

Mud

By

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An Original Screenplay

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EXT. BACKYARD-DAY

Psychologist DR. MARK ASTON (40) jeans and polo shirt crawls on hands and knees closely inspecting an expanse of lush, green lawn.

His wife ANGELA (39) steps out on the porch; her slim body attired in pressed tennis whites that glow in the bright morning sunshine. Her straight, highlighted blond hair stops short of narrow, tanned shoulders, framing a pretty face with startling blue eyes.

She closely inspects her hands in the bright sunlight and shakes her head with disgust. The telltale road maps of age are clearly visible.

ANGELA

Breakfast is on the table. I've got a tennis lesson at nine. I don't want to be late.

IN ANGELA'S MIND

INT.SUPPLY CLOSET-DAY

We see Angela in a heated, passionate embrace with her TENNIS INSTRUCTOR (20's) in a supply closet.

TENNIS INSTRUCTOR

I found some more crab grass.

EXT. BACKYARD-DAY-PRESENT

ANGELA

What?

Mark stops his fanatical inspection and turns to his wife.

MARK

Crabgrass. I know it's floating over the fence. I wish Big Ed would do something. I tried talking to him about it, but it's like talking to a damn Pit Bull.

ANGELA

Honey, you need to understand something. To most people it's just grass. You walk on it, sit on it, mow it once a week or so, but otherwise you pretty much ignore it.

MARK

You think you could you talk to his wife? Hell, I'd even be willing to go over and spray it myself.

ANGELA

I'll see what I can do, but don't get your hopes up. I'll be back in a couple hours. Love you.

Mark stands up; dirt crusted gloves on hips, and admires the fruits of his hard labor. The bushes bordering the fence are uniformly full and neatly trimmed, the soil beneath the multi-colored annuals a rich, loamy brown and lovingly turned, and a queen palm stands as stiff and regal as any proud monarch, towering over a lawn as perfect as a putting green.

He walks to the fence, stands on tip toes, and peeks over.

Unkempt, half dead bushes, a tree with two-by-fours sadistically nailed to its trunk, and a few patches of dying grass. A vacant lot without the charm.

A mountainous shadow-his neighbor, BIG ED(40's)-appears in the open window.

BIG ED

Looking for inspiration?

MARK

(Sheepishly)

Sorry. Just being nosy, I guess.

He quickly lowers himself out of Big Ed's line of sight.

BIG ED (OS)

Mind your own business.

Mark ambles over to the landscape timer attached to the wall and sets it for precisely one minute. He turns the dial to the "run" position and watches as the sprinkler heads pop out of the ground like miniature black missiles and begin to delicately mist the lawn. He stands there anxiously eying his watch. At exactly the one minute mark, with a pronounced thunk, the water shuts off, and the sprinkler heads slip back into their hidden silos beneath the grass.

INT.HOUSE-DUSK

Angela is in a living room every bit as immaculate as the back yard; every picture perfectly straight, nothing out of place.

ANGELA

Are you almost ready? I told Fran and Nancy we'd get there early and save them a spot.

MARK (OS)

I'm just about finished ironing my shirt.

ANGELA

For heaven sakes, dear, nobody gives a rat's ass if your shirt is wrinkled. It's going to be so cold up there you'll probably never take off your jacket.

Mark enters the room and strolls by Angela in neatly pressed khaki slacks and a wrinkle free, pale blue, button down dress shirt and slightly adjusts a picture on the wall. He backs up and scrutinizes it. Satisfied, he slips into a suede elbowed, corduroy blazer and checks his reflection in the mirrored dining room wall.

Angela, dressed in faded jeans and a hooded black sweatshirt, simply shakes her head.

ANGELA

You ready now?

MARK

Good to go.

He winks at her and smiles.

ANGELA

You're worse than a woman, you know that?

MARK

It doesn't hurt to look nice.

ANGELA

We're going to watch a meteor shower, dear. Not a Broadway musical.

MARK

What if we stop for a bite after?

ANGELA

I don't think Denny's has a dress code.

MARK

Honestly, have you ever been in Denny's?

ANGELA

Well, no. I was just making a point.

EXT. HILLTOP-NIGHT

A group of twenty or so, including Mark and Angela, and their best friends FRAN (40's) dark/petite, no nonsense east coast transplant and NANCY (40's) cute/slightly chubby and their husbands NORM (40's) round and soft/bad comb-over and RICHARD (40's) Ex-Marine are huddled together on a summit overlooking their small, mountain-hedged community below.

A stiff, wind kicks up and forces the small group of friends to huddle together on their collection of designer blankets.

RICHARD

When this show going to start?

Richard eyes his watch and then briskly rubs his close-cropped hair.

RICHARD CONT.

My head's getting cold.

Nancy hands him a bag of chips.

NANCY

This isn't Disneyland, Dear. It happens when it happens. And I told you to bring a hat.

MARK

(To Richard)

I though you Marines were trained not to feel the cold.

Richard shivers.

RICHARD

I was in Iraq, not frickin'
Siberia. I hate the cold.

ANGELA

I heard on the news that it might
last for hours.

NORM

(To Fran)

Hours? You didn't tell me we'd be
here for hours.

FRAN

(To Angela and Nancy)

We should have left the babies at
home.

(To Norm)

And I don't care if we have to sit
here all night. I'm seeing a damn
meteor shower.

MARK

Don't worry, Norm. Another half an
hour and they'll be begging us to
take them somewhere warm that
serves a great martini.

Richard lifts his chrome, USMC travel mug.

RICHARD

Hallelujah to that.

NANCY

Not a chance of that happening.
We're here for the whole shebang,
even if my lips turn blue.

RICHARD

I think it's too late.

Nancy slugs Richard playfully on the arm.

NANCY

You know, I'm thinking it's time to
redecorate the house.

RICHARD

(Protests loudly)

You just did.

This brings howls of laughter from the rest of the group.

RICHARD
Well, she did.

Suddenly a chorus of ooo's and ah's floats through the crowd as back to back, pencil thin, streaks of light race downward towards the community below.

INT. BEDROOM-MORNING

Mark wakes up to the high pitched, irritating beep of a smoke alarm. He grabs a pillow and covers his head.

MARK
(Yells)
Couldn't you wait until I got up to burn the toast.

ANGELA (OS)
Sorry, dear. Are you gonna sleep all day? It's already nine o'clock. The sun is shining, the birds are chirping...

Angela appears in the doorway munching a piece of toast.

ANGELA CONT.
Nancy and I are going to get a facial. I should be back by one. Can you survive with out me until then?

MARK
I'll manage.

Angela exits.

He waits until he hears the sound of the front door closing before removing the pillow from his head. He closes his eyes and smiles. Suddenly the annoying beep begins again.

Throwing back the covers, he hurries to the kitchen in his boxers.

INT. KITCHEN-MORNING

The kitchen is brightly lit and spotlessly clean.

He angrily snatches a dish towel off the counter and starts waving it frantically at the smoke alarm. A few seconds later, the racket finally stops.

A charred piece of toast sits smoking in the toaster.

He pours himself a cup of coffee and shuffles over to the sliding glass door. He stops, eyes closed, absorbing the warmth of the morning sunlight on his skin like a solar panel. He opens his eyes. His expression changes to one of horror.

Near the center of his flawless lawn is a dab of brown that sticks out like Cindy Crawford's mole. He rubs his eyes and looks again. It is still there. His knees wobble. Hand shaking, begins fumbling with the lock on the sliding door. The screen door slides open with a crash and he makes a stiff-legged bee line towards the offensive, chocolate colored blotch.

EXT. BACKYARD-MORNING

A black, golf ball-sized hole stares up at him like the unblinking, single orb of a Cyclops. He kneels down and inspected it more closely.

Voices drift the fence from the neighbor's yard. Face flushed, he stomps over, stands on tip toes, and peers over.

Big Ed, and his equally weight challenged wife KELLY (40's), are sitting at a rusty, glass-topped patio table drinking coffee and smoking. As if possessed by some sort of psychic radar, Big Ed's tripled-chinned, unshaven face immediately zeros in on Mark.

All Mark's angry bravado is suddenly gone as Big Ed's dark, feral eyes lock on his.

MARK

(Stammers weakly)

Have your kids been in my yard again?

BIG ED

'Scuse me?

MARK

There's a hole in my lawn. It wasn't there yesterday.

BIG ED

Not my problem doc, and the kids are at camp. Maybe you got a gopher?

IN MARK'S MIND

EXT. BACKYARD-NIGHT

Mark shines a flashlight into a basketball sized hole in his lawn. Suddenly an over sized, ferocious gopher snaps at his hand.

PRESENT

EXT. BACKYARD-DAY-PRESENT

Mark shakes his head.

MARK

That's highly unlikely.

BIG ED

What's highly unlikely is waking up tomorrow with all your teeth if you don't get your crazy ass away from my fence.

KELLY

Is he naked?

Mark instantly drops below the fence line. He walks back over to the hole and studies it.

He turns on the water, unravels the hose and drags it over. He squeezes the lever and slowly lets it drizzle into the hole.

A tiny puff of greenish steam-like a miniature mushroom cloud- hovers above the hole. He immediately stops the flow. When the steam dissipates he begins filling the hole again. Seconds later the water reaches the surface.

MARK

Gopher, my ass.

He shuffles over to the garage and comes back carrying a small hand spade and a bag of soil. He quickly puts on his gardening gloves, and with a steady hand pours a level spade full of the dusky brown soil into the hole. Not satisfied with the result, he adds three more spades full and pats it down.

MARK

A little plug of sod and you'll be good as new.

He returns the spade and soil to the garage and goes back in the house.

INT.HOUSE-DAY

Mark is standing at the kitchen sink, holding a glass up to the light, inspecting it for water spots and rubbing it with a dish towel.

Angela enters the house.

MARK

One of Big Ed's spawn was digging in our back yard.

ANGELA

A hello would be nice.

MARK

I'm sorry. The facial did wonders. You look like you're eighteen again.

ANGELA

That's very sweet of you to say. Bullshit, but sweet nevertheless.

MARK

To be honest, the wrinkles don't really bother me. I think they give you character.

Angela's eyes narrow.

ANGELA

You should have stopped after the compliment.

MARK

You know what I mean.

ANGELA

Let's just drop it, okay?

MARK

Fine by me. I want you to come outside and look at the hole.

Angela shakes her head.

ANGELA

You're not serious.

Angela drops her purse on the table.

MARK

I need a witness.

ANGELA

Are you going to sue Big Ed for letting one of his kids dig a hole in the backyard?

MARK

Well... probably not...damn it, I just want you to see it. If it's not too much trouble.

ANGELA

What ever you say, Dear.

EXT. BACKYARD-DAY

Mark, gloves on, kneels on the grass and points at the golf ball-sized blotch.

MARK

Well?

Angela kneels down next to him.

ANGELA

It's not so bad.

He sticks his gloved finger in the hole and swirls it around.

MARK

Not so bad? It's a mud hole now.

ANGELA

Hey, don't complain. Women pay big money for mud at the spa. Good for the complexion.

MARK

Maybe you'd like to try some.

He laughs, smearing some of the thick, brown goo on her face.

Angela shrieks, and pushes him away.

ANGELA

That was a shitty thing to do. I just had a facial.

MARK

This is better. One hundred percent, grade "A" potting soil.

ANGELA

You know, it feels good. Kind of tingles.

She reaches down and dips her fingers in the mud and smears it all over her face.

Mark laughs.

MARK

You're crazy, you know that?

ANGELA

It really feels good. You should try it.

Angela waves her muddy fingers at him.

Mark scrambles away.

MARK

I'll take a pass on that.

Angela stands up and walks toward the house.

INT.BATHROOM-DAY

Angela is in the bathroom rising off the mud.

The doorbell rings.

ANGELA

Could you get that, please?

She yanks a towel off the rack; drying her face as she rushes to the front door.

INT.HOUSE-DAY

Angela opens the front door, still drying her face.

Fran is standing on the porch; two very large containers of coffee in her hands.

FRAN

I come bearing caffeine.

ANGELA

I could use a lift right about now.

Fran motions at Angela's dirt smudged shirt.

FRAN

You been rolling around in the mud?

ANGELA

Something like that.

Angela lowers the towel.

FRAN

Wow, that must have been some facial. I'm speechless. You look ten years younger.

ANGELA

Right. My wrinkles mock me every time I plunk down a hundred bucks at the spa.

FRAN

I'm serious. You look fabulous. What's the name of that place?

ANGELA

You can stop the ego boost.

Angela takes one of the containers from Fran.

ANGELA

I checked myself out in the mirror when I got home. A raisin has less wrinkles.

FRAN

I think you better go look again.

INT. BATHROOM-DAY

Angela stands at the mirror and closely inspects her face. The wrinkles around her eyes are clearly softened and the smile lines much less defined.

FRAN

Was I lying, or what?

ANGELA

Shit. This is impossible. I didn't look like this when I got home. I swear. It's got to be the mud.

FRAN

Mud?

ANGELA

Mark was screwing around in the back yard, complaining about a hole in the grass. He smeared some mud on my face. It felt good so I gave myself a little mud facial.

Fran grabs her by the arm and drags her out of the bathroom.

FRAN

Show me.

EXT. BACKYARD-DAY

Angela and Fran stand over the hole in the bright sunshine.

FRAN

This is it? Doesn't look like much.

ANGELA

Well, it was a hole. Mark filled it with dirt.

Angela nods towards the mud blotch.

ANGELA

Try it.

Fran kneels down on the grass.

Mark watches the women from the kitchen. He opens the slider and steps out onto the patio.

MARK

Can I help you ladies?

Fran stands up as Mark joins them.

FRAN

Just checking out your wonder mud.

MARK

Beg your pardon? My wonder mud?

ANGELA

(To Mark)

Look at my face. What do you think?

Mark carefully studies Angela's face before replying.

MARK

Is this a trick question?

FRAN

You need a non bias opinion. Your husband would say you looked great if you come to bed with a shaved head and a bone in your nose. What's in the mud?

Fran pointing down at the blotch.

MARK

I don't know... nitrates and organic stuff. Just plain old potting soil.

ANGELA

Can we have some? I want to give Fran a facial.

Mark laughs.

MARK

I'll get the bag.

EXT. BACKYARD-DAY

Fran is reclining on the patio lounge chair as Angela smears a muddy concoction liberally over her face.

FRAN

I don't feel a damn thing.

ANGELA

No tingle?

FRAN

Nada.

ANGELA

Hmm...I felt it right away.

FRAN

You sure this is the same mud?

ANGELA

Well, this is from the bag. Maybe it has something to do with the lawn.

Fran sits up.

FRAN

Can you dig me up some of that?

ANGELA

I don't know. Mark would have a fit if I messed up his grass.

FRAN

Just get some more out of the hole. We'll put some more of this crap in there. He'll never know.

Angela stands-hands on hips-pondering.

ANGELA

Go inside and wash your face. When you're finished, keep him occupied for a minute.

FRAN

How am I supposed to do that?

ANGELA

Just ask him about the new flat screen. Believe me, your brain will explode by the time he's finished.

Angela begins washing the potting soil from the plastic bowl with the hose.

Fran shakes her head as she opens the slider.

FRAN

The things I do to look younger.

Angela watches from outside until Fran returns from the bathroom and has Mark's full attention. As soon as he picks up the remote and begins his lecture she hurries to the garage and returns with a spade. Mark, his back to the window, is still in full tutorial mode. Spade and bag of soil in hand, she casually walks across the lawn and kneels beside the mud hole. She inspects it closely, a puzzled expression on her face. It is bigger than before. Now about the size of a baseball, its wet, mirror-like surface glistens in the afternoon sunlight.

She quickly plunges the spade into the soggy cavity and fills the bowl with the thick brown sludge. With a hasty glance at the window, she tips the bag of soil, refilling the hole, and pats it down with the spade. She hurries back to the garage.

Fran closes the slider behind her and steps out onto the porch as Angela returns.

Fran grins at Angela as she sits down on the recliner.

FRAN
Are my eyes bleeding?

ANGELA
I warned you.

FRAN
I hope he's not like that when
you're having sex.

ANGELA
It's worse.

Angela scoops her fingers into the bowl of muck and smears it all over Fran's face.

ANGELA
There's no remote to shut him up.

INT. BATHROOM-DAY

Mark pokes his head into the bathroom. Fran is sitting on the edge of the tub, her face covered in goo. Angela is using a hair dryer on her mud-caked face.

MARK
Now I've seen everything.

Angela points the hair dryer at him.

ANGELA
You wait, buster. If this works
Fran and I are going to be
millionaires. We'll have women
lining up around the block to get
some of this gunk.

FRAN
(Mumbles through dried mud)
Beauty products are a billion
dollar industry. Let's scrape this
crap off. I want to see the new me.

Mark walks away into his study as shrieks of joy emanate from the bathroom.

INT.HOUSE-MORNING

Angela is clearing the breakfast dishes when the doorbell rings.

ANGELA
(Hollers)
It's open.

Fran and Nancy walk through the door and into the kitchen, each carrying several bags.

NANCY
Where do you want these?

ANGELA
Put them on the table.

FRAN
Damn, I never thought he'd leave.

Fran drops her bags on the table.

FRAN
We've been parked down the block
for twenty minutes.

ANGELA
He was reading me the riot act for
messing with his lawn.

NANCY
How did he know?

Nancy helps herself to a cup of coffee.

ANGELA
I had to fess up. He could tell the
hole was bigger.

Fran sits down at the kitchen table and begins unloading small plastic containers from the bags.

FRAN
What now?

ANGELA
We'll try a different spot. Maybe
the flower bed.

NANCY
(Whines)
I want the same mud you guys have.

FRAN

You can be our test subject. We'll take little samples from all over.

NANCY

What if they don't work?

EXT. BACKYARD-MORNING

Angela, Fran and Nancy stand on the lawn, circling the brown splotch. Nancy's is face striped with drying mud.

FRAN

Well I guess this is the magic spot.

ANGELA

Damn it.

Angela kneels down and inspects the blemished lawn. The hole is now the size of a softball.

ANGELA

It wasn't this big yesterday. He's definitely going to notice.

Nancy kneels down beside Angela.

NANCY

Who cares. Hurry up and do me.

FRAN

Besides. What's the worse that can happen?

Angela giggles.

ANGELA

He could kill me.

Fran shakes her head.

FRAN

Mark? I hardly think so. Just give him a little extra sack time. He'll forget all about it.

Nancy nudges Angela with her shoulder.

NANCY

Come on already. I wanna look good too.

ANGELA
What the hell.

Angela grins wickedly, and scoops up a handful of mud.

EXT. BACKYARD-DAY

Angela, Fran and Nancy lay side by side on recliners, their mud caked faces drying in the warm sunshine.

FRAN
(Mumbles sleepily)
This is the bomb. I can feel the
years melting away.

NANCY
I'm dying to see the results. But
it's not fair. You guys are one
treatment ahead of me.

ANGELA
Don't be such a crybaby. You'll
catch up.

Nancy jumps up off the recliner and starts taking off her clothes.

Fran props herself up on one elbow.

FRAN
(To Nancy)
What the hell are you doing?

NANCY
I want you to do me all over.

Nancy drops her shorts to the ground.

Angela laughs.

ANGELA
Are you nuts?

NANCY
Hey, if it works on the face...

EXT. BACKYARD-DAY

Angela, Fran and Nancy laugh and giggle as they slather each others half-naked bodies with handfuls of the slippery muck; their feet rapidly turning the grass into a soggy mess.

Kelly pokes her chubby head over the fence.

KELLY

Hey, what the heck are you crazies
up too?

Angela looks up, face dripping with mud.

ANGELA

You wouldn't believe it if I told
you. Get your flabby ass over here.

EXT. BACKYARD-DAY

Angela, Fran, Nancy and Kelly, bodies encased in drying mud, lay on beach towels on the warm concrete patio, baking in the sun.

FRAN

I swear this feels better than sex.
I could lay here forever.

NANCY

I hear you, Sister.

ANGELA

(Sleepily)

Mark will be home soon. I've got to
get this mess cleaned up.

NANCY

Aw, come on. I don't wanna move
yet. Feels too good.

KELLY

Big Ed would freak if he saw me
like this.

Kelly gently touches her generous coating of dried mud.

Fran giggles as she sits up.

FRAN

Shit, I'm cracking.

ANGELA
Party's over.

Angela gets to her feet and walks across the patio; pieces of dried mud littering the concrete behind her.

ANGELA
Who wants to get hosed down first?

KELLY
I think I'll go home and cook for a little while longer.

Kelly slowly gets to her feet.

KELLY (CONT)
Big Ed's working late tonight.

ANGELA
You gonna to streak across the front yard?

Angela turns on the hose.

Kelly chuckles

KELLY
I'll just go out your gate. All the nasty parts are pretty much covered up.

Kelly waddles gingerly across the lawn and goes out the side gate.

Frans laughs.

FRAN
(To Kelly)
You go, girl.

Fran gets up and walks to the grass, lifting her arms over her head.

FRAN
(To Angela)
Hose me down, sister.

ANGELA
This is going to be cold.

Angela turns the spray on Fran.

FRAN

Oh... my... God.

Fran begins to squeal with delight as the mud begins to wash away, revealing what lie beneath.

EXT. BIG ED'S BACKYARD-DAY

Kelly bounces up and down on tip-toes and curses repeatedly as the icy water slowly dissolves the layer of mud, instantly creating a puddle of brown goo on the weed choked grass beneath her quivering girth.

As she walks to the house she reaches down and cups her firm breast and begins to cry.

INT.HOUSE-NIGHT

Mark enters the front door and is greeted by dim lighting, and soft, soothing music. He sniffs the air and smiles.

Angela appears in the opening to the kitchen. She is wearing a long, shimmering robe; her bronze skin flawless; her sun streaked blond hair lightly caressing her shoulders. In the subdued lighting she looks half her age. She smiles lovingly.

MARK

You look... gorgeous.

ANGELA

Thank you for noticing.

Mark's eyes narrow.

MARK

You wrecked the BMW again, right?

ANGELA

No, dear.

MARK

Oh, my God, you're not pregnant, are you?

Angela smiles and shakes her head.

ANGELA

Don't be silly.

Mark raises his hands in surrender.

MARK

What then?

ANGELA

Can't a wife give her man a little extra TLC once in a while without getting the third degree?

MARK

What's for dinner? Something smells fantastic.

ANGELA

That's just for starters. Look what's for dessert.

Angela teases and opens the robe. Mark stares open-mouthed at the toned body of a much younger woman.

ANGELA

I see I have the doctor's full attention.

Angela spins and walks into the kitchen.

ANGELA (OS)

Let's eat before it gets cold.

INT. FRAN'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Norm holds on for dear life in the darkened bedroom as Fran rides him like an unbroken horse; her face contorted and beaded with sweat.

NORM

(Grunting)

Take it easy.

Fran ignores his request, closes her eyes, and intensified her frantic pounding.

Unable to control himself any longer, Norm cries out in either pain, ecstasy or both.

Fran doesn't seem deterred by his early exit to their coupling and continues her feverish ride.

NORM

Hey, that's starting to hurt. I'm done, o.k.?

Her gyrations instantly came to a halt as though she were a machine that was suddenly deprived of electricity. She glares down at her husband with a look of pure hatred on her face.

NORM

Sorry. I'm not a teenager anymore.

Fran climbs off the bed.

FRAN

(Harshly)

You need to lose some weight.
You're disgusting.

She turns and walks into the bathroom, slamming the door behind her.

Norm wraps the sheet around himself and goes to the bathroom door. He knocks softly.

NORM

Are you o.k.?

INT.FRAN'S BATHROOM-NIGHT

Fran turns on the lights and inspects herself in the mirror. Her body is deeply tanned, muddy perspiration drips down her body and beads of brown dot her forehead and upper lip. She wipes her face with a towel leaving chocolate colored smears behind.

NORM (OS)

Honey?

FRAN

(Growls)

Shut the hell up.

Fran turns on the water in the shower.

INT.FRAN'S KITCHEN-NIGHT

Norm, wrapped in a sheet, opens the refrigerator door and looks inside. He moves some things around looking for something to eat. In the light from the refrigerator he notices brown smears on his hand. He opens the sheet and inspects his chest. It is also streaked with brown smudges.

INT.HOUSE-NIGHT

Mark is standing at the sliding glass door, the outside lights illuminating the backyard. Angela, head down, is sitting at the elegantly set, candle lit table, crying.

MARK

I really can't believe this!

A ten foot square, trampled and muddy, lay beyond in the harsh glare of the patio floodlights.

MARK

It looks like a damn football field on a rainy day. What the hell were you thinking?

INT.BIG ED'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Big Ed's huge naked silhouette stands at the open back window in the dark.

Big Ed chuckles.

BIG ED

They're really going at it tonight.

KELLY (OS)

Get back here Superman. I'm not through with you yet.

Big Ed rubs at the browns smears on his ample stomach.

BIG ED

Your make-up's getting all over me.

KELLY (OS)

I was rollin' around in the mud today.

Big Ed grins.

BIG ED

You are a dirty little girl.

A girlish giggle comes from the darkness.

KELLY (OS)

You have no idea.

INT.STUDY-NANCY AND RICHARD'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Richard is seated at a desk, pen in mouth, papers covering the surface. He pounds some numbers into a calculator and scowls. He spits the pen onto the desk and runs a hand over his close-cropped hair.

RICHARD
(To himself)
She must think I have a friggin'
money tree in the backyard.

Nancy appears in the doorway, dressed in a slinky red negligee.

NANCY
Wifey reporting for duty, Sir.

Richard back to her, shakes his head.

RICHARD
Very funny.

NANCY
Whoops. I seem to be out of
uniform.

Richard swivels in the chair to face his wife. His eyes go wide.

Nancy bites her lip seductively and lowers her face shyly. Her body is tanned a golden brown and appears years younger. Her breast firm beneath the sheer material.

NANCY
Does it meet with your approval,
Sir?

Richard stands up and approaches his wife. He looks her up and down.

RICHARD
You combat ready, Soldier?

NANCY
Ready when you are, Sir.

RICHARD
Well then, drop and give me twenty
soldier.

Nancy slowly drops to her knees in front of Richard and begins loosening his belt.

NANCY
Aye, aye, Captain.

INT.HOUSE-NIGHT

Angela sits at table, head in her hands, and cries.

ANGELA
I'm so sorry, Mark. Really I am. I
just wanted to look good for you.

MARK
(Yells)
Bullshit. You know how hard I
worked on that lawn to get it
right. The hours I spent. Why
didn't you cut down the queen palm
while you were at it?

Angela pushes herself away from the table, runs to the
bedroom and slams the door.

MARK
Damn it.

Mark kicks the dining room chair out of the way.

He opens the liquor cabinet, removes a bottle of scotch and
a glass. He plops down in the recliner and pours a healthy
shot. As he brings it to his lips, thew phone rings. He
walks over to the kitchen and answers it.

He talks in hushed tones. He hangs up the phone and walks
over to the closed bedroom door.

MARK
I'm going out for a while. I'll be
late. Don't bother waiting up.

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Angela is lying on her stomach on the bed, face buried in a
pillow.

The front door slams.

INT.HOUSE-DAY

Nancy opens Angela's front door and lets herself in. A line of gabbing women stretches from the front door to where Angela stands at the kitchen counter; a large Tupperware bowl overflowing with cash in front of her.

Fran sits off to the side behind a folding card table dispensing small plastic containers to each woman in turn from stacks on the floor behind.

Nancy walks over to Angela and pulls her aside.

NANCY

Looks like business is booming.

Angela smiles and points to the counter behind her. Two more large Tupperware containers sit on the kitchen counter stuffed with so much currency their lids are barely able to close.

ANGELA

It's been like this all morning. The neighbors got the first batch. These are all Fran's beauty supply clients. She sent out an e-mail last night. It's just crazy.

NANCY

Did Mark notice the lawn?

ANGELA

Did Richard notice your boobs?

Nancy blushes.

NANCY

Oh, yeah. He hasn't looked at me like that it years. But he bitched because I got the sheets all dirty.

ANGELA

Men. You can't live with 'em, you can't shoot 'em.

NANCY

Amen, sister.

FRAN (OS)

I running out of product.

ANGELA
Got you covered.

Angela touches Nancy lightly on the arm.

ANGELA
You ready to do a little dirty
work?

Nancy smiles, rolling up her sleeves.

NANCY
Lead the way.

EXT. BACKYARD-DAY

Nancy gasps as she steps onto the back patio. Half the lawn
is now buried beneath a layer of slick brown goo.

NANCY
Damn. Did we do this?

Angela waves her away.

ANGELA
Wasn't like this last night. Lucky
for me Mark slept at the hospital.
He probably won't be home until
late.

NANCY
He's gonna to go postal when he
sees this mess.

ANGELA
Screw him.

Angela grabs a bag of plastic containers from off the patio.

ANGELA
Bring the shovel.

Nancy picks up the muddy spade and follows Angela to the
edge of the patio.

Kelly peeks her head over the fence.

KELLY
Afternoon, ladies.

Kelly waves.

KELLY

Wow, we really made a mess. Was that what all the yelling was about?

Angela nods.

ANGELA

Affirmative. How was your night? I heard quite a bit of howling coming from your side of the fence.

Kelly blushes.

KELLY

I am a screamer. Always have been. But I'll tell you a secret, Big Ed went off to work this morning with a big 'ol happy grin on his face.

EXT. BIG ED'S BACKYARD-DAY

Kelly steps down off the patio chair and stares at the muddy slick where she hosed herself off the day before. It now covers most of her unkempt backyard. She reaches down, grabs a handful and smears it all over her face as she waddles into the house.

INT OFFICE-DAY

Mark is sitting in his chair talking on the phone. Norm is on the line.

MARK

Look, Norm. We went over this last night. I'm sure she's fine. I'm kind of busy right now, but I'll call Angela when I get a chance and have her talk to Fran. Don't worry. I'm sure it's nothing.

Mark hangs up the phone.

Phylis enters with a file in her hand. She closes the door behind her.

PHYLIS

Patient's ready for you. It's Mrs. Greely. She thinks she has cancer this week.

MARK

I wish.

She reaches out with the file and drops it on the floor in front of Mark's chair.

PHYLIS

Whoops. How clumsy of me.

Phylis bends down. Her blouse opens exposing her unencumbered breasts.

Mark can't help but look.

Phylis smiles but don't move.

Mark looks away, blushing, and begins to noticeably fidget.

Phylis stands up.

PHYLIS

I've worked here for over a year
and you've never made a pass at me.
Why is that?

MARK

For one thing, we're both married.
Are you okay?

Phylis bites her lower lip seductively.

PHYLIS

Nothing that a little couch time
wouldn't remedy.

She winks and nods towards the couch.

MARK

Very funny. Maybe you need to take
the rest of the day...

A knock comes on the door. The spell is broken.

PHYLIS

It's Mrs Greely. She thinks she has
cancer this week.

Phylis repeats herself as if the earlier episode never happened.

PHYLIS (CONT)

Can I get you coffee or anything?

MARK

No, I'm fine. Send her in.

Mark studies Phylis.

She notices.

PHYLIS

Everything okay? Did I spill something.

She looks down at her blouse and skirt.

MARK

Sorry. Just spacing out. Go on and let her in before she expires in the waiting room.

EXT. BACKYARD-DAY

Angela kneels down on the edge of the patio and begins lining up plastic containers.

Nancy begins stripping off her clothes.

ANGELA

What are you doing?

NANCY

Might as well have some fun while I'm working.

Nancy lays her shorts and top on the recliner. She steps on to the lawn and squishes the smooth mud between her toes.

NANCY

Damn, that feels good. Care to join me?

ANGELA

Might as well.

Angela begins unbuttoning her blouse.

INT.HOUSE-DAY

From inside the group of women gather at the slider and watched as Angela and Nancy began rolling around in the mud. A WOMAN 1 (50's) points at Angela and Nancy.

WOMAN 1
 (To Fran)
 How much to do that?

Another WOMAN 2 (40's) tells Fran.

WOMAN 2
 Yeah, I wanna do the whole thing.

Before Fran can answer the whole group is clamoring to join Angela and Nancy in the backyard.

Fran bullies her way to the slider and slides the glass door open.

FRAN
 (To Angela)
 They all want the full treatment.

EXT. BACKYARD-DAY

ANGELA
 What the hell.

Angela -her face dripping with goo- waves them out.

Fran steps aside as ten women charge passed her and begin unabashedly shedding their clothes.

Fran follows them outside.

FRAN
 That's two hundred bucks each for
 the whole tamale.

Fran drops her shorts to the ground.

INT. CAR-NIGHT

Mark flips on the wipers for a moment as a light rain begins to dot the windshield. It is nearly midnight and he's fighting a losing battle to stay awake. He stifles a yawn.

With his eyes barely open, he turns onto his street.

Without warning a chubby man dressed only in plaid boxers and a sodden white undershirt bolts through the mist in front of the car. Mark slams on the brakes. The tires begin to slide. The car comes to a jolting stop as the rear tires slam into the curb. Shaken, he stares out the side window as the pudgy man in boxers continues his panicked flight into the darkness.

A bright muzzle flash comes a millisecond before the booming thunder of a gunshot. The bullet passes like a tiny rocket through the passenger door window and nearly carves a hole through his skull before exiting the driver's side window.

A middle-aged woman attired in robe and slippers, face grotesquely swollen and so deeply tanned brown that the whites of her eyes almost glow, momentarily glares at him through the blurry, rain slick windshield as she races by the front of the car.

She is clutching a huge revolver in her plump little hands.

Mark sits dumbfounded in the idling car. A second crack of gunfire finally gets him moving. He stomps the gas pedal, fish-tailing down the empty street.

EXT.CAR-NIGHT

Mark's car pulls into the driveway

INT.CAR-NIGHT

Mark lingers in the car, hands trembling, listening to the ticking of the motor as it cools down; raindrops pelting his cheek through the now missing driver's window.

All the houses in the neighborhood are dark and steeped in shadows. Even the street lights are out.

Mark anxiously scans the inky streets around him. He quietly opens the door. The car is suddenly awash in light. He frantically reaches up and gropes blindly for the dome light. The interior once again goes dark. He scrunches down low in the seat and holds his breath.

EXT.HOUSE-NIGHT

He quickly gets out, ever so gently closes the door, and hurries up the walkway to the house.

He steps onto the front porch and reaches into his pocket. He begins to frantically search all his pockets.

He curses under his breath, and looks apprehensively back at the car.

He once again quickly surveys his surroundings. Everything appears perfectly normal, except for a small pile of what looks like dirt on the neighbor's front lawn.

Finger poised over the doorbell, he reaches down and tries the knob. A gleeful, near hysterical giggle escapes his lips as the door knob turns in his hand.

INT.FRAN'S BATHROOM-NIGHT

The yellow flame of a candle sways gently as a shadowy figure enters the dark bathroom.

Fran, her fingers plump, weepy, and the color of over-cooked sausages, opens a drawer, grabs a brush, and begins to force it through a tangled knot of short, mud clotted hair; every downward stroke dropping hairy clumps of dirt onto the white tile counter top. The drying mask on the smooth, mud-caked face tries to smile at its own reflection. The reward for this effort is the sudden appearance of a myriad of fissures on her face. Her shear nightgown clings to her body like a second skin, its floral pattern soiled with damp, brown, oozing splotches that do nothing to conceal the lumpy flesh of her breasts beneath. Satisfied with her handy work, she drops the brush to the floor, picks up the candle, and leaves the bathroom.

INT. FRAN'S HOUSE-NIGHT

The dancing light from the candle momentarily casts its glowing fingers on an unmoving lump in a recliner. Norm has seen better days. His bald head is cracked like an over-boiled Easter egg; the long strands of his once complicated comb-over hanging down one side covering his ear; his eyes are open, staring at the ceiling. A soft gurgle escapes from his open mouth as Fran walks by. She stops, sets the candle down on the coffee table, and casually picks up the charred fireplace poker that had been discarded on the mud tracked carpet. She raises it over her head and gives him another wack.

Except for the sound of rain on the tile roof, the house is silent.

INT.NANCY'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Richard drags himself across the darkened living room carpet toward his office, a sticky trail of blood marking his slow progress, a bone handled caving knife protruding from his lower back.

He claws his fingers into the carpet and uses his upper body strength to pull himself towards the office. He freezes as the sound of breaking glass comes from someplace upstairs.

An inhuman howl echos through the house. He begins to dig his fingernails deep into the plush carpet and grimaces as he pulls himself forward. His upper body bathed in sweat and blood and trembles violently with every inch of progress he makes. Finally reaching the office, he rests briefly, and then utilizes the door jambs for leverage, pulling himself through the open doorway onto the hard wood floor.

INT.OFFICE-NIGHT

His damp palms help give him a little traction on the polished surface, but he is still moving slower than he had on the carpet.

The thumping sound of clumsy, muffled footsteps comes from the stairs.

Richard doesn't stop this time. Reaching the desk, he quietly slides open the drawer, forcing his left elbow to take his full weight as he reaches inside with his right hand. The tendons in his left arm and shoulder tremble violently. He bites down hard on his bottom lip to keep from screaming. Blood begins to trickle down his chin. He pulls a semi-automatic pistol from the drawer and collapses to the floor, his twitching left arm unable to bear the weight any longer. He rests his feverish cheek against the cool metal and tries to control his rapid breathing. He giggles softly.

A wet, phlegmy cough from behind him erases the grin from his bloodied face. He freezes.

NANCY (OS)
(Mumble/sings)
When Ricky comes marching home
again, hoo-raw, hoo-raw.

Richard plays dead.

A large, black, iron frying pan slams down on the knife protruding from Richard's lower back and drives it into the wood floor beneath him.

Richard screams.

EXT.HOUSE-NIGHT

Mark gently pushes the door open and stands at the threshold. He slowly reaches in and flips the light switch. Nothing happens. Power is out. As he stands in the open doorway it begins to rain in earnest. Not the sissy rain from a few moments before, but a crushing, torrent of

water that hits the ground so hard it sounds as though it could easily punch holes in your skull if you dared to step outside. He curses as he glances back at the BMW with its missing windows.

Over the rising din of the storm he hears a high pitched shriek from next door that raises the hairs on the back of his neck. As he spins toward the sound, Big Ed's shadowy bulk runs in an off-balance, stumbling ballet across the lawn and into the street where he collapses. Mark hunkers down in the doorway as a shotgun wielding, tow-headed mass that more closely resembles a giant chocolate bear left in the heat too long than a human being-gives chase. The melting chocolate bear stands over Big Ed, shotgun leveled at his equally over-sized head. He raised his hands in defense. Mark and Big Ed scream in unison as the rifle spits out a shower of fiery sparks like a double-barreled Roman candle instantly vaporizing Big Ed's triple chins.

Mark slaps a hand over his mouth but it's too late. The lumpy mocha Kelly thing turns her white-eyed gaze his way. Not sure if she could actually see him or not, he scrambles through the open door and quickly shuts it behind him.

INT.HOUSE-NIGHT

Mark fumbles with the dead bolt and with trembling hands attempts to latch the chain, finally succeeding on the third try. He moves away from the door and steps around the corner into the hallway.

Mark jumps as a pounding on the door comes.

KELLY (OS)

Is the doctor in? I need your help.
Big Ed's fallen and he can't get
up.

Mark slaps a moist hand over his mouth again and holds his breath as phlegmy laughter follows the statement.

Suddenly muffled screams coming from the street beyond joins the sound of the rain.

INT.BEDROOM-NIGHT

Mark runs into the bedroom and peeks out through the gap in the curtains.

A toffee colored Mrs. Viera (40's) from two houses down, and her equally candy coated teenage daughter Becky (19), take turns pulverizing her husband (40's) with a Louisville Slugger, and what appears to be a nine iron, until he no more resembles a human being than a big, wet chunk of hamburger.

Suddenly a platinum blond peanut cluster with eyes and teeth as white as his hospital lab coat is grinning at him from the other side of the glass. She raises a shotgun to the window. He instinctively drops to his knees and scrambles out of the room on all fours as the roaring blast takes out the window.

INT.KITCHEN-NIGHT

The sound of breaking glass comes from the bedroom.

Mark slides to a stop in the dark kitchen, gives the sliding door a quick, nervous glance, and begins frantically digging through the drawers for a weapon.

KELLY (OS)

I'm beginning to think you're avoiding me.

Mark spins around brandishing a long BBQ fork in one hand and a pizza slicer in the other.

MARK

Don't come any closer. I mean it.

KELLY (OS)

Doctor Aston, are you making a pass at me?

MARK

No...no...this is insane.

KELLY (OS)

I'm a married woman. What would Big Ed say?

MARK

I'm sure we can straighten this out. Everything will be fine.

A crazy giggle comes from the darkness.

KELLY (OS)

I don't think you understand, Mark. I really don't.

Kelly emerges from the darkness.

KELLY

I've seen the way you look at me.
You want some of this don't you?

Kelly cups a saggy, mottled breast and jiggles it.

She slowly raises the shotgun in Mark's direction.

ANGELA (OS)

You little tramp.

Angela explodes from the darkness, tackles Kelly and both crash through the sliding glass door.

EXT.HOUSE-NIGHT

Angela lands on top of Kelly on the rain drenched patio. She begins battering Kelly's head against the concrete as she screams hysterically. Suddenly Kelly's head shatters like an mud filled egg sending thick brown sludge across the patio to mingle with the rain.

MARK (OS)

Angela?

Angela turns to face him. Her blond hair is mostly gone now. One startling blue eye is missing the contact and is a muddy brown. Her face is brown and leathery, her once firm body misshapen and puffy.

Mark, his face as pale as a Geisha, stands near the opening where the sliding door had previously been. He can't hide the revulsion from showing on his face.

MARK

Angela?

ANGELA

Don't look at me. Please.

MARK

What's going on.

ANGELA

It's the mud.

Angela leans over and grabs the shotgun and places it under her chin.

ANGELA CONT.

I just wanted to be pretty again.

Mark steps onto the patio.

MARK

Angela, please don't. Let me help you.

ANGELA

Sorry about the lawn.

A lopsided smile on her face.

Mark turns his head as a shotgun blast fills the night.

One Week Later

INT.HOUSE-NIGHT

The house is dead quiet. Windows are boarded up. Mark is sitting in the recliner, eyes closed, a half full tumbler in his hand. Empty bottles of liquor and empty cans of food on the table next to him. A candle the only light. Pictures on the walls are crooked.

MARK (VO)

The mud is completely surrounding the house now. As far as I can tell there is no way to leave safely. The power is still out; phones too. I still have plenty of food, but I don't feel much like eating.

I haven't seen any normal people on the street in days. I can only assume the same scenario is playing out all across town. I imagine it won't be long before it finds a way through the foundation; through a crack, or hole of some kind.

Fade