

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)

Address

Phone Number

FADE IN:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

LARS BARRETT (27), well groomed, with perfect hair, fidgets, and straightens his tie. He glances down the street expectantly, then at his watch every few seconds.

Behind him is a small wood-frame house atop a well manicured lawn, and a hazy morning sun.

An economy car putts up the street. A look of relief crosses Rob's face.

The car turns into the driveway and HONKS.

Through the windshield, REUBEN NORRIS, (27), a nerdy guy with dark rimmed glasses and slicked down hair, smiles and tips his chin at Lars.

He sticks his head out of the open window.

REUBEN

Hey! You ready?

Lars nods, takes a step toward the car.

Lars' wife ERIN (25), a pretty blonde dressed in a bathrobe and slippers, rushes out of the front door.

ERIN

Lars, wait!

She slips a cell phone into his hand, then pecks him on the cheek.

Reuben waves through the windshield.

ERIN

Morning Reuben.

(to Lars)

Call me when you get a break?

LARS

Um hmm, at lunch if I can.

He shoves the phone into his pocket, sighs.

Erin isn't satisfied with his tie, so she starts straightening it.

LARS

(hushed tone)

I still can't believe I let him talk me into this.

ERIN

Oh please. You two have been joined at the hip ever since rush week.

Lars grins.

LARS

He's difficult to get rid of.

Erin cocks her head to the side, contemplating.

ERIN

I know it's not really what you had in mind, but it's full-time, the pay's good, and those student loans aren't going to wait any longer.

Lars looks disgusted.

LARS

I know. It's just....

He looks at Reuben, who throws his hands up and mouths the words 'let's go'.

LARS

Never mind. First day - I'd better go before we're late.

Lars pecks Erin on the cheek.

ERIN

I love you. Good luck.

LARS

Love you too. Thanks.

He hops in the car.

Erin waves goodbye as Reuben peels out of the driveway.

She watches after them for few seconds, then scoffs in amusement before turning for the house.

INT. LAB - COSMETICS COMPANY - DAY

White walls with stainless steel tables, beakers, Bunson burners, a couple of computers, a chart of the elements on one wall, a few stools and file cabinets.

Functional but definitely not high tech - more like a high school chemistry classroom.

The door opens for Lars and Reuben, followed by DON. WILKERSON, (50), wearing a tag on his lab coat - his name and 'Supervisor, Radiant Labs'. He's balding, with a thick moustache.

DON WILKERSON

Well, here we are.

Lars and Reuben scan the room, then shoot each other a questioning glance.

DON WILKERSON

It's not much to look at right now, but once you get started, you'll have whatever you need... supplies, test subjects.

REUBEN

Test subjects?

DON WILKERSON

Yes, up to four - well paid ones I might add, per project.

LARS

So... we have human test subjects?

Don nods.

DON WILKERSON

Oh yes. I'm sure you're aware of public opinion on that. We can't very well use helpless animals as guinea pigs. Now can we?

Lars raises an eyebrow at him.

Don steps over to a wall with a small metal door and a sign above it: 'ALL WASTE MUST BE DISPOSED OF PROMPTLY'.

DON WILKERSON

This is the waste chute. It leads directly to the incinerator.

Don looks around, contemplating.

DON WILKERSON

Questions?

LARS

So, we're working alone... just the two of us?

DON WILKERSON

For now. Unfortunately all our other chemists are tied up with higher priority projects.

REUBEN

(mumbles)

Great.

DON WILKERSON

What was that?

REUBEN

Great... great lab.

LARS

And what would that be... your high priority projects?

Don Wilkerson gets a sudden look of pride and accomplishment on his face.

DON WILKERSON

Well, for example, one of our teams
is working on a foundation that
lasts for a full twenty four hours.

Lars tries to look enthusiastic and amazed.

LARS

Wow. That really is something.

DON WILKERSON

And yet another team is on the
verge of perfecting a henna
lipstick...

Lars and Reuben look at him like deer caught in the
headlights.

DON WILKERSON

As in Henna Tatoos.

REUBEN

Right... I see. So
It would last for...

DON WILKERSON

Exactly. The consumer wouldn't have
to reapply it for days at a time.

Lars sighs, turns his back and pretends to be interested in
the computers, so that Wilkerson can't see the disgusted look
on his face.

Don clamps his hands together.

DON WILKERSON

All right, if there's nothing else,
I'm going to let you two get to
work.

REUBEN

Absolutely. We're ready to jump
right in.

Lars rolls his eyes at Reuben.

Don Wilkerson reaches for the door knob, turns back to face Lars and Reuben.

DON WILKERSON

This is a very competitive industry, but remember this; safety of our consumers comes first. The last thing we want to do is rush through anything.

Don eyeballs both of them and they nod.

MONTAGE

In the Lab -

Lars and Reuben discuss (MOS) ideas over lunch, pen in one hand and burger in the other.

Lars rips a piece of paper from his notebook, crumbles it in anger and throws it at the trash can. Only a few pieces sit in the bottom.

Sun shines through the windows of the lab.

Reuben writes in his notebook. Slams the pen down several times when it runs out.

He runs his hand through his hair, frustrated.

Paper builds up higher in the can and then flows over onto the floor in a huge pile.

A calender on the computer table flips from one day to the next... and the next.

The sun is gone, replaced by a darkened, night sky outside the window.

Both of them yell, faces red, pacing the floor. Frustration mounts.

Reuben keeps at it, scribbles notes and punches keys on the computer.

Lars sits on a stool, his back supported against a wall, tossing wadded paper into the trash can.

END MONTAGE

INT. LAB - COSMETICS COMPANY - NIGHT

Now Lars and Reuben both sit against the wall, playing trash can basketball.

They look disgusted, tired and overwhelmed.

LARS

That's it. I give up.

Reuben sighs, makes another toss and misses.

REUBEN

We have to think of something that hasn't already been done... a dozen times.

LARS

I'm spending so much time here
Erin's going to divorce me...

REUBEN

No she won't.

Lars shoots him a dead serious look.

REUBEN

Who woulda thought? I mean .. it's
just make-up, right?

Lars shrugs.

LARS

Well, all I know is if we don't
come up with something soon... I'm
going to be wifeless and we're both
going to be jobless.

FOOTSTEPS and metal RATTLING from down the hallway.

Lars drags himself up from the floor, opens the door.

INT. COSMETICS COMPANY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

More white walls, a few heavy doors with numbers or signs on them.

An over weight CLEANING LADY, (45), pushes a rolling mop bucket around, its metal wheels creaking as she goes.

She looks up briefly at Lars and her moustache is almost as thick as any man's, with the start of a pretty good beard too.

Horrified, Lars quickly closes the door.

INT. LAB - COSMETICS COMPANY - NIGHT

LARS

Ughhh... man.

REUBEN

What is it?

LARS

The bearded lady.

REUBEN

The what?

A sudden look of joyous revelation covers his face.

REUBEN

What? I know that look. What is it?

LARS

An idea... can't believe I haven't thought of it.

He goes to the desk, rips off a piece of paper already written on, and starts scribbling.

REUBEN

Well? Come on. What's this brilliant idea?

LARS

Hair... everybody has it...

Reuben looks at him like he's nuts.

REUBEN

Yeah so? I'm not following.

Lars pauses his scribbling.

LARS

Here's what I'm thinking; women are always trying to get rid of facial hair, right?

REUBEN

Oh... Nasty, but sure, okay.

LARS

So what do they do? They wax.

REUBEN

Right, but that's painful.

LARS

So they use a hair removal cream, and that only lasts for a few days, then the hair comes right back.

REUBEN

Unless they resort to something like electrolysis.

LARS

And that's expensive.

Reuben's brow furrows, then he suddenly seems to get it. He nods slowly and grins.

He pulls up a stool next to Lars and they hover over the table.

MONTAGE

They smile, scribble notes, pull up pages for research on the web.

The sun rises outside.

Reuben enters the lab with arms full of chemicals, test tubes, etc.

They mix the chemicals several times. Reuben covers a large area, while Lars only tests on a small patch.

For the first few times, the cream is wiped off but the hair is still there.

Back to the drawing board. More scribbling - things like 'Follicle retardant, Keratin Diffusion, Pantothenic Acid Blockers'.

Reuben shakes his pen at Lars, a look of revelation on his face. Lars grins, smacks himself in the forehead like 'I shoulda thought of that'.

Finally, chemicals are mixed just right. Lars wipes off a small spot and it's smooth as a baby's skin.

They look at each other, smile.

Later... Both of them sleep on the stools, hunched over on folded arms, hair a mess and massive five o'clock shadow.

Reuben wakes first. When he sits up, there's several sheets of paper under his arms. The first sheet on the pile is a 'REQUEST FOR TEST SUBJECTS'.

END MONTAGE

INT. LAB - COSMETICS COMPANY - DAY

Reuben shuffles file folders around while Lars clears the tables.

He picks up a soiled cloth, but underneath is a scalpel. He cuts his hand and blood runs down his forearm, onto the floor.

LARS

Damn!

REUBEN

What's wrong?

LARS

I'm stupid. Cut my hand.

REUBEN

You all right?

Reuben looks around, spots a box of Kleenex and grabs a couple.

REUBEN

(hands them to Lars)

Here.

LARS

Thanks. Shit... stupid.

The bleeding doesn't slow though, so he opens drawers, searching for bandages.

REUBEN

I'm going to see if I can find a first aid kit.

LARS

(aggravated)

No. The test subjects will be here any second. Just have them sign the forms. I'll be back.

REUBEN

Okey dokey.

Lars Exits.

After a bit more organizing the lab, Reuben plops down on a stool, stares at the clock. Bored, he taps his pen on the desk.

The doorknob turns. Reuben stands ready, expecting the test subjects to arrive.

Instead it's Erin, with make-up and impeccable hair.

REUBEN

Erin... what are you doing here?

She fakes a wounded look.

ERIN

Well, hello to you too.

REUBEN

No, I just meant.. well, we're kind of in the middle of something.

Erin seems to ignore him, taking in the full scope of the lab.

ERIN

So, this is it, huh? The reason my husband's never home anymore. Where is he anyway?

A 'hiding something' look comes across Reuben's face (as in - who wants to tell the wife he gashed his hand)

REUBEN

He uhh... had to step out for few minutes.

ERIN

Oh. Well, I'll just wait then.

She notices a large container, all by itself on the long steel table. She reaches for it, opens it.

ERIN

Is this it?

REUBEN

What?

Erin sniffs it, sticks her finger in the container.

REUBEN

No you don't want to...

ERIN

Relax. He told me about it.

REUBEN

But it hasn't been tested and...

ERIN

You know it's been almost two weeks
and that patch of hair on his arm
hasn't grown back

Erin lifts her skirt to reveal her shin, slathers a bunch of
the cream on.

Reuben just sighs, scratches his head in defeat.

She sets her purse on the table, takes a stool a few feet
down from Reuben. Then she notices the troubled expression on
his face.

She crosses her arms over her chest, furrows her brows at
Reuben.

ERIN

He forgot didn't he?

REUBEN

Forgot?

Erin looks disgusted, a little angry.

ERIN

We were supposed to have lunch
together today.

Reuben makes an uh-oh face.

REUBEN

Oops. Well... actually we've got
test subjects coming in and...

Erin sighs, flounces up from the stool and practically stomps
to the door.

ERIN

Give him a message for me would
you? Tell him to try and remember
to come home tonight.

The door closes hard behind her.

Reuben puffs up his cheeks, lets out a ragged breath.

Just then, WAYNE, (42), a large man in a flannel shirt, construction worker type, enters.

Reuben promptly stands, grabs a nearby file folder and opens it.

REUBEN

Hi... you must be
 (flips the folder pages)
 Wayne. Welcome - I'm Dr. Norris,
 but you can call me Reuben.

Wayne nods, sticks out his hand and shakes Reuben's.

WAYNE

(deep, strong voice)
 Look, Reuben, just so you know, I
 ain't wearing no make-up...
 lipstick or none of that.

Reuben grins, ushers Wayne to a nearby grouping of four chairs.

REUBEN

No problem.

The door opens and Lars steps in, followed by a voluptuous BLONDE WOMAN (25), a dark skinned, frumpy LATINO WOMAN (45), and a PLAIN JANE, housewife type, (35).

Reuben's eyes immediately settle on Lars' injured hand - heavily bandaged

LARS

(gestures to chairs)
 Ladies, if you'll just take a seat
 over there, we can get started.

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - SAME

Floral towels hung over shiny chrome towel bars. Very clean and tidy.

Erin sits on the edge of the tub, a wet wash cloth in hand.

She wipes the cream off, feels the smoothness of her leg and compares it to the other leg. Eyebrows raise in astonishment of how smooth it is.

INT. LAB - COSMETICS COMPANY - DAY

The ladies raise their skirts just enough to expose their shins, except for the blonde bombshell.

Reuben kneels in front of her with a jar of cream.

She winks, hikes her skirt up, nearly to her crotch.

Reuben swallows hard, gingerly applies the cream with a tongue depressor.

When Wayne removes his shirt, Lars is grossed out. Hair covers Wayne's back like a thick rug.

Lars considers the small glob of cream on his tongue depressor, reconsiders and loads it up with as much as possible.

They finish applying it to the other two ladies, close the jars.

LARS

Okay. So, we already know the cream works.

(looks at the clock)

In about twelve minutes, the areas we've covered should be completely hair free.

REUBEN

And so far we know it lasts for several days. That's where you come in.

LARS

It's very important that you let us know about any... any adverse reactions, such as allergies or rashes, immediately.

REUBEN

Other than that, you'll need to call in on a weekly basis, to let us know if there's any new growth.

The subjects listen intently. The blonde bombshell winks at Reuben again. He looks away, loosens his tie.

Lars steps to one of the steel tables, grabs a small stack of magazines.

LARS

So, just sit back and relax for a few minutes.

(hands out magazines)

Have something to read if you like.

Lars and Reuben step away, talk between themselves.

REUBEN

Did you forget something today?

Lars looks at him like he has no clue.

LARS

Like what?

REUBEN

Oh... something about five foot seven, with a really bad temper.

Lars suddenly looks mortified.

LARS

Oh no... Erin. She called?

REUBEN

No. She came by.

Lars sighs heavily, runs a hand through his hair.

The clock ticks away the next ten minutes. The test subjects flip through the magazines, glance at the clock.

When time is up, Lars goes to work on Wayne first, wet cloth in hand.

The hair comes off like magic. Wayne runs a hand over the top of his back, behind the shoulder.

WAYNE

Whoa...When can I buy some of this stuff?

The ladies caress their legs, seeming equally impressed with the smoothness.

LATINO WOMAN

And it doesn't itch and burn like the one I use.

She reaches over, feels the plain Jane housewife's leg. The woman just looks at her like she's nuts, moves her leg away.

Lars and Reuben step back, smiling, proud of their product.

LARS

If all goes well, you won't have to buy it.

The test subjects shoot them a confused look.

REUBEN

You see, that's the purpose of this product - the hair never grows back.

PLAIN JANE

Never? That's impossible.

LARS

Well, or at least not for a very long time.

EXT. PARKING LOT - COSMETICS COMPANY - NIGHT

In the background, a large building, several stories and very modern. The lot is virtually empty.

Lars and Reuben make their way to Reuben's car.

LARS

Did you see that poor guy's back?
If nothing else I hope it lasts for
his sake.

Reuben shivers with disgust.

REUBEN

And everyone else like him.

They reach the car. Lars opens the door, sighs deeply.

LARS

All we can do now is wait.

SUPER: SIX WEEKS LATER

INT. LAB - COSMETICS COMPANY - DAY

Lars enters with bags and two drinks from a fast food joint.

Reuben is on the phone.

REUBEN (ON PHONE)

(a very serious tone)

And when did this start?

(a pause)

Uh huh. It's probably nothing, but
why don't you come by later this
afternoon.

(a pause)

Right. Just want to be on the safe
side.

(a pause)

Okay. See you then.

He hangs up, sighs deeply and rubs his eyes hard.

Lars sets the lunch down slowly, a look of concern on his
face.

LARS

Who was that?

REUBEN

That was our friend Wayne. You know, hairy back Wayne.

LARS

Yeah?

REUBEN

It seems there's a problem - intense itching, swelling.

He slams his hand down hard on the desk, starts to pace.

REUBEN

Shit! Damn!

Reuben starts to scratch his forearm,

LARS

Too good to be true...

Lars plops down on a stool, disgusted.

LARS

So we'll bring them all back in - try to figure out what's going on.

REUBEN

I just don't understand it. It was all going so well.

Reuben scratches his arm even more ferociously.

LARS

What's wrong with your arm?

REUBEN

What?

LARS

(points)

Your arm.

Reuben glances down at his coat. Tiny speckles of blood seep through the white material. He immediately stops scratching,

REUBEN

Nothing. It's fine.

Lars approaches him, a stern look on his face, and pushes up his lab coat. He shoves his own forearm nearly under Reuben's nose.

A small patch, precisely where he'd applied the cream is red, puffy and raw.

LARS

Fine? I don't think so.

Reuben sighs, looks away for a second, but with Lars right in his face and very persistent, he slowly pushes up the sleeve of his lab coat.

It's much worse than Lars' - blisters, blood droplets, purple fingernail marks from excessive clawing.

LARS

We don't want to start a panic.
We'll have them come in one at a
time.

Somber, crushed, Reuben nods.

CUT TO:

INT. LAB - COSMETICS COMPANY - DAY

-A FEW HOURS LATER-

A half eaten burger sits on a table alongside a half empty paper drink cup, with an evaporation ring at the base.

Wayne sits on a stool. Lars and Reuben hover t his back. Shock and horror covers their faces.

There are blisters, welts. It's terribly swollen and infected. Wayne is covered in sweat, laboring to breathe.

WAYNE

I think there's somethin' wrong.
Maybe I need to see a doctor.

REUBEN

And you say it just started this morning? Out of the blue?

WAYNE

Yeah. First thing when I woke up. Itchin' like nothin' I ever had before.

Lars glances at Reuben, tilts his head to the side.

They move out of Wayne's earshot. He reaches around his back as far as he can, clawing, scratching, wincing in pain.

They speak in whispers, inaudible to Wayne.

Seconds later he coughs, wet and gurgling. He flops over, out of the chair, falls to the floor with a THUD.

Lars and Reuben rush to his side. They roll him over and now the skin on his back has cracked open.

A mixture of blood and hair, strangely growing in, instead of out.

REUBEN

Wayne! Wayne!

Wayne chokes, grabs at his throat. He coughs one last time and hacks up a ball of hair and blood. Then he's motionless, dead, his blood seeping onto the floor.

LARS

Jesus...

Lars puts his fingers to the side of Wayne's neck. A look of fear covers his face.

LARS

It never stopped growing... we just closed the follicle - forced it to grow inside.

REUBEN

Oh God... is he dead?

Lars closes his eyes, slowly nods.

Reuben runs to the phone, starts dialing, but Lars yanks the phone from his hand.

LARS

What are you doing?

REUBEN

What do you think? I'm calling Wilkerson.

Lars slams the phone down, takes Reuben by the shoulders.

LARS

Wait. Let's just slow down - think.
Take a deep breath.

Reuben stares into Lars' eyes for a moment, then takes a long breath.

LARS

Good. Okay... now, he and all the others signed confidentiality agreements.

Reuben looks at him like he's totally lost it.

REUBEN

What are you saying?

LARS

I'm saying, no one knows about this. No one will ever know he was here.

REUBEN

But Lars, a man is dead. We have to...

LARS

Yes, he's dead. There's nothing we can do for him now. But if you pick up that phone... you kill both our careers too, and the company has a huge lawsuit against them.

REUBEN

Okay! Okay! So... What then? You're
Saying we do nothing? Lars, there
is a dead body on the floor!

Lars glances at Wayne's body, then takes a good long look at the Incinerator chute.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Lars and Reuben struggle with Wayne's large body. They finally get it over to the chute, and then struggle some more to shove it in the small opening.

Enter the plain Jane housewife - Much the same scenario as Wayne; coughing, skin splitting, an eyeball pops out, the back side of it covered with hair. Her body goes to the chute too.

Reuben's arm bleeds through the sleeve of his lab coat, drips a trail along the floor.

Enter the blonde bombshell. Wobbling, her legs are swollen five times their usual size. She sweats, coughs up blood and hair into her hand. She screams in agony at the sight of it.

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - SAME

Erin stares in the mirror. Her eyes are bloodshot, dark circles underneath. Sweat beads along her forehead and nose.

She looks down at her legs, swollen, red and disfigured.

She wobbles to the door, then to the --

KITCHEN

Dark cabinets, a small table with a fruit bowl in the center.

At a wall mounted phone, she pauses, nearly faints. Her vision blurs. She struggles to push the right numbers.

INT. LAB - COSMETICS COMPANY - DAY

The last body is in the chute - the Latino woman.

She slides down, feet first so that we can see her face, mouth agape and dead eyes staring straight ahead.

By this time, Reuben isn't looking so hot either. He slams the chute door, stumbles back and collapses to the floor.

Lars comes to his side, kneels down beside him and helps him sit up against a wall.

REUBEN

Oh God... what have we done?!

LARS

Only what we had to. This wasn't our fault. There's no way we could have known.

REUBEN

Not our fault?

Reuben lays his head back against the wall, lets out a sarcastic laugh through his tears.

REUBEN

Not our fault? Then who, Lars? You tell me who.

Lars wraps one of Reuben's arms around his shoulder to lift him.

LARS

We have to get you to a hospital.

But Reuben is dead weight and Lars can't lift him.

LARS

Come on, Reuben. You're going to have to help me.

Reuben's eyes roll back in his head. His arm slips out of the lab coat sleeve - split open, just like the test subjects.

He hacks, spasms, convulses. He takes a deep gurgling breath and his eyes spring open - nothing but fear inside him.

He grabs Lars by the coat, pulls him close to his face.

REUBEN

Erin...

Lars looks confused, frantic.

LARS

Erin? Reuben...

Reuben gags and chokes, His head droops down.

Lars takes him by the chin, forces him to look up.

LARS

Talk to me! What? What about Erin?!

REUBEN

I tried to tell her... it wasn't tested. She wouldn't listen.

Fear covers Lars' face like a mask.

The phone RINGS.

LARS

(frantic, shallow breaths)

Lab.

ERIN (ON PHONE)

(weak, barely audible)

Lars... help me.

More coughing and groaning.

ERIN

I called...

LARS

Erin!

O.S. The sound of SIRENS on Erin's end of the phone. Then her phone falls, bangs against the floor.

Lars presses the button several times.

LARS

No! Erin! Hello! Erin!

He drops the phone, starts to cry and pace, runs his hands through his hair. He moves back over to Reuben to check on him, but he's already dead.

Lars gasps, pushes up the sleeve of his lab coat and the small spot on his arm has spread much larger now.

Tears stream down his face. He grabs one bottle of chemicals after another, smashes them to the floor. He rakes piles of papers and folders off the tables in a fit of rage.

The scar on his hand catches his eyes. He pauses. His breathing levels out a sense of calm overtakes him.

He rifles through drawers, finally finds the scalpel that cut his hand. He stares at it for several seconds.

With a stern expression - determination, he goes over to Reuben, slides down the wall to sit next to him.

Scalpel firmly in his grip, he hesitates, sobs some more, then makes a quick gash down the length of his wrist. The wound opens, but with very little blood.

He picks at the skin, opening farther and farther - a mass of hair inside his flesh.

He slices the other wrist, then drops the scalpel. He leans his head back against the wall, tears rolling down his cheeks, and stares somberly straight ahead.

FADE OUT