

THE GINGERDEAD MAN 2
The passion of the Crust

By
Sylvia St. Croix,
Eunice Burns
&
Carolyn Applebee

--shooting script--
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FADE IN:

1

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - GOTHIC CHURCH SET - NIGHT

1

A requiem bell GONGS as gothic PIPE ORGAN music rises and falls...

CLOSE ON a ornately carved, large wooden crucifix...as it suddenly rotates upside down.

WE PULL BACK to REVEAL a very sinister ceremony as it unfolds...a bellowing English voice cries out through the darkness.

LORD ASTEROTH (O.S.)
I call upon thee, the dark lord,
Satan.

CLOSE ON a glowing branding iron, held by a hunchbacked female henchmen, ZIRA, as it presses into the flesh of a whimpering VIRGIN, a weathered gal in a skimpy bathing suit and high heels.

LORD ASTEROTH (O.S.) (cont'd)
Bring forth all of the fiery power
from the oven that is your flaming
sanctuary!

The virgin screams in agony as she pulls at the restraints that keep her tied to the sacrificial alter.

WE PUSH ONTO a cloaked figure as he turns around, revealing himself as the maniacal LORD ASTEROTH, an older Englishmen with a wicked face and evil eyes.

LORD ASTEROTH (cont'd)
I call upon the element of fire,
let the baking heat and flames
carry forth your minions from the
Underworld!

Another branding iron, held by a second henchman, CORNELIUS, is slammed into the beautiful flesh of the virgin with a bloody SIZZLE. Her flesh burns and bubbles as she MOANS from indescribable pain.

LORD ASTEROTH (cont'd)
 Yes, Corneilus! Yes, Zira! Satan
 thrives on pain! Deliver onto him
 this nubile virgin's infernal
 suffering! Braise her! Braise
 her!!!

VIRGIN
 No!!!

A SATANIC CHANT begins to echo through the Gothic Sanctuary
 as Lord Asteroth raises his ceremonial dagger.

LORD ASTEROTH
 Let the blood of this innocent,
 undefiled flesh be your offering!
 Let her misery and extinguished
 life be the essence that opens the
 portal to release your minions!

VIRGIN
 Fiends!

The virgin pulls at her restraints, terrified. Lighting
 flashes as the SATANIC CHANT grows louder, building to a
 cacophony.

Zira and Corneilus kneel on either side of the alter as Lord
 Asteroth steps forward in evil determination.

LORD ASTEROTH
 As I bear this dagger, the
 instrument of his will. May my aim
 be true, may the blood spilled upon
 this alter be the final ingredient
 that will stir Satan's tiny minions
 and allow them to rise!!!

CLOSE ON the dagger as it slams down out of frame.

LORD ASTEROTH (cont'd)
 Rise!

A geyser of blood flies he laughs in ecstasy.

LORD ASTEROTH (cont'd)
 RISE!!!

Lightning flashes as Zira and Cornelius close their eyes and raise their arms in blood-drenched bliss. Lord Asteroth thrusts the virgins still-beating heart into the air.

Smoke begins to rise from underneath the alter as the virgin writhes in pain.

LORD ASTEROTH (cont'd)
 Tiny Terrors! Reveal yourselves to
 me...

The SATANIC CHANT crescendos as Lord Asteroth steps back away from her mangled, convulsing body.

LORD ASTEROTH (cont'd)
 Reveal yourselves to me!

The ground shakes and lightning flashes as Lord Asteroth begins his own satanic chant. An unearthly wind surrounds him.

LORD ASTEROTH (cont'd)
 Show yourselves, Tiny Terrors!
 Show yourselves, oh minions of the
 night!!!

The SATANIC CHANT builds into a whispered frenzy as...

LORD ASTEROTH (cont'd)
 Treasure Chest!

A small, decomposing female pirate with an ample, bejeweled bosom, PURRS menacingly.

LORD ASTEROTH (cont'd)
 Femmoroid!

Femmoroid, a polyp-covered, sneering she-imp appears in a flash of lightning.

LORD ASTEROTH (cont'd)
 Knob-Goblin!

A tiny, evil-looking lawn gnome appears in one of the chairs surrounding the alter. It rocks back-and-forth, growling in gibberish.

LORD ASTEROTH (cont'd)
Perkulator!

An evil-eyed, steaming demon in the form of a brewing coffee pot, appears in the next chair.

LORD ASTEROTH (cont'd)
Shit-for-Brains!

A portly minion with an exposed cranium consisting of a bubbling brown pile of an unmentionable substance, appears, rocking back-and-forth in excitement.

LORD ASTEROTH (cont'd)
And finally...Haunted Dildo. Rise,
Haunted Dildo...RISE!

A menacing-looking dildo appears in the last chair, BUZZING with a wicked grimace.

LORD ASTEROTH (cont'd)
Welcome, oh Tiny Terrors!

Lord Asteroth approaches the alter as the Tiny Terrors hop up-and-down in evil glee.

LORD ASTEROTH (cont'd)
Now go! Establish his counterfeit
kingdom here on this decrepit
planet! Go! Go now and destroy
all of mankind!

Lord Asteroth lets out a demonic belly-laugh as the Tiny Terrors cry out in evil victory as..."Shit-for-Brains" starts to shake and vibrate with a GRINDING MECHANICAL MALFUNCTION noise.

Lord Asteroth looks at him in confusion as the tiny menace begins to spark and sputter...Zira and Cornelius look up quizzically from their cowering positions.

Suddenly, the top of "Shit-for-Brains" head explodes, sending a wave of messy goop spraying from his skullcap.

Lord Asteroth winces as his head and shoulders are spattered with the fetid ooze.

The room falls silent as he wipes his eyes with the sleeve of his robe.

LORD ASTEROTH (cont'd)
(dropping accent)
Son of a bitch.

The ambience of the room changes instantly as house lights above illuminate with the RING of a soundstage bell.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Cut!

WE PULL BACK to reveal that we are not in fact in a Gothic Sanctuary, but on the busy set of a very low-budget horror film.

WENDY, the script girl stands up from her seat next to the director. She reads from her binder.

WENDY
No, no, no. The line is "rise up
and hover through these cursed
streets...and suck forth the life-
force that will feed the almighty
demon."

Cornelius, a good-looking but obviously thick actor looks over at the actor playing Lord Asteroth.

CORNELIUS
You need me to run lines with you,
bro?

LORD ASTEROTH
I know what the lines are!!

The HAIR DRESSER, pulls off the Lord's crooked and drippy hair-piece to clean it as the actor snatches it back.

RICKI
Clear out, clear out, coming
through.

Lord Asteroth fumes as the flamboyant male makeup artist, RICKI, comes in to wipe the goop from the angry actor's face.

RICKI (cont'd)
Calm down. Hold still, Mary.

LORD ASTEROTH
Get away from me, you queen!
(calling out)
Kelvin!!!

ANOTHER ANGLE as producer KELVIN CHEATAM, a young, clean-cut guy in his 20's and with an unstoppable positive disposition, turns on his heel as he flashes a unfrazzled, supportive grin.

BACK TO SCENE:

LORD ASTEROTH (cont'd)
I cannot work this way! I've been working since 8 o'clock this morning and it's going on 10 PM. I have fifteen pages to learn for tomorrow and this ritual belt is killing my prostate! I'm done with this nonsense for the day!

The frazzled DIRECTOR, tries restore order on the set as he grabs the actor by the shoulders.

DIRECTOR
Wait, wait, wait...don't go anywhere, chief. I got three hours to shoot six more pages. You can't bail on us now.

LORD ASTEROTH
Unhand me!!

The director approaches two burned-out makeup artists: #1 and #2.

ZIRA
Yeah! I want to go home too!

VIRGIN
(calling out)
And I gotta piss.

DIRECTOR

Everybody calm down, I'm going as fast as I can. Let's untie our lovely virgin so she can attend to her business and then lets get back to work. We're making a movie here, folks, everybody just hang in there.

(to makeup artists)

Come on guys, what's going on with these puppets, you're killing me.

MAKEUP EFFECTS GUY #1

What's going on is that these chumps don't have enough money to do this right. Who built this crap?

Makeup effects guy #2 works on the controls of the "Shit-for-Brains" puppet.

DIRECTOR

I did.

MAKEUP EFFECTS GUY #2

Well, we agreed to operate these things for Kelvin because his dad gave us our start.

(beat)

But let's face it, the genre is dead...and so is this whole operation.

A small geyser of brown goop erupts as Kelvin approaches the group.

KELVIN

Cheatam International is far from dead, fellas. This is just a little detour! This picture is gonna mark the return of my father's studio as a major force in the entertainment industry!

Makeup effects guy #2 closes his script and dryly reads the title out-loud.

MAKEUP EFFECTS GUY #2
 "Tiny Terrors 9: Purgatory of the
 Petite?"

KELVIN
 I defy you to forget a title like
 that!

ANOTHER ANGLE

As a weathered old SOUND MAN spikes his coffee with a big
 bottle of whiskey. His eyes go to a pair of pink high heel
 shoes as they make their way into the stage.

WE PAN UP passed a voluptuous middle-aged female body. This
 is POLLY BONDERHOOF, a one-time siren scream-queen, now
 turned, craft service "cougar" girl.

WE FOLLOW as Polly sashes her way to the snack table carrying
 a big pink bakery box.

A trio of GRIPS eyeball Polly as she crosses.

GRIP #1
 Looks like we're gonna be here
 another three hours, Polly, better
 order up that third meal.

POLLY
 I got something better than a third
 meal, stud.

GRIP #1
 Oh yeah?

POLLY
 Yeah, I hope you're hungry...cause
 I'm breaking out my big pink box.

CLOSE ON the table as she slams the large pink bakery box
 down onto it.

POLLY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 My sister sent us some baked goods
 all the way from the great state of
 Texas.

She turns and looks over her shoulder in shameless flirtation.

POLLY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 You think you can handle these,
 honeybuns?

WE PUSH IN ON the box as it begins to slowly shift and shake as if something's trapped inside it. The lid begins to buckle as it's push upward from within.

The movement suddenly stops as Grip #1 crosses. Polly slowly runs her finger down his ample chest and belly.

POLLY (cont'd)
 I always say that nothing satiates
 the savage appetite of the North
 American movie crew member like hot
 and sticky sweets...

Polly opens it, revealing a big stack of cookies and muffins...

Lying rigidly on the top, frozen in fear is the cinnamonly delicious, yet hatefully murderous Gingerdead man himself.

Grip #1 grabs the rigid Gingerdead man.

GRIP #1
 Are you joking?

He slams him up-and-down on the edge of the table, BAM, BAM, BAM.

GRIP #1 (cont'd)
 These thing's are all stale.

Grip #1 throws the cookie back in the box. Polly cowers then bats her eyes in an attempt to change the subject.

The ASSISTANT DIRECTOR addresses the crew.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
 Lets keep it together, people,
 we're back in ten!

ANOTHER ANGLE

The director is walking the actress who plays Zira, back-and-forth on the set, trying to calm her as she weeps out-loud.

DIRECTOR

I know your exhausted, I'm exhausted, we're all exhausted, just hang in there okay?

ZIRA

You said this movie was gonna make me into a star.

DIRECTOR

You are gonna be a star, baby, you're gonna be a big star.

ZIRA

You said I was the most talented waitress that you'd ever met.

DIRECTOR

You are. You're exceedingly talented.

They approach the dim-witted Cornelius.

ZIRA

(louder)

I gave you a blowjob.

CORNELIUS

You, too?

The actress bursts into tears as the director back up in fear for his life, calling back over his shoulder to Kelvin.

DIRECTOR

(calling out)

Kelvin!!!

He continues to back up, turning towards Kelvin as the two watch Cornelius and Zira start to angrily compare notes.

DIRECTOR (cont'd)

(to Kelvin)

You said this was gonna be a walk in the park.

(MORE)

DIRECTOR (cont'd)
 Just come down to your studio by
 the beach, get laid, direct the
 stupid puppets and take the cash.

(beat)
 But I'm sorry pal, I really wanted
 to help you keep your dad's company
 alive. But you did not pay me
 enough to be put through all of
 this shit!

The director turns, nearly colliding with Lord Asteroth as a
 CHOLO WARDROBE LADY tries to clean the brown goo off his
 ceremonial robe. He quickly turns again, running right into
 Ricki who backs him up with a finger in the chest.

RICKI
 You got paid?

Ricki grabs Kelvin.

RICKI (cont'd)
 He got paid?!

KELVIN
 No, Ricki, what he meant was--

RICKI
 (to the crew)
Hey everybody, he's been getting
paid!

Kelvin starts to back up, holding his hands as the crew
 begins to converge on him.

KELVIN
 Um, I, uh...

RICKI
 Are you telling me that I've been
 working eighteen-hour days for
 fifteen days straight and living
 with no electricity! And he's the
 only one getting paid! Is that
 what you're telling me?!

KELVIN
 Ricki, I, I just haven't gotten
 around to doing payroll yet and--

RICKI
 (interrupting)
Is that what you're telling me?!

Ricki lunges at Kelvin, wrenching his hands around his throat.

KELVIN
 Now Ricki, can't we just step into my office where we can discuss this calmly and rationally?

Wendy, the script girl, runs up and tries to separate them.

WENDY
 Stop, stop, stop, you two! We're all artists, here, aren't we? Can't we all just get along?!

Kelvin pulls his head free of Ricki's grasp, sending Ricki's elbow accidentally flying back into Wendy's nose, causing an explosion of blood.

WENDY (cont'd)
 Oh, God, my nose!
 (crying)
 He broke my nose!!

Ricki moves to go back for Kelvin as Grip #1 drops what he's doing and charges.

GRIP #1
 Didn't anybody ever teach you not to hit a girl?!

Ricki lets out a "yipe" as Grip #1 converges on him, but before he can connect he's suddenly punched out by the Wardrobe lady.

Fights suddenly begin to break out all over the set.

ANGLE ON the old sound man as he pours himself another drink, unfazed by the surrounding melee.

BACK TO SCENE:

In a flash, there are forty people who are angrily tussling with each other.

Kelvin nervously steps away from the ruckus with his hands in the air.

KELVIN

Great work everybody! I'll be in my office ordering up pizza for everyone! I'm sure you're all hungry for a little something...

He turns on his heel and nervously scuttles as...

ANGLE ON THE SNACK TABLE

WE PUSH on the pink bakery box...

Two tiny, brown hands, slip up over the cardboard as a bright-eyed, yet menacing face, peeks into the soundstage and at the wild ruckus.

GINGERDEAD MAN

Wait till they get a taste of me.

BACK TO SCENE:

As everyone pummels each other!

SMASH CUT TO:

2 INT. STUDIO - OTHER STAGE 2

TITLES ROLL AS...

THE BEAT-HEAVY SOUND OF AN UP-TEMPO DANCE TRACK THUMPS AS...

The flawless body parts of a group of SMOKING HOT DANCERS gyrate, clad only in sexy underthings and sheer baker's aprons.

-Wooden spoons covered with frosting are sensuously licked.

-Spatulas smack against pristine asses.

-Roll pins are rolled over writhing bodies.

...and all to the tune of the song: BETTER GET THAT COOKIE!

THE TITLES END AS...

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
 CUT! Great job everybody!

CUT TO:

3 EXT. SOUNDSTAGE - NIGHT

3

CLOSE ON a weathered old sign that reads:

CHEATAM INTERNATIONAL STUDIOS

WE PAN OVER to a white van with a big "END OF THE RAINBOW -
WHEN ITS THE END OF THE LINE" logo emblazed on its side.

A beautiful young woman in early 20's, HEATHER CROCKER, helps a pale and bald-headed teenager, TOMMY (16), into his wheelchair. She fastens him down and wheels him across the busy back-lot.

TOMMY
 I feel like I'm the luckiest boy in
 the whole world!

He flashes a picture.

TOMMY (cont'd)
 Cheatam Studios! I can't believe
 I'm actually here!

Tommy looks up to Heather.

HEATHER
 That's what "End of the Rainbow" is
 all about. Making your final
 dreams come true. This is your
 special night, Tommy.

TOMMY
 Wow! Just look at this place,
 can't you feel the movie magic in
 the air?

At that moment, the soundstage door swings open as Wendy the script girl bursts out of the soundstage holding a bloody towel over her nose.

WENDY

Oh God...Lord and baby Jesus
combined, have mercy!

She is followed by a few limping crew members who leave in anger.

HEATHER

Wow. That's really...
(unsure)
...great special effects.

A nervous Kelvin makes his way outside and does his best to try and comfort her.

KELVIN

Please don't quit, Wendy, we need
you!

WENDY

It hurts...

KELVIN

Remember, pain is temporary, film
is forever!

WENDY

I just know it, he broke my nose!

KELVIN

No, no, no...it's gonna be fine.
Just hold on, let me see.

Wendy pulls the towel away, revealing that her nose is severely misshapen.

WENDY

Does it look terrible?

KELVIN

Not at all. You just need to put a
little ice on it. You look
beautiful.

WENDY

Really? Do you mean it?

A trickle of blood drips down her nose.

KELVIN

Uh huh.

HEATHER (O.S.)

Excuse me, do you know where I can
find Mr. Cheatam?

Kelvin turns to find Heather pushing Tommy towards him...he
then turns back to Wendy.

KELVIN

(to Wendy)

Honey, I have a meeting to attend
to. Why don't you just grab some
coffee, take an aspirin and I'll
see you back inside.

WENDY

(sniffles)

Okay...Kelvin.

Wendy forces a smile, reveal a cracked tooth as she exits.
Kelvin turns back to Heather.

KELVIN

(looking at Tommy)

Ma'am if you're here about the
"Tiny Terror" action figure
lawsuit...

HEATHER

No, I'm actually here for--

KELVIN

(interrupting)

I can assure you that all the toys
deemed toxic have been removed from
the shelves and incinerated. And
I'm sure you've heard the promising
news that almost 80% of the boys'
body hair will eventually grow
back.

A frazzled-looking man in his 30's, MARTY, the studio's
operation manager steps up beside Kelvin holding a bundle of
computer printouts.

HEATHER

No, I'm Heather Crocker from the
"End of the Rainbow Last Wish"
foundation.

KELVIN

And?

HEATHER

And...

She nods to Tommy as his eyes go wide in realization.

TOMMY

And I'm Tommy!

He snaps another photo.

TOMMY (cont'd)

It was my dying wish to see your
amazing studio! You're Kelvin
Cheatam! Son of the great Rupert
Cheatam, low budget, movie master!
Creator of such hit genre classics
as "Beach Blanket Bludgeonary,"
"Maniac Dry Cleaner" and "Escape
from Sloth Island."

KELVIN

(beaming, overly
flattered)

Well, *that one* was a little slow in
parts, but thanks.

TOMMY

Are you kidding me?! Your father
was a genius! I have every movie
he ever made. He changed my
life...

(saddened)

...or what's left of it anyway.

There's an uncomfortable pause.

HEATHER

(searching)

Don't be sad, Tommy. Maybe
you'll...see him up in heaven?

MARTY
 (under his breath)
 Don't be so sure of yourself, kid.

KELVIN
 She's right! We don't have time
 for any doom and gloom around here!
 This is a place where your wildest
 dreams come true, so, whose ready
 to see first hand the magic that is
 Cheatam Studios?

Kelvin does a flourish toward the back-lot...just as the
 inebriated sound man that we saw earlier VOMITS loudly into a
 nearby trash can. Tommy raises his hand in enthusiasm.

KELVIN (cont'd)
 (forces a smile)
 Shall we?

CLOSE ON the sound man as he heaves once again, sending a
 giant wave of goo into the trash can.

CUT TO:

4 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - GOTHIC CHURCH SET - NIGHT 4

CLOSE ON a styrofoam bowl as a huge steaming ladle of
 disgusting-looking stew plops down into it.

STAGEHAND (O.S.)
 Five minutes, everyone. We're back
 in five minutes.

WE PULL BACK revealing Polly as she inhales the delicious
 aroma. She then hands it over to Cornelius with a purr.

POLLY
 Nothin' like a big steamin' bowl of
 Polly's special somethin' somethin'
 to get you through your mid-evening
 fisticuff.

CORNELIUS
 Thanks.

WE SLOWLY PUSH on the bakery box where the Gingerdead Man shakes his head in disgust.

POLLY

No problem. Polly's got to do her best to keep a big, strapping boy like you well fed.

She puts her foot up on her stool, leaning in.

POLLY (cont'd)

Is it...hot enough for you?

Cornelius swallows with a loud GULP.

CORNELIUS

It's real hot.

Polly playfully HISSES like a cat.

CLOSE ON the Gingerdead Man.

GINGERDEAD MAN

Fucking whore.

(beat)

I better split, before one of these shit-heads gets hungry.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. SOUNDSTAGE - NIGHT

5

Kelvin leads the way, giving Heather and Tommy a tour. The lot is scurrying with activity, lights and set pieces moving, actors in outrageous costumes parade by.

KELVIN

So, as you can see we're here on the historic Cheatam Studios back lot.

A man dressed in a giant HAMBURGER DETECTIVE costume exits the stage and heads to a honey-wagon.

TOMMY

Hey, that's "Hamburger, Time-Traveler Detective"!

HEATHER

Who?

TOMMY

The charbroiled-hardboiled crime fighter. Created from the fusion of a hard-bitten street detective and his lunch, during a teleportation accident gone terribly wrong.

HAMBURGER DETECTIVE

Hey, kid!

Marty leans over to Kelvin.

MARTY

Kelvin, I need to speak to you.

KELVIN

Marty, can't you see I'm in the process of making this young man's final dream come true?

MARTY

Yeah, well unless you want your life to become a living nightmare, I think you need to give me a minute of your time.

Kelvin flashes a smile to Heather and Tommy.

KELVIN

Would you two excuse me for a moment, I have some important movie industry business to attend to.

HEATHER

Sure.

Marty pulls Kelvin aside as Tommy snaps a flash photo.

MARTY

Listen, the wire from Russia didn't come in this afternoon. We have a serious cash flow problem on our hands.

KELVIN

We've had cash flow problems before. It'll iron itself out.

MARTY

The problem is that even when it does come through, I don't think I can catch up.

(beat)

You have way too many movies in production: "Tiny Terrors" in the big stage, "Space Spankers" in Studio B, and all these loose ends of films you're still trying to finish. I say we pull the plug on 90% of what we got going on and just make one really great movie.

Kelvin's clearly disappointed.

KELVIN

Let's just try and get through this week and maybe we can talk about cutting back on our future slate.

MARTY

We may not have one.

(beat)

The script for "Tiny Terrors 9" got leaked out on the Internet. People HATE it.

Marty hands the stack of printouts to Kelvin.

MARTY (cont'd)

These movie bloggers and online reviewers are starting to get ferocious with you.

KELVIN

Oh, come on, Marty, the reviewers love us, they grew up with us. My father's studio is an American Institution.

MARTY

(reading)

I'd rather have lye poured into my eyes than sit through another half-baked Cheatam Production.

(beat)

Tiny Terrors: 9, Audience: nothing.

(beat)

A production so wooden, it'll give you splinters.

(beat)

If you have trouble sleeping, just pop in the latest...

KELVIN

(interrupting)

Alright, alright, I get it.

MARTY

And those are the good ones.

(beat)

This guy, this horror reviewer, calls himself "Demon-warrior13" has started a letter-writing campaign to boycott our movies and all the outlets that sell them until we agree to shut down production.

KELVIN

(scoffs)

How much damage could he cause?

Marty hands Kelvin a stack of paperwork.

MARTY

"In and Out Video," cancelled their order. "Netpix," cancelled...

KELVIN

(reading documents)

That bastard! This guy's a maniac.

MARTY

We're fading away, Kelvin. We need something, something big...

(MORE)

MARTY (cont'd)
 something that's going to draw
 attention to the studio, and we
 need it fast.

CUT TO:

6 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - CATERING AREA - NIGHT

6

WE PUSH as people buzz around the craft service table...right up to the bakery box as again, the Gingerdead Man peeks out with a sneer.

GINGERDEAD MAN
 Gotta get out of here and back to
 the bloodshed.
 (beat)
 Shit. Why am I so stiff? This
 fucking cookie body must be gettin'
 stale. I think it's time for daddy
 to find himself a new host.

At that moment, a BURNED OUT CREW MEMBER picks the Gingerdead man up...he goes rigid again as the man reads the bakery box.

BURNED OUT CREW MEMBER
 Gourmet Cookies, huh? Hey Polly,
 getting fancy on us.

POLLY
 Just a little lovin' from the oven,
 baby.

He playfully waves the Gingerdead Man in Polly's face.

BURNED OUT CREW MEMBER
 (in a puppet voice)
 And I'll bet you got a hot oven,
 don't cha?

POLLY
 Smokin'.

The crew member opens wide and gets ready to take a bite out of the Gingerdead Man's head...the little Demon cringes.

RICKI (O.S.)
 Spread out. Make room for baby.

Ricki busts between at the two as the crew member lowers the
Gingerdead Man.

BURNED OUT CREW MEMBER
Hey, watch it!

RICKI
Sorry, butch. What are you serving
up tonight, Polly?

POLLY
(sexy)
Just some sugar and spice...and
everything nice. You want a little
taste?

RICKI
Sorry I asked.
(sees the baked goods)
Just when I was getting used to the
pork rinds.
(sighs)
Mother and I used to love to bake
cookies...when she wasn't drunk,
faced-down on the kitchen floor.

Ricki picks up a tube of cookie dough.

RICKI (cont'd)
But don't ya just love raw cookie
dough?

Ricki takes a big bite out of it.

CLOSE ON the Gingerdead Man as he cringes, turning away,
repulsed.

GINGERDEAD MAN
Cream-puff.

The burned out crew member raises the Gingerdead Man to his
lips and is about to take a bite when...

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Hank, get your ass over here!

The crew sets the Gingerdead Man down on the table.

BURNED OUT CREW MEMBER
 Alright, I'm coming!

He walks away as the Gingerdead Man suddenly sits up and hops off the edge of the table.

Ricki and Polly don't notice as they gossip, checking out Cornelius as he pumps his biceps with a weight across the way.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. SOUNDSTAGE - NIGHT

7

Kelvin leads Heather and Tommy through the back lot.

KELVIN
 This studio has been in my family for over seventy-five years...my father's responsible for 1500 horror, sci-fi, martial arts and action/adventure films...and I'm going to continue that legacy with my own brand of high-quality genre entertainment.

At that moment, FLUSH, an angry, horned and poorly costumed LITTLE PERSON steps out of a porta-potty.

LITTLE PERSON
 There's no god-damned toilet paper in the shitter again! I had to wipe with my with my fucking socks!!! I've had it with this dump and their crappy projects!

He charges Kelvin, kicking a garbage can in anger.

LITTLE PERSON (cont'd)
 Do you hear me loser? I FUCKING QUIT!

Kelvin turns to a dingy trailer, regrouping.

KELVIN
And this is the area where we house all of our talent.

They cross toward the trailer where a dumpy-looking older guy dressed in a rugged-looking costume, JAKE, leans against the trailer.

TOMMY

Wow! A real-life movie-star trailer!

KELVIN

Not just any movie star, but Mr. John Doe (TBD) himself!

Tommy looks up at Heather who smiles. Kelvin moves to knock on the door.

JAKE

I wouldn't do that if I were you, Kelvin.

KELVIN

Tommy, Heather...this is Jake Jackson, for 25 years he's been Hollywood's premiere stunt-men and professional body doubles.

(beat)

He lives for danger.

Jake takes a puff of his cigarette and strikes a lame pose.

JAKE

Hey kid.

(re: wheelchair)

What'cha got under the hood on that rig?

Everybody chuckles as Tommy snaps another picture.

KELVIN

I want to introduce Tommy to the star of our latest "Tiny Terrors" picture.

JAKE

Now's probably not the best time.

(beat)

(MORE)

JAKE (cont'd)
 Why don't you guys go visit the
 special effects unit, I hear
 they're building a giant, evil
 pineapple.

KELVIN
 No, no, no. This is sort of an
 important occasion, Jake, I think
 it would--

JAKE
 (interrupting)
 He's locked himself in and he won't
 come out.

KELVIN
 Well, why not?

JAKE
 He thinks the movie's a piece of
 shit. He hates the script and more
 importantly he hates you.

KELVIN
 What are you talking about? I've
 known John since I was eight, I
 used to mow his lawn. We're like
 family!

At that moment a small lamp comes crashing out of the window
 of the trailer. JOHN DOE then pulls the curtains back and
 sticks his head out the window.

JOHN DOE
 (to Kelvin)
 You! You sneaky little son of a
 bitch!

John Doe then bursts out of the door, dressed in an
 adventurer's outfit (the same as Jake's), with an AK47 slung
 over his shoulder.

KELVIN
 Mr. Doe, Mr. Doe, before you say
 anything else...this is Tommy
 Hines, he's come to visit you from
 the Children's Hospital, courtesy
 of the...
 (indicating, with quotes)
 (MORE)

KELVIN (cont'd)
 "End of the Rainbow" foundation.
 They wheeled him in all the way
 here just to meet you.

JOHN DOE
 Well, they wheeled him in and they
 can wheel him out.
 (beat, to Kelvin)
 You and I got business to attend
 to, sparky.

John Doe pulls Kelvin over to the side of the trailer.

JOHN DOE (cont'd)
 You know, Kelvin, I'm a very busy
 man...with a very busy schedule.
 I'm in TV commercials, I'm doing
 the convention circuit, movies,
 video games, not to mention the
 fact that I can be seen in the
 musical, "Cats" every Sunday
 afternoon at the Pasadena
 Playhouse!
 (beat)
 So, when the son of an old dead
 friend calls and asks me to do them
 a favor by appearing in an
 independent family drama...I expect
 it to be just that!

John Doe pokes his finger into Kelvin's chest who cowers.

JOHN DOE (cont'd)
 Not me, bursting into a paper-mache
 castle with a real and loaded AK47
 to mow down a collection of slime-
 covered hand puppets!

KELVIN
 Take it easy, John. I mean, it is
 kind of a family drama of sorts.
 After all, the "Tiny Terrors" are
 all the spawn of Satan...

A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT who's been waiting off to the side
 hands John Doe a large paper cup.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Your tofu, wheatgrass, caramel
machiato, Mr. Doe.

John Doe takes the coffee and throws it into Kelvin's face before storming back inside his trailer.

Tommy snaps another picture.

Kelvin regains his composure as he turns to Tommy and Heather.

KELVIN
Who wants a tour of the sound
stages?

CUT TO:

8 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - GOTHIC CHURCH SET - NIGHT

8

We follow Gingerdead Man's POV as he tiptoes through the busy soundstage.

GINGERDEAD MAN
Gotta get out of here! Where the
hell am I?

He makes his way over to the set where the actress playing the virgin compares notes with Zira.

VIRGIN
Yeah, I just had them done!

GINGERDEAD MAN (O.S.)
Nice pair of cupcakes.

At that moment he's cut off by the sound cart that rolls in front of him.

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)
Asshole!

The Gingerdead Man starts to run, but then quickly pauses.

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)
I'm so stiff I can barely move...

CLOSE ON The Gingerdead Man's hand as he brings it up to his face, part of it braking away and crumbling.

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)
I gotta get rid of this cookie
body. But how the hell do I
transfer my soul into a new host?

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT (O.S.)
Hey, Hank...

The Gingerdead Man turns to find the Production Assistant pushing a cart of old books and Satanic props.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT (cont'd)
Where do you want me to put all
these Satanic spell books?

BURNED OUT CREW MEMBER
Put them in the prop room, dip-
shit.

CLOSE ON the Gingerdead Man as he smiles to himself.

GINGERDEAD MAN
SPELLBOOKS??!!
(to camera)
How wonderfully contrived!

He CACKLES as we...

CUT TO:

9 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - SPACE SET - NIGHT

9

CLOSE ON reddened, yet gorgeous female butt as it's vigorously paddled from both sides.

WE PULL BACK as we find ourselves in the interior of a high-tech space station set, where LIEUTENANT GRANT and MAJOR NELSON paddle the ass of a sexy female astronaut, ENSIGN DEL RIO.

BAM, BAM, BAM...a third astronaut, DOCTOR CALLAHAN stands in front of Ensign Del Rio, looking into her mouth.

MAJOR NELSON
Anything, Dr. Callahan?

DOCTOR CALLAHAN
Nothing, Major Nelson.

LIEUTENANT GRANT
Damn it!

ENSIGN DEL RIO
(moaning)
Oooh, I can't take it anymore!

LIEUTENANT GRANT
I'm sorry Ensign Del Rio, but the
only way to get this gestating
creature out of your body cavity is
with deliberate and vigorous
paddling!

A pleasant off-screen computer voice, SISTER, chimes from
above.

SISTER (O.S.)
Re-initiate paddle sequence.

MAJOR NELSON
Thank you, Sister.

Ensign Del Rio moans as she fades from life...

LIEUTENANT GRANT
Don't you die on me, you son of a
bitch! DON'T YOU DIE!
(to Major Nelson)
Let her have it!

ENSIGN DEL RIO
Owww!
(breaks character)
Take it easy back there, asshole!

DAVE DECOTEAU (O.S.)
Cut!

WE PULL BACK to reveal an impressive spaceship setting, this
is the set of SPACE SPANKERS 2015.

The movie crew reorganizes as ASSISTANT DIRECTOR #2 addresses the crowd.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR #2
 Okay everybody, let's keep moving,
 we've got a lot to do.

The actor playing Lieutenant Grant walks up to bored-looking famed genre director, DAVE DECOTEAU, whose head is buried in a newspaper.

LIEUTENANT GRANT
 (sincere and eager)
 Um, excuse me, Mr. DeCoteau...how
 was that? Was it good? Was that
 what you wanted?

Dave peers up from over his newspaper.

LIEUTENANT GRANT (cont'd)
 Did you like what I did?

DAVE DECOTEAU
 (to himself, considering)
 Hmmm, was it good? Did I like it?

Dave then leans over to the CAMERAMAN.

DAVE DECOTEAU (cont'd)
 (to the Cameraman)
 Was it in focus?

CAMERAMAN
 Yep.

Without missing a beat, Dave turns back to the actor.

DAVE DECOTEAU
 Kid you were fucking brilliant.

CUT TO:

10 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - PROP ROOM - NIGHT

10

The Gingerdead Man is on his hands and knees in front of a big, Satanic spell book.

GINGERDEAD MAN

(reading)

Let's see. Powers of invisibility.

(beat)

Completely far-fetched.

(reading)

Reanimation of dead tissue.

(beat)

Ridiculous.

(reading)

Bringing dolls to life.

(beat)

Like that would ever happen.

He turns the page...

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)

(reading)

Hmmm...Transmigration: soul to body
transference spell. *Hello!*

(beat)

Place a drop of blood from five
separate victims upon the point of
each triangle of a drawn pentagram.

The Gingerdead Man rolls his eyes.

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)

What a fucking mouthful.

He then turns back to the book.

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)

(reading)

After chanting the malevolent
incantation, a final kill, a sixth
victim, that of the body of a
virgin, must be claimed...only then
will transmigration be complete.

The Gingerdead Man looks up with a wicked grin.

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)

(laughs to himself)

Easy as pie...this is gonna be a
cake-walk.

He throws his hands up to the ceiling with an evil CACKLE.

CUT TO:

11 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - SPACE SET - NIGHT

11

Kelvin leads Heather and Tommy onto the space set.

KELVIN

And this is the set of my big
science fiction epic, SPACE
SPANKERS, 2015.

TOMMY

Wow! That's director, Dave
DeCoteau!
(to Dave)
His films are known for their,
thrills, high-concept gothic
horror, and subtle homo-eroticism!

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR #2 (O.S.)

Hey, Dave?

Everyone turns to find the assistant director #2 standing
next to a beefy MUSCLEBOY with a feminine voice wearing a
silver harness and silver leather chaps.

MUSCLE-BOY

How does this look for the lunar
moon-walk?

Dave does a "Bea Arthur stone face."

DAVE DECOTEAU

Love it.

Marty walks up to Kelvin and pulls him to the side.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR #2

(calling out)

Okay guys, keep moving. Let's
bring in the remote control robot
for the kung-fu sequence!

ANGLE ON Marty and Kelvin...

MARTY
I've got good news.

KELVIN
Great!

MARTY
Well, sort of.
(beat)
I just got a call from a company
that needs an office to shoot a few
pick-up shots in.
(beat)
So I told them that they can use
one of ours. I got 3,000 dollars,
it's enough to stay afloat for
another day...who knows, maybe by
then the wire will come through. I
can rob Peter to pay Paul and then
I can figure out another way to
keep everything going for a while.

KELVIN
You're a genius. What are they
shooting?

Marty hands Kelvin a work-order.

MARTY
"Donkey Punch Office Party," it's a
porn film...and they're shooting in
your office.

KELVIN
Did they pay you cash?

MARTY
Yep.

KELVIN
Tell 'em to have a great shoot.
(beat)
See, I told ya things will work
out. From now on, it's gonna be
smooth sailing!

CUT TO:

12 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - PROP ROOM - NIGHT 12

CLOSE ON the Gingerdead Man's maniacal face...

PULLING BACK we reveal that the Gingerdead Man's is violently sawing the head off of Grip #1 who screams as his blood erupts in a shooting geyser.

GINGERDEAD MAN
Now we're cooking!!!

A bolt of lightning FLASHES as...HIS EVIL LAUGH ECHOES!!!

CUT TO:

13 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - SPACE SET - NIGHT 13

Smoke erupts from the remote control robot. The humanoid animatronic sparks and malfunctions as two effects guys, EFFECTS GUY #3 and EFFECTS GUY #4, scramble to get it working.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR #2
What is this? We're waiting on
just you, ya know?

Effects Guy #3 tries to operate the remote control as it malfunctions.

EFFECTS GUY #3
I'm an effects schlepper, not a
miracle worker.

EFFECTS GUY #4
I told you guys this thing needed
to be completely rewired. The
remote receiver is completely shot.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR #2
We gotta move. Is there any way
you can shit-rig this thing to get
it going?

EFFECTS GUY #3

I don't know, man. Maybe if we move the control unit to the chest and hard-wire the power source off the ankle we might be able to get a better signal.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR #2

Alright, I'm desperate, let's try it.

The two men start to work on the robot as...

KELVIN

(calling out)

Keep up the good work everybody!

TOMMY

Mr. Cheatum? When can I meet the Tiny Terrors?

HEATHER

It is getting a little late for him, maybe we should go see the little puppets.

The two of them exchange glances.

KELVIN

Sure.

(whispering to Heather)

I can't wait to see his look when he meets them face to face.

CUT TO:

14

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - OFFICE HALLWAY - NIGHT

14

The Gingerdead Man exits the prop room, wiping the blood from his face.

GINGERDEAD MAN

One down, four to go...who's next on the hit parade?

At that moment, Ricki sashes by, heading into the makeup room.

RICKI
 "I love a parade..."

GINGERDEAD MAN
 Nothing like a little sliced
 fruitcake.

The Gingerdead Man exits frame as he follows.

CUT TO:

15 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - CATERING AREA - NIGHT 15

Kelvin leads Tommy and Heather over to the craft service table.

KELVIN
 I always say a well-fed crew is a
 happy crew.
 (beat)
 Can I interest you in a bottled
 water? Or perhaps a rice-cake?

Heather shoots Kelvin a smile, she seems charmed by his enthusiasm.

Tommy lights up at the sight of Polly.

TOMMY
 Hey, I know her! You're Polly
 Bonderhoof.
 (to Heather)
 She was a scream queen in the early
 80's.

POLLY
 "Was" is the key word there, bright
 eyes.

HEATHER
 Nice to meet you, this is Tommy,
 and I'm Heather.

TOMMY
 You were in "Biker Bitches from
 Beyond and Back!"

POLLY

I'm surprised you recognized me
without my cattle prod.

KELVIN

We like to keep everyone in the
Cheatam family working.

CORNELIUS

(to Polly)

I didn't know you were an actress.

POLLY

There's a lot of things you don't
know about me, tiger.

Cornelius looks her up and down.

CORNELIUS

Well, why'd you quit? What
happened?

POLLY

What happened, happened, baby. A
botched set of implants can be a
cruel sentencing for a woman who
makes a living off her bosom.

Everyone can't help but to notice that indeed Polly's breasts
are a bit crooked...she lifts one of her shoulders in an
attempt to straighten them.

HEATHER

(mortified)

Well...it was nice certainly nice
meeting you.

(to Kelvin)

Where did you say those puppets
where?

TOMMY

Can I get your autograph, Ms.
Bonderhoof?

She reaches down and pulls out an 8x10 of herself from the
80's...half the woman she used to be.

POLLY

And that's at no charge, you cute little, billiard ball.

(beat)

You take real good care of yourself, young man. You get hungry later you always know where Polly is.

TOMMY

Thanks, Ms. Bonderhoof!

Polly slaps her hand on her hip twice, then makes a gun motion with her hand, then pushes her breasts together and lets out a HISS.

Tommy snaps a picture as Heather finally snatches his camera away from him.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)

(from intercom)

Attention all Tiny Terror crew members, we will be breaking for an additional fifteen minutes as we try to get the star out of his trailer.

CUT TO:

16

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - MAKEUP ROOM - NIGHT

16

Ricki opens his kit and restocks his makeup belt, checking over his shoulder as he quietly powders his cheeks with rouge.

He doesn't notice as the Gingerdead Man's POV slips into the room and runs along the floor between his legs, avoiding Ricki as he crosses to the hair area.

Ricki grabs a big curling iron and plugs it in as a BANGING sound echoes behind him. He turns to find a gallon container of hair-spray spilled on the floor.

RICKI

I'm getting too old for this shit.

He grabs some paper towels and goes to clean up the mess. Ricki kneels down to the floor, turning back over his shoulder again at the sound of PITTER-PATTER that echoes across the room.

CLOSE ON the curling iron as a little gingerbread hand turns the heat control knob to "high."

CLOSER ON the curling iron as it begins to smoulder and sizzle.

CUT TO:

17 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - GOTHIC CHURCH SET - NIGHT 17

Kelvin leads Tommy and Heather to the Gothic Church set.

TOMMY

That's Lord Asteroth's evil lair.

(beat)

It looks so much bigger on TV.

KELVIN

I guess the Tiny Terrors are back in the effects shop.

Heather looks around the set.

HEATHER

What an amazing life you have. It must be so much fun doing this for a living.

KELVIN

It is and your job sounds really...

He realizes what he is saying as he glances at pale Tommy.

KELVIN (cont'd)

So, this is where we're shooting a big virgin sacrifice scene that raises the Tiny Terrors.

TOMMY

Kick ass!

HEATHER

Looks like you really do have a fan here.

Kelvin drops a little bit of his bravado.

KELVIN

Thanks.

HEATHER

Maybe two, actually.

They exchange looks.

KELVIN

Thanks, again. Making movies is all I know. As far back as I can remember, I used to watch my father run this studio. Everyday he came to work, he came here with a big smile on his face because he loved what he did so much...I always knew that's what I wanted to do when I grew up...and here I am. I just love making movies.

Heather smiles at Kelvin.

KELVIN (cont'd)

I know the movies that we make here aren't what most people would consider art or mainstream, but for me, it's a passion...and for the select crowd that want something different, I got em' lining up around the block. Love them or hate them, you always know my studio has something in store for you that you wouldn't get to see in any regular old, movie-house.

He picks up a leathery cat-o-nine tails that's dripping with slime as he reflects.

HEATHER

I guess we both make wishes come true.

KELVIN

Yeah...well except for "Demon-warrior13's." I just don't see what's so wrong with me making the kind of movies that I want to see. I mean if you know you're gonna hate something so much before you open the package, then why bother watching it?

HEATHER

Well, I know *I'm* looking forward to seeing what you guys have created here.

KELVIN

Really?

HEATHER

Really.

Kelvin and Heather smile at each other. He leans in and kisses her as WE PAN DOWN to Tommy who rolls his eyes as he plays his hand held video game.

CUT TO:

18 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - OFFICE HALLWAY - NIGHT 18

Polly walks through the hallway carrying bags of trash. After she dumps them, she notices Cornelius who walks into the bathroom.

She looks both ways making sure the coast is clear, then slinks down the hallway and into the bathroom.

The CAMERA continues past her, pushing towards the makeup room.

CUT TO:

19 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - MAKEUP ROOM - NIGHT 19

WE PUSH in on Ricki who's still on all fours, cleaning up the spill, CONTINUING over him we zero-in on the curling iron, now smoldering and red hot.

RICKI (O.S.)
 (to himself)
 I shouldn't be doing this manual
 labor, I'm a VIP.

CLOSE on the curling iron as a little cookie hand quietly
 pulls it off the makeup table.

RICKI (O.S.) (cont'd)
 (to himself)
 Sixteen-hour day, no second meal,
 I've had it with these losers.
 (beat)
 I'm a star. I should've never
 thrown away my passion for jazz
 dance.

WE FOLLOW the Gingerdead Man's POV as he approaches Ricki
 from behind...

ANGLE ON Ricki's face:

RICKI (cont'd)
 (to himself)
 You try to do someone a favor by
 working for less than half your
 rate and they don't even pay you
 that!

CONTINUING, the Gingerdead Man's POV comes up right behind
 Ricki's behind.

RICKI (cont'd)
 Soon I'll be paying them to show up
 in this shit-hole. Well, this
 bitch has had enough!
 (beat)
 Try and be nice and all they do is
 turn right around and fuck you
right in the ass.

At that moment, the Gingerdead Man pops up from behind as he
 climbs up on Ricki's backside.

GINGERDEAD MAN
 Ask and you shall receive!

At that moment, a steaming geyser of smoke rises from Ricki's ass as the Gingerdead Man crams the entire, red hot curling iron into his anal cavity.

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)
BOTTOMS UP!!!

For a brief moment, Ricki's face registers surprise and intrigue, but it quickly turns to horror as bolts of electricity race over his body.

The Gingerdead Man CACKLES in murderous glee as he watches Ricki's body shiver and burn.

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)
That ought to teach you to eat raw
cookie dough!

At that moment, the Assistant Director pokes his head in the door, not seeing Ricki's body because it's obscured by the couch.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR #2
Ricki, we're almost ready to go.
(beat)
Where'd he go?

The Gingerdead Man ducks, noticing a knife sticking out of a fake, cut-off head.

GINGERDEAD MAN
Sorry bonehead, I need to borrow
this.

He grabs the knife, then pulls the cover off of an air conditioning vent and quickly escapes. The wardrobe lady then sticks her head in the door.

WARDROBE LADY
Did you find him?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
No...

He turns to leave, the wardrobe lady follows.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (cont'd)
 Mmmm, but smells like Polly's
 cooking her fried bologna
 sandwiches again.

CUT TO:

20 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

20

CLOSE ON the door of a bathroom stall as it opens. Cornelius walks out and is surprised to find Polly blocking the exit door.

POLLY
 (sexy)
 Real glad to hear that my boy's
 getting enough ruffage in his diet.

ANGLE ON the vent as the Gingerdead Man appears. He grimaces, then lights a match.

CORNELIUS
 (confused)
 Oh, Polly...sorry about that...is
 the other bathroom full?

Polly walks towards him pushing her chest into his.

POLLY
 Oh, I'm not here for any bodily
 functions...none of that kind
 anyway.

She presses up against him as he slowly backs up against the counter.

POLLY (cont'd)
 After all, they just extended the
 break for fifteen more minutes...
 and a lot can happen in fifteen
 minutes, especially when it comes
 to the chemistry between a man and
 woman.

ANGLE ON the vent where the Gingerdead Man peeks out.

Cornelius pushes her backwards as he tries to make it to the door.

CORNELIUS

Chemistry? Uh, I'd *really* better get back to my dressing room. I gotta pump up for the next scene, you know?

She pushes him back.

POLLY

If anyone can help you pump up, it's Miss Polly.

(beat)

I know you want it. I seen the way you been lookin' at me...

He pushes her back towards the door in confusion.

CORNELIUS

I don't remember, really looking at you very much at all, actually...

She pushes him back even further.

POLLY

Oh you been lookin'. So, why don't you just surrender to the eroticism before you. It's synergy, baby.

CORNELIUS

Synergy??? Uh, I definitely need to get back to work.

He backs her up all the way to the door. She blocks it with her hands.

POLLY

I'm double jointed.

He keeps pushing...

POLLY (cont'd)

I've had rejuvenation surgery on my undercarriage.

CORNELIUS

Oh, God...

She thrusts her arms from side-to-side and stops him dead in his tracks.

POLLY

I can introduce you to every casting director in town.

He instantly dives for her, kissing her deep and hard.

ANGLE ON the vent where the Gingerdead Man watches with a wicked grin.

GINGERDEAD MAN

This is gonna be way too easy.

CLOSE ON Cornelius and Polly as they passionately kiss, hard and deep.

CUT TO:

21 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - GOTHIC CHURCH SET - NIGHT 21

Kelvin and Heather continue kissing.

WE PAN DOWN to Tommy whose reading Fangoria magazine.

MARTY (O.S.)

Kelvin!

Kelvin and Heather quickly pull apart.

KELVIN

Yes. Marty.

MARTY

Sorry to interrupt.

KELVIN

No, no, I was just finishing up my tour.

Marty motions for Kelvin to wipe Heather's lipstick off his face.

MARTY

Okay. Well, we're still trying to get John Doe out of his trailer and we need him for the next scene. I could really use your help.

KELVIN

I'll go talk to him.
(To others)
We'll stop by on the way to the puppet room...it'll be fun.

CUT TO:

22 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

22

The vent from the air conditioning shaft dangles open as the sounds of Polly and Cornelius making furious love in the bathroom echoes off the tile.

The Gingerdead Man is obviously in the room.

POLLY (O.S.)

That's it, baby. Git the angle.
Git it!

WE PAN DOWN AS...

Polly, now sitting on the bathroom counter as Cornelius makes wild love to her in the standing position...her legs wrapped around his bare backside.

ANOTHER ANGLE as the Gingerdead Man peeks out of the bathroom stall, brandishing the knife from the makeup room.

GINGERDEAD MAN

Hit that shit! Make her beg for it!

WE FOLLOW the Gingerdead Man's POV as he sneaks up behind Cornelius...passed him, then up on the counter behind Polly.

CLOSE ON Polly and Cornelius as they continue.

POLLY

That's it...that's it! Oh Honey,
you're gonna get an Oscar for this
performance.

CORNELIUS

You like that?

POLLY

Oh, Yeah! Miss Polly likes it.

The Gingerdead Man climbs up on the counter.

POLLY (cont'd)

Come on baby...come on...you wanna
git your cookie???

CORNELIUS

YEAH!!

POLLY

You want your cookie?!!

The Gingerdead Man rears back with his knife.

GINGERDEAD MAN

I got your fucking cookie!!!!

ANGLE behind Polly as the Gingerdead Man plunges his knife
from the top of her spinal cord, all the way down to her
lower back.

POLLY

OH!!!!!!

Blood sprays from the cut as her entrails begin to seep out
the wound behind her.

CLOSE ON Polly and Cornelius as she groans in agony which he
mistakes for ecstasy.

CORNELIUS

It's good, huh?

POLLY

Oh!!!

ANGLE on the Gingerdead Man as he manically laughs, cutting her open like a Thanksgiving turkey. Her body cavity hollows out as he swings the knife.

CLOSE on Cornelius as responds to Polly's moans.

CORNELIUS
You like that?

POLLY
OH GOD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The Gingerdead Man peeks around his victim's trembling body...as Cornelius spots him.

CORNELIUS
NO!!!

The Gingerdead Man rears back for one final thrust.

GINGERDEAD MAN
Anybody ready for sloppy seconds?!

CLOSE on Cornelius as his eyes bulge...

ANGLE behind him as the tip of the Gingerdead Man's knife peeks out of the middle of his back.

A small line of blood seeps down to the nape of his lower back.

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)
My work is done here.

The POV of the Gingerdead Man hops off the counter, across the bathroom floor and out the door.

CUT TO:

23

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - OFFICE HALLWAY - NIGHT

23

The Gingerdead Man's POV continues down the hall and into the soundstage.

GINGERDEAD MAN
Half-way there. Now, where to
continue the party?

CUT TO:

24 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - GOTHIC CHURCH SET - NIGHT 24

The Gingerdead Man's POV enters the soundstage.

GINGERDEAD MAN
Who's ready for their close up now?

Effects Guy #2 walks up to the Assistant Director carrying
the "Femmoroid" puppet.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Come on, get the lead out, we gotta
move.

EFFECTS GUY #2
Yeah, yeah, we do have to move...
cause I'm giving you another thirty
minutes before I walk my fat ass
out of here.

Effects Guy #2 starts to leave.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Sure thing man, I can really
appreciate how tired you must be.
(once the coast is clear)
Cunt.

ANGLE ON the Gingerdead Man.

GINGERDEAD MAN
Looks like this tall drink of
water's wants to check-out early.

He looks down at the bloody blade he's holding.

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)
I think I can assist him with that.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. SOUNDSTAGE - TRAILER - NIGHT 25

CLOSE ON the trailer door as a hand knocks on it.

KELVIN (O.S.)
Mr. Doe?

PULLING BACK we find Kelvin, Heather and Tommy outside John Doe's trailer.

KELVIN (cont'd)
It's Kelvin...I hope you had a nice
rest...

CUT TO:

26 INT. TRAILER - NIGHT 26

John Doe hesitates as he is about to pour himself a whiskey.

KELVIN (O.S.)
Look, I've been thinking about our
conversation earlier and I'm sorry,
I guess that I wasn't completely up-
front with the content of the
movie...

He pours the glass full to the rim.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. SOUNDSTAGE - TRAILER - NIGHT 27

Heather smiles at Kelvin's sincerity.

KELVIN
But, Mr. Doe, you're so talented
and the crew loves you, the fans
love you so much...and I love you
so much, Mr. Doe...and even sweet
little terminally-ill Tommy here,
oh he loves you, so very much Mr.
Doe.

CUT TO:

28 INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

28

WE PUSH on John Doe as listens, warming up.

KELVIN (O.S.)
You really are a show business
icon, and we all look up to you.

John Doe's expression continues to soften.

KELVIN (O.S.) (cont'd)
It's an honor for someone of your
caliber to even consider being a
part of my project.

He's overly-flattered as he gushes.

KELVIN (O.S.) (cont'd)
I've idolized you since I was a
little kid...all of my friends are
fans...

The star shakes his head in self-satisfaction as he gets up
and straightens his suit....very nearly ready to return to
work.

KELVIN (O.S.) (cont'd)
Heck, let's face it, even my father
idolized you when he was a kid.

His expression drops as he looks at the camera in fury.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. SOUNDSTAGE - TRAILER - NIGHT

29

At that moment, a portable TV is hurled out the window,
shattering on the ground in a million pieces.

Kelvin, Heather, and Tommy jump back...as Tommy snaps a
picture of the smashed glass and plastic.

CUT TO:

30

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - SPECIAL EFFECTS ROOM - NIGHT

30

WE SLOWLY PUSH through the Effects Room that's filled with rubber props and fake dead bodies.

We come upon Effects Guy #2 who sits at a table working on the "Femmoroid" puppet, rewiring the back of her.

EFFECTS GUY #2
(under his breath)
Shit-rig operation. This Kelvin
kid's making two movies at once...
his first and his last.

He finishes the wiring and closes up the puppet's back. Then gets down on the floor with his arm up inside it to see if works properly.

ANGLE ON DOORWAY

As the Gingerdead Man peers around the corner, spotting the horrific props.

GINGERDEAD MAN
This looks like my kind of joint.
Party in the house, say HEY!!!

His attention then goes to the work table as he sees the Femmoroid figure come to life, not realizing it's a puppet.

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)
What the hell?!!
(beat)
Could it be that I found myself a
partner in crime? What a piece of
ass!

The Gingerdead Man quickly darts out of frame as he heads towards the table.

WE PUSH ON Effects Guy #2 as he continues to work on the puppet, unaware that he's not alone.

ANGLE ON TABLE

As the Gingerdead Man climbs on the table, passing over a chain-saw. He gives Femmoroid the "once over."

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)
 Hey baby, in town long? Ooh baby,
 you're making my loaf rise...
 (beat)
 But damn girl, you got a mug on you
 that only a mother can love.

She doesn't respond, only looking around as the effects guy makes adjustments.

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)
 Oh...playing hard to get, huh?
 (beat)
 Don't you have a sweet tooth? I
 got something that'll melt in your
 mouth!

ANGLE UNDER THE TABLE

Effects Guy #2 looks up quizzically.

ANGLE ON TABLE

The Gingerdead Man "dry humps" Femmoroid.

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)
 Trust me, baby, when I'm done
 buttering your biscuit, you'll be
 purring like a pussycat.

ANGLE UNDER THE TABLE

Effects Guy #2 looks from side-to-side, confused.

EFFECTS GUY #2
 Huh?

ANGLE ON TABLE

The Gingerdead Man turns angry as he gets no response from Femmoroid.

GINGERDEAD MAN
 What is this, a staring contest?!
 Spit it out already! Cat got your
 tongue?! Don't make me take you
 against your will, cause I'll ride
 you long and hard...

ANGLE UNDER THE TABLE

CLOSE ON Effects Guy #2.

EFFECTS GUY #2
 (to himself)
 What the Hell?

ANGLE ON TABLE

The Gingerdead Man whips his knife out.

GINGERDEAD MAN
 Well, if you aren't gonna put
 out...then I guess I'm gonna have
 to put you out!

The Gingerdead Man rears back and stabs right into the
 Femmoroid puppet.

ANGLE UNDER THE TABLE

Effects Guy #2 screams in pain as he tries to pull his hand
 back under the table. Blood rains down upon him as the knife
 keeps him from escaping.

EFFECTS GUY #2
 OWWW! Oh, FUCK!!

The sound of a chain saw ROARING to life echoes through the
 room as Effects Guy #2 frantically tries to escape.

ANGLE ON THE GINGERDEAD MAN

As he SQUEALS in laughter, manically butchering the Femmoroid
 puppet...and Effects Guy #2's hand inside of it.

ANGLE UNDER THE TABLE

Effects Guy #2 writhes in pain as he pulls back a bloody
 stump. He screams in pain.

EFFECTS GUY #2 (cont'd)
 MOTHER SHIT!!! SON OF A...GOD
 DAMN, MOTHER LOVING - OWWWWW
 OWWWWW!!!!

ANGLE ON THE GINGERDEAD MAN

Who drops the blood-covered chain-saw and cackles. He then turns his attention to the doorway where Kelvin, Heather and Tommy are standing.

HEATHER
(screaming)
Oh, my GOD!

GINGERDEAD MAN
Oh, have I been a bad boy??!
(beat)
Sorry gang, can't stick around for
dessert!

The Gingerdead Man jumps off the table...

The effects guy moans in agony as he holds his bloody stump as it gushes blood.

TOMMY
That's tight!

WE PUSH ON Kelvin's shocked face...

KELVIN
What the Hell was that?!!

Kelvin runs and grabs a walkie-talkie.

KELVIN (cont'd)
Attention all crew members!
Everybody is released for day!!
Please, just get in your cars and
go!

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Uh, Kelvin, did you just call wrap?

KELVIN
YES!!! JUST GET THE HELL OUT OF
HERE!!! EVERYONE RUN FOR YOUR
LIVES!!!

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Sounds like the Union boys are
shutting us down again.

(beat)
(MORE)

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.) (cont'd)
 You heard the man, everyone clear
 out of here, we'll see you tomorrow
 morning.

Heather runs to the effects guy's side tearing the waist of
 her shirt off and wrapping it around his stump.

HEATHER
 Hold still...you're gonna be okay.

EFFECTS GUY #2
 Okay?!! My fucking hand is cut
 off, lady!

Kelvin scrambles for his phone.

KELVIN
 Everything's gonna be fine. Just,
 try not to bleed too much! I'm
 calling for help.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
 911, What is your emergency?

KELVIN
 (into phone)
 Help!!! We've been invaded by an
 evil, chainsaw wielding, possessed,
 cookie monster!!!!

CLICK!!!

KELVIN (cont'd)
 (into phone)
 Hello!!!
 (beat)
 What??! No!!!

HEATHER
 Look!!!

Heather points behind Kelvin. He turns to find Tommy's
 wheelchair now empty!

KELVIN & HEATHER
 TOMMY!!!

The effects guy adds to the crescendo by adding his own painful SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. SOUNDSTAGE - NIGHT 31

Kelvin and Heather run through the parking lot as cars race out into the street.

KELVIN

Slow down! Be careful!!!

WENDY

Don't go in there!! There are dead bodies in there!!! WHAT'S HAPPENING?!!

Kelvin and Heather look to each other in horror.

HEATHER

He got Tommy!!!

They enter as the last few people exit the stage.

CUT TO:

32 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - GOTHIC CHURCH SET - NIGHT 32

Kelvin and Tommy cautiously enter the empty stage.

HEATHER

TOMMY?!!

KELVIN

Is anyone in here??!!

The sound of a door slamming and an evil CACKLE grabs their attention. Kelvin finds a flashlight and turns it on, motioning for her to follow.

HEATHER

What was that thing? It was one of your stupid puppets, right?

Kelvin shoots her a look.

HEATHER (cont'd)
WELL, WAS IT???!!!

KELVIN
Our puppets never looked that good.

Heather picks up a vase off of a prop cart and brandishes it like a weapon...and a few feet finds an even bigger one and swaps it out.

KELVIN (cont'd)
Tommy?!!

Suddenly the lights go out, plunging them into darkness. Kelvin thrusts his light forward.

KELVIN (cont'd)
Stay behind me.
(to himself)
Not afraid...not afraid...not...

A CRUNCHING METAL sound ahead of them leads them towards the entrance to the spaceship set.

KELVIN (cont'd)
AFRAID!!!

TOMMY (O.S.)
HELP ME!!!

HEATHER
He's in the spaceship set!!!

She runs towards the door and he follows in frustration.

HEATHER (cont'd)
Hurry! Come on!!!

KELVIN
WAIT!
(hesitating)
I mean...how much time does he really have left anyway?!!

She shoots him a look, then goes in. Reluctantly, he follows.

CUT TO:

33

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - SPACE SET - NIGHT

33

Kelvin and Heather cautiously make their way into the space stage - now dark and empty.

HEATHER

Tommy??

There's no response.

KELVIN

Tommy? You can come out now!
Don't be frightened...we're here
to...

Another LOUD noise, followed by LAUGHTER.

KELVIN (cont'd)

Help...

CRASH! The two of them turn on their heels to leave as they run right into a bloodied Jake the stunt man! HIS EYEBALL IS HANGING OUT ON HIS CHEEK!

JAKE

You gotta help me!! I was on my way to my car and I was attacked by...by...

HEATHER

(interrupting)

Shhh! We know!! We know! We saw him!!!

JAKE

Where did that thing come from?

CRASH! Kevin shushes the others as he desperately searches the room. Jake sniffs the air in terror...

JAKE (cont'd)

What's that I smell...

Heather sniffs as well.

HEATHER

It smells like...Cinnamon extract.

KELVIN

He's coming!

Kelvin grabs the space butt-paddle in defense as he searches the room in sheer horror...CRASH!!!

KELVIN (cont'd)

(Losing it)

HE'S COMING!! This can't be happening! I just want to make movies...I don't want to die!

Jake slaps Kelvin.

JAKE

Pull yourself together! We have to stay inside and hide. Trying to make our way out of here is a death sentence!

Kelvin attempts to run as Jake pulls him back.

JAKE (cont'd)

Don't go! He'll tear you from limb-from-limb!

KELVIN

No...we can escape, we'll be cornered in this place...we'll be trapped like rats!

Heather grabs Kelvin by the hand as the two of them start to head towards the exit...

HEATHER

He's right Jake, come with us!!!

JAKE

DAMN YOU CHEATAM! THIS IS SUICIDE!
I'M TELLING YOU THAT COOKIE IS A
KILLING MACHINE!!!

They make a run for it as the exit is suddenly blocked by the mechanical robot we saw from the previous scene.

Kelvin and Heather skid to a stop.

KELVIN
What the hell?!!

The Robot takes aim at them and fires his laser, exploding
Jake's head in a fountain of red goo!!!

HEATHER
(scream)
OH, MY GOD!!!! I thought that
thing was just a prop???

Kelvin looks along the floor as he sees the thick power cable
that runs from the robots foot.

KELVIN
So did I! They must of rewired it!

CLOSE on the robot as he steps forward in determination. His
pinchers and laser aimed.

IT FIRES ANOTHER BLAST as the two dive away.

WE PAN DOWN HIS BLINKING METAL CHEST...REVEALING...

THAT THE GINGERDEAD MAN IS RIDING INSIDE THE NEWLY
CONSTRUCTED, CHEST CONTROL PANEL!!!

GINGERDEAD MAN
NOTHIN' SAYS LOVIN' LIKE A HEAD-
SHOT FROM THE OVEN!!!

The laser rises.

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)
Get ready to have your biscuits
burned!!!

He CACKLES in as he steers the metal monster, making him
charge forward.

THEY BOTH SCREAM IN TERROR!

HEATHER
It's him!!!

CLOSE ON the Gingerdead Man as he takes aim...

KELVIN

Get back!!!

Kelvin pushes Heather to the ground just as the robot fires another laser directly at her. The shot races over her head in an explosion of sparks.

The robot smashes Kelvin out of the way as he moves for Heather, who helplessly crawls backwards.

HEATHER

Kelvin!!! Help me!!!

THE GINGERDEAD MAN AIMS HIS LASER RIGHT AT HEATHERS NETHER-REGION.

GINGERDEAD MAN

READY TO HAVE YOU BAGEL TOASTED,
HONEY?!!!

He CACKLES in miserable glee!

CLOSE ON THE Gingerdead Man as he gets ready to pull the trigger.

ANGLE ON SOUND STAGE FLOOR

Suddenly an axe slams down, cutting the robots power source in a shower of sparks.

Instantly the attacking cyborg goes dead, freezing in position as its lights go off.

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)

Oh, shit...

The robot falls face forward in a CRASH!!! Pinning the Gingerdead Man inside the control panel.

Kelvin dives for Heather, helping her to her feet.

KELVIN

Are you okay??

HEATHER

Yeah...but who...

The two of them turn to the silhouette of the person who just saved their lives.

He brandishes a smouldering axe and strikes a pose as we PAN up his body - past his black leather pants - up past his skull belt buckle...and over his faded t-shirt which sports the logo DEMON-WARRIOR13!

KELVIN
Demon Warrior 13???!!!

WE CONTINUE TO PAN up to their savior's face...

HEATHER
No...it's...it's!!!

WE REVEAL that it's Tommy, whose now miraculously standing, complete with black eye makeup and piercings...strapped around his chest is a back-pack clearly containing a ticking bomb.

TOMMY
HEEEERRRRE'S Tommy!
(beat)
Or should I say: Thomas "The Terror" Goldberg. Esteemed teenage film critic and columnist, from the internationally acclaimed horror website: bloodyfissures.com.
Screen name: DEMON-WARRIOR13!!!

Kelvin gasps.

KELVIN
Oh, shit...

TOMMY
Yeah! Remember me, dickwad?! The boy who sent you countless screenplays that were callously rejected and returned unopened?!

KELVIN
Well, we actually really try not to accept unsolicited material--

Tommy whips out a gun and shoots it above their heads.

TOMMY

SILENCE!

HEATHER

Tommy, I thought...

TOMMY

Yeah, yeah, you thought, you thought! You didn't think too hard, honey. Do you have any idea how difficult it is to fake Leukemia in the name of vengeance?? You really got to have a passion to make your point! And tonight, Kelvin, I'm going to make the ultimate point, because your studio is about to premiere it's biggest...

(motions to the back-pack)

...BOMB...ever!

Tommy maniacally laughs as Kelvin and Heather cringe.

TOMMY (cont'd)

You like the bad pun? You should, because your movies are filled with them! I tried to warn you in all my scathing reviews, but you didn't listen.

KELVIN

Tommy...Thomas...Mr. Terror. I don't know if this means anything at this point, but I'm actually a very big fan of your website.

Tommy fires again as the two of them duck.

TOMMY

Of course you are! I'm brilliant! I've read literally every screen-writing instruction manual that exists! I know how to make a good movie! But do you give the jobs to the guys that know what they're doing?!! No. No, no, no! You're too busy making sequels and...

(mocking)

(MORE)

TOMMY (cont'd)
 following your dreams...
 (back to angry)
 ...and hiring your friends, all in
 the name of having a good time!

He turns, aiming the gun at Kelvin.

TOMMY (cont'd)
 You've ruined the "Tiny Terrors"
 franchise! The new script SUCKS!
 I mean, come on, anybody with a
 fucking brain in their heads knows
 that you can't destroy possessed
 imps with an AK47! You need an
exorcist to kill something as
 powerful as a haunted dildo!
 (beat)
 Scorsese's probably spinning in his
 grave at the thought of you and
 this shit-rig operation.

KELVIN
 Actually, Martin Scorsese is
 still...

Tommy fires his gun, the bullet explodes over Kelvin's head.

TOMMY
 I SAID shut up, butt-sniff! And
 get ready to meet my leetle friend!

Tommy motions to the bomb as he starts to pace back-and-forth
 in frustration.

TOMMY (cont'd)
 It's all gonna end tonight...
 because tonight's your final
curtain. No more cheesy props, no
 more ridiculous story-lines and
 scenarios, no more meandering, self-
 righteous monologues!!!

Kelvin and Heather dare to glance at one another.

TOMMY (cont'd)
 When I'm done here, the world will
 never have to sit through one of
 your movies, ever again.

Tommy opens up the back-pack.

TOMMY (cont'd)
Get ready... 'cause it's time to
call final picture wrap.

He gets ready to turn on the bomb.

KELVIN
Wait!!!

Tommy looks up.

KELVIN (cont'd)
You're right...

TOMMY
Huh?

Kelvin slowly stands.

KELVIN
You're absolutely right...

Tommy returns to grab the bomb's switch.

KELVIN (cont'd)
No, don't do that, please don't do
that. What you're saying is making
perfect sense. I'm a total hack.
I have no talent, I have no idea
what I'm doing.

Tommy stops, listening.

KELVIN (cont'd)
I desperately need a person like
you on my team. I've been faking
it all this time. Sadly, it's
taken you going to this extreme to
make me realize that I just can't
do it alone anymore....

And at that moment, we see that Tommy's icy, Grinchy heart,
seems to grow ten-times as a slight smile appears on his
face.

TOMMY

Really?

KELVIN

Yes, really...

(laughs)

Yes, you big, brilliant, cinematic
genius, son on a bitch. You're
right! I need someone like you.

(bigger laugh)

We need you!

ANGLE ON SPACESHIP as Heather quietly crawls across the floor, her eyes set on a big pile of space-metal chunks. Kelvin moves close to Tommy.

KELVIN (cont'd)

Since I took over, our movies have
become total caca!

TOMMY

(melts)

Well, they're not that bad. I
mean, *I'm* renting them, I'm
watching them. Right? I mean
there's obviously an audience for
what you do...you guys *have* been
doing this for fifty years, you
must be doing something right.

KELVIN

You know what? Right here, right
now, I'm offering you a three-
picture deal.

TOMMY

(smiles big)

What!!! Really?

Tommy glances down at his bomb.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Well, I gotta say, I'm feeling a
little awkward.

KELVIN

No, it's not awkward at all. You
did the right thing.

(MORE)

KELVIN (cont'd)
 I want you to start on Monday,
 we'll develop a slate, just for
 you!

Tommy searches the room in ecstatic disbelief.

TOMMY
 I can't believe I'm hearing this.
 I mean, all this time all I ever
 wanted to do was work in the
 business. I mean, you do know that
 I run my operation out of my
 mother's basement, right?

KELVIN
 No, I didn't know that.

TOMMY
 Yeah. God it feels good to finally
 talk about it. I'm down there, and
 she's all up my ass with "get a
 job" and "no more piercings" and
 please, I'm like, *twenty-seven*, I
 don't need her telling me how to
 live my life, okay?

KELVIN
 Well, you'll never hear her
 bitching at you, ever again.

WE PUSH on Tommy as he gets misty-eyed.

KELVIN (cont'd)
 You've arrived, Thomas Goldberg...
 or should I say "Thomas Terror."
 (Kelvin leans in closer)
 Something tells me that you're
 gonna be responsible for Cheatam
 Studio's...biggest...HIT!!!!

At that moment, Heather slams down a big metallic-looking
 piece of space junk on the top of Tommy's head...as it
 shatters into a million Styrofoam pieces. She pulls her hand
 back in shock as Tommy turns toward her, unhurt.

HEATHER
 (looking at Kelvin)
 My bad.

Thinking quick, Kelvin reaches over and yanks out the wires that are fixed to the bomb's timer. The bomb instantly fizzles with a BLIP.

Tommy looks down at the bomb in anger, then aims the gun right for Kelvin's head, letting out a BATTLE CRY.

His SCREAMS continue as we...

ANGLE ON THE ROBOT

As it begins to shift and smoulder. The Gingerdead Man's head peeks out beneath it.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

34

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - GOTHIC CHURCH SET - NIGHT

34

WE PAN DOWN as Tommy turns around, cloaking himself in Lord Asteroth's ceremonial robe. He sneers, sporting full Egyptian eye makeup and even more facial piercings.

TOMMY

You know, you two would've been so much better off if you would've just let me blow you to smithereens.

We REVEAL Kelvin and Heather, now tied to the ceremonial alter, surrounded by the Tiny Terror puppets that sit motionless.

TOMMY (cont'd)

But now, you're gonna die, surrounded by your shitty little hand puppets.

Tommy brandishes the ceremonial dagger...

TOMMY (cont'd)

In the final, shitty scene, of your final, shitty movie!

(beat)

(MORE)

TOMMY (cont'd)
 Consider it payback for all the cinematic headaches you've caused me. Maybe you should've re-thought the whole "unsolicited materials" policy.

Tommy leans into Kelvin.

TOMMY (cont'd)
 By the way, I knew you were bluffing the whole time.

KELVIN
 No you didn't.

TOMMY
 Yes, I did.

KELVIN
 No you didn't.

TOMMY
 (louder)
 YES, I DID.

KELVIN
 No, you--

HEATHER
 (interrupting)
 Kelvin, please! You're not helping things.

(to Tommy)
 Please Tommy, don't do this. I don't want to die. I don't have anything to do with all of this. Just let me go and I won't tell anyone, I swear I won't.

(beat)
 Wasn't it me that took you to all those Comic Book conventions...and remember the time I got you and the other kids got front-row seats to the Shriner's Circus? It was me, Heather Crocker, I'm a human being with feelings! I have a sister with a hare lip!!!

(beat)
 (MORE)

HEATHER (cont'd)
 I'm not the one who ruined his
 father's movie studio, it was
 him...
 (pointing to Kelvin)
 Kill him if you want, but please
 let me go!

KELVIN
 (out the side of his
 mouth)
 And all this time I thought we were
 bonding.

Tommy rears back like he's gonna cut their throats.

TOMMY
 Shut up, you bitches!

WE SLOWLY PUSH from across the room as someone's POV seems to
 be sneaking up on Tommy.

CLOSE ON Tommy as he stands at the alter.

TOMMY (cont'd)
 And now...before I cut out your
 worthless, hopeful little hearts, I
 will hold you captive audience as I
 read an antagonizing passage from
 your own, hokey-pokey spell-book
 that I found in the prop room...

ANOTHER ANGLE as the Gingerdead Man rises into frame with a
 menacing grin on his face.

GINGERDEAD MAN
 This is too good to be true...

TOMMY
 ...the same spell-book that you and
 Cheatam Studios have been using
 over-and-over again since the
 50's...which by the way, I'm going
 to put up for memorabilia auction
 on ebay right after I'm done
 killing you.

Tommy seems to go into a trance as he strikes a match,
 lighting the first candle on the podium in front of him.

TOMMY (cont'd)

I call upon the powers of Earth.

A bizarre RUMBLING comes over the room as Kelvin and Heather exchange glances. Tommy lights the second candle.

TOMMY (cont'd)

I call upon the powers of Fire.

THUNDER RUMBLES and lightning flashes as a unforeseen storm begins to approach. Tommy lights the third candle.

TOMMY (cont'd)

I call upon the powers of Wind.

Suddenly there is a blast of wind that races through the room, blowing all three candles out. Tommy closes his eyes in frustration as the room falls silent.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Alright, lets skip that part.

He turns his attention back to the spell-book as he flips through the pages, frustrated.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Let's see, sacrificial heart
removal, sacrificial heart
removal...here it is.

(reading)

Before the ceremony can begin, the
executioner must first carve the
unholy star, or "pentagram" in the
palm of his own hand. Ew...

(beat)

You know what, let's skip this
part, too.

He runs his finger down the page.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Aha, here we go.

(reading)

Demonic Torture Ceremony. *Hello!*

(to Kelvin and Heather)

Ladies and Gentlemen, I think we
got a keeper.

Heather and Kelvin look to each other in terror.

HEATHER

Mr. Terror! You're not thinking
straight!!!

TOMMY

(to Heather)

YA THINK?!

(reading)

In order to begin the ceremony,
where the blood of a sacrifice will
rejuvenate Satan's evil host...
sounds fun so far! First you must
start with...

At that moment, the Gingerdead Man jumps onto Tommy's
shoulder, slamming a knife into his back!

GINGERDEAD MAN

An unsuspecting virgin!!!

Tommy screams and falls forward, crashing into a camera
before he hits the ground. The Gingerdead Man leaps down
onto him, stabbing him over-and-over again.

WE SEE THAT THE CAMERA HAS TURNED ON...

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)

I'll make it so you never have to
watch a movie ever again!

The Gingerdead Man CACKLES as he continues to butcher the
young man into a bloody mess.

Tommy's body finally stops trembling as he utters one final
last word:

TOMMY

(whispering)

Rosebud...

Tommy falls dead as the Gingerdead Man CACKLES in glee,
raising the bloody knife in murderous victory.

GINGERDEAD MAN

Got my virgin!

He looks over at Kelvin and Heather as they force smiles.

HEATHER

Thank you...thank you so much. Mr.
Gingerbread Man.

GINGERDEAD MAN

That's Gingerdead Man...and oh,
no...thank you!

Lightning flashes as the Gingerdead Man leaps close to
Heather's head.

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)

Can't be sure if the guy with the
cutoff arm bit the dust or not, so,
I'm gonna need to off one of you as
a little insurance policy, to make
sure I have five victims...which
means I'll use Ron Howard over
there as my new host.

KELVIN

(scared)
Hello.

CLOSE ON the blood that pours from Tommy's body as it runs
towards a Pentagram painted on the floor...

BACK TO SCENE:

The Gingerdead Man smells Heather's hair.

GINGERDEAD MAN

Oh, how I miss mortal flesh. I
can't tell you how hard it is to
try and get your groove on while
you're laying on some bakery shelf
next to a pile of apple fritters.

HEATHER

You're insane!

GINGERDEAD MAN

I'd even give you a second
helping...

CLOSE ON the floor as the blood reaches the Pentagram,
causing it to glow and RUMBLE.

BACK TO SCENE:

The Gingerdead Man CACKLES...

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)
You're right, sweetheart. But now,
I'm afraid it's time for you and
your leading man here to get your
just desserts.

The Gingerdead Man raises his knife as...suddenly lightning strikes as a cacophony of DEMONIC CHANTING rings out...much like the opening scene of the film.

The room trembles as DEMONIC NOISES howl throughout the room...

WE PUSH on the Tiny Terrors as one-by-one, they slowly seem to be coming to life: Femmoroid, Shit-for-Brains, Treasure Chest, Knob-Globin, Perkulator, and Haunted Dildo.

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)
What the fuck?

Kelvin and Heather look around the room.

HEATHER
Kelvin, the puppets, they're coming
to life!!!

KELVIN
Close your eyes, Heather!!!

The Gingerdead Man starts to back up as Treasure Chest and Knob-Globin move toward him.

GINGERDEAD MAN
What a minute. Get your hands off
me!

More and more Tiny Terrors converge, until he's completely surrounded.

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)
 You stupid sons of bitches, I'm one
 of you!

Kelvin and Heather look to each other in amazement.

MOMENTS LATER

The giant crucifix on the wall lands on the floor as the Tiny Terrors drag the screaming and kicking Gingerdead Man across its surface.

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)
 What the hell are you doing?!

CLOSE as the Tiny Terrors nail the Gingerdead Man's hand onto the cross.

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)
 Why?!

ANOTHER ANGLE as they nail his other hand...

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)
 Why have you forsaken me?!

ANOTHER ANGLE as they nail his feet, he struggles to get away.

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)
 You fucks are gonna burn in Hell
 for this!

ANOTHER ANGLE as they slam a crown of thorns onto the Gingerdead Man's head.

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)
 Oh, Jesus Christ...this really
 hurts!

ANGLE ON Kelvin and Heather...

KELVIN
 Don't look! Turn away! It's too
 gruesome!

Heather shuts her eyes as...

ANGLE ON the Tiny Terrors as they push the cross upright... and set it on fire.

GINGERDEAD MAN

Oh, it burns, it burns...what a world, what a world!

CLOSE ON Kelvin as he turns away in nausea...

CLOSE ON the Tiny Terrors as they begin to beat the flaming Gingerdead Man with sticks.

GINGERDEAD MAN (cont'd)

No! Not sticks! No!

JOHN DOE (O.S.)

Hey! You little pint-sized, shit-kickers!

The Tiny Terrors suddenly turn towards the doorway, startled.

ANGLE ON John Doe - CLOSE AS HE SNEERS!

ANOTHER ANGLE as Kelvin looks as well.

KELVIN

Mr. Doe!

WE PUSH ON John Doe as he takes his half-smoked cigar out of his clenched teeth and raises an AK47.

JOHN DOE

It's time to go back to Hell's Kitchen...

He grits his teeth as he pulls the trigger, firing a hailstorm of bullets.

SLOW MOTION as each Tiny Terror is blown to bits in flying waves of icky, green goo.

Kelvin turns and ducks as he's splattered.

ANGLE ON the Gingerdead Man as his head explodes, a bullet splitting his skull open between his eyes.

WE PUSH on John Doe as he stops firing, raising the smoldering gun to his lips...

JOHN DOE (cont'd)
 So I guess *that's* the way the
 cookie crumbles...

He blows the smoke from the barrel.

JOHN DOE (cont'd)
 (dropping character)
 Alright Kelvin, I guess I was
 wrong...I guess it did look pretty
 cool.
 (beat)
 Where is everybody?! Where's the
 crew??!! You did get all that,
 didn't you?
 (beat)
 KELVIN!!!

ANGLE ON Kelvin and Heather as they ignore John Doe,
 furiously making out, covered in green slime. She pulls
 away.

HEATHER
 Will you forgive me?

KELVIN
 I'm a sucker for happy endings.

They continue to kiss as WE PAN over to the smoldering cross
 where the Gingerdead Man hangs lifelessly.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

35

EXT. HOLLYWOOD THEATER - NIGHT

35

The sounds of a ROARING APPLAUSE echo what seems to be a full
 theater.

WE SLOWLY PUSH on the Hollywood landmark as...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
 And the winner, for best
 Independent Picture, goes to "Tiny
 Terrors 9, Purgatory of the
 Petite," book and lyrics by Kelvin
 Cheatam of Cheatam International
 Studios.

The audience goes wild with APPLAUSE as WE PAN to a nearby
 alley...

CUT TO:

36

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

36

A HOMELESS MAN pushes a SQUEAKY shopping cart down the dimly-
 lit alley. He comes upon a cluster of trash cans and begins
 to root through them like a pro.

CLOSE ON a garbage can as he clears some newspapers,
 uncovering the charred crucifix...and what's left of the
 Gingerdead Man's head and torso.

He studies it, running his hand over the charred surface,
 then smells his fingers. The Homeless Man reaches down and
 grabs a chunk, putting it in his mouth...

In a flash of HELLFIRE and CACKLING MINIONS, the Homeless Man
 looks up to us with white frosty eyes and a jagged-toothed
 smile...

He dives at the camera with a HELLISH ROAR as we...

FADE TO BLACK.