

Sketch

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INT. DARKNESS

A BLACK TELEVISION SCREEN BURSTS TO LIFE! Filling the screen.

It's a commercial. A white background with a "SketchTech" logo. The crisp and clean visuals are hypnotizing, something you'd see from an Apple commercial.

COMMERCIAL

Welcome to SketchTech. We're here
to make your world a better place.

A guy appears onscreen. He isn't your average human though, this is an animated cartoon character. TOBI, 20's, is a charming toon with a kind, approachable face. His skin is GRAY. Toons like Tobi, or "Sketches", are racially ambiguous.

TOBI

Hi! I'm Tobi. And I'm here to be
your best friend.

All different angles of TOBI start to fill the screen.
Showing off the product.

A MONTAGE of visuals begin to play:

- Tobi playing catch with a human boy.

TOBI (V.O.)

Need a buddy? No problem!

- Tobi making food in the kitchen.

TOBI (V.O.)

Hungry and don't feel like cooking?
I've got it!

- Tobi vacuuming the living room.

- Tobi playing a board game with a family at the dining room table. They all laugh.

TOBI (V.O.)

Family game night? Count me in!

End of montage.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A human BOY (7) sits cross-legged on the floor in the middle of a pastel living room. He's entranced by the television.

An extreme CLOSE UP of the kid's eyeball. We can see the commercial playing in the reflection of his glossy eye.

COMMERCIAL

Loneliness is a sickness. And we've finally created the cure.

The boy's parents sit on the couch behind him, watching along. DAD's arm is draped around MOM's, while a dozing dog snoozes on the floor.

COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

Our Sketch's are manufactured to enhance YOUR life.

THE COMMERCIAL fills frame once more, immersing us.

A SILHOUETTE of Tobi walks into frame. He stops and turns to camera. His silhouette fades into the light to reveal him in full. He smiles from ear to ear as he waves at the camera.

COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

We have dozens of customizable designs to choose from, so get your own Sketch companion today!

A HUMAN HAND lifts into frame and clicks a REMOTE, pausing the commercial. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL:

INT. SARA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TOBI on a couch next to SARA, 20s, his artsy, girl-next-door, human girlfriend. Her beauty is effortless.

Sara's cat Tom is snuggled next to her.

SARA

I'll never get used to it.

TOBI

What? Me on those commercials?

SARA

And seeing you around town with other people. Other *girls*.

TOBI

Well, babe, that's not me. It's just... **other** me's.

Sara shrugs it off and snuggles into Tobi's chest. He takes her hands in his, seeing that they're smudged with graphite.

SARA

I was working on some new drawings.

TOBI

You're so talented babe. As soon as you complete this course, SketchTech would be crazy not to hire you. **The** Sara Campbell.

SARA

Thanks baby.

TOBI

Just don't design your dream man and replace me.

SARA

Good thing he's already been designed.

Sara kisses Tobi sweetly.

Tom's head perks up and is laser focused on something across the room.

Sara looks over to see a CARTOON MOUSE scurrying along the base boards.

Tom jumps off the couch and chases the mouse out of the room.

SARA (CONT'D)

Oop. My first piece of homework is on the loose.

TOBI

Wait, you designed that mouse?

SARA

Yeah it's mandatory. Beginner design we all have to start with.

(beat)

I think he's kinda cute.

TOBI

Hmm, I'm not mad at it. Keeps Tom busy.

Tobi gives Sara a "we're alone now" look.

Sara smirks and then she raises the remote.

SARA

So, what should we watch tonight?

TOBI

I vote the new "Bird Brain" sequel!

SARA

Maybe something live action this time? You chose an animated movie last night.

(scrolling on TV)

Oh! How about something scary? I heard that "Slash 5" is fun. The kills are supposed to be nasty!

Tobi shrugs flirtatiously. Giving in.

TOBI

I'm down. You know I love a good kill, but I wish they scared me more.

SARA

(playful mocking)

Okay, so what does scare you then?

TOBI

Well babe, I mean, I am a Sketch.

I'm pretty much indestructible.

(beat)

It's hard to be afraid of something if it can't hurt you.

Sara takes this in.

SARA

I mean, you're not wrong-

Sara clicks play on the remote, "Slash 5" starts.

SARA (CONT'D)

-We'll see about that.

Tobi grabs a bowl of popcorn, they settle in as Sara cuddles into him.

CREAK. A noise comes from the other room.

Tobi stiffens. His eyes widen.

 TOBI
What was that?

 SARA
I dunno.
 (beat)
What happened to not being scared?

Sara playfully prods Tobi, who sits upright and stands up.

 SARA (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

 TOBI
To prove a point.

Sara giggles at his attempt to impress her.

 SARA
Okay Mr. Tough guy.

 TOBI
I'll be right back.

 SARA
And I'll be right here.

Sara shoves a heap of popcorn in her mouth. We hear a SCREAM come from the TV.

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A chill breeze blows leaves throughout the lawn.

INT. SARA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tobi enters and peers around the room.

He hears something moving in the pantry. Tobi slowly walks towards the door, his hand reaches out to the handle.

All is quiet, until...

HISS!

Tom jumps out from the pantry, startling Tobi.

TOBI

Shit!

He almost trips over him. With a relieved LAUGH, he calls out to Sara:

TOBI (CONT'D)

It was just Tom!

INT. SARA & TOBY'S LIVING ROOM

SARA

(sarcastically)

Thanks for saving the day.

Sara smirks, shrugs it off and goes back to watching the movie.

INT. SARA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Tobi is about to return to the living room, but he catches sight of some DRAWINGS on the kitchen table. He approaches. Some of them are of Tobi. Others are new sketch designs.

TOBI

(under his breath)

Oh damn. These new designs are fantastic.

Tobi smiles. But then, his gaze falls. Some of the sketches are scattered across the kitchen floor.

Upon closer inspection, it becomes clear that some of the drawings of Tobi have been altered. They depict him being murdered in various ways.

Tobi keeps shuffling through them until he see's a drawing with his head missing. There's no way Sara drew these.

Disturbed, he's about to head back to the living room when he feels a breeze.

Toby looks towards a CRACKED OPEN sliding glass door...

EXT. SARA'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Tobi steps slowly into the backyard to investigate. Light from a swimming pool FLICKERS across his face as he looks around. Nothing amiss. And then he sees something unexpected:

Tobi is forced to walk backwards, refusing to take his eyes off the masked figure. Unease bubbles up within him.

TOBI (CONT'D)
 (feigning bravery)
 Sara's gonna kill you for screwing
 with her drawings?

Nip continues forward. And as Tobi takes another step...

A LOUD METAL SNAP! CRUNCH!

TOBI (CONT'D)
 Ahhhhhhh!!!

Tobi falls to the ground, revealing that his leg is mangled between the jaws of an absurdly large **CARTOON BEAR TRAP**. A prop right out of a "Loony Toon" episode, reeking the carnage of the "Saw" franchise.

He SCREAMS and tries to pull the jaws apart, only making it worse. BLACK INK spews from Tobi's body. Sketch "blood".

Tobi is confused by the newfound pain.

Nip moves ever closer, toying with Tobi. Nip pulls out an enormous STICK OF CARTOON DYNAMITE from behind his back!

TOBI (CONT'D)
 No! What are you doing?

Nip lifts his boot and forcefully smashes his foot down on the toon bear-trap. Tobi HOWLS in agony!

Nip lights a **cartoon match** and ignites the **cartoon dynamite**. The wick slowly and dramatically burns closer and closer.

The flickering of the cartoon flame lights up the cat-mask.

TOBI (CONT'D)
 Please! Don't do this.

The killer cocks his head and swiftly shoves the large fire stick down Tobi's throat. He GAGS and SPUTTERS.

The sparks are reflected in Tobi's wide, horrified eyes.

The killer waves goodbye.

BOOM! The dynamite explodes, and with it, so does Tobi's head. It's gone. His headless body slumps to the ground. A **cartoon eyeball** falls from the sky, SQUISHING on the ground.

INT. SARA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Inside, Sara hears the BOOM. She pauses the movie and takes a moment to listen.

SARA
Tobi?
(beat)
Hello?

She gets up to investigate.

INT. SARA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sara enters the kitchen. Tobi is no where to be found.

SARA
Tobi?

Nothing.

She looks around the kitchen and notices the artwork. As she's focused on the art we see a silhouette from someone in the backyard move into the shadows.

After seeing the art her energy has shifted. Something is wrong. She notices the open sliding door and slowly walks towards it.

EXT. SARA'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Sara walks out into the back yard.

SARA
Tobi...?

She trails off as a SHADOW, the shape of a cat-masked figure, disappears behind a bush. **Did she really just see that?**

A shiver climbs Sara's spine. And then she sees it. Tobi's body with a pool of inky-blood and cartoon brain matter where his head once was. **CARTOON BIRDS and STARS** fly overhead.

Sara let's out a blood curdling scream!

We flow from the feet of the dead body into an aerial shot of the head. CARTOON BIRDS AND STARS circle the center of the screen as we ZOOM into the blackness of the inky blood.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE: "SKETCH"

INTRO CREDITS:

Throughout the credits we witness the production of a "Sketch", starting off with extreme closeups of a pencil scratching up a paper revealing a character design. The design is then sent to a vat in a dark room that begins to fill with black liquid ink. The ink forms into the shape of the character design who lays lifelessly suspended in the fluid. A shock pulses it to life. It takes it's first breath in a white barren room. Two SCIENTISTS raise it to its feet.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL THE NEWLY MANUFACTURED SKETCH.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Sara, rundown and puffy-eyed, stares blankly at this video on her laptop in a cafe full of mostly humans and sprinkled with Sketches. She's in the midst of an online SketchTech Course. A title pops up onscreen: "Welcome to Sketch Design 101."

A force of a woman, 40s, appears onscreen in a prerecorded video. A title pops up, identifying IVIE WERKS: "Founder & CEO of SketchTech Technologies". Her voice is soothing:

IVIE

And there you have it, students.
For those of you who go on to
change the world with us here at
SketchTech, that's how your designs
will come to life. Then they'll be
loaded into one of our mobile
laboratories and delivered right to
a lucky customer's door.

Onscreen, a smiling SketchTech EMPLOYEE escorts the newly formed sketch into the back of a MOBILE LABORATORY VEHICLE. A cross between a high-tech cargo van and the Mystery Machine.

A CARTOON HAND taps the space bar on Sara's laptop. It belongs to JEN, 20s, a stunning sketch made to perfection. Her curves are unreal. Imagine a modern Jessica Rabbit.

JEN

No one's expecting you to take
class today Sara.

SARA

Yeah, well sitting at home isn't
gonna help-
(beat)
-or bring him back.

Sara looks to a mounted TV playing a news report...

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - DAY

A news van sits outside of Sara's house from the opening scene. It's a mess of crime scene tape and police. A wily, over-zealous male human reporter named ELIAS PALMER, 30s, is in the middle of a live-recording.

ELIAS PALMER

Throughout the years, technological genius Ivie Werks has developed a multitude of society-changing technologies. The newest promises to solve the ever-growing issue of loneliness in the modern world. They call it "SketchTech". However, Ivie's work has also raised many questions to consumers, mostly ethical ones. The world wants to know: Are these so-called "Sketches" just toons... or people?

As Elias crosses the front yard, the camera pans to reveal a crowd of PICKETERS. Their signs read: "ARE THESE PRODUCTS OR PEOPLE?" and "HUMANS ARE THE FUTURE".

ELIAS PALMER (CONT'D)

Sketch Tech is creating artificial beings. So does this make the mysterious death a murder? Or is it merely a destruction of "property"?
(beat)

Some are even considering a third explanation: Could this have all just been a tragic malfunction?

INT. CAFE - DAY

Sara looks away from the TV, emotionally exhausted.

JEN

Hey Dave, could you--?

Jen uses her hands to make a cutting throat motion.

The human barista, DAVE, 20s, looks up from behind the counter and switches the TV off. He's your typical handsome jock, whose occasional douchiness is just a thin cover for his repressed sexuality.

DAVE
 (winking)
 You got it.

A sketch named MATT, 20s, leans up on the bar beside Dave. He's like a cute puppy stuck in a cartoon's body. Kind and loyal to a fault. Designed to be your best friend.

MATT
 I feel so bad for Sara. Can you
 imagine how you'd feel if that
 happened to me?

Up walks JAMIE, 20s, a human bookworm. He's an endearingly-awkward nerd on the brink of genius status. Gangly but cute.

JAMIE
 Matt, I know you're Dave's
 "bestie", but you don't even drink
 coffee. Can't you let him go to
 work alone?

MATT
 (genuine)
 Don't be jealous. There's room for
 both of us.

Jamie rolls his eyes and turns to Dave.

JAMIE
 Can I get an iced triple hazelnut
 latte with whipped cream and a dash
 of cinnamon on top?

DAVE
 Sorry bro, the espresso machine's
 acting up. Can't pull shots.

JAMIE
 Mind if I take a look?

Dave waves an inviting hand behind the bar. After a moment of Jamie futzing with the espresso machine, it HISSES to life.

DAVE
 Jamie! You tech whiz! One iced
 triple hazelnut latte with whipped
 cream and a dash of cinnamon on
 top, coming right up. I don't
 remember that being your drink.

Jamie eyes Sara chatting with Jen.

JAMIE
Sara. It's her favorite.

DAVE
Okay...

JAMIE
Thought it might cheer her up.

DAVE
Yeah.

JAMIE
Right?

DAVE
Maybe. I'll make it extra super special!

Dave swivels around and grabs a cup. He flips it into the air. Showing off some fancy moves. Clearly he has too much time on his hands.

MOMENTS LATER, Jamie approaches Sara with the elaborate-looking LATTE. Dave and Matt follow along, forming a comforting circle around her.

SARA
Thanks, Jamie.

Sara accepts the drink, but doesn't taste it. No appetite.

JAMIE
How're you holding up?

SARA
The best I can I guess...
(beat)
I really saw a future with him
Jamie.

Sara chokes back emotion. Hearing her profess her love for Tobi is hard for Jamie to hear. He's not sure what to say.

JAMIE
I, uh... I know some people have gotten pretty close to them.

JEN
(offended)
Them?

JAMIE

I'm just saying... Tobi did what he was designed to do. The perfect companion, and all that.

SARA

--I know you're a skeptic, Jamie. But Tobi was more than that to me.

JEN

The connection between sketches and humans is real. I mean hello, I was designed for **sex**, but I've developed **friendships** with you guys. That's evolving beyond my intended "purpose". Right?

Jamie backs off, realizing that he's offended the group.

JAMIE

I didn't mean anything by it.

MATT

We're all here for you, Sara.

DAVE

Yeah. We'll miss Tobi too. He was a good dude.

Sara nods. Grateful.

JEN

It's all kinda scary right?

Jen makes eye contact with Matt, who relates to her concerns being a sketch himself.

JEN (CONT'D)

I mean, we can't just pretend it didn't happen. Until now, I thought we were supposed to be like invincible or something.

Jamie's gaze drifts to Elias' report on TV.

JAMIE

They need to iron out those kinks, quick. If there's another malfunction like that, it's not gonna be good.

SARA

It wasn't a malfunction.

Everyone is confused.

SARA (CONT'D)
I literally saw someone. Someone
else was there that night.

Sara slides out her sketchbook, revealing a sketch of the cat-masked figures SHADOW on the ground.

JAMIE
So, you're suggesting that he was
murdered?

MATT
Everyone's saying it was a bug in
his system.

JEN
(skeptical)
They think that his head just...
What? Exploded?

The bluntness clearly makes Sara uncomfortable.

JEN (CONT'D)
Sorry, Sara.

JAMIE
Did you tell the police all this?

SARA
I told them everything.
(unconvinced)
They say they're "looking into it".

A TIMER goes off on Dave's cell phone.

DAVE
Break time. Matt, bro, remember you
were gonna help me with that thing?

MATT
Oh yeah, that.

The friends watch Dave and Matt slip into a room at the back of the cafe. Their flirty body language makes it clear what they're up to.

JAMIE
Dave's gotta know we know, right?

JEN

Well babes, he's definitely not the first guy who isn't straightforward about who he likes.

Jen is clearly calling him out for his crush on Sara. Sara is lost in thought, oblivious. Jamie chooses to ignore the dig.

JAMIE

Dave could be honest with me. We're best friends. Or at least we used to be. Before Matt came along...

JEN

Yeah, well, I think his new "bestie" scratches an itch that you don't.

JAMIE

Another example of evolving past his intended purpose, huh?

JEN

He's in denial about dating a dude and that's fine. He needs time. If Dave's happy, let him live his non-truth-truth.

VOICE (O.S.)

Howdy! Need anything else?

Startled, Sara turns toward the voice. She goes pale, discovering that it belongs to... TOBI! Only it's not her Tobi, it's another model working at the cafe as a barista. He wears an apron and balances a tray full of dirty dishes.

Sara is stunned speechless. This is heartbreaking for her.

JEN

We're good, thanks.

BARISTA TOBI

No problem.

(big smile)

I hope we didn't just make your coffee. I hope we made your day!

Barista Tobi saunters off, greeting each customer he passes with the same level of enthusiasm.

JAMIE

(to Sara)

You okay?

SARA
Yeah, i'm fine.

Sara snaps her laptop shut, then she leaves the cafe.
Fighting tears.

Jen hurries up to the coffee counter. She rings the service
bell.

JEN
Dave?

He's nowhere to be found. She's getting impatient.

She yells out once more.

JEN (CONT'D)
Dave!

The kitchen door swings open.

Dave rushes out, futzing with his tussled hair. Matt too.

Jen points over at the other Tobi.

JEN (CONT'D)
Why the hell is there another Tobi
here?

DAVE
Shit. The owner bought the latest
model to help out around here.

JEN
Well, bad timing.

DAVE
Yeah, no shit.

JAMIE
A little warning would've been
nice.

DAVE
Sorry, I didn't realize his
training started today. I was in
the back, uh...

MATT
(a quick lie)
--Doing inventory!

JAMIE
Mmhm. On your break?

Jen reaches up and helps straighten Dave's hair. Always touchy and overly sexual.

JEN
(disbelieving)
Right.

JAMIE
I'll go check on her.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Jamie approaches Sara, who is wrapping up a phone call.

SARA
(into phone)
Yes, I'm sure. Thanks.

Sara hangs up. Pissed.

SARA (CONT'D)
For nothing.

JAMIE
What's wrong?

SARA
(scoffing)
SketchTech called to offer me a
"replacement". Apparently, Tobi's
still under warranty.

JAMIE
Oh, that's.... **bad?**

SARA
He wouldn't be the same. They'd dig
up backup files of his newest
memories in the cloud, then reprint
him. But that would only be a **copy**.

JAMIE
If they offered a replacement, that
means they're taking
responsibility. Must mean they've
decided it's an accident?

SARA
And the cops are leaving my place
since it's no longer a "crime
scene", which means they don't
believe me either.

JAMIE

Are you absolutely sure there **was** someone else there? I mean, I'm sure it was all a shock.

SARA

Jamie, I know what I saw.

JAMIE

I believe you.

SARA

I need to feed my cat. I'm not looking forward to going back there...

JAMIE

I'll take you if you want?

SARA

Okay, yeah. Thank you for being a good friend.

JAMIE

Sure, anytime.

INT. JAMIE'S CAR - DAY

The RADIO plays as they ride along.

DEBATER #1

Products or people? The debate continues!

DEBATER #2

Seems to me, the answer is clear. Think about it, some of these Sketches are created specifically for sex.

DEBATER #1

Exactly! But it's not considered prostitution. Which means--

DEBATER #2

--That they're not people!

Jamie sees Sara stiffen, uncomfortable with the debate.

DEBATER #1

And what about Sketches with jobs?
They're not paid, right? A human
purchases them, then puts them to
work. So if they **were** people,
wouldn't it be considered slavery?

CLICK! Jamie turns the radio off.

They drive past a billboard that says, "PEOPLE OR PRODUCT?"

SARA

This is getting ridiculous.

JAMIE

Right? My mom is one of those
extremists.

Sara's phone DINGS with a text.

The text is from GERI, it says:

GERI

Hey girl, mind dropping off ur
drawings today?

SARA

Mind if we make a quick stop?

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE GALLERY - DAY

Sara and Jamie step out in front of a strip of storefronts.

JAMIE

What are we doing here?

SARA

I'm doing an exhibit for Geri.

JAMIE

Geri? That activist nut?

SARA

We see eye to eye on all this
sketch rights stuff. Maybe she's a
little extreme, but she means well.
She's cool.

JAMIE

She's pressuring you to get pieces
in today? Of all days.

SARA

She thinks that now, more than ever, it's important to get the message out there about sketches. Plus, I have a feeling she'll believe me about what I saw that night.

Jamie is about to defend himself, but Sara strides away, passing a sign in a gallery window advertising her upcoming exhibit: "FOR THE LOVE OF SKETCHES: NO RIGHTS? THAT'S WRONG!"

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

A bell DINGS as Sara and Jamie enter a bright white gallery.

They're immediately rushed by GERI, 40s, bespectacled. Eccentric is an understatement. She's like a chihuahua stuck in a human body. Filled with energy, never standing still.

GERI

Come here, Darling.

Geri wraps Sara in a tight, unsolicited embrace.

GERI (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry about what happened. It's a tragedy. And it's a tragedy that more isn't being done about it. But take this pain and use it!

Geri motions toward Sara's backpack.

Sara quickly unzips it, then hands Geri a stack of drawings.

GERI (CONT'D)

These are wonderful!

Jamie drifts about the space, studying Sara's pieces that are already adorning some of the walls. They're all of SKETCHES. Some are of new designs. There's one of Matt, Jen, and many of Tobi. The Tobi ones clearly stir up feelings of jealousy.

Geri comes upon Sara's sketch of the cat-masked shadow.

GERI (CONT'D)

What's this?

MOMENTS LATER, Geri is rapt. Clearly, Sara's just told her everything.

GERI (CONT'D)

What does this mean? Could someone be out there eliminating sketches?

JAMIE

Let's not get ahead of ourselves. It was **one** sketch. **One** death.

SARA

One that, until last night, we didn't think was possible.

Geri turns toward a blank wall. She holds her hands out to form a picture frame. Envisioning what could be.

GERI

I still think we're missing "the one". A big, showstopper piece.

(re: cat-mask sketch)

This could be it. Your chance to really knock their socks off. To show them what you saw. If they won't listen... **show** them.

Sara looks inspired.

GERI (CONT'D)

Oh, before you go, would you mind helping bring a few cases of the hard stuff up from the basement?

(playful to Jamie)

Though you better not sneak a nip. Us ladies have an event coming up.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLERY BASEMENT - DAY

A door CREAKS open into darkness. Sara follows Jamie down the stairs. He hefts a HEAVY BOX OF BOOZE, then nods upstairs.

JAMIE

See you up there.

Jamie starts up the stairs. Sara bends to lift her own box.

WHISPERED VOICE (O.S.)

Sara?

Sara goes rigid and turns, scanning the shadows. She shrugs it off, thinking that she's just imagining things.

WHISPERED VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey! Sara.

Now Sara whirls, positive she heard something this time. She flips a nearby light switch. Overhead lights SPUTTER, struggling to stay lit.

SARA

Who's there?

Sara grabs a nearby PAINT SCRAPER to defend herself, then pursues the voice. She rounds a pile of junk and spots...

A TRAIL OF DARK LIQUID on the floor. Is that blood?

On unsteady legs, Sara follows the trail around another corner and this time she sees...

A figure, back to us, stands in a shadowed hallway partially illuminated by a FLICKERING LIGHT.

TOBI (O.S.)

Hi, I'm Tobi!

The figure whirls, revealing TOBI with a big smile on his face. He spreads his arms wide, beckoning Sara for a hug.

TOBI (CONT'D)

And I'm here to be your best friend.

The lights SPUTTERS, swallowing Tobi in darkness.

And when it comes back on...

We see that Tobi's head is now missing, blown off by a stick of dynamite. One of his legs is also gone, as if severed by a bear trap. BLACK INK SPEWS FROM HIS BODY.

Sara SCREAMS and spills backwards into a stack of boxes.

MOMENTS LATER, Jamie races over. Concerned.

JAMIE

Are you okay?

Sara looks to the hallway where Tobi stood, only now the lights are steady, and of course... THERE'S NO ONE THERE.

The dark trail of liquid is only SPILLED PAINT.

CUT TO:

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - DAY

Elias Palmer is loading up his news van outside Sara's house. He's far less charming, and far more intimidating, off camera.

Beside him is TED, 50s, his toupeed cameraman with a dad-bod and endless dad jokes. Ted eyes the picketers gathering their signs to leave.

TED

What're they so upset about anyway?

ELIAS PALMER

It's like the proverbial wave of AI paranoia with dire predictions of its risk to humanity. They think sketches will take over the world. Or like, turn on their creators.

TED

Hey, d'you hear the joke about the world's most famous sketch artist?

Elias stares at Ted blankly.

TED (CONT'D)

He really knew how to **draw** a crowd!

Ted GUFFAWS.

ELIAS PALMER

Was that supposed to be funny?

TED

I just thought it was fitting, considering the topic of your story.

ELIAS PALMER

I'd hardly call this a "story", Ted. Unless I can get some actual meat on its scraggly ass bones.

Elias nods toward a MOBILE LABORATORY parked nearby.

ELIAS PALMER (CONT'D)

They wouldn't even let me get a look at the body.

LINDA LOVELL (O.S.)

You know, Elias...

Elias turns. His rival, a smug and fake-nice reporter named LINDA LOVELL, 30s, isn't lifting a finger as her brawny SKETCH CAMERAMAN loads up her news van.

LINDA LOVELL (CONT'D)
 Perhaps your budgets are slipping
 along with your ratings, but I
 gotta say... upgrading to a sketch
 cameraman utterly changes the game.

Linda squeezes her cameraman's BULGING BICEP as he passes by. Then she sneers at Ted, who is sweaty and out of breath.

ELIAS PALMER
 ("fuck you")
 Always lovely to see you, Linda.

Linda waves goodbye to him with a faux syrupy-sweet smile, then she and her cameraman drive off.

Elias rolls his eyes.

Then, suddenly, his back straightens.

His gaze has settled on Jamie's approaching car pulling up. And in the passenger's seat... the prize: Sara!

ELIAS PALMER (CONT'D)
 (re: camera)
 That thing better be rolling in
 five seconds.

Jamie gives Sara space as she steps out of the car and peers up at the house, haunted by what transpired here.

Her gaze settles on the nearby mobile laboratory.

SARA
 He's in there...
 (beat)
 How can people just brush over his
 death as if it's some kind of
 stupid glitch? He's not even gonna
 get a proper funeral.

Sara approaches a pair of windows in the van's back doors.

TRIPP (O.S.)
 Can I help you?

Sara turns to TRIPP, 30s, a hunky bespectacled human wearing a SketchTech uniform. He's the operator of this vehicle.

SARA

This is my house. Tobi was my...

TRIPP

Oh. I'm sorry for your loss.

Sara seems thrown by Tripp's kindness. It's clear that he views Sketches as more than just products.

Elias, followed by Ted, ambushes Sara and shoves a mic in her face. His words are in-genuine, unlike Tripp's.

ELIAS PALMER

Sara, I'm so sorry about what happened. Can you tell everyone at home, all those who have a Sketch of their own, how this unfortunate mishap has made you feel?

This hits a nerve with Sara.

SARA

"Unfortunate mishap?"

ELIAS PALMER

What else would you call it?

(beat)

What really happened?

Sara hesitates. Dare she express what she's truly thinking?

SARA

I... I'm not ready for this. Sorry.

Sara pushes past Elias.

TED

Why don't you just get a new one?

Sara turns. Thrown by the question.

TED (CONT'D)

My teenaged daughter, she broke her phone recently. Cracked the screen. So I got her a new one. Couldn't tell the difference.

Sara blinks back angry tears. It looks like she might strangle Ted right there, but Tripp swoops in.

TRIPP

Hey, you can see she's upset here. Show some compassion. And I already told you two...

(MORE)

TRIPP (CONT'D)
 (shoves Ted)
 Fuck off!

Elias and Ted back off, smirking. Hands raised in surrender.
 Sara turns to Tripp.

SARA
 Thanks.

TRIPP
 No sweat.

There's a spark of friendly chemistry between these two,
 which doesn't go unnoticed by a Jamie.

JAMIE
 Hey, Sara. How 'bout we get inside
 and find Tom?

Sara gives Tripp a final smile, then she heads toward the
 house with Jamie.

As they disappear inside, a smile curls Elias' lips and he
 turns to Ted. Conspiratorial:

ELIAS PALMER
 Did you see the look on her face?
 She doesn't think this was an
 accident!

Elias' cell RINGS with a call from "EDITOR". The ringtone is
 an aggressively manly song, something to the effect of "The
 Final Countdown" by Europe. (Or one we can afford rights to!)

ELIAS PALMER (CONT'D)
 (answering the phone)
 Get ready to love me!

INT. SARA & TOBI'S HOUSE - ENTRY - DAY

Jamie enters behind Sara, studying hanging photos. There are
 many of Sara and her smiley, hippie MOM, but none of her dad.

SARA
 Tom?!

JAMIE
 Your mom looks so cool.

SARA

Yeah, she's the best. Happily retired in sunny Florida. So glad she finally found a good man.

JAMIE

So, what about your dad?

SARA

He's not around, he's in jail actually.

Jamie looks shocked by Sara's blunt delivery, followed abruptly by moving into the next room. He rushes after her.

SARA (CONT'D)

Tom. Dinner!

JAMIE

How did I not know this about you?
(beat)
What happened?

Sara takes a moment.

SARA

Cause I don't really like talking about it. He hit her. My mom. A lot.

(heavy beat)

I was little, so I shouldn't feel guilty about not doing more to stop it, right?

Sara's tone makes it clear that she **does** feel guilty.

SARA (CONT'D)

Luckily, even then, I loved drawing. A doodle I did at school is what finally got a teacher to alert the authorities that things weren't right at home. That's at least something.

She moves into the kitchen.

INT. SARA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Sara bends to pet her cat and refill his empty bowl.

Jamie bends down to pet Tom as he patiently waits for his food.

JAMIE

Hey buddy.

A big smile fills his face.

SARA

There ya go.

Jamie contemplates saying something:

JAMIE

You know, my parents are divorced.
It's not the same, but... it sucks.

Sara smiles tightly, appreciating the attempt at solidarity.

Her gaze drifts to the sliding glass doors and the backyard beyond, where she found Tobi. Memories start to flood in. Everything seems to go into slow motion.

Caution tape surrounds the area where Tobi was found dead, a white painted outline of his body is still visible.

SARA

Maybe that's why I gravitated
toward a sketch. Tobi, he was so
kind. Wouldn't hurt a fly. I guess
sketches are more reliable than
"real", three-dimensional men.

JAMIE

We're not all so bad.

Jamie smiles at Sara. For almost a little too long, which now makes it awkward. He realizes, then shakes it off.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Alright, I guess I should get outta
here. Assignments aren't gonna do
themselves.

SARA

Okay thank you for keeping me
company. Means a lot.

Jamie goes in for a hug.

JAMIE

Everything's gonna be okay.

SARA

Yeah.

Jamie pulls away from the embrace.

JAMIE
Okay see ya.

This goodbye is painfully long, but Sara finds it endearing. She's giggles.

She leads Jamie to the door.

SARA
Bye, Jamie.

Jamie head to his car as Sara shuts the door and locks it.

She takes a moment to herself.

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - DUSK

The sun is starting to set as Sara makes her way around the house closing the windows and blinds.

INT. SARA'S KITCHEN

Sara is on the phone with her mom.

SARA'S MOM
Honey, I will be on the next flight out there. You just say the words.

SARA
Thanks mom, but I think i'll be fine.

SARA'S MOM
You know you don't have to be a tough cookie around me. I'm your mom and--

SARA
--I know, I know.
(beat)
Just enjoy your break. I'll keep holding down the fort. I promise things are gonna be okay.

SARA'S MOM
Well, if anything changes you let me know.

SARA
Okay deal.

SARA'S MOM
Love you sweetie.

SARA
Love you too mom. Night.

Sara hangs up the phone. Her gaze moves towards her drawings on the counter. The drawings from that night.

She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

Sara walks to the dining room table to grab her backpack. She picks it up and starts to shuffle through it. She pulls out her sketch pad.

She flips through the pages until she lands on the drawing she did of Nip.

She takes a second with the drawing and then grabs her pens. She begins to draw more details onto the portrait of Nip.

The details are forming and coming to life before our eyes. She starts to add the eyes. One of them is sewn on crooked.

We are getting closer and closer to what the actual cat looked like that night. Right as we see her making details on the mouth we hear--

SCRATCH.

Sara stops drawing. She listens.

SCRATCH. SCRATCH.

Her grip on the pen begins to tighten. She now holds the pen as if it could be a weapon. Sara begins to walk towards the sound.

The scratch sounds seems to get louder and louder the closer she gets to the living room.

INT. SARA'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Sara rounds the corner into the living room, she see's something - She see's the back of the couch. On the couch we see the back of Nip's head. His arms are sprawled out on top of the couch. His gloves (which have sharp tacs for nails) are scratching the fabric.

Sara slowly approaches the figure on the couch. Could this be in her head again?

Suddenly the scratching stops. Nip slowly start to turn his head towards Sara.

His head continues to turn 180 degrees until he's staring right at her.

Right then--

WHAM!

Nip whooshes off the couch and is right in front of Sara's face!

She stumbles back onto the floor. She hurries back onto her feet. As she looks up we see Nip standing there. He slowly walks towards her.

Nip begins to pick up his pace as Sara makes her way from the living room into the kitchen.

INT. SARA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Nip is getting closer and closer.

Sara grabs the sliding doors that separate the living room from the kitchen and slams them shut.

Right as Nip is about to reach her. She locks the door.

All goes quiet. She slowly brings her ear towards the sliding doors to listen.

Nothing. When suddenly-

KNOCK KNOCK!

The knocking sounds startles Sara. She look towards the front door where the knocking sound came from.

She makes her way towards the front door.

Sara is holding onto the pen like she's ready to attack.

Right then we hear-

JEN (O.S.)
Sara? Hello?

Sara's face is filled with relief. She lowers the pen and opens the door.

INT. SARA'S ENTRY - DAY

Sara sees Jen, Matt, Dave and Jamie at the front door. They're holding plastic bags.

SARA
What are you doing here?

Jen holds up one of the bags with a smile, revealing that it's overflowing with CANDLES.

JEN
It was Jamie's idea.

CUT TO:

INT. SARA'S ENTRY - NIGHT

Dave and Matt open the front door to various guests, both humans and Sketches.

EXT. SARA'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

An impromptu candlelight vigil is being held out back. There's a crowd of a few dozen. Jamie puts his arm around Sara's shoulder... as a friend. She smiles, appreciative.

SARA
Great turnout.

JAMIE
The crew spent all afternoon passing out invitations.

Jen steps up.

JEN
Did all these people know Tobi?

SARA
No. I think a lot of them just want to show their support for sketches in general.

JEN
Ahh makes sense, cause I was gonna say, Tobi got around more than I do!

Sara and Jamie CHUCKLE.

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Geri stands in front of Sara's house with various handmade signs. "SKETCHES ARE PEOPLE." "PEOPLE DESERVE RIGHTS." She's also handing out invitations to Sara's upcoming exhibit.

GERI

Tomorrow night, darlings. Come support sketches! They're art. **Living** art. And living things deserve rights!

Elias power walks down the sidewalk as Ted hurries behind him. He crumples a memorial invitation, on a mission.

ELIAS PALMER

We'll never get in the front door.

TED

Please, Elias. I have to take a piss.

ELIAS PALMER

Hold it!

TED

You've been saying that all day! When you get to be my age--

Elias shoves the crumpled invitation into Ted's mouth, hushing him. He peers around the side of Sara's house.

EXT. SARA'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Elias' RINGTONE shatters the peaceful silence, drawing everyone's attention to a back gate that the reporter and Ted are trying to sneak through.

ELIAS PALMER

Gah! Not now!

Elias ignores the call from his editor. Jamie strides over with Sara behind him.

JAMIE

No. No. No.

ELIAS PALMER

Come on. I'm the one who's going to help tell the world the truth about what's going on here.

JAMIE

Leave. Now!

ELIAS PALMER

Sara, I can tell your story.

SARA

To you, that's all this is. To you,
Tobi is just a story!

ELIAS PALMER

Please, just think about it--

Sara SLAMS the gate in Elias' face, causing him to drop an extended BUSINESS CARD. It flutters to the grass.

Elias turns to Ted.

ELIAS PALMER (CONT'D)

Shit!

TED

Nope. I just have to pee.

Elias doesn't laugh at the joke.

Suddenly, there's a collective GASP in the backyard. The guests are all reacting to the arrival of someone.

Elias peeks through a gap in the fence....

ELIAS PALMER

Holy shit. This story keeps getting
bigger and bigger.

It's IVIE WERKS.

In the flesh. She sashays across the lawn, parting the crowd like the Red Sea.

Ivie is accompanied by an ever-present SKETCH BODYGUARD. He's the same design as Linda Lovell's brawny cameraman, with minor cosmetic alterations, like a black suit and sunglasses.

Elias struggles to see past the horde, but he's blocked.

ELIAS PALMER (CONT'D)

We can't see anything from here.

Elias peers down the street.

ELIAS PALMER (CONT'D)

Follow me.

Ted obeys. Neither of them notice THE SILHOUETTE OF A CAT-MASKED FIGURE further down the sidewalk, watching them leave.

IN THE BACKYARD

The starstruck guests marvel at Ivie.

MATT

Oh my God, guys. That's Ivie Werks.

Jamie backs away, to edges of the throng, arms crossed. He's clearly not a fan of this woman.

Sara, on the other hand, pushes to the front of the crowd. Curious to hear what this luminary has to say.

Everyone encircles Ivie, a born leader, as she launches into an eloquent and seemingly-impromptu speech. She has a zen-like, ethereal presence.

IVIE WERKS

"Change the world". Many claim this as their goal, but it takes the brightest minds to come together and illuminate the unseen future. To better our planet. That's what I've promised to do at SketchTech.

The audience is rapt. Hanging on her every word.

IVIE WERKS (CONT'D)

This disturbing incident has compromised that promise by shocking us all. What happened to Tobi was unexpected and tragic. But I can promise you, it will not happen again. Rest assured that we, those bright minds, will solve this incident and continue our mission.

Ivie puts her hands together in a gesture of thanks.

IVIE WERKS (CONT'D)

Now, please, let us all remember Tobi. But as much as we mourn him, remember that today we should also celebrate him too!

The audience APPLAUDS wildly.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Elias leads Ted through a public park. The LIGHTS of Sara's backyard can be seen beyond a nearby patch of woods.

TED

What's a pencil sketch artists' greatest dilemma?

(no response)

2B or not 2B?

Elias ignores him.

TED (CONT'D)

Okay, how about this one... What do you call a chicken drawing a sketch?

(again no response)

Cock-A-Doodle-do!

Elias whirls on Ted, furious and fed up.

ELIAS PALMER

If you say one more word, there really will be a murder to solve!

This shuts Ted up.

Elias surveys a forest on the edge of the park.

ELIAS PALMER (CONT'D)

Now if we cut through those trees, we can creep up behind the property for a better view.

TED

Are you sure it's safe to be out here like this?

ELIAS PALMER

If there is a killer on the loose, he's targeting sketches. Not middle-aged men with bad toupees and even worse dad jokes.

Ted's gaze falls on a free-standing public BATHROOM.

TED

I'll be right back.

He takes off.

ELIAS PALMER

Hey! We're on a time crunch here.

INT. PARK BATHROOM - DAY

Lights SPUTTER overhead, like a dying man gasping for breath.

It's a bit creepy, but Ted is too distracted to notice as he props his camera outside the door, then rushes over to a urinal to relieve himself. He's also unaware as...

A GLOVED HAND appears over his shoulder, gives him a little TAP on the back, then pulls out of view.

Ted whirls to find...

NO ONE standing behind him.

TED
Elias? Is that you?

No response.

Ted finishes his business and zips up his pants.

He looks around the bathroom and sees no sign of anyone. Just three closed stall doors.

Ted shrugs it off and heads toward the exit (he didn't wash his hands, gross!) but...

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

He turns toward the sound, which seems to have emanated from within the closest stall.

TED (CONT'D)
Hello?

Ted, slightly creeped out, approaches the stall and pushes the door open to find that it's EMPTY.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Ted nearly jumps out of his skin, hearing knocking that undoubtedly came from the stall right next to him.

He approaches slowly, hand trembling, and pushes the door open to find...

Yet another EMPTY stall.

TED (CONT'D)
What the hell?

Ted slowly turns his attention to the last stall. That's got to be where the sound is coming from, right?

And now he notices a missing panel from the air conditioner on the wall and a TUBE running down from it into the stall.

Ted approaches the door and slowly it opens with a CREAK. He peeks inside to find that...

The tube is filling a CARTOON VAT of toxic waste with gurgling GREEN SLUDGE!

As Ted processes what he's looking at...

A GLOVED HAND taps him on the shoulder again.

Ted whirls to find NIP standing right behind him!

In a flash, the cat violently shoves his face into the vat's bubbling contents.

Ted chokes and struggles in a panic.

Nip lifts Ted's head up.

The cameraman gasps, but his face is MELTING OFF.

The killer plunges him back in for round two.

Ted's body twitches and squirms less and less...

Until he goes limp.

Nip lifts his victim's face out one more time.

It is completely GONE now.

There is only a fleshy skull.

Nip looks to confirm the kill and hoists the rest of Ted's body into the barrel. It slowly DISSOLVES.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Elias, growing impatient, knocks on the door.

ELIAS PALMER
Ted? What's taking so long?

INT. PARK BATHROOM - SAME

Nip turns at the sound of Elias' voice.

EXT. PARK - SAME

Elias presses an ear to the door.

From his perspective, the GURGLING of the barrel sounds like Ted is taking a serious #2. Elias sneers, grossed out.

ELIAS PALMER
(under his breath)
Gotta take "a piss", huh?

Elias spies Ted's camera on the ground.

ELIAS PALMER (CONT'D)
You want something done right, do
it yourself!

With that, Elias grabs the camera and heads into the woods.

INT. PARK BATHROOM - SAME

Elias' FOOTSTEPS fade off.

Satisfied, Nip slams a lid on the barrel with the label "TOXIC WASTE" written on it, tips it over, and rolls it out of the bathroom.

EXT. SARA'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Ivie is the center of attention.

Geri scurries over, a whirl of energy. She thrusts a clipboard and a pen at Ivie, who waves her off.

GERI
Hello, ma'am! My name is Geri. I'm
lobbying for--

IVIE
--Sorry. I don't do autographs.

Ivie continues to mingle, leaving Geri flummoxed.

GERI
It's a petition...

While most of the audience gravitates toward Ivie, Jamie's frown shows that he's less than impressed.

JAMIE

Leave it to the one who started all this to make Tobi's death about her.

JEN

Hey, pessimist. She means well.

DAVE

I think it's nice she came. She seems cool.

MATT

Me too.

JAMIE

She's just doing damage control. Doesn't wanna lose customers.

Sara, who has remained silent until now, approaches Ivie.

SARA

Ms. Werks?

Ivie turns and realizes that it's Sara.

IVIE

Oh, Sara, dear. I'm so sorry for what you've been through. I had to come pay my respects.

SARA

Can you tell me... what really happened to Tobi?

Ivie lowers her voice. Ever the politician.

IVIE

Truth be told, we're still figuring it out. But I will find answers. And, I swear, you'll be the first to know.

SARA

What happened wasn't an accident. I saw someone.

Ivie seems to be choosing her words wisely, wanting to handle this situation as delicately as possible.

IVIE WERKS

The police told me what you reported. But, I must ask, for now... could we keep this hush?

Sara scoffs.

IVIE
Just as we search for clarity.

SARA
("fuck you")
Thank you for coming.

Sara turns and walks away. Ivie's smile quickly fades, realizing that her request for silence has been denied.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Bathed in moonlight, this forest is an eerie place.

Elias pushes his way through some brush, futzing with Ted's camera. He's not having much luck.

ELIAS PALMER
How does this stupid thing work?

Elias approaches the backside of Sara's yard and peers up at a high fence. Giving up on the camera, he sets it down on the ground and hoists himself up onto the fence.

He peers over into the backyard, only to discover that the vigil is dying down.

ELIAS PALMER (CONT'D)
Are you fucking serious? I missed it.

A twig SNAPS!

Elias whirls to look behind him.

He sees nothing but dark trees.

ELIAS PALMER (CONT'D)
Ted?

No response.

ELIAS PALMER (CONT'D)
The damn thing's over.
(beat)
How're we gonna nail this guy's ass to the wall if we can't even get some usable footage?

Resigned, Elias hops down from the fence. He's facing away from camera as...

A CAT-MASKED SHADOW FALLS ACROSS HIS BACK.

Sensing someone, Elias is about to turn, but...

CRACK! The camera slams into his skull. Knocking him out.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

Elias' eyes SHOOT OPEN, having regained consciousness.

Bleary-eyed, he raises his head from the ground, now sporting a BLOODY GASH.

He discovers that his arms and legs are tied with ROPE.

And then, it becomes clear that Elias is no longer in the forest. He's now lying across a set of TRAIN TRACKS.

ELIAS PALMER

What the...?

Elias strains against his bonds, trying to get free.

ELIAS PALMER (CONT'D)

Hello?! Hello!!

(beat)

HELP!!!

Suddenly, Nip appears dragging a large screen on SQUEAKY wheels. On it is an animated scene of a TUNNEL OPENING.

A moment later, the image comes to life...

LIGHT begins to glow somewhere deep within the tunnel.

Small at first, and then it begins to grow.

Something is getting closer.

And it's moving fast!

ELIAS PALMER (CONT'D)

What are you doing? W-who the fuck are you?

Elias' eyes widen as he hears the undeniable sound of a TRAIN WHISTLE approaching.

He continues to struggle with his bonds, but it's no use.

The ground begins to shake.

APPROACHING HEADLIGHTS ILLUMINATE ELIAS' FACE.

ELIAS PALMER (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no, no, no....

In a flash, a TRAIN comes thundering out of the tunnel!

It pops right out of the drawing and runs Elias over, crushing him into pieces.

BONES CRUNCH. BLOOD SPRAYS.

Nip just stands there, covered in dripping gore.

He cocks his head to the side. Pleased.

Then he grabs Elias' INTESTINES off of the ground and jump-ropes with them happily into the forest...

EXT. SARA'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Sara is in a daze as she and her friends work together to blow out candles, cleaning up after the memorial. Her gaze finds a SECURITY CAMERA and she stiffens with realization.

INT. SARA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The friends are all gathered around the sofa in the living room. Jen whispers to Jamie, indicating Sara who is sidetracked with her laptop.

JEN

Are you sure she wants us all here for a sleepover?

JAMIE

With everything that's happened, I figured she could use some company.

MATT

Who wants cookies?

Jamie eyes Matt's bare hands as he pulls a scalding tray of fresh COOKIES from the oven in the adjacent kitchen, no oven mitts needed.

Dave pulls a BOTTLE of liquor from the freezer and presents it to the crew.

DAVE

Anyone?

Matt and Jen look at each other.

JEN

We don't really...

MATT

Drink.

DAVE

Oh yeah.

(beat)

Well, I'd like to make a toast.

JEN

Oh boy.

DAVE

In the dark there is always
light... and in the light there are
always shots.

Dave pours a shot and lifts it.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Cheers!

Dave takes the shot and plops down on the couch beside Matt, who subtly touches his thigh. Dave pushes his hand off.

MATT

What?

Seeing that he's hurt Matt's feelings, Dave playfully adds:

DAVE

We'll sneak off somewhere later.
Okay?

Matt smiles flirtatiously.

The TV is playing the in background. A SketchTech commercial comes on. We see Tobi's face grace the screen.

Dave notices this and attempts to distract Sara. He offers her a shot, but she waves him off.

This will never get any easier to see Tobi on every commercial.

Dave makes another attempt. He grabs his phone and starts playing some fun, sexy pop music connected to a speaker to liven the mood.

At times he seems oblivious, but he means well.

As the music begins to play this triggers something in Jen. She stands up in a seductive way and begins to do a sexy dance, but makes it fun.

Jen does a body roll towards Dave and he plays along and laughs.

Then she makes her way towards Matt and Jamie. She continues to dance seductively on them.

Lastly she starts to dance towards Sara. She begins to give her a lap dance. This puts a smile on Sara's face and the rest of the friends laugh.

Sara playfully pushes her off.

SARA

Okay, okay. That's enough.

Dave turns down the music.

JEN

I'm so sorry Sara.

SARA

No, don't be.

She gives Jen a warm smile.

JEN

If only I control myself.

MATT

Sadly, we can't restrain what we were programmed to do.

JEN

Warning, I hear a good beat and it's game over.

JAMIE

Maybe you need to write SketchTech and tell them they accidentally created a monster with an overactive sex drive.

Dave puts his phone to his ear and pretends to make a call.

DAVE
(jokingly)
Hello SketchTech, yeah, I need to
report a potential recall.

JEN
Oh shut up!

Jen laughs and playfully slaps Dave on the shoulder.

Sara smiles at her friends. Feeling lucky. She looks away from the TV and continues to mess with a security app on her computer.

She looks over and notices cat scratch marks on the couch. Then her gaze drifts over to Tom lying on the arm of the couch grooming himself.

JAMIE
Whatcha doin?

SARA
The cops said the security cameras
weren't working that night.
Conveniently.

JAMIE
You think it was tampered with?

Sara shrugs.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Let me take a look.

Jamie taps away at the laptop, then he spins it around and hands it to Sara.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
There you go. Recovered the
footage.

SARA
Just like that?

JAMIE
Just like that.

DAVE
You're too good, dude. You'd get
hired as a SketchTech engineer in 2
seconds if you weren't so skeptical
of it all.

A grid of camera angles shows up. One angle shows the backyard on the night Tobi died. In the video, Tobi walks out into the yard. Then the screen ignites in a BURST OF STATIC.

When the picture clears, Tobi has been killed. His head is missing.

SARA

Great. Shows nothing.

JAMIE

I know you're not a fan of the malfunction theory, but that could've messed with the electronics. Explains why the cameras shorted out when it happened.

Sara glares daggers at Jamie, who makes a zipping motion over his mouth and raises his hands in surrender.

JEN

You know what I've been thinking?

Jen breaks the tension. Everyone turns to her, lounging on the couch.

JEN (CONT'D)

If there is a killer on the loose, I'll probably be the next to go. Sluts are always first, at least in the classics.

Sara eyes a nearby photo of her with her beloved mother.

SARA

Listen, no one's gonna be next. Okay?

INT. SARA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sara does dishes, deep in thought. Tom hops up beside her.

SARA

Hey boy.

The cat peers out a window and HISSES.

And now, Sara notices a shape in the yard beyond the glass!

It's NIP!

Standing stalk still in the shadows.

His YELLOW HOODIE glows in the moonlight, standing out in stark contrast to the dark grass.

JAMIE (O.S.)
Need some help?

Sara startles and quickly turns, causing him to spill BEER all over himself.

Immediately, Sara turns back to the window, finding that...

THE YARD IS EMPTY.

No Nip.

Sara turns to a GASPING, sopping wet Jamie.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
(catching his breath)
What was that?

SARA
Jamie, I'm so sorry.

Sara tries to dry Jamie off with paper towels. But it's no use, he's a sticky mess of beer.

JAMIE
No, it's fine. I'm just gonna go clean up.

Jamie walks off.

Sara turns back to the window, studying the backyard and wondering if she really saw someone out there.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Instead of shrugging it off, Sara steps out to investigate. She shivers in the cool night air and scans the lawn, finding nothing amiss.

SARA
(to herself)
Are you out there...?

Sara is unaware as, behind her...

A DARK FIGURE SLIPS THROUGH THE DOOR INTO THE HOUSE.

And then her gaze settles on something in the grass...

ELIAS' BUSINESS CARD.

INT. SARA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

The shower is cloaked in steam. Jamie stands beneath the spray, scrubbing himself.

His eyes are closed, so he doesn't immediately notice...

A YELLOW SHAPE moving beyond the shower curtain.

Is that a yellow hoodie?

Sensing something, Jamie turns and...

SHIIISK! The curtain is ripped open by...

Jen, who smirks as Jamie quickly covers his naughty bits. She's holding a YELLOW TOWEL.

JAMIE

Jen! Jesus, you scared me. What are you doing in here?

(beat)

I'm naked!

JEN

I thought maybe I could join you.

JAMIE

What? Why did you think that?

JEN

I can see how lonely you are, but lucky for you...

(flirtatious)

I'm designed to respond.

JAMIE

Um, Jen, I appreciate the offer, but... I'm gonna pass.

Jen shrugs.

JEN

Fine, your loss. Let me know if you change your mind.

JAMIE

Will do.

Jen smirks and leaves.

Jamie CHUCKLES to himself.

INT. SARA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dave roots around in the fridge for more snacks. He spots someone from the corner of his eye...

Matt? Slipping into the dark pantry.

DAVE

Matt. You naughty boy.

A frisky smile crosses Dave's lips.

He looks around to be sure that his friends aren't watching, then he creeps toward the pantry door.

INT. PANTRY - NIGHT

Dave slips inside.

He fumbles around in the dark.

DAVE

Where are you?

(beat)

It's so dark.

He closes his eyes and puckers his lips for a kiss.

DAVE (CONT'D)

C'mon. Don't leave me hangin.

A long, silent beat.

JUMP SCARE! Nip slowly enters frame holding a CARTOON MOUSE TRAP up to Dave's lips, and then...

SNAP!

Dave's eyes go wide.

He stumbles backwards into a shelf, sending things CLATTERING to the floor.

Dave tries to SCREAM in pain, but he can't with the trap on his mouth. His gaze settles on...

Nip, who lifts gloved palms into the air, revealing a half dozen OPENED CARTOON MOUSETRAPS. He throws them into the air!

SNAP! SNAP! SNAP!

The mousetraps rain down on Dave, clamping onto his fingers, toes, ears, etc. He SQUEALS through closed lips, careening around the pantry in an awkward, hopping dance of agony.

Somehow, Dave manages to spill through the pantry door and into the kitchen, where he locks eyes with Sara who has just entered from the backyard.

INT. SARA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sara and Jen gather around Dave, carefully removing cartoon mousetraps from his body. There's still one on his lips.

SARA

Here. Let me take a look.

Sara carefully detaches it, allowing Dave to finally speak.

DAVE

Someone else was in there!

Minutes later, Jamie and Matt emerge from the pantry, armed respectively with a KITCHEN KNIFE and a PAN.

JAMIE

Are you sure?

SARA

There's no one here.

JEN

You could've just stumbled against a shelf in the dark.

DAVE

(scoffing)

Into a bunch of open mousetraps?

Sara examines the mousetrap.

SARA

These are cartoons. I've never seen sketch objects like this before.

DAVE

There was someone else in there with me! I'm sure of it.

SARA

I believe you.

JEN

Who was it?

DAVE

I don't know.

(beat)

I only went in there because I
thought it was Matt--

Dave trails off, realizing that he's basically outed himself
by mistake.

JEN

(amused)

Oh? And why were you slipping into
a dark pantry with Matt?

DAVE

I... Uh...

JAMIE

It's okay, Dave.

JEN

(off Dave's silence)

You can tell us! I'm an ally. I've
been to drag brunch... twice.

DAVE

Okay?

(beat)

Matt and I, we're just...

(adamant)

We're friends.

MATT

Well, that's funny cause I think
we're more than that.

(beat)

Have you thought that, maybe, you
just can't accept that I'm a man?

DAVE

You're a Sketch, Matt.

MATT

So I'm not a man. Or woman. Am I
just a... a... play thing to you?

JEN

You don't think you're maybe just a
little... **you know**... for liking
someone who looks like Matt?

Dave is about to protest again. But, finally, he lets his
shoulders sag in resignation. Jen pats his shoulder.

DAVE
Okay fine, maybe just a little.

MATT
Just a little?

Dave locks eyes with Matt. They have a sweet moment.

JEN
You don't have to say it. But if it makes you feel any better, I've been with tons of girls myself. And I'd do it again. And again.

Dave looks confused, but surveys his friends. Genuinely moved by their support.

Sara CLAPS, drawing everyone's attention

SARA
This is sweet and all. Dave, we love you--

DAVE
--thanks--

SARA
--But we need to focus here. Someone killed Tobi and now they've attacked Dave, a human.
(to Dave)
Someone in a cat mask?

DAVE
It was dark, but I think so. Yeah.

SARA
The cops'll probably just classify this as another "accident". So if they aren't gonna help us, we need to find someone who will.

Sara lifts ELIAS' BUSINESS CARD.

CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Geri is organizing a table with bottles of WINE, then she stocks a mini fridge with CHAMPAGNE.

The bell over the door DINGS!

Geri turns and is shocked to see Ivie Werks standing there.

GERI
Ms. Werks!

IVIE
Sorry to just drop by unannounced.
Am I interrupting something?

GERI
Oh, no. I was just getting set up
for an exhibit tomorrow evening.
This is an honor.

Ivie approaches the table, pops a bottle of wine and pours herself a glass. Making herself at home.

IVIE
Geri. Look, when I brushed you off
earlier, it's not because I didn't
understand what you're doing. In
fact, I'm well aware...

GERI
You are?

Geri looks excited. But Ivie's expression shifts, revealing that this is anything but a compliment.

IVIE
I know you think you're helping,
but in actuality... you're hurting.

GERI
What do you mean? I love sketches.

IVIE
Sketches are a product.

Geri's face falls. She can't believe this is coming from the creator of SketchTech herself.

IVIE (CONT'D)
Yes, shock and awe! The creator
feels the same as all the naysayers
out there. Sketches mimic human
feelings, they don't have them.
And, yes, people have grown
attached... but that's by design!

Geri blinks.

IVIE (CONT'D)

Bottom line: This is a business. If sketches had rights, how would I sell them? I'm not a slave trader.

GERI

I...

IVIE

Your plight is a moral gray area and you've opened a can of worms. I'm here to tell you to close it.

Ivie's eyes narrow. This woman is frightening when she wants to be.

IVIE (CONT'D)

Tight!

(beat)

Bury it. Like cat shit.

And with that, Ivie exits.

Geri stands there in a daze. Then she pulls out her phone and calls Sara.

GERI

You'll never guess who I just got a visit from...

INT. SARA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sara has just hung up the phone and relayed to the group.

JEN

Jeez. The CEO of SketchTech said all that?

SARA

Ivie's so worried about protecting her brand, figuratively, when really she should be out there protecting her brand, literally.

MATT

And now, clearly, humans aren't safe either.

Matt takes Dave's hand. Surprisingly, Dave allows it with a shy smile, finally becoming more comfortable in his own skin.

SARA

That's what I told Geri.

Sara raises Elias' business card.

SARA (CONT'D)

This reporter came poking around earlier. He seemed hungry for a scoop, but he's not answering.

(beat)

Geri said to meet her at the gallery. Maybe we can put our heads together, think of something.

JEN

We'll all go.

JAMIE

I'll drive.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLERY - LATER

Geri pulls curtains shut, closing down for the night. She stops at the drinks table and considers the mini fridge.

GERI

Why not? You deserve it, Darling.

Geri grabs a bottle of champagne, POPS the cork, then pours herself a glass. She's about to take a sip when...

The bell over the door DINGS!

GERI (CONT'D)

Sara? That was fast--

Geri turns to find...

NO ONE AT THE DOOR.

She cocks her head. Confused.

Suddenly, all of the LIGHTS GO OUT.

Geri stiffens.

GERI (CONT'D)

Is someone in here?

She's unaware as, behind her, Nip reaches an arm around a doorway holding a large CARTOON BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.

He begins to shake it vigorously.

Sensing something, Geri turns. But the doorway is now EMPTY.

DING!

Once again, Geri whirls.

Only now she finds Nip standing beside the front door, playfully TINKLING the bell with a finger.

Geri takes an uneasy step back.

And then she notices the bottle of champagne in Nip's hand.

He continues to shake it as he unwraps the cork, then tilts the tip of the bottle in Geri's direction.

GERI (CONT'D)

What are you doing...?

POP!

The cork goes flying. It collides with Geri's knee, SNAPPING her leg backwards like a twig!

Geri howls in agony and collapses to the ground. Fighting through the pain, she crawls away, dragging her broken leg along and leaving a trail of BLOOD in her wake.

Nip follows her slowly. He reaches behind his back and pulls out another cartoon bottle of champagne. Again, he shakes it.

Geri steadies herself against the large blank wall and slowly pulls herself up to a standing position.

POP! Another cork goes flying.

It hits Geri square in the back. Her spine CRACKS and BLOOD GEYSERS out of her mouth, SPLATTERING across the white wall.

Geri crumples to the floor once again.

Slowly, she lurches onto her back, COUGHING out blood. She stares up as Nip appears over her and...

POP! BLOOD SPRAYS as another cork smashes into Geri's face, breaking her nose and sending broken teeth scattering.

And now she sprawls across the floor. Lifeless.

MOMENTS LATER, Nip dips a paintbrush into a pool of BLOOD that has spread around Geri's corpse.

Then, with childish glee, he sets about defacing all of Sara's artwork and splattering the white walls in crimson.

INT. JAMIE'S CAR - NIGHT

The friends are all squeezed in. Jamie is behind the wheel with Sara riding shotgun.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

HEADLIGHTS move toward camera, BLINDING US as...

SHISSHK!

A CARTOON SPIKE STRIP UNFURLS ACROSS THE ROAD.

BANG!

Jamie's tires hit it going 40MPH.

INT. JAMIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jamie loses control of the vehicle.

JAMIE

Oh shit!

After a moment of panic, he manages to wrestle the car into submission and brake at the side of the road.

SARA

Everyone okay?

Breathless nods all around.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Everyone spills out of the car. Dave and Matt bend to study the SHREDDED TIRES.

DAVE

What the hell happened?

They scan the road, which is now empty. NO SPIKE STRIP.

JAMIE

I have no idea.

JEN

Have you got a spare?

JAMIE

A spare, yes. But not **four** of them.

Jamie eyes Sara, who is still visibly recovering from the shock. He gently rubs her arm.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You good?

Sara nods with a grateful smile.

Jen clocks the interaction with a smirk.

DAVE

We'll call Triple A.

Jamie dials a number on his cell, then starts pacing.

Jen pulls Sara aside.

JEN

Can I talk to you for a sec? Girl talk.

SARA

Sure.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

The girls step away from the road, into the park from earlier. Jen decides to make a confession:

JEN

Look, I wanted to clear the air. I hope you don't mind, but I hit on Jamie earlier.

Sara is taken aback. It looks like she may care a little, but she covers with:

SARA

Why would I care?

JEN

I don't know, it's just... I see the way he looks at you. The way he treats you. You have to see it too.

Sara shrugs, but it's clear she does.

SARA

He's just being a good friend Jen.

Right then they hear a noise in the bushes behind them, shaded under a massive tree.

Jen and Sara stiffen.

JEN
Did you hear that?

Sara looks around.

There's a RUSTLING in the bushes.

SARA
Hello?

We see NIP'S GLOVED HAND emerge from a bush. He intentionally rolls a little black metal CUBE the size of a dice into the grass behind them. It stops under a tree and begins to GLOW.

Sara makes her way to the strange object.

She picks it up and studies it.

Jen walks over, curious.

JEN
What is that thing?

Too focused on the item, Sara doesn't notice the SILHOUETTE OF NIP standing up from behind the bush with CARTOON SHEERS in his hand. But Jen does.

JEN (CONT'D)
Is that...

Sara looks up at Nip.

He waves at her.

SARA
THAT'S HIM!

The killer raises his sheers and...

SNIP!

Slices a rope that snaps.

It whiplashes through the bushes, revealing that it goes up the tree trunk to a giant CARTOON ANVIL hovering above.

The anvil comes crashing down on Jen. She tries to get out of the way, but gets her legs crushed.

Black ink SPRAYS.

More comes out of her mouth.

She SCREAMS.

JEN
Ahhhhhh! Sara help me!

Jen reaches out to Sara, but the light in her eyes begins to fade. She's growing weaker.

SARA
Jen! Hold on!

Nip takes a step toward Jen.

Sara quickly looks around. She sees a huge BRANCH lying on the ground. She grabs it and takes a swing at the Killer.

SARA (CONT'D)
BACK OFF ASSHOLE!

She hits him hard in the head. Knocking him out from behind the bush and onto the ground.

Sara inadvertently kicks the cube, which rolls away and into the bushes.

At the same time, the light seems to return to Jen's eyes.

Sara hurries over to her friend and tries to push the toon Anvil off of Jen with her back, but it's too heavy.

She grabs the branch and wedges it under one edge of the anvil, which lifts up slightly like a car on a jack.

It's not working...

Then Jamie appears, heroically, to help using a REAL CAR JACK.

SARA (CONT'D)
Jamie! Thank God.

JAMIE
I heard you screaming from the road.

Right then Nip stands up. He's clearly not happy.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
(re: car jack)
Keep at it. I've got this.

Jamie races toward the killer wielding a TIRE IRON, swinging bravely. Nip dodges a few blows, then lifts the giant toon scissors up towards Jamie.

Jamie swings again, but starts to back off.

Right then Dave shows up ready to fight.

Nip slowly lowers the scissors, deciding that he's outnumbered, he grabs the cube and races off.

Sara finishes jacking the anvil up, allowing Jen to slide out from underneath.

A black, inky trail is left behind once she's out.

She looks at her smashed body, somehow still alive.

SARA

You're alive.

(to Jamie and Dave)

We need to get her help.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

SPARKS FLY as Jamie's metal wheels, exposed by the four flattened tires, grind against blacktop. Racing back toward Sara's house.

INT. SARA'S GARAGE

Jen is sprawled out as Dave tries to inflate her flattened body with a BIKE PUMP. It's not really working out.

Suddenly, a mobile laboratory SCREECHES up to the curb beyond the opened garage door.

Sara races out to the street, waving the driver down.

SARA

The van's here!

DAVE

Oh, thank God.

Dave tosses the worthless bike pump away.

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jen lies in the back of the parked mobile laboratory. She's being filled up with air by a cartoon CONTRAPTION operated by Tripp, the operator from earlier.

Slowly, Jen is brought back to her normal proportions.

JEN
 (forcing humor)
 I'm usually the one doing the
 blowing.

Jen's friends all stand around watching.

Sara approaches Tripp, concerned.

SARA
 Will she be okay?

TRIPP
 I managed to regain her design's
 composition. She'll be restored
 soon. What keeps her cells together
 was corrupted, but apparently it
 was only temporary.

SARA
 Something happened out there. The
 killer, he had this, like... cube
 thing. It was glowing. Jen seemed
 like she was a goner until I kicked
 it away from us. Then, it's like
 the light returned to her eyes.

Something about Sara's words bother Tripp.

SARA (CONT'D)
 What?

TRIPP
 Something?
 (beat)
 Something like... *this*?

Tripp digs through some equipment, then pulls out a CUBE like
 the one Nip had.

SARA
 That's it.

MATT
 What is that thing?

Tripp looks around cautiously.

TRIPP
 Uhh... It's a fail-safe... a kill
 switch, used to shut down
 malfunctioning sketches.

SARA
And by "shut down", you mean
"kill"?

Tripp nods, "yes".

DAVE
How does that work?

TRIPP
It compromises a Sketch's nanobot
field integrity.

Jamie rolls his eyes. Annoyed with Tripp.

TRIPP (CONT'D)
The device corrupts the signals
holding them together, weakening
the design.

JEN
Making us mortal...

TRIPP
More or less, yes. Every mobile lab
has one as a precaution. I've never
had to use it. It's rare, but it
happens...

(campfire voice)
Supposedly, there was one sketch
the company was designing early on.
It's rumored that, during trials,
something went wrong. Some people
whisper over the water coolers
saying it nearly ripped a test
subject's face off. Now, I don't
know what exactly **did** happen, but I
do know that this particular sketch
was immediately deactivated and the
model was discontinued.

SARA
Who has access to these cubes?

TRIPP
I would think just SketchTech
employees.

SARA
Which means we're either dealing
with a psychotic staff member...

TRIPP

Or, somehow, this killer has gotten his hands on one of these devices.

Jen is back to normal, so Tripp helps her stand up.

TRIPP (CONT'D)

How you feeling?

JEN

All things considered, pretty damn good.

SARA

Thanks.

TRIPP

No sweat. I'm Tripp, by the way.

SARA

Sara.

Sara shakes Tripp's hand. Like earlier, there's a spark of chemistry between them. Jamie is suspicious of Tripp.

Jen, on the other hand, feels like playing matchmaker.

JEN

Can we thank you with a beer?

Tripp smiles and looks at his watch.

TRIPP

This was my last stop for the night.

Jen gives a flirtatious grin.

INT. SARA'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

CRACK! Sara reluctantly twists the cap off of a beer, handing it to Tripp. He takes it with a smile and a "thank you" nod. Sara returns the smile, but it's strained. She's clearly worrying about recent events.

Tripp strides over to the pool where the guys lounge.

Jen, now fully healed, struts out wearing a sexy bikini.

JEN

C'mon guys! I'm still alive so let's **live!**

Jen eyes Tripp lasciviously, then whispers into Sara's ear:

JEN (CONT'D)

Plus, I can't be the only one who's
curious what's under that uniform.

Dave and Matt, standing nearby in their swim trunks, smirk and GIGGLE. Clearly, they're on the same page.

Jen notes the unease on Sara's face.

JEN (CONT'D)

Hey, I know this is all scary,
but... strength in numbers. Right?

SARA

Yeah. I guess so. But I can't just
relax and act like everything's
fine.

(beat)

I'm gonna try that reporter again.

Sara walks away.

Jen shrugs and smirks at Jamie, who stands nearby debating on if he want to go swimming or not.

Jamie's gaze drifts self-consciously to Tripp, whose perfectly-sculpted physique is now on full display as he lounges on a chair. He's one of those hot Clark Kent-type nerds. Basically, a supermodel with a trendy pair of glasses.

Jamie eyes a TATTOO on Tripp's arm. Tripp notices.

TRIPP

It's the symbol for unity. I got it
after I started working at
SketchTech. I like that about the
job, you know? Bringing everybody
together.

Jamie frowns. He didn't ask.

TRIPP (CONT'D)

Did it myself, believe it or not.
It's a hobby of mine. Designing
tattoos.

JEN

Oh, really? Sara's an artist too.

Jen bats her eyes, clearly insinuating a connection between Tripp and Sara. Jamie isn't impressed.

Nearby, Dave tries to coax Matt into the pool.

DAVE
Come on, Matt.
(beat)
Just jump in!

MATT
Who said I wanted to swim?

DAVE
You're wearing a bathing suit ya dummy.

MATT
Well, it shows off my design.

DAVE
Oh yeah? Who are you trying to impress?

MATT
You.

Dave blushes.

Matt's gaze drifts to Sara, who looks morose as she paces around calling Elias. Once again, there's no answer. **Odd.**

MATT (CONT'D)
She looks like she could use some cheering up.

Matt spots a nearby WATER HOSE. An idea strikes.

MATT (CONT'D)
Hey Sara!

Sara turns.

MATT (CONT'D)
Check this out!

Matt grabs the hose and shoves it into his own mouth.

His body begins to stretch out comically as the water gushes down his throat. When it looks like Matt's about to bust out of his trunks, he tugs the hose back out.

Water erupts from his mouth and launches him backwards onto the grass. He lies on his back, spread eagle and sputtering.

Sara can't help but LAUGH at the bizarre sight.

SARA

That was... unexpected.

Matt stands up and takes a theatrical bow.

In a flash, Dave does a cannon-ball into the pool splashing Matt. They laugh and flirtatiously look into each others eyes. Enjoying the freedom of being "out".

Sara's smile slowly fades. She dials Elias' number again.

And then, she becomes aware of a distant sound.

It's Elias' familiar RINGTONE.

Slowly, Sara walks toward the forest bordering her property.

Tripp steps up beside her.

TRIPP

What's up?

SARA

Do you hear that?

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Sara and Tripp, both dressed, walk through the woods together. The forest is much less sinister than the previous night.

TRIPP

What would a reporter be doing out here?

SARA

I'd guess he was out here spying, looking for a hot take. But he's not answering my calls so...

Sara shrugs, uneasy.

She dials Elias' number again.

SARA (CONT'D)

C'mon. I think it's coming from over here.

They continue walking toward the distant RINGTONE.

EXT. SARA'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Jen scrolls through photos of herself on her phone.

JEN

Wonder if they're out there
banging.

JAMIE

Sara wouldn't do that. Would she?
(beat)
I mean, she should still be
grieving Tobi Right?

JEN

People do crazy things when they
have a broken heart.

Jamie crushes his empty BEER CAN.

JAMIE

I need a refill.

He heads inside. Jen watches him go with a smirk. Then she
lies back in her chair, ready to relax. Looking hot as ever.

She puts her phone down.

JEN'S POV: She closes her eyes and when she opens them she
spots a figure peering down from the house's roof above.

Alarmed, Jen sits upright.

Up on the roof, Nip looks down like a gargoyle. His gloved
hands pull out a small cartoon fish wrapped in plastic. He
peels it open and he drops it in the pool far down below.

It lands next to Dave.

And it starts to grow rapidly.

JEN

WATCH OUT!!!

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

The RINGTONE is louder now.

Sara and Tripp appear, scanning the forest floor.

TRIPP

I think it's coming from over here.

They emerge into a clearing.

Ahead of them are familiar RAILROAD TRACKS.

Sara slows as her foot hits something.

And her blood runs cold as she discovers that its...

A SEVERED HUMAN HAND.

SARA

Oh God!

Sara backs into Tripp, who has now realized that...

THE AREA IS LITTERED WITH HUMAN BODY PARTS.

And in the center of it all is Elias' RINGING CELL PHONE.

EXT. SARA'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Dave feels flopping motions in the water behind him.

He turns to find a thrashing, growing CARTOON BEAST OF A FISH CREATURE expanding to a monstrous form.

Dave's jaw drops. He frantically swims toward the edge of the pool as the flailing monster grows.

Jen stares speechless in disbelief.

The large beastly creature belts out a ROAR! It makes eye contact with Dave.

DAVE

Oh shit.

The beast barrels towards Dave and opens it's mouth ready to take a bite.

MATT

Dave, grab my hand!

Matt and reaches for Dave's hand. Matt pulls Dave out of the pool right as the beast snaps it's jaws shut, barley missing him.

MATT (CONT'D)

I've gotchu.

Right then the creature crawls out of the pool revealing it's full body and legs. It's a Shark-odile.

Half shark, half crocodile. It stomps towards Matt, opens it's massive jaws once again ready to attack.

Matt tries to run, but the creature knocks him over with his swinging tail.

As the Shark-odile is about to chomp down on Matt, Dave places his feet on the beast's lips and pulls Matt away just before it snaps its teeth shut!

Matt stands up and turns back to Dave, who's trying to crawl away from the beast as quickly as possible.

Matt reaches for Dave's hand, but right when they clasp...

CRUNCH!

Dave's torso is bitten in half by another vicious chomp.

MATT & JEN
NOOOOOOO!!!!

Matt gawks at Dave's pale face, overcome with sorrow as his life starts to fade away. Red blood starts to flood the cement.

Dave coughs BLOOD.

Matt cries. He can't believe it.

One final chomp takes the rest of Dave except for his hand, which Matt still holds for a moment before dropping it in shock.

The beast blows out of its hole. Red blood and body parts scatter the backyard.

Jamie races outside, having heard the commotion.

Sara and Tripp return a beat later to witness the carnage.

The Shark-odile turns it's gaze to Jen.

JEN
Oh hell no.

The creature begins to charge towards Jen.

Thinking fast, Sara grabs a pool umbrella and dive-bombs the inflatable creature, vanquishing it with a sharp POP!

Matt, brokenhearted, sets his sights on Jamie.

MATT
It was you!

JAMIE
Me?!

MATT
You conveniently go inside for a
"beer" and then Dave gets murdered.

JAMIE
I would never hurt Dave. He's my...
(correcting himself)
Was my friend.

MATT
You hate sketches, just admit it.
And you hated Dave for spending all
of his time with me instead of you.

JAMIE
You're wrong.

MATT
And everyone knows you hated Tobi,
because...
(re: Sara)
He got the girl.

SARA
Come on, Matt. Calm down. Jamie
would never do those things!

Now Matt whirls on Sara.

MATT
Then maybe it was your newest
boyfriend!

Matt zeroes in on Tripp.

SARA
What is wrong with you! He's
helping us.

MATT
All of us know, you have one of
those devices.

TRIPP
Look, I know you're upset, but--

SARA
--I was with him the whole time!

Matt, frenzied, takes a step towards them...

MATT

Who's to say you haven't been going
around knocking off sketches.
Killing us for your own sick
pleasure--

He's suddenly cut short as...

SHIIISHK!!!

A giant cartoony fishing HOOK punctures his chest. Taking everyone by surprise.

SARA

Matt! No!!!

Matt swings back and forth.

Now everyone looks up to the roof to see Nip reeling in Matt, who is dripping black ink as he swings overhead.

The friends chase after Matt and try to grab him.

Sara gets a good leap off of one of the stretchy pool chairs and catches Matt with a mid air-hug.

This throws Nip off balance up above, who sways back and forth on one foot trying to pull hard on the fishing rod.

JAMIE

HE'S GONNA FALL!

JEN

Look out!

Nip falls off the roof.

Sara and Matt collapse onto the floor painfully, then they scurry out of the way.

Above them, Nip flails madly in the air. A missile WHISTLE sound builds up as he speeds toward the ground below.

SMASSSSSHHHH!!!!

The cat YOWLS.

All the friends turn to the NIP-SHAPED CRATER left in the ground. There is only silence.

Jamie takes a nervous step forward.

But just before he can peer into the crater, a gnarled gloved cartoon cat CLAW bursts out of it and pulls its body up.

It's Nip, but his mask is blown out in parts, his clothes are ripped, cartoon bits of fur poke out, and cat claws poke out of the tips of his gloves. He drips black ink as he moves.

Sara sees it cough out a familiar black cube. It clatters across the yard.

SARA
It's a *sketch*!

JEN
It's mortal...

As the black cube rolls away from Nip, he starts to regain his strength. Immortal once more.

TRIPP
(the cube)
Not anymore, thanks to that thing.
It only affects Sketches within a
certain radius.

SARA
He's getting stronger again.
Someone, grab it!

Everyone races toward the cube.

The killer begins to angrily crawl out of the hole.

In a rage, Nip's arms begin to stretch abnormally long and reach towards the cube.

He grabs it right before Sara reaches it, then retracts his arms back to his body.

Nip tilts his head back and, under his mask, an outstretched cartoon cat jaw opens eerily wide.

He drops the cube down his throat and swallows.

Then he speeds away, leaving a PUFF OF TOON SMOKE behind him as he smashes through the fence.

Matt is bleeding out in Jen's arms.

MATT
I... I think I see what you guys
call the light.

JEN

Just give it a second, Matt. You'll be okay. He took that damn cube with him.

And sure enough, Matt does feel better. He looks at the blood everywhere, hangs his head in sorrow, then looks to Jamie and Tripp. Guilty.

MATT

I'm sorry.

They both nod in appreciation.

SARA

We found a body in the woods. A **human** body. That reporter.

JAMIE

Think the cops'll be ready to listen now?

CUT TO:

EXT. SARA'S BACKYARD - MORNING

Cops mill about Sara's backyard, investigating the crime scene. Finally taking things seriously.

INT. SARA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Jen, Tripp and Jamie watch Sara talking to the cops. Reporters have gathered on the front lawn once more.

Sara steps inside, ready to brief her friends.

SARA

I showed them this.

She holds out a notebook with a drawing she's done of Nip.

JEN

So the killer's a sketch.

JAMIE

Why would a sketch kill another sketch?

SARA

Well, now we know, for sure, that he's not just targeting sketches.

TRIPP

You know how I told you about the discontinued design? The one that malfunctioned.

SARA

Yeah.

TRIPP

Well, it sorta looked like a cat.

SARA

You think it's him? That the sketch somehow went rogue?

TRIPP

I dunno. I guess it's possible that someone, someone **human**, could have reprogrammed it. But I should probably get back to work. Maybe some of my coworkers would have some insight?

Jamie scrolls on his phone.

JAMIE

Crickets on SketchTech's social media.

SARA

How can they just stay quiet? They have to know something.

JEN

Well clearly, these cubes are the "how". But what's the "why"?

TRIPP

And the "who"?

SARA

We need answers. We can't just stay here like sitting ducks.

(beat)

I need to talk to Ivie.

JAMIE

Okay, but how? You can't just dial-up SketchTech and say: "Hi, I'd like to speak to your founder slash CEO please."

Sara brightens with an idea.

SARA
There may be a way...

CUT TO:

INT. SARA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Seated at the kitchen table, Sara opens her laptop. The others gather round.

SARA
Sketch Design 101. Virtual class,
group video chat. Hosted by none
other than...

JEN
Ivie Werks herself.

JAMIE
You're a genius.

Sara logs into a group video chat with Ivie.

IVIE
In today's lesson, we'll be
learning about nanobots. Sketches
are made up of tiny machines
working together, a lot like our
own molecules. It's just one of the
many things that we have in common.

SARA
I have a question.

IVIE
Sara, wonderful to see you. I
wasn't sure if you'd join today.

SARA
Why? Because of Tobi? Because
there's a killer on the loose?

Ivie goes mute with shock, as do other students on the chat.

IVIE
Now Sara, I understand you're
upset. But, as we've addressed to
the public, what happened to Tobi
was just a tragic--

SARA

--Malfunction. Yes, I know. But what about the pair of human murders? Were they just a part of some malfunction too?

The other students begin to MUMBLE, confused and alarmed.

IVIE

There's no connection to be found here--

SARA

--What about the cubes? Huh?

IVIE

Sara, please.

SARA

Why aren't we taught about those in class? Why isn't the public made aware that you have the ability to terminate sketches--

IVIE

--This is highly inappropriate. I must ask that you stop...

Frazzled, Ivie begins punching buttons on her computer.

And then the video chat VANISHES from Sara's screen. The words "SESSION ENDED" pop up.

SARA

Shit!

INT. IVIE'S MANSION - DAY

Ivie, seated at a desk in a well-appointed home office, turns, fuming, toward her bodyguard.

IVIE

I knew going live was a mistake. We have to end this, tonight.

The bodyguard nods and exits the room.

INT. SARA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Sara slams her laptop closed, frustrated. A male COP, 40s, steps inside.

COP

This is an active crime scene now.
We're going to need you to leave
the premises.

SARA

Where do you expect us to go?

JEN

Your exhibit.

SARA

I can't do an exhibit at a time
like this.

Sara eyes her sketch, then stiffens with a realization.

SARA (CONT'D)

Geri. Shit, I haven't heard from
her since last night.

JAMIE

We got carried away with
everything.

JEN

(gravely)
Why hasn't she called?

Sara tries to call Geri, but it goes to voicemail.

SARA

Voicemail.
(beat)
We need to go check on her.

JAMIE

My car's fucked.

TRIPP

I can drop you on my way to the
office.

COP

I'll escort you.

Tripp feels his pockets, realizing that something is missing.

TRIPP

My keys are gone.

SARA

Hey, where's Matt?

Everyone looks around.

JEN
Haven't seen him in a little while.

INT. SARA'S HOUSE - VARIOUS - NIGHT

Night has begun to fall.

The friends split up, searching for Matt.

INT. SARA'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sara moves down a dimly-lit hallway.

SARA
Matt? Where you at buddy?

Sara sees the SHADOW OF HER CAT on a wall.

SARA (CONT'D)
Hey Tom. You hungry boy?

Then, the shadow TRANSFORMS!

The "cat" splits apart to reveal that it's only a shape created by two hands. Nip was making shadow puppets.

Sara GASPS and backs away as the shadow grows into Nip's full form, growing closer and closer...

INT. SARA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The faces on Sara's paintings almost seem to leer at us in the sinister low light.

Sara backs into her room, colliding with...

Matt!

He's hanging by a bedsheet noose.

SARA
(whispered)
Matt? What the hell are you doing?

MATT
I dunno how to activate it.

Matt, looking humiliated, holds out the cube device he stole from Tripp's van. It's not glowing.

Tripp's keys CLATTER to the floor below Matt's dangling body.

MATT (CONT'D)

I can't do it, Sara. I can't live
without him...

SARA

My God, Matt. Why would you try to
hang yourself? You don't even have
lungs!

MATT

I was hoping my head would pop off
or something. But it's pointless.
I'm immortal. Stuck with a broken
heart for the rest of my...
AAHGGGH!!

Suddenly, Matt starts to choke.

His eyes bulge.

Sara is startled. She impulsively tries to lift Matt, who
gets enough breath to speak.

MATT (CONT'D)

No no! Let me have this, please!

He kicks off Sara, who lands on the floor.

A SHADOW from the open door looms in.

Sara scrambles behind the bed to hide, then she peeks out to
see that...

It's Nip, still mauled and twisted from the fall, holding his
own GLOWING CUBE. The killer opens its hoodie to reveal an
arsenal of SHARP CARTOON OBJECTS.

Matt's bulging eyes lock on Nip, who pulls out the first
sharp object and raises an arm.

MATT (CONT'D)

(choking)

Thank... you...

Nip fires away rapidly throwing a multitude of ridiculously
sharp CARTOON objects. DARTS, ARROWS, KNIVES, NINJA STARS,
AXES, ETC.

They all pelt Matt's body, black ink spraying everywhere.

Sara winces behind cover as she hears this brutality occur.

Nip tilts his head, as if contemplating if someone could be in the room.

Then he turns and exits.

Sara stands up from her hiding place. She races to the window, pulls it up, and screams to the cops outside:

SARA
He's up here!!!

MOMENTS LATER, cops swarm into the room.

Sara looks at Matt's lifeless body. Tearful.

INT. MOBILE LABORATORY - NIGHT

Red and blue lights from a tailing cruiser play across Sara's face, glinting on tears in her eyes as she rides in Tripp's van with Jen and Jamie. She hangs up her phone after another unanswered call to Geri.

They drive past the gallery. A line has formed out front.

JEN
The exhibit's still happening.
That's a good sign, right?

SARA
It was scheduled to start an hour ago. Why didn't Geri let them in?

Jamie notices that the gallery's windows are dark.

JAMIE
And why are the lights out?

SARA
(to Tripp)
The loading dock's around back.

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Sara, Tripp, Jamie, Jen and the cop have parked in a loading bay/garage. They enter the gallery through a back door and gawk. It's been trashed. Brown blood is all over everything.

Onlookers squint through the windows from the street.

JAMIE
Someone vandalized everything.

SARA
Guys. I don't think this is
paint...

Sara goes pale as her gaze drops to Geri's crumpled corpse.
The cop grabs his walkie.

COP
I need backup at the gallery.

INT. ART GALLERY - LATER

Cops mill about. Sara, Jen, Jamie and Tripp regroup.

JEN
What if it's Ivie?

SARA
Doing all of this?

JAMIE
You're just full of theories today.

JEN
Geri said that Ivie was here,
right? Before she was killed.

SARA
Why would Ivie do this?

JEN
Think about it. Geri's voicemail.
Ivie wants to be sure that sketches
remain products, not people. What
better way to show that we're just
faulty, imperfect mechanisms...
than by killing us?

SARA
What about the human victims?

TRIPP
People who've been making a fuss?
Getting in the way.

JEN
If anyone has the ability to
control a killer sketch, it's Ivie.

Sara is overwhelmed. Tripp comforts her, holding her in his
big arms. Jamie sneers with jealousy and steps in.

JAMIE

Hey, Sara. Could we, uh... talk?

Sara and Jamie step aside for some privacy.

SARA

What is it?

JAMIE

I think it might be Tripp.

Sara scoffs.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You barely know him.

(beat)

He certainly has the technological capabilities to control a sketch. Plus, he works for Ivie.

Sara eyes Tripp, considering if this could be true. Then she realizes something:

SARA

I was with him in the woods when Dave was killed. It couldn't have been him. And to be fair, you're quite the tech whiz yourself. For all we know, it could be you.

JAMIE

(growing frustrated)

Why are you defending him? He's practically a stranger!

Jamie realizes that he's lost his temper. He calms himself down and searches for the right words.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. It's just. I've just been thinking. Sometimes when tragedies happen, um... they bring people closer together.

Sara stares at Jamie, wondering where he's going with this.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Well, you and I, we've known each other since freshman year. I always felt like we had something special.

Sara realizes what he's saying.

SARA
Wait, Jamie...

JAMIE
I know you're scared to let someone
in. After your dad and--

SARA
--I can't do this right now.

JAMIE
And after Tobi's death, I just
thought you'd maybe... never mind.

Sara sees the disappointment on Jamie's face. She studies
him. Perhaps considering him in a new light.

SARA
I do care about you, Jamie.

JAMIE
No. You've been through a lot. I
shouldn't have said anything.

Jamie tries to act casual by resting a hand on the wall, but
he mistakenly pushes open a door and loses his balance...

INT. LOADING BAY/GARAGE - NIGHT

Jamie falls through into the loading bay/garage.

He stands painfully and dusts himself up.

JAMIE
I'm okay...

Jamie turns back toward Sara in the open doorway and sees...

NIP!

Standing next to the door, his hand on the knob.

WHAM! He slams the door closed.

INT. ART GALLERY - SAME

Sara grabs the knob. Tries to twist it. But it's locked.

SARA
Jamie!?

INT. LOADING BAY/GARAGE - SAME

Jamie takes a step backwards and...

SPLAT.

His foot sinks into something wet. He looks down to discover that the floor has become a lake of WET CARTOON CEMENT.

SARA (O.S.)
Jamie?! What's going on?!

JAMIE
He's in here!

Jamie takes another step back.

His feet sink deeper, trapping his calves in the cement.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
My feet are stuck in wet cement!

Now Jamie hears a low, menacing electronic HUM ahead of him.

He looks up to see that Nip is holding a giant CARTOON MAGNET. Jamie looks over his shoulder, realizing that the magnet will be drawn toward the METAL GARAGE DOOR behind him.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Oh shit...

INT. ART GALLERY - SAME

Sara frantically POUNDS on the door, which won't budge.

She drops to her knees and peers underneath, only able to see a sliver of what's going on inside the garage.

SARA
Duck!!!

INT. LOADING BAY/GARAGE - SAME

Suddenly, Nip lets the magnet go! It ZIPS through the air, flying toward Jamie at vicious speed.

Jamie manages to duck just in time!

The magnet brushes against the hair on top of his head, then connects with the garage door with a deafening CLANG!

JAMIE
Missed me!

But now, Jamie realizes that he's sinking deeper.

The wet cement begins to swallow him like quicksand.

He claws in every direction for something to grab onto, but it's no use.

Within moments, the cement is up to Jamie's waist.

Rising to his shoulders.

Now his chin.

And then, finally...

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Sara! I... I-

But before Jamie can finish his pronouncement of love, he disappears completely with a big SLURP!

INT. ART GALLERY - SAME

Sara is back on her feet, POUNDING frantically on the door.

SARA
Jamie! Jamie!

Sara whirls, looking around for anything useful. She grabs a PAINT STIRRER and tries to pry the door open with it, but...

The tool SNAPS!

Tripp and Jen scurry up beside her.

Together, they manage to break the door down.

INT. LOADING BAY/GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Sara races in to find that the garage door is OPEN.

Nip is gone.

She drops to her knees and runs her hands frantically over the cement floor, which has HARDENED. Tears begin to fall.

EXT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Sara, Jen and Tripp sit together outside the gallery as cops mill about inside. The curious crowd has grown exponentially.

SARA

This thing is out there. And it's just going to keep killing.

TRIPP

(re: cops)

At least we're safe here with them.

JEN

Are we?

SARA

So far, they've been worthless. The cops have no idea what we're dealing with.

Suddenly, a black car pulls up to the curb. Out steps Ivie's Bodyguard, he opens the back door. Ivie steps out of the SUV, makes eye contact with Sara and walks towards the crowd of people.

SARA (CONT'D)

Look who it is.

The crowd notices Ivie and begin to surround her.

A reporter approaches Ivie with a microphone.

REPORTER

We heard it was one of your sketches that did this.

The crowd looks worried.

CROWD PERSON #1

Is that true?

CROWD PERSON #2

I even heard someone said you could be responsible for all of this.

Ivie hushes the crowd.

Sara, Jen and Tripp watch and listen.

IVIE

Listen, I created sketches...

(beat)

(MORE)

IVIE (CONT'D)

I don't control them and never have.

Crowd Person #3 looks toward a friend.

CROWD PERSON #2

See I told you she wouldn't do something like that.

Ivie puts on a big smile.

IVIE

Trust me, I know all of you were looking forward to this art show. I'll get this all figured out...

(beat)

I promise.

Sara makes her way to Ivie followed closely by Jen and Tripp. She still doesn't know if she trusts Ivie or not.

SARA

Is that true?

IVIE

I'm not here to fight with you Sara.

(beat)

I want to help.

Sara looks suspicious.

SARA

Why?

IVIE

You think I wanted this?

Ivie looks around and then walks away from the crowd towards her SUV. Sara, Jen and Tripp follow.

Ivie seems frustrated.

IVIE (CONT'D)

My husband divorced me. My son, he hates me. I had to move all our family pictures to the attic because they depress me so much. I've sacrificed everything... **EVERYTHING**. For my work. And what do I have to show for it? Nothing, aside from inevitable lawsuits and pointed fingers!

Rage overtakes Ivie.

IVIE (CONT'D)
Someone's out to destroy me and
everything I've built!

Sara is taken back by Ivie's sudden mood shift.

SARA
I'm sorry, I had no idea.

IVIE
Well, it's not something I parade
around Sara.

Sara feels for Ivie and hopes she's making the right choice
by accepting her help.

SARA
So you think you can help?

IVIE
Yeah.
(beat)
I have something, something I think
you'd like to see. It could
possibly help figure out who's
behind this.

JEN
How do we know it's not you?

IVIE
We just went over this.
(motions to the crowd)
Why don't you go hang with your
buddies over there and chat about
all of your conspiracy theories
about me.
(beat)
Maybe it is me, but how do I know
it's not one of you?

The group takes a moment of silence. They all suspiciously
look each other over.

IVIE (CONT'D)
Trust me, you're going to want to
see this.

Ivie signals to her bodyguard and he opens the SUV doors.

IVIE (CONT'D)
Come with me.

SARA
No way. Why can't you show us here?

IVIE
You don't want to find out who did
this to Tobi?

This truth hurts Sara.

Ivie subtly smirks and then shrugs.

IVIE (CONT'D)
Okay then.

Ivie slowly turns to get back in the SUV.

TRIPP
(to Sara)
I think she's the only person that
can actually help us.

Ivie gets into the SUV and is about to close the door when-

SARA
Okay fine. We'll come with you...
(beat)
But we'll drive ourselves.

Ivie gives her a smirk and then closes the door.

Sara, Jen and Tripp all give each other a "hope this was a good idea" look.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

The sky is filled with ominous clouds.

A storm is brewing.

The black car followed by Tripp's van pulls into the driveway of a modern mansion. It's sleek and expensive. Exactly what you'd expect from the home of a tech company CEO.

INT. IVIE'S MANSION - NIGHT

The bodyguard leads them toward the front door. They all walk in with Ivie leading the way.

Sara cautiously looks around the space. She still doesn't trust Ivie.

SARA

Okay what did you want to show us?.

JEN

Do you know how to stop him or not?

IVIE

Him? So you already know who's doing this?

The way Ivie says it, it sounds like she knows herself.

TRIPP

Well no, but sort of...

Ivie's bodyguard approaches with a tablet and hands it to Ivie. It turns on with the SketchTech logo to greet us.

CUT TO:

Everyone gathers around a tablet, studying an image of NIP. Only, this isn't the masked killer we've come to know. It's the real sketch beneath. An animated human-sized cat, which actually looks quite friendly.

SARA

My drawing...

IVIE

Nip. Like Cat-Nip.

(beat)

He was an early design. Back before we decided to make sketches either fully human or fully animal. One or the other. Sketch pets aren't made with the same level of sophistication as "human" sketches.

JEN

So this design was never released?

IVIE

Many prints were made, but no. They never hit shelves.

SARA
Are the rumors true?

TRIPP
That it malfunctioned?

JEN
That it was dangerous?

IVIE
He just didn't fit the business
model.

Sara can tell that Ivie is hiding something.

SARA
There's more. What aren't you
telling us?

Ivie hesitantly confesses the truth:

IVIE
Nip was designed, originally, for
the military.

TRIPP
You gotta be kidding me. That thing
was designed to be.. what? A
perfect soldier? To be violent?

IVIE
Well, yes. But he wasn't so perfect
after all.

SARA
Is it possible? Could there be some
kind of flaw in the design? Or,
maybe... could someone be
controlling him?

TRIPP
If Sketches are programmed to love
you, couldn't they be reprogrammed
to hate you? To like... want you
dead?

IVIE
I guess it's possible. But very few
people have access. In fact...
(beat)
Follow me.

We hear the BEEPING OF A KEYPAD in pre-lap...

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Ivie pushes open a heavy door, revealing a massive basement room full of SKETCH PROPS and, most notably, MULTIPLE DEACTIVATED NIP SKETCHES hanging along a wall.

An unreleased poster shows Nips in various military uniforms.

SARA

Oh my God...

IVIE

For a while, we considered releasing sketch items like these. We called them "props".

Ivie lifts a CARTOON MALLET from a table littered with other similar items. There's a SPRING, BUNNY SLIPPERS and a TOP HAT that sprouts out a WHITE RABBIT. Just to name a few.

IVIE (CONT'D)

But ultimately, we decided to streamline the company's purpose: Companionship! Plain and simple.

Sara, Tripp and Jen approach the wall of Nip's. Both captivated and a bit frightened.

IVIE (CONT'D)

I considered having them destroyed, but as you can see... I'm no good at throwing things away. A bit of a hoarder, I guess you could say.

SARA

The killer has been using sketch props like these...

Sara suddenly brightens with an idea.

SARA (CONT'D)

Look, I don't know why, but it's pretty obvious these murders are happening around **me**. I think it's safe to assume that Nip's gonna show up here sooner or later.

Now she turns toward the group, standing strong and ready to fight. She holds out Tripp's CUBE.

SARA (CONT'D)

He's been using one of these devices to kill sketches. Well, we've got one too.

JEN
 (catching on)
 Which means we can kill him!

SARA
 Exactly.

Sara indicates the endless supply of sketch props.

SARA (CONT'D)
 And now we've got an arsenal. So
 let's set a trap.

Sara tosses the cube up into the air, then catches it.

SARA (CONT'D)
 If this sonofabitch has nine lives,
 we're taking every last one of
 them!

Triumphant battle MUSIC BEGINS to rise, but it's cut short
 by... CLANG! Ivy has locked Sara, Jen and Tripp in the room

SARA (CONT'D)
 Ms. Werks? What are you doing?

Sara BANGS on the door.

TRIPP
 This isn't funny.

JEN
 Oh, God. She's locked us in. It's
 her! She's gonna kill us.

EXT. IVIE'S MANSION - NIGHT

The Bodyguard stands at the front door, keeping an eye out
 for Nip. He hears a RUSTLING in the lawn and takes a step
 forward to investigate. A sudden HISS startles the sketch,
 but he relaxes realizing it's only hissing lawn sprinklers.

He's unaware as NIP tiptoes out of the shadows behind him and
 covertly slaps a BLACK HOLE onto the ground, creating an
 instant PIT right behind the Bodyguard. He steps back and...

WHOOSH! Disappears into the hole.

Nip drops a CARTOON MANHOLE COVER over the hole, then strides
 away, a pep in his step, as the Bodyguard BANGS from within.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Ivie speaks through the locked basement door.

IVIE

I'm sorry, I really am, for bringing you here under false pretenses. But I believe you're right. For whatever reason, this killer is coming here, for you. And I want to meet him, face to face.

SARA

Why?

IVIE

I'm a businesswoman, Sara.
(answering the question)
To negotiate.

Ivie suddenly becomes aware of distant PIANO MUSIC. She walks off to investigate.

INSIDE THE ROOM, Sara and her friends continue to pound helplessly on the door. But eventually, they give up.

JEN

What do we do now?

Slowly, their gazes travel to the plethora of sketch props.

Off their gears turning...

INT. MANSION LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Ivie wanders into an elegant sunken living room and notices something that confuses her:

A CARTOON GRAND PIANO rests at the center of the room.

The lid is propped up, giving a clear view of the instrument's inner workings.

IVIE

Piano?
(beat)
I don't have a piano...

Ivie approaches and lets her fingers graze the animated keys.

She TINKLES at them a bit.

Suddenly, a MASSIVE SPOTLIGHT pops on overhead.

Ivie squints and looks around the room, perplexed.

WHAM!

She reacts in sudden pain.

Ivie looks down to find that the FALLBOARD (the hinged cover which protects the keyboard when not in use) has snapped shut on her fingers, digging into them.

BLOOD FLOWS.

Ivie HOWLS in agony.

She tries to pull her hands free, but they're stuck.

And now... NIP pops up from behind the piano!

His horrifying visage is reflected in the instrument's polished surface.

Ivie grits her teeth through the pain.

IVIE (CONT'D)

There you are.

Nip slowly circles the piano.

He's nearing Ivie, who cannot move. She appeals to him. Always the saleswoman.

IVIE (CONT'D)

Listen, I just want to salvage my business. Couldn't we come to some sort of agreement?

And finally, when Nip reaches Ivie, he takes hold of her hair and shoves her face forward. Her head is now underneath the propped lid, pressed against the strings.

IVIE (CONT'D)

I don't know what you want, but everyone has a price. So name yours.

Ivie is helpless as she strains to look up, watching from the corner of her eye as Nip reaches up and grips the lid.

A makeshift guillotine.

And now Ivie realizes her attempted bargaining has failed.

IVIE (CONT'D)

No, no, no...

And with one strong downward pull...

SHIIISK!

Nip slams the lid on Ivie's neck, DECAPITATING HER!

The woman's body goes limp.

Slumping over.

Dead.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

All is quiet.

We hold on the locked basement door a moment, and then...

BOOM!

A CARTROON ROCKET blows the door wide open. It does a few loopy-loops around the room, WHISTLES up to the ceiling, and then EXPLODES into a beautiful animated spectacle.

Sara, Jen and Tripp stumble out a beat later.

They each carry handfulls of sketch props, like BANANA PEELS and FRYING PANS.

On a mission.

Tripp presses a CARTOON GUN into Sara's hand.

TRIPP

Keep an eye out for Ivie. You guys take the upper floors.

SARA

She seemed scared. I don't think it's her.

TRIPP

Either way, be careful.

Sara grabs Tripp's hand.

SARA

You too.

They stare into one another's eyes.

Sparks fly.

They look like they're about to kiss.

Jen watches, bouncing with excitement. Even CLAPS a little.

Sara offers her hand for a shake.

Tripp awkwardly takes it.

SARA (CONT'D)	TRIPP
Good luck.	Good luck.

Now they separate. Going opposite ways.

INT. IVIE'S MANSION - VARIOUS - NIGHT

Sara, Jen and Tripp move about the house setting traps.

INT. HOME GYM - NIGHT

Tripp stumbles upon a large home gym. All the equipment has been pushed aside to make room for a single-lane CARTOON BOWLING ALLEY.

TRIPP
Jeez, how rich do you have to be to have a bowling alley?

Tripp steps up to the lane. And suddenly...

WHISSH!

A CARTOON BOWLING BALL rolls past him, hurling down the lane!

It crashes into the pins with a loud CRACK.

They fall in quick succession.

Startled, Tripp whirls to find...

NIP. Who has proudly just bowled a perfect strike.

Tripp takes an instinctual step back and goes sprawling, having tripped over the BALL RETURN. He drops all of his sketch props.

In a flash, Nip is upon Tripp, who struggles as the killer lifts him up and SLAMS his head down on the ball return.

Tripp tries to get free, but Nip is too strong.

His eyes lock on the GAPING MAW OF THE BALL RETURN HOLE.

TRIPP (CONT'D)

Get off of me!

We hear the CHURNING OF MACHINERY beneath the floor. The ball Nip threw is accelerating through a conveyor system under the lane, and undoubtedly... hurtling in Tripp's direction.

And right as the BALL makes its appearance, seconds away from crushing Tripp's skull...

WHAM!

Tripp manages to kick Nip backwards.

He stumbles back from the ball return in the nick of time.

The bowling ball shoots out of the return with a loud CRACK.

Tripp immediately slips his thumb, middle finger and ring finger into the ball's grip holes, then he whirls...

CRUNCH!

Violently slamming the ball into Nip's head.

The toon stumbles backwards, dazed and hacking up inky-blood.

TRIPP (CONT'D)

Take that!

Tripp winds up to swing again and he pauses, realizing that his fingers are STUCK inside the bowling ball.

TRIPP (CONT'D)

What the...

Nip proudly holds out a CARTOON BOTTLE OF GLUE.

And in a flash... WHAM! The killer kicks Tripp hard in the gut, sending him tumbling backwards.

Tripp slides onto the polished lane, propelled by the momentum of Nip's kick and dragged along by the heavy bowling ball's weight.

He SLAMS into a new set of TEN PINS at the lane's end.

They SCATTER!

Tripp just sits there a moment, dazed and struggling to get his bearings.

His arm suddenly JOLTS.

TRIPP (CONT'D)

What the...

The bowling ball, which is still glued to Tripp's fingers, has been sucked down into a hole that carries it back to the ball return.

TRIPP (CONT'D)

Oh fuck...

Tripp tries to pull his hand back out, but it's no use.

In fact, his arm is being pulled deeper and deeper.

Sweat breaks out on Tripp's forehead.

He HOWLS in agony.

CRUNCH!

His shoulder suddenly pops out of its socket.

Tripp falls back, having finally been set free because...

HIS ARM HAS BEEN RIPPED OFF!

Tripp gapes at the bloodied stump in shock.

And then, he hears something overhead.

A mechanical GRINDING sound.

Tripp looks up just in time to see...

A MASSIVE CARTOON PINSETTER.

An automated mechanical device that sets bowling pins back in their original positions. It's basically a GRID OF TEN HOLES, but right now it looks like a massive latticed cookie cutter.

Before Tripp even has a chance to compute what's happening...

WHOOSH!

The pinsetter SMASHES DOWN on top of him!

A beat later, the pinsetter lifts back up into the ceiling, DRIPPING BLOOD.

We hold on Tripp, sitting in the same position as before.

He blinks slowly.

As if stunned.

Blood begins to SEEP from previously unseen cuts.

And then, Tripp's body falls apart into ten perfectly symmetrical pieces, SLAPPING wetly to the floor and flooding the bowling lane with gore.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Lightning FLASHES.

Thunder RUMBLES.

A storm has rolled in, but no rain is falling yet.

INT. MANSION ENTRY - NIGHT

Sara stands at the front door, peering out a small window into the night. Keeping a lookout for Nip.

She has no idea that, over her shoulder...

NIP is tiptoeing past a doorway, amused by the fact that she hasn't spotted him.

Sara backs away from the door and turns, startling as she comes face-to-face with...

Jen! Who has just come downstairs.

SARA

Jen! You scared me.

JEN

Sorry. Any sign of Ivie?

Sara shakes her head "no".

SARA

Maybe she left? No sign of Nip either.

(nodding upstairs)

All set?

JEN

Good to go. You did the attic. I finished up the second floor.

SARA

Most of the first floor's a mine field now too.

Jen pumps her fist triumphantly into the air.

JEN
Let's beat this pussy up!

Sara blinks.

Shocked by Jen's wording.

Then she goes pale, having spotted something alarming in the adjacent room.

INT. MANSION LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Sara and Jen have stumbled upon a horrific scene...

Ivie's headless corpse is slumped over the piano.

SARA
(realizing)
He's already here...

JEN
We have to warn Tripp!

They turn to race out of the room, but...

THERE STANDS NIP!

The killer lifts Tripp's severed ARM, recognizable from the TATTOO, and waves it at them tauntingly.

Then, he abruptly bursts forward, SCREECHING like a horrendous feral cat.

Sara and Jen inadvertently flee in different directions.

Nip twists his head back and forth, trying to figure out who to go for first.

He chooses Sara...

INT. MANSION KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sara scurries into the kitchen of your dreams.

She leaps up onto a huge island as Nip races in behind her.

He scrambles toward her on all fours, trampling over some CARTOON SCREWS and THUMBTRACKS.

He HOWLS in agonizing pain, stopping to hop around on one foot while clutching the other.

SARA

Hey!

Nip turns around to see a CARTOON FRYING PAN swinging in his direction. It smashes his mask into a QUIVERING flat pan-shape, RINGING like a gong.

Sara smirks. Pleased with herself.

Then she bolts out of the room.

INT. MANSION ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

Sara scrambles toward the stairs, but her foot hits a BANANA PEEL. She goes into an uncontrollable slide across the floor.

SARA

Shit! Forgot about that one!

Nip appears, batting a claw at Sara, who somehow manages to duck and sail right past him to the foot of the staircase.

Jen pops her head out from above.

JEN

Up here!

Sara bolts up the stairs, taking two at a time.

JEN (CONT'D)

Skip the last step!

SARA

What?

JEN

JUMP!

Sara jumps over the top step and collides with Jen. They tumble across the floor, then regain their footing.

Now Sara lifts the cube.

SARA

Be careful. This means you're mortal now too.

JEN

We both are.

Jen takes Sara's free hand and squeezes, standing strong.

They turn to peer down at Nip, who is now bounding up the staircase toward them.

The cube begins to GLOW in Sara's hand. Activated.

SARA
Come on, you asshole!

Nip hits the top step, which triggers a booby trap.

The step SPRINGS UP, SMASHING him into the ceiling above!

DUST and SPLINTERS OF WOOD rain down. Along with Nip's smashed body, which tumbles to the bottom of the stairs.

Sara and Jen COUGH from the debris.

When the dust clears, they see Nip at the bottom of the stairs, creepily UN-CRUNCHING himself with bone-cracking and twitchy motions.

His mask is further damaged. The twisted stitched eye nearly falling off.

And he's now holding A MASSIVE CARTOON LUMBER SAW.

JEN
That's not good...

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sara and Jen scamper away and pull a cord dangling from the ceiling. It unfurls a LADDER leading up into an attic.

Jen scurries up first.

Sara looks back.

Nip, eyes burning like hot coals, drags the lumber saw behind him. Getting closer and closer.

SARA
Hurry! Hurry!

Sara scrambles up behind Jen.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Once both the girls have reached the attic, Sara whirls and SLAMS the trap door shut.

Immediately, the GIANT SAW SLASHES UP THROUGH THE FLOOR!

Mere inches from Sara's face.

Nip peers up through a gash in the floorboards.

A "Here's Johnny" moment.

The girls back as far away as possible.

A disfigured Nip pulls himself up through the mangled floor.

He turns to scan the attic and spots...

Jen, on the far side of the dim, angled-roof space. She has paused to look back, having crawled halfway out a window.

Nip strides in her direction. On a mission.

He's upon Jen in a flash, but as he reaches out to grab her, his hand hits something solid.

Confused, Nip pulls his hand back to reveal DRIPPING WET PAINT. This isn't the real Jen. It's one of Sara's PAINTINGS!

The real Sara and Jen appear behind Nip, smiling with satisfaction. A pile of paint supplies behind them.

SARA

Gotcha!

Suddenly, Nip's feet unexpectedly go through the floor.

A tarp drops out beneath him, revealing that it was hiding a hole. A CLICK is heard, then a GIANT CARTOON BEAR TRAP slams shut, RIPPING up through the floorboards.

It's so large that it pins all of Nip's twisted body together up to his chest.

The killer SCREECHES and wriggles in excruciating pain.

SARA (CONT'D)

Now Jen!

Jen lifts a CARTOON ROPE off of the ground, smiles at Nip, then tugs it.

The rope flies out of her hand.

It goes up to the ceiling of the attic, where a CARTOON ANVIL was hidden in the darkness above.

Just before it collides with Nip, his cartoony eyes BUG OUT.

The anvil crushes him and rips through the attic floor. It tears through the house, dropping all the way to the basement with a tremendous metal CLUNK!

A relieved Sara and Jen peer over into the hole.

Way down below, there's a large black splatter of inky blood under the anvil.

SARA (CONT'D)

It's over...

Sara sets the cartoon gun on a box, then she wraps Jen in a huge hug.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

In the wreckage below, Nip's gloved hand lays motionless. Sticking out from beneath the anvil.

A pair of SNEAKERED FEET enter frame.

They kick the unmoving corpse, then a HUMAN HAND sifts through the wreckage and removes Nip's mask.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Sara and Jen finish hugging.

JEN

Are you okay? You're pretty scratched up.

SARA

I'm used to it. I have a cat.

They LAUGH.

Now Sara notices something on the box beside her.

SARA (CONT'D)

What the...?

Sara moves the gun off of the box, which she slowly opens.

She pulls out a stack of PHOTOS.

We do not see them yet.

JEN

What does this mean?

CREAK!

The girls whirl to find...

NIP standing behind them.

Only, it's not the Nip we've come to know.

It's a regularly-dressed human male wearing Nip's badly mangled MASK.

Sara and Jen instinctively take a step back.

Slowly, the mystery man removes the mask, revealing...

JAMIE!

He's alive, but he now looks deranged.

Sara GASPS in shock and drops the photos she's holding.

They scatter across the floor, revealing that they're family photos of Jamie, Ivie and his dad.

The box topples over and we see "JAMIE" written on the side.

Jamie grabs the cartoon gun and aims it at the girls.

SARA

But, Jamie... you died.

JAMIE

Did I?

CUT TO:

INT. LOADING BAY/GARAGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Jamie sinks into the wet cement floor and disappears.

Now we see what we didn't see before: Nip immediately plunges a hand into the liquid and pulls Jamie to safety.

This was all an elaborate ruse intended to fool Sara.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Jen steps forward, trying to talk some sense into Jamie.

JEN

Jamie...

She gently reaches toward the gun.

JEN (CONT'D)

Drop the gun.

Jamie lashes out and shoves Jen into the hole.

She lands on the anvil below with a CRACK, GASPING in pain.

SARA

Jen!!!

Sara races to the edge, concerned for her friend.

Then she looks back up at Jamie. Enraged.

SARA (CONT'D)

You did all this? You've been
controlling this thing?!

(beat)

You're crazy...

JAMIE

I got it from my mother.

Sara backs up against a window behind her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I don't like to use my real last
name. It'd be embarrassing if
people knew that my mom was the
founder and CEO of this inhumane
madhouse!

(beat)

I told you, Sara, we all have shit
with our parents.

SARA

Only in my case, an abusive father
didn't turn me into a psychopathic
killer.

Jamie gives a scathing LAUGH.

SARA (CONT'D)

How did we not know that Ivie was
your mother?

JAMIE

None of you ever truly cared enough
to get to know me, that's how!

SARA
That's not true, Jamie.

Jamie scoffs.

SARA (CONT'D)
We were all friends to you.

JAMIE
Friends?! I never wanted to be your friend, Sara! I wanted more. But then Tobi comes along and steals you. So, he had to go...

SARA
You're a murderer...

JAMIE
Why do you insist on calling it a **MURDER**?! Tobi WAS NEVER ALIVE IN THE FIRST PLACE!!
(beat)
And, to be fair, I didn't technically kill anyone. Nip did.

SARA
What about Dave? Your own **mother**! Why get rid of everyone else?

JAMIE
Matt was actually right on the money with my motive. First with Tobi. Then, with Dave. He chose Matt over me. And as more people started getting in my way... they had to go too. That gallerist making a fuss. The reporter and his cameraman poking around. I couldn't let them get too close to the truth.

Frightened, Sara climbs out of the window to the roof.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

It's raining now.

Jamie follows through, the sketch gun in his hand.

SARA
What's wrong with letting people love who they choose to love?

JAMIE

(scoffing)

Love? None of that is real! It's all simulated by a design tailored exactly for you.

Now Jamie softens, his eyes pleading to Sara.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

But **I** love you, Sara.

Lightning FLASHES. Thunder RUMBLES. They're both soaked now.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

And I don't want you to fall for my mother's trap...

(emotional beat)

You have to understand, Sara. My father left when I was young. My mother, the "genius", all she ever cared about were sketches. Her precious creations. More so, even, than her own **son!** She washed her hands of me to focus on her work. Shipped me off to college.

(angry)

And even there, you and your friends go and replace me with the very things I'd grown to hate!

Jamie is growing agitated.

But he balls his fists, forcing himself to calm down.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

So! Last summer, I told my mother that I wanted to intern at SketchTech. You should have seen it, she lit up like a Christmas tree. She was so blinded by me pretending to worship her creations that she had no clue I was actually there hijacking them!

Jamie waves the gun in the air as he passionately rants.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I had to do this! I had to show the world that Sketches aren't invincible. That they're not these perfect, faultless beings capable of replacing human connection.

SARA
 You're just like her.
 (off his confusion)
 Your mother.

JAMIE
 No I'm not.

Jamie slowly points the gun at Sara.

She stands strong.

SARA
 You had this vision of me and you
 together, but just expected it to
 happen! Now you're demanding it by
 force! That's not **love!** That's not
real!

JAMIE
 My mother obliterated the playing
 field for me, for everyone! Nobody
 will have a chance at real
 connection ever again because of
 her!

SARA
 You say you're doing this for
 humanity, but you've lost sight of
 it! You've killed your own friends!
 You can't negotiate my heart like
 this.

JAMIE
 What do you know about humanity?!
 ABOUT LOVE???

SARA
 I KNOW YOU DON'T POINT A GUN AT IT,
 YOU ASSHOLE!!!

Jamie's hand trembles, affected by her words.

He lowers the gun.

JEN (O.S.)
 Up there!

Jamie and Sara look down below through the rain.

Jen is standing in front of a group of cops.

Two cruisers pull up and shine their SPOTLIGHTS on Jamie.
 He's momentarily blinded, then he looks back at Sara.

JAMIE
(softly to Sara)
Humanity's already pointing the gun
at itself.

Sara takes a slow step forward.

SARA
Let me help you, Jamie.

Slowly, she reaches for the gun in his hand.

Jamie doesn't fight back.

At first.

And then... it becomes a tug of war.

Lightning FLASHES.

Thunder RUMBLES.

Sara's feet slip on the wet roof.

She nearly goes over the edge, but she regains her footing.

Now Sara manages to get the gun. She wrestles Jamie into submission and presses the weapon to his temple.

Jamie closes his eyes and smiles. As if accepting his fate.

JAMIE
Finally. I'm in your arms.

SARA
Goodbye, Jamie.

Sara pulls the trigger!

An anticlimactic pole shoots through Jamie's head. Blood spurts out along with it.

A blood soaked flag rolls down with "BANG!" written on it.

The crowd flinches down below.

Jamie's body goes limp and slips off the roof of the house onto the bloodstained driveway. His collapsed body lays there with the cartoon gun stuck in his head.

INT. MANSION ENTRY - NIGHT

Sara races up to Jen and they embrace.

SARA

I thought you were a goner!

JEN

Thankfully, I fell away from the
cubes. Three stories, to be exact.

(beat)

We did it, huh?

SARA

We did it.

JEN

Oh! And I stand corrected. This
time... the slut lived.

Sara LAUGHS.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Blue and red lights STROBE the lawn.

Sara throws an arm around Jen, and together they walk off
into the night.

A girl and a sketch. Best friends.

A news vans SCREECHES up onto the curb. Out steps Linda
Lovell and her sketch cameraman. A broadcast begins:

LINDA LOVELL

This is Linda Lovell, coming at you
live from the home of SketchTech
CEO, Ivie Werks. SketchTech likes
to say that they make the world a
better place. Loneliness is a
sickness. But have they created a
cure?

(dramatic beat)

Or have they created... a monster?

As Linda crosses the lawn, the sound of her report fades off.

No one has noticed that Jamie's cell phone is peeking out of
his pocket, GLOWING bright.

Onscreen, a program opens with a 3D model of Nip.

A LOADING BAR appears...

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

THE CAMERA LINGERS on the wall of deactivated Nip sketches in Ivie's basement as, suddenly, all of their eyes SNAP OPEN!

SMASH TO BLACK:

THE END

CREDITS:

A graphic animated segment in the vein of PIXAR movie credits, but it involves Nip messing with the text in all kinds of brutal cartoony ways.