

FADE IN

A sky of white blankets over the city of NEW ORLEANS on this warm day. There is a faint echo of a marching band.

EXT. STREETS OF NEW ORLEANS - DAY

The ominous tone of the ORIGINAL CHILD'S PLAY SCORE begins under the SHOT of a LIMPING pair of pants and shoes.

Panning up, the face of the limper is revealed. MARLON BISHOP(60s), a determined and introverted man makes his way down the sidewalk, carrying in both hands a LARGE PACKAGE.

Pedestrians move out of his way.

EXT. MARLON'S HOUSE - DAY

A poorly kept house stands behind a lawn of grass which hasn't been mowed in months.

Marlon limps down the street and through the front gate with the awkwardly sized box.

INT. MARLON'S HOUSE - DAY

He rips the blinding packaging paper from around the box. Once completely unwrapped, Marlon stops and sits with a dead stare for a moment--

IT'S AN AUTHENTIC GOOD GUY DOLL.

One of the same yellow, kiddie-lettered boxes of the 1980s. It is a little worn at the edges, but looks as if it has never been opened.

His hands tear open the top of the box like a savage. He reaches in and slowly pulls out the doll.

Marlon holds the Good Guy doll up to his face -- a shot reminiscent of Tiffany holding up the broken Chucky face to her own in "Bride of Chucky."

MARLON

Talk.

...BEAT.

The doll does not respond.

His accent is strong and foreign. Marlon reaches into the box and pulls out the batteries which he then appropriately places into the doll.

MARLON (cont'd)

Talk.

DOLL

Hi, I'm Billy and I'm your friend to the end. Hi-dee-ho. Ha-ha-ha.

Marlon's death stare turns slightly into a mischievous smirk.

EXT. MARLON'S HOUSE - DUSK

A homeless man pushes a shopping cart past Marlon's house. The backdrop is several shades of pink as the sun sets OFF-SCREEN.

INT. MARLON'S HOUSE - DUSK

The interior of the house is covered in VODOO paraphernalia, with walls painted with scenes of voodoo rituals.

A HUMAN SKULL is held high up in Marlon's hands.

Candles are lit all around. The blinds over the windows closed, letting in only slivers of outside light.

Marlon is dressed in some bamboo ritualistic attire.

Billy, the Good Guy doll lies on a table surrounded by burning candles. All four of the doll's limbs are chained to the surface like a ritualistic sacrifice.

Marlon stands before the table, placing the skull down on the torso of the doll.

He then burns a bushy leaf, blowing out the flame and inhaling the smoke up his nostrils. He puts the burning bush out in a bowl of water -- the water turning a BLOOD RED.

MARLON

With the skull of the monster,  
CHARLES. LEE. RAY. I pray to you,  
Damballa for the power to resurrect  
this demon of the underworld.

Using the bush, Marlon draws a dripping RED STAR across the top of the skull.

MARLON (cont'd)  
Adeu due Damballa...

THUNDER ERUPTS OUTSIDE--

EXT. MARLON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dark SMOKEY CLOUDS build over Marlon's house.

LIGHTENING. THUNDER. LIGHTENING--

INT. MARLON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MARLON  
[chant]

The entirety of the ritual ends with a supernatural GUST which blows out every candle, leaving the room in total darkness and silence.

EXT. MARLON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The clouds dissipate with the thunder and lightening.

INT. MARLON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Still blanketed by darkness, a MATCH IS LIT, illuminating Marlon's face. HE GASPS, his JAW DROPPING--

THE DOLL IS GONE.

He turns and stares around at the darkness.

Marlon turns to the closest candle, lighting the wick with a shaking hand. He then pulls out a CEREMONIAL DAGGER.

TAPS across the floorboards--

Marlon jerks around--

MARLON  
Show yourself!

He rushes across the room to turn on a lamp, but clumsily knocks it over.

CRASH.

MARLON (cont'd)

Shit!

Marlon turns and begins lighting more candles--

GOOD GUY

(O/S)

Hey, wanna play? Hey, wanna play?

Hey, wanna play? Hey, wanna play?

MARLON

Show yourself!

Marlon pulls on a window-shade, sending it shooting upward and allowing in a dim orange glow from the outside street light.

Marlon glances out the window just as a SILHOUETTE of the doll RUNS ACROSS THE SHOT.

The room is still drenched in darkness and the doll is nowhere to be seen. Marlon sticks to the wall by the window, holding the candle in one hand and the dagger in the other.

THAT ICONIC, SINISTER LAUGH startles him.

CHUCKY

(O/S)

Now who the fuck. Are. You? Why the hell did you bring me back here?

MARLON

You don't remember me... Chucky? Oh, how could you forget?

TAP TAP TAP TAP--

CHUCKY's FACE IS REVEALED from the shadows in the orange shine of the streetlight.

Marlon takes a deep, nervous breath at the sight of the doll's face just slightly revealed in the shadows.

There is a quick BEAT.

MARLON (cont'd)

My name is Marlon Bishop and you killed my brothuh!

ON CHUCKY FOR A BEAT:

he takes one more step further into the light and has a realization--

CHUCKY

Oh yeeeeaaaahhh. I do remember you, now. You're, uh... Joe's brother--

MARLON

His name was John! JOHN BISHOP was his name and you betrayed him! After everything he taught you!

CHUCKY

Riiiiight. Ha. John. That brilliant old fool. Ya know, I gotta say, John was great and all, but sometimes I wish I never met him!

Chucky chuckles and shakes his head.

MARLON

As do I!

Chucky steps further out from the shadows.

CHUCKY

You and I met over in, uh, Lakeshore, right? You and John were running those credit card scams at the time.

MARLON

I warned John about you, immediately. I knew then!

CHUCKY

So what was your plan, here -- bring me back and then just kill me?

MARLON

I had heard the stories. I wanted to see if I could do it - if I could bring you back. That skull belonged to your human bodday. I was not sure it would work...

Marlon is completely mesmerized by the sight of Chucky standing in the shadows.

Chucky laughs with that devious, evil chuckle.

CHUCKY

Out of all the scenarios that have  
brought me back - ah, this is a  
first! Well, here I am. Back again.

Chucky begins laughing again, slipping back into the  
DARKNESS.

Marlon begins to laugh, sweating and leaning back against  
the wall.

MARLON

I've heard you've been on a search  
for a new bodday. I figured this will  
probably not be your last  
resurrection.

Chucky's silhouette runs through the darkness, disappearing.

CHUCKY

(O/S)

Not this time!

MARLON

For that reason... I've cursed you. I  
cursed you when I brought you back,  
Chucky. Charles. Lee. Ray! Puissiez-  
vous ne jamais d'echapper a cette  
poupee; May you nevuh escape that  
doll! Evuh!

There is a BEAT of silence.

MARLON (cont'd)

Jwi lanmo pwochen ou an; Enjoy your  
next death, Chucky. I shall be  
satisfied with my own.

And with that Marlon drives the dagger into the middle of  
his chest! He collapses to his knees.

Chucky reemerges from the shadows once again. He is taken  
aback by Marlon's sudden suicide. He watches the body hit  
the floor.

CHUCKY

What. The. Fuck?

There is a BEAT before--

FADE TO BLACK  
SCREEN: