his desk. A parrot, DANCER, struts and CACKLES.

The only student in the room, MARTY (intense and inquisitive--a southerner) perchs on a window sill, writing.

He and Perkins look up as the DOOR CREAKS open, and Jane enters. She bows, and addresses Perkins in classical Greek:

JANE (speaking Greek)  
 (subtitle)  
 The student named Jane humbly presents  
 herself to the noble professor.

PROFESSOR PERKINS  
 With all due respect, Ms.--

JANE  
 Jane.

DANCER  
 Jane, Jane, Jane--

PROFESSOR PERKINS  
 --classical Greek is regrettably a dead  
 language. Discussion in this class will  
 take place primarily in our own living  
 one, which is, of course, indebted to  
 its Greek heritage.

JANE  
 Hysteria, mania, necrophilia--

DANCER  
 Necropi--

PROFESSOR PERKINS  
 Indeed, Ms.--

JANE  
 Jane.

DANCER  
 Jane, Jane.

PROFESSOR PERKINS  
 Welcome to our pantheon. There sits our  
 sun god, Apollo, known out there--  
 (gestures dismissively at the door)  
 --as Marty.

JANE  
 Hi, Marty--I mean, Apollo.

PROFESSOR PERKINS  
 And you are--Athena--goddess of wisdom.

JANE  
 Then you must be Zeus.

PROFESSOR PERKINS  
 Right you are. One day we'll have a full  
 court, though not, I fear, in my lifetime.

JANE

But you're immortal.

PROFESSOR PERKINS

So I am--

MARTY

Athena--welcome to Olympus.

EXT. STADIUM -- DAY

Near the entrance to the stadium, Chip stops his group at the life-sized statue of an arrogant-looking man on horseback.

CHIP

And here's the dude who started it all-- Horace Aloysius Barnabus. A man of vision, wealth, and eccentricity. He was obsessed with the language and culture of ancient Greece, even kept diaries in Greek-- hundreds of 'em--and his will mandated Greek studies in perpetuity. So we got ourselves a fine Greek department--but, what may interest you more, we got ourselves one fine stadium and one fine football team.

PARENT

Not so fine this year.

CHIP

Just a few accidents, that's all. Torn Achilles--

PARENT

What about your quarterback?

STUDENT

I hear he got sacked in the sack.

CHIP

Sacked in whose sack?

STUDENT

Check it out on the web.

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Jane and Marty step out into the hall, now full of students.

JANE

Is he always like that?

MARTY

You perked him up a lot. Guess he likes having someone else besides me.

JANE

But you don't?

MARTY

Au contraire. I'm just tickled pink to have another Greek major to suffer with.

JANE

I'm not a Greek major--too impractical.

MARTY

Oh, yeah? So what is your major?

JANE

Pre-archaeology.

MARTY

Now that's practical. You gonna get rich selling ancient artifacts on the black market?

INT. CHEERLEADERS' LOCKER ROOM -- DAY

Cheerleaders RANDI, SANDI, WENDI, and MINDI confer.

RANDI

So what do we do now?

WENDI

Go find the the guy who stole 'em.

EXT. STADIUM -- DAY

As Chip leads his group away from the stadium, the four cheerleaders run toward them.

SANDI

He knows something, I can tell.

She grabs one of Chip's arms and pulls it behind his back.

MINDI

Fess up, Chip.

RANDI

Where are our uniforms?

CHIP

Girls--I mean, ladies--I mean, women--I swear, I know nothing--

WENDI

That's for sure.

Sandi lets Chip go.

SANDI

But if it turns out you do--

She makes a threateningly obscene gesture, as cheerleader CANDI runs up, a bundle of cloth in her arms.

CANDI

I found 'em!

She holds up two uniforms, one virtually shredded, the other bleached to a ghostly hue.

RANDI

Sick!

SANDI

Bizarro!

CHIP

This tour is way into overtime.

He hurries his group away.

EXT. MUSEUM -- DAY

A grim stone building. Chip stops his group at the entrance.

CHIP

Folks, I couldn't let you leave without seeing our museum, which is known for its collection of antiquities.

He leads the group inside.

INT. MUSEUM -- DAY

A gloomy room, full of display cases, marble busts, and dark portraits. FLOORBOARDS CREAK as Chip's group enters.

Curator LETTY LEEDS, President Hardbury, and the now-recovered trustees are gathered around a glass cube that holds a fountain pen and inkwell.

HARDBURY

Nearly a century ago, our founder used this pen to endow his dream. As we embark on our most ambitious expansion since his day, it is altogether fitting, altogether proper, that we use Barnabus's pen to sign the proclamation of our centennial year. Ms. Leeds, if you please--

Leeds unlocks the case. As Hardbury reaches for the pen, it spurts what looks like blood, and a volcano of the same dark red liquid explodes from the inkwell--drenching him, Leeds, and the trustees--and streaking Chip and several students.

CHIP

How's that for a finale?

He ushers his flock out of the museum.

Trustees MOAN, strip, CRY OUT, walk out, or pass out.

Hardbury tries to wipe the stuff off with a handkerchief.  
It sticks like glue.

Red vapor rises from pen and inkwell.

LEEDS

Shall I call the police, sir?

HARDBURY

And the hospital and the chemistry  
department.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM -- DAY

Chrissy, Michael, and members of the Frogs' cast sit in a circle.

PAT (male), LIBBY, MARSHA (all African-American), TINA, KYLE, and ADAM look over their scripts.

CHRISSY

So we wanted to tell you a little about  
where this script came from--

MICHAEL

Anyone ever hear of two dudes called  
Aeschylus and Euripides?

Silence.

MICHAEL

Back in ancient Greek times, they were  
like the greatest tragic poets--

CHRISSY

They were like the rock stars of their  
day, and at the time of the play, they'd  
died and gone down to the underworld.

KYLE

They went to hell?

CHRISSY

Not exactly. It's more like heaven.

MICHAEL

Only sexier. Folks get down down there.

CHRISSEY

No wings and halos.

MICHAEL

So in our version, Dionysus--Pat here--  
is like this big record producer who's  
lost his magic touch.

CHRISSEY

He feels like modern music is too  
derivative--we have to get back to our  
roots--So he figures if he could just  
bring back the greatest dead singer--he  
thinks, Bessie Smith, or maybe Elvis--

MICHAEL

He has this gofer, Ex-anthus--he's the  
coolest--

KYLE

That's me, right?

CHRISSEY

And Tina, you're Hercules. You're the  
last one who went down to Hades and lived  
to tell about it.

TINA

Ooh, scary!

CHRISSEY

More funny than scary.

MICHAEL

Hilarious.

INT. STUDENT UNION CAFETERIA -- DUSK

Chrissy's at a table of drama students. Jane joins them.

Marty, sitting alone across the room, notices.

CHRISSEY

Hey, girlfriend, how'd the audition go?

JANE

Swell--I'm an idiot, a total idiot.

CHRISSEY

Not total, just partial.

JANE

My first minute alone with him in three  
years, and what do I do?

CHRISSEY

Let me guess--

JANE

Do I charm him, do I flatter him, do I make myself as irresistibly vulnerable as the leading ingenue in his favorite horror movie?

CHRISSEY

That'd be way too easy.

JANE

I insult him for being a Greek major.

CHRISSEY

Don't worry, he's probably used to it by now.

JANE

Chrissy, you are so reassuring.

CHRISSEY

Jane, relax. Once he gets to know you--

JANE

Then he'll really hate me.

Across the room, RON, a hunky ag major, comes up to Marty.

RON

Hey, Marty, whatcha lookin' at?

MARTY

The goddess Athena.

RON

Huh?

MARTY

In my dreams.

RON

So wake up and give me a hand.

MARTY

Doing what?

RON

Paying work--good-paying work.

Marty gets up and follows Ron out. Jane notices.

Chip, face still streaked with the blood-like ink, walks in.

CINDY

What's he trying out for?

INT. AG DEPARTMENT BASEMENT -- NIGHT

A dark, dank, spooky place, featuring a HISSING BOILER, THUMPING PIPES, and wires leading who knows where.

A DOOR CREAKS open. Ron enters, followed by Marty, and turns on a light, revealing nine short, full-skirted uniforms, dead white as mummies--and another partly red--hanging from a rope strung between two poles. On the floor nearby are buckets of paint and brushes.

MARTY

Jesus, Ron, you a costume designer now?

RON

These are what's left of the cheerleaders' uniforms--the ones that didn't get slashed. They can't get new ones made in time for the game tomorrow, so they hired me to paint 'em.

MARTY

Gee, I'd like to help, but--

RON

Marty, this is a total no-brainer. I'll mark out parts where you can just slap the paint on. Then I'll finish up the stuff that takes skill and artistry.

Marty hesitates.

RON

Two hundred dollars for a night's work--

Marty picks up a brush as if it were a rattlesnake.

INT. JANE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Cosy and cluttered, books everywhere.

Chrissy, who's changed into something hip and slinky, waits for Jane to close her guitar case and grab a sweater.

CHRISSEY

Jane, you know I might go on pretty late. I mean I could do it without you--

JANE

No way.

CHRISSEY

--if I had to.

JANE

You want to?

CHRISSEY

No. It's just--you might be the only paleface there.

JANE

That bother you?

CHRISSEY

Course not.

JANE

Then let's go.

INT. DORM LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Shabby but comfy. A FEW GIRLS sit around playing bridge or watching the news as Chrissy and Jane pass.

ON TELEVISION

Local news, with co-anchors LINDA (perky) and PETE (smooth):

LINDA (on television)

At fraternity Phi Psi Xi, there was an infestation of giant cockroaches--

CUT TO

Exterminator One, in uniform, holding a cockroach.

EXTERMINATOR ONE (on television)

We're entering this beauty in the Roach World Pageant--

BACK TO ANCHORS:

PETE

And a visit to the university's museum ended up with a lot of red faces--

CUT TO

A STUDENT from the tour group, with a streak of red across his face, talks to a reporter, TESS HAGGARD.

STUDENT (on television)

This pen and inkwell, like, exploded-- and, like, all these old guys, it was like they were covered in blood--

TESS (on television)

But it's not blood?

STUDENT

I guess not, 'cause it doesn't wash off.

INT. PHI-PSI-XI LOUNGE -- NIGHT

A lot of money went into this room: ornate chandelier, gleaming bar, pool table, giant TV, leather couches. A FEW GUYS and GIRLS are drinking or playing pool.

Chip, now wearing glasses, face still streaked with red, sits in an easy chair, eyes glued to the screen of his laptop.

CLOSE: LAPTOP SCREEN

Website: [www.barnabus.uni/gip](http://www.barnabus.uni/gip).

At the top, a headline: WHAT SPARTAN QUARTERBACK GOT SACKED BY WHAT GORGON CHEERLEADER?

Below flashes a PHOTO of quarterback MACK SAUNDERS followed by A FEW SECONDS OF ANIMATION: A FOOTBALL PLAYER AND CHEERLEADER ROLL AROUND IN BED TOGETHER. SHE PUNCHES HIM AND KICKS HIM OUT.

BACK TO SCENE

Cheerleader Sandi strolls up to Chip, beer in hand.

SANDI

Chip, do us a favor and lose the glasses.

She tries to lift them off. He brushes her hand away, concentrating on the screen.

A CHORUS OF YELLS AND CHEERS. Chip and Sandi look up to see MACK walk in, with an arm in a sling and two black eyes.

Noticing Chip's red streak, Mack comes over.

MACK

Hey, Chip, you forgot to wipe off the catchup.

CHIP

Whadja do, Mack--come out with the wrong name in the throes of passion?

MACK

They set me up, that's what.

SANDI

Serves you right for fraternizing with the enemy.

MACK

She's just a cheerleader. Big deal.

SANDI

Big deal? You want another black eye?

Chip turns back to his laptop. Sandi looks over his shoulder.

CLOSE: LAPTOP SCREEN

Headline: DRAMA HONEY SINGS THE BLUES.

Below, a PHOTO OF CHRISSY SINGING with the headline: AT LIL'S PLACE TONIGHT.

EXT. LIL'S PLACE -- NIGHT

An old wooden house. From within comes a FINE MALE VOICE, SINGING, WITH GUITAR (o.s.), as Chrissy and Jane walk up.

INT. LIL'S PLACE -- NIGHT

The former living room turned music room is packed. Chrissy was right--there are only a couple of pale faces in the mostly dark-skinned CROWD.

The owner, LIL, who looks as if she's seen it all in her 50 odd years, tends the makeshift bar.

As they enter, Chrissy and Jane join in the HEARTY APPLAUSE.

The singer, Sam Daniels--the waiter from the trustees' luncheon--nods his appreciation and STARTS ANOTHER SONG.

INT. PHI-PSI-XI LOUNGE -- NIGHT

Chip stares at Chrissy's photo on his laptop.

SANDI

Hey, look who Chippy's got a crush on!

At a CREAKING SOUND from overhead, she looks up to see the chandelier swinging gently. Then it speeds up wildly.

MACK

Must be an earthquake or something.

Except for Chip, still staring at Chrissy's face on his screen, people hurry out of the room, just before the chandelier comes crashing to the floor.

INT. BASEMENT -- NIGHT

A BUCKET OF RED PAINT topples over, tripping Marty. He lands on his seat in a pool of paint.

Ron rights the bucket. Marty scrambles to his feet and out of his trousers. The paint's soaked through, imprinting a red circle on his rear.

RON

You look like an orangutan in heat.

He tosses Marty a rag. Marty wipes, to no avail.

MARTY

That's it. I'm gonna go sit in some turpentine.

He pulls his paint-soaked pants on.

RON

Marty, you can't go now. I need you.

Marty hesitates.

RON

Look, I'll trade trousers with you--

He unzips. Marty takes his pants back off.

INT. LIL'S PLACE -- NIGHT

As a TAPDANCER finishes his routine and takes a bow, Chip enters, face still streaked with red.

At the bar, amused CUSTOMERS watch him cross the room.

CUSTOMER ONE

Some white boys'll do anything for attention.

Standing near the stage, Jane nudges Chrissy.

JANE

Will you look who just walked in?

Chrissy looks, and rolls her eyes.

LIL

Now let's give a big welcome to a brand new act--Chrissy and Jane--

Amid polite APPLAUSE, Chrissy and Jane step onto the stage.

CHRISSY

I'm Chrissy. She's Jane.

At Chrissy's nod, Jane PLAYS AN INTRO TO A BLUES TUNE. After a shaky start, Chrissy sings with flair and authority.

CHRISSY (sings)

Don't come round asking for my pudding.  
Don't come round asking for my pudding.  
When you been prowling round her kitchen,  
and eating her rice and beans.



RON (O.S.)

Let me out, asshole.

Marty moves toward Ron's voice, and walks into the cheerleaders' uniforms.

MARTY

Shit.

He plows through the uniforms.

RON (O.S.)

Just open the goddamn door.

Marty reaches toward Ron's voice. As he touches the door, the LIGHTS COME ON, revealing a long, narrow cabinet.

Marty opens the door. Ron practically falls out.

RON

I could have suffocated in there.

MARTY

Serve you right.

Looking past Marty, Ron sees the uniforms: they're on the ground, arranged in an open circle around the spilled paint.

RON

Jesus, Marty--

He runs to the uniforms and picks one up. Marty stares at the pool of paint, in which an odd shape has been drawn.

MARTY

Weird.

RON

Give me a hand.

MARTY

Omega.

RON

What are you talking about?

He hangs up the uniforms.

MARTY

The Greek letter--you know, Alpha and Omega, the first and the last. See that line in the paint? And the way the uniforms are arranged.

RON

I guess you see Greek everywhere.

MARTY

I'm telling you, this is Omega. Whoever did this knows Greek.

RON

That means you, Marty--right?

Marty thinks about it.

INT. LIL'S PLACE -- THE WEE HOURS

Sam Daniels JAMS with other MUSICIANS--LANNING, RITA, and BILL. As the place empties out, Chrissy and Jane prepare to leave. Chip, across the room, watches them.

Sam stops playing as Chrissy and Jane pass:

SAM

Hey, Chrissy and Jane--not bad.

He offers his hand. He and Chrissy shake.

CHRISSY

Thanks.

JANE

You were just great, Mr. Daniels.

SAM

Sam--

(shakes her hand)

But I wasn't great tonight, just fair to middling.

JANE

You were great.

LIL

Y'all come again, long as we're open.

CHRISSY

You're not closing?

LIL

University wants to shut us down.

LANNING

And the whole street.

JANE

How can they do that?

BILL

Easy. Something called eminent domain.

LIL

That's the fancy name. Condemn is what they want to do.

SAM

College is building this business school. Folks say it's a done deal, judge is bought and paid for.

RITA

But they're not gonna do it without a whole lot of fuss.

She hands Chrissy and Jane each a flyer.

LIL

We'll be in court on Monday.

CHRISSEY

Got any more of these?

RITA

Sure.

She holds up two shopping bags full of flyers.

EXT. LIL'S PLACE/ROAD -- WEE HOURS

Chrissy and Jane walk away, each carrying a shopping bag.

JANE

How come we didn't hear about this before?

CHRISSEY

At least we know now--

Chip's not-quite-vintage car pulls up to them. He rolls down his window.

CHIP

Chrissy, you were great. Want a lift?

CHRISSEY

Thanks, Chip, but my mama always warned me never to accept rides from frat boys.

CHIP

Hmm--sounds like discrimination--

CHRISSEY

My mama'd call it prudence.

CHIP

You mean persnicketyness? You were still great, though.

He starts to pull away; the car stalls.

CHIP

Hey, I could take your flyers--those bags look heavy.

With one arm, Chrissy lifts her bag high over her head.

JANE

Hey, don't take it personally--

Chip gets the car going.

JANE

(shouts after him)  
We just want to walk.

CHRISSEY

See Jane make nicey nicey.

JANE

Come on--what's wrong with him?

CHRISSEY

He's in Phi Psi Xi.

JANE

They any worse than the rest?

CHRISSEY

They're the oldest and snootiest.

JANE

They're the one Barnabus founded, right?

CHRISSEY

And the last fraternity to take down the Confederate flag.

JANE

But they did, right?

CHRISSEY

I wouldn't be surprised if they built a secret shrine for it somewhere.

JANE

Whatever, I can't help feeling sorry for the poor guy, liking you--

CHRISSEY

Jane, please--

JANE

Let's you and me write a song about him--  
I know, how about--

Chrissy puts her hands over her ears, and runs ahead of Jane.

JANE  
(calls after her)  
--"The Red-faced White Guy's Brown Sugar  
Blues"?

INT. BATHROOM -- WEE HOURS

In the tub, Marty scrubs his bottom with a turpentine-soaked rag--then stands on a chair to examine it in the mirror above the sink. It's red as ever.

EXT. CAMPUS/JANE'S DORMITORY -- MORNING

STUDENTS hurry to classes. As Jane leaves her dorm, Marty comes up to her.

MARTY  
What were you up to last night?

JANE  
None of your business.

She walks away. He follows.

MARTY  
I don't know what you thought you were  
doing, but it wasn't funny.

She stops and faces him.

JANE  
Duh--it wasn't meant to be funny. And  
how would you know, you weren't even  
there?

MARTY  
You telling me you didn't see me?

JANE  
What do you care when you don't like my  
music?

MARTY  
You call that music? I call that weird  
noise and making a mess.

JANE  
Mess!

She slaps him, starts to walk off, then slaps him on the other cheek.

She jogs away. He jogs after her.

MARTY

What did I ever do to you?

She stops, flabbergasted at Marty's total idiocy.

JANE

Do to me? You just insulted my guitar playing, my best friend's singing, and great musicians at a wonderful blues club, that's all.

MARTY

You mean you weren't in the basement of the ag building last night playing with a glow-in-the-dark hand?

JANE

What are you talking about?

Marty stares at her, as reality sinks in.

MARTY

Sorry--I should have known better.

JANE

You want to know where I was last night?

She gets a flyer out of her backpack and hands it to him.

MARTY

Thanks.

As he walks away, reading the flyer, Jane sees the big red stain on his jeans (different from the ones he had on last night), and BURSTS OUT LAUGHING. Marty turns and looks at his rear.

INT. PSYCH LAB - PIGEON ROOM -- DAY

The room is filled with cages, each holding an individual PIGEON. A FEW FEEBLE COOS.

MEGAN, an intense, obsessive psych major, sticks a pigeon, head down, into a plastic juice container, and puts the container on a scale. Disturbed at the result, she enters it in a notebook, as another student, NORA, enters.

MEGAN

Weird--

NORA

Why aren't they talking?

INT. PROFESSOR DAVIS'S OFFICE -- DAY

LEN DAVIS, behavior psych professor and ex-Marine (he looks it), sits at a super-neat desk in a super-neat office, grading papers. A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. He ignores it.

After ANOTHER KNOCK, the door opens. Megan enters.

MEGAN

Professor Davis, I'm sorry to barge in like this, but--

PROFESSOR DAVIS

I accept your apology, Miss Lindsay. Now will you please barge out.

MEGAN

It's an emergency. My birds aren't maintaining.

PROFESSOR DAVIS

Check again, Miss Lindsay. You've probably miscalculated.

MEGAN

I have checked again. And it's not just my birds, it's everyone's. All the feed bins are full. And the birds look totally terrible--they hardly say a word.

PROFESSOR DAVIS

Very well, Miss Lindsay, I'll take a look. But you won't like the consequences if this is all about nothing.

INT. PSYCH LAB -- DAY

Professor Davis and Megan hurry through the main hall toward the pigeon room. From inside can be heard CRIES, SHOUTS and SOBS (o.s.).

INT. PIGEON ROOM -- DAY

As Megan and Davis walk in, Nora and JILL are sobbing over their dead pigeons. CINDY, STEVE and cheerleader Wendi hover in shocked silence.

PROFESSOR DAVIS

DON'T TOUCH THOSE BIRDS!

Davis paces around the room, looking into the cages: one dead pigeon after another.

STEVE

Gotta be poison or something.

WENDI

What if it's bird flu?

PROFESSOR DAVIS

Highly unlikely, but just in case,  
everyone immediately wash your hands and  
go home and shower.

TWO EMS WORKERS, masked and gloved, wheel in a cart.

EMS WORKER ONE

All right--everybody out!

EMS WORKER TWO

Move it!

They bag the pigeons and throw them into the cart.

INT. STUDENT UNION LOUNGE -- EVENING

The place is ripe for a makeover--and nearly empty. Jane and Marty sit at tables on opposite sides of the room, deep in their books but very aware of each other.

Ron walks in.

RON

Jesus, Marty, I've been looking all over  
for you. We're way late.

Eyes on her book, Jane listens.

MARTY

For what?

RON

For the game.

MARTY

Not me. I don't do games.

RON

Don't you want to see our uniforms?

MARTY

Our uniforms?

EXT. STADIUM -- NIGHT

A football game's in progress. STUDENTS leap to their feet,  
CHEERING, as Ron and Marty walk up the bleacher steps.

They make their way to a couple of empty places, as  
CHEERLEADERS SHOUT:

CHEERLEADERS  
GIVE ME AN A!

CROWD  
A!

The red paint on the cheerleaders' uniforms starts running.

CHEERLEADERS  
GIVE ME AN R!

CROWD  
R!

The paint drips down onto the cheerleaders' legs and shoes.

CHEERLEADERS  
Give me an N--

IN THE STANDS

GASPS, MURMURS, SHRIEKS from the CROWD.

MARTY  
Jesus, Ron--

RON  
That paint was supposed to be waterproof--

ON THE FIELD

The CHEERLEADERS notice, and stop their routine cold. They wipe their legs--and their palms turn red.

SANDI  
I'm gonna kill those guys.

The cheerleaders clasp hands and lift their arms defiantly.

CHEERLEADERS  
GIVE ME AN N!

CROWD  
N!

ON THE FIELD

The OPPOSITION intercepts a Barnabus pass, and scores a touchdown.

BARNABUS FANS GROAN, SHOUT, and BOO.

EXT. STADIUM -- LATER

Local TV sports reporter, TOM NETTLE, interviews Sandi.

NETTLE

The Spartans have done it again--lost big after a commanding lead in the first half. I'm here with head cheerleader Sandi Novak, who's gonna tell us why.

SANDI

I have no idea why, Tom.

NETTLE

You don't think the guys were worried about you gals when your uniforms started dripping blood?

SANDI

It wasn't blood, it was paint.

EXT. STADIUM EXIT-- NIGHT

As the cheerleaders file out with the last of the crowd, Chrissy and Jane offer them flyers.

CHRISSY AND JANE

Save Lil's! Save Lil's!

Sandi waves them aside.

SANDI

First let's save our own sorry asses.

CLOSE: TELEVISION

With anchors LINDA and PETE:

PETE

One small bit of good news from Barnabus for a change--those lab pigeons that died today did not--I repeat, did not--

LINDA

Not--

PETE

Not--have bird flu.

LINDA

Pete, you know they still haven't identified the indelible red liquid that spurted from pens at Barnabus yesterday.

PETE

Barnabus--you mean Bloody U?  
(continuing into next scene)

INT. PHI-PSI-XI LOUNGE -- NIGHT

PHI-XIERSs--Mack, Chip, Marv, Gene, and Bob--and their WOMEN, including the cheerleaders, are gathered around the TV.

SANDI

Bloody U!

LINDA (on television)

Haha.

PETE (on television)

Maybe it's the same stuff on the cheerleaders' uniforms.

SANDI

Excuse me while I go beat the crap out of somebody.

She stalks out. The other cheerleaders follow.

EXT. STUDENT UNION -- NIGHT

Marty and Ron walk out as a GANG OF CHEERLEADERS race across the lawn.

RON

Uh-oh!

MARTY

Guess they want their money back.

INT. GREEK CLASSROOM -- DAY

Professor Perkins writes, Jane reads, and Dancer prances. The door opens. Marty enters, sporting two black eyes and a bandaged wrist, and flops onto the seat next to Jane's.

DANCER

Wow-ee, ow-ee, ow-ee!

PROFESSOR PERKINS

Dear me. Apollo, have you been trifling with Ares?

MARTY

Just a bunch of Amazons.

JANE

You doing anything for that?

MARTY

Like what?

Jane stands and addresses the professor.

JANE

Lord Zeus, permission to run an errand  
of mercy?

PROFESSOR PERKINS

The noble Athena may do whatever she  
judges needs doing.

Jane bows and hurries out.

INT. GREEK CLASS -- A LITTLE LATER

Jane applies an ice pack to one of Marty's eyes.

PROFESSOR PERKINS

Well done, Athena.

JANE

Hold it like this. First on one, then  
the other.

Marty moves his hands onto the pack; Jane takes hers away.

MARTY

Thanks, Athena.

JANE

Don't mention it, Apollo.

DANCER SQUAWKS. Jane almost smiles.

EXT. CAMPUS -- DUSK

Jane and Chrissy pass out flyers.

CHRISSY

Extra! Extra! Read all about it! Historic  
blues club threatened!

JANE

Save Lil's!

STUDENT

Who's Lil?

Chip comes up to Chrissy. She ignores him.

CHRISSY

Extra, extra--

CHIP

Can I have a few of those?

CHRISSY

I'm sure your frat brothers'll be real  
interested.

CHIP

Maybe. But I'll be happy to pass 'em out  
wherever you want.

CHRISSY

Have fun.

She hands him a fat stack of flyers.

EXT. FRATERNITY ROW -- NIGHT

A COUPLE stroll by, romantically entwined.

CHIP

Help save our cultural heritage!

He offers a flyer--the GUY waves it away.

FOUR MALE STUDENTS, WHOOPING drunkenly, approach from the  
other direction. Chip steps up to them.

CHIP

Save Lil's Place.

A STUDENT takes the flyer.

STUDENT

That a whore house?

CHIP

Sorry. Wish I could help you out.

Before the guy can figure out whether he's being insulted,  
Chip walks away.

EXT. BARNABUS CAMPUS, LITWELL LABORATORIES -- DAY

A section of the laboratory complex that we haven't seen  
before--huge and ostentatious.

A CROWD has gathered, mostly of well-dressed grownups  
(TRUSTEES and LOCAL BIGWIGS), along with a TV NEWS CREW. On  
the steps to the lab, President Hardbury addresses them.

HARDBURY

Friends, I am proud to declare that the  
final component of Litwell Laboratories  
is complete--an extraordinary new particle  
physics research center--thanks to the  
generosity of our benefactor, Hedge  
Litwell--

As Litwell takes a bow, Chrissy, Jane, and "Frogs" cast  
members run up, carrying signs and leaflets, and chanting:

CHRISSY, JANE, ETC.  
 SAVE LIL'S! SAVE LIL'S! SAVE LIL'S!

As they move through the crowd, Hardbury beckons to his assistant, DUKE DREERY.

                  HARDBURY  
 Call security.

                  DREERY  
 I'm on it, boss.

Dreery gets on his cell as Hardbury moves to the door.

                  HARDBURY  
 Step this way for the grand tour.

The trustees, bigwigs, and news crew follow him in, as TWO CAMPUS SECURITY COPS descend on the students.

                  CAMPUS COP ONE  
 Okay, break it up, back to class.

                  CAMPUS COP TWO  
 (to Chrissy)  
 Give me those.

He reaches for her flyers. She holds them back a moment.

                  CHRISSY  
 Only if you promise to read it.

                  CC TWO  
 Sure, what the heck.

He takes the flyers and reads.

                  CC TWO  
 Jesus, Lil's--

He shows the flyer to CC One.

                  CC TWO  
 You know about this?

                  CC ONE  
 No way--  
 (to students)  
 You guys move along now.

                  JANE  
 See you in court?

INT. PHYSICS LAB ENTRANCE HALL -- DAY

The foyer is dominated by a metal gateway and arch. There's a counter at each end, with a GUARD behind it.

The well-named PROFESSOR BRIGHTLY and TWO COLLEAGUES in lab coats stand near Hardbury as he addresses his group.

HARDBURY

Professor Brightly here runs the lab.

Brightly nods and beams.

BRIGHTLY

Welcome, Doctor Hardbury. Please pass through the security gate one at a time.

HARDBURY

After you.

Brightly passes through. But when Hardbury follows, a BUZZER SOUNDS and the gate stays closed.

HARDBURY

What on earth--

He tries again.

BRIGHTLY

Doctor Hardbury, you appear to be contaminated.

HARDBURY

Contaminated?

BRIGHTLY

With radioactive material.

The others move away from Hardbury, as a TECHNICIAN carrying a geiger counter hurries up the hall toward the gate.

HARDBURY

That's absurd. There's obviously a malfunction. Have them open it.

BRIGHTLY

I'm sorry, we can't do that. We'll check it, of course. Now please bear with us a moment while we check you.

THE TECHNICIAN runs a counter over Hardbury's body, paying special attention to his head.

TECHNICIAN

We've got a hot spot here. Don't worry, Sir, not too serious.

BRIGHTLY

Mr. Hardbury, I'm afraid this confirms it. You've sustained a modest degree of contamination by gamma radiation in the region of your head.

HARDBURY

My head!

BRIGHTLY

Right side and back. I recommend we examine your bedroom, forthwith.

GUARD ONE

We better call the police, forthwith.

INT. HARDBURY BEDROOM -- DAY

TWO POLICE DETECTIVES--SWAN (African-American) and BOGG-- poke around while a TECHNICIAN in protective gear scans the bed. The counter BEEPS over a pillow.

TECHNICIAN

Got it!

(to Hardbury)

Sir, we need to impound this pillow.

SWAN

Mr. President, do you have any idea about who might have done this?

HARDBURY

Obviously some maniac.

BOGG

Sir, do you have any enemies?

HARDBURY

Enemies? No. Not me personally, that is. The university, now--

The detectives perk up.

HARDBURY

We do have rivals who must gnash their teeth over our many stellar achievements. But I can't believe any of them would go this far--especially given the kind of football season we've been having.

SWAN

You got a point there.

BOGG

Any fans might be specially disappointed in the season you been having?

SWAN

Like the bettin' ones?

EXT. CAMPUS -- NIGHT

Wind WHISTLES through the live oaks. Silhouetted against the moonlit sky, FIVE FIGURES wearing capes, carrying sticks and bags, run across the quad.

CLOSER: FACES COVERED WITH MASKS fill the screen.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM -- NIGHT

A script-in-hand rehearsal is in progress. Pat (who plays Dionysus), Kyle (Xanthius), and Tina (Hercules) perform the current scene. Other cast members wait at the sides.

Chrissy and Michael watch.

PAT

One day I was on my yacht, listening to the top forty, and I felt blue--felt like something was missing in my life.

KYLE (aside)

My boss has everything but taste, sense, and cool.

PAT

I felt the deepest longing I have ever known.

TINA

Must be quite a lady.

PAT

Oh, he's no lady--

KYLE

Boss, don't tell me you're switching teams on us--

PAT

Don't mock me, bro. This longing of mine has got me seriously down.

TINA

But what's your longing for?

PAT

It's for--it's like--have you ever felt an intense craving for--for--

KYLE

For, for--?

PAT  
Squirrel stew?

TINA  
Oh, yeah, squirrel stew, nice and hot  
and steamy--

PAT  
Well, that is exactly the kind of  
irresistible longing I feel for Elvis.

TINA  
Elvis?

PAT  
The one and only. The man.

TINA  
But he's dead.

SUDDEN SHOUTS, WHISTLES and BANGING OF PANS (o.s.). The actors  
stop. A ROCK sails through the window and almost hits Chrissy.  
She looks out the window and sees FIVE FIGURES RUNNING AWAY.  
GUYS in the cast run to the door.

CHRISSEY  
Stop! This rehearsal is not over.

She picks up the rock.

EXT. FRATERNITY ROW -- NIGHT

Pulling off their masks and capes, Mack, Sandi, Hank, SHEILA,  
and Marv collapse, laughing, at the head of the row.

MACK  
Think we scared those geeks enough?

HANK  
For now anyway.

SHEILA  
(to Mack)  
That was sure excitin'.

MACK  
You're sure exciting.

He wraps his arms around her, and gives her a hot kiss as  
Sandi rolls her eyes.

INT. BARNABUS COUNTY COURTHOUSE -- DAY

The room is packed with LOCALS, including Sam and patrons of Lil's, as well as STUDENTS--Chrissy, Jane, Chip, Ron, Marty, and the "Frogs" cast.

Up front sit Lil and her lawyer, JILL LAWRENCE, African-American, at one table, and a TEAM OF LAWYERS for Barnabus, mostly white men, at the other.

The elderly judge, JIM BEAM, pounds his gavel.

JUDGE BEAM

This hearing is for the purpose of determining whether the County of Barnabus may exercise the power of eminent domain over the establishment known as Lil's Place, for the purpose of providing lands to Barnabus University necessary to said institution's expansion. Are all parties present?

LAWRENCE

Defendant present, your honor.

LAWYER

Your honor, an emergency at the university prevents President Hardbury from attending this hearing and addressing the court.

JUDGE BEAM

What kind of emergency?

LAWYER

An urgent criminal investigation in which the president's efforts are required. We therefore ask that this hearing be rescheduled for next week.

JUDGE BEAM

Fourteen days. Any objections?

EXT. COURTHOUSE -- DAY

Lil, her lawyer, Sam, and their supporters walk out.

LIL

Wonder what they're cookin' up now.

SAM

Whatever. Now we got time to do our own cooking. Right, Jill?

LAWRENCE

Right.

Chrissy steps toward Lil.

CHRISSEY

Ms. Garson, I just want to say--

LIL

Lil--please.

CHRISSEY

Lil, whatever you want the students of Barnabus to do--just let us know.

LIL

Chrissy, that means a whole lot to me.

JANE

Sit-ins, teach-ins, demonstrations--

CHIP

Field trips.

CHRISSEY

Field trips?

INT. LAB -- DAY

TWO TECHNICIANS examine the pillow. A COMPUTER SCREEN shows an image of the RADIOACTIVE STAIN--with a familiar shape.

TECHNICIAN ONE

What does that look like to you?

TECHNICIAN TWO

I don't know--horseshoe with feet?

TECHNICIAN ONE

Think sign on a frat house.

TECHNICIAN TWO

You mean one of those Greek letters?

TECHNICIAN ONE

Omega.

INT. HARDBURY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Huge desk, huge couch, huge rug, and huge rhino head on the wall. Hardbury's on the phone.

HARDBURY

Omega.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT -- DAY

Swan and Bogg occupy adjoining desks. Swan hangs up the phone.

SWAN

Omega.

BOGG

That a clue?

SWAN

Could be. Could be a red herring.

BOGG

It's a Greek letter, right? They got Greek houses out there, they got a Greek department--

SWAN

Maybe they got folks don't like Greeks.

INT. GREEK CLASSROOM -- DAY

The usual suspects. As Marty takes his seat, there's a KNOCK at the door. Detectives Swan and Bogg enter.

SWAN

Professor Perkins, I'm Detective Swan and this is--

BOGG

Detective Bogg. Sorry to interrupt, but we need a few words with your students.

PROFESSOR PERKINS

Only if they wish to give them to you. Apollo?

SWAN

Apollo?

He looks at his notebook.

SWAN

We don't have mention of any Apollo here.

MARTY

That's in here. Outside I'm Marty Stevens.

SWAN

You're a Greek major?

MARTY

Yeah.

PROFESSOR PERKINS

Apollo is currently our only major.

SWAN

What about her?

JANE

Jane Greger. I'm not a major.

MARTY

She's just here for comic relief.

BOGG

Are you familiar with this symbol?

He holds up a page bearing a single giant OMEGA.

MARTY

Of course.

SWAN

Seen it around anywhere lately?

MARTY

Sure.

BOGG

Where?

MARTY

Fraternity row.

SWAN

Anywhere else?

MARTY

(hesitates)

I'm not sure.

SWAN

You're not sure.

MARTY

Maybe in some paint I sat in.

BOGG

Son, you got any enemies?

MARTY

Not that I know of.

SWAN

Anybody who doesn't like you?

MARTY

She doesn't like me.  
(indicates Jane)

JANE

That's a lie. I like him.

MARTY

Sure you do.

JANE

I wouldn't even be taking this class if  
I didn't like him.

(oops)

I mean--

Marty beams.

SWAN

Y'all call us if you have any more  
thoughts about that letter.

He and Bogg each hand cards to Jane, Marty, and Perkins.

BOGG

And, uh--

MARTY

Don't leave town?

SWAN

(to Perkins)

Shouldn't let 'em watch so much TV.

The detectives leave.

JANE

Lord Zeus, please disregard my words  
just now. I love this class, I wouldn't  
have missed it--whoever was in it.

PROFESSOR PERKINS

Never fear, Athena. Your noble thoughts  
are above reproach.

Marty stifles a laugh.

EXT. CLASSICS BUILDING -- DAY

Jane hurries away, Marty in hot pursuit.

MARTY

Athena, I pledge never to forget--"your  
noble thoughts are above reproach."

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM -- DAY

Chrissy, Michael, the Frogs cast, and A FEW OTHER STUDENTS  
have gathered. Chip enters. Chrissy notices.

MICHAEL

Rehearsal's gonna start a little late today so we can have an emergency meeting of the drama club. Chrissy?

CHRISSY

I guess pretty much all of us were down at the courthouse today, right?

Nods, "Yeah", etc.

CHRISSY

And everyone here would like to save Lil's, right?

CHEERS, "Right," "Sure," etc.

CHRISSY

Michael and I have an idea--but we'd need to rewrite the script again, and this would be so much different--

MICHAEL

We figured the club should vote on it.

PAT

Bessie's gonna be Lil?

CHRISSY

No, but Bessie and Elvis are gonna come back to save Lil's.

MEGAN

Wow.

STEVE

Great.

MICHAEL

All those in favor?

STUDENTS

AYE!

MICHAEL

Opposed?

Silence.

CHRISSY

Great. But now that we're deep into rehearsals, I'm gonna need help with the writing--someone who'll do most of the thinking and all of the typing.

Silence.

CHRISSEY  
Someone, anyone?

                  CHIP  
I'll do it.

                  CHRISSEY  
But you're not in the drama club.

                  CHIP  
I am now.

EXT. DRAMA BUILDING -- DUSK

Chrissy hurries out, Chip at her side.

                  CHIP  
So, partner, I'm ready whenever you are.

Chrissy hesitates, on the spot, when Megan comes up to her.

                  MEGAN  
Chrissy, I hate to bother you when you've  
got so much on your mind, but I need to  
ask you for a favor--

Chip steps away, but doesn't leave.

                  CHRISSEY  
What?

                  MEGAN  
To sing at a funeral.

                  CHRISSEY  
Gee, I'm sorry. Who died?

                  MEGAN  
Our pigeons.

                  CHRISSEY  
Pigeons! Megan--

                  MEGAN  
Don't worry, it's not bird flu. But all  
the pigeons in the psych lab, they  
committed suicide or something.

                  CHRISSEY  
Didn't they give you other pigeons?

                  MEGAN  
Sure, but these pigeons--we knew them.  
This was like, say, if your boyfriend  
gave up his life for your research--

CHIP  
 (to Chrissy)  
 Try me, I'll do it.

CHRISSEY  
 Go away.

CHIP  
 Just till dinner. Your place or mine?

CHRISSEY  
 Student union. Goodbye.

Chip walks off with a wave.

CHRISSEY  
 So when's this funeral?

MEGAN  
 Midnight, at the pet cemetery.

CHRISSEY  
 The pet cemetery--you know what they say  
 about that place?

MEGAN  
 I know, but where else can we put them?

CHRISSEY  
 So you're going out to a seriously creepy  
 place at midnight to bury some dead  
 pigeons.

MEGAN  
 Just their feathers--we don't have their  
 bodies.

CHRISSEY  
 My grandmama would say, just make sure  
 you got all their feathers.

INT. STUDENT UNION -- NIGHT

Chrissy and Chip sit across from each other, each typing  
 away on a laptop, a half-eaten pizza beside them. Chrissy's  
 WATCH BEEPS.

CHRISSEY  
 Wow--eleven-thirty. It can't be.

CHIP  
 Time flies, huh?

CHRISSEY  
 I've got to go.

CHIP  
I'll go with you.

CHRISSY  
No, you stay here and work. I'll come  
back when it's over, and--

CHIP  
This place closes at midnight.

CHRISSY  
Right.

CHIP  
My place doesn't.

CHRISSY  
Forget it. No way.

CHIP  
Your place then?

CHRISSY  
I'll call you.

She unplugs her laptop.

CHIP  
Take care of yourself, partner.

He takes her hand, and, surprise, she doesn't pull it away.

CHIP  
Watch out for those restless spirits.

EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT

Chrissy and Jane (with guitar case) hurry along a narrow  
path through tall trees.

CHRISSY  
Spooky, huh?

JANE  
Yeah.

An OWL HOOTS--and HOOTS and HOOTS.

CHRISSY  
You ever been there before?

JANE  
I didn't even know it existed.

CHRISSY  
Seems it used to be a big make-out place.

JANE

Used to be?

CHRISSEY

Some students disappeared there and turned up dead, and people started seeing ghosts--

JANE

Right.

CHRISSEY

I know--Ms. Rational doesn't believe in ghosts.

JANE

I have no opinion one way or the other. But I do believe in university folklore.

CHRISSEY

As in urban legends?

JANE

Yeah, and this has all the earmarks. Sounds like the kind of rumor the administration would start if they wanted to stop kids hanging out there.

CHRISSEY

Maybe.

WIND WHISTLES through the trees. Just ahead, the path bends sharply. Jane and Chrissy follow it and find themselves in--

EXT. PET CEMETERY -- MIDNIGHT

A large clearing, veiled with a light mist. A little off-center is the pet cemetery, surrounded by a wrought-iron fence. Inside are a few markers.

Behind it at some distance is the foundation of a small house and the remains of its chimney.

Alone in the clearing, Chrissy and Jane linger at the edge.

JANE

So where is everyone?

CHRISSEY

Oh, trying to have a little fun with us. Which I do not appreciate.

(shouts)

Megan, we're here!

She walks toward the cemetery. Jane follows.

CHRISSEY

Megan, come on, time's a-wastin'!

They step up to the gate. Jane reads one of the stones:

JANE

"There is no secret so close as that  
between a rider and his horse. Farewell,  
Jolly."

A MOANING SOUND. Just the wind, or . . .

CHRISSEY

Megan, this isn't funny!  
(to Jane)  
That's it. Let's go.

They run toward the path, as Megan bursts from the woods,  
followed by Wendi, Nora, Jill, Steve, and other students.

MEGAN

Chrissy, thank god you got here okay--

CHRISSEY

So can we get this over with?

MEGAN

Sure. I wrote some new words--

She hands Chrissy a sheet of paper, along with her flashlight.  
Chrissy and Jane look over the words, trying not to laugh.

Jane takes out her guitar.

MEGAN

(to the others)  
Okay, places everyone.

The others line up behind Megan. Steve, at the end, holds a  
box.

Megan nods to Chrissy and Jane. Jane begins A BARE-BONES  
ACCOMPANIMENT, and Chrissy SINGS to the TUNE OF "DEEP RIVER":

CHRISSEY (sings)

You-ou-ou were our pals.  
We loved you dear-ear-earlee-ee-ee.

The students file into the cemetery--

CHRISSEY

We will always be grateful  
for what you ga-ay-ave us.

--and form a circle.

CHRISSY

Oh, don't you want to go-oh  
and lih-ive at pea-eace  
In that ha-appy park where  
the feeding will never cease.

A few SOBS. Megan and some of the others wipe their eyes.

CHRISSY

You-ou are still our pals,  
living in our memories.  
We-ee will never forget  
about you.

Starting with Megan, each student speaks the name of a pigeon:

STUDENTS

Archie--Mehitable--Heloise--Abelard--  
Anthony--Cleopatra--Frankie--Johnnie--  
Luke--Princess Leah--Goodbye.

JANE PLUCKS A FEW NOTES and CHRISSY AND THE OTHERS HUM as  
Nora and Jill dig a hole.

Steve kneels and opens the box. As he reaches for the  
feathers, a POWERFUL GUST overturns the box, and blows the  
feathers skyward.

The ground cracks open beneath the hole.

SCREAMS and SHRIEKS as Steve slides into the opening and all  
around the ground trembles.

The others manage to pull Steve out, then race through the  
gate and out of the clearing.

Jane, bringing up the rear, grabs her guitar case.

JANE

(to Chrissy)

What do you think? Do we believe in the  
afterlife of pigeons?

CHRISSY

Or something else--

She looks over her shoulder, just in time to see the chimney  
collapse as the foundation breaks apart--and above them,  
THREE RISING CLOUDS OF MIST THAT RESEMBLE HUMANS.

CHRISSY

Jane, look!

But Jane runs ahead, ignoring her.

INT. DORM LIVING ROOM -- LATE NIGHT

Chrissy and Chip are alone in the room, sitting on a shabby couch. Chip's laptop is on the coffee table.

CHRISSY

You don't believe me.

CHIP

Sure I believe you.

CHRISSY

But you don't think they were ghosts.

CHIP

I wasn't there. I didn't see what you saw. But I could go back there with you--

CHRISSY

No way. That place is HAUNTED.  
(trying for normal)  
So you get anything else done?

CHIP

Little bit--I printed it out.

He hands her a stack of pages. Chrissy scans a few.

CHRISSY

Wow--looks great, looks like we're done.

CHIP

Think so?

CHRISSY

Chip, I owe you an apology.

CHIP

You don't owe me anything. But if you want to give me something--

CHRISSY

Maybe I could write you a song.

CHIP

Super.

CHRISSY

I mean if you inspire me enough.

CHIP

That'd be tough, huh?

With a smile and a shrug, Chrissy shakes his hand.

CHRISSEY

Goodnight.

Chrissy heads up the stairs. Chip watches in a happy daze.

INT. CHIP'S ROOM -- MORNING

Comfy and chaotic. Chip bounds out of bed, still in a happy daze--till he looks out the window.

MONTAGE: REACTION SHOTS:

STUDENTS--some in their rooms, some just stepping outside--see something that astonishes or disgusts or horrifies them.

Some GASP, some SCREAM, one FAINTS.

EXT. DORM -- DAY

Jane runs out the door, and looks up at nearby trees, draped with HEARTS--about human size. She stares in shock as GIRLS around her SCREAM.

EXT. CAMPUS-- DAY

MOVING--from fraternity row, where graceful elms are heavy with LIVERS AND INTESTINES--to the ADMINISTRATION BUILDING (live oaks with HEARTS nestled in their Spanish moss)--to the LIBRARY (pine trees crowned with BRAINS)--and finally to LITWELL LABORATORIES (shrubs featuring MIXED VISCERA).

Everywhere, STUDENTS and STAFF linger in shock.

SIRENS BLARING, POLICE CARS, NEWS TRUCKS and a FIRE TRUCK speed in.

PHOTOGRAPHERS AND VIDEOGRAPHERS shoot like mad.

A FIRE TRUCK pulls up to a tree, and sends up its LADDER.

A POLICE CAR roams with MEGAPHONE:

POLICE OFFICER  
(through megaphone)  
CLEAR THE SPACE. EVERYBODY BACK INDOORS.

INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Detectives Swan and Bogg wait while Hardbury dresses down the chief of campus security, DON MEASLE.

HARDBURY  
Tell me, Mr. Measle, how could anyone  
load up our trees with organs without  
anybody stopping 'em?

MEASLE

I don't know, sir, it's a mystery.

HARDBURY

Measle, are you telling me our entire security force was asleep?

MEASLE

At four in the morning, yes, sir--all but two, and they were both out sick.

BOGG

Sounds right suspicious to me.

SWAN

Could be we're looking at an inside job.

HARDBURY

For your information, detective, we are not in the habit of storing human organs on campus.

EXT. CAMPUS -- DAY

As Jane heads for class, Marty catches up with her.

MARTY

Athena--

JANE

Don't.

MARTY

--a penny for your noble thoughts.

Jane glances at the administration building, where organ removal proceeds apace.

JANE

Just wondering how it'd feel to pick a heart off a live oak.

MARTY

So really, you got a theory about this?

JANE

I do. The administration's behind it.

MARTY

Yeah, right.

JANE

Really. Has to be someone with heavy duty connections. And a real interest in publicity.

MARTY

Bad publicity.

JANE

Don't be so sure it's bad. Did you know applications have been going up since our troubles began?

MARTY

Where'd you hear that?

JANE

A reliable source. Plus, the administration has all these expansion plans, right? What do you bet they try to pin this on their so-called enemies who want to stop them?

MARTY

What if it really is people who want to stop them?

JANE

Like Lil and her blues club?

MARTY

No, but say Whoppermart wants to move in, and build the world's biggest mall--

JANE

What do you really think?

MARTY

I'd bet on the frat guys.

JANE

Where's the frat house with a big enough fridge for all those organs?

MARTY

They're all in this together. They've been collecting organs for years, storing 'em in a secret underground freezer. Maybe it's part of initiation. Everybody has to get a liver--as a symbol of the ones they're gonna destroy with alcohol.

EXT. BARNABUS AMPHITHEATER -- DAY

The place is filled with STUDENTS, FACULTY, and REPORTERS. Jane and Marty make their way to two of the few empty seats.

On stage are Hardbury, Measle, and CHIEF OF POLICE JIM THOMPSON, along with other university ADMINISTRATORS.

HARDBURY

I'll make this quick. We've had a lot of disruption around here of late, and I don't want to add to it anymore than necessary. But our faculty, trustees and I all consider it important to reassure every member of our community that we will get to the bottom of this.

APPLAUSE from those onstage, but little from the audience.

HARDBURY

Chief of Police Jim Thompson would like to say a few words.

THOMPSON

Folks, we are investigating this matter with our duest diligence, and will do our darndest to apprehend the culprits.

HARDBURY

Now we'll hear from Chief of Security Measle.

MEASLE

Anybody sees anything suspicious, call security right away.

HARDBURY

One final point--We ask each of you to be alert to anything out of the ordinary. We need your help to identify the enemies behind this, and root them out.

JANE

(to Marty)

Root out our enemies--what'd I tell you?

INT. STUDENT UNION -- DUSK

The living room is full of students, watching television, including Chrissy, Chip, Jane, Marty, and Ron.

CLOSE: TELEVISION

Local news, with Linda and Pete:

LINDA (on television)

Thanks to heroic labors of police and firefighters, the last liver has been lifted from its branch out at Barnabus.

PETE (on television)

Linda, we have some late-breaking news about those livers--and the other organs--

CUT TO

INT. LABORATORY -- DAY (ON SCREEN)

Reporter Tess Haggard interviews the MEDICAL EXAMINER.

MEDICAL EXAMINER (on television)  
So far the majority of the organs appear to be human, but we've also found a pig's liver, a horse's heart, and a cow's brain.

TESS (on television)  
How fresh were they?

MEDICAL EXAMINER  
We can't tell. They'd been frozen and thawed.

BACK TO ANCHORS

PETE  
Police are searching for an extra-large microwave oven.

LINDA  
With no reports of missing organs, the source of these hearts, livers, brains, and intestines remains a mystery.

PETE  
Which is roiling the university community. We're live with Tom Nettle. Tom?

CUT TO

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD -- DUSK (ON SCREEN)

Enjoying this novel beat, Nettle faces the camera.

NETTLE  
Pete, it's been quite a day here at Barnabus, and it's not over yet. I've talked with dozens of students and I've heard every theory you can imagine about who's behind these strange goings on-- everything from UFOs to opposing teams, to the ag school, to the science lab, to the drama department--

IN THE DORM

CHRISSEY  
Shit.

She gets up and heads to the door. Chip follows.

CHIP

Don't worry. Nobody takes that guy seriously.

CHRISSEY

Easy for you to say.

INT. CHRISSEY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

The room is dark. As Chrissy enters and turns on the light, she spies a letter on the floor. She opens it and reads.

CLOSE: LETTER

In crude block letters: BITCH: GET YOUR FROG-LOVING ASS OFF OUR CAMPUS. OR WE WILL WRITE YOU A PART YOU WON'T LIKE.

CHRISSEY drops onto her bed, staring at the letter. After a moment, she gets up and walks out of the room.

INT. DORM HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Chrissy knocks on a door.

CHRISSEY

Jane, it's me--

INT. JANE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Chrissy hands Jane the letter. Jane reads.

JANE

Creeps.

She gives Chrissy a hug.

JANE

You're gonna take this to security, right?

CHRISSEY

I saw them the other day.

JANE

So? See them again.

CHRISSEY

They have bigger fish to fry. What's one letter next to trees covered with livers?

JANE

It's their job. If they won't do it, go to the police.

CHRISSEY

Yeah, right. Thanks, Jane.

She leaves.

Jane worries.

INT. CHIP'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Chip's in bed on his cell phone. He gets up.

CHIP

I'm coming over.

INTERCUT: INT. CHRISSY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Chrissy's in bed on her phone.

CHRISSY

No, you're not.

CHIP

Then come over here.

CHRISSY

Chip, no offense, but--

CHIP

I know, it's a matter of principle.

CHRISSY

It's a matter of I wouldn't be comfortable.

INT. CHIP'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Chip's lying down, still on the phone.

CHIP

Then let me come over.

INT. CHRISSY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Chrissy's asleep. The PHONE RINGS. She finally picks up.

CHRISSY

Chip?

At the sound of HEAVY BREATHING, she slams down the receiver.

INT. MACK'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Super-macho sports-and-babes decor. Mack's in bed with Sheila. He folds his cell phone with a laugh.

MACK

Boy, I'd like to see that bitch's face right now.

SHEILA

Bet you scared her good.

They embrace.

EXT. AGRICULTURE BUILDING -- DAY

The building and the trunk of a nearby tree are covered with spray-painted slogans: AGGIES STINK, LICK THE COWS, GO BACK TO THE FARM!!!, etc.

A CROWD of STUDENTS, including Ron, watch, grim-faced, as SECURITY COPS photograph the graffiti.

RON

(to security cop)

You gonna do something about this?

SECURITY COP ONE

Don't worry, you'll get a new paint job.

RON

I mean, like find out who did it?

The cops shrug.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING -- DAY

Today's tour group is huge--THREE OR FOUR DOZEN STUDENTS AND PARENTS. Less chipper than usual, Chip scans the crowd.

CHIP

(louder than usual)

Welcome to Barnabus University. I'm Chip Shipling, and I'll be--

STUDENT ONE

Is this where the brains were?

CHIP

No, the hearts.

Everyone looks up at the trees.

CHIP

I guess you could say this is the heart of the university--

STUDENT TWO

How many were there?

CHIP

How many what?

STUDENT TWO

Hearts.

CHIP

Oh, a few dozen. One was on the ground  
right where you're standing.

STUDENT TWO jumps away.

STUDENT ONE

I want to see the brains--I mean--

CHIP

We'll get to the library in good time.

INT. CAFETERIA -- DAY

Jane joins Chrissy, Megan, Michael, and other drama students.

CHRISSEY

Jane, what is that on your plate?

JANE

I'm sorry, I love liver and onions.

MEGAN

You're eating liver--today?

JANE

You know, the Greeks thought the liver  
was the seat of all the passions.

Chip comes over.

CHIP

Chrissy, tour's on for tonight. How about  
I pick you up at nine?

CHRISSEY

Can't go. I've got a rehearsal.

CHIP

But you had a rehearsal last night.

CHRISSEY

Yeah, and we'll have another one tomorrow.

MICHAEL

And we're gonna eat liver at every single  
one.

EXT. LIL'S PLACE -- NIGHT

MUSIC from SAM DANIEL'S VOICE AND GUITAR (o.s.) drifts out  
through open windows. Chip, Jane, Marty, Gene, Wendi, Ron,  
and OTHERS pause outside, listening.

CHIP

Welcome to Lil's--

He opens the door, and waves the others in. Jane enters first.

INT. LIL'S PLACE -- NIGHT

Heads turn as the students file in. Lil hurries toward them.

LIL

Jane, honey, I'm sorry. Y'all are gonna have to leave.

JANE

Leave--how come?

CHIP

Didn't Chrissy call and tell you--

LIL

She called, all right. So did your president--what's his name, Hardnut?

CHIP

Hardbury.

LIL

He called just a half hour ago to inform me that this place is now off limits to Barnabus students.

CHIP

Off limits?

JANE

He can't do that--  
(to Chip)  
Can he?

LIL

I don't know what he can or can't do. But he's trying to close me down--and I don't want to get any of you kids in trouble--

CHIP

Did he say anything about the outside?

EXT. LIL'S PLACE -- LATER

The students sit along the wall or stretch out on the grass, enjoying the MUSIC (o.s.).

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

Mack drives. Sheila's practically in his lap.

SHEILA

When you said a ride in the woods, you weren't just whistling Dixie.

Mack CHUCKLES.

EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT

Mack's car rolls slowly down an almost nonexistent road, through dense woods.

EXT. PET CEMETERY -- NIGHT

Mack's car emerges into the clearing at the rear of the pet cemetery, next to the remains of the homestead.

Mack and Sheila get out.

SHEILA

Smells like smoke.

She steps toward the homestead, notices some charred wood.

SHEILA

Looks like they had a fire here.

MACK

Now we're gonna have one.

He embraces her.

INT. PHI-PSI-XI LOUNGE-- NIGHT

The new chandelier bursts into flame.

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT

As Chip's car heads back to Barnabus, a FIRE TRUCK SIREN BLARES. A CLOUD OF SMOKE rises from the university.

INT. CHIP'S CAR -- NIGHT

Chip drives. He and the others--including Jane, Marty, Ron--look out their windows with alarm.

EXT. FRATERNITY ROW -- NIGHT

Phi Psi Xi and Psi Psi Psi are ablaze.

As stunned STUDENTS in pajamas, underwear, etc., watch, FIREFIGHTERS do their best--it's not enough.

Chip, Jane, Marty, Ron, and the others from Lil's rush through the CROWD, while SECURITY COPS set barricades.

CHIP  
 (to cop)  
 That's my house.

SECURITY COP  
 Was your house.

From the edge of the crowd comes a voice:

BOB  
 Chip! We're over here.

Chip and Gene make their way toward Bob; the others follow.

Over a loudspeaker comes a MALE VOICE:

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
 All Phi Psi Xi and Psi Psi Psi members  
 report immediately to the Agriculture  
 Building and check in with Emergency  
 Services.

For once at a loss for words, Chip turns toward Jane and the others.

Jane hugs him.

JANE  
 If there's anything we can do--

MARTY  
 If you need a place to stay--

CHIP  
 Thanks. See you later. I guess.

He walks off. Ron follows him.

Jane and Marty drift closer to the burning buildings.

MARTY  
 How 'bout it, Athena--you think the  
 administration's behind this one?

JANE  
 Look--

She points to the blackened side of Phi Psi Xi, where ever so slightly paler, gleams the by now familiar letter Omega.

MARTY  
 Think it's someone who hates fraternities?

JANE  
 And football. And physics. And Greek.

MARTY

And everything else about this place?

JANE

But they must know an awful lot of science, and at least a little Greek.

MARTY

They, definitely they.

INT. AGRICULTURE BUILDING -- NIGHT

At either end of the entrance hall a table has been set up, one identified by a sign overhead as Psi Psi Psi, the other as Phi Psi Xi, where ag student CHET and Assistant Dean PETERS are checking in members.

Chip and Gene join the line to the Phi Psi table. Ahead of them, MARV and HANK are putting up a fuss.

MARV

What do you mean we have to stay here?

CHET

Take it easy.

HANK

We can go to D.U. Beta, Phi Gam, or--

PETERS

You can't all go there. And it's important for you to be together to figure out your house's immediate future.

MARV

Any place but here--Sorry, I mean--

CHET

Yeah.

INT. EXHIBIT HALL -- ONE

The walls of this immense oval room are hung with old paintings of prize-winning farm animals.

Around the sides of the room are some four dozen cots.

The room is empty as Chip and Gene enter.

CHIP

We should add this to the tour.

GENE

Where is everybody?

CHIP

I reckon they went thattaway.

He indicates a sign near the rear door pointing the way to the CANTEEN. They head toward it.

INT. CANTEEN -- NIGHT

Only slightly smaller than Exhibit Hall One, and full of FRAT GUYS and SORORITY GIRLS, inhaling food and drink. Tables filled with sandwiches, soda, etc. AG STUDENTS, some in aprons and chef's hats, serve.

Ron mans one of two kegs. Hank and Marv are lined up at it, while Chip and Gene head for a sandwich table.

RON

Have some homemade root beer.

He offers Frank a cup.

HANK

Where's the real stuff?

RON

This is real.

PHI XIER

Hey, give it a try. It's good.

PSI PSIER

Real good!

Hank takes the cup and drinks. Swishes the brew in his mouth. Mulls it over. Drinks again. Marv takes a cup.

Dean Peters enters.

PETERS

Everyone's accounted for but Mack Saunders and Sheila Gravely. Anyone seen 'em?

MARV

Nah, he had a hot date.

PSI PSIER

And she had a hot date.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

In the front seat, Sheila bounces up and down on Mack's lap.

SHEILA

Yes, yes, yes!

MACK

Hey, stop that.

Extremely pissed, Sheila stops cold.

SHEILA

What?

MACK

Stop moving my car.

SHEILA

Sweetie, the only thing I'm moving is me.

MACK

So your butt was bumping my gear.

SHEILA

Don't you mean humping your gear?

She leans into him. He grasps her buttocks.

SHEILA

That better?

MACK

We're still moving.

He reaches for the parking brake--too late.

EXT. PET CEMETERY/INT. CAR -- NIGHT

As Mack's car rolls toward the homestead, the ground opens beneath it. The car slides in. SHEILA and MACK SCREAM.

SHEILA

Let me out of here!

MACK

I'm trying, okay?

SHEILA

Unlock the goddamn door!

MACK

It's stuck.

Dirt pours over the car burying it. THREE COLUMNS OF WHITE SMOKE RISE around it, like elongated humans.

EXT. AG BUILDING -- NIGHT

Chip walks out to meet Chrissy, who runs into his arms.

CHRISSEY

You okay?

CHIP

I guess.

CHRISSEY

You're all staying in there, right?

CHIP

For now anyway.

CHRISSEY

Look, if you'd rather--

CHIP

Wow, Chrissy--thanks. But it might not be such a good idea.

CHRISSEY

Probably not.

CHIP

It might be dangerous.

CHRISSEY

Definitely dangerous.

CHIP

But, boy, when this is over--

CHRISSEY

Whatever "this" is.

EXT. FRATERNITY ROW -- NIGHT

The fire-fighting continues. Beyond the barricades, DOZENS OF STUDENTS linger watching, as TV NEWS REPORTERS prowl among them, getting interviews.

Jane and Marty sit farther away, under a live oak tree.

MARTY

Wonder what's next.

JANE

Maybe this is the end.

MARTY

The last omega?

JANE

You don't think so?

MARTY

Do you?

JANE

Well, the Greek letter's finally attached to something Greek--

MARTY

But?

JANE

Why two houses, why not just one--or the whole row?

MARTY

They're the two oldest--the one Barnabus founded, and its sister house.

JANE

Barnabus--who mandated Greek studies--

MARTY

In perpetuity.

JANE

Marty, what if all these omegas are pointing at Barnabus? On account of something he did way back when?

MARTY

Interesting theory, but then who's behind it, and why now?

JANE

I don't know, the descendants of--whoever. It's the centennial this year--

MARTY

The centennial, yeah--seems like the goddess of wisdom might be onto something.

JANE

Or nothing.

MARTY

Maybe there's a clue in the diaries.

JANE

What diaries?

MARTY

The ones he wrote in Greek. The rare book room has 'em. Maybe somebody should take a look at them.

JANE

Somebody?

INT. GREEK CLASS -- DAY

Marty and Jane stand before Perkins. Dancer prances.

PROFESSOR PERKINS

Ah, the Barnabus diaries. Looked into 'em myself once upon a time.

JANE

You did?

PROFESSOR PERKINS

Right after they hired me. Thought I might write a monograph, impress the powers that be. But I couldn't bear it. His style was just too awful.

DANCER

Awful, awful, awful.

MARTY

What did he write about?

PROFESSOR PERKINS

Mainly I remember the breakfasts--he wrote them in impressive detail--made up words for grits and cream gravy.

DANCER

Gravy, gravy, gravy.

PROFESSOR PERKINS

Tedious beyond endurance. However, don't let me discourage you, if you really want to do this.

MARTY

We do.

The professor scribbles two notes.

PROFESSOR PERKINS

These should get you in.

DANCER

Gravy, gravy, gravy.

He hands Marty and Jane each a note.

INT. RARE BOOK ROOM -- DAY

Besides the librarian, Marty and Jane are the only ones in the dark-wooded room. They sit across from each other, immersed in the volumes open in front of them, with others at their sides.

JANE

Grits, gravy, biscuits, hash.

Marty YAWNS. Jane YAWNS. Marty drops his head onto the books.

JANE

Come on, Marty, we've got thirty-eight more of these to go.

She reaches across the table and squeezes his shoulder.

MARTY

Umm, that feels great.

Jane pulls her hand away. Marty lifts his head, with a SIGH.

INT. PRESIDENT'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

A reception for TRUSTEES and RICH ALUMS is in progress. Sam Daniels threads through the crowd, carrying a tray of hors d'oeuvres. He approaches President Hardbury, deep in conversation with Hedge Litwell and banker JACK MCINTYRE.

LITWELL

Jack here tells me we're looking at yet another roadblock.

HARDBURY

Nothing to speak of. The goings on out here caused a minor delay in the court case, that's all.

Sam offers his tray to Litwell who takes a piece, then steps around him toward McIntyre and Hardbury.

MCINTYRE

I heard that it's buying time for your local opposition.

HARDBURY

Won't do 'em a lick of good once the judge rules our way. And that, my friends, is a foregone conclusion.

He takes an hors d'oeuvre.

INT. RARE BOOK ROOM -- LATER

Marty and Jane have each moved on to a second volume.

JANE

Here's something different--

MARTY

'Bout time.

JANE

Wow.

Blushing, she LAUGHS a little.

MARTY

So?

JANE

Bizarre.

She hands him her book.

MARTY

(reads)

The grits this breakfast were of excellent--  
texture--surrounding her--what?

JANE

Thighs.

MARTY

Like sunlight on marble columns.

JANE

And then I sipped her dripping gravy--

MARTY

And she sipped mine.

They LAUGH uneasily.

JANE

Think the professor got this far?

INT. RESTROOM -- DUSK

Alone in a one-person restroom, Sam PLAYS BACK a TAPE on a  
miniature recorder:

HARDBURY (V.O., on tape)

And that, my friends, is a foregone  
conclusion.

INT. STUDENT UNION -- DUSK

The largest crowd of STUDENTS yet watch TV.

CLOSE: TELEVISION

Local news, with Linda and Pete:

LINDA (on television)

Our top story tonight, an empty car  
belonging to Barnabus quarterback Mack  
(MORE)

LINDA (on television)  
 Saunders has been found, buried near the  
 university founder's pet cemetery. Tom  
 Nettle is on the scene--Tom?

CUT TO

EXT. PET CEMETERY -- DAY

Police swarm the area, as a CRANE lifts Mack's car.

NETTLE

Linda, the car was discovered during the  
 pursuit of a runaway pig. But how it  
 got here remains a mystery. Mack Saunders  
 was thought to be on a date with Sheila  
 Gravely. Both students were members of  
 the houses that were destroyed in last  
 night's fire, and are still missing.

BACK TO ANCHORS

PETE

Still no word on what caused that fire.

LINDA

I'll tell you, Pete, it must be rough  
 being a student at Barnabus these days--  
 you just never know what's gonna happen  
 next out there.

REACTION: STUDENTS

Mocking her: "You tell us, Linda," "It's rough, all right."

BACK TO ANCHORS

PETE

Linda, the students seem to be coping.  
 It's no secret that Barnabus has had  
 their worst football season ever--

LINDA

But that isn't stopping them from  
 celebrating just as if they were the  
 conference champs.

CUT TO

INT. MEAT LOCKER -- DUSK

STUDENTS wheel in giant blocks of ice, while Tess Haggard  
 shivers as she speaks into a microphone.

TESS (on television)  
 Linda, I'm here in the meat locker at  
 the Barnabus Agriculture School, where  
 the biggest chunks of ice I've ever seen--

STUDENT ONE  
 Since last year!

TESS (cont.)  
 --have just arrived. By tomorrow night,  
 Barnabus students will have transformed  
 these blocks into a monumental ice  
 sculpture--the centerpiece of the  
 traditional homecoming festivities.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM -- NIGHT

Rehearsal has just ended. The last of the actors drift out,  
 followed by Michael. As Chrissy and Chip prepare to leave:

CHIP  
 So how about tomorrow?

CHRISSEY  
 What about it?

CHIP  
 Homecoming.

CHRISSEY  
 I don't do homecoming.

CHIP  
 I do.

CHRISSEY  
 You would.

CHIP  
 And I'd like to do it with you. The band's  
 pretty good.

CHRISSEY  
 I'll think about it, okay?

INT. MEAT LOCKER -- NIGHT

STUDENTS chip away at the ice blocs.

INT. RARE BOOK ROOM -- DAY

Jane rests her head in her arms. Marty touches her shoulder.  
 She jerks awake.

MARTY  
 Jane, come help me with this.

She steps around the table and begins to read.

MARTY

Remember in your last one he was doing  
all that ranting about fire?

JANE

And now there's been a fire.

MARTY

Fires. A lot of them.

JANE

(reads)

Our cause is purified by fire. Our enemies  
are overcome. The past makes way for the  
future. For the city of--

MARTY

City of the illuminated.

JANE

On the hill. In one great stroke our way  
is made clear. One hundred--what?

MARTY

Vulgar dwellings.

JANE

Vulgar dwellings have vanished in the  
night as if they had never been.

MARTY

An act of god.

The LIGHTS in the room GO OFF, leaving it deeply shadowed.

JANE

One hundred vulgar dwellings--he doesn't  
say anything about the people in them.

MARTY

No.

JANE

What do you think happened?

MARTY

Isn't it obvious?

JANE

He planned it, he and his cohorts?

MARTY

Yeah.

JANE

So why haven't we heard about it?

MARTY

They must have covered it up pretty well--  
I guess none of the powers that were  
cared about those vulgar dwellings.

JANE

Maybe someone does now.

The LIGHTS COME BACK ON. Jane goes to the desk.

LIBRARIAN

Another one already? My, you two work  
fast.

JANE

No, I'd just like to look at some maps  
of the area--late nineteenth century and  
early twentieth.

LIBRARIAN

I'm afraid ours are all on loan right  
now--you could try the historical society.

EXT. LIBRARY -- DAY

Jane and Marty come out.

JANE

How 'bout I take the newspaper, and you  
take the historical society.

INT. MEAT LOCKER -- DAY

The sculpture begins to assume a shape--three rough figures  
in front of a mountain. Ron carves.

EXT. CAMPUS -- DAY

Chip and Chrissy meet under a giant live oak.

CHRISSEY

Yes.

CHIP

Yes?

CHRISSEY

Yes.

They lean toward each other--into a kiss.

INT. NEWSPAPER MORGUE -- DAY

Rows of floor to ceiling shelves holding files of newspapers.

Jane waits at the counter while the HEAD CLERK searches at the end of one of the far rows. Finally the clerk returns.

HEAD CLERK

Sorry. May 14th, 15th, and 16th all appeared to be missing.

Meanwhile the ASSISTANT CLERK rummages below the counter.

ASSISTANT CLERK

They're here, in Will Call.

HEAD CLERK

You should have told us you called ahead.

JANE

But I didn't--

Off a questioning look from the head clerk:

JANE

I didn't know you'd have them out already.

INT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY -- DAY

The well-preserved front parlor of an antebellum mansion. AN AGING SOUTHERN BELLE sits at an elegant reception desk.

BELLE

Of course we have maps. You a member?

MARTY

No, but I could join.

BELLE

Sure. You got a hundred dollars?

MARTY

What about a student rate, or a day pass?

BELLE

I'll check and let you know.

MARTY

My paper's due tonight, Ms.--

BELLE

Mrs. Carrie Bright. And you are--?

MARTY

Marty Stevens.

BELLE

Martin Stevens--why didn't you say so?  
You'd be the son of Beauregard, right?  
And your mother was Mary Stroud--

MARTY

Martha.

BELLE

Well, Marty, it pleases me greatly to  
tell you that you are already a member.  
Your great-great-grandmother bought a  
family membership in perpetuity.

MARTY

In perpetuity?

BELLE

We don't sell that kind anymore, but of  
course we honor them.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE -- DAY

A green plaza thick with trees, a bronze statue of a  
confederate soldier at its center.

Jane and Marty sit on a bench, papers in their laps and at  
their sides.

JANE

So you've got connections.

MARTY

Or someone in the family had a whole lot  
of interest in history. Anyway, here's  
what the fire got rid of.

He shows her a MAP.

JANE

"Colored town."

MARTY

Yeah.

JANE

Take a look at these.

She hands him COPIES OF NEWSPAPERS. He reads.

JANE

A hundred houses, forty people dead, and  
it doesn't even rate a photograph.

MARTY

And it didn't take 'em long to decide it was an accident.

JANE

Marty, why didn't you tell me you were from around here?

MARTY

You didn't ask. Anyway, we moved away when I was a kid.

JANE

But you came back.

MARTY

Think I shouldn't have?

JANE

Of course not. I'm just surprised you didn't hear about this, that's all.

MARTY

It didn't exactly make it into the local history books. Anyway, what do we do about it now?

Good question. They sit silent, thinking.

INT. MEAT LOCKER -- AFTERNOON

Ron and ANOTHER STUDENT put down their chisels and survey the ICE SCULPTURE: THREE GIANT RUSHING FOOTBALL PLAYERS IN FRONT OF AN ERUPTING VOLCANO.

RON

Think we're done?

EXT. UNIVERSITY QUAD -- DUSK

The quad is packed with STUDENTS and ALUMS. The UNIVERSITY MARCHING BAND PLAYS. ONE OF SEVERAL FLOATS HOLDS CHEERLEADERS, rallying the fans.

At the side of the crowd, Chip and Chrissy hold hands.

CHEERLEADERS

Give me an A!

Chip responds; Chrissy doesn't--quite.

CROWD AND CHIP

A!

CHIP

Come on, kid, you can do it.

CHEERLEADERS

Give me a B!

This time Chrissy joins in:

CROWD AND CHRISSY

B!

Flyers in hand, MARTY and JANE hurry toward the crowd.

CHEERLEADERS

Give me a U!

CROWD

U!

Each offers a flyer to a STUDENT--no takers. They walk on.

CHEERLEADERS

Give me an S!

Marty approaches a group of FRAT GUYS.

CROWD

S!

MARTY

Extra, extra! New secrets about Barnabus history.

FRAT GUY

Give me a break.

CHEERLEADERS

What does it spell?

CROWD

BARNABUS!

Jane tries a new tactic, as she offers the flyers:

JANE

Happy homecoming.

TWO ALUMS take the flyers.

Marty approaches TESS HAGGARD, who's conferring with her CAMERA OPERATOR.

TESS

Just keep the cheerleaders out of my frame, understand?

MARTY

Excuse me--here's a story for you.

TESS

Give it to my assistant.

MARTY

It's important.

EXT. BARNABUS CAMPUS -- NIGHT

Led by the band and floats (cheerleaders first), the crowd at the Quad forms a parade. PLAYING a ZYDECO MARCH, the band steps off in the direction of the stadium.

Chrissy and Chip dance along at the side of the crowd.

CHIP

Not bad, huh?

CHRISSY

Not bad.

In frog costumes, Megan, Cindy, Steven and Jerry run up to Chrissy.

FROGS

Brekeke-kek, ko-ax, ko-ax!

The rest of the cast follows. Chrissy LAUGHS.

JERRY

(indicating costumes)  
How'dja like 'em, boss?

CHRISSY

Love 'em.

Jane and Marty run into Chrissy.

JANE

Chrissy--

CHRISSY

Jane, you okay?

JANE

Read this.

She hands Chrissy a flyer. Chrissy sticks it in her pocket.

JANE

Now. Please.

Chrissy makes a face, but takes out the flyer and reads, her expression darkening. Then hands it to Chip.

CHRISSY

Jane--

But Jane and Marty are headed back into the crowd.

EXT. STADIUM -- NIGHT

The parade stops outside the stadium. From the opposite direction comes a NEW FLOAT, pulled by a truck, which holds something huge and mountainlike under a red tarp. An escort of SIX AG STUDENTS, including Ron, hold its ends.

Near the front of the parade, Marty points out Ron to Jane.

Tess and her crew wait nearby as a student costumed as a SPARTAN steps to the front of the float, megaphone in hand.

SPARTAN

(through megaphone)

On behalf of the Spartans, I come to  
accept this tribute.

He passes the megaphone to Ron.

RON

The tribute is yours.

The students pull off the tarp, unveiling the volcanic ice sculpture.

Amid APPLAUSE and CHEERS, the BAND STRIKES UP A MARTIAL TUNE.

The CHEERLEADERS do an elaborate routine.

From the top of the sculpture SILVERY SMOKE RISES, slowly at first, to form a huge cloud. The crowd watch, entranced-- reactions like "WOW", "HOW'D THEY DO THAT," etc.

Ron and OTHERS who worked on the sculpture watch, disturbed.

As if from somewhere far off, a FANFARE of TRUMPETS SOUNDS, and the sculpture cracks open, SPEWING BLACK ASH. Each side crashes down, just missing students on either side, leaving a pile of BLACKENED BONES in the middle.

GASPS, SCREAMS; SOME STUDENTS run off, but most are riveted by the spectacle.

Now the CLOUD RESEMBLES HUMAN FIGURES swaying from side to side. Out of it comes a CHORUS OF VOICES, spouting what sounds like gibberish--to everyone except Jane and Marty.

VOICES (speaking Greek)

(subtitled)

Barnabus, your evil days are numbered.  
Prepare to meet your doom.

MARTY AND JANE

Doom!

VOICES (speaking Greek)  
Doom--doom--doom!

SECURITY POLICE surround the fallen sculpture, and grab RON and the other five ag students.

SECURITY COP ONE  
(over megaphone)  
Folks, the parade is over, break it up.

Tess addresses the camera:

TESS  
A shocking end to the Barnabus homecoming parade. We have just witnessed, live, the collapse of the traditional ice sculpture. And inside it--

Security cops block the CAMERA.

SECURITY COP TWO  
Move along, ma'am, this is a crime scene.

As the crowd breaks up, Marty and Jane linger, eyes on Ron, still in custody. Chrissy and Chip spot them and hurry over.

JANE  
Marty, we've got to tell them--

CHRISSY  
Tell them what?

MARTY  
That my friend Ron has nothing to do with this.

JANE  
And about what they said.

CHIP  
What who said?

MARTY  
Whoever--whatever--that was up there.

JANE  
They were speaking Greek.

CHRISSY  
You understand 'em?

JANE  
Yeah.

INT. LAB -- NIGHT

TWO SCIENTISTS, Hardbury, and Detectives Bogg and Swan stare down at the blackened bones.

SCIENTIST ONE  
Human bones.

SCIENTIST TWO  
Old human bones.

HARDBURY  
How old?

SCIENTIST TWO  
Hundred years, give or take.

INT. STUDENT UNION -- NIGHT

Decorated for a party, but no one's dancing. All eyes are glued to the TV news. Jane, Marty, Ron, Chip, and Chrissy sit together toward the rear, with the Frogs cast nearby.

CLOSE: TELEVISION

TESS (on television)  
Scientists and police are searching for a natural explanation for the bizarre doings at Barnabus tonight. But maybe, just maybe, the university needs an exorcist.

WIDER

JANE  
Not an exorcist--an oracle.

RON  
Same thing, right?

MARTY  
Wrong. They're opposites. An exorcist expells spirits. An oracle invites them in and lets them speak.

RON  
They're already in.

CHIP  
And they're already speaking.

A moment's silence while they mull this over.

CHRISSY  
But they're not listening.

She gives Jane a look.

JANE

What? They're gonna listen to me?

CHRISSEY

You speak Greek, don't you?

JANE

A few words.

(indicates Marty)

He knows a lot more than I do.

MARTY

Thanks, Athena, but--

CHRISSEY

No buts, you're our translator. Now all we need's the oracle. We'll have an audition--

CHIP

I'll put up signs: "Do you have what it takes to talk to the dead?"

Megan steps up to Chrissy.

MEGAN

I have what it takes.

CHRISSEY

Thanks, Megan, but--

MEGAN

Chrissy, I don't need to audition. I am an oracle.

CHRISSEY

For pigeons, maybe.

MEGAN

It wasn't just pigeons out there. Remember?

Chrissy remembers.

MEGAN

Let's go tonight. They'll be waiting.

JANE

Waiting where?

MEGAN

Where do you think?

EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT

Chrissy, Chip (holding a HIGH-POWERED FLASHLIGHT), Megan, Ron, Jane, and Marty tromp through the woods.

MEGAN

(to Chip)

Turn it off. We don't want to scare them.

CHIP

Us scare them?

But he turns off the light. Darkness envelops them. All the NOISES OF THE NIGHT are audible--and ominous.

At the same moment, all three guys trip, as if someone had pulled the rug out from under them.

CHIP

Shit.

RON

Jesus.

The girls help them to their feet.

CHRISSY

You want that light back on?

EXT. PET CEMETERY -- NIGHT

As Chrissy, Chip, Megan, Ron, Jane, and Marty enter the clearing, the MOON COMES OUT from behind the clouds, illuminating tombstones and homestead ruins.

CHIP

What now?

As if in answer, a GLOWING COLUMN OF MIST rises from the heart of the cemetery and moves toward the ruins. The students follow. As they approach the chasm at the edge of the homestead, where Mack's car was buried, it disappears.

MEGAN

Stay. They're here.

(to Jane and Marty)

Talk to them.

JANE

(to Marty)

Say something.

MARTY

You first.

JANE (speaking Greek)  
 We come in peace.  
 (whispers to Marty in English)  
 Was that too corny?

UNEARTHLY LAUGHTER from the ruins. The students huddle close.

MARTY (speaking Greek)  
 We're students at Barnabus. Who are  
 you?

The WILL-O-THE-WISP REAPPEARS--MULTIPLIED BY MAYBE 20.

As the SPIRITS speak, Megan does, too, as if the words were  
 torn out of her.

SPIRITS AND MEGAN (speaking Greek)  
 Graduates of the grave.

Megan falls to her knees. Chip and Chrissy bend to help her,  
 but she waves them away, and pulls herself up.

SPIRITS AND MEGAN (speaking Greek)  
 We have studied hard to gain our powers.

JANE  
 What powers?

MARTY (speaking Greek)  
 What do you want?

SPIRITS AND MEGAN (speaking Greek)  
 Memory--honor--recompense--

Megan faints. As the others tend to her--

SPIRITS (speaking Greek)  
 And sacrifice.

MARTY  
 Sacrifice--

JANE (speaking Greek)  
 What kind of sacrifice?

Silence. The students listen. Nothing.

CHRISSEY  
 That's it. Let's go.

The students start to leave, but a FIERCE WIND forces them  
 back and knocks them down. It turns into a kind of REVERSE  
 TORNADO, funneling leaves and Spanish moss skyward. From  
 the woods (o.s.) comes the spirits' voices:

SPIRITS AND MEGAN (speaking Greek)  
The last born--fruit of Barnabus.

With a SIGH, the WINDS STOP. Leaves and moss fall all over the students.

JANE  
(to Marty)  
You realize where we are, right?

MARTY  
Where it happened.

JANE  
And these must be the folks it happened to.

CHRISSY  
Yeah, but who's gonna believe us?

Through the trees, comes a woman's voice:

TESS  
I do.

Tess and her assistant, LIZ, step out of the woods, followed by a TWO-PERSON CREW recording picture and sound.

CHRISSY  
What are you doing here?

TESS  
Your story.  
(gesturing toward the homestead ruins)  
Their story.

JANE  
You were filming--

TESS  
Everything.  
(to Marty)  
I read your material--it's dynamite. We can help.

CHRISSY  
Maybe--if your tape comes out.

TESS  
Even if it doesn't. I've got an appointment to see Hardbury tomorrow morning at eleven. You be there, too--with a plan.

MARTY  
A plan?

TESS

And not that I don't trust your translation abilities, you might bring along your Greek professor.

INT. AG BUILDING BASEMENT -- NIGHT

The spot where Ron and Marty painted the uniforms.

Marty, Jane, Chrissy, Chip, Ron and Megan sit on the floor.

JANE

An apology, for starters.

CHRISSEY

You really think Hardbury's going to apologize for anything?

RON

Why not? It's not like he did it. It happened a hundred years ago.

CHIP

Be good publicity--owning up to our past.

CHRISSEY

I'll bet they want reparations.

MEGAN

How about a monument--a statue of the sharecroppers?

JANE

And a museum.

MARTY

And scholarships.

JANE

Full scholarships for descendants of the victims.

MARTY

And every poor kid who needs one.

CHIP

Sounds like a plan to me.

MARTY

Except for the sacrifice.

CHRISSEY

That's easy, they don't build the business school where they want to. That's where the museum'll be.

JANE  
And we save Lil's.

MARTY  
Think that'd be enough?

JANE  
What more could they want?

MARTY  
A real sacrifice.

RON  
So we'll give 'em a couple of prize bulls.

MARTY  
I think they meant human sacrifice.

JANE  
Whereas I took it more metaphorically--

CHRISSEY  
Why would they want to kill someone who  
had nothing to do with it?

RON  
There might not even be any living  
descendants.

CHIP  
Whatever. We've got a plan.

Chrissy gets up. Chip and Megan follow.

CHRISSEY  
See y'all at the presidential palace.

They leave.

EXT. CAMPUS - OUTSIDE JANE'S DORM -- NIGHT

Marty and Jane walk in silence. Then at the same moment,  
each turns to the other, starts to speak, then stops.

MARTY  
What?

JANE  
Nothing. You?

MARTY  
Same.

JANE (speaking Greek)  
Good night.

MARTY (speaking Greek)

Good night.

Jane lifts her hand to wave, starting to turn away. But Marty takes it and kisses her fingers one by one.

They rush into each other's arms. A long kiss. Jane pulls away, as if burned.

MARTY

Till tomorrow.

Jane runs into the dorm.

INT. HARDBURY'S OFFICE -- DAY

In the darkened room, TESS'S TAPE PLAYS on a large screen. Tess's assistant, JACKIE, stands beside it.

Hardbury, Litwell, and Professor Perkins watch, seated, while Marty, Jane, Chrissy, Chip, Megan, and Ron stand at the rear.

ON SCREEN

The homestead ruins and the students are barely visible in the darkness.

SPIRITS AND MEGAN (speaking Greek)

Memory--honor--recompense--

HARDBURY's had enough. He heads for the DV player.

HARDBURY

Obviously a hoax.

TESS

Shall we quote you on that?

At Tess's signal, Jackie TURNS OFF THE TAPE.

HARDBURY

If you think you're going to broadcast this--

TESS

Professor Perkins, what do you think?  
Is it a hoax?

PROFESSOR PERKINS

I don't know what to think. I haven't heard better classical Greek spoken anywhere. Their pronunciation is a trifle unusual--more in the manner of the nineteenth century--

TESS

Whoever we recorded, the arson and murder that made way for this university are a matter of public record, and we are going to make it public. The only question is what you're going to do about it.

Hardbury is silent.

TESS

The students who told me about these events have something to say to you.

CHIP

Mr. President, we've come up with a plan.

CHRISSY

Sir, we tried to imagine what we would do if we were in your position.

Ron takes a stack of folders out of his backpack.

RON

Copies for you and the trustees.

HARDBURY

We'll read it. Y'all can go now.

The students leave.

TESS

One more thing we'd like to play for you, Mr. President.

Jackie PLAYS AN AUDIO TAPE--the one Sam Daniels recorded.

LITWELL (V.O., on tape)

Jack here tells me we're looking at another roadblock--

REACTION, HARDBURY: The jig is up.

INT. EXECUTIVE DINING ROOM -- DAY

The trustees, assembled around the table, listen grim-faced as the TAPE PLAYS:

HARDBURY (V.O., on tape)

And that, my friends, is a foregone conclusion.

Silence. Sam Daniels offers coffee. There are few takers.

HARDBURY

Friends, we are deep in it.

TRUSTEE ONE

You mean you are, Hardbury.

TRUSTEE TWO

Just how do you propose to get out?

EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING -- AFTERNOON

Tess speaks to the CAMERA.

TESS

The administration claim they knew nothing until recently of the university's dark history. But they say they are prepared to make reparations.

INT. LOCAL NEWSROOM -- AFTERNOON

Linda and Pete.

LINDA

What kind of reparations, Tess?

EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING -- AFTERNOON

As before.

TESS

President Hardbury is about to tell us.

INT. STUDENT UNION -- AFTERNOON

The room is filled with students watching the news, including Jane, Marty, Chrissy, Chip, and Megan.

HARDBURY (on television)

Since land we've acquired for our business school is one of the sites of the tragedy-- that is where we will build the museum.

TESS (on television)

What about that blues club you're suing?

HARDBURY (on television)

We're withdrawing our application.

CHEERS from the students.

JANE

So it worked.

CHRISSEY

I don't believe it.

CHIP

What else could they do?

MEGAN

So I guess it's over.

CHRISSY

Let's hope.

CHIP

Back to business as usual. Gonna feel a little boring.

CHRISSY

You think so?

She touches him lightly. He reaches for her hand.

CHIP

Maybe not.

MARTY

You really think it's over?

JANE

Sure. Don't you?

EXT. CAMPUS -- NIGHT

All is quiet.

EXT. PET CEMETERY -- NIGHT

Unearthly quiet. The lull before the storm. WILL-O-THE-WISPS rise high into the dark sky--and move toward campus.

INT. LIBRARY -- NIGHT

A STUDENT in the stacks glimpses a gleam of light behind her. As she turns toward it, books fly off the shelves.

INT. LECTURE HALL -- MORNING

Art history. In the darkened classroom, PROFESSOR MOLLY NEWMAN is showing slides. Currently ON SCREEN, a ROMAN TEMPLE.

PROFESSOR NEWMAN

Moving on to the Coliseum--

A NEW SLIDE moves into place--not the Coliseum but the HOMESTEAD RUINS AT THE PET CEMETERY.

MURMURS from the students.

PROFESSOR NEWMAN

Lights, please.

But the lights stay off. WILL-0-THE-WISPS enter the classroom. As they take seats, they assume the form of NEGATIVE IMAGE HUMANS, in century-old garb.

STUDENTS GASP--then freeze.

PROFESSOR NEWMAN

Who are you?

ONE SPIRIT touches the slide projector, and ANOTHER VIEW OF THE PET CEMETERY RUINS appears.

INT. PSYCH LAB - PIGEON ROOM -- DAY

SEVERAL STUDENTS at work, including Megan, putting a pigeon back in its cage and Nora, weighing her pigeon.

PIGEONS COO.

MEGAN

Lookin' good, Gretel.

Suddenly all is quiet. The DOOR CREAKS open. Students look up to see TWO SPIRITS enter the classroom.

Nora SHRIEKS. Megan walks toward them.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM -- DAY

Megan's alone with Chrissy.

CHRISSEY

So suddenly you understand classical Greek?

MEGAN

Not Greek. They weren't really speaking, I mean not outloud.

CHRISSEY

You read their minds.

MEGAN

More like, they put their thoughts into mine.

CHRISSEY

And told you what?

MEGAN

They've been studying here a hundred years. It's taken them till now to learn what they need to do and get the powers to do it.

CHRISSEY

To do what?

MEGAN

Cleanse this place, or destroy it.

CHRISSEY

Megan, could it be you misunderstood--  
what if they just came to say goodbye  
and thanks?

INT. GREEK CLASS -- DAY

Marty and Jane write, Professor Perkins reads, Dancer dances.  
The DOOR CREAKS open. DANCER CACKLES WILDLY. TWO SPIRITS, A  
MAN AND A WOMAN, enter.

Professor Perkins waves the spirits in.

PROFESSOR PERKINS (speaking Greek)

Welcome. We've been expecting you.

JANE

We have?

PROFESSOR PERKINS (speaking Greek)

Your Greek is superb. Where did you study?

MALE SPIRIT (speaking Greek)

Here. With Professor Lawrence, Professor  
Culver, Professor Hawkins--and you.

MARTY

(whispers to Jane)

Gives new meaning to the study of Greek  
in perpetuity.

FEMALE SPIRIT (speaking Greek)

We have graduated. We are here to teach.

PROFESSOR PERKINS (speaking Greek)

What?

SPIRITS (speaking Greek)

Sacrifice.

PROFESSOR PERKINS

Sacrifice--

The spirits vanish into thin air.

MARTY

Would the lord Zeus please excuse me?  
I'm not feeling too well.

\*

PROFESSOR PERKINS

Go.

Marty rushes out the door. Jane watches him, disturbed.

PROFESSOR PERKINS

You, too.

Jane goes.

EXT. CAMPUS -- DAY

Jane runs up to Marty. Without a word, he keeps walking.

JANE

Weird, huh?

Marty doesn't answer.

JANE

So what now?

She touches his arm. He moves away.

JANE

Excuse me!

MARTY

Sorry, I need to be alone right now.

He walks away. She follows.

JANE

Sure you couldn't use a little TLC?

MARTY

Jane, the best thing you can do is stay the hell away from me.

JANE

Is that what you want?

MARTY

What I want doesn't matter. It's what they want.

JANE

They?

MARTY

They want a sacrifice, and I'm it.

JANE

You're what?!!

MARTY

I'm the last remaining descendant of Barnabus.

JANE

Marty, that's not funny.

MARTY

It's not funny. But it's true.

JANE

How come you never told me?

MARTY

I'm not exactly proud of it.

JANE

Listen, don't go jumping to conclusions over a few words--

MARTY

A few words--

JANE

I don't care what those spirits went through, they have no right to bully you-- I can't believe they'd want to hurt you.

MARTY

Why not?

JANE

All you've done is help them--  
(off Marty's grimace)  
You have--and we're gonna tell 'em so.

MARTY

How?

JANE

We'll figure it out. Let's talk tonight, okay?

Marty stays silent.

JANE

Okay?

MARTY

Okay.

He jogs away.

JANE

Call me!

INT. CAFETERIA -- DAY

Jane hurries toward Chrissy and the Drama Club gang. Seeing her coming, Chrissy gets a sheet of paper out of her pack.

JANE

Chrissy--

CHRISSY

Here's the new song. Lil says we'll go on at nine.

JANE

I can't. Something came up--

CHRISSY

Oh, yeah? What?

JANE

An emergency.

She walks away.

CHRISSY

(after her)

You see any ghosts today?

Jane doesn't answer.

INT. JANE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Jane sits staring out her window, book open on her lap. A KNOCK at the door.

MARTY (O.S.)

It's me.

Jane opens the door. Marty comes in.

MARTY

I came to say goodbye.

JANE

No, you didn't.

She throws her arms around him. Embracing fiercely, they kiss for a long moment, till Jane gently pulls away and starts unbuttoning her shirt. Marty stops her.

MARTY

We can't.

JANE

Don't you want to?

MARTY

Of course I want to. But it's not right.

JANE

Because you don't love me?

MARTY

Because I do love you. I can't do it and then leave.

JANE

Then don't--

She embraces him.

MARTY

I have to.

JANE

Where are you going?

Marty stays silent.

JANE

Please tell me you're not going to do anything stupid--

MICHAEL

It's not stupid.

JANE

Marty, this place is not worthy of your sacrifice.

MARTY

Yes, it is. If it weren't for Barnabus, I'd never have met you.

She holds him tight.

JANE

I'll go with you--we'll talk to them--

MARTY

Good-bye, Jane.

He pulls out of her embrace, and runs out the door. Frozen for a moment, Jane grabs her keys and runs after him.

INT. DORM HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Marty's gone. Jane sees that the elevator's approaching the ground floor. She races through a fire door.

INT. DORM FIRE STAIRS -- NIGHT

Her shirt still open, Jane races down.

EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT

Marty runs through the woods.

WELL BEHIND HIM:

Jane trips over a root, scrambles to her feet, and runs for her life--for Marty's life.

EXT. PET CEMETERY -- NIGHT

Marty enters the clearing.

MARTY

I'm here!

From the darkness, THREE SPIRITS appear, beckoning toward the homestead. Marty follows.

JANE reaches the cemetery just in time to see MARTY disappear into the ground of the homestead.

JANE

MARTY!!!

MARTY'S POV

A BLACK HOLE with fiery edges widens toward the sides as if fire were consuming a frame of film.

JANE (V.O.)

COME BACK!!!

INT. LIL'S -- NIGHT

Chrissy's on stage with Sam. Among the audience are Chip, Megan, and Ron.

CHRISSY

I'm Chrissy--

SAM

(pointing to himself)  
And he's not Jane.

CHRISSY

Jane couldn't make it tonight. Guess she had a heavy date--

SAM

Good for her.

CHRISSEY

So we're gonna start with a song by  
Stephen Collins Foster.

Sam begins PLAYING.

CHRISSEY (sings)

Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me.  
Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee--

Chrissy and Chip lock eyes, as do Sam and Lil, Megan and Ron.

CHRISSEY

Sounds of the rude world, heard in the day,  
lulled by the moonlight, have all passed away.

EXT. PET CEMETERY -- NIGHT

Jane claws at the homestead ground.

CHRISSEY (V.O.)

Beautiful dreamer, king of my song,  
list while I woo thee  
with soft melody--

JANE

(screams to the sky)  
LET ME IN!!!

She rolls over in the dirt, and hugs the ground, sobbing.

CHRISSEY (V.O.)

Gone are the cares of life's busy throng.  
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me-e-e--  
Beautiful dreamer--awa-ake unto me.

INT. LIL'S -- NIGHT

APPLAUSE. Chrissy and Sam bow. Chrissy nods to Sam, and he  
PLAYS AN INTRO to their next number.

EXT. PET CEMETERY -- NIGHT

Jane pulls herself up and runs back to the woods.

INT. LABORATORY -- NIGHT (NEGATIVE B&W)

SPIRITS lead Marty (IN POSITIVE COLOR) into a lab. TWO SPIRITS  
lift him onto a table. ANOTHER sticks A NEEDLE into his arm.

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT

Jane flies down the road.

INT. LIL'S -- NIGHT

APPLAUSE. Chrissy and Sam bow.

CHRISSEY

Thank you. We'd like to close with a  
song I wrote for Lil's--

Sam PLAYS.

CHRISSEY (sings)

Step right in, and sit right down.  
Wipe away that silly frown.  
Let your troubles melt away.  
Here's the place where you belong--

The door swings open.

CHRISSEY (cont.)

Listen, listen, listen--

Jane comes in, and leans against the wall, exhausted, shirt  
still open, and covered with grime.

Chrissy breaks off and runs to her. Chip, Megan, and Ron  
follow.

SAM

Excuse us, folks.

He follows Chrissy, as Lil nods OTHER MUSICIANS to the stage.

Chrissy hugs Jane.

CHRISSEY

Jane, sweetie--

She buttons Jane's shirt.

JANE

They took Marty.

SAM

We'll call the police.

JANE

(shaking her head)  
Ghosts took him. Police won't help.

LIL

Come back to the kitchen.

She leads the way.

JANE

We've got to bring him back.

INT. LABORATORY -- NIGHT (NEGATIVE B&W)

Marty's still on the table. At another one, SPIRITS set test tubes into an elaborate scientific instrument.

EXT. CLEARING -- NIGHT (NEGATIVE B&W)

A SPIRIT feeds the fire in a huge barbecue pit. A giant metal spit is suspended over it.

INT. LIL'S -- NIGHT

Jane, Chrissy, Chip, Megan and Ron sit at a table with Sam and Lil. Jane's face has been cleaned off a bit.

SAM

They got the wrong dude.

JANE

They did? How do you know?

SAM

They should have got me.

CHRISSY

No!

JANE

Then why--

LIL

Lot of family trees around here have some willfully mislabeled branches.

SAM

Marty's grandma got married off to a Barnabus, but everybody knew her true love was a fire eater in the circus-- cousin of one of my great uncles.

LIL

Sam's grandmama had a baby by a different Barnabus. She wasn't married yet, so there wasn't any confusion about who the daddy was.

SAM

Not that he ever acknowledged it.

CHRISSY

So I guess you wouldn't sacrifice yourself for our fair university.

SAM

Damn right. But I might have tried to talk some sense into 'em.

JANE

You still could--maybe it's not too late--

SAM

Let's go.

He picks up his guitar.

LIL

Sam, this is no business for you to go messing with.

SAM

Lil, all I'm gonna do is talk to those folks.

(to students)

You ready?

EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT

Sam, guitar case in hand, Chrissy, Jane, Chip, Megan, and Ron make their way through the woods.

EXT. PET CEMETERY -- NIGHT

Sam and friends step into the clearing.

SAM

I remember this place--came out here once on a dare.

A WIND RISES from the homestead ruins, making EERIE MUSIC.

SAM

Anybody here?

The WIND SPINS INTO A FUNNEL heading toward them. As they drop to the ground, a HUMAN FORM FALLS from the funnel, tumbling over and over on its way to the ground.

Jane looks up--it's Marty. She runs toward him as the FUNNEL DISAPPEARS. The others follow.

MARTY

Jane?

She hugs him.

MARTY

I didn't pass their DNA test. I'm not--

JANE

I know.

MARTY

You do?

As SPIRITS emerge from the homestead, Sam steps toward them.

SAM

Howdy folks. You looking for me?

The spirits stop, bend toward each other as if conferring.

SAM

You ought to know I don't go along with this sacrifice business, but I'd be pleased to spend some time with you.

The spirits surround Sam and whisk him away.

SAM

(as if from far away)  
See you later.

CHRISSEY

(calls after him)  
We'll wait.

SAM'S POV: As he hurtles through a twisting tunnel of smoke.

EXT. CLEARING -- NIGHT (NEGATIVE B&W)

The fire blazes. A CROWD OF SPIRITS sit near it, forming an Omega-shaped ring.

OTHER SPIRITS lead Sam to the opening of the ring.

SAM

I am the one you seek. Guess you know that, right?

He sits.

SAM

Hope you're not too disappointed, but ain't no frat boys left. White line died out.

He takes out his guitar, PLUCKS A STRING, and scans the crowd, preparing for the performance of his life. Then addresses one of the spirits.

SAM

You a Cricket?  
(PLAYS A BLUES RIFF)  
Les Cricket was the wildest kid I knew.  
He's in Chicago now, playin' up a storm  
in his new band.

Sam concentrates on his guitar for a moment, PLAYING COMPLEX RIFFS, then looks over his audience.

SAM

Any of y'all kin to Stewarts, Linleys,  
Browns? Those are some of my people. But  
then I figure I'm related to pretty much  
everybody in town.

He goes deeper into his music. The SPIRITS sway in time.

SAM

Any of y'all feel like jamming?

SPIRITS bring out ghostly fiddles, guitars, mandolins, drums.

SAM

All right!

One after another, the SPIRITS JOIN HIM.

EXT. PET CEMETERY -- NIGHT

One after another, the students fall asleep.

Overhead the STARS dance.

EXT. CLEARING -- NIGHT (NEGATIVE B&W)

As before. Sam and the spirits are PLAYING UP A STORM.

The music dies, and Sam stands.

SAM

That's quite a fire you got there. You  
fixing a barbecue--  
(he plucks a string)  
--or something else?

The spirits exchange looks. A FEMALE SPIRIT gets up and walks  
to Sam. She gives him a lingering kiss.

OTHER SPIRITS rise, walk toward him, and surround him.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

EXT. PET CEMETERY -- PREDAWN

The sky lightens. BIRDS TWITTER. During the night, Marty and  
Jane have become entwined in each other's arms, as have  
Chrissy and Chip, and Megan and Ron.

They wake and pull apart to a HAUNTING GUITAR TUNE (o.s.).

They turn to see SAM PLAYING as he walks toward them.

Chrissy and Jane run to him and embrace him. The others follow, into a group hug.

SAM

Don't know about y'all, but I'm hungry.

INT. LIL'S KITCHEN-- DAWN

Sam and the students sit at a table. Lil serves breakfast.

SAM

So I passed the DNA test, but I knew they weren't gonna sacrifice one of their own. I'm related to half those folks-- got friends related to the other half.

JANE

What'd you do all that time?

SAM

Made music.

CHRISSY

Music--?

SAM

Yeah. Played with some great musicians-- one of the most beautiful nights of my life.

LIL

Wow.

SAM

Sorry you missed it, sweetie.

LIL

I'm not.

SAM

They told me to go teach jazz and blues over at the university.

CHRISSY

That's a great idea.

CHIP

We'll add it to the list.

SAM

No we won't. It'll happen, or it won't. Anyway, they're done with us.

MEGAN

So is it really over?

SAM  
It's over. They've learned their last  
lesson.

JANE  
What was that?

SAM  
Forgiveness.

The word lingers.

SAM  
Now they got the whole rest of the world  
to see.

LIL  
That should keep 'em busy for a few  
hundred years.

EXT. CAMPUS -- DAY

Marty and Jane walk to class.

MARTY  
I've been thinking about something you  
said last night--

JANE  
You said no.

MARTY  
Now I can say yes.

JANE  
Too late. Offer's expired.

Marty's face falls.

JANE  
Maybe next semester.

She gives him a kiss.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE: NEXT SEMESTER

FADE IN

INT. CLASSROOM -- DAY

Sam, on a stool, heads a circle of EIGHT STUDENTS, HOLDING  
GUITARS. He nods to ONE, who PLAYS A RIFF, then the next.

INT. THEATER -- NIGHT

ON STAGE:

THE FROGS' CAST take a bow, then CLAP for Chrissy, who joins them.

IN THE AUDIENCE

A standing ovation. Chip, Jane, Marty, Megan and Ron CLAP HARD. A few rows away, so do Professor Moonrush and Professor Perkins.

EXT. CAMPUS -- NIGHT

Jane and Marty embrace.

EXT. ATHENS -- LATE NIGHT

The ancient columns of the PARTHENON are touched by MOONLIGHT. A CROWD OF SPIRITS from Barnabus climb its steps.

FADE OUT