

# Night of the Garden Gnomes

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FADE IN:

INT. POLICEMAN BOB'S HOUSE -- DAY

POLICEMAN BOB, slightly old, soundly fat and quickly losing hair, is in his bed, snoring loudly. He has a slab of bologna covering his eyes.

The cell phone on his nightstand rings. Without opening his eyes or removing the bologna, he picks up the phone.

POLICEMAN BOB

Yeah.

A low, sinister voice answers.

VOICE

You can't stop me. I have the thighs  
of a thirty-year old.

The line clicks off and Policeman Bob sets the phone back on the stand, removes the bologna and rubs his eyes.

He looks at the alarm clock, which reads 5:45 AM.

POLICEMAN BOB

Clint!

Slowly, laboriously, he gets out of bed and gets dressed.

Taking one step into the hall, Policeman Bob is immediately assaulted by a loud thumping beat emitting from behind the door across the hall.

He resolutely walks up to his daughter's door and bangs on it several times.

In response, the door flies open to allow SOLILOQUY, Policeman Bob's rebellious teenage daughter, to pop her angry head out screaming.

SOLILOQUY

What?

POLICEMAN BOB

Can you turn it down a little, hon?

SOLILOQUY

Why can't you leave me alone? I  
hate you!

Soliloquy moves to slam the door closed, but it is blocked by Policeman Bob's size twelve government issue boot.

POLICEMAN BOB

Now listen here, young lady--

SOLILOQUY

Why won't you let me see him, daddy?  
You know Retch and I are in love.

POLICEMAN BOB

Soliloquy, we've been over this.  
He's no good. His dad's a barber.

SOLILOQUY

I don't care. I love him.

POLICEMAN BOB

Well, you better start carin', little  
lady. While you're in my house--

Soliloquy throws open the door to reveal her backpack is  
packed and hanging on her back.

SOLILOQUY

I don't care about your dumb, old  
house. All I care about is me and  
my purse...

She throws her purse over one shoulder.

SOLILOQUY (CONT'D)

...and my hairspray...

Her hairspray is grabbed off the table and thrown in her  
backpack.

She enters the hallway with her stuff and approaches one of  
the pictures hanging on the wall, getting ready to remove  
it.

SOLILOQUY (CONT'D)

...and my velvet painting of Elvis  
playing poker with a bunch of dogs.

She takes the painting off the wall, tucks it under her arm  
and moves off down the hall toward the stairs.

Policeman Bob follows directly behind her.

POLICEMAN BOB

Just make sure you go to school today.

Soliloquy turns around quickly and sticks a finger in  
Policeman Bob's face.

SOLILOQUY

School's a drag, pops. Maybe Retch  
and I'll go hang out at the pool  
hall or go shoot rabbits with his  
new 12 gauge.

POLICEMAN BOB

You know shooting a gun within city  
limits is against the law.

Soliloquy throws her one free hand in exasperation, turns  
around and heads down the stairs while continuing to talk.

SOLILOQUY

Ooh! It's always laws with you.  
Don't do this. Better do that. No  
stealing medications from the elderly!

They reach the bottom of the stairs and head down the entryway  
toward the front door, pausing by an arch that leads into  
another room.

SOLILOQUY (CONT'D)

I'm sick of all your rules and I'm  
sick of you!

Policeman Bob's dad, GRANDPA, a crusty, cranky 70-year-old  
walking raisin, appears in the archway leading into the living  
room.

GRANDPA

Why don't you two just shut up! I  
can't hear my dang CNN!

Soliloquy gestures toward Grandpa.

SOLILOQUY

And I'm sick of stinky here, too.

GRANDPA

That goes double for me, big hair!

Soliloquy again throws her hand up in exasperation and swings  
open the front door.

SOLILOQUY

Ooh!

Grandpa turns and walks into the living room, yelling over  
his shoulder.

GRANDPA

And don't come back!

At the end of the front walkway, Retch, on his motorcycle,  
sits waiting for Soliloquy.

Policeman Bob steps out onto the front porch.

POLICEMAN BOB

That better not be Retch you're  
running off with.

Soliloquy stops in the middle of the walkway and turns around.

SOLILOQUY

Yes, Daddy, this is Retch. You remember him, don't ya? Cute guy, rebellious streak, big sideburns.

Retch grins at Policeman Bob and raises his hand in greeting. Policeman Bob nods in greeting.

POLICEMAN BOB

Retch.

SOLILOQUY

Don't wait up.

Soliloquy jumps on the motorcycle behind Retch, the painting still under one arm, and they take off up the street.

Policeman Bob shakes his head, then retreats back into the house, closing the door behind him.

He is greeted in the entryway by Grandpa.

GRANDPA

So you just let her walk out of your house, eh?

POLICEMAN BOB

Huh?

GRANDPA

Why, back in my day, if my kid ever talked to me like that, I'd take a switch and beat her rump till it bled and then she'd really get it.

Policeman Bob reaches onto the entryway table and thumbs through the mail.

POLICEMAN BOB

You never once beat me, dad.

GRANDPA

Your mother was too soft. She always stopped me before I got too worked up.

POLICEMAN BOB

Uh huh. Well, I'm off to work.

GRANDPA

Go ahead. Leave your old dad to his misery and senility. What do you care?

Policeman Bob turns and opens the front door again. Grandpa's voice gets a little softer, pleading.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

Can I call you if I start hearing  
the voices again?

POLICEMAN BOB

You know you're not supposed to call  
me while I'm working. Have a good  
day now.

Shutting the front door behind him, Bob walks over to the driveway and gets into his police cruiser. He backs out of the drive and into the streets of his fair city, New Bucharest.

EXT. STREETS OF NEW BUCHAREST -- CONTINUOUS

It's a sunny day as Policeman Bob's car cruises down the suburban streets. He has a large donut in one hand. Occasionally, he waves at a neighbor, who doesn't wave back.

His car pulls onto Main Street, which contains the majority of the businesses located in New Bucharest.

On his right, he passes a statuary shop with a huge sign, exclaiming "Manbubz Statuary". It is filled with a wide assortment of garden gnomes, a few lawn jockeys, and a lot of those metallic globes that sit on pedestals.

EUDORA MANBUBZ is in the middle of the lot, arranging several gnomes. When Policeman Bob waves hello to her, he is greeted with a sour frown.

As Policeman Bob drives on, a cloud quickly rolls up and over the statuary lot. A lightning bolt strikes amid the gnomes and rain begins pouring...only on the lot. Eudora runs for the cover of a nearby house.

Policeman Bob passes a few more businesses, including a diner, a used car lot, and the New Bucharest Post Office. At the post office, the blinds are pulled slightly apart as someone peers out suspiciously.

Next Policeman Bob passes a few store fronts, including one called "Rubelle's Authentic Gypsy Curses and Sundries". RUBELLE WILSON, the owner of the shop, dressed in a long coat and a scarf around his head, is sweeping in front of the store.

Policeman Bob calls from his car as he is temporarily stopped at a stop sign.

POLICEMAN BOB

Morning, Mr. Wilson.

RUBELLE WILSON

The sun is a stranger to no one as  
the pure in heart must surely know.  
Do not heed its secrets.

Policeman Bob calls out as he takes off.

POLICEMAN BOB

Thank you.

He turns right onto the street just prior to the police station.

As he heads slowly up the street, he glances to his right and sees a naked man, ED STINGRAY, in a large orange wig and nothing else, mowing his lawn. A large bush roughly four feet tall surrounds the lawn, thus hiding Ed's privates from the public.

Policeman Bob turns on his lights, no sound, and pulls to the curb in front of Ed's house.

Slowly, he gets out of his police cruiser and approaches the lawn. Ed turns off the mower and approaches from the other side of the hedge.

ED STINGRAY

Morning, Policeman Bob. Ain't it a glorious day?

POLICEMAN BOB

A little hot out today, Ed?

ED STINGRAY

Hot? Hmmm. I feel pretty aired out myself. Yes sir, just this clean New Bucharest air for me.

POLICEMAN BOB

Ed, now what have I told you about indecent exposure?

ED STINGRAY

You told me it was wrong. Yes sir, I remember that most succinctly.

POLICEMAN BOB

And do you remember what I said indecent exposure was?

ED STINGRAY

Not a clue.

POLICEMAN BOB

Now, Ed, this is the third time this month.

(MORE)

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

When you appear outside without clothes on, that's against the law. It's what we call indecent exposure.

ED STINGRAY

You lost me.

POLICEMAN BOB

Go get some clothes on before I have to take you to the station again, Ed.

ED STINGRAY

Can't ya just smell that fresh cut grass? Just reminds ya of Spring, doesn't it?

Policeman Bob turns and heads back toward his cruiser.

POLICEMAN BOB

Get some clothes on, Ed.

The lawn mower starts up again and Ed continues to mow as Policeman Bob takes off from the curb. He turns down a small side street to the left and parks in the police station's back parking lot. He pulls in next to the only other vehicle, a large Grey Explorer.

Policeman Bob exits his cruiser, slams the door and enters through the back of the station.

INT. POLICE STATION -- CONTINUOUS

The New Bucharest Police Station is basically a large room with a few jail cells attached. There are several offices down a short hallway, which leads to the back door.

DEPUTY HARLAN is in the main room of the police station, making something very interesting. Harlan is a tall man, slightly goofy looking, and made entirely of elbows. Occasionally, very occasionally, he yells.

Policeman Bob enters the room and stops dead in his tracks.

POLICEMAN BOB

Harlan, what are you doing?

HARLAN

Oh, hey Chief. You know, you said I should get a hobby, right? So, I decided to build a mobile out of Barbie heads and sporks. So, what do you think?

Policeman Bob moves to a desk and picks up a ledger.



POLICEMAN BOB

I think that if it keeps you out of trouble, it's a good thing. Why do we have five calls just today from Mrs. DeMarco?

HARLAN

Maybe cause she called five times.

POLICEMAN BOB

Why'd she call so many times?

HARLAN

Something about her cat--

POLICEMAN BOB

Sssss.

HARLAN

Yeah, cats. Anyway, her neighbor--

POLICEMAN BOB

Easel.

HARLAN

Yeah Easel said that if he had to pick up cat crap off his lawn one more time, then Mrs. DeMarco would be picking up dead cats off hers.

POLICEMAN BOB

And I'm sure she didn't like that.

Harlan walks toward Bob and points out an item on the ledger.

HARLAN

Yeah, see that last call.

POLICEMAN BOB

The one logged five minutes ago.

HARLAN

On that call, she said that if you didn't get down there right now, she was gonna crap on Easel's front lawn herself.

Policeman Bob pauses a moment to sigh, then glances at his watch.

POLICEMAN BOB

Well, I've already seen too much indecent exposure for one day. I better get going.

Harlan moves back to his contraption.

HARLAN

Well, you wanna see me fire this bad boy up?

POLICEMAN BOB

Why not?

Harlan fiddles with the levers and such.

HARLAN

As my Uncle Remus used to say, "Let's throw it in the toilet and see if it floats."

POLICEMAN BOB

Don't think I've heard that particular euphemism before.

HARLAN

It's Swedish.

Harlan throws a final lever and the mobile turns a few times then catches on fire.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Dang!

POLICEMAN BOB

What'd you use to power the motor?

HARLAN

Gasoline.

POLICEMAN BOB

Wow. Hold the fort, Harlan.

HARLAN

Roger that Chief.

Policeman Bob exits the way he came in as Harlan analyzes his mess.

CUT TO:

EXT. NB ALL-GIRL PREP -- AFTERNOON

It's lunchtime at the New Bucharest All-Girl Prep School for Girls, or NBAGPSG for short. CALLIENTE WILSON and FREEDOM GUPPENHEIMER are seated outside at a table. Both are in their older teens, about the same age as Soliloquy.

They are talking while eating their lunches. Calliente also has an earplug from an mp3 player in one ear.

CALLIENTE

I so cannot believe that Mr. Cross is making me take the Science quiz over again. That is cruel and unusual.

FREEDOM

I don't think that applies, Calliente. Plus, you flunked it while you were copying off of Pickles Smith. That's like double stupid.

CALLIENTE

I couldn't copy off you, Freedom.

FREEDOM

Good thing.

Soliloquy walks over to the two and plops herself down in a seat.

CALLIENTE

Soliloquy, where were you? You totally missed Science class.

SOLILOQUY

I skipped and hung out with Retch over at Make-Out Point.

FREEDOM

So why'd you come in at all?

SOLILOQUY

He started the fart contest again.

The other two girls groan with understanding.

CALLIENTE

He is so gross.

FREEDOM

Yeah. I'm glad we go to an all-girl school.

CALLIENTE

I'm not.

SOLILOQUY

Yeah. Me neither.

FREEDOM

Yeah. I was just being, you know, facetious.

Soliloquy looks around conspiratorially as the other two finish their lunches.

SOLILOQUY

Hey, Retch says that around ten o'clock tonight, he's gonna go down in the park to watch Delbert Crotchugger.

CALLIENTE

Why would he do that?

SOLILOQUY

He says that Delbert goes there to hunt things with dynamite.

FREEDOM

Isn't that dangerous?

SOLILOQUY

That's why Retch wants to go. He wants to see if Delbert's gonna blow himself up.

CALLIENTE

That's cool. Can I come?

SOLILOQUY

I thought you had to work.

CALLIENTE

Yeah, but dad closes the shop around nine. I can meet you outside the shop after I close up.

Soliloquy turns to the other girl.

SOLILOQUY

What about you, Freedom?

FREEDOM

I don't know. What if we get caught?

SOLILOQUY

It's cool. My dad's the chief of police.

FREEDOM

Which means that he'd be really ticked off if he found you breakin' the law.

SOLILOQUY

He's got other things to worry about. I stuffed a bunch of tampons down the toilet this morning while I was getting ready.

(MORE)

## SOLILOQUY (CONT'D)

With any luck, Stinky will flood the house by the time Pops gets home.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICEMAN BOB'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

In the main hallway of Policeman Bob's upstairs, the door to the bathroom is closed. A flush is heard and then Grandpa's voice.

GRANDPA

Can I get a little help here?

CUT TO:

EXT. CRAZY CAT LADY'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Policeman Bob drives along Walnut Street and pulls into the Crazy Cat Lady's driveway. Her house is indistinguishable from the other houses on the block with one exception: there is an amazing number of cats surrounding her house. They are in the bushes, under the porch, on the roof, and, of course, in the neighbor's yard.

EASEL, built like a scarecrow made out of ball bearings, charges out of his house and aims himself directly for Policeman Bob's recently parked car.

EASEL

Well, hot dog! Are ya gonna throw her in the penn this time, Policeman Bob? Cause I really think she needs to fry this time. And I mean sizzle like a sausage.

Policeman attempts to open the door and gain some footing on the driveway.

POLICEMAN BOB

Now, hold on there, Easel. There ain't gonna be no frying. I think--

EASEL

Now, dad gum it...

Easel kicks his foot in protest, propelling a cat over the front hood of the cruiser. In fact, whenever Easel or Policeman Bob take a step, a cat's screech can be heard.

EASEL (CONT'D)

I want her locked up. There's gotta be some kinda ordinance about having this many cats. Don't they all have to have collars or shots or something.

(MORE)

EASEL (CONT'D)

I mean, they're crappin' on my lawn,  
for the love of puke!

POLICEMAN BOB

Now, Easel. You better watch your  
blood pressure. I don't want you  
keeling over dead.

EASEL

The cats'd probably eat my dead  
corpse.

POLICEMAN BOB

That's the spirit. Now, I'm gonna  
go over and talk to Mrs. DeMarco and  
see if we can't get her to keep her  
cats in her house and on her property  
instead of on yours.

Easel turns and stomps back to his house, kicking a few more  
cats in the process. On the way back to his house, Easel  
mutters to himself.

EASEL

Dad gum cats probably would eat my  
corpse. No respect for the dead.

Meanwhile, Policeman Bob threads his way through the maze of  
cats to the DeMarco front door. After pushing the front  
door bell, a loud crash is heard, followed by an equally  
loud cat screech.

Suddenly, the front door is flung open and MRS. DEMARCO floods  
the entry way with her mammoth presence. Easily six foot  
four and built like a lineman, Mrs. DeMarco is a formidable  
mountain of a woman.

Behind her, Policeman Bob can see her house is literally  
wall to wall cats. They are in the bookcase, on the  
television, and there is even one hanging on top of the  
chandelier in the living room.

POLICEMAN BOB

Uh, Mrs.--

MRS. DEMARCO

What do you want?

POLICEMAN BOB

Well--

MRS. DEMARCO

Don't feed me that line. I pay my  
taxes. I pay for your salary as  
well as that crazy Clint at the Post  
Office.

A cat flies through the air behind her.

MRS. DEMARCO (CONT'D)  
I know my rights and I don't have to  
take this.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Now--

MRS. DEMARCO  
It's that Easel again, ain't it?  
He's always stickin' his monkey face  
into my business. He's the one you  
ought to arrest. He's always looking  
at me through that curtain at all  
hours of the night.

The bookcase in her living room falls over. Several cats  
screech.

MRS. DEMARCO (CONT'D)  
It makes a girl feel unsafe. I tell  
you the truth, it makes me want to  
go take a shower and rub the skank  
off.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Easel says--

MRS. DEMARCO  
Oh, Easel says...

A cat falls off the roof and into the bushes with a loud  
whump.

MRS. DEMARCO (CONT'D)  
Easel says a lot of fool things.  
The man sits outside in his backyard  
spouting poetry at all hours of the  
night. But ya don't hear me calling  
the pigs on him, now do ya? I ought  
to though.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Look, can you--

MRS. DEMARCO  
Oh, I can do a lot of things. I've  
got just as much right to be here as  
that loudmouth, let me tell you.

Two more cats jump up into the chandelier to join the one  
already there. It begins to sway dangerously.

MRS. DEMARCO (CONT'D)  
I'm an American. I pay my taxes.

She begins to jab her finger at Policeman Bob as the chandelier continues to sway in the background and a cat throws itself at an empty wall.

MRS. DEMARCO (CONT'D)

So you tell Easel, the Supreme Court or Old Mother Hubbard that Francine DeMarco will not stand idly by while the waves of injustice crash on her front porch. She will not go quietly into that good night and if anyone tells me I have to, I'm taking them with me.

Quickly, she exits back into her house and slams the door in Policeman Bob's face. A loud crash is heard beyond the door.

Slowly, Policeman Bob turns about and heads back to his cruiser. As he settles himself back into his driver's seat, Easel pops his head out of his front door.

EASEL

I swear, I'm gonna kill me some cats if ya don't do somethin'.

Without a word, Policeman Bob slips his car into reverse and backs out of the driveway, killing no cats in the process.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICEMAN BOB'S CAR -- LATER

Policeman Bob is driving down another street when his cell phone begins to ring.

POLICEMAN BOB

Yello.

HARLAN

Hey, Chief, you done with the crazy cat lady yet?

POLICEMAN BOB

Yeah, you could say that. She's done with me.

HARLAN

Say Chief, how do ya get toothpaste back in the tube?

POLICEMAN BOB

Wha...Well, I don't...Why?

HARLAN

I don't know. Just curious.



POLICEMAN BOB

Did you call for a reason, Harlan?

HARLAN

Uh, yeah, lemme see. Grandpa called a few times, something about a toilet and big cigarettes. Oh, and there was an explosion at the Guppenheimer place, but no fire when Hank arrived in the pumper.

POLICEMAN BOB

That's no surprise.

HARLAN

And there was a Crystal somebody from the BFI--

POLICEMAN BOB

FBI.

HARLAN

Right. I thought she was calling about that cobra monkey thing again, so I made a fart noise and hung up.

POLICEMAN BOB

Call her back on auto re-dial and get me her contact info.

HARLAN

Roger that, Chief.

Policeman Bob hangs up his cell phone and drives on.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF NEW BUCHAREST -- NIGHT

Night settles on New Bucharest like an iron lung. The streets are deserted. The lights are all extinguished at "Rubelle's Gypsy Curses and Sundries". The used car lot is deserted. The only available light along Main Street is the mysterious flickering from inside the Post Office.

At the "Manbubz Statuary" lot, a lone dog approaches the gate. It sniffs curiously at the fence, yelps and runs away with its tail tucked between its legs.

The dog runs across the road, causing a pickup to slam on its breaks to avoid it.

CUT TO:

INT. CROTCHUGGER'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

DELBERT CROTCHUGGER, a forty-ish man, dressed in overalls, a baseball cap with a beer advertised, and large, unwholesome features, swears loudly at the dog he stops to avoid.

DELBERT

Dang it! What the heck are you doin'?

The dog pauses, still in front of Delbert, to look directly at him.

DELBERT (CONT'D)

Don't look at me, ya idiot. Get movin'.

The dog, with tail still tucked, moves on. Satisfied, Delbert jams on the accelerator. He grabs a beer and upends it, spilling the liquid down the front of his shirt.

Delbert belches loudly, then looks over at the crate in his passenger seat. The crate is open and dynamite is nestled inside. Delbert smiles to himself.

Up the road, Delbert can see three people walking on the sidewalk. He chucks his beer can out the window as he passes them.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF NEW BUCHAREST -- CONTINUOUS

Soliloquy, Calliente, and Freedom are walking down Main Street on the sidewalk.

CALLIENTE

I thought Retch was going to meet us at the store. He is so late.

Soliloquy looks around, hearing the approaching truck.

SOLILOQUY

Maybe that's him.

FREEDOM

That's a truck. Retch drives a--

As the truck passes, a beer can flies out of the driver's side window, striking Freedom in the head and knocking her over.

Calliente rushes to Freedom's side as Soliloquy rushes out into the middle of the street, raising her fist in the air.

SOLILOQUY

Jerk! Where'd you get your license, the jerk license store?

Soliloquy turns from her rage back to where Freedom is just sitting up, rubbing her head.

FREEDOM

What happened?

SOLILOQUY

Some total jerk beaned you with a can.

CALLIENTE

Yeah. It was so totally awesome. You were like talking and then this can came out of nowhere and whacked you. It was like something off one of those tv shows.

They help Freedom get to her feet. Freedom has a huge raised red spot on her forehead, which Calliente and Soliloquy are staring at.

FREEDOM

What? Do I look okay?

SOLILOQUY

Well...

CALLIENTE

He totally clocked you.

Freedom raises her hand up to her forehead.

FREEDOM

(smiling faintly)

Cool.

The girls continue walking.

SOLILOQUY

I am so mad at Retch. He said he'd be there at the store. He better have a darn good excuse.

CUT TO:

INT. RETCH'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The living room in Retch's house is a mess. There are old pizza boxes on the floor mingled with discarded pop cans, banana peels, several wigs, and Soliloquy's Elvis playing cards with the dogs painting is hung on a wall. There is a large console television as a centerpiece in the room. In place of recliners there are two barber chairs.

Seated on one barber chair and laughing hysterically at something on the television is Retch.

In response to the laughing, Retch's dad, EARL STUBBINS, possessing a large handlebar mustache, pokes his head around a wall.

EARL STUBBINS  
Hey sport, what's so funny?

Without turning his head, Retch raises an empty potato chip bag and shakes it.

RETCH  
Gimme some more cheese puffs.

EARL STUBBINS  
You got it.

Earl's head disappears as Retch again laughs hysterically.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW BUCHAREST PARK -- CONTINUOUS

Delbert Crotchugger slugs through the forest growth with a lighter in one hand and a stick of dynamite in the other. He also has a small backpack in which several fuses and sticks of dynamite are poking out. He is whispering to himself.

DELBERT  
C'mon where are ya? I can smell ya  
somewhere. Come out, come out where  
I can blast ya.

Hearing something, Delbert stops and cocks his head. He squints, then lights the fuse on the dynamite.

DELBERT (CONT'D)  
I knew it.

There is a slight rustling in the bushes to the right of Delbert, which causes him to jump slightly and then toss the dynamite stick into the bushes.

He quickly sticks his fingers in his ears as the explosion sounds and the bush goes up in flames. Delbert squints into the still flaming bush, but sees nothing.

He moves on, pausing to grab another stick of dynamite out of his back pack.

DELBERT (CONT'D)  
C'mon, little bunny. Delbert needs  
some food tonight.

About fifty feet in front of Delbert is a cave built into the side of a small hill. There is a boulder that has sealed up the cave's entrance. Small pebbles have begun to fall from the top of the hill onto the boulder.

As Delbert wanders closer to the cave, the sound of falling pebbles has slowly been getting louder. Finally, one particularly large rock falls onto the boulder, startling Delbert.

DELBERT (CONT'D)

Oh, I got ya. Want to play games,  
huh? I'm gonna get ya this time.

Delbert lights the fuse on three sticks of dynamite.

DELBERT (CONT'D)

Let's see if ya like this one.

Delbert throws the lighted sticks toward the boulder. The resulting explosion whacks Delbert thirty feet through the air and finally to the ground.

From the swirling fog in front of the cave, it becomes evident that the boulder is no longer lodged over the opening.

Footsteps can be heard as soon as the debris has settled.

Glowing scarlet eyes can be seen walking closer to the entrance.

The owner of the glowing eyes, MARV FLANDOWSKI, an ancient evil, emerges from the cave and looks around at his newly discovered country.

Marv is a zombie with glowing scarlet eyes and is dressed in tuxedo pants, a bow tie, and a leopard skin smoking jacket. His hair is shaped in an immaculate duck cut.

Delbert sits up and rubs his head.

DELBERT (CONT'D)

What happened?

Marv turns his attention to Delbert.

MARV

Ah, my savior.

DELBERT

Huh?

MARV

Don't think you won't get your reward  
for this. Marv's got ya covered.

Marv points his hand like a gun and a bolt of lightning races down his arm, out his fingertip and over to Delbert, who responds by exploding into many Delbert fragments.

MARV (CONT'D)

Oh yeah baby, Big Marv's got plenty of tricks up his sleeve for this town.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF NEW BUCHAREST -- LATER

Soliloquy, Calliente, and Freedom are stopped on the sidewalk fifty feet from the park entrance. Freedom's bump has gotten noticeably larger.

FREEDOM

I am so tired and my head feels like a seedless watermelon.

CALLIENTE

We can't stop now. Didn't ya just hear that. That was probably Delbert blowing up. I wanna go see some guts.

SOLILOQUY

Chill out, you guys. I think someone's coming.

Footsteps can be heard on leaves coming from right inside the park. Soon, the girls can see Marv approaching from the park. Their jaws drop.

Marv walks right by the girls, aiming two finger guns at them as he passes.

MARV

Hey girls.

GIRLS

(in unison)

Hey.

Marv walks around the corner. The girls take a moment to regain a semblance of order.

SOLILOQUY

What the heck was that?

CALLIENTE

I don't know.

FREEDOM

I like to sing fancy songs.

Soliloquy and Calliente look to see Freedom lying on her back with a glazed expression on her face.

CALLIENTE

Free, are you okay?

FREEDOM

Do you know that there are rings  
around Uranus?

Freedom suddenly breaks out into hysterical laughing.

SOLILOQUY

Oh, man, we've got to get her  
somewhere.

CALLIENTE

Her dad is just up the street.

SOLILOQUY

Yeah, that's it. We can dump her on  
the lawn, ring the bell and run.

FREEDOM

Oh dude, who put jello on the moon?

CALLIENTE

Naw, her dad's cool. He's got a  
lab.

SOLILOQUY

Let's just get her out of here.

Calliente and Soliloquy pull Freedom to her feet after a  
struggle or two.

FREEDOM

Woo. The train's in the station,  
big momma.

SOLILOQUY

C'mon Free. We're gonna get you  
home.

CALLIENTE

Yeah. Let's just get out of here  
before the zombie in the tux comes  
back.

Freedom is walked down the street between the able shoulders  
of Calliente and Soliloquy. Just before they round a corner,  
Freedom breaks into a stanza on "YMCA" by the Village People.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANBUBZ STATUARY LOT -- NIGHT

Marv walks slowly down Main Street moving slowly toward the  
Manbubz Statuary lot. Meanwhile, he mumbles vague threats.

MARV

That's it, nobody locks Marv up in a cave for a few decades. This town's gonna pay and pay big.

Marv stops outside the statuary lot and sniffs.

MARV (CONT'D)

Whoa. Hold on, baby, what's that swanky smell? Ooh, here's a joint just waitin' for a jolt from the Marv.

Marv points two finger guns at the lot and lets loose several streams of lightning bolts at the gnomes, lawn jockeys and other inhabitants. When finished, Marv brings his two index fingers up to his mouth and metaphorically blows the smoke from his barrels.

MARV (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, baby. New Bucharest can groove on that for a while. Marv's got other business to attend to.

Marv continues down the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. DR. GUPPENHEIMER'S HOUSE -- LATER

The front door of the house opens to reveal a questioning DR. GUPPENHEIMER, who possesses a bald head crowned with crazy, white hair. He also has big glasses, a lab coat and a pipe that is perpetually sticking out of his mouth. When he speaks, he has a thick English accent reminiscent of Boris Karloff, Christopher Lee, and that lady on Supernanny.

The door has opened far enough to only reveal Calliente.

GUPPENHEIMER

Yes, can I help you?

Calliente yanks to her right and Freedom and Soliloquy pop into view as well.

GUPPENHEIMER (CONT'D)

Oh, dear God! What happened to my daughter?

CALLIENTE

She got smacked in the head by a beer can.

FREEDOM

There's a pickle on the fireplace, paw.



GUPPENHEIMER

Quick! Get her in here.

The girls quickly assist Freedom into the house. After they have entered, Guppenheimer sticks his bald skull outside the door, looking to the left and then the right. Finally, he pulls his head inside and slams the door.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GUPPENHEIMER'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Guppenheimer brings a tray of various beverages into the living room, where Soliloquy and Calliente are seated on the couch. Freedom is seated on a recliner, lying back, with a raw steak on her head.

GUPPENHEIMER

Here you are, ladies.

He offer the drinks to the girls, who take them and gulp at them greedily like drunks at a wine tasting convention.

GUPPENHEIMER (CONT'D)

That steak should do the trick,  
Freedom. My mother back in jolly  
old England spent many a steak on  
the black eyes of your young father.

Dr. Guppenheimer places the tray on the coffee table and takes a seat opposite the couch.

GUPPENHEIMER (CONT'D)

Now, tell me, young ladies, the  
fantastic story behind the fair  
Freedom's wound.

Soliloquy and Calliente sit still, not answering. Freedom moans.

GUPPENHEIMER (CONT'D)

What happened to her head?

CALLIENTE

Oh, yeah. Well, we were going to  
the--

SOLILOQUY

We were walking home from Calliente's  
place after a long evening of  
studying.

CALLIENTE

Yeah, that's it.

SOLILOQUY

And some jerk came driving by and  
threw a can out his window and clocked  
Freedom in the head.

CALLIENTE

Yeah, it was awesome. We were like  
walking and this can came from out  
of nowhere and totally whacked her  
in the head. And when she sat up,  
she had this huge--

GUPPENHEIMER

Yes, of course. But you said earlier  
that you were down by the park.

SOLILOQUY

Did we say park? We meant...bark.

Everyone looks at Soliloquy quizzically.

SOLILOQUY (CONT'D)

There was a dog...

Silence reigns for a few moments.

CALLIENTE

Okay, I can't take it anymore.

SOLILOQUY

Cal!

CALLIENTE

No! We were walking into the park  
to see Delbert Crotchugger blow  
himself up.

Soliloquy punches Calliente in the arm.

SOLILOQUY

You wiener.

GUPPENHEIMER

And did you see poor Delbert blow  
himself up?

CALLIENTE

No, but there was this zombie--

Soliloquy punches Calliente in the arm again.

CALLIENTE (CONT'D)

Ow!

SOLILOQUY

Shut up!

Dr. Guppenheimer sits back, thoughtful and he refills his pipe.

GUPPENHEIMER  
Zombie...by the park, you say?

CALLIENTE  
Yeah, and he was dressed really weird,  
like some kind of Vegas performer or  
a really bad magician.

Guppenheimer's pipe drops to the floor.

SOLILOQUY  
Dr. Guppenheimer?

GUPPENHEIMER  
But, good heavens! The man you saw  
has been dead for over three decades!

SOLILOQUY  
What are you talking about? Who was  
that zombie?

Dr. Guppenheimer rises to his feet.

GUPPENHEIMER  
I was afraid it would come to this.  
We knew he'd return to seek his  
revenge. But we all hoped we'd be  
long dead and he'd revenge himself  
on our children.

Soliloquy and Calliente exchange looks. Guppenheimer regains his seat.

GUPPENHEIMER (CONT'D)  
The seventies were a turbulent time  
for just about everyone, especially  
Harlan. There was nothing we didn't  
try, no clothing too outlandish we  
wouldn't wear. Back then, we would  
all hang out together at the motel  
just outside of town.

SOLILOQUY  
The Ease On Inn?

GUPPENHEIMER  
That's right. We all went down to  
the Ease On Inn, which at that time  
was called The Bell Bottom Motel and  
Lounge.

The picture slowly starts to distort as it...

CUT TO:

INT. EASE ON INN LOUNGE -- EVENING

1975

The lounge is decorated in tasteless fashion with loud reds and booming purples. The air is thick with smoke from many cigarettes and the smoke from a few tiki torches. There is a bar at one side where the owner, PHIL RHINESTONE, a large mass of a man, greasy and unkempt, is pouring drinks and serving the many clients.

On the main stage, behind a large microphone is MARV FLANDOWSKI, looking just like he did earlier, except without all that decay. There are also two backup singers, and a band consisting of a keyboard player, a bass player, and a drummer.

A group of seven teenager are seated near the stage. They are teenage versions of their future selves. TEEN POLICEMAN BOB is in a t-shirt and jeans, and is already balding and fat. TEEN CRYSTAL sits next to Policeman Bob. TEEN RUBELLE is dressed like a gypsy, as is TEEN ROMA. TEEN GUPPENHEIMER is in a lab coat, has wild white hair surrounding a fleshy head, large glasses, and has a pipe sticking out of mouth. TEEN FRIDA sits next to Guppenheimer. TEEN EARL STUBBINS, has a large handlebar mustache.

Dr. Guppenheimer's voice narrates as the scene unfolds.

GUPPENHEIMER

(v.o.)

It was a crazy night. We were all stoned out of our minds on Ben Gay. The lounge singer at that time was named Marv Flandowski, but he went by the name of Marvelous Marv.

Marv is performing and the teens are having a good time, talking, laughing, and drinking.

GUPPENHEIMER (CONT'D)

Now Marv started out playing some of his typical fare. He began with a little Tony Orlando and Dawn, Neil Diamond, and, of course, there was the Jimmy Durante medley. But, then everything changed. Suddenly he started this lounge version of a Peter, Paul and Mary song. Something in us snapped.

The teens quit laughing and they all glare at the stage as Marv performs. The start to shout and point a lot.

GUPPENHEIMER (CONT'D)

One thing led to another and before we knew it, things had gotten officially out of hand. I don't remember who started it, but we ended up rushing the stage.

Teen Guppenheimer gets out of his seat, overturns a table and grabs a tiki torch. The rest of the teens follow suit. Soon, Marv is surrounded by the angry teens, who are shoving him around.

Marv is lifted onto the shoulders of the teens and taken out of the Inn. Several other teens have also grabbed tiki torches and the effect is a little like an angry mob approaching Frankenstein's castle.

GUPPENHEIMER (CONT'D)

He begged and pleaded with us to let him go, but we were beyond reason. We were crazy mad. Finally, someone suggested we throw him into the cave in the middle of the park...

The angry mob stops as Teen Guppenheimer talks and points. The crowd moves on and comes to a cave.

GUPPENHEIMER (CONT'D)

I remember that he begged us to bury him with his keyboard so he could at least write and arrange songs during his eternal confinement. But we wouldn't listen. We were beyond listening.

The mob throws Marv into the cave and rolls a large stone over the entrance.

Mob dissolves, teens clap each other on the back and give each other high fives, as...

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GUPPENHEIMER'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

GUPPENHEIMER

We sealed him up tight and never told anyone what we had done.

SOLILOQUY

That's terrible.

GUPPENHEIMER

It was terrible. I know that now. But back then, it seemed so right.

CALLIENTE

But what happened to the backup band?

GUPPENHEIMER

Oh, we stuck them in potato sacks  
and threw them in the river.

SOLILOQUY

And the backup singers?

GUPPENHEIMER

The Marvettes? When we returned  
after dealing with the band, they  
were nowhere to be seen.

SOLILOQUY

And now, Marv's back to wreak his  
vengeance on this town.

Dr. Guppenheimer places his head in his hands.

GUPPENHEIMER

Oh, if only we'd used our teenage  
angst for good instead of evil.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. LONE WOLF CASINO AND BURIAL GROUND -- LATER

A large sign over a brick building denotes that this is the  
"Lone Wolf Casino and Burial Ground".

The doors to the casino open and Rubelle Wilson is forcibly  
ejected. He lands on his back. The BOUNCER, an oriental  
man dressed like a stereotypical Indian, pauses in the  
doorway.

BOUNCER

And the boss says that you can't  
come back in for at least a month  
this time.

The bouncer returns to the casino, slamming the door behind  
him. Rubelle gets up, angrily dusting himself off. He raises  
his fist at the casino.

RUBELLE WILSON

You're gonna get cursed good this  
time. Don't think you won't.

Rubelle begins walking down the street, away from the casino.  
He plots curses as he walks.

RUBELLE WILSON (CONT'D)

May your toes jam...no. May your dandruff accumulate and your arches swell. No, it's gotta have more punch.

The businesses are lost in shadows as he walks down Main Street.

RUBELLE WILSON (CONT'D)

May your prostate enlarge to the size of a small Doberman and your lymph glands swell like two choice rutabagas. Hey. Now, that's good. Now, I've gotta--

Rubelle steps in something squishy and stops. Looking down, he notes that he has just stepped in dog poop. He is directly outside of the Manbubz Statuary Lot.

He raises his arms as he shouts toward the sky.

RUBELLE WILSON (CONT'D)

Ahhhh! Curse you and curse this town! Let insanity not rest until I have been avenged!

Lightning flashes.

Rubelle continues to walk down the sidewalk, pausing every few steps to wipe his shoe.

RUBELLE WILSON (CONT'D)

This is just great. I'm gonna smell like dog crap for a week.

He turns the corner and is gone.

In the lot, the gnomes and lawn jockey have started to glow and pulse with an eery light. One gnome starts to shake. Soon, several shake.

The lawn jockey closes, then opens its eyes. The gnomes' eyes have all started to glow with a sick green shine.

A lawn globe shakes and rolls off of its pedestal, smashing on the ground.

The front porch light on the Manbubz house is thrown on and the door opens, emitting DANNY MANBUBZ, holding a shotgun.

DANNY MANBUBZ

Who's out there? Show yourself. I've got a gun. And it's big. In fact, it's a bazooka.

The voice of EUDORA MANBUBZ comes from inside the house.

EUDORA MANBUBZ

(o.s.)

What is it Danny? Is it prowlers?

DANNY MANBUBZ

Whatever it is, I'm sure your big mouth just told them right where I am. Just stay in the house, woman.

Danny is in the middle of the lot, surrounded by the statuary. Apparently, he doesn't realize that all of the gnomes' eyes have started glowing.

DANNY MANBUBZ (CONT'D)

C'mon, show yourself. I ain't got all day and I ain't afraid to call Policeman Bob neither. You better get.

The noise of moving statuary startles Danny.

DANNY MANBUBZ (CONT'D)

What the heck was that?

(to Eudora)

Honey, get me my shotgun shells! I mean bazooka shells. There's something out here.

CUT TO:

INT. MANBUBZ HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

In the Manbubz house, Eudora moves from the kitchen, into the living room. She gets to the fireplace and reaches her hand behind the painting that rests on the mantel. She brings her hand out, clutching a big box of shotgun shells, just as Danny begins to scream.

DANNY MANBUBZ

(o.s.)

Oh no! Please! Ahhhh! Get 'em off me!

A crash is heard. Eudora runs into the kitchen, clutching the shells. She pops the door open and looks outside. The porch light is out and the lot is dark. Nothing can be seen and everything is quiet.

EUDORA MANBUBZ

Danny?

Eudora takes a step out into the lot. The light from the kitchen is shining out six feet into the darkness.

EUDORA MANBUBZ (CONT'D)

Danny, where are you? Did the prowler get ya?



She takes a few cautious steps forward.

EUDORA MANBUBZ (CONT'D)

Danny?

Suddenly, the light from the kitchen goes out.

EUDORA MANBUBZ (CONT'D)

Danny, is that you? Why'd ya turn off the light, honey.

In the darkness, the front door can be heard opening and shutting again. Back in the kitchen, Eudora reaches out and locates the light switch.

EUDORA MANBUBZ (CONT'D)

Danny, why did you...

Her voice trails off as the light reveals that she is in the middle of the kitchen, surrounded by garden gnomes. There is a garden gnome on the table as well, next to the light switch.

EUDORA MANBUBZ (CONT'D)

Now, how did ya'll get in here?

The light is switched off again and Eudora screams in the darkness.

EUDORA MANBUBZ (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhhhhh! The little clay teeth!

FADE OUT:

INT. POLICEMAN BOB'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Policeman Bob is asleep in his bed and snoring loudly. On the nightstand next to his bed, his cell phone begins to ring.

Groggily, Policeman Bob reaches over and picks it up.

POLICEMAN BOB

Yeah?

A low and menacing voice is on the other end of the call.

VOICE

I will destroy you. Can you smell my man scent?

The phone clicks.

POLICEMAN BOB

Dad gum Clint!

Policeman Bob slams the phone down on the nightstand, next to the clock that shows the time as 5:45 AM. As soon as Policeman Bob moves his hand away, the phone begins to ring again. He sits up in bed and grabs the phone.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

Alright, Clint, you're going to jail this time. Huh? Harlan, slow down. Something suspicious going on at the Manbubz place? What is it? They're all dead?

Policeman Bob's eyes click wide open.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

That does sound suspicious. Call Doc Cratchitt and have him meet me there. What?

Policeman Bob looks down at his nether regions.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

Boxers.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANBUBZ STATUARY LOT -- MORNING

Policeman Bob's cruiser pulls off Main Street and into the lot, next to DOC CRATCHETT'S Harley. DOC CRATCHETT, with his bag by his side and a stethoscope around his neck, is currently in the middle of the lot, bent over the body of Danny Manbubz.

Policeman Bob gets out of his cruiser and strides directly up to Doc Cratchett.

POLICEMAN BOB

So, Doc, what do ya think?

Doc Cratchett doesn't answer, but checks the pulse of Danny, who's head is missing. He then places his stethoscope on Danny's chest. Reaching a conclusion, Doc removes his stethoscope and places it in his bag.

DOC CRATCHETT

This man is dead.

POLICEMAN BOB

Well, I'll be. What do you think could have done this Doc?

DOC CRATCHETT

Well, I'll tell ya, Policeman Bob, it had to be one very powerful man or a whole bunch of not so powerful men.

POLICEMAN BOB

Oh.

Doc pulls a sheet from out of his bag and drapes it over Danny's body.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

Did ya find the head?

DOC CRATCHETT

This man had a head? Maybe this is more serious then what I thought.

Policeman Bob stands up and looks around.

POLICEMAN BOB

Where's all the dang garden gnomes?

DOC CRATCHETT

(not looking up)

Maybe they all walked away.

POLICEMAN BOB

Yeah maybe. Did you get a chance to look at his wife yet?

DOC CRATCHETT

This headless man had a wife?

POLICEMAN BOB

He had a head. We just can't find it.

DOC CRATCHETT

Oh.

Policeman Bob walks over to the house and notices the kitchen door slightly ajar. Cautiously, he uses the toe of his shoe to push the door open further.

POLICEMAN BOB

Mrs. Manbubz?

Policeman Bob reaches over and opens the kitchen door fully. The kitchen is in disarray. The table is overturned. There are pieces of broken dishes all over the floor. There is also an arm sticking out of the drain.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

What in the name of skunk juice happened in here?

He wanders over to a counter where this is a covered cake pan. He lifts the lid to reveal Eudora Manbubz head. At that moment, Doc Cratchett darkens the doorway.

DOC CRATCHETT  
Good heavens! That cake's gone bad.

POLICEMAN BOB  
It's not a cake, Doc. It's a head.

DOC CRATCHETT  
Is it the headless man's head?

POLICEMAN BOB  
No, it's his wife's.

DOC CRATCHETT  
Have you seen the rest of her? The rest of her body may be alright.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Something tells me your off there, Doc. We're gonna need some help on this one.

Doc looks at his watch.

DOC CRATCHETT  
I could probably call Jimmy and Bart. They should be up by now. Tell me, what do ya think?

Policeman Bob takes a long look around the kitchen.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Now maybe, just maybe, we're dealing with some kind of monster here...one that kills people.

Doc Cratchett nods silently in agreement.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION -- LATER

In the middle of the police station floor, Harlan is playing Twister by himself. He spins the spinner and tries to place his foot on a green square just a Policeman Bob enters. After a slight struggle, Harlan ends up sprawled on the floor.

HARLAN  
Oh, man!

Policeman Bob walks over to peruse the call log on a nearby desk.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Are you winning or losing?

HARLAN  
Oh hey Chief. Actually both.

POLICEMAN BOB

Both what?

HARLAN

I'm winning and losing, see, cause  
I'm playing against myself.

POLICEMAN BOB

That's neat.

Harlan stands up.

HARLAN

Chief, I forgot to tell ya...

Harlan waits a moment, maybe two, then looks up from his  
mail.

POLICEMAN BOB

Yeah?

HARLAN

Well, I got the contact info from  
that Crystal.

POLICEMAN BOB

And?

HARLAN

Well...

CRYSTAL WILHITE, FBI Agent, about the same age as Policeman  
Bob, and dressed in a sensible pant suit, stands in the  
hallway leading to the back offices.

CRYSTAL

Well, if it ain't the famous Policeman  
Bob. The one the National Gallery  
proclaimed had defeated an army of  
killer ferrets with a can of spam  
and a loaf of stale garlic bread.

POLICEMAN BOB

They, uh, tend to exaggerate in those  
papers.

Crystal whips out a copy of the National Gallery with an  
article on the front cover screaming "The Devil Sold Me a  
Money Pit in New Mexico" with a picture of a smiling demon  
wearing a gold jacket.

CRYSTAL

Oh, and did they exaggerate when  
they said that there's a town where  
monster attacks seem to come every  
other week?

(MORE)

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Like the time a mummy attacked the town and ended up with a job at the library? Or maybe like the time intergalactic slugs attacked the town and then were destroyed by a large salt shaker? Or how about cobra-monkeys? Anybody want to talk about cobra-monkeys?

Crystal has been advancing on Policeman Bob and she finally throws the paper down on the desk, open to the page that proclaims "Town Attacked by Army of Cobra-Monkeys" and has a side picture from the "Wizard of Oz" of the Witch From the East with her flying monkeys. Policeman Bob bends down for a closer look.

POLICEMAN BOB

Look, that's not my fault. And they sure didn't look like no flying monkeys from the Wizard of Oz neither. They didn't fly for one thing.

HARLAN

You're telling me. They were these half snake looking--

BOB AND CRYSTAL

Shut up, Harlan.

CRYSTAL

I sit in my office all year long, trying to cover up the things that go on in this town so we don't get any undue attention and somehow it keeps getting out.

POLICEMAN BOB

Look, it's not like I can control when New Bucharest gets attacked by giant dinosaurs or when a wandering werewolf will want to eat all of Hank Starling's chickens and his wife. These things just happen.

Crystal takes a deep breath and blows it out again.

CRYSTAL

Okay, gotta remember my deep breathing exercises. My boss at the agency has heard stories about our town and, luckily, I talked him into sending me to investigate. I told him I was familiar with the locals.

Crystal looks over at Harlan, who has a pencil shoved up each nostril.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Maybe too familiar.

POLICEMAN BOB

Crystal, it's been a long time--

CRYSTAL

Don't try to schmooze me now.

POLICEMAN BOB

No schmoozing, I promise.

CRYSTAL

Good. Cause I'm in no mood for schmoozing. So, tell me, what hell-spawned beast is attacking today?

Policeman Bob looks over at Harlan, who now has pencils taped to his forehead, so they look like two horns.

POLICEMAN BOB

I don't know. Something killed the Manbubz.

CRYSTAL

The Manboobs? Is that even a real name?

POLICEMAN BOB

Yeah. Danny and Eudora. They moved in a few years after you left. Set up a statuary shop. Y'know, selling those gnomes and lawn jockeys--

HARLAN

Oh, and those globes on pedestals.

POLICEMAN BOB

Yeah. Well, something tore them both up pretty bad last night. I'm not sure what yet. But I've got a feeling we're gonna find out soon enough.

CRYSTAL

Alright. Look, I'm going to hang out here for a few days. My boss expects me to be gone for a week. We need to figure out how the stories are getting out and put a stop to it.

Harlan now has a pencil taped horizontally across his eyebrows and another taped below his nose like a mustache.

HARLAN

You can count on me, Crystal.

CRYSTAL

Yeah. Okay, then. I'll be at the  
Ease On Inn if you need me.

Crystal starts to leave, but is stopped by Policeman Bob.

POLICEMAN BOB

Crystal, you look real good. It's  
been a long time since high school--

Crystal points a finger at him.

CRYSTAL

No schmoozing. See ya, Harlan.

She exits the police station. Policeman Bob turns to Harlan,  
who has two pencils in each nostril, two in each ear and two  
as horns.

POLICEMAN BOB

Harlan, get on the horn. I want to  
talk with the neighbors of the  
Manbubz. See if they saw anything.

HARLAN

Right-o, Chief. What's a horn?

POLICEMAN BOB

That's a phone.

HARLAN

Riiiiight.

Policeman Bob shakes his head in disbelief.

CUT TO:

EXT. EASE ON INN -- AFTERNOON

Crystal's car pulls into the parking lot of the Ease On Inn.  
She gets out of her vehicle, grabs a few bags from the back  
and approaches the entrance.

Inside the front entrance, Phil Rhinestone is sitting behind  
the front desk, reading a newspaper and smoking a large cigar.  
Crystal approaches the desk and hits the bell once.

From behind his paper comes Phil's voice.

PHIL RHINESTONE

Yeah. What can I do for ya?

CRYSTAL

I need a room.

PHIL RHINESTONE

For how many hours?



CRYSTAL

Excuse me?

The paper lowers.

PHIL RHINESTONE

Sorry. I thought you were someone else. Need a room, eh?

CRYSTAL

Yeah. For about a week.

PHIL RHINESTONE

Okay. Can I see a credit card and some id?

CRYSTAL

Yeah.

Crystal hands over the cards to Phil as he rings her up. He hands the cards back to her as well as a key card.

PHIL RHINESTONE

Room 314. It overlooks the swamp.

CRYSTAL

Great.

She grabs her bags and exits the room, nearly running into Marv Flandowski as she leaves. She does not look up and recognize him or smell him for that matter.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Sorry.

MARV

No problemo.

Marv walks straight up to the front desk and hits the bell.

PHIL RHINESTONE

Yeah, what's it now, lady--

Phil looks up from his newspaper and nearly chokes on his cigar.

PHIL RHINESTONE (CONT'D)

Marv!

MARV

Phil, baby. Move'n up in the world, huh?

PHIL RHINESTONE

What?

MARV  
 When I took off you were just  
 bartendin'. Look at you now. Runnin'  
 the front desk. You're in the big  
 time.

Phil stares at Marv for a moment.

MARV (CONT'D)  
 Hey Phil, wake up! It's me, your  
 old buddy Marv.

PHIL RHINESTONE  
 But they..but you were...

Marv looks at Phil quizzically.

PHIL RHINESTONE (CONT'D)  
 You look...good.

MARV  
 I feel good. Heck, I feel great.  
 Hey Phil, walk with me.

PHIL RHINESTONE  
 Do I have to?

MARV  
 I would say yes.

Phil gets off his stool and comes around the desk. Marv  
 lays a rancid arm over Phil's shoulders.

PHIL RHINESTONE  
 Where we goin'?

MARV  
 Let's go take a look at the lounge.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION -- MOMENTS LATER

Policeman Bob and Harlan are at separate desks, each talking  
 on the phone.

POLICEMAN BOB  
 I don't know, Mrs. Goulet. Anything  
 suspicious. No, not like Clint at  
 the Post Office. Yes, I know he's  
 suspicious. No, the Manbubz. Yes,  
 I can believe that Clint was dressed  
 like a chicken.

Harlan is busy writing on a pad of paper as he talks.

HARLAN

And so you say that there's a sale on ferns at Manny's Nursery? And how much would a three-foot fern be?

POLICEMAN BOB

Yes, Mrs. Goulet, that's right. I no longer believe in Santa Claus. Look, did you hear anything suspicious last night? No, I haven't heard the one about the bishop, the rabbi and the really skinny farmer and I don't want to hear it now.

HARLAN

Well, say I made my own mulch? Oh, I don't reveal my secrets.

POLICEMAN BOB

Okay, I want to thank you for not being any help whatsoever, Mrs. Goulet. Thank you.

Policeman Bob hangs up the phone.

HARLAN

And you can tell them that the next time I see him with a box on his head, we're scrapin'.

Harlan hangs up the phone. He turns to Policeman Bob.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Any luck, Chief?

POLICEMAN BOB

About as much as you've had.

Policeman Bob glances at his watch.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

I've got to get going. Grandpa needs to get his meds refilled today.

HARLAN

Sounds good. I'm just gonna make some more calls.

Harlan picks up the phone as Policeman Bob exits. He consults his pad of paper.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Manny's Nursery? Say, do you need any mulch?

CUT TO:

INT. EASE ON INN LOUNGE -- LATER

Marv and Phil arrive in the Ease On Inn Lounge just in time to hear the lounge act tuning up.

JIM SILKWEED, a Jim Croce impersonator, dressed in a leather fringe-lined jacket and a large, black bolero hat, is sitting all alone on a stool in front of the microphone.

He is playing a guitar and doing a very choppy version of a Jim Croce tune, like "Time in a bottle".

Marv fries him with a finger-bolt about halfway through.

MARV

What? It was like a mercy killing.  
Hey, looks to me like you got an  
opening for a swingin' act. And I  
just happen to be a swingin' act.

A waitress walks by them, catches sight of Marv and drops her tray. DARLEEN HOMSWAGGLER, in her forties and dressed in short shorts and a clingy t-shirt, which is not very flattering as she has a muffin top, stands with her mouth stretched open in horror.

MARV (CONT'D)

Hey! Darleen! Baby! How ya doing?  
Oh, but we gotta do something about  
those looks of yours. You have been  
seriously lettin' yourself go, sweets.

Marv aims his two fingers at Darleen, some kind of green ray envelops her and she slowly changes before their eyes into a greasy looking old hag: ugly, scary, and repulsive. Marv blows the green smoke off his fingers when she is finished changing.

MARV (CONT'D)

Oh yeah. That's what I'm talkin'  
about. That's what a Marvette's  
supposed to look like. Now...

Marv turns to Phil.

MARV (CONT'D)

Where's my other Marvette?

PHIL RHINESTONE

I, uh, whoof. That'd be Carol and  
she's, uh...I think she's working as  
a secretary or something.

Darleen opens her mouth and green liquid pours out between her blackened and misshapen teeth, past her twisted lips and onto the floor.

PHIL RHINESTONE (CONT'D)  
Make that dental assistant.

MARV  
And my band?

PHIL RHINESTONE  
Ooh. Not so good. After you were,  
uh...

MARV  
Buried alive.

PHIL RHINESTONE  
Right. The, uh, angry mob put your  
band into potato sacks and threw  
them in the river. They were never  
found.

MARV  
This town will rue the day it ran  
foul of Marv Flandowski.

PHIL RHINESTONE  
Rue the day? Who says that? Rue  
the day.

MARV  
I do, baby.

Marv starts heading out of the lounge.

PHIL RHINESTONE  
Hey, where you going? You're my  
opening act.

Marv turns around with blazing eyes.

MARV  
It's time to strike up the band.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICEMAN BOB'S CAR -- LATE AFTERNOON

Policeman Bob and Grandpa are in the cruiser, heading down  
Main Street. Grandpa is alone in the back seat.

GRANDPA  
You're driving too dang fast! Pull  
over, I'm makin' a citizen's arrest.

POLICEMAN BOB  
I'm observing the speed limit laws,  
dad.

GRANDPA

It feels like I'm on a dad gum roller coaster of pain and anguish. Why don't you stop the car, push me out and run over me a few times? You know you want to.

POLICEMAN BOB

Dad, what is the matter with you?

GRANDPA

What, do I have to spell it out for ya? S-E-N-I-L-E. That's my problem.

Policeman Bob pulls into the parking lot of Drugs, Drugs, and More Drugs into a spot close to the front door.

He gets out, takes a few steps and turns around to see Grandpa still in the car. He walks back to the car and opens the back door.

POLICEMAN BOB

Come on, dad. You know they won't give me your refills.

GRANDPA

I ain't going. It's cold and strange out there. I think I see death.

POLICEMAN BOB

Dad, you don't want me to pepper spray you, do ya?

Grandpa slowly gets out of the car.

GRANDPA

You would, too. You hate me.

POLICEMAN BOB

Oh, Dad.

They push open the door and walk inside.

They approach the counter, where the pharmacist's ASSISTANT, is labeling some medications. She looks up as the men approach.

ASSISTANT

Can I help you?

POLICEMAN BOB

We're here to pick up a prescription. Dad, give her your driver's license.

GRANDPA

What if she doesn't give it back?

POLICEMAN BOB

That's a chance you'll have to take.

Grandpa grudgingly takes out a really old wallet and thumbs through it for about a minute until he locates a faded driver's license.

He hands it to the Assistant but doesn't immediately let it go. They struggle over it for a few moments until Policeman Bob whacks Grandpa on the back of the head.

GRANDPA

Ow! I think I've got a brain embolism!

POLICEMAN BOB

You don't.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRAZY CAT LADY'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Dusk has fallen like a wet blanket and a storm has started over New Bucharest. Garden gnomes appear in the backyard of the crazy cat lady. The cats stay far away from the gnomes.

At the corner of the house, the lawn jockey peeks his head around and then quickly pulls it back.

A cat obliviously walks around the same corner as the lawn jockey. Several punches and a cat screech are heard, then silence.

After a moment, the lawn jockey trots around the corner of the house, riding the cat. They gallop off down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAZY CAT LADY'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Inside her bedroom, Francine DeMarco is seated on a chair in front of a vanity, blow-drying her hair. She is dressed in a bathrobe and large, pink, bunny slippers.

Humming a tune to herself, she is alarmed when suddenly her hair dryer stops. She shakes it as her gaze cuts into it, perhaps daring it to continue to stop working.

MRS. DEMARCO

Don't you think you can quit on me.  
I paid good money for you and you  
have an contractual obligation to  
work. You're under warranty for the  
love of--

The lights go out.

MRS. DEMARCO (CONT'D)  
 Lights, I am gonna count to three  
 and you better turn back on. One...

The lightning flashes outside and the rain begins.

MRS. DEMARCO (CONT'D)  
 Two...

The lightning flashes again. The backdoor to the house is wide open and cats pour out like they were rats deserting a sinking ship.

MRS. DEMARCO (CONT'D)  
 Three!

The door to the bedroom slams open and a lightning flash illuminates the garden gnome in the doorway.

Mrs. DeMarco screams loudly as her hair begins to stand at attention.

The garden gnomes slowly waddles its way towards her.

Mrs. DeMarco looks around the room for a weapon as she continues screaming.

The garden gnomes slowly waddles its way towards her.

Mrs. DeMarco, still screaming, picks up the hair dryer and heaves it at the gnome. Unfortunately, it is still plugged in, so it reaches the end of its cord, swings around and smashes a lamp.

The garden gnomes slowly waddles its way towards her.

Mrs. DeMarco grips the bathrobe around her and pulls her feet off the floor as she continues screaming.

The garden gnomes slowly waddles its way towards her.

CUT TO:

INT. EASEL'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Easel is sitting in his easy chair, watching television. The lightning crashes outside and Mrs. DeMarco starts screaming. Easel looks toward his window.

EASEL  
 What in tarnation is wrong with that  
 lady?

Easel goes back to watching television, but the scream continues.



EASEL (CONT'D)

Dang! What is that?

(he yells)

Shut yer trap, woman!

Easel walks over to the window and pulls up the blinds. A flash of lightning reveals no cats around the house.

EASEL (CONT'D)

Where'd all them cats go?

Mrs. Demarco's screaming is cut off abruptly. Easel pauses, listening.

EASEL (CONT'D)

Francine? Oh, my darlin' Francine.

Easel grabs a cane and heads toward the door.

EASEL (CONT'D)

Yer Easel's comin' to save ya.

He opens the door and heads off into the storm.

CUT TO:

INT. PHARMACY -- CONTINUOUS

Policeman Bob and Grandpa are standing in front of the counter. The assistant is nowhere to be found.

GRANDPA

I told you I'd never get my license back. Now how am I gonna drive a car?

POLICEMAN BOB

You don't drive now. I won't let you, remember?

GRANDPA

That's right. The Man's always trying to keep me down.

POLICEMAN BOB

I am not The Man, Dad.

The Assistant comes back to the counter holding a prescription.

ASSISTANT

Okay. Here you go.

She trails off as her eyes focus on something behind the two men.

POLICEMAN BOB

What?

GRANDPA

Maybe she's been taking some of my medication.

ASSISTANT

No. That storm outside.

The two men turn around and look outside to see a fierce storm blowing through town. The rain is blowing sideways as lightning flashes and strikes a nearby electrical pole.

GRANDPA

Woah! I'm staying here.

POLICEMAN BOB

Maybe you're--

The cell phone in Policeman Bob's pocket rings. He fumbles it out and answers it.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

Yeah?

Harlan is on the other end.

HARLAN

Hey chief, we got a situation up at the crazy cat lady's house.

POLICEMAN BOB

Look, Harlan, you tell Easel--

HARLAN

It ain't Easel or Mrs. DeMarco calling. It's the other neighbor.

GRANDPA

I want some gum.

POLICEMAN BOB

You've got dentures.

(to Harlan)

You mean Pitch Warner, Harlan?

HARLAN

Yeah. He says he heard a long scream, then he saw Easel running toward the cat lady's house with a cane raised high and he was yelling something.

GRANDPA

This kind don't stick to my dentures.