

CALLING ALL SKELETONS

Written by

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"And we don't know just where our bones will rest.
To dust, I guess, forgotten and absorbed
into the Earth below."

-The Smashing Pumpkins, "1979"

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM- NIGHT

Baggy clothed teens dance under cruddy strobe lights to the soothing sounds of Late 90's Dance Pop.

SUPER: WATSON, MASSACHUSETTS, OCTOBER 16, 1998

TOMMY BARRON, 16, gangly with a nervous smile, walks through the couples groping at each other.

TOMMY

Great groping, gang. Proud of you!

He reaches the bleachers, where sadder teens lurk and sip sodas. ALLISON, 16, a goth in training, looks toward Tommy with a warm smile.

ALLISON

Hi, Tommy.

Tommy looks immediately flustered but keeps his cool.

TOMMY

Allison, hey! Hanging with the elite bleacher crew tonight?

ALLISON

Of course. I only like being around people as disaffected as me. Where have you been?

TOMMY

Just making my rounds. I promised myself by Junior year I'd actually try to dance with someone.

ALLISON

That's noble of you. Any takers?

TOMMY

No, but I did dry heave from the overwhelming scent of Sabrina Carlucci's hairspray.

Allison giggles as she inches closer, looking down at his Smashing Pumpkins "Mellon Collie & The Infinite Sadness" t-shirt.

ALLISON

Aren't all the football players wearing their jerseys tonight?

TOMMY

Yeah, but I don't know. I feel like once I start wearing my jersey to dances, next thing you know I'll be a zombie jock listening to jam bands and drinking warm Keystone.

ALLISON

Don't worry. If that happens, I'll murder you myself.

TOMMY

I'd appreciate it, thank you.

VOICE (O.S.)

Yo, Barron!

Tommy looks over to see MARCUS HAMANN, 18, a big jock jerk in his Varsity Football jersey, strutting over.

He's flanked by SHANE, black and tall, and ROONEY, chubby and red-faced, both in their jerseys as well.

MARCUS

How come you're not wearing your jersey?

ROONEY

And why are you wearing that fairy shirt?! Because you're a fairy?!

Rooney looks for a high five that will never be offered.

TOMMY

No, no. I just didn't want to get it dirty before the game, you know?

MARCUS

We act as a team. If you're not wearing your jersey, you're saying you're not part of the team.

TOMMY

No! Marcus, come on, I just... I won't make that mistake again.

SHANE

We're gonna go start a mosh pit. Are you coming?

Tommy looks to Allison who stifles a giggle, but composes himself quickly.

TOMMY

Yeah... Yeah, I'll be right there.

Marcus glares as he and his cronies slink off.

ALLISON

You're not really going to do that, are you?

TOMMY

I'd rather not piss them off. I'll just stay in the back and duck out before they get booted.

Allison nods, disappointed but understanding.

ALLISON

Well, I'm going to get a soda instead of witnessing that gross display, but... When you're done bumping against sweaty boys, would you maybe want to... Dance... With me?

Tommy's eyes LIGHT UP INSTANTLY.

TOMMY

Yes! I mean... I'll consider it.

A RAP/ROCK song plays as the football team rushes the dance floor. Allison motions towards the team.

ALLISON

Your mosh awaits.

Tommy smiles at her as he tentatively makes his way towards the dance floor.

IN THE MOSH, Marcus brutally throws elbows and pushes kids to the ground. His friends high five and join in the madness. Shane spots Tommy and puts his arm around him in solidarity. Tommy laughs, but is clearly unnerved.

MR. CAMERON, an infuriated and blustery teacher chaperone, thrusts his way into the crowd.

MR. CAMERON

That's quite enough! You goons have moshed your last mosh!

He grabs Marcus by the shoulder, who gives him a joyless grin.

MARCUS

Sorry, Mr. Cameron. We were just having a good time.

MR. CAMERON

That's the third times you boys
have acted up tonight. And you know
what three strikes means?

ROONEY

Uhh, no? We play football, ya dip!

MR. CAMERON

Well let me enlighten you. You're
out. All of you. Come on.

He pushes the team (including Tommy) towards the exit.

MARCUS

This is bullshit, man!

Tommy looks back towards the bleachers. Allison isn't there.

TOMMY

Wait, I wasn't moshing--

MR. CAMERON

--I don't care, Mr. Barron. Please
take your hedonistic tendencies to
the streets where they belong!

Fellow chaperones help push all the players out the door. Mr.
Cameron wipes his hands of the scuffle with a relieved sigh.

OUTSIDE, Marcus, in a rage, ends up overturning a BIKE RACK.

MARCUS

This school SUCKS!

He starts pounding at the now closed door as Shane and Rooney
try to calm him down.

SHANE

Forget it, dude. We'll just beer
bust in the woods.

ROONEY

Yeah! I'll drive!

MARCUS

Fine... Let's move.

The rest of the team disperses as Tommy waits at the door.

SHANE

Tommy, let's go.

TOMMY

I have to get back in. There's this girl and--

SHANE

--You'll see her on Monday. Now come on, hang with the team.

Tommy gives the door one more futile glance before catching up with his teammates.

INSIDE THE DANCE, Allison sips her soda and scans the dance floor for Tommy.

EXT. ROONEY'S CAR- MINUTES LATER

As gross hard rock blares, Rooney headbangs in the driver's seat while Marcus tosses eggs out the window at houses.

MARCUS

Screw you, Mr. Cameron, you CHODE!

In the backseat, Tommy keeps his distance from Shane making out hard with ERICA, his intensely panting girlfriend.

ERICA

Mm, you taste like Sunkist!

SHANE

I had three cans.

They kiss harder and shove into Tommy a bit. Marcus reaches into the backseat, plucks a KEYSTONE LIGHT out of a 30 rack, cracks it open, and chugs.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Hey, save some of those for the woods.

MARCUS

Some of what, these?!

He hurls the can at Rooney's closed window. The car swerves onto a sidewalk, causing Erica to scream.

ERICA

Damnit, Rooney, watch the road!

ROONEY

I can't when Marcus is hurling empties at me!

TOMMY

Maybe we should pull over.

SHANE

I think this is a good time for the
post-practice chill mix.

He hands Rooney a tape and leans into Tommy.

SHANE (CONT'D)

This is the only thing that keeps
him from killing people.

Rooney puts in the tape and presses play. The jam band
classic "THE GENERAL" by DISPATCH plays, and Marcus
immediately starts bobbing his head.

MARCUS

Hell yes. This song rules.

ERICA

It's so good!

ROONEY

Dispatch just gets it, man!

Tommy grimaces, hiding his extreme distaste.

TOMMY

Yep... This song is... A song.

MARCUS, SHANE, ERICA & ROONEY

(Singing)

*Take a shower, shine your shoes,
you got no time to lose. You are
young men you must be living!*

As the song continues, Tommy looks out the window, miserable.
He squints as he looks down the darkly lit road.

TOMMY

Hey, I think that's a road block.

Rooney continues singing, looking back at Marcus and Shane
instead of the road.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Rooney! There's something up ahead.

Rooney starts AIR GUITARING

ROONEY

Go now, you are forgiven!

TOMMY

Rooney! Look out! Look out!

Rooney looks out to see a ROAD CLOSED SIGN. He swerves as
EVERYONE SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER.

IN SLOW-MO, Tommy, terrified, looks at everyone in the car.
Everyone he hates. He looks at the TELEPHONE POLE up ahead.

FROM A DISTANCE, we see Rooney's car CRASH HARD into the
pole. Rooney and Marcus go through the windshield.

As "The General" plays on the muffled stereo, the Telephone
Pole slowly COLLAPSES and lands on the car, CRUSHING it.

The music slowly warps as the car lights dim, and everything
goes **BLACK...**

INT. BEDROOM- MORNING

SHOT OF A MIRROR, with band stickers lining the borders.

SUPER: WATSON, MASSACHUSETTS, OCTOBER 16, 2023.

NIA CASSIDY, 16, small and scowling, looks over her outfit, a
baggy black and white stripe shirt and black pants.

She shrugs with a huge sigh and grabs her book bag.

INT. NIA'S HOUSE- CONTINUOUS

Nia hurries down the stairs where her MOM sits at her desk,
headphones in, looking down on an illustration project.

NIA'S MOM

Bye, honey. Are you going to sulk
like that all day?

NIA

I'll try.

Her Mom slyly grins.

NIA'S MOM

That's my girl.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET- CONTINUOUS

Nia rides her bike down a street lined with modest houses
decorated for fall.

She rides into Watson High School, passing by a marquee that
reads "HOMECOMING GAME THIS FRIDAY."

INT. WATSON HIGH SCHOOL- CONTINUOUS

Nia passes through a hall of boys and girls on their phones. Soon, a BOY bumps right into her, dropping his phone.

NIA
Watch it, chucklehead.

The boy looks up in a chucklehead sort of way.

CHUCKLEHEAD BOY
Huh?!

NIA
Forget it. Keep moving.

He looks confused but keeps on walking. Nia looks around at her classmates. It's clear she's a lone wolf in these halls.

She stops at a bulletin board with a Drunk Driving PSA memorial for the WALNUT DRIVE FIVE, featuring pictures of everyone who died in the opening car crash.

She lingers on a photo of Tommy in a candid yearbook shot. A TEACHER walks past patrolling the hall.

TEACHER
Let's go, people. Time for class.

He looks at the bulletin board where Nia is standing.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Damn tragedy what happened to those kids. If you need proof that booze and cars don't mix, there it is.

NIA
Did you know any of them?

TEACHER
Not particularly. Jocks like that are a dime a dozen.

NIA
But they weren't all jocks. What about him?

She points to Tommy.

TEACHER
I don't know. The minute you walk out those doors, I erase your face from my memory. Now get to class.

As the teacher walks away, Nia gives Tommy one final glance and trudges down the hall.

INT. WATSON HIGH CLASSROOM- LATER THAT DAY

As a teacher drones on, Nia doodles in her notebook. She draws Tommy, his face from the photo, and his body decaying. His torso is rotting flesh, his legs are nothing but bones.

INT. WATSON HIGH LUNCHROOM- LATER THAT DAY

Mr. Cameron, now older and even more scowly, supervises a homecoming banner being hung over the entrance. A HOPEFUL STUDENT approaches with a stack of papers.

HOPEFUL STUDENT

Principal Cameron, I was wondering if you could look at this petition?

MR. CAMERON

The Pepsi machine is never coming back. You abused your privilege!

HOPEFUL STUDENT

It's not about that. It's about re-instating school dances.

Mr. Cameron turns to the student with a DEATH STARE.

HOPEFUL STUDENT (CONT'D)

Studies show school dances actually decrease teen crime rates and alcohol consumption.

MR. CAMERON

And do you want to know why that is?

The hopeful student shakes their head.

MR. CAMERON (CONT'D)

Because for three hours, all the punks, druggies, and gang bangers infiltrate my halls and turn my gym into a cauldron of sweat! It used to take weeks to scrub off all that spit, soda, and Lord knows what else off my beautiful floor!

HOPEFUL STUDENT

But... We took a vote and...

Mr. Cameron takes the petition and throws it in the trash.

MR. CAMERON

As long as I'm in charge, the gym
remains pristine.

Mr. Cameron trudges off towards the back of the lunchroom,
where Nia eats her lunch alone.

VOICE (O.S.)

There she is, the light of the
lunchroom!

Nia turns to see FARRELL, 17, a smirking class clown,
barreling towards her.

NIA

Leave me alone, Farrell. I want to
digest my food in peace.

FARRELL

How's my favorite sad girl today?

NIA

Sad.

FARRELL

Way to stay on brand, baby!

He tousles her hair.

NIA

Cut it out!

Nia looks down at Farrell's tight black pants.

NIA (CONT'D)

...Are you wearing yoga pants?

FARRELL

So glad you noticed! Alaina Rogers
got detention for wearing them
yesterday so I want to see how long
I can go without getting busted.
Plus, ooh Daddy, are they freeing!

Farrell sits down with a silly stretch. Nia makes a sour face
but does not object to the company.

NIA

How's that girlfriend of yours
doing?

FARRELL

Good! I mean, you know, college is rough, so she's having a lot of panic attacks. On FaceTime. To me. But small price to pay for getting to bed a hot college co-ed!

NIA

Alright, you've sat here long enough. Goodbye.

FARRELL

Aw, come on. It's not like anyone else is going to take my place. You've been solo lunching all year.

NIA

Um, maybe that's because we go to school with the most boring collective of humans imaginable?

FARRELL

They may be boring, but at least they're also gross to look at.

NIA

Ugh. I just want to move to a house on a hill and become a witch.

FARRELL

Hey, why don't you ever hang with Chelsea?

He points to a table where CHELSEA HOUANG, 16, in full goth gear and black lipstick, reads a book.

NIA

Are you serious? She's a fraud. She's just playing dress up.

FARRELL

I don't know. She looks properly miserable. And cute ta boot!

NIA

Please go fetishize sadness elsewhere. Thank you.

FARRELL

You're fighting it, but soon enough, you two will be buds. That girl is total Nia-bait!

NIA

Nope. No way.

Farrell looks back to Chelsea. He smiles at her with an eyebrow raise. She scowls. He smiles wider.

FARRELL

At least she's trying. You don't even do anything dark or menacing. You're just a boring sad white girl. We've already got enough of those!

NIA

You're seriously insulting me when you're wearing yoga pants to pull a prank that only you know about?

FARRELL

Of course! Come on, you can out-goth Chelsea. Put a hex on the football team, make someone levitate. Hell, even wearing a Cure t-shirt would at least give you an identity!

NIA

I don't want an identity. I just don't want to be here.

She grabs her tray and stands up as Mr. Cameron does another authoritative stroll past the table.

FARRELL

Afternoon, Principal Cameron!

Farrell swivels around in his seat to present his yoga pants leg, REALLY STRETCHING OUT for full effect.

PRINCIPAL CAMERON

Mr. Farrell.

Principal Cameron avoids looking at Farrell and walks away. Farrell looks back at Nia with a grin.

FARRELL

Oh man, being a guy is so great!

Nia shoves him off his seat.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET- LATER THAT DAY

Nia bikes home from school, miserable as ever. She pulls up in front of a CEMETERY.

EXT. CEMETERY- CONTINUOUS

Nia stands in front of a series of graves, including ones for Marcus, Rooney, Shane, and Erica.

She stops in front of THOMAS ROBERT BARRON- 1982-1998.

NIA

Hi Tommy. I'm Nia. This is weird, I've never talked to a dead person before. Normally I don't like anything, but I've looked up everything I can about you. I've even seen pictures of the accident. I'm weird and gross, I know. But I wonder if we'd been born at the same time, maybe we could have suffered through Watson together. Hated the same people, escaped at the same time. Anyway, I hope wherever you are now, it sucks a hell of a lot less than Watson. So... Goodbye.

She places her drawing of Tommy on his grave.

INT. NIA'S HOUSE- LATER THAT NIGHT

As Nia eats dinner, her Mom packs a bunch of illustrations into a suitcase.

NIA'S MOM

Damn, where did I put that print?

NIA

Which one, the punk witches drinking serpent blood straight from its neck or the lady monster ripping off a row of boys' penises?

NIA'S MOM

Monster with penises!

NIA

It's right here.

NIA'S MOM

Thank you!

Nia's Mom picks up the print and zips up her bag.

NIA

What do you have at this convention?

NIA'S MOM

A Female Cartoonist panel, then a signing. I'm leaving before I drown in dork sweat so expect me back by tomorrow night.

NIA

Cool, I'll cut my coke binge short then.

Nia's Mom looks at her across the table.

NIA'S MOM

If you want to have friends over, you can. Maybe you can even have a boy over and kiss him on the table, "Sixteen Candles" style.

NIA

All the boys at my school suck.

NIA'S MOM

I know. They all look like chuckleheads and wieners to me. But I still feel like you should be getting out more.

NIA

Why? You don't.

NIA'S MOM

You don't know what secret rendezvous I have planned for this trip.

NIA

Are you going to eat the Pringles in the mini-bar and cry?

Nia's Mom snaps her fingers in defeat.

NIA'S MOM

I've got to keep at least a couple secrets from you.

NIA

That's okay. I relate.

Nia's Mom looks a little sad.

NIA'S MOM

Hon, I don't know if you want to aspire to spinsterhood so young. You have to go mess up a little more! Go make out with bruisers or greasers or whatever the modern equivalent is. Have you drank yet?

NIA

Yeah, wine. With you.

NIA'S MOM

I am way too lenient. What about with other kids?

Nia looks at her. Obviously she hasn't.

NIA'S MOM (CONT'D)

What?! You can't leave high school without underage drinking! That came out horrible, but the sentiment remains.

NIA

I'm sure when I get to college, I'm going to be a party hopping drunk with an army of boyfriends. But that's not going to happen in Watson.

A car horn HONKS outside.

NIA'S MOM

I have to go. But hey, I love you, I'll see you in a day or two, and in the meantime, please make some big dumb mistakes for me!

NIA

Okay, Mom. I'll try.

Nia's Mom smiles, kisses her daughter's head, and exits.

NIA (CONT'D)

Hmm... How to kick off this night of rebellion?

INT. NIA'S ROOM- LATER THAT NIGHT

Nia sits at her laptop, scrolling through memes on a GOTH SUBREDDIT. She rolls her eyes at a graphic photo of a rotting dead body with the caption "It me."

Soon after she resumes scrolling, her eyes widen. **CLOSE ON A GLOWING POST: INCANTATIONS TO RAISE THE DEAD.**

NIA

Like that would ever work.

She looks out her window, at the softly falling rain. She looks down at her desk at another drawing of Tommy.

CLOSE on her determined glare.

SERIES OF SHOTS- NIA'S INCANTATION PREPARATION.

-Nia prints out the incantations.

-Nia grabs rope, a candle, a lighter, and her helmet.

-Nia sneaks down the stairs towards the front door.

-Nia bikes in the rain towards the cemetery.

EXT. CEMETERY- MOMENTS LATER

Nia stands over Tommy's grave with a lit candle, which illuminates her now damp drawing. She scans the Incantations on the page, seeing one for "COMPLETE ENSLAVEMENT."

NIA

A bit much.

She holds the candle up to the RAISE THE DEAD incantation.

NIA (CONT'D)

Okay. "A call to the dark spirits, not of matter but of shadows."

She holds the candle towards Tommy's grave.

NIA (CONT'D)

"Guide this soul back from the realm of the unknown and back into his earthly form."

She makes a CROSS with the candle and reads the final text.

NIA (CONT'D)

"Ski-Ba-An-Dri-Ano. Ski-Ba-An-Dri-Ano. SKI-BA-AN-DRI-ANO!"

She looks to the grave. Nothing happens. The rain extinguishes the candle.

NIA (CONT'D)
 Damn. Maybe I didn't do it right?

She lights the candle and paces around with the paper.

NIA (CONT'D)
 (Quicker, Less Passion)
 A call to the dark spirits, not of
 matter but of shadows. Guide this--

CRACK! A LIGHTNING BOLT strikes THE FLAME of the candle and right through the drawing, knocking Nia back a few feet, dropping both the candle and the incantation paper.

She looks at Tommy's grave, now SCORCHED by the lightning.

CLOSE on the dirt as it starts to BREAK APART. A **BONY HAND** makes its way through the soil.

Nia inches away from the grave, terrified.

NIA (CONT'D)
 Oh my God...

Soon the hand gives way to ANOTHER hand. The two hands lift out of the grave plot.

NIA (CONT'D)
 No no no no no!

As Nia hides behind a gravestone, we see Tommy has risen from his grave. He's still wearing his Smashing Pumpkins shirt. But now, it hangs loose off his **BONE WHITE SKELETON FRAME**.

He rubs his skull, as if out of frustration.

SKELETON TOMMY
 What the hell was that?!

He looks down at his hands, and jumps.

SKELETON TOMMY (CONT'D)
 Oh Christ... Please don't tell me
 I'm a skeleton right now!

Nia slowly rises behind the grave.

SKELETON TOMMY (CONT'D)
 Goddamnit, just great...

Nia makes her way towards Tommy.

SKELETON TOMMY (CONT'D)
 Hey, The Devil? I'm not into being
 a force of evil, so If I could just
 go back to being dead I can--

He notices Nia and jumps back.

SKELETON TOMMY (CONT'D)
 --Who the hell are you?!

As Nia tentatively approaches, he tentatively backs away.

NIA
 ...Tommy Barron?

Tommy stares at her in disbelief.

SKELETON TOMMY
 ...What did you say?

Nia walks up close to Tommy. Tommy stands his ground, but as she nears, he has a moment of calm.

NIA
 You're Tommy Barron. You went to
 Watson High until 1998 after you,
 well... You know... Died.

SKELETON TOMMY
 ...How do you know that?

NIA
 It actually worked.

SKELETON TOMMY
 What are you talking about?

NIA
 I found this spell to raise the
 dead and...

She looks around for the paper.

NIA (CONT'D)
 It's around here somewhere, but...
 It's really you! I brought you back
 to life!

Both Nia and Tommy look stunned, lost in the insanity of the moment.

SKELETON TOMMY
 ...Who are you?!

NIA

I'm Nia. I go to Watson too, and...
Well I saw your picture and--

Tommy holds up his skeleton hand, still completely stunned.

SKELETON TOMMY

Wait a minute... You're the girl
who visited me today, aren't you?

Nia looks simultaneously taken aback and filled with pride.

NIA

You heard that?

SKELETON TOMMY

It's not every day someone spouts
off a soliloquy by your grave.

NIA

This is insane! I just raised the
dead! Take that, Chelsea!

She stops herself.

NIA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. That probably doesn't
make any sense to you.

SKELETON TOMMY

Absolutely nothing makes sense to
me right now.

NIA

This is amazing. But I didn't think
you'd be so... Decomposed?

SKELETON TOMMY

Oh well I'm sorry I didn't take
better care of my dead flesh. I'll
try better next time. So do you
think you could you tell me why?

NIA

(Confused)
Why what?

SKELETON TOMMY

Oh I don't know, maybe why you
raised a skeleton from the dead?!

Nia thinks this over, clearly struggling with it.

NIA
 ...Um, I don't know...

Tommy looks at her blankly.

SKELETON TOMMY
 You don't know?

NIA
 I guess I was just... Bored?

SKELETON TOMMY
 ...So you're saying you re-animated
 a corpse and defied all logic and
 science just to kill time?!

NIA
 Calm down, I didn't think it would
 actually work!

SKELETON TOMMY
 What kind of person masters the
 dark arts for kicks?!

NIA
 I don't know about mastered, but...

SKELETON TOMMY
 What are you doing obsessing over
 dead boys anyway?

NIA
 I don't know... I guess I just felt
 you and I sort of had a connection?

SKELETON TOMMY
 A connection? You ever think about
 maybe having a crush on someone
 with a pulse?!

Nia looks immediately stung by this.

NIA
 That's it? You're not even the
 least bit flattered?

Tommy rolls his skull back.

SKELETON TOMMY
 If I had eyes, they'd be rolling
 real hard right now. Wait, do I
 have eyes?

Nia looks closer at his skull and shakes her head.

SKELETON TOMMY (CONT'D)
 How can I see then? And how can I
 talk and... That's it. I don't want
 to be in a goddamn Tim Burton
 movie. I just want to be dead!

Nia looks hurt.

NIA
 I was wrong. You were just another
 dumb jock, weren't you?

SKELETON TOMMY
 Let's not make this about me. Now
 can you please lift your little
 curse and let me be dead again?!

Nia looks around for the incantation paper

NIA
 I can't find the printed out one.
 Let me pull it up on my phone.

SKELETON TOMMY
 I have no idea what that means, but
 great.

Nia reaches into her pocket to find her phone completely
 CRACKED.

NIA
 Shit, my phone cracked when I fell.
 We're going to have to go to my
 house and look up the spell.

SKELETON TOMMY
 Are you kidding?! I'm not leaving
 this spot.

NIA
 Are you sure? Your bones are
 literally shaking from the rain.

Tommy looks down at his bones CARTOONISHLY SHIVERING.

SKELETON TOMMY
 ...Let's make it quick.

Nia grabs her bike, and Tommy slowly follows. He looks up to
 the sky.

SKELETON TOMMY (CONT'D)
 This is a big, big mistake.

He walks off. CLOSE on the incantation paper flying around in the wind. It lands on MARCUS' GRAVE with a BOLT OF LIGHTNING.

EXT. WATSON STREET- MOMENTS LATER

Nia walks with Tommy shrouding himself behind her as a car passes by.

NIA

So... What was it like to die?

Tommy looks put off by this.

SKELETON TOMMY

That's a little personal, isn't it?

NIA

If I died, it's all I'd ever talk about.

SKELETON TOMMY

Well I'm not a sad goth girl and I don't want to talk about my death. It's embarrassing.

NIA

What, that you and your bros were partying and karma came for you?

SKELETON TOMMY

That is not how it happened at all!

NIA

Well how did it happen then?

SKELETON TOMMY

Can we please talk about anything else?! Christ, I'd just as soon tell you about Brianne O'Leary kneeling me in the balls before I talk about how I died.

NIA

Okay, then what does getting kneed in the balls feel like?

SKELETON TOMMY

Hey, how about instead of reliving all my failures, maybe we could talk about the curse you plagued my undead body with? How about that?!

Nia frowns as she looks away from Tommy

NIA

You're a lot whinier than I thought you'd be.

SKELETON TOMMY

Well I'm sure after you're digested by maggots you'll be a ray of goddamn sunshine.

CLOSE on his bony hand plinking down the chain link fence.

Nia and Tommy arrive at her walkway. Tommy looks up at the house, a bit lost in thought.

NIA

Come on. I don't want to have to explain you to the neighbors.

Nia walks towards the house, Tommy shakes his skull as he begrudgingly follows.

INT. NIA'S BEDROOM- MINUTES LATER

As Nia searches on her laptop, Skeleton Tommy looks around her room. He puts his hand behind her flat screen.

SKELETON TOMMY

The future is already way too weird. Should I be worried about your parents waking up?

NIA

My Mom's speaking at a comic book convention and my Dad left when I was ten so I think we'll be okay.

SKELETON TOMMY

Well, there's one good thing.

NIA

My Dad leaving is a good thing?

SKELETON TOMMY

Well no, I just mean, it's nice to not have to think about other... Forget it, you find anything yet?

Nia clicks on the Incantation post and sees an ERROR MESSAGE.

NIA

Okay, that's not a good sign.

SKELETON TOMMY

What?!

NIA

The original post was deleted.

Tommy hurries over and looks at the screen.

SKELETON TOMMY

What do you mean, it's gone?

NIA

Well there's this computer thing called the internet, and a webpage--

SKELETON TOMMY

--I know what the internet is! There's got to be another site.

NIA

God, calm down there, drama queen.

SKELETON TOMMY

Me a drama queen?! You spent tonight raising the dead!

Nia YAWNS super hard. She looks at the clock: 2:47AM

NIA

Look, it's too late for this right now. We can get some sleep and maybe it will be back up tomorrow.

SKELETON TOMMY

I'm not waiting that long. You need to put me back in the ground now!

NIA

I'm sorry. I promise we'll figure it out tomorrow.

Tommy looks around the room, helpless.

SKELETON TOMMY

Where am I supposed to sleep?!

NIA

You spent over a decade in a box in the ground. Pretty much anything is an upgrade.

Tommy's skull fumes with anger.

SKELETON TOMMY
I really don't like you, you--

NIA
--Goodnight, Tommy.

She turns off her light and the room goes PITCH BLACK.

SKELETON TOMMY (O.S.)
Man... Being alive sucks.

NIA (O.S.)
Finally we agree.

INT. NIA'S ROOM- THE NEXT MORNING

Tommy sleeps on a blanket on Nia's floor. CLOSE on his SKELETON RIBS, breathing in and out.

NIA (O.S.)
Whoa, you can actually breathe!

Tommy jerks up to see Nia watching him sleep.

SKELETON TOMMY
Jesus! How long have you been
watching me sleep?

NIA
I thought you were awake, seeing
that your eyes don't close. Did you
have a good sleep?

Tommy glares at her.

SKELETON TOMMY
No. No I did not.

NIA
Well, bad news. The post is still
down so I'm going to have to see what
else I can find at school. We should
have you dead again in no time.

Tommy lets out an angry sigh.

SKELETON TOMMY
Fantastic...

LATER, As Nia puts on an identical black and white striped shirt and pants combo, Tommy sits at her computer chair.

SKELETON TOMMY (CONT'D)
Isn't that what you wore yesterday?

NIA
Very perceptive.

SKELETON TOMMY
What are you, a cartoon character?

NIA
I'm a cartoon? You're a talking skeleton.

SKELETON TOMMY
Don't you get tired of wearing the same thing every day though? THAT's kind of boring.

NIA
This town is boring. I'm not wasting my time caring until I'm in a place that's worth a damn.

SKELETON TOMMY
Oh, I get it. You're not pretending to be boring. You're just boring!

Nia turns to him with a scowl.

NIA
Do you want to die or not?

SKELETON TOMMY
Oh I want out. Kill me now.

NIA
Well then maybe stop giving me shit. Now come on.

SKELETON TOMMY
Where?

NIA
We're going to school.

SKELETON TOMMY
Are you crazy?! I'm not going there. It's weird enough when college kids come back to visit!

NIA
If you want to die as soon as possible, you're coming with me.
(MORE)

NIA (CONT'D)

It'll be fine, you just need some inconspicuous clothes.

She tosses him a BLACK HOODIE.

SKELETON TOMMY

A hoodie is one thing. But how am I supposed to wear pants if I don't have an ass?

NIA

Just do what all the girls at school with no asses do. Wear yoga pants.

SKELETON TOMMY

(Another Resigned Sigh)
Fine. Whatever. Where are yours?

NIA

Are you kidding? I don't exercise.

SKELETON TOMMY

Then where are we supposed to--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. NIA'S FRONT DOOR-MINUTES LATER

Nia opens the door to a smirking Farrell.

FARRELL

Well well well! So this is Nia Cassidy's Den Of Sin!

NIA

Enough. Did you bring the pants?

Farrell holds them up.

FARRELL

They're a bit sweaty. Comfort comes with a price. Why do you need them anyway?

Nia takes a breath, preparing herself.

NIA

Okay, I'm going to show you something, and it's important that you don't scream.

She guides Farrell into the kitchen.

FARRELL

Please. I saw "The Babadook" while on Adderall, I think I can handle myself.

Nia turns on the light to reveal Tommy sitting at the kitchen table. Farrell feigns fright.

FARRELL (CONT'D)

Oh GASP! What a fright! A spooky scary skeleton here to... What do skeletons even do, scare-wise?

SKELETON TOMMY

You were right, I already don't like him.

Farrell looks absolutely stunned.

NIA

Farrell? Don't scream.

FARRELL

...May I have a dish rag please?

Nia nods and hands him a dish rag. Farrell puts it to his face and SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER.

NIA

That's still screaming! You promised!

FARRELL

That was before the skeleton became sentient!

SKELETON TOMMY

I've been sentient for ten hours, man. Catch up.

Farrell SWINGS THE rag at Tommy.

FARRELL

Stay back!

SKELETON TOMMY

Or what, you'll rag me to death?

NIA

Both of you, shut up!

FARRELL

But... How is this even possible?!
Is this house on top of an Indian
burial ground or something?!

SKELETON TOMMY

Lydia Deetz here read some sort of
hex and brought me back to life.
Now we have to find a way to
reverse it.

FARRELL

Whoa, how the hell do you expect us
to make you human again?

NIA

We don't have to make him human, we
just need to kill him again. Now
give him your pants and start the
car. We're late.

Farrell, his face paralyzed with both shock and now delight,
meekly hands the pants over to Tommy before heading outside.

SKELETON TOMMY

Ew, why are they so wet?

NIA

Farrell's a sweaty, irritating boy.

SKELETON TOMMY

Are you two a thing?

NIA

Ew, no! He's got a girlfriend.
Besides, I'm a loner. I like
experiencing things by myself.

SKELETON TOMMY

I get it. I was a loser too.

NIA

I am not a loser.

SKELETON TOMMY

Really? Right now you're talking to
a skeleton.

NIA

I would argue that makes me
insanely cool. Now let's go.

Nia leaves her room as Tommy glumly follows.

SKELETON TOMMY
Even in death I can't escape high
school.

INT. FARRELL'S CAR- MOMENTS LATER

Tommy stretches out in the backseat as Farrell can't stop
looking back at him.

SKELETON TOMMY
Could you keep your eyes on the
road? That hasn't worked out well
for me in the past.

FARRELL
Right. Sorry.

Farrell looks back to the road

FARRELL (CONT'D)
So... What does it feel like to
die?

NIA
He doesn't talk about that.

FARRELL
I'm not asking about how he died,
just what it felt like.

NIA
Oh sure, that's very different.

SKELETON TOMMY
Oh you know, it feels like you're
being transported on a cloud of
your warmest memories. A firm but
graceful exit of your soul from
your body.

FARRELL
Whoa, really?

SKELETON TOMMY
No, it hurts like hell! Now can you
both quiet down for a second so I
can enjoy the trip in peace?!

Tommy looks out at the suburban streets. Kids being picked up
at the bus stop, parents on their way to work.

SKELETON TOMMY (CONT'D)
This is so damn surreal right now.

FARRELL

I know. How can you even talk
without vocal cords?

SKELETON TOMMY

No. I mean, I never thought I'd see
these streets again. It's actually kind
of cool.

NIA

Watson is a lot of things, but it
is not cool.

SKELETON TOMMY

What are you talking about?
Watson's great! Tom's Records, the
Dream Machine Arcade, Video To Go?

NIA

Literally none of those places
exist anymore.

SKELETON TOMMY

Oh... Well shit.

They drive pass the cemetery...

EXT. CEMETERY- CONTINUOUS

...Where a grizzled GRAVEYARD ATTENDANT makes his rounds. He
stops at Tommy's grave, still a mess from the night before.

GRAVEYARD ATTENDANT

Goddamn kids...

As he grabs his phone, he fumbles it and it falls to the
ground. He crouches down with difficulty.

GRAVEYARD ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Goddamn knees...

As he picks it up, a SKELETON HAND pushes up from Marcus' grave.

GRAVEYARD ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Holy goddamn moly!

He narrowly escapes the hand and DOUBLES BACK, almost
slipping into Tommy's plot. He leaps up, and bolts away.

ELSEWHERE IN THE CEMETERY, a quiet funeral procession has
begun as a PRIEST holds court.

PRIEST

Let us commend the dead to the
mercy of God.

In the distance, the Attendant runs through the cemetery.

GRAVEYARD ATTENDANT

The goddamn dead! Run for your lives!

The funeral look to see nothing chasing him. The priest shrugs and continues.

BACK AT MARCUS' GRAVE, SKELETON MARCUS, in his green Watson jersey, rises from the dirt. He looks down at his body.

SKELETON MARCUS

What is this shit?!

He notices a piece of paper stuck on his gravestone, the incantation. He reads it.

SKELETON MARCUS (CONT'D)

...This could be fun.

EXT. WATSON HIGH SCHOOL- CONTINUOUS

As Farrell pulls into the parking lot, Tommy pensively shakes his skull as he adjusts his yoga pants.

SKELETON TOMMY

Man... This takes me back.

Farrell reaches into the back and rummages.

FARRELL

Here. I don't think just the hoodie
will obscure your lily white bone
face, so try putting this on.

He hands Tommy a FACE MASK from a glove compartment filled with them.

SKELETON TOMMY

Why do you have so many masks?

FARRELL

Oh right, yeah, you missed the
whole thing. Look up 2020 when you
get a chance, it was wild!

Tommy looks out at the students passing by. He slumps down in his seat, and grabs the mask.

SKELETON TOMMY
 Alright, let's go.

INT. WATSON HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY- MOMENTS LATER

Tommy walks shrouded behind Nia and Farrell, who is now on his phone.

FARRELL
 (On the Phone)
 Babe, I was not avoiding you. I was not kissing someone. I was not...

As Farrell finishes the call in an empty classroom, Tommy looks to Nia, curious.

SKELETON TOMMY
 Who is he talking to?

NIA
 His girlfriend. She kind of runs his life. Anyway, the library has to have at least one book on the occult. You'll have to hide out until then.

SKELETON TOMMY
 And where do you suggest I do that?

The BELL RINGS.

NIA
 Farrell has a free now, so just stick with him. I'll meet up with you guys at lunch.

She rushes off.

SKELETON TOMMY
 You're seriously leaving a talking skeleton unattended?

Farrell leaves the classroom, still on the phone.

FARRELL
 I won't... I won't... I won't.

He hangs up and looks to Tommy.

FARRELL (CONT'D)
 So... Wanna go watch girls play volleyball?

Tommy thinks this through.

SKELETON TOMMY

Yeah, okay.

INT. LIBRARY- LATER THAT MORNING

Nia approaches a disinterested LIBRARIAN, lost on an iPad.

NIA

Hi, I know this is going to sound a bit "on the nose," but do you have any books on Spells and Incantations?

The Librarian scoffs without looking up.

LIBRARIAN

Something's in the air with you girls.

NIA

What do you mean?

LIBRARIAN

We have one book like that, but it's been checked out.

NIA

What? By who?!

LIBRARIAN

Gee, I wonder if you can spot her.

Nia looks around the library and sees Chelsea, furiously scribbling something.

NIA

Of course...

INT. WATSON HIGH GYMNASIUM- CONTINUOUS

Farrell and Tommy watch the Girls Gym class play volleyball from the Bleachers. As a ball goes out of bounds, a PRETTY GIRL runs over to retrieve it.

She looks up at Tommy and makes eye contact. She stares. Not horrified. Intrigued. Farrell pokes Tommy in the ribs.

FARRELL

Damn, dude, that mask is working for you. If you still had a dick, you'd be king of this place!

SKELETON TOMMY

Do you guys still have dances in here?

FARRELL

Nah. They banned those after someone was caught with drugs in the bathroom. It turned out to be a baggie of Altoids, but that didn't stop Principal Cameron from keeping people from having any kind of fun.

SKELETON TOMMY

Mr. Cameron is Principal now?! Man, if it wasn't for that guy, I might actually still be... Never mind.

FARRELL

Don't worry. I take solace in the fact that there is no way he will ever find love.

Tommy takes in the surroundings of the gym, briefly **FLASHING BACK** to him and Allison talking by the bleachers.

SKELETON TOMMY

I used to go to all the dances. They sucked, but you always went back, hoping that would be the one where you break the streak.

FARRELL

I take it you weren't a real ladies man when you were alive.

SKELETON TOMMY

I mainly skulked through people slow dancing, hands in my pockets. I got close with one girl, but... You know, I've had enough wistful memories today, let's drop it.

FARRELL

Sure thing.

SKELETON TOMMY

What about your girlfriend? How did you meet?

FARRELL

We were in the musical together.
She let me finger her at the cast
party. The next morning, instant
girlfriend.

SKELETON TOMMY

Do you guys get along?

FARRELL

Well, who gets along with their
girlfriend, am I right?

SKELETON TOMMY

I would think most people.

Farrell considers this.

FARRELL

Fair point.

Farrell looks over to see Mr. Cameron watching the girls play
volleyball as well.

FARRELL (CONT'D)

Hey, check out Principal Pervstrom
watching the girls like a creep!

SKELETON TOMMY

Isn't that what we're doing?

FARRELL

We're in the age demo, baby!

Mr. Cameron looks up to Farrell and Tommy.

FARRELL (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

MR. CAMERON

What are you two doing up there?!

FARRELL

Come on!

Tommy follows Farrell as they leap down the bleachers, Mr.
Cameron now hot on their trails.

FARRELL (CONT'D)

We should probably scatter. You
remember where the art room is?

SKELETON TOMMY

I think so.

FARRELL

Great! Meet you there in ten!

They both take off down opposite sides of the hallway. Mr. Cameron gets to the hallway, and ends up following Tommy.

Farrell, watches them run away. He breathes a sigh of relief and ends up going back INTO THE GYM to watch volleyball.

As he sits back on the bleachers, the pretty girl from earlier approaches.

PRETTY GIRL

Hey, who's the tall guy you were with?

FARRELL

Oh that's the new guy, Tommy
Ba...Bone...Man. Tommy Boneman!

PRETTY GIRL

He's kind of hot.

FARRELL

You should see him up close. He's a real face melter.

INT. HALLWAYS- CONTINUOUS

Tommy bolts down the hall with Mr. Cameron hot on his tail.

MR. CAMERON

You think you're the first to try
and outrun me in my own house?!

Tommy ducks into a stairwell, which Mr. Cameron passes by instantly. He stops in his tracks, enraged.

MR. CAMERON (CONT'D)

Why aren't all teens locked up
where they belong?!

Tommy makes it down the stairs and slows down his pace as he makes it down another hallway.

He passes by the Walnut Drive Five poster Nia lingered at earlier. He stops in his tracks.

SKELETON TOMMY

Jesus...

He looks at his face in the collage, grazing his nervous smile with his finger bone.

CLOSE on Tommy's face. Even with his skeletal features, we see the emotion and regret bubbling up.

A hand GRIPS his sweatshirt. He turns to see Mr. Cameron.

MR. CAMERON

Well, well. Looks like Forrest Gump got tired of running.

Tommy cringes. Even for a kid that died in '98 that's dated.

MR. CAMERON (CONT'D)

What's with the mask? Are you cautious or just ashamed of your pimply little mug?!

He takes off the mask to see Tommy's SKELETON FACE. Mr. Cameron's jaw DROPS. He SLOWLY backs away from Tommy.

MR. CAMERON (CONT'D)

(Terrified Whisper)

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

He turns away and RUNS FOR HIS LIFE. Tommy shrugs, puts his mask back on, and walks down the hall.

INT. LIBRARY- CONTINUOUS

As Chelsea scribbles in her notebook, Nia slyly takes the seat across from her.

NIA

...Chelsea, right?

CHELSEA

(Not Looking Up)

What do you want?

NIA

I heard you checked out a book on the Occult. To keep your brand up, I'm assuming.

Chelsea's head tilts up with a scowl.

NIA (CONT'D)

I was wondering if I could borrow it. Don't worry, I'll bring it back for you so you can carry it around with the title visible for everyone to know how dark you are.

CHELSEA

This is seriously how you ask?

NIA

Look, let's get this out of the way. We're both stereotypes arguing over a book of spells. But trust me, I need this book way more than you do.

CHELSEA

Get lost, you poser.

Nia looks completely taken aback.

NIA

I'm sorry... I'm a poser?

CHELSEA

You think sneering at everyone is a personality? So hack.

NIA

Um, excuse me, but I've been the sad girl here long before you bought your first Sephora black lipstick!

CHELSEA

At least I don't dress like an American Horror Story extra.

NIA

Let me guess: You once bought a Misfits record to impress a dude with ear gauges and a weak chin?!

Chelsea looks up, as if Nia has her pegged.

NIA (CONT'D)

Do not go where eagles dare, my friend. You will not win.

CHELSEA

Did you just come over to insult me or did you actually need this book?

NIA

I need the book. Very badly.

CHELSEA

Okay. I'll let you have it... If you tell me why.

NIA
What? No, I'm not doing that.

CHELSEA
Fine. No book then.

NIA
...Fine. Only if you promise to not tell anyone.

CHELSEA
You are the first person I've spoken aloud to in three days.

NIA
Okay... I kinda sorta... Raised the dead last night.

Chelsea's eyebrow raises.

CHELSEA
Zombies?

NIA
Not zombies. A skeleton.

CHELSEA
Why a skeleton and not a zombie?

NIA
Flesh rots a lot quicker than you'd expect and... You know what? Forget it, I can just go find a book and--

CHELSEA
--No! Wait... Can I see them?

NIA
Them?

CHELSEA
The skeletons. Can I see them?

NIA
Oh... Sure, but there's only one.

EXT. CEMETERY GATES- CONTINUOUS

A MOTHER walks past the gates with a baby in her stroller. She stops to adjust her baby's straps

MOTHER
There we go. All better!

She tickles the baby. As she looks up, Skeleton Marcus POPS UP right in front of her, GROWLING. The mother SCREAMS, turns the stroller around and starts running the other way.

SKELETON SHANE, also in a green football jersey, POPS OUT, doing the same GROWLING.

As the mother SCREAMS FOR DEAR LIFE, she plucks her baby from the stroller and rushes into the emptied streets. Marcus and Shane laugh and HIGH FIVE.

SKELETON SHANE
Holy shit dude. This is sick!
Scaring people is so badass!

SKELETON MARCUS
I know. And look at this.

He points to a banner above them: "HOMECOMING THIS WEEKEND."

SKELETON MARCUS (CONT'D)
We're just in time for homecoming.

SKELETON SHANE
Oh hell yeah! Let's go wake up
Rooney and Erica!

Skeleton Marcus looks pensive for a moment.

SKELETON MARCUS
Why Erica? You said you were going
to break up with her before
Christmas.

SKELETON SHANE
I know, but if she found out I got
brought back from the dead and she
didn't, she'd be so pissed at me!

SKELETON MARCUS
Fine. But if we get messed up,
she's driving.

SKELETON SHANE
Whoa, can we still get messed up
without livers and skin and shit?

Marcus looks down the road with purpose.

SKELETON MARCUS
Only one way to find out...

INT. ART ROOM- MINUTES LATER

Tommy enters the dusty, abandoned art room, filled with untouched supplies as Farrell sits at a table, texting.

FARRELL

Oh hey. Everything good?

Tommy, looking exhausted takes a seat next to Farrell.

SKELETON TOMMY

Could you maybe keep me from getting chased by psychopaths for the rest of the time I'm undead?

FARRELL

I don't make promises, but I'll try. I'll tell Nia you're here.

Tommy takes a look around the dusty, cobwebbed room.

SKELETON TOMMY

Do you guys not have art classes anymore either?

FARRELL

Nope. Got phased out a few years ago. Now we have an anti-bullying class. Which does not work, by the way, it only makes me want to strangle nerds more!

As Tommy sits down, there's a KNOCK on the door. Farrell looks out to see Nia and Chelsea.

FARRELL (CONT'D)

What's this? A straggler?!

Farrell opens the door.

FARRELL (CONT'D)

Well hello there. I'm Farrell.

CHELSEA

Great. Where's the skeleton?

Chelsea looks around the room.

NIA

Okay, just promise not to--

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ART ROOM- MOMENTS LATER

We hear Chelsea SCREAM. Through the window, we see Nia, Farrell, and even Tommy covering their "ears."

BACK in the art room, Chelsea takes a seat, fanning herself.

CHELSEA
Sorry about that.

NIA
I'm the only one that didn't scream,
and I saw him rise from the grave.

FARRELL
Did you find the spell?

Chelsea rolls her eyes.

CHELSEA
Um, no, because we're not witches?

FARRELL
Oh well forgive me for thinking
girls in all black dabble in
witchcraft.

Nia furiously flips through the book.

NIA
Wait! Here! There's an incantation
to reverse the re-animation
process! But...

SKELETON TOMMY
But what? If it requires monkey's
blood or something, I am screwed.

NIA
No, it just can't be put into
practice until nightfall.

FARRELL
No sweat! All we need to do then is
kill a little time.

NIA
We?

FARRELL
Um, you left me alone with Mr.
Boneman here, I think I'm an
integral part of the team now.

CHELSEA

(To Tommy)

Do you mind if I ask you a few questions about the underworld?

Tommy gives her a doubtful look.

SKELETON TOMMY

What underworld? It's all dirt.

CHELSEA

But you must have learned something after crossing through this existence to the next step?

SKELETON TOMMY

The next step? What is it with you guys? Is living in Watson that bad that you're already fantasizing about your deaths?

CHELSEA

This town is garbage.

NIA

It's horrible beyond belief.

FARRELL

It's a prison, baby!

Tommy looks out the window to the parking lot.

SKELETON TOMMY

Well, seeing as I'm going to be here anyway, maybe we can hit up a few spots and see if that changes your mind at all?

Nia and Chelsea look at each other.

CHELSEA

I've never skipped school before.

NIA

Me either.

SKELETON TOMMY

Boy, you two are shining beacons of darkness, aren't you?

FARRELL

I'm in! I'm not one to pass on some sweet skeleton hang time!

Chelsea gives an approving nod, and Tommy looks at Nia.

SKELETON TOMMY

Come on, Nia. You brought me back,
might as well hang out with me
while I'm here.

Nia looks away with a tiny grin.

CHELSEA

What if Principal Cameron catches us?

SKELETON TOMMY

I think he's got bigger problems
right now.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

Mr. Cameron shivers at his desk, darting his eyes back and forth.

MR. CAMERON

It was a dream! These things
happen. These teens haunt your
dreams with their bad behavior!

His phone RINGS and Mr. Cameron JUMPS.

MR. CAMERON (CONT'D)

The Devil Beast has come for me!

SECRETARY (O.S.)

I'm sorry, Mr. Cameron? Some
students want to set up a table at
the homecoming game for their
canned food drive?

Mr. Cameron, sweat POURING down his face, breathes a momentary sigh of relief.

MR. CAMERON

Oh thank God... And no unofficial
school displays allowed. Thank you.

He hangs up the call and shakes off the fear.

INT. LIQUOR STORE- DAY

A bored CLERK scrolls on his phone as lame music plays. The door CHIMES, and the clerk looks up.

He sees nobody, and looks back to his phone. Soon, rustling is heard in an aisle. He looks up.

CLERK

Hello?

We see SKELETON HANDS open a beer fridge. Back at the counter, the clerk looks concerned and stands up.

CLERK (CONT'D)

I need to check your ID's.

As he makes his way down an aisle, he hears more rustling.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm calling the cops.

He quickly turns a corner to find NOBODY. He sighs, but notices some DRIPPING WATER in front of a beer fridge.

He notices the fridge has frosted over. As he opens it, Skeleton Marcus POPS OUT, HISSING.

CLOSE on the BORED CLERK SCREAMING HIS GUTS OUT.

EXT. WATSON HIGH PARKING LOT- CONTINUOUS

Nia, Chelsea, Farrell, and Tommy sneak out towards Farrell's car. Farrell looks back at Tommy's sneaking walk and laughs.

SKELETON TOMMY

What?

FARRELL

I'm sorry. A sneaking skeleton is very funny to me.

NIA

So where to?

SKELETON TOMMY

The first place everyone went when they played hooky. The woods!

Nia, Farrell, and Chelsea look at each other, confused.

SKELETON TOMMY (CONT'D)

Behind the elementary school? The woods?

FARRELL

Umm....

EXT. KENNEDY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL- MINUTES LATER

Tommy looks out in shock at the woods, which is now a bunch of SPORTS FIELDS.

SKELETON TOMMY

This is so crazy.

FARRELL

Again, this is the crazy part?

Tommy walks across a turfed soccer field, with the other three following.

SKELETON TOMMY

I remember having my first taste of rum right over there...

He points a few feet over.

SKELETON TOMMY (CONT'D)

...And then throwing it up right over there. Some good times.

CHELSEA

They sound unmissable.

SKELETON TOMMY

If you can't drink in the woods anymore, where do you guys go?

CHELSEA

No idea. I'm new and hate it here.

FARRELL

I spend my weekends with my girlfriend. Her and only her...

NIA

And I think all people should die.

Tommy sighs impatiently.

INT. KENNEDY ELEMENTARY CLASSROOM- CONTINUOUS

SUZY, a 10 year old girl, dozes off in class. She looks out the window to see Tommy in the distance. Her JAW DROPS OPEN.

SUZY

Ms. Gushue? There's a skeleton on the baseball field!

MS. GUSHUE, a no-nonsense teacher, looks at the Halloween decals on the window, including a gangly skeleton.

MS. GUSHUE
Wow, you don't say...

She sighs and looks back at the whiteboard.

BACK ON THE FIELD, Nia, Tommy, and Farrell sit on the bleachers while Tommy rants to them.

SKELETON TOMMY
Look, I know that sometimes living here sucks. But you guys are missing the best part about going out on the weekends.

NIA
Let me guess. "Having a good time with your friends?"

SKELETON TOMMY
God no. The best part is seeing other people having a bad time!

They all look confused.

SKELETON TOMMY (CONT'D)
Okay, so there was this kid two years ahead of me, Prasanna. World class gymnast and the most uptight dude that ever lived. At the end of my sophomore year, he finally came to a party in the woods.

Tommy walks past a patch of grass...

FLASHBACK- EXT. THE WOODS- 1998

...Which is now a bustling teen hang out, with ratty couches and warm cases of beer. Tommy sips a beer as he watches PRASANNA being fed a BEER BONG by Shane and Rooney.

SKELETON TOMMY (V.O.)
Six beers, and ten SoCo shots in, Prasanna got so hammered that he started jumping from tree to tree.

Prasanna has climbed a tree. He lets out a yowl and jumps over a group of kids to another tree. Everyone CHEERS.

SKELETON TOMMY (V.O.)
And he was good too. He was crazy limber. Until the fourth tree.

Prasanna looks at the fourth tree with brazen drunk confidence.

SKELETON TOMMY (V.O.)
He stuck the landing...

Prasanna jumps and grips onto the branch of his fourth tree. He reaches to another branch for stability.

SKELETON TOMMY (V.O.)
...But stuck his hand straight up
the ass of a live hornet's nest.

Prasanna looks up to the hornets swarming around his hand.

PRASANNA
Holy shiiiiiiit!

Prasanna plummets to the ground, landing flat on his face like a cartoon.

SKELETON TOMMY (V.O.)
And on his descent, he brought the
nest down with him. And that thing
exploded!

CLOSE on the hornet's nest EXPLODING ON THE GROUND. As the hornets escape, hordes of teens RUN FOR THEIR LIVES, tripping over logs, trying to chug beers before they bolt, etc.

Tommy makes his way out of the woods, looking back at everyone else running and screaming.

SKELETON TOMMY (V.O.)
On Monday morning, everyone had a
different account of Prasanna's
Hornets Nest Massacre. And for
once, it felt real damn good to
know what they were talking about.

EXT. KENNEDY SCHOOL FIELD- PRESENT

Tommy re-enacts the running once more.

SKELETON TOMMY
And you should've heard the sounds
he made while running.

Tommy starts running in place making ungodly WHEEZING noises. Soon, Tommy SLIPS and his SKULL POPS OFF.

NIA
Oh god, Tommy!

INT. KENNEDY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL- CONTINUOUS

Suzy stares out at the field, horrified.

SUZY

Ms. Gushue, the skeleton's head
popped off!

Ms. Gushue looks at the skeleton decal, still intact.

MS. GUSHUE

He looks fine to me, Suzy. Now
please stop looking out the window.

Suzy tries to stop looking, but she is visibly shaken.

BACK ON THE FIELD, Nia and Farrell crowd around Tommy.

FARRELL

Oh god! Does it snap back into
place like Legos?!

Nia takes Tommy's head and looks into his dead eyes, lost in them for a moment. She drops the head.

SKELETON TOMMY

Ow! Watch it!

NIA

I'm sorry! Hang on!

CHELSEA

How can he still talk with his head
detached?

SKELETON TOMMY

Why are you all such sticklers for
skeleton logic? Just fix it!

Nia pops the skull back into place. Tommy sits up and cranes his neck.

SKELETON TOMMY (CONT'D)

There. See, that wasn't so hard.

As Nia and Farrell sit down with him, Chelsea crouches down in front of Tommy. She grazes his ribs. Nia looks jealous.

CHELSEA

What does it feel like when I touch
your bones like that?

Farrell leans into Nia.

FARRELL

Damn, this is getting kind of hot!

Nia swats Farrell.

BACK IN THE CLASSROOM, Suzy looks at the three kids sitting on the field with a skeleton. She is beyond excited.

SUZY

Ms. Gushue! Some kids popped the skeleton's head back on but now they're touching him inappropriately!

Ms. Gushue doesn't even turn around, and continues writing on the white board.

MS. GUSHUE

(Muttering)

I always get the weird ones...

BACK ON THE FIELD, Tommy stands up.

SKELETON TOMMY

Okay, so the woods are gone. But there are still places to hang. And if there aren't, we can just drive around and listen to some CD's.

FARRELL

I don't have CD's, but I can pretty much play any song ever recorded from my phone?

Tommy looks at Farrell holding his phone.

SKELETON TOMMY

I had to pay twenty bucks for a Stone Temple Pilots CD I didn't even like and you have every song ever on your phone for free?

FARRELL

Pretty much, yeah.

SKELETON TOMMY

You guys are never allowed to complain about anything again.

BEGIN DRIVING AROUND TOWN MONTAGE

-Farrell drives, with Chelsea in the front seat, and Nia and Tommy in the back.

-Tommy shows them a WATERFALL by the Town Viaduct, ducking every time a car passes.

-They bounce a tennis ball off the walls of the EMPTIED OUT TOWN POOL.

-They pack snowballs off the leftover ice by the HOCKEY RINK. Nia tosses one that takes Tommy's ARM OFF. They all laugh.

-They drive down the street where Tommy crashed. We see him tense up, but he looks around the car at Nia, Farrell, and Chelsea, finally bubbling with energy. He says nothing.

END OF MONTAGE.

EXT. CRESCENT RIDGE ICE CREAM STORE- LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Nia, Farrell, and Chelsea, all holding ice cream, sit on a picnic bench next to a fenced in pen of COWS.

Tommy, his hoodie up and his hands in the pocket, stands next to them as Chelsea takes a big bite of her cone.

CHELSEA

Okay. This town has at least one thing that isn't terrible.

Nia nods, her mouth full of ice cream.

NIA

We can agree there.

SKELETON TOMMY

We haven't even gotten to the best part of coming here: Waiting for the cows to fart.

CHELSEA

Why would that be the best part?

SKELETON TOMMY

Trust me. Their tails go back and let out ungodly noises. It's better than most music.

FARRELL

Oh please, Lord, please don't let me miss out on this perfection!

Tommy and Farrell both make PRAYING HANDS and look up to the sky before breaking and laughing.

CHELSEA

So Tommy, what do you miss most about being alive?

NIA

Whoa, ease up there. He doesn't like talking about that.

SKELETON TOMMY

No, I said I don't like talking about my death. Talking about my life is fair game.

He looks out into the field of cows.

SKELETON TOMMY (CONT'D)

I guess I kind of miss walking home from school. On a day that hadn't been too shitty and if the right song came on the radio. It always felt like things were starting to go right. Even if they weren't.

They all nod at this.

FARRELL

This would be a perfect time for the cows to fart, wouldn't it?

Tommy shakes his head, laughing. He looks at Nia's ice cream.

SKELETON TOMMY

Man, that ice cream looks so good.

NIA

Are you hungry? Should we try giving you food?

SKELETON TOMMY

I don't know. It will literally go right through me.

NIA

But if you can walk and talk, it would make sense that you could at least taste too, right?

Tommy looks at Nia's ice cream.

NIA (CONT'D)

Come on, one bite!

Tommy leans in and takes a bite. Farrell, Nia, and Chelsea watch it rattle around his bones. Tommy shakes with a cold sensation.

NIA (CONT'D)

Well?

SKELETON TOMMY

...Tastes as good as I remember it.

They all CHEER. In the field, a COW FARTS, his tail flying up, letting out an insanely gross noise. They CHEER LOUDER!

INT. LIQUOR STORE- CONTINUOUS

Two amused POLICE OFFICERS interview the still-shaken clerk.

POLICE OFFICER 1

So explain this to us one more time. You were robbed by skeletons?

CLERK

Yes. In football jerseys.

POLICE OFFICER 2

Is it possible you instead saw two boys in skeleton costumes?

POLICE OFFICER 1

Or just two very skinny boys?

CLERK

They weren't costumes! I could see through them.

POLICE OFFICER 2

So they were ghosts?

CLERK

No! Well... I don't know, they could have been ghosts too.

POLICE OFFICER 1

But you're saying you could see through their bones?

CLERK

No! You can see through the ribs and... My store got robbed, maybe you could do something about that instead of making fun of me?

POLICE OFFICER 1
Fine. What exactly did they take?

CLERK
That's where it gets weirder...

The Clerk takes them down the beer fridge aisle. Everything looks in stock except for one COMPLETELY EMPTY area.

POLICE OFFICER 2
What kind of beer is usually there?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY- CONTINUOUS

Skeleton Marcus cracks open a KEYSTONE LIGHT. He takes a sip, and it makes an INSTANT puddle on the ground.

Skeleton Shane drinks and watches the beer soak his ribs.

SKELETON SHANE
Oh man, I'm already feeling buzzed!

As Marcus chugs the rest of his beer, the ground SHAKES.

SKELETON SHANE (CONT'D)
Whoa, what's going on?!

With a few more tremors, SKELETON ERICA rises from her grave, wearing a CHEESY PINK FORMAL DRESS.

SKELETON ERICA
Shane!!

She runs towards Marcus who swats her away.

SKELETON MARCUS
Wrong one! He's over there!

She shrugs and gives Shane a HUGE HUG.

SKELETON ERICA
I thought I'd never see you again!

She looks around at the Keystone Lights and the pseudo-fort around the graves.

SKELETON ERICA (CONT'D)
Wait... How long have you been awake without me?

SKELETON SHANE
Just an hour or two, I swear!

Erica pouts, crossing her skeleton arms.

SKELETON SHANE (CONT'D)
Are you pouting?

SKELETON ERICA
No... I don't think I'm able to
even if I wanted to.

The ground SHAKES again as SKELETON ROONEY climbs out of his grave. He takes a moment to look at his surroundings.

SKELETON ROONEY
Holy shit... Am I dead?!

Shane and Marcus look at each other, already annoyed.

SKELETON SHANE
Rooney, did you seriously not know
you were dead this whole time?

SKELETON ROONEY
No I knew... I just thought I might
also be in one of those sick comas
where I'd wake up with a beard and
a hot wife, you know?

Erica looks down at her dress.

SKELETON ERICA
Ew! Why did my Mom bury me in my
Quinceanera dress? It's so ugly!

SKELETON SHANE
They spent a lot of money on it.

SKELETON ERICA
Psht, as if. They probably couldn't
find anyone to buy it so they just
wrapped my dead ass in it.

Rooney looks at his skeleton hands.

SKELETON ROONEY
Oh my God, am I a skeleton too?!

The rest of them look at him, completely dumfounded.

SKELETON SHANE
Yes, Rooney. We all are.

SKELETON ROONEY

But is there anything on my back?

He turns to show them his back.

SKELETON SHANE

Nothing, just a spine.

Rooney tries SNAPPING his skeletal fingers.

SKELETON ROONEY

Damnit! I just got that back tattoo of Lou Dog from Sublime! Seventeen hours under the needle for nothing? Being dead sucks!

He KICKS a rock into his own grave. Marcus cracks a beer and hands it to Rooney.

SKELETON MARCUS

Think of it this way. Now that we're dead, we can do whatever we want.

Rooney's dark eyes widen.

SKELETON ROONEY

Whoa... We can?!

Rooney pushes Shane to the ground, grabs a couple branches from a nearby tree, wields them as drumsticks and starts DRUMMING on Shane's ribs.

SKELETON SHANE

What the hell, man?! That hurts!

Rooney looks down and drums one more rib to no sound.

SKELETON ROONEY

Aw man, I thought they were supposed to sound like a xylophone.

He throws the branches down. Shane gets up and slaps Rooney's skull RIGHT OFF HIS BODY, landing in a nearby bush.

SKELETON ROONEY (CONT'D)

That was sick! Let's all do that dance where we take each other's heads off!

SKELETON MARCUS

Rooney, shut up! It's time to go over tonight's plans.

SKELETON ERICA

What plans?

As Rooney plops his head on BACKWARDS and wanders over to the rest of the group, Marcus pulls out the incantation sheet.

SKELETON MARCUS

We're going to raise ourselves an army.

EXT. CRESCENT RIDGE- DUSK

As Farrell and Chelsea get in the front seat, Tommy looks up at the golden sky from the back.

SKELETON TOMMY

Hey Farrell, can I play a song off your magic phone?

FARRELL

Sure, man. Have at it.

Tommy grabs Farrell's phone. He tries tapping it with his skeletal finger, but it doesn't work. Nia grabs it.

NIA

Your hands might not be alive enough. What do you want to hear?

Tommy looks down at his Smashing Pumpkins t-shirt.

MUSIC: "1979" BY THE SMASHING PUMPKINS

As Farrell drives through the sun-streaked suburban streets of Watson, Tommy looks out at each house they pass with awe.

Chelsea bops her head to the music, enjoying it. Farrell sees a text from his girlfriend but ignores it.

Nia looks out her window, and watches the sun shine through some late-forming clouds. She looks over at Tommy doing the same. She doesn't smile, but it's clear she's enjoying it.

Suddenly Tommy's awe-struck face falls.

SKELETON TOMMY

Stop the car.

Farrell slowly pulls the car up in front of a house.

NIA

What's this?

Tommy slowly opens the car door.

SKELETON TOMMY

...This was my house.

As he gets out, Nia, Farrell and Chelsea share a brief look of concern. Tommy stands at the start of a stone path towards the front door. Nia comes to his side.

NIA

Do you want to see if anyone is home?

SKELETON TOMMY

I don't know. This might be too much.

NIA

How about I ring the doorbell and if it's too much, you can just hide in the bushes, okay?

As Chelsea and Farrell join them, Nia turns to them.

NIA (CONT'D)

Wait here. We'll be right back.

Nia walks a nervous Tommy down the path. When they reach the door, Nia rings the bell. Nothing happens. She looks into the darkened windows.

NIA (CONT'D)

I don't think anybody is home.

Tommy sees a sign by the mail slot: THE SANDERSONS.

SKELETON TOMMY

Nope. Definitely not.

He takes a deep breath and slowly wanders around to the backyard. Nia looks back to Farrell and Chelsea.

FARRELL

Where's he going?

NIA

I don't know. Stay here, be on the lookout.

As Nia hustles after Tommy, Chelsea turns to Farrell.

CHELSEA

On the lookout for what?

FARRELL

Frankensteins? Wolfmen? The sky's the limit, baby!

Chelsea shakes her head, hiding a little laugh.

EXT. BACKYARD- DUSK

Nia finds Tommy sitting down on the grass, looking up at the darkening sky. She kneels down next to him.

NIA
Everything okay?

Tommy nods, and looks back up at the sky.

SKELETON TOMMY
I loved this street. I loved this town. I was good at living here.

NIA
I still can't wait to leave, but you're right. It's definitely not completely worthless here.

SKELETON TOMMY
Where are you going to go?

Nia bristles, not used to the follow-up.

NIA
You know... Europe, or... Seattle or something. Someplace different.

SKELETON TOMMY
And what would you do in Europe or Seattle or something?

NIA
...Honestly, I have no idea what I want to do. Like, none.

SKELETON TOMMY
(Laughing)
I had no idea either.

NIA
Really? That's a relief.

Tommy lies down in the grass. Nia soon does the same.

SKELETON TOMMY
...So do you still want to know what it was like?

NIA
What what was like?

SKELETON TOMMY

You know... The whole death thing?

NIA

Oh... I mean, only if you want to tell me.

Tommy looks back up at the sky.

SKELETON TOMMY

It didn't feel like fate or anything dumb like that. I didn't even want to be in that car. I could've stayed at that dance with someone I liked. But I was a coward and left to be with people who didn't give a goddamn about me. By the time we crashed... It was like dying alone.

Nia looks over at him, tears in her eyes.

NIA

Tommy... I'm so sorry.

SKELETON TOMMY

It's okay. It's in the past now.

NIA

There is a bit of a silver lining. When you die tonight, you can go on your own terms, and not be alone. It's like a death do-over.

Tommy nods, happy at the idea.

SKELETON TOMMY

A death do-over. I like that.

He and Nia look back up at the darkening night sky.

INT. FARRELL'S CAR- CONTINUOUS

Chelsea sits and watches Farrell sweat while on the phone.

FARRELL

(On The Phone)

I'm sorry, babe, I can't make it up tonight... Of course not... I didn't see you posted another dance, I'll go like it right... Hello?!

He hangs up the phone with a head shake.

CHELSEA
She sounds lovely.

FARRELL
Gina's fine. We do fight every night and she classifies everything I love as "juvenile," but that's what you get for dating a smart, independent college woman.

CHELSEA
College sounds horrible. I just want to go live in the mountains somewhere.

FARRELL
No way! So does Nia! I knew you guys would be buds.

CHELSEA
We are not "buds." But she's not as awful as I thought.

A car pulls into the driveway but Farrell and Chelsea don't notice.

FARRELL
What about you? You got a boyfriend?

CHELSEA
Of course not. All boys are monsters.

Farrell nods in agreement.

FARRELL
Yeah. We kind of suck.

CHELSEA
I guess a monster couldn't take the brow beating you just took.

FARRELL
True. I'm more of a sexy doormat!

Chelsea looks at him with a condescending but amused grin.

EXT. BACKYARD- CONTINUOUS

Nia and Tommy are now lit by the very visible moon.

NIA

So tell me about the girl you left
at the dance.

Tommy shakes his skull, pained but also happy at the memory.

SKELETON TOMMY

Allison... She was out of step with
everyone else. Not like an outcast,
just the way she carried herself was
different. Actually she was kind of
like you. Maybe a bit nicer.

Nia rolls her eyes at the nice comment, but is still engaged.
Tommy turns to face Nia, his skull resting on his hand bones.

SKELETON TOMMY (CONT'D)

She was one of the last things that
crossed my mind that night. I was
so close to dancing with her. My
first time dancing with anybody! I
went every month, I was always too
terrified to ask anyone.

NIA

Dances suck. I went to one at the all
boys school for ten minutes. Some guy
grabbed my ass, I kicked him in the
dick, now I'm banned for life.

SKELETON TOMMY

Yeah, Allison was definitely a lot
nicer than you.

Nia playfully shoves Tommy's arm, which falls out of its
socket.

NIA

Shit!

Tommy skillfully pops it back into place.

SKELETON TOMMY

I'm getting the hang of it now.

Nia stares into Tommy's eye holes, somehow lovingly.

NIA

Okay, this is really stupid and
goes against most of my beliefs,
but... If you wanted to right now,
I wouldn't mind dancing with you.

Tommy sits up.

SKELETON TOMMY
You want to dance with me?

Nia tentatively nods yes.

SKELETON TOMMY (CONT'D)
To what?

Nia pulls out her phone.

SKELETON TOMMY (CONT'D)
That's right, magic phones.

Nia puts on "HEAVEN" by PETAL, a nice swoon-y song, and stands up and offers her hand to Tommy. He stands up and his skeleton hands hold onto Nia's waist in a chaste, catholic-school-dance manner.

As the music plays, Nia and Tommy slowly sway, backlit by the moonlight. Soon, Nia pulls herself closer to Tommy, wrapping her arms around him, clinging to his t-shirt.

NIA
I thought dancing would be pretty awful, but... This isn't.

SKELETON TOMMY
Yeah... Agreed.

As Nia's head rests on Tommy's chest, the LIGHTS turn on INSIDE THE HOUSE.

INT. HOUSE- CONTINUOUS

A MOM flicks on the lights and places a bag of groceries on the counter.

Suzy, the little girl from the classroom, follows her, looking at the moon through the window.

SUZY
Wow, the moon is so big!

She gets up on a couch to look right outside the window to see Tommy and Nia slow dancing. She SCREAMS.

OUTSIDE, Tommy and Nia hear the scream, and break apart.

NIA
Shit! Let's go!

She grabs Tommy by the hand and they both flee.

INSIDE the house, Suzy turns to her Mom.

SUZY

Mommy! There's a skeleton in our yard slow dancing with a girl!

Her Mom looks out into the empty backyard. Her DAD also comes to look out.

DAD

What is she looking at?

MOM

Maybe we should make that appointment with Dr. Steiner.

Suzy looks back outside with total disbelief.

SUZY

Where'd he go?!

INT. FARRELL'S CAR- CONTINUOUS

Nia and Tommy pile into Farrell's car.

NIA

Drive! Drive!

Farrell peels away, and Tommy catches his bearings.

SKELETON TOMMY

That was close.

FARRELL

What were you guys doing back there? A little...

Farrell suggestively raises his eyebrows. Tommy points to his naked, genital-free crotch.

SKELETON TOMMY

What do you think?

FARRELL

Well you could have fingered and--

NIA

--Okay, no! Let's find something else to do.

FARRELL

Easy. Everyone's at the homecoming game, so things should be pretty empty. Maybe we can get your bony ass on the roller rink!

CHELSEA

I don't want to kill the mood, but it's dark out now. We can perform the incantation.

Farrell, Nia, and even Tommy deflate a bit.

NIA

Tommy? It's up to you.

SKELETON TOMMY

There's really not much else I can do. I guess we should probably just get it over with.

Nia looks somewhat crushed.

FARRELL

Damn... I could really use a cow fart right about now.

They pass by the Watson High Stadium, filling up with a crowd. Tommy looks at the field, and hangs his head down.

EXT. CEMETERY- CONTINUOUS

Nia, Farrell, and Chelsea follow Tommy as he guides them through a darkened row of graves.

CHELSEA

But do you think there could be an afterlife that you just haven't crossed over to yet?

SKELETON TOMMY

How should I know?! I didn't care about any of this shit when I was alive. I cared about Green Day. Being bummed out is one thing, but keep it in the real world. Don't worry about the what comes after that.

Chelsea looks a bit nonplussed by this.

CHELSEA

A bit hard to take that from a talking skeleton, but... Okay.

Nia comes to Tommy's side, reaching for his hand.

NIA
Come on, I think it's this way.

Farrell and Chelsea watch Nia and Tommy walking hand in hand.

FARRELL
For real though, do you think Nia is
going to hump a skeleton tonight?

Chelsea slugs Farrell in the arm. Down the path, Nia leans in
close to Tommy as they walk, clearly struggling with this.

NIA
I can't believe you're already
going back.

SKELETON TOMMY
Yeah... But what else can I do?

NIA
I know, but... Okay, so there's
something I didn't tell you, about
how I know so much about you.

SKELETON TOMMY
Oh no. Are you dead too?!

NIA
No! It's just... You knew someone
that I... I mean, you know my--

SKELETON TOMMY
--Oh shit!

He ducks behind a grave.

NIA
Tommy?

Tommy peeks above the grave and points with a shaky hand.

SKELETON TOMMY
Look...

Nia looks over at Tommy's dimly lit grave plot to see a group
of skeletons huddled together.

NIA
Oh my God.

Farrell and Chelsea catch up.

SKELETON TOMMY

Get down!

FARRELL

Why, are Dracula and Swamp Thing
Monster Mashing now or what?

Nia pushes him down as they all look at the skeletons.

CHELSEA

Looks like the incantation raised
more skeletons than just Tommy.

Farrell squints at the skeletons and notices their jerseys.

FARRELL

Whoa, are they wearing Watson High
jerseys?

SKELETON TOMMY

Oh my God... It's the other guys
from the car crash.

NIA

No way.

IN THE SKELETON HUDDLE, Rooney looks agitated as he crouches
down to inspect a grave.

SKELETON ROONEY

Come on! Wake up, you dildos!

SKELETON SHANE

Why do we need a whole army anyway?
Let's just go mess shit up!

SKELETON MARCUS

It's not just "messing shit up." I
want revenge on the life that was
taken from me. Have you guys
enjoyed rotting in the ground?!

SKELETON SHANE

No, not really.

SKELETON ROONEY

Yeah, it kind of sucked ass!

SKELETON MARCUS

Then the time has come for our
ultimate payback!

He raises his Keystone. Rooney and Shane cheers their beers.

SKELETON SHANE
Hell yeah!

SKELETON ROONEY
We are skeletons!

Erica shakes her head as she inspects her skeleton hands.

SKELETON ERICA
I miss my nails...

Suddenly, the ground of the cemetery begins to SHAKE. Tommy and Nia fall to the ground.

SKELETON TOMMY
What's going on?!

SKELETON MARCUS
It begins!

CLOSE on a grave as a SKELETON HEAD pops out, his hands gripping through the soil. PAN down a row of graves, each with various SKELETAL BODY PARTS pushing through the dirt.

As Chelsea watches in horror, a SKELETON HAND bursts through the dirt next to her and GRIPS HER ANKLE!

She screams and shakes it loose. CLOSE on the bugs crawling down the hand itself.

CHELSEA
Eww! Gross gross gross!

NIA
We need to get out of here!

Nia leaps to her feet and maneuvers past skeleton hands and skulls rising through the soil. Tommy helps Farrell lift Chelsea off the ground.

FARRELL
I know this is scary, but this is kind of cool too, right?

CHELSEA
Just come on!

They run past a small PET CEMETERY. Farrell's eyes widen.

FARRELL
Hey look at that rad skeleton dog!

He points to a tiny SKELETON DOG, with glistening teeth. The dog lets out a MONSTROUS BARK and CHOMPS at Farrell's leg.

FARRELL (CONT'D)
Okay, not rad! The opposite of rad!

Chelsea KICKS it away as they run off. As they reach the car, a few SKELETON ANIMALS are close behind, chasing them.

-Skeleton BIRDS soar through the air

-Skeleton CATS leap into the trees.

-Even a legion of skeleton HAMSTERS make their way out of their TINY SHOEBOX GRAVES.

CHELSEA

Are those skeleton hamsters?!

FARRELL

Maybe one of them was mine!
Asswipe, if you can hear me, I miss
you but leave us alone!

NIA

You guys! Hurry up!

Farrell unlocks the doors and they all get in. A huge skeleton DOG climbs onto the hood.

CHELSEA

Ah! Kill it!

NIA

We can't, it's already dead!

CHELSEA

Then get it off the goddamn hood!

Farrell puts the car into drive and swerves onto the street and the skeleton dog goes flying off the hood.

They sit there, all catching their breath.

FARRELL

You know at this point, I think
people are going to notice
something is going on.

They all give him a look.

EXT. CEMETERY- CONTINUOUS

Marcus walks down the rows and rows of NEWLY RISEN SKELETONS.

-ARISTOCRATIC SKELETONS in old timey fancy garb.

-A HIPPIE SKELETON in a beat-up "Have A Nice Day" t-shirt.

-MOTORCYCLE GANG SKELETONS in studded leather jackets.

-DISCO SKELETON boogeying in a leisure suit.

-A DAD SKELETON in a chef's hat and "Kiss The Cook" apron.

Marcus spots a SKELETON in COLONIAL ARMY GARB, wielding a sword.

SKELETON MARCUS

I'm going to need to borrow that.

As the new crew of skeletons stand still, murmuring, Rooney, Shane, and Erica stand off to the side, sipping Keystones.

SKELETON ROONEY

So how does being a skeleton work?

SKELETON ERICA

What do you mean?

SKELETON ROONEY

Like, if I bite somebody, do they become a skeleton too?

SKELETON ERICA

No, that's zombies. And why would you be biting people anyway?

SKELETON ROONEY

Well, don't we need brains or flesh to stay alive?

SKELETON ERICA

Rooney, do you want to eat brains right now?

Rooney thinks this over.

SKELETON ROONEY

Um... N-No?

SKELETON ERICA

Then you're not a zombie!

SKELETON ROONEY

Aw man, I wanna be a zombie.

Marcus, now wearing the Army Skeleton's hat, coat, and sword, stands atop a gravestone.

SKELETON ROONEY (CONT'D)

Aw, no fair! Marcus got a sword!

SKELETON MARCUS
 Attention, my skeleton friends...
 It is I who raised you from your
 eternal graves. And in exchange, I
 request you to do my bidding, now
 and forever!

Erica leans into Shane.

SKELETON ERICA
 A bit dramatic, don't you think?

Skeleton Marcus pulls out the page of incantations.

SKELETON MARCUS
 (Reading)
 "Ski Ba An Dri Ano... Eternus!"

LIGHTNING FLASHES.

SKELETON MARCUS (CONT'D)
 You are now under my control. And
 you will follow my every command.
 Soon, we will go to the high school
 and destroy it!

The Skeletons CHEER.

SKELETON MARCUS (CONT'D)
 But first... Keystones for everyone!

They CHEER AGAIN. As Marcus hops off the grave, he holds his sword up to the sky as they make their way towards the beer.

Marcus watches them crack open beers, a glint of evil in the blackness where his eyes should be.

INT. NIA'S BEDROOM- CONTINUOUS

As Farrell and Tommy look out the window, Nia stands over Chelsea, who is busy flipping through the incantation book.

NIA
 What does it say?

CHELSEA
 Hold on, I'm looking!

NIA
 Well hurry! They could already be
 attacking people!

FARRELL

What if we spray them with a hose
and they all rust up?!

They all look at Farrell with disdain.

FARRELL (CONT'D)

We haven't tried it, it could work!

Tommy sits down on Nia's bed, clearly stressed. Something on
Nia's desk catches his eye. He rises up and goes to the desk.

NIA

Tommy, what is it?

Tommy picks up a PHOTO of Nia as a baby, being held by her
young mother... Who we now clearly see is ALLISON.

SKELETON TOMMY

Nia, what... You...

Nia looks at the picture and gasps.

NIA

Oh! Shit! Oh no!

Tommy drops the photo on the desk, shaking.

SKELETON TOMMY

You're Allison's daughter?!

Nia, unable to muster any words, nods yes.

FARRELL

Oh wow, that explains a lot.

NIA

I'm sorry. I tried to tell you--

SKELETON TOMMY

This is... This is all too weird.

CHELSEA

Let's keep in mind we have a whole
graveyard of skeletons to deal with
right now?

SKELETON TOMMY

Just give me a second! ...She told
you about me?

NIA

Kind of...

Nia pulls out a scrap book marked "High School Memories."

NIA (CONT'D)
I found this about a year ago.
Check halfway through.

Tommy flips through pictures of Allison and her friends which turns into journal entries about Tommy, his yearbook pictures and some scribbled notes they passed back and forth.

NIA (CONT'D)
She really liked you, Tommy. I
guess the whole tragedy of it made
me kind of curious.

Tommy, still backed away from Nia, lets his guard down briefly.

SKELETON TOMMY
Nia... I... Um...

Chelsea excitedly holds the book up.

CHELSEA
Yes! A spell to quell a mass of the
undead! We got it!

FARRELL
Let's get our asses back to the
cemetery!

They run out of Nia's room and down the stairs. Tommy trails.

NIA
Tommy?!

SKELETON TOMMY
I walked her home once. I knew this
place looked familiar...

NIA
I know this is a lot to take in.
But we need to go. Now.

Tommy nods, back in fighting mode

SKELETON TOMMY
Okay. Let's do it.

EXT. CEMETERY- MINUTES LATER

Farrell's car pulls up, and Nia, Chelsea and Tommy get out to look around.

CHELSEA
Where could they be?

CLOSE on Nia, in a moment of realization.

NIA
Oh god... The homecoming game!

She gets back in the car as Farrell looks disappointed.

FARRELL
But I was going to graduate without
going to a single game.

NIA
Just drive!

They drive off down the road.

EXT. STREET- CONTINUOUS

The army of skeletons (led by Marcus) make their way down a darkened road, knocking over mailboxes, trashing yards, etc. The sidewalks are filled with hordes of SKELETON ANIMALS.

INSIDE ONE OF THE HOUSES, Suzy lies in her bed with her teddy bear. She hears noise outside, and peers out her window, seeing the street FLOODED WITH SKELETONS.

She turns to her door with a frozen look of absolute fright.

SUZY
...Mommmy?

EXT. WATSON HIGH FOOTBALL FIELD- CONTINUOUS

The Watson Bulldogs and their opponents line up for kickoff.

The stands are packed with fans. Mr. Cameron, holding a box of popcorn calms down a rowdy group of students.

MR. CAMERON
People please! Show some restraint!

As a boy in the same colored hoodie Tommy was wearing passes by, he drops his popcorn in a panic.

MR. CAMERON (CONT'D)
Good Christ! I...

He looks at the students, now staring at him.

MR. CAMERON (CONT'D)
I... Thought I saw a cicada.

He hustles back to his seat as the opposing team KICKS OFF.

CLOSE on the WATSON PLAYER, preparing to receive the ball.

PLAYER POV- Watching the ball flying through the air, Soon, ANOTHER FLYING OBJECT floats next to the ball.

ON THE SIDELINES, a COACH looks up, dumfounded.

COACH
What... In the hell... Is that?!

The receiver keeps his eyes up and reaches to catch. He makes the catch... But looks down and sees a SKELETON HEAD (Rooney)

SKELETON ROONEY
Looks like you flipped heads!

The Receiver SCREAMS and drops the ball. Soon, Shane in a REFEREE SHIRT AND HAT calls the play.

SKELETON SHANE
No good! No good!

The players scream and try to leave the field, but every exit is SWARMED with SKELETONS.

The crowd too, begins to scream and flee, but soon skeletons POP UP everywhere in the crowd. A skeleton pops through a family's TUB OF POPCORN, cackling.

Mr. Cameron, his face flushed with terror, looks around.

MR. CAMERON
Oh no... Oh no oh no oh no oh no!

He sneaks off the side of the bleachers, where Marcus waits for him, sword in hand.

SKELETON MARCUS
Leaving so soon, Mr. Cameron?!

He swings his sword towards Mr. Cameron, who jumps back into the stands.

MR. CAMERON
Haunted! Our school is haunted!

Mr. Cameron starts pushing his way through a mob of people racing towards the parking lot.

MR. CAMERON (CONT'D)
Let me through! Please!

He waddles towards the Gym, nervously unlocks the door, gets it open, and goes in, locking the door behind him.

As other people pound on the door, he catches his breath.

MR. CAMERON (CONT'D)
I'm sorry! You'll be remembered as
heroes!

He turns around and sighs. Soon, FAINT MUSIC is heard.

MR. CAMERON (CONT'D)
...Hello?

A SPOTLIGHT FLASHES on Disco Skeleton dancing to ANDY GIBB'S
"SHADOW DANCING."

MR. CAMERON (CONT'D)
Stop this at once!

The music CUTS OUT, and the spotlight moves around the room, showing grinning SKELETON FACES all over the gym.

MR. CAMERON (CONT'D)
I am a good good man! You ghouls
leave me and my school alone!

As he runs away, the skeletons LAUGH and start to follow him.

BEGIN DAMAGE SEQUENCE TO "TEENAGERS" BY MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE

-Mr. Cameron is chased down the hall by cackling skeletons.

-Skeletons take over the cafeteria, putting utensils and various ingredients in the oven. As the OVENS EXPLODE, the skeletons BUMP SKULLS, which both pop off. The skulls on the floor cackle again.

-Mr. Cameron seeks shelter in a Science Room, but soon the hanging skeleton inside comes to life and chases him out.

-Skeletons invade the Music Room, picking up guitars, and jamming along to the music. One skeleton attempts to play another like a guitar but his ribs immediately POP OUT.

-Marcus patrols the halls, sword in one hand, Keystone in the other. As he passes the Walnut Drive Five memorial, he SLASHES THROUGH IT with his sword, chopping his own Football Team Picture in half.

-Skeletons overtake the ART ROOM, squirting paint all over each other, leaving their BONES STREAKED WITH PAINT.

-Marcus swings the sword into a TROPHY CASE, breaking the glass. He reaches in and plucks out a Championship Trophy.

He pours his Keystone into it, and drinks. As the beer drips down to the floor, he SPIKES the Trophy on the ground. He sees Mr. Cameron nervously crawling into his office.

CLOSE on Marcus and the glowing evil in his dark eyeholes.

EXT. WATSON HIGH SCHOOL- CONTINUOUS

As Farrell pulls up, a stampede of people and cars are fleeing the scene. He turns to everyone in the car.

SCARED TOWNSPERSON 1
Hell on Earth! Everyone repent!

He points to a skeleton climbing a STREET LIGHT, while two other skeletons hit the light with baseball bats.

Eventually, the street light topples with the skeleton RIDING IT LIKE A BUCKING BRONCO. The light CRUSHES multiple cars with the whole mess BURSTING INTO FLAMES.

FARRELL
...I think the skeletons are here.

Nia and Tommy get out of the car and run through the crowds. Another terrified townspeople SHRIEKS in Tommy's face.

SCARED TOWNSPERSON 2
A demon! Kill it! Kill it!

As they attack Tommy, Chelsea tackles them to the ground.

CHELSEA
He's not a demon! He's our friend!

Nia looks down to Chelsea keeping the townspeople stable. Chelsea hands her the Spell book.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
Find the leader. I'll catch up!

Nia gives her a welcoming nod and she and Tommy run off.

Farrell looks back to the burning street light wreckage in the parking lot. He sees a BURNING SKELETON attempting to rise from the wreckage, but soon turns to DUST.

FARRELL
Hm. Good to know.

Nia and Tommy make it to the field, which is now empty. Tommy looks towards the school.

SKELETON TOMMY
They must be in the school now.

A skeleton POPS out of the stands and darts towards Nia. As she screams, Farrell pops up and beats it with a BAT. The skeleton collapses into a pile of bones.

FARRELL
Yes! That felt so good!

The skeleton's bones quickly RE-FORM and he rises with a laugh and runs away.

FARRELL (CONT'D)
Okay, so just to review: Fire works. Bats do not.

As Chelsea joins them on the field.

CHELSEA
They're in the main building. Come on!

As they leave, a small group of skeletons line up at the 50 yard line. The QB SKELETON calls the play.

QB SKELETON
Hut...Hut... Hike!

The two skeleton teams COLLIDE INTO EACH OTHER, all collapsing into bone piles, then quickly reform.

QB SKELETON (CONT'D)
Hut...Hut... Hike!

They collide, collapse, and reform with delighted cackles.

EXT. WATSON HIGH SCHOOL- CONTINUOUS

Tommy and Nia approach the entrance, with Farrell and Chelsea close behind.

As Nia opens the front door, a WAVE OF KEYSTONE CANS flows out. Farrell sniffs the air and grimaces.

FARRELL

Ugh, sticky beer floor. Stinks like
shit!

They look down the hall to see one skeleton pushing another
down the hall on a JANITOR CART. The cart smashes into some
lockers, and both their bones go FLYING.

SKELETON TOMMY

Come on out, Marcus!

They wander down the hall, which has been DECIMATED. Lockers
wrecked, trash everywhere.

FARRELL

You gotta admit, it must have been
pretty fun to do this.

Tommy notices the PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE door open a crack, the
lights on. He motions for Nia and Farrell to follow.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

Marcus ties Mr. Cameron to his chair at his desk as Shane,
Rooney, and Erica trash his room.

MR. CAMERON

Please let me go! I'll give you
anything! Money, jewels, women!

SKELETON SHANE

You're a high school principal. How
could you do any of that?

Mr. Cameron holds back embarrassed tears.

MR. CAMERON

Wait! If you let me live, I will
let you have...

He takes a big, sad, regretful gulp.

MR. CAMERON (CONT'D)

...My soul...

Shane, Rooney, and Erica look at each other and start
LAUGHING UPROARIOUSLY.

SKELETON ERICA

What a loser!

SKELETON MARCUS

Mr. Cameron, are you familiar with baseball?

He drags his sword down the arm of the chair, up Mr. Cameron's torso, and then up his sweaty, terrified face.

SKELETON MARCUS (CONT'D)

Of course you are. One day, long ago, you gave me three strikes. I think it's time I return the favor.

Marcus' sword NICKS Mr. Cameron's face, making a small cut.

MR. CAMERON

Ow! What are you talking about?!

SKELETON MARCUS

Kicking us out of the dance, that was strike one.

He drags the sword up to Mr. Cameron's forehead and makes another NICK.

SKELETON MARCUS (CONT'D)

Leading us to die, that was strike two.

Mr. Cameron trembles and squints as he looks up at Marcus.

MR. CAMERON

Oh my God... You're the boys who died in the crash!

SKELETON ERICA

Um, and girl! Women are never properly represented as skeletons.

SKELETON MARCUS

You've got an 0-2 count now... Well, actually, I just plain don't like you so... Strike Three!

He pulls back with the sword when--

SKELETON TOMMY (O.S.)

Marcus!

Marcus turns to find Tommy and his friends in the doorway.

SKELETON MARCUS

I don't believe it... Tommy Barron.

SKELETON ROONEY

No way! Tommy, what's up? Still wearing that fairy shirt I see!

Marcus swats Rooney's skull off his body.

SKELETON TOMMY

It's over, Marcus. We need to go back where we belong.

Marcus walks menacingly towards Tommy, wielding his sword.

SKELETON MARCUS

Tommy, did you know we've been dead longer than we were alive?

Tommy shakes his head.

SKELETON MARCUS (CONT'D)

I think we deserve the chance to make up for the time we lost.

SKELETON TOMMY

But there's nothing else we can do here. We can't grow, or evolve.

SKELETON TOMMY (CONT'D)

I know it's not fair, but we have to--

SKELETON MARCUS

--Fair?! Was rotting in the ground for two decades fair?! I was an NFL Prospect! I was going to have it all!

SKELETON SHANE

NFL?! College, maybe.

Marcus yanks Shane's arm from its socket.

SKELETON SHANE (CONT'D)

It doesn't hurt less the more you do that, asshole!

Marcus gets closer to Farrell and Nia with his sword. Tommy stands firmly between them.

SKELETON MARCUS

You know what's not fair? People that piss and moan about their terrible lives getting to live while the people that really lived life to the fullest get cut down in their prime!

(MORE)

SKELETON MARCUS (CONT'D)

We got dicked out of living our lives, Tommy! Doesn't that piss you off?!

Tommy looks around the office.

SKELETON TOMMY

Even if it does... Messing around with everyone else's existence won't make it any better.

SKELETON MARCUS

I beg to differ.

He LOPS OFF a few of Mr. Cameron's FINGERS with his sword.

MR. CAMERON

(Yelping)

OH FUUUUUUUUCK!

Marcus points his sword back at Tommy.

SKELETON MARCUS

So you can forget going back to the cemetery. We've still got some work to do. Boys?

Shane and Rooney start trashing again as Nia pulls Tommy and Farrell aside right outside the office.

SKELETON TOMMY

It's not working. He's the same stubborn drunk asshole he always was.

NIA

Come on! He's just bones! He doesn't have any power.

SKELETON TOMMY

He's got a whole army behind him!

CHELSEA

So let's take out the army then.

FARRELL

Exactly! With fire!

NIA

Farrell, we can't just light them all on fire.

FARRELL

We could if we gathered them together.

SKELETON TOMMY

Forget it. They're not going anywhere without Marcus leading the way.

NIA

Tommy's right. In order to take down an army, you have to take down the general.

Tommy does a double take.

SKELETON TOMMY

What did you say?

NIA

I said we need to take down the general?

Tommy gives Nia a quick but firm hug.

SKELETON TOMMY

That's it! Come on!

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE- MOMENTS LATER

Shane, Marcus, and Rooney continue to trash the office, Erica hobbles over to a bleeding and crying Mr. Cameron.

SKELETON ERICA

I think I dranked too many beers...

She PUKES A DISGUSTING GREEN VOMIT onto Mr. Cameron, who sits there, mouth clamped shut, frozen with shock.

SKELETON ROONEY

No way! Erica can spew?!

SKELETON SHANE

Where did that even come from?

MR. CAMERON

Okay. I'm ready to die now.

MUFFLED MUSIC is heard in the halls. The Skeletons stop in their tracks.

SKELETON SHANE

What's that?

Rooney cracks the door open and the song becomes audible...

INT. TRASHED HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS

Hordes of skeletons peek out of their respective trashed classroom, obviously intrigued by what they hear.

They begin to file into the hallway to find the music.

PAN DOWN THE HALL INTO THE...

INT. GYMNASIUM- CONTINUOUS

Tommy and Nia hold speakers that are BLASTING "**The General**" by Dispatch.

NIA

This song sucks so much.

SKELETON TOMMY

Yeah... God I hope this works...

BACK IN THE HALLWAY, Rooney, Shane, and Erica have joined the other skeletons in skull bobbing and toe tapping.

SKELETON SHANE

I haven't heard this in ages.

Shane, Rooney, and Erica are also bopping their skulls.

SKELETON ERICA

It's so good!

SKELETON ROONEY

Dispatch just gets it, man!

CLOSE ON Marcus, entering the hallway, bobbing his skull. As the music hits the pre-chorus, he drunkenly smirks.

SKELETON MARCUS

(Singing Along)

*I have seen the others and I have
discovered/that this fight is not
worth fighting.*

He flips his sword around to sing into it like a microphone as Rooney, Shane, and Erica lean into it to sing along.

ALL FOUR

(Singing Along)

*I have seen their mothers and I
will no other/to follow me where
I'm going!*

SERIES OF SHOTS of ALL THE SKELETONS singing, guzzling Keystones, and putting their arms around each other, as they make their way to the gym.

ALL SKELETONS
(Singing Along)
So take a shower, shine your shoes
you got no time to lose/you are
young men you must be living! (X2)

INSIDE THE GYM, Nia and Farrell hear them approaching.

SKELETON TOMMY
 It's working!

NIA
 Now guys!

Farrell and Chelsea begin to douse the gym in KEROSENE. Chelsea dances along to the song, to Farrell's surprise.

FARRELL
 I didn't take you for a jam band gal.

Chelsea grabs Farrell by his collar.

CHELSEA
 Call me that again and I'll claw
 your face off.

FARRELL
 Hey, this is kind of hot?

Chelsea lets go of his collar but does not disagree.

Soon the skeletons MOB the gym, surrounding Nia and Tommy, who force smiles and try to sing along.

PAN ACROSS THE GYM where ALL the skeletons start dancing and singing along to Dispatch.

-The Paint Streaked Art Room Skeletons swap heads, ala the Disney Skeleton Dance Cartoon.

-The Music Room Skeletons jam along on acoustic guitars.

-The Hippie Skeleton vibes with skeleton hand peace signs.

-The Disco Skeleton does a cool Disco Hand Wave dance.

Tommy leans into Nia.

SKELETON TOMMY
 They're hooked. Now come on!

They slowly put the speakers down and dance their way towards the exit, where Farrell and Chelsea are waiting.

The four of them exit, with Farrell LIGHTING A MATCH, and setting the floor on fire.

OUTSIDE THE GYM, Farrell peers into a window.

FARRELL

Oh, this is gonna look so cool!

CHELSEA

Get away from there, dumbass!

She grabs him as they run away to the parking lot.

INSIDE THE GYM, the Disco Skeleton stops his singing and looks around.

DISCO SKELETON

Whoa, are we on fi--

BOOM! OUTSIDE, we see the gym COMPLETELY EXPLODE.

Tommy, Nia, Farrell, and Chelsea watch from the parking lot, at a loss for words.

FARRELL

I told you fire would work!

NIA

I can't believe it.

SKELETON TOMMY

In the end, all the angriest blood
thirsty jocks want to do is chill
out with some shitty beer to some
shitty tunes.

A SWORD lops off Tommy's skull. PAN UP to Marcus.

SKELETON MARCUS

Not quite.

Farrell and Chelsea scramble to get Tommy's skull and put back on his head.

SKELETON MARCUS (CONT'D)

That was a good try, Tommy. Maybe
next time don't be so obvious.

Nia, Farrell, and Chelsea move back as Tommy stands to face Marcus.

SKELETON TOMMY

It's pointless, Marcus. You can lop off my head all you want, but I can still pull myself back together.

SKELETON MARCUS

Hmm... Looks like I should take a page from you.

He takes a match and holds it to the blade, which on closer inspection is doused in kerosene. The sword is now **BLAZING** with fire.

NIA

Shit! Tommy, run!

Tommy makes a run for it through the abandoned destroyed parking lot. Marcus follows with his **FLAMING SWORD**, laughing as he follows Tommy onto the football field.

Tommy looks back at Marcus and **TRIPS** on the fifty yard line. His leg **POPS OFF**, and he's unable to move.

Marcus slowly hovers over Tommy.

SKELETON MARCUS

What a shame. This is the only way you were able to get on the field for a homecoming game. Oh well.

As he braces the sword for impact, Tommy looks to his side at what he tripped on. The **BAT** Farrell had used earlier.

CLOSE on his determined eyes. He quickly reached for the bat and **SWINGS** for Marcus' mid-section. Marcus' body **BREAKS APART** as he collapses to the ground, his sword thrown into the air.

SKELETON MARCUS (CONT'D)

Oh shit, no!

Tommy crawls away as the sword **PIERCES** through Marcus' remnants, setting him **ABLAZE**.

Nia, Farrell, and Chelsea run onto the field and come across Marcus' bones quickly turning to ash as he **YOWLS** in pain. They look to Tommy, winded as he uses the bat to bring himself to his feet.

FARRELL

Wow... Bats do work after all.

As flames die down, they all look over the pile of ash.

SKELETON TOMMY

Are we sure he's gone for good?

Chelsea looks down at the dust pile and SQUASHES it with her shoe.

CHELSEA

There. Done.

Nia grabs Tommy's leg bone and pops it back into place.

NIA

I know you're about to die again anyway, but I'm so glad you're still here.

SKELETON TOMMY

Thanks. Me too.

FARRELL

So... Should we head back to the cemetery?

CHELSEA

I guess so.

SKELETON ROONEY (O.S.)

Can we come?

They turn around to see Rooney, Shane, and Erica.

FARRELL

Oh goddamnit!

He grabs the bat and makes his way towards the skeletons.

SKELETON ROONEY

Wait wait wait! Hear us out!

Farrell lowers the bat as the others join by his side.

NIA

How did you guys get out of the gym?

SKELETON SHANE

We snuck out with Marcus. He told us to go back to the cemetery to raise some re-enforcements but I'm just too tired for that right now.

SKELETON ERICA

Yeah, we want to go back into the ground too!

CHELSEA

You do?

SKELETON SHANE

This was fun for a bit, but none of us really wanted to go as far as Marcus. I mean, he was an asshole when he was alive, but as an evil skeleton, he was a prick!

SKELETON ERICA

Also, you can't even make out. If you can't make out, what the hell's the point of living anyway?

Farrell nods in complete agreement.

FARRELL

The girl one gets it!

NIA

Alright well, if you promise not to mess anymore things up.

SKELETON ROONEY

Nah, we're done. After all that time being dead, I am bushed.

FARRELL

Then it's settled. To the cemetery!

They look to see the school surrounded by police and fire trucks.

SKELETON TOMMY

We better take the back roads.

Tommy leads the gang off the opposite side of the field as Rooney looks back at the wreckage.

SKELETON ROONEY

You know... We messed up things pretty good, huh?

SKELETON SHANE

Give it a rest, man.

SKELETON ROONEY

I'm just saying, I'm impressed!

EXT. WATSON STREET- CONTINUOUS

The group walk down a street, with dim streetlights illuminating down on the glistening skeleton bodies.

Chelsea looks around with a chuckle and turns to Farrell.

CHELSEA

It's funny. Last night I was complaining to my friends back where I used to live about how boring it is here.

Farrell's PHONE RINGS. He sees a GINA FaceTime call.

FARRELL

Figures. I don't even get a break during a skeleton army takedown.

CHELSEA

Give me your phone, I'll fix that.

FARRELL

No wait, Chelsea, don't--

CHELSEA

--Hey, can you guys act like you're trying to kill Farrell?

SKELETON SHANE

Sure thing.

CHELSEA

Awesome. And... You're on!

Chelsea answers the call and holds it so Farrell is in frame.

FARRELL

Hi babe.

GINA

(On Video)

What the hell, babe?! You missed like six Facetime windows! Everyone on my floor says you're being very disrespectful to me!

FARRELL

I'm sorry, I've been a little busy.

Chelsea motions to the skeletons who sidle up beside Farrell.

GINA

Busy?! With what kind of "high school" nonsense could you be too busy to not FaceTime your effing girlfriend?!

Chelsea pans out to show the skeletons next to Farrell.

SKELETON SHANE
Brains... BRAIIIIINS!

SKELETON ERICA
Kill all humans!

On the phone screen, Gina scoffs, not impressed.

GINA
Ugh, I hope you didn't buy a skeleton costume too. You promised we could be Aladdin and Jasmine for Halloween!

Farrell turns to Chelsea.

FARRELL
(Whispering)
I knew she wouldn't even flinch.

CHELSEA
What about this?

Chelsea leans in close to Farrell holding the phone.

GINA
So let's talk about my day. First I went to the--

Chelsea KISSES Farrell. On the phone, Gina SCREAMS and the call DISCONNECTS.

CHELSEA
Congratulations, Farrell. We may have scared your girlfriend to death.

Farrell stands there, momentarily stunned.

FARRELL
A lot has happened that I need to process.

CHELSEA
Process it later. Let's go.

Farrell shakes it off and follows Chelsea like an eager puppy.

DOWN THE ROAD, Nia and Tommy walk past Nia's house. There is a LIGHT ON in the living room.

NIA
Looks like my Mom is home.

Tommy stops walking, frozen.

SKELETON TOMMY
She's... She's in there?

NIA
Yeah. Do you want to talk to her?

Before Tommy can answer, he sees Allison, all grown up in the window, pass by with a glass of wine. He looks down, saddened.

SKELETON TOMMY
No. I think that would be too much.
You know, because...

He points to his skeleton body.

NIA
I thought that might be a problem.

Tommy looks back into the window towards Allison.

SKELETON TOMMY
...Is she happy?

NIA
I mean, she's a sad girl like me. But
she's happy. We both are, I think.

Tommy nods, sadly. Nia can sense the gloom

SKELETON TOMMY
Good... I'm glad.

NIA
I'm sorry. I was stupid for not
telling you.

SKELETON TOMMY
No. I'm glad I didn't know, at least
right away. And I'm glad I know now.

NIA
Do you want to know what she's said
about you?

Nia holds onto Tommy from his shoulder as they walk away.

NIA (CONT'D)
She told me you were the first boy
that ever made her nervous.

FLASHBACK FOOTAGE of Tommy and Allison flirting in class,
walking in the halls together, talking at the dance.

NIA (V.O.)

She said flirting with you in class
was always her favorite part of the
day. That your goofy smile is what
she sees when she thinks about you.

Allison draws Tommy a picture of him, looking very similar to
the one Nia drew and left at his grave.

IN THE PRESENT, Tommy takes this in. Subtly, the corners of
his skull mouth slowly form a SMILE.

SKELETON TOMMY

Thanks for telling me that.

NIA

Of course. Thanks for... Coming
back to life?

Tommy laughs, and holds her closer. Behind them, Farrell's
face scrunches up with a realization.

FARRELL

Oh shit! Did we leave Principal
Cameron in the school?!

EXT. WATSON HIGH SCHOOL- CONTINUOUS

As fire trucks put out the gym fire, Mr. Cameron is wheeled
into an ambulance. He looks out at the gym wreckage from his
stretcher with sadness in his eyes.

MR. CAMERON

My gymnasium... Goodnight, sweet
girl...

He whimpers as they close the ambulance doors.

EXT. CEMETERY- CONTINUOUS

As the group arrives, the skeletons make their way to their
graves. Nia sneaks past all the Skeleton Animals, now
sleeping soundly by their graves at the Pet Cemetery.

A drunk Erica is helped over to her grave by Shane.

SKELETON ERICA

Shane, you should stay in my grave
tonight.

SKELETON SHANE
I don't know, it doesn't look like
there's a lot of room as it is.

SKELETON ERICA
(Sultry Voice)
Pllleeeeeaaaasse?

Shane looks over at his grave, shrugs his shoulders and stays put. As Chelsea and Farrell stand by, Rooney approaches them.

SKELETON ROONEY
(Sincerely)
Hey, can I ask you guys something?

CHELSEA
Sure, what is it?

SKELETON ROONEY
This has been bugging me since I
died. How did "Seinfeld" end?

Farrell and Chelsea look to each other, confused.

FARRELL
What's that?

SKELETON ROONEY
I missed the finale and never got
to see the rerun. What happened?

FARRELL
...Are you sure?

SKELETON ROONEY
Positive. It's all I want.

Farrell shrugs, and whispers it into his ear.

SKELETON ROONEY (CONT'D)
Really? That's not very satisfying.

FARRELL
Nope, not in the slightest.

SKELETON ROONEY
Wow. I'm sorry I asked.

He walks away from them, dejected as Nia approaches with the incantation book.

NIA
So... Do you want to do the honors?

She hands the book to a surprised Chelsea.

CHELSEA
Are you sure?

NIA
Yeah, somehow reversing the curse
is too depressing for me. It should
be done by the better Sad Girl.

Chelsea can't hide a huge smile.

CHELSEA
Thanks, Nia.

FARRELL
I told you you guys would be
friends! Total Nia-bait!

Nia rolls her eyes as Tommy joins them.

FARRELL (CONT'D)
Hey Tommy, this was fun! I thought
this town was a turd market, but it
can actually be pretty sweet.
You're a hell of a boneman, dude.

He holds out his hand for a fist bump.

SKELETON TOMMY
Thanks, Farrell.

They bump fists as Chelsea opens up to the incantation.

CHELSEA
Alright, I guess let's do this.

As this hits Nia, she reaches for Tommy's hand.

NIA
I'm not ready for you to go.

SKELETON TOMMY
I know. That's how it is though.

He holds her hand as Chelsea stands in front of the
skeletons, who stand by their graves.

CHELSEA
(Reading)
"Spirits, please guide these souls
back into the Earth and into the
realm of the unknown..."

She squints as she recites the incantation.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
Zwee-Do-Schu-Ba-Dantay. Zwee-Do -Shu-
Ba-Dantay. ZWEE-DO-SHU-BA-DANTAY!

The skeletons look around. Nothing has happened.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
Shit, did I screw it up?

NIA
It takes some time to work.

SKELETON ROONEY
Damn, I thought I'd be dust by now!

SKELETON SHANE
Is it because I'm not by my grave?
I can go back.

He tries to sneak back to his own grave. As Erica grips him,
his arm POPS OFF.

SKELETON SHANE (CONT'D)
Sorry, Erica. See you in the
afterlife!

He hustles over to his grave as Erica holds onto his arm,
with a glaring look.

SKELETON ERICA
Shane Tuggle, come right back now.

SKELETON SHANE
...Fine.

He shuffles over to Erica's grave, pops his arm back in, and
puts it around Erica's shoulder. A LIGHTNING BOLT strikes, and
we see Shane and Erica SLOWLY TURN TO DUST.

Rooney watches them disappear and prepares himself.

SKELETON ROONEY
Oh hell yeah! Here we go!

Nothing happens.

SKELETON ROONEY (CONT'D)
Dust me, dark spirits! Dust me!

He looks over to the Pet Cemetery to see all the Skeleton
Animals slowly turn to dust.

SKELETON ROONEY (CONT'D)
Come on, the animals get dusted and
not me?! That's bullshit!

Nia takes Tommy aside by his grave.

NIA
I don't know why I waited for now.
I have so much to say!

SKELETON TOMMY
I hate to be this guy right now, but
you're going to have to make it quick!

NIA
Saying goodbye to you is too sad,
so I won't. Just know that like my
Mom, I'll always remember you.

Tommy looks as much like he's about to cry as a skeleton can.

SKELETON TOMMY
Damn it! I was about to be dead and
fully at peace, and then you lay
that on me?! Come here.

She leans into him and they share a sweet final hug.

BACK at Rooney's grave, he waits impatiently.

SKELETON ROONEY
Any second! Would really love to be
dust right now!

Suddenly Rooney looks up, clearly feeling something.

SKELETON ROONEY (CONT'D)
Oh man, here it comes! Dust me!

A LIGHTNING BOLT HITS Rooney happily turns to dust. Tommy
looks over and holds Nia by the shoulders.

SKELETON TOMMY
You should probably step away now.

Nia nods, stepping away, tears in her eyes.

SKELETON TOMMY (CONT'D)
And remember, whatever happens to
you. This town can suck, but
sometimes, it's all you've got so
enjoy what you can. Okay?

NIA
 (Weepy)
 Okay.

Tommy takes off his Smashing Pumpkins shirt and tosses it to her.

SKELETON TOMMY
 You might want to wash that...

As Nia holds the shirt, we see the lightning above Tommy.

SKELETON TOMMY (CONT'D)
 Goodbye, Nia.

As the lightning HITS, Tommy fully dissolves to dust. Nia clutches the Smashing Pumpkins shirt to her chest, sobbing.

NIA
 Goodbye...

Farrell and Chelsea come over to the grave, flanking Nia.

CHELSEA
 I'm sorry, Nia. I'll miss him too.

FARRELL
 Hey, why didn't his shirt turn to dust?

CHELSEA
 Great, way to ruin a moment, Farrell.

FARRELL
 What? Everyone else's clothes exploded!

CHELSEA
 Could you please just let her mourn?!

Nia turns to Chelsea with a sad little laugh.

NIA
 No, let him be an idiot. I like it.

FARRELL
 I knew it! You should take her example and revel in my idiocy.

CHELSEA
 I'll give that a try sometime. We should probably get going.

As Chelsea and Farrell turn to leave, Nia stands at Tommy's grave, gives it a final nod, joins her friends.

PAN OUT to the cemetery lit by a dim dawning light as they head for the exit.

EXT. FARRELL'S CAR- NIGHT

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER

Farrell, Chelsea, and Nia get into the car, shaking their heads.

CHELSEA
Ugh, that party sucked.

FARRELL
At least we got to see Spencer Lowe
piss himself on that nice white couch!

CHELSEA
And Nia definitely made that
lacrosse dickhead look like a chump
in Flip Cup.

NIA
(Grinning)
I told him not to go where eagles
dare. He didn't listen.

CLOSE ON NIA IN THE BACKSEAT, wearing the Smashing Pumpkins t-shirt, now cut into a crop top.

As Farrell drives off, he checks his phone.

FARRELL
Aw man! Did you really post that
Story of us making out?

CHELSEA
It's funny, you sound like you're
letting out cow fart noises.

FARRELL
Because you, my lady, are an
aggressive kisser!

As they bicker, Nia stares out the window. A soft rain falls on the faintly lit Watson streets.

As they pass the cemetery, she sees a small flash of lightning. Nia smiles.

NIA
Goodnight, Tommy...

The car drives off down the road as we

FADE OUT.

POST CREDITS....

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD- NIGHT

CLOSE on the 50 Yard Line... where a SKELETON HAND emerges from the ground gripping and UNOPENED KEYSTONE LIGHT.

He pops the tab with another FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

**LIGHTNING BOLT
TO BLACK.**