

THE SARAH SILVERMAN PROGRAMME

"Humanitarian of the Year"

Written by

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ACT I

OVER BLACK

SARAH (V.O.)

The "Sarah Silverman Program" contains material which may not be suitable for sensitive viewers. If you are such a viewer, now might be the time to go make yourself a nice B.M.

EXT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Establishing shot. SFX: a ROOSTER CROWS.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

The alarm clock BUZZES. Sarah cheerfully pops up.

SARAH

(to the dog)

It's morning time, Doug!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Sarah ambles down the street. She passes right by a HOMELESS MAN, mid 30's, lying down in a cardboard box. He's filthy with a long, scraggly beard.

HOMELESS MAN

Sarah Silverman?

Sarah stops and turns around.

SARAH

(trying)

... Gross homeless guy?

The Homeless Guy gets up out his box.

HOMELESS MAN

Fred Blorth. From Valley Village High.

SARAH

Ohhhh, Fred Blorth! I remember you!

(then)

So how's everything going?

FRED

Well... I'm homeless.

SARAH
(sincere)
Oh, congratulations!

FRED
Actually, it's pretty awful.

SARAH
Ooohhh, of course.
(sympathetic)
Yuck.
(then, noticing in his box)
Hey, your pillow kinda looks like a bunch
of my old dish towels.

FRED
Probably is. I collect from the garbage
cans in the neighborhood. Hope you don't
mind.

SARAH
Oh my god, not at all. It's just funny,
I mean, we meet in high school, and now
you sleep on my garbage in a cardboard
box. It's like "The Gift of the Magi" or
something.
(then)
Well, I've gotta get to brunch.
(patting her stomach)
There's a stack of pancakes looking for a
home, too.

Sarah trots off.

INT. ROMANSKI'S - DAY

The gang is gathered (minus Sarah). Steve has a BLACK EYE,
and is in the midst of explaining its provenance.

STEVE
... Then one of the punks just socks me
in the face and takes off.
(bitter)
You'd think with all the money we're
paying for Brian's karate lessons, he
wouldn't have just stood by and watched
it happen.

BRIAN
(defensive)
I haven't finished my training yet.

STEVE

Your graduation ceremony is in an hour.

Sarah enters.

SARAH

Hi guys.

(noticing)

Steve, it looks like somebody puked on your eye.

(thinks)

No, it looks like somebody puked your eye. Like puked it up.

The others - even Steve, begrudgingly - CHUCKLE at this.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(hamming it up, to Brian)

Let me guess: Steve burned the pot roast and you lost your cool.

(imitating an abusive Brian ala Ike Turner)

Baby I'm sorry, please baby, I just get crazy sometimes, I'll never do it again, I swear...

The others CRACK UP. Sarah basks in the glory, but Laura abruptly STOPS THE LAUGHTER when she breaks in:

LAURA

Guys, we have exciting news: Jay is receiving the Humanitarian of the Year Award for his work with blind kids.

The others - except Sarah - AD LIB ENTHUSIASTIC CONGRATULATIONS to Jay. Sarah looks like a child who's had a toy ripped from her clutches.

JAY

Hey, if you can make a difference in one blind kid's life...

A beat.

SARAH

Yes?

JAY

(caught off guard)

It's... it's good.

BRIAN

That's awesome, man.

STEVE

Yeah, nice work, dude.

SARAH

(to everyone)

Well, just like the blind kids, I don't see what the big deal is. Jay's not the only one who makes a difference in people's lives.

BRIAN

And I suppose you do?

SARAH

(duh)

All the time.

BRIAN

Name one.

SARAH

I totally saved you in high school.

FLASHBACK:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Brian puts a trapper keeper in his locker and closes it. A CHEERLEADER closes the locker next to him.

CHEERLEADER

See you in gym class, Spooky.

Sarah enters frame at Brian's side. She's outraged.

SARAH

Oh, real nice. Clever. What, you call him Spooky because he scares you? Because he looks like a big monster? "Oh, look at me, I'm a cute popular cheerleader that picks on the giant chicken face." So what if he smells like a thousand beefs in a jar? Your soul is like a hundred beefs in a jar.

A crowd of high SCHOOL STUDENTS starts to gather to watch Sarah's tirade.

SARAH (CONT'D)

All you'll ever be is a mean little person who thrives on other people's weaknesses.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

But if Brian makes like a billion dollars, he'll be able to have any woman he wants who loves money! So who's the real winner here? I say it's Chicken Face!

NERDS

(applauding, chanting)
Chicken face! Chicken face!

As the chanting continues, we PUSH IN on Brian's confused expression.

END FLASHBACK.

RESUME BRUNCH.

BRIAN

They called me "spooky" because my last name is Spukowski.

SARAH

(proud)
And they never did it again, did they?

BRIAN

(to himself, bummed)
No, they mostly just called me "chicken face" after that.

SARAH

(to the table)
And I helped Steve.

FLASHBACK #2:

INT. MYRON FAMILY DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Steve and Sarah dine with STEVE'S PARENTS, a moneyed, prudish couple. Sarah is acting as Steve's beard.

STEVE

... Yep, Sarah's a great girlfriend.

SARAH

(to his parents, laughing)
Please, Steve's gay.

Steve's jaw drops in horror. Sarah continues on, oblivious.

SARAH (CONT'D)

But he's baaarely gay. It's not like he's witty or urbane, or has a healthy body, or makes money or has a passion for culture, or knows how to take care of himself. I mean, he still has a dead-end job and plays video games. He just has sex with men.

A beat.

ANGLE ON STEVE'S PARENTS. They're in complete shock. A TEAR trickles out of Mr. Myron's eye.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(points to Mr. Myron's eye)
You've got a little something there.

END FLASHBACK.

RESUME BRUNCH.

STEVE

My parents disowned me after that.

SARAH

Hey, with parents like that, who needs enemies, right?

LAURA

Sarah, sweetie, it's okay. You're a wonderful person. You don't have to be a humanitarian. That's Jay's special quality.

CLOSE ON SARAH: at this, her face turns to stone.

JAY

Yeah, Sarah. Giving is just my thing.

SARAH

(snapping)
Hey, if anyone deserves an award, it's me!

JAY

For what?

Sarah scrambles for an answer, then:

SARAH

I took in a homeless guy.

BRIAN

What? What homeless guy?

SARAH

Fred Blorth.

LAURA

Wait, wasn't he that kid everyone made fun of in high school?

BRIAN

Oh yeah, his mother was the lunch lady, and she queefed all the time.

The other AD-LIB disgusted reactions. Steve GAGS.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

The kids teased him so mercilessly, he went crazy. He was in an institution.

SARAH

(preening)

Well he's out now, and I've taken him under my wing. I'm changing him from a homeless person into a real person.

(stands up to leave)

But don't give me an award for it.

(then to Jay, pointed)

Cause that would cheapen it.

(to everyone)

Now if you'll excuse me, the homeless don't crap themselves.

BRIAN

Yeah they do.

SARAH

Exactly.

Sarah strides off. The others are impressed. Jay steams.

EXT. STREET - LATER

CLOSE ON SARAH as she marches up the street with a head full of steam, ADDRESSING CAMERA.

SARAH

(mocking)

"Jay is so perfect. Giving is his special quality." Please, I've given more with my left boob. I've gotta find Fred.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

(then, quizzical)

I remember that about his mom. She like queefed with every step. How do you even do that? I did it once. I had this big sneeze and it just happened.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Sarah has been walking alongside a enormously tall, skinny BLACK MAN who looks like Manute Bol. He's completely bewildered.

Sarah picks up speed and pulls ahead of the Man.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah knocks Fred's cardboard box as if there were a door.

SARAH

Hello? Fred? Are you home? It's Sarah Silverman.

Fred emerges from the box.

FRED

Hey, Sarah. Nice to see you again.

SARAH

Well what'd you think? I was gonna leave you out in the streets, with no one to talk to but the worms that live in your beard?

Fred shrugs.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Please. I just wanted some brunch. But I'm full now. And I'm taking you home with me.

FRED

Really?

(confused)

Why?

SARAH

Why?

(deep)

I'm not a religious person, Fred, but... God.

FRED

I don't know what to say.

SARAH

(sweetly)

Don't say a word. Just pack your...

(re: his belongings)

... rotten banana peel, and your... jar
of some weird liquid... and come with me.

Fred happily gathers a few items, and takes off with Sarah.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

INT. SARAH'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

She enters the kitchen to bid Fred good-night. She's in her bed-time clothes.

SARAH
(affectionate, sing-songy)
Sooo, who's ready for his first night of
not getting stabbed by drunken teenagers?

FRED
Me.

SARAH
I thought so.

FRED
This is great. I can't thank you enough.

SARAH
I know. Don't even try.

FRED
Hey, I hate to bother you but... can I
have some food?

SARAH
(disappointed)
Okay, I thought this would happen. Fred,
if I feed you, you'll learn that food is
this free thing that you don't have to
earn, and in a way, that'll make you even
homeless.

FRED
(sighs)
Okay. How about just a blanket then?

SARAH
Ooohh. I only have five, and I kinda
like to sleep with all of them. I love
blasting the AC and then stacking them
all on top of me and just bundling.
(shivers)
Mmm - I can feel it kicking in now. I'm
gonna hop into bed.

Sarah exits. A beat later she jumps back in:

SARAH (CONT'D)

(playful)

Ahhh, I got you!

(then)

Of course I've got blankets.

(holding them up)

And they're your favorite kind: dish towels. I hope you don't mind - they're clean.

FRED

That'd be great.

SARAH

(grandly)

From this day forward, I hereby proclaim these dish towels forthwith henceforth and hereafter to be know as... "Fred Towels"!

FRED

Thanks.

As Sarah drapes Fred in little dish towels, she sings:

SARAH

*Nobody believed that I could be so kind
Took in a homeless man and eased his
mind.*

FRED

(singing)

I'm in debt to you--

SARAH

Shhh, this isn't a duet sweetie.

(singing)

*He once had a jar where he kept his pee
He lived his life on the streets
But now he lives with me
Now he's covered in dish towels instead
of fleas
I'm the greatest mothertrucker alive.*

As Sarah wanders out of the room, the music continues to play.

ANGLE ON THE WINDOW: Two little PIGEONS who have perched on the sill, WHISTLE THE MELODY of the song.

INT. SARAH'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sarah continues her song.

SARAH

I gave him rebirth, through cesarian.

I did it cuz I'm a humanitarian

*(looking at herself in the
mirror)*

You did good kid.

Sarah opens the cabinet to get her toothpaste. When she closes the cabinet, her mirror REFLECTION IS REPLACED by the image of a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN GHOST with a look of horror on her face. The image then DISSOLVES and is replaced with Sarah's reflection once again.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(gasping)

Oh my god...

*(catches her breath,
relieved)*

... I'm still pretty.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Steve and Brian are walking. A TOUGH GUY appears and blocks their path, menacingly.

TOUGH GUY #1

Gimme your money, Mythbuster.

BRIAN

I'm warning you: I know karate.

TOUGH GUY

(re: Steve)

Does he know karate?

BRIAN

Uh... no.

The Tough Guy punches Steve in the face and takes off. Brian's paralyzed.

EXT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Establishing shot. SFX: a ROOSTER CROWS.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN - LATER

Establishing shot. A crappy-looking marquee reads "Valley Village Police Department Humanitarian Awards."

INT. HOLIDAY INN BANQUET ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The ceremony is underway. There are maybe a DOZEN PEOPLE sparsely filling the chairs. Among them are Laura, Brian and Steve. Steve now has TWO BLACK EYES.

Jay has just been given his award. He stands at the podium, and delivers his speech.

JAY

When I first met the blind kids, I went blind - blind from rage at life's unfairness. I thought, "Damn it, I really wish these kids were not blind..."

(takes a breath)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to use language like that, it's just, this world sometimes... I don't know...

Jay is interrupted by a small COMMOTION in the audience.

ANGLE ON THE SEATS: Sarah and Fred noisily make their way down the row where Laura, Steve and Brian sit. Other people are distracted by the spectacle - and by Fred's grizzly appearance.

SARAH

(not at all quietly)

Hey you guys: this is my homeless person, Fred.

Brian, Steve, Laura and Fred exchange pleasant AD-LIBBED GREETINGS. Laura leans in to Sarah:

(NOTE: Throughout this scene Sarah speaks in a regular voice while Laura and the others are respectful of the speech in progress, and keep hushed tones.)

LAURA

Sarah, oh my god. I thought you were joking. You really did take Fred in. That's amazing.

SARAH

(cocky)

I know.

BRIAN

Yeah, I have to admit, it's probably the most generous thing I've ever seen.

JAY

(to Sarah and friends)

Uh, hey, excuse me?

SARAH

Oh, sorry Jay. Please continue. I didn't mean to interrupt your story about how you spent an hour reading nursery rhymes, with my story about how I gave a man a home and changed his life forever.

The few PEOPLE in the audience give IMPRESSED MURMURS.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(to audience)

Oh my God, thank you, thank you so much. You are so sweet. But this is for Jay!

The audience settles. Jay starts back into his SPEECH.

JAY

... If blindness was a thing I could talk to, I'd say, "Listen, pal, I don't particularly like what you're doing here..."

BACK TO LAURA AND SARAH.

LAURA

I'm proud of you, Sarah. I think what you're doing is really important.

SARAH

(elated)

Really?

(off Laura's affirming smile)

Well I'm about to do something else important.

LAURA

What?

SARAH

I'll give you two hints: it's yellow, and it's pee-pee.

Laura rolls her eyes and smiles as she moves for Sarah to get up.

INT. WOMEN'S REST ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah is on the toilet. Suddenly, the Middle-Aged Ghost reappears. She speaks with a spooky whisper.

GHOST

Sarah...

SARAH

Ew, it's that ghost again.

GHOST

Sarah, there's something you must know...

SARAH

(exasperated)

I'm in the bathroom!

INT. HOLIDAY INN BANQUET ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jay continues to DRONE ON at the mic.

JAY

... If there was a competition to see who hated childhood blindness the most, I'll tell you this, I would definitely rank in the...

ANGLE ON BRIAN AND STEVE. They argue in hushed voices.

STEVE

You could've chased after the guy.

BRIAN

You don't know what you're talking about. One of the main teachings of karate is to avoid conflict. If I'd chased him, it would've soiled the integrity of my belt.

STEVE

Well, I'm glad your belt's okay. Wouldn't want to see anything bad happen to that belt.

(re: his two black eyes)

It'd be a shame if your belt wound up looking like Beetlejuice.

Fred turns to Steve:

FRED

I know how you feel. A long time ago,
the person who was supposed to protect me
let me down.

STEVE

(uncomfortable)
Yeah... I, uh, heard about that.

FRED

(getting kind of intense)
Don't let it happen to you. You don't
want to end up like me.

Brian and Steve exchange a look - this guy's a little off.

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sarah is still annoyed by the Ghost as she washes her
hands.

GHOST

I must tell you something very important.

SARAH

Okay, if you're really a ghost, why don't
you taaalllllk liiiiike thiiiiIIIIIIiiiiis?

GHOST

That's a crude stereotype. Talking like
that to a ghost is like saying the "N"
word to a black person.

SARAH

Oh really, because interrupting a Jewish
person while they're urinating is like
saying the holocaust never happened.

(then)

So I guess we're eeeeeeeveennn.

The Ghost SIGHS and floats away.

EXT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. SARAH'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Fred sits on the couch watching TV. Sarah enters.

SARAH
(sing-song)
I have something for you.

Sarah presents Fred with knotty wooden stick with a red bandana tied to it.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(giddy)
It's a briefcase.

FRED
Thanks, this is really nice.

SARAH
Look inside, look inside!

Fred reaches into the bandana and pulls out a HALF-EATEN BANANA. He's pleased.

SARAH (CONT'D)
It's food. I remember you said you wanted some.

FRED
Wow. I really appreciate--

Sarah's PHONE RINGS.

She picks up telephone and answers it.

SARAH
Silverman.

As Sarah talks, she moves to the kitchen, and WE FOLLOW.

WOMAN (V.O.)
Sarah, this is Heidi Herzon. I'm the executive producer of "Valley Village Live." We've been hearing about your amazing work with the local homeless, and we'd love for you to be a guest on our show.

SARAH
Oh my god, that's so flattering, I--

The Ghost appears again.

GHOST
Sarah... I am trying to warn you. There is something that you must--

SARAH
(into phone)
C'you hold on a sec?
(to Ghost, condescending)
Okay, can you see that I'm on the phone?

GHOST
But I keep trying and you won't listen.

SARAH
Jesus! You're a dead woman but you're
acting like a dead baby.

The Ghost, mortified, skulks away.

FREEZE ON SARAH.

SARAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Hey, everybody. Looks like there might
be some trouble ahead. Why dontcha stick
around and see what happens?

END OF ACT II

ACT III

EXT. TV STUDIO - DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

The "Valley Village Live" set - typical talk show set. The hostess, SCARLETT LACEY, interviews Sarah. The audience APPLAUDS as the show returns from a commercial break.

SCARLETT LACEY

I'm talking with Valley Village resident, Sarah Silverman. Recently, this intrepid young woman looked homelessness in the face and said, "Not today, sir." Sarah, what kind of woman does this?

SARAH

God, good question. Wow. Am I a hero? No. Did I help one person get his life back. Sure, I'll take that one. But is that heroic? Well, I don't like labels.

SCARLETT LACEY

(to the audience)

What do you think, folks, is she a hero?

The audience PASSIONATELY AFFIRMS.

SCARLETT LACEY (CONT'D)

Well, for those of you still unsure, take a look at what Sarah's accomplished:

Scarlett gestures to a large monitor.

A PICTURE APPEARS. It's Fred sitting outside his cardboard box, begging for change on the street. He looks especially abject, dirty and scraggly.

SCARLETT LACEY (CONT'D)

Sarah, what are we looking at, here?

SARAH

(re: picture on monitor)

This is Fred before I took him in. You can see how totally homeless he was.

The audience "OOHS" with sympathy.

SCARLETT LACEY

And look at him now:

The PICTURE on the monitor CHANGES. It's Fred, still dirty and scraggly, but in Sarah's kitchen, wearing an apron and holding a plate of freshly baked cookies.

The audience APPLAUDS. Sarah revels in the glory.

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - SAME

Fred is at home, watching this on TV. He's happy.

INT. BRIAN & STEVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Steve watches Sarah on TV. Steve still has TWO BLACK EYES. Brian enters holding a cold, raw piece of steak.

BRIAN

(handing it him)

It's for the swelling. I cut eye holes in it so you can still watch TV.

STEVE

Gee, thanks buddy. This really "kicks ass." Too bad you don't.

BRIAN

Steve, I am good at karate.

STEVE

Well, just excuse the look of skepticism on what's left of my face.

BRIAN

Hey, maybe you should be looking at your own part in this. I mean, what is it about you that makes people want to punch you in the face so much?

STEVE

Nice - blame the victim.

THE DOORBELL RINGS. Steve gets up and opens the door. From our angle, we see only a hairy arm and a fist rocket into Steve's face.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Jesus christ!!

The GUY steps in.

GUY

I'm sorry, man. It's just, I live in the building, I've seen you around, and something about your face just takes me there. I couldn't help myself. Again, I'm really sorry.

The Guy turns and walks out.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

The interview continues.

SCARLETT LACEY

Sarah, we'd love a little background on Fred. How did he hit rock bottom?

SARAH

(slightly caught off guard)

Oh. Well... Actually, it's kind of an odd story. His mother was the lunch lady at our high school, and... I guess her vagina was a little... floppity? Flappity?... I don't know the technical word, but because of it, she made all these uncontrollable noises with it, like with every step.

There's a mixture of AUDIBLE DISCOMFORT and AMUSEMENT in the audience. Sarah responds to the amusement.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I know, it's kinda gross, right? I mean, you ask for the beef Wellington, and instead you get queef Wellington.

The audience gives way to LAUGHTER.

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - SAME

Fred becomes extremely disturbed. His eyes go wide and his he starts breathing heavily.

INT. TV STUDIO - SAME

Sarah has gone into total performance mode.

SARAH

It's actually a common affliction. A lot of famous people struggle with it. Like Queefer Sutherland...

A burst of LAUGHTER from the audience.

SARAH (CONT'D)
...and her highness Queef Elizabeth. Not
to mention Dianne Queefin...

Uproarious LAUGHTER.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(cracking up)
Queef Richards, Queen Laqueefa, Queef
Witherspoon...

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - SAME

Fred is completely freaking out. He's shaking. Sarah's
voice ECHOES in his head.

SARAH (V.O.)
It's hard to queef track of them all...

The audience laughter DISTORTS INTO CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER in
Fred's brain.

BACK ON TV:

SARAH (CONT'D)
Check me out, check me out - this is what
Fred's mom was like...

Sarah galumphs around the stage, pretending to carry a
heavy tray of food.

SARAH (CONT'D)
"Oh, hello children. I'm the lunch lady.
Here you go, sonny. Have a nice boiled
potato."

Sarah stoops as if to serve a child lunch, then makes a
long, LIP-FLAPPING HORSE SOUND. The audience goes WILD.
Sarah starts walking around, making the QUEEF SOUND with
every step.

We CUT with INCREASING SPEED between Sarah on TV and Fred
spiraling into insanity.

The audience finally CALMS DOWN. Sarah takes an earnest
tone.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Thank you... Thank you. It's wonderful
to laugh.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

But in all of this, there's a serious message: we've got to take queefs out of the lunch room if we're ever going to abolish homelessness.

The audience APPLAUDS respectfully.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(earnest)

Thank you. Thank you all so much.

As the audience GOES WILD for Sarah, she grabs an apple off the hostess's desk, takes a bite, and ambles off the stage, blowing kisses to everyone.

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Fred jumps up from the couch in a paranoid, psychotic break. Everything he sees is distorted. The PHONE RINGS; through Fred's POV, we hear it as "Queeeeeef." Fred's panic grows. Doug BARKS; through Fred's POV he barks "Queef!" Fred's nearly hysterical. The CUCKOO CLOCK on the wall CHIMES: a little bird pops out and says "cuckoo." Through Fred's POV it's "queef-queef." Fred runs out of the apartment in terror.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Fred runs out of the apartment where he encounters Mr. Jenkins.

MR. JENKINS

You alright chief?

From FRED'S DISTORTED POV, the moment repeats:

MR. JENKINS (CONT'D)

You alright, queef?

Fred SCREAMS, runs back inside Sarah's apartment and slams the door.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

INT. SARAH'S APT - EVENING

Sarah walks enters. She's pumped from her television appearance, and oblivious to Fred's psychotic state.

SARAH

Fred! Did you see me on TV? It was great!

FRED

You told them about my mother.

SARAH

(surprised)

Oh, was that off-limits?

Fred glares murderously at Sarah.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Okay, then maybe we need to sit down and discuss what areas are touchy for you, cause they're gonna want me back, and I'd like the freedom to--

Fred cuts her off, SCREAMING in her face.

FRED

--It was PRIVATE!!!!

Fred is so close that he spits on her face when he screams. Sarah closes her eyes and wipes her face, not seeing Fred cross to the kitchen to grab a KNIFE.

SARAH

Say it, don't spray it. I want the news, not the weather. If you're gonna be all weird and creepy, maybe you should just take your cardboard box and go home.

Sarah opens her eyes to see Fred coming after her with the knife.

FRED

Aaaarrggh!!

SARAH

Ahhhh!

Sarah runs down the hall and locks herself in the bathroom.
Fred pounds on the door.

FRED
I'm going to kill you!!!

INT. SARAH'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sarah is backed in a corner as far away from the door as she can get. The Ghost reappears.

GHOST
Sarah. This is what I've been trying to warn you about. Fred is my son! Twenty years ago he went crazy and killed me!

SARAH
Because of all the queefing, right?

GHOST
Yes.

SARAH
Ew! Gross!

GHOST
(flip)
Look, it was the seventies. Everyone was doing it.

Fred is making his way through the door!

SARAH
Aaaahh!!

GHOST
Sarah, you must queef.

SARAH
What??

GHOST
It's his only weakness. The sound of it will render him helpless. It's the only thing that can save you.

SARAH
No way, I don't do that!

GHOST
You have no other choice! You must!

SARAH

Ew, no, it's gross!

GHOST

If you don't he'll kill you, and you'll
wind up a ghost just like me! Is that
what you want?

SARAH

(overwhelmed)

No! You're totally annoying!

Fred keeps hacking away at the bathroom door. Sarah
scrunches up her face and tries to queef. Nothing!

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - SAME

Brian enters.

BRIAN

Sarah? Can I grab another steak for
Steve's face? We kinda wound up eating
the...

Brian looks down the hall and sees Fred breaking through
the bathroom door. We hear Sarah's SCREAMS. Brian bounds
across the room. He overwhelms Fred with karate chops and
roundhouse kicks, and drops him!

Brian looks in astonishment at Fred on the floor - he's
shocked by his own success. He looks up when he hears
Steve exclaim:

STEVE

Oh my god, dude!! You did it! You
kicked ass!!

Steve, Brian and Sarah start dancing around victoriously as
Fred lies unconscious on the floor.

SLOW MOTION SEQUENCE:

CLOSE ON FRED: his eyes open and he grabs the knife again.

ANGLE ON STEVE AND BRIAN: they notice Fred and their eyes
go wide.

ANGLE ON SARAH: Sarah is oblivious and continues her
victory dance. Fred pops up behind her.

CLOSE ON SARAH: a feather lands on Sarah's nose. **WE WIDEN
OUT** when she SNEEZES. We hear a HORSE-LIKE FLAPPY SOUND.

As Sarah watches the Ghost queef into the sky, she stares in wonder and admiration, waving.

SARAH
Good-bye, friend.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT.

Sarah sits in bed with Doug, her dog.

SARAH
Oh, Doug. A lotta stuff happened today. I learned that it's not right to talk about a man's childhood traumas on TV, even if it is kind of hilarious. I also learned that, as much as gay people love karate, they're kinda unpredictable about when they actually use it. But most of all, I learned that when you open your heart and help poor people, they try to stab you to death.

(then looks at Doug confused)
Wait, I don't get it - why do you have a boner?

Sarah turns out the light.

END OF SHOW