

**ASH VS. EVIL DEAD  
SEASON 3**

**"BRANDY" SIDES  
12/9/16**

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

**SC. 1  
START**



BRANDY and her friend RACHEL sit on the floor painting signs for a school dance. Down the hall, MEGAN hangs posters. Brandy holds up a finished poster to show Rachel.

BRANDY  
What do you think?

REVEAL: Brandy's poster reads "Full Moon Dance" with the o's in "Moon" cheekily drawn as a bare ass. Rachel laughs.

RACHEL  
I think Megan will kill you if you hang that up.

BRANDY  
She acts like we're working on a cure for Zika or something.

Megan glares at Brandy from down the hall. Brandy puts on an act for her benefit.

BRANDY (CONT'D)  
Stay focused, Rachel! This is the mid-semester junior semi-formal. It's serious.

Megan EXITS in a huff and the girls giggle, returning to their painting. Then they hear a DISTANT SOUND. Like LAUGHTER, but -- weird.

BRANDY (CONT'D)  
Do you hear that?

SILENCE. They both listen, then there's a closer, hollow BANG. Like something hitting the floor. They both JUMP, Brandy bumping Rachel. She jumps AGAIN.

RACHEL  
You scared me!

BRANDY  
Me!? I'm literally sitting right in front of you!

RACHEL  
(shaken)  
This school is so creepy sometimes.

BRANDY  
Don't worry. It's probably Megan, pissed off that the stick up her butt isn't at an exact right angle.

RACHEL

Remind me why we agreed to be on her dance committee again?

BRANDY

Because we're bright young women with our eyes on top colleges and a true love for extra-curricular activities.

(beat)

And we don't have boyfriends.

RACHEL

We don't!?! Should we check?

Rachel and Brandy squeeze their eyes tight in unison, as if evaluating themselves. They open them at the same time.

BRANDY

Yup. Still a virgin.

(then)

You would think with all my daddy issues I'd have TONS of boyfriends. But, nope. No sexual magnetism. Or wait...

Brandy pats herself, as if looking for something, then flips her hair, putting on an overly-sexy voice.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

I am a sex goddess! Smart, yet somehow, miraculously, still hot--

CRASH! That one was REALLY loud and REALLY close.

RACHEL

Dammit!

BRANDY

I hate to say it, but I think we should check on Megan.

Brandy starts to move but Rachel stops her.

RACHEL

I'll go. She hates you more.

BRANDY

I owe you. Froyo on me after...  
(realizing)  
...if I had any money. Froyo in spirit!

Rachel EXITS, leaving Brandy alone in the long hallway. She hangs her "Full Moon" poster on the wall and taps the "butt."

BRANDY (CONT'D)  
 (sotto, re: poster)  
 Yup, that's adorable.

Suddenly, the lights in the hall TURN OFF. Brandy is startled.

BRANDY (CONT'D)  
 What the-- ? Hello?

Brandy waits for an answer.

BRANDY (CONT'D)  
 Hey! Somebody's still in here!

A silent beat, then the lights TURN ON again. Suddenly there's a JANITOR down the hall with a mop, silently cleaning the floor.

BRANDY (CONT'D)  
 (ticked off)  
 Thank you!

Brandy returns to her poster. Then the lights TURN OFF again.

BRANDY (CONT'D)  
 Seriously!? Come on --

No answer. The lights stay off. Now Brandy's getting a little scared.

BRANDY (CONT'D)  
 Hey!

Still no answer. Brandy puts down her brush and starts down the dark hallway. Somewhere she hears an eerie, echoing GIGGLE...

BRANDY (CONT'D)  
 This isn't funny, okay?

Brandy reaches the end of the hallway and fumbles for the light switch in the dark. She finds it.

BRANDY (CONT'D)  
 Listen, I was just kidding about the poster. I'll take it down.

Brandy TURNS ON the light, but the Janitor is not at the end of the hall anymore. She takes a second to process this --

BRANDY (CONT'D)

What -- ?

Then she SENSES something moving behind her. Really unnerved, Brandy turns around -- to find the DEAD JANITOR standing behind her, half his head missing, pinning her with a DEMONIC LEER.

DEAD JANITOR

JOIN US --

Brandy SCREAMS in horror and disbelief. The Dead Janitor LUNGES for her!

Brandy JUMPS BACK, tripping over the mop bucket. As she falls, the bucket spills MEGAN'S DECAPITATED HEAD, BLOOD and VISCERA across the floor. Brandy crab-walks backward through the gore, blood everywhere.

BRANDY

STAY AWAY FROM ME!

She struggles to her feet and runs down the hall, the Dead Janitor following, grabbing at her back, her hair --

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Oh my god! Rachel! Help!

Brandy reaches a T in the hallway and turns into HANDS REACHING OUT FOR HER. Terrified, Brandy FLAILS at the hands -- but it's just RACHEL. Shocked to see Brandy so hysterical.

RACHEL

Brandy!

(Brandy's frantic)

What's wrong?

BRANDY

Go, GO, he's right behind me!!

RACHEL

Who?!

Panicked, Brandy looks back down the hall, toward the poster area. Suddenly the Dead Janitor is gone. So is the blood.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Was someone there?

BRANDY

The janitor! His face was -- gone --  
(catches herself)

And Megan -- I --

RACHEL

Wait. Slow down. What the hell just happened?

Brandy catches her breath. She touches the red stain on her shirt. It's not blood, just paint. *Did she just imagine it?*

BRANDY

I don't know --  
(horrified)  
*I don't know --*

**END**

INT. DINER - DAY

**SC. 2**  
**START**

BRANDY enters and approaches a booth where RON (60) waits.

RON  
Brandy? Man, have you grown up.

Ron looks over Brandy a little too closely. She sits down, clocking the lecherous look.

BRANDY  
Jesus, Ron, we're cousins.

RON  
Distant cousins.  
(that didn't help)  
Hey, I was trying to be nice.  
Truthfully, you look like shit.

BRANDY  
I just saw my best friend get  
killed. I was up all night pulling  
chunks of brain out of my hair.

Brandy untangles a bit of flesh from her hair. Ron takes it.

RON  
That's not brain. It's tongue.

BRANDY  
Oh my god.

A waitress, TERESA, arrives with a plate of food for Ron.

RON  
I went ahead and ordered. Hope you  
don't mind. Want anything?

BRANDY  
I'm really not hungry.

RON  
You just wanna... share your  
feelings or whatever?

Ron takes the ketchup bottle and goes to squeeze some on his eggs. It won't come out. Brandy watches this as she talks.

BRANDY  
I just keep thinking about it.  
Like, I have this picture of Rachel  
in my mind. But now all I can think  
about is...  
(MORE)

BRANDY (CONT'D)  
that thing tearing her apart...  
coming home covered in her...  
her...

The ketchup spurts all over Ron's plate like blood spatter.

RON  
Blood? Yeah. Gets all over when you  
get decapitated like that.  
(then)  
Okay if I eat?

A little incredulous, Brandy nods. Ron digs into his food.

BRANDY  
Sorry. I'm just really...  
overwhelmed right now.

RON  
I get it --  
(to waitress)  
Teresa, bring us two beers will ya?  
And a Red Eye Special.

Teresa brings two bottles of beer to the table. Ron slides one over to Brandy.

BRANDY  
You know I'm not allowed to drink  
yet, right?

RON  
And I'm not allowed within 100 feet  
of a school. Live a little.

Brandy takes a sip of beer... and then chugs the whole thing.  
Brandy finishes the beer and wipes her mouth.

BRANDY  
Great. Now I'm self-medicating with  
alcohol.

RON  
Seeing as I'm your last living...

BRANDY  
Distant...

RON  
...relative, least I can do is  
teach you a few life lessons.

BRANDY

You've been through this sort of thing before, huh?

RON

The loved one gets murdered by a demon kinda thing? Let's just say, if there was a punch card, I'd have earned a free sandwich by now.

BRANDY

I just don't get why this is happening to me. I mean, I'm nothing like you. No offense. But, like, I have my whole life ahead of me. I'm not some old guy with nothing left to lose. No offense.

RON

Look, I don't know why evil is after you. Maybe it's random. Maybe you deserve it--

Brandy immediately starts crying again.

BRANDY

It's all my fault, isn't it!?

RON

No, no! Hell, what do I know? I'm just some old loser, remember?

BRANDY

I didn't call you a loser. It was implied.

RON

Listen, I'm here for you. And if you ever need somebody to talk to...

(nods toward waitress)

Teresa is pretty good at that stuff.

On cue, Teresa sets a plate of food in front of Brandy.

BRANDY

What is this?

RON

The Red Eye. Helps after a rough night. Wait! Ketchup.

Ron draws a smiley face in ketchup on Brandy's plate.

BRANDY

Cute. It almost makes me forget  
about my friend being murdered.

RON

Really?

BRANDY

No!

(dismay)

I can't believe we're actually  
related...

**END**