

SCRIPT TITLE

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EXT. A PARK - DAY

An exasperated young couple, HENRY and GLORIA make their way through a park. They watch while their eight year old tornado like foster son, BILLY skips stones on a nearby lake.

Billy's own picnic basket and the family dog are with him. Gloria wears a picnic dress and carries the family basket. Henry brings a blanket. They collapse on a bench.

HENRY

I say... we kill him.

Gloria chuckles.

GLORIA

Very funny....You are kidding aren't you?

HENRY

His fate is pre-destined. Save society the trouble and expense.

GLORIA

Spoken like an exhausted old fart of a foster parent....Just look at him there, skipping stones...his dog and picnic basket...if that isn't a Norman Rockwell painting.

HENRY

Is it my imagination, or does he have two tiny horns growing out his head?

GLORIA

We've only had Billy for three glorious days and look how he's shaken up our lives.

HENRY

Just like an earthquake that never ends...Can't we do a lobotomy or something on him?

GLORIA

You just don't remember being a boy.

HENRY

Oh, I remember being a boy alright, slingshots, broken windows, swiped apples. With Billy it's attempted murder.

GLORIA

Oh, that silly razor blade thing?

HENRY

Silly? I woke up and found Jack the ripper with a blade to my throat.

GLORIA

He had just watched you shave. He was trying to be helpful.

HENRY

And the hydrochloric acid in my coke?

GLORIA

Just trying to make it fizzier for you...

They watch as Billy takes aim and throws a rock at a duck. A direct hit in the head kills the duck dead in the water.

GLORIA CONT

...Oh Lord.

HENRY

He's a duck murderer.

GLORIA

That was a complete accident. He couldn't do that again in a million years.

Billy grins a demonic smile, picks up a rock and throws another bullet which kills a second duck.

HENRY

He's a serial duck murderer.

GLORIA

Billy dear, don't throw anymore rocks at the ducks...

Billy turns, aims, and throws a rock which strikes Henry directly in the forehead and knocks him to the ground.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

...Or your father either... Oh Henry are you alright?

HENRY

(Dazed)

We're going to need more life insurance. What's he doing now?

GLORIA
 Isn't that adorable? He's tying a knot with that rope. He must have been a cub scout.

HENRY
 That's a hangman's noose.

Billy tosses the noose over a tree limb and puts it around the dog's neck. Gloria runs over to rescue the dog.

GLORIA
 No no no angel. It's a beautiful collar, but let's save it for later.

Billy pulls out a squirt gun from his picnic basket and soaks her. Gloria plays along and laughs.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
 You got me cowboy. I give up.

She goes back to sit alongside Henry.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
 He's a dream come true. Isn't this the most perfect day?...What's That smell?

Henry sniffs her dress.

HENRY
 It's you. He soaked you with GASOLINE!

They look up to see Billy standing over them with a match and matchbox in hand. He sneers a devilish laugh, strikes the match and tosses it onto Gloria's dress where it bursts into flames.

GLORIA
 Fire! I'm on fire!

She jumps to her feet, runs in circles, screams and shouts. Henry grabs the blanket and beats her to the ground with it. Gloria lies half naked on the ground face up. She is covered with ash and dirt.

HENRY
 Gloria! Speak to me. Are you alright? Say something.

GLORIA
 I say... we kill him.

INT. A CHURCH LOBBY - DAY

Henry, Gloria and Billy enter the church. Billy is dressed in a straight jacket and being led with a leash by Henry.

Gloria dips her finger in the holy water and makes the sign of the cross. She then again dips her finger in the water and makes the sign of the cross on Billy's head.

Steam immediately sizzles from Billy's head as he anguishes.

INT. CHURCH ALTAR -DAY - A MOMENT LATER

A priest, FATHER RYAN, kneels at the altar. He hears the footsteps approach him, rises and turns.

FATHER RYAN

Henry, Gloria...And this must be Billy.

GLORIA

Father Ryan, thank you for seeing us on such short notice.

FATHER RYAN

It's no problem...

He studies the straight jacket.

FATHER RYAN CONT.

... Do you really think the straight jacket is necessary? After all, we are in the house of God.

HENRY

God is no match for Billy.

Billy turns his head to look around. His head does a complete 360 degrees.

Not sure of what he just witnessed, Father Ryan continues.

FATHER RYAN

And how can I be of service to you?

GLORIA

We want Billy to be exorcised.

FATHER RYAN

Perhaps without the restraints he could more easily run, play and exercise.

HENRY

Not ex-ER-cise ... ex-OR-cise.

FATHER RYAN

You want an exorcism performed? But this is a precious child of God?

HENRY

I think he's been disowned.

GLORIA

Father, if you only knew... He speaks in tongues.

FATHER RYAN

A lingual prodigy.

HENRY

He possesses inhuman strength.

FATHER RYAN

A champion weight lifter.

GLORIA

Lights go on and off.

FATHER RYAN

A frugal environmentalist.

The lights in the church go off. There is pitch black.

FATHER RYAN CONT.

Billy...Billy...Are you responsible for this?

The lights turn back on. Billy sits atop a chandelier. He dangles and then drops the straight jacket.

GLORIA

Billy, you get down here this instant.

The lights go off. They come back on a moment later to find Billy in the arms of Father Ryan. Billy's face momentarily morphs into a horrific demonic creature.

Father Ryan drops Billy and pulls out his crucifix. He points it at Billy and the crucifix immediately catches fire.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Do you think the Bishop will grant
us an exorcism?

FATHER RYAN
I'm still not convinced this
delicate cherub is the demon you
describe.

Billy spews a direct hit of green projectile vomit onto the
priest's face.

FATHER RYAN CONT.
Holy shit!

HENRY
Need a bit more convincing father?

FATHER RYAN
Screw the Bishop...I'm going
straight to the Pope.

GLORIA
And what if the exorcism doesn't
work?

FATHER RYAN
Then I say...we kill him.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE PRESIDENTIAL OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The PRESIDENT sits with his feet up looking out the window
behind his desk. He chomps on a cigar as he views the Capitol
building. The phone rings. He answers.

PRESIDENT
What is it? The national security
advisor? Yes, send him in.

The NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR enters.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR
Mr. President, we have in custody
the security threat.

PRESIDENT
Excellent. What is the name of this
terrorist? Osama Bin...?

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR
Billy.

PRESIDENT
Hmmm...Osama Bin Billy.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR
No sir, just Billy.

PRESIDENT
Just plain ol Billy?

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR
Yes, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT
Clever, very clever these
terrorists. Have we given him the
standard operating
procedure?...waterboarding,
electric shock, shaved his beard?

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR
No sir, he can't even grow side
burns yet.

PRESIDENT
Where is he?...One Of our Gitmo
dungeons?

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR
No sir. He's in the reception room.

PRESIDENT
Well bring him in. I want to look
this scum straight in the eye.

The National Security Advisor motions for the entourage to enter. Four armed guards wheel in Billy, who hangs upside down in an iron bar cage. He is wrapped in chains and wears a "Hannibal Lector" mask.

Henry, Gloria, and Father Ryan follow behind him. The president studies Billy.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
Is he one of those midget
terrorists?

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR
Little people sir.

PRESIDENT
I know that.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

And no sir, he's only eight years old.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Eight years old? My God man, even the North Koreans don't lock up political prisoners until they're ten...

He directs his attention to the entourage.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

... And who are these people?

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR

These are his parents, Henry and Gloria.

GLORIA

FOSTER! Parents.

HENRY

Extremely foster...as far away from a sperm donor as you can get.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR

And this is the parish priest, Father Ryan.

FATHER RYAN

His holiness the Pope sends his greetings... We unfortunately failed in our attempt to exorcise the young...thing.

PRESIDENT

Well how do you expect him to run and play with those chains wrapped around him?

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR

Not ex-ER-cise sir, ex-OR-cise.

PRESIDENT

I know that.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR

Sir, we would like you to classify Billy as an enemy combatant.

PRESIDENT

An enemy combatant? Why, that means... we could kill him.

Henry, Gloria, and Father Ryan start to high five each other but quickly regain their composure.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Just what has Billy done to deserve all this?

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR

I'm pretty sure we can hang most every problem conceivable on him sir...the recession, global warming, unrest in the middle east.

PRESIDENT

I see, sort of a one terrorist fits all solution. Still, all he probably needs is a good swat from the presidential paddle... Guards, remove the chains.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR

But Mr. President...

PRESIDENT

Don't worry, I know everything, after all...I AM the president.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR

Yes sir.

The guards remove Billy from the cage, chains, and mask. They lock and load their rifles and point them at him.

The president opens a cabinet where the "presidential paddles" are hanging and labeled. He examines them.

PRESIDENT

Let's see now... here's one for the Congress...the American taxpayer...the first lady...I need to remember that one for later... Ah, eight year old enemy combatants, here we go.

The president stands directly in front of Billy with the paddle in his hand.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Alright Billy, you're about to receive a lesson on what real power is, When I get done with your bottom you're going to wish you were a Democrat. What do you say to that?

Billy's eyes narrow and intensify. An eerie, all knowing smile comes to his face.

BILLY
I say...we kill him.

Immediately the room is flooded with demonic spirits. They howl and swirl as the room begins to shake. Beams and walls begin to crumble. The Capitol building outside the window starts to collapse.

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

Shots of: 1. The Statue of Liberty falls over 2. A tidal wave engulfs a city 3. A volcano explodes 4. Mount Rushmore is destroyed.

INT.THE WHITE HOUSE PRESIDENTIAL OVAL OFFICE - MOMENT LATER

Billy stands triumphant with arms stretched wide. All the occupants of the room are buried in rubble.

Billy bellows a demonic victorious laugh as the camera...

FADES OUT

THE END