

(Name of Project)
by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name
Address
Phone

1 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

1

TWO MEN run for their lives, fleeing an as yet unseen danger.

A DARK SHADOW with glowing red eyes watches the men run past and laughs quietly to himself. A second DARK SHAPE also with red eyes leaps past the first shape pursuing the terrified men.

Up in a tree, a third SHADOW FIGURE leaps from his perch to the roof of a tomb, then to the ground, crouching like a gargoyle. He GROWLS in rage and sets off in pursuit.

The TWO TERRIFIED MEN come to a clearing and stop, uncertain which way to turn. As the three menacing specters approach them from all sides.

A clawed hand slashes downward in a vicious tearing arc. The FIRST MAN screams as his face is splattered with blood. The second man turns to look behind himself. He comes face to face with a horrifying tight shot of a fanged mouth. The four figures drag the two men to the ground like a pack of hyenas and begin tearing at them feverishly.

2 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

2

ARIA DE WINTER stands on the roof of a tomb overlooking the cemetery. She's carrying an electric guitar and a pignose portable amp. She looks around, turns on the amp and launches into a grinding guitar solo, silhouetted against the moon.

The SHADOW CREATURES crouch over their fresh kill. They lift their heads looking for the source of the MUSIC. The largest of the monsters stands up and roars at the sky. The others follow suit.

1ST FIGURE

Time to go.

They all stand and together walk towards the music.

3 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

3

ARIA still plays as the FOUR WRAITHS crawl up the sides of the tomb toward her. ARIA stops playing as the monsters gain footing on the roof.

ARIA

(peevied)

Where the hell have you boys been?

The four creatures look at one another and back at ARIA. They shrug apologetically.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOUR WRAITHS
(together)
We're sorry, Aria.

4 EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

4

The MARQUEE READS: Dr. Diabolicus and the Diamond Dead. The lobby lights turn off, then the signs, and finally the marquee lights.

A few blocks away on the same street, a FOG rolls in eerily lit with blue light. Inside the fog, LIGHTNING FLASHES, and there is a BRIGHT EXPLOSION. The THICK FOG rolls past the theatre as MATHIAS locks the front doors for the night.

MATHIAS is the owner of the Grand Quignol. He is a long-hair metalhead type: pale, short, with a bookish air about him.

MATHIAS
Fog. Cool.

MATHIAS stands in front of the theatre, turns around and looks up at the marquee proudly. He shoves his hands in the pockets of his leather jacket, steps backwards a few feet into the street and smiles.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
I own a theater. Life rocks!

The street is deserted but somewhere in the fog MATHIAS can hear the sound of souped-up engines. They becomes louder. MATHIAS stares into the fog but he can't make out anything.

A street light explodes and goes dark, and then another and another.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
What the hell?

A DARK SHAPE streaks past MATHIAS, almost knocking him over. Its unearthly scream echoes down the street. MATHIAS turns around but sees nothing.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
Holy shit!

ARIA
Mathias Stark?

MATHIAS turns around. A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN is standing in front of him. She's a blonde in her mid-twenties with a sinister smile on her face. She wears a top hat with a veil and a black rubber dress.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATHIAS

Yaah!

ARIA

Did I scare you?

MATHIAS

Yes. Jesus Christ.

ARIA

Good. I'm Aria De Winter

MATHIAS

You're with the band, right?

ARIA

No. They're with me.

MATHIAS

Do you hear 429 engines with headers,
fuel injectors and two inch straight
pipes? Cuz I do.

ARIA

That's the road crew.

Out of the fog come FOUR CUSTOMIZED HEARSEs. The DRIVERS are dressed in nineteenth century costume. They stop in front of the theatre and wait, unmoving.

MATHIAS

Awesome.

ARIA

Isn't it...

MATHIAS

Your agent said you'd be here tomorrow.

ARIA

It is tomorrow -- three past twelve.

MATHIAS

I'm sorry. I was just going home.

A TALL GAUNT MAN walks up to ARIA, his arms outstretched. He holds a scythe on a purple satin pillow.

ARIA

Thank-you, Rasputin. I'll catch up later.

She takes the scythe. The man bows slightly and walks away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARIA (CONT'D)

I bet you're a terribly fascinating little boy, Mathias. Kinda sexy on an innocent sort of white meat way. Do you have any tattoos?

MATHIAS

No.

ARIA

Do you want one?

MATHIAS

I don't know, I...

ARIA

Shame.

Aria twirls the scythe like a baton.

ARIA (CONT'D)

Would it be alright if we went inside and started setting up?

MATHIAS

Sure. I'll open up for you.

ARIA

Don't bother. We got it.

The lobby lights turn themselves on, then the sign and marquee.

MATHIAS

Hey! How'd you do that?

ARIA

Magic. We're in show business.

MATHIAS

Wow.

ARIA

C'mon. Let's you and me get a cup of coffee down the street and leave the boys to the grunt work.

ARIA tucks her arm around MATHIAS and leads him down the street.

ARIA (CONT'D)

You're kinda small, aren't ya? Kind of feminine features.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MATHIAS

Well, I...

ARIA

Don't worry. I like girls, too.

MATHIAS

I think I'm in over my head.

ARIA

Not yet, but if you're lucky. Who knows?

MATHIAS

Help.

5 INT. JACK AND GEENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

5

JACK and GEENA are in their Living room. JACK is a young punk in his mid-twenties: Mohawk, shredded clothes, ridiculous features. Just plain odd. GEENA is his roommate: young, beautiful and full of hell with long dark hair and mischievous eyes. They are sitting in front of the TV looking catatonic, watching an infomercial.

JACK

What do you wanna do?

GEENA

I don't know. What do you wanna do?

A long silence falls between them.

JACK

We could eat some food.

GEENA

Again? We ate already.

JACK

That was yesterday.

GEENA

Really...Do you think I'm anorexic or sumthin?

JACK

Where do you wanna eat?

GEENA

I dunno. Where do you wanna eat?

Again, a long silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
7-11.

GEENA
They won't let us in the store, remember?
You threw up on the clerk.

JACK
Oh, yeah. Wasn't my fault.

GEENA
How bout' the Mud Club?

JACK
Oh, gag.

GEENA
Jack's Diner?

JACK
Barf.

GEENA
Satyr?

JACK
Puke.

GEENA
Leo's?

JACK
Spew!

GEENA
Well, where do you wanna eat, then?

JACK
I don't care. Where do you wanna eat?

Long silence.

GEENA
Let's just take a walk and we can figure
it out later.

JACK
Okay.

Neither of them stand up. They continue to stare at the TV.

GEENA
C'mon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK

I can't. The radiation from the TV has drained my will to resist its electronic seduction. I have no will of my own. Turn it off.

GEENA

I can't. You turn it off.

JACK

Oh, God. We're doomed.

GEENA

Victims of a technology we cannot

Jack reaches over the side of the couch and grabs a shoe.

JACK

If I can... just.. reach.. my shoe. I can... Ugh!

He throws the shoe. It hits the off button on the TV.

GEENA

Thank God.

JACK

That was close. We gotta find that remote.

GEENA

No shit.

6 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

6

JACK and GEENA walk down the street. Suddenly Jack stops in front of a telephone pole.

JACK

Hey Geena, check it out.

GEENA

What?

On the pole is a POSTER for Dr. Diabolicus and the Diamond Dead.

JACK

Dr. Diabolicus is coming. They kick some serious ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEENA

Looks like a dirt head metal poser band to me. I thought you hated Heavy Metal.

JACK

DR. D isn't Heavy Metal. They're a... They're a hard-core grunge wave rockabilly band. Yeah, a kinda techno dance neuromantic retro glam hip hop be bop slamarama mosh squash. C'mon, you know.

GEENA

They look like a Metal band.

JACK

Yeah, well... they are, but they're good. Can we go? Huh? Can we? Huh? Please, Geena? Please?

GEENA

Your white trash is showing, Jack.

JACK

It is? I'm sorry. We gotta go, Geena. They don't do many shows and they'll never breeze through this backwater shitpile again in my lifetime.

GEENA

Fine. We can go.

JACK

Really?

GEENA

Sure.

JACK

Let's get in line for tickets!

GEENA

It's one o'clock in the morning, Jack. The box office won't open until noon.

JACK

Yeah, you're right. We need sleeping bags and shit. You go get the supplies and I'll save you a spot.

GEENA

I really don't think there's going to be a line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK
Are you sure?

GEENA
Pretty damn sure.

JACK
I wanna be absolutely sure.

GEENA
Oh, God.

JACK
That's right, Geena. To the theatre, my
trusty sidekick.

GEENA
I ain't no sidekick and you're no Batman.

JACK
You're right, little buddy. Let's go tell
Ginger and the Professor that Marianne is
a lesbian. Hurry!

GEENA
Asshole.

JACK
I prefer to think of myself as anally
challenged.

7 INT. COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

7

MATHIAS and ARIA are having a cup of coffee.

ARIA
You look nervous.

MATHIAS
I'm not nervous. I always look this way
in case something weird happens.

ARIA
Have you ever seen a Diamond Dead show
before?

MATHIAS
No. But I heard a song or two...Okay,
that's a lie. I've never heard of you
guys until your agent called me last
week. Don't hate me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARIA

How come you booked us?

MATHIAS

I don't know. I just bought the theatre.
You had a band. I had a place to play.

ARIA

So you're saying the only reason we're
booked is because we called first.

MATHIAS

Yep. Next week I got Devo unplugged and
Crosby, Stills, Nash and Rotten. Hey,
I'm just starting out.

ARIA

That's fair.

MATHIAS

How long you guys been together?

ARIA

Forever. Awhile. A couple of weeks.
Decades, eons, a couple of epochs. Thank
the mother it's almost the millenium. I
hate time.

MATHIAS

Do you have any of your music I can
listen to?

ARIA

That's not important. What is important
is that you listen to me.

MATHIAS

Um... Okay.

ARIA

Do you scare easily?

MATHIAS

Yes. Like right now when you asked, "Do
you scare easily?" i think I just pissed
a testicle. I'm kind of high strung.

ARIA

Do you believe in the supernatural?

MATHIAS

I think the more important question is:
Does it believe in me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARIA

I'm serious.

MATHIAS

So am I. I figure if I ignore the spooky shit, it will ignore me. We kind of formed a mutual Non-Interest Pact.

ARIA

Well, Mathias, someone just broke the pact.

MATHIAS

I don't understand.

ARIA

I'm just saying that spooky shit may happen. But don't worry. It'll all work out.

MATHIAS

Don't worry? Saying, "Don't worry," to someone like me is like a cop saying, "Bend over, this is a cavity search!" I'm the king of the Fearheads! What's to worry about, Aria? Are you a band of Satanic killers or something? Because if you are I want it on the record that I am not a virgin.

ARIA

You seem like a nice guy. It's just that we attract a weird crowd. Things don't always follow a natural pattern with us.

MATHIAS

Sounds like my sex life.

ARIA

Really.

MATHIAS

No, but I like to fantasize.

8 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

8

GEENA and JACK stand across the street from the Grand Quignol.

JACK

Where do you suppose someone can get a hearse at this time of night?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEENA

Kinda strange, isn't it?

JACK

Good strange, or bad strange?

GEENA

All strangeness is good. It helps break up the monotony.

JACK

True.

GEENA

When do you suppose we can buy tickets?

JACK

I thought you said you hated Heavy Metal?

GEENA

I love Heavy Metal.

JACK

But...

GEENA

I am not a slave to my every word.
Listen, Jack. I do what I feel, not what I say.

JACK

In the future, could you just say what you feel and do what you say?

GEENA

Sure...fuck off.

JACK

Is that what you feel? Or is that what you want to do?

GEENA

Forget it.

A GAUNT FIGURE steps out of the darkness. His face is shrouded in shadow. He has long wild hair and is dressed in shredded leather and black latex. His voice is dark and sinister.

DR. D

Hello, kiddies.

Jack and Geena start.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK AND GEENA

Yaah! Fuck!

DR. D

Up past your bedtime?

GEENA

You dick!

JACK

Hey, Geena, that's Dr. Diabolicus. He's the lead singer.

GEENA

I don't care if he's Vincent Price. He's still a dick.

JACK

Whoa! Dr. D, You're like a role model for me. I tried to spit maggots just like you do on stage. I kinda swallowed by mistake and I had to get my stomach pumped. But it was worth it. Can I have your autograph?

DR. D

No.

GEENA

See. He's a dick.

DR. D

I was kinda hoping I could get your autograph.

DR. D produces a long contract from out of nowhere.

JACK

Why?

GEENA

Yeah. What for?

DR. D

A trade.

GEENA

What kind of trade?

DR. D

I give you backstage passes and I get your immortal soul.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACK

Damn!

DR. D

Is something the matter?

GEENA

Jack and I already sold our souls to
Madonna for a couple T-shirts and a case
of beer.

DR. D

Take the passes anyway. What the hell.
It's not like I have a quota or anything.

DR. D produces two passes with a bit of sleight of hand.

JACK

Thanks.

GEENA

Sorry I called you a dick.

DR. D

Happens all the time.

Across the street the ROADIES are carrying FOUR COFFINS into
the theatre.

JACK

Check it out.

GEENA

Creepy. Hey, Dr. D, what is the...

DR. D is gone.

JACK

Whoa!

GEENA

Shit!

9 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

9

DARK ROBED FIGURES move down the predawn abandoned streets
tacking up posters for the band. The dark wraithlike
creatures flyer cars and places of business. A couple of the
things cover up a huge billboard advertising the "Holy Church
of Good Intentions", replacing it with the band's logo.

10 EXT. STREET - MORNING

10

The street is completely covered in posters as MATHIAS walks to the theatre. A BUM sleeping in a doorway has a poster glued to his back. MATHIAS, already stunned by the deluge of advertising, rounds the corner and finds the front of his theatre mobbed with ROCK AND ROLL FANS, PROTESTERS, TV TRUCKS, POLICE, AND T-SHIRT VENDORS.

MATHIAS

Is this Hell?

MATHIAS pushes his way to the front doors, fighting off REPORTERS and SCREAMING DIAMOND DEAD FANS. He barely escapes by slipping inside.

11 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL THEATER LOBBY - MORNING

11

A blinding light flashes in Mathias' eyes. A reporter sticks a microphone in his face. The reporter is PUSSY A. DANGLE, the oh-so-hip VJ from NTV (Nerve Television).

PUSSY

This is Pussy A. Dangle, live from The Grand Quignol Theatre, somewhere in the cultural hell we call the Midwest. I'm talking live with Mathias Stark, owner of this wonderful new pop oasis and host to America's latest contender for the Shock Rock crown, Dr. Diabolicus and the Diamond Dead. Tell me. Mathias, what are Dr. Diabolicus and the Diamond Dead really like? Are the rumors really true? Are you in fact sleeping with Aria De Winter, rhythm guitarist for the band?

MATHIAS

What?!!

PUSSY

Do the Diamond Dead really practice satanic rituals before every concert?

MATHIAS

I did not sleep with Ms. De Winters!!!

PUSSY

What about the rumor that they are in fact dead?

MATHIAS

I just met her. We talked. I hardly know her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PUSSY

Is it true that members of the band have
felony warrants in Poland?

MATHIAS

(flustered)

She's a nice girl, not that I wouldn't
consider it if she asked me. I mean, Who
wouldn't? I mean, I'm a man, right? Not
that I'm any kind of virile Adonis. As a
matter of fact, my doctor said that the
impotency problem was only because I had
an anxiety attack...Oops...

PUSSY

Any comment?

MATHIAS stares at the CAMERA, stunned.

MATHIAS

Um...I need coffee.

MATHIAS quickly runs up the stairs to his office and slams
the door.

12 INT. MATHIAS' OFFICE - DAY

12

ARIA sits at Mathias' desk.

ARIA

Hello, lover.

MATHIAS

Don't you start. Oh my God. It's a
fucking nightmare out there. Reporters,
cops, crazed fans.

ARIA

That's the biz.

MATHIAS

Look, Aria. You're a sweetheart and I
would sleep with you in a hot second
despite what rumors you may hear out
there. But I'm a simple neurotic manic
depressive. I slept with two women in my
life. It was a disaster both times. I
don't do well under sexual pressure. So
if you must, let's get it over with so
your disappointment won't be too
humiliating.

MATHIAS closes his eyes and grits his teeth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARIA

What are you talking about?

MATHIAS collapses on the couch.

MATHIAS

Oh, God. I dunno. I'm crazed. I'm sick. I freaked out. I need coffee, goddamit!

ARIA

I'll get it.

MATHIAS

Thank-you! And God bless you!

ARIA goes to the coffee maker.

ARIA

You can't let this stuff get to you. Do me a favor, just go with it. Pretend it's all a dream.

MATHIAS

That's hard. If this was a dream, I'd be better-looking and you'd be naked.

ARIA

Yeah, well, it's still early.

MATHIAS

You're great.

She hands him the coffee.

ARIA

I know. If it's any consolation, the box is sold out and we got the tech covered. So you just relax. I'll handle the crowd and the media circus.

MATHIAS

Thanks.

ARIA exits. MATHIAS sips his coffee with shaking hands.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)

Yep. I'm being set up.

13 EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - DAY

13

PUSSY is interviewing the CROWD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PUSSY

Look at me, America. I've got the hottest ticket on the planet. The public premiere of Dr. Diabolicus and the Diamond Dead. I'm just outside the Grand Quignol, awaiting the arrival of the band. Everybody who is anybody is here and all the nobodies are nowhere to be seen. Just who are the Diamond Dead? Where did this band come from? Who cares? Just as long as I have a backstage pass and you don't.

A HEARSE screeches around the corner and the FANS start screaming. A particularly CRAZED FAN runs into the middle of the street.

FAN 1

Diamond Dead! Diamond Dead! I wanna be just like you guys!!

The hearse runs him over.

FAN 2

Ugh!

PUSSY stands over the roadkill kid.

PUSSY

Dr. Diabolicus and the Diamond Dead. Teen idols or the Avatars of Death. Photographs and reporters have been banned from their shows. They have shunned larger venues in favor of junkyards, cemeteries, mental institutions, and transvestite police bars. Everything they do is top secret. Even yesterday's secret signing of a record contract insiders tell us is worth in excess of twenty million bucks. Who the hell do these guys think they are? Let's ask the fans.

PUSSY grabs a particularly STUPID-LOOKING METALHEAD BURNOUT.

PUSSY (CONT'D)

So. What do you...

METALHEAD

Diamond Dead! Diamond Dead! Diamond Dead!

PUSSY

Um...Excuse me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

METALHEAD
Diamond Dead!

PUSSY
Pardon me.

METALHEAD
Diamond Dead! Fuckin' A! Fuckin' B!

The METALHEAD is completely out of control, so PUSSY knees him in the groin.

METALHEAD (CONT'D)
Bogus.

PUSSY
I'm Pussy A. Dangle with NTV. Talk to me.

METALHEAD
You're not gonna rack my bone again, are you?

PUSSY
Tell me about the band?

METALHEAD
Diamond Dead rules! Diamond Dead rocks.
They're the most ultimate, most
penultimate, most non-non ultimate
fucking band ever!!

PUSSY
Why?

METALHEAD
Huh?

PUSSY
Why are they so great?

METALHEAD
Uh...Fuck...Uh...

PUSSY
Well?

METALHEAD
Well, I dunno, cuz they're, like, dead?
You know Diamond Dead...What do you want
from me?

PUSSY
How come you like them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

METALHEAD

Shit. You're a real megabitch.

PUSSY

(turning back to the camera)

There you have it. The Diamond Dead defy description. They elicit total mindless adoration from their fans...

METALHEAD

(tapping her on the shoulder)

I just thought why I like them.

PUSSY

Why?

METALHEAD

Well...Um...They got great T-shirts.

PUSSY

Moron.

METALHEAD

(starts yelling again)

Diamond Dead! Diamond Dead!

14 INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

14

GEENA and JACK are waving their passes at anyone who will look.

JACK

Hi, I'm Jack Shit. I'm supposed to be here. I got a backstage pass.

GEENA

See! Backstage passes. We got backstage passes. We're cool.

JACK

We're bad.

GEENA

We got backstage passes.

JACK

Please, no autographs.

GEENA

Backstage passes!

JACK bumps into a ROADIE. The ROADIE seems pissed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Pardon me. but do you have any Grey
Poupon?

GEENA

Move aside, mere drop of water. Let the
ocean pass.

15 INT. MATHIAS' OFFICE - DAY

15

MATHIAS is in his office, lying on his couch. ARIA knocks on
his door and sticks her head in.

ARIA

Ready to meet the rest of the boys?

MATHIAS

Are there any reporters out there?

ARIA

We're meeting Pussy A. Dangle backstage.

MATHIAS

That's the woman. I'll stay here.

ARIA

C'mon!

MATHIAS

Aw! Do I have to?

ARIA

Don't be a baby.

MATHIAS

Sheesh. That's like telling Elvis, "Don't
be dead".

16 INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

16

PUSSY is standing next to the dressing room door. RASPUTIN,
the SECURITY GUARD, wearing a HEADSET and carrying an UZI has
taken up his post opposite PUSSY.

RASPUTIN

(talking to headset)

The bacon is in the grease. Pull back the
tanks and secure the perimeter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PUSSY

(To camera)

Security is light around here as every
move of the band is overseen like a
military operation.

GROUPIES rush the green room, screaming. SNIPERS armed with
guns appear out of their hiding places and FIRE at the crazed
BIMBOS.

PUSSY (CONT'D)

Oh my God!

RASPUTIN

(Calmly into his headset)

Blue Spook to Big Boo. Can we have a
cleanup crew to backstage dressing room
C? Over.

PUSSY

Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh... my... God!

RASPUTIN

(To Pussy)

Can I see Some ID?

PUSSY

You shot those bimbos!

RASPUTIN

Id?

PUSSY hands over her PRESS CREDENTIALS.

PUSSY

I'm Pussy A. Dangle from NTV. I made
arrangements with Aria De Winters...
You... You... You shot those poor
groupies! I saw you. We got it on live
feed. I'm a reporter.

RASPUTIN

Hang on a minute, Ms. Dangle.

(To headset)

Blue Spook to Big Boo. Verify access to
the bacon?

PUSSY

But this is murder. Those poor
teenyboppers. You killed them.

RASPUTIN

No, we didn't, ma'am. Tranquilizer darts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PUSSY

What?

RASPUTIN

Dr. Diabolicus endorses the N. A. H. T.
O. G. B. B. F. I.

PUSSY

Who?

RASPUTIN

The National Association for the Humane
Treatment Of Groupies, Bimbos, and Bad
Female Impersonators. We'll attach a
small radio transmitter and then release
them into their natural habitat. We do
not harm the bimbo in any way.

PUSSY

Natural habitat?

RASPUTIN

Sure. Shopping malls, biker rallies,
Republican political fundraisers... It's
all very controlled and we're saving
thousands of bimbos from extinction every
year.

PUSSY

Really?

RASPUTIN

Here comes Ms. De Winter now.

ARIA and MATHIAS enter.

ARIA

Pussy A. Dangle. I'm Aria De Winter and
this is Mathias Stark.

MATHIAS

We met.

RASPUTIN

Dr. Diabolicus and the rest of the band
will see you now. But first a word of
warning.

PUSSY

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RASPUTIN

They hate bright light. They hate stupid questions. And most important of all...

PUSSY

What?

RASPUTIN

Do not put your fingers near their faces.

PUSSY

Why?

RASPUTIN

They bite.

PUSSY

Bullshit.

ARIA

C'mon, Rasputin, you're scaring our guests.

RASPUTIN

No. They do.

RASPUTIN holds up his left hand. TWO FINGERS ARE MISSING.

PUSSY

Holy Shit!

MATHIAS

I'm not going in.

ARIA

Rasputin! Stop it.

RASPUTIN

All I did was wave to Dr. Diabolicus and he bit them off.

PUSSY

That's impossible. Did you say Diabolicus?

RASPUTIN

He would have ate my whole arm if I hadn't shot him.

MATHIAS

You shot him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ARIA

He's exaggerating. Shut up now, Rasputin.

RASPUTIN

Didn't hurt him but it gave the gaffer time to drag me away.

ARIA

Thank-you for sharing, Rasputin. He's such a kidder. Let's go in.

PUSSY

Um...

MATHIAS

I don't think so.

RASPUTIN

Hey, don't worry, I get workers' comp, so I'm happy.

ARIA

Can we go in?

RASPUTIN

Sure. They're a bunch of swell guys. Honest.

17 INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

17

ARIA, PUSSY, MATHIAS and the CAMERAMAN enter. The dressing room is very poorly lit. The outline of FOUR COFFINS can be seen against one wall. FOUR DARK SILHOUETTES are sitting on the couch. A long bony hand reaches for a beer sitting on the end table.

PUSSY

It's very dark in here.

ARIA

We like it that way.

The band nods in unison. A weird distorted chuckle echoes around the room.

PUSSY

I don't think the camera is going to be able to pick up much in this light.

MATHIAS

That's probably for the best. Well, not much to see here. Let's go get an espresso.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARIA

I'll tell you when you can turn on the lights.

PUSSY

Oh. Fine.

ARIA

Are you ready?

CAMERAMAN

Rolling.

PUSSY

(to camera)

This is Pussy A. Dangle backstage with the biggest band in the world. Dr. Diabolicus and the Diamond Dead. So, guys, what's it feel like to be stars?

DR. D

It feels a lot like not being a star, only with a lot more money.

PUSSY

So, why the darkness? Why the mystery?

SPYDER SYN raises TWO SOCK PUPPETS on his hands which do his speaking for him. He wears an IRON MASK and a LONG CAPE that conceals his emaciated anatomy. His hair, which sticks out of the top of his mask, is parted in the middle. ONE SIDE IS DYED WHITE, THE OTHER BLACK.

SPYDER SYN

(Good puppet)

We shun the light. Our eyes and our souls are attuned to the darkness.

GLITTER is a tall mummified cadaver, made up like a French whore. His once outlandish GLITZ WARDROBE hangs on him like a scarecrow.

GLITTER

Sunlight dries our skin. We all have very sensitive skin.

DR. D

We don't go near water either.

PUSSY

Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SPYDER SYN

(Good puppet.)

We don't want to re-hydrate.

DR. D

That would be bad.

GLITTER

Ooooh. Can you imagine? All the Midol in the world could not stop that bloating. Yuch.

PUSSY

Who's the man on the end there?

BARTHOLOMEW BANGZ wears a torn tank top T-SHIRT AND LEATHER PANTS. Despite his emaciated condition, his arms are overdeveloped and muscular. His face is a frozen sneer. He reminds people of Sid Vicious, if Sid were beef jerky.

BANGZ

Fuck you!

ARIA

That's Bartholomew Bangz. He doesn't talk much.

BANGZ

Fuck you. I fuckin' talk like a fuckin' parrot. Listen to me talk! I'm fuckin' talking right now. You just don't want to fuckin' listen to what I fuckin' have to say. Fuck NTV. Fuck this band. Fuck you all... Thank you... and fuck you.

DR. D

Bangz is cool.

BANGZ

Fuck you.

PUSSY

So. What do you attribute your sudden success to?

DR. D

We're dead.

SPYDER SYN

(Bad puppet)

Yup. Dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GLITTER
Dead Dick dead.

BANGZ
Fuckin' dead. Fuckin' dirtnap dead.
Fuckin' stiff city.

PUSSY
I don't understand.

ARIA
Dr. Diabolicus and the Diamond Dead is
America's first authentic dead band.

PUSSY
How do you mean dead?

DR. D
Dead. Dead. Un-live. Inanimate.
Uninvolved.

GLITTER
We're deceased.

BANGZ
So, fuck you.

ARIA
Pussy, dear. You are about to see
America's ultimate product for a death
fixated society. You are in the presence
of the first completely dead band. Pussy,
Mathias, Ladies and Gentlemen, I give
you... Dr. Diabolicus and the Diamond
Dead.

ARIA turns on the lights. The four cadavers smile at the
camera. GLITTER waves.

PUSSY
(Screams)
Jesus!

MATHIAS
They sure smell dead.

DR. D
I'm Dr. Diabolicus, lead singer and all
round charismatic guy. This is Spyder
Syn. Proof that Cruella De Ville got a
sex change.

SPYDER holds up one of his sock hand puppets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SPYDER SYN
(Bad puppet)
Hi, America.

GLITTER
This is Glitter. The man. The music. The
accessories.

DR. D
And Bartholomew Bangz. Thinker.
Philosopher.

BANGZ
Fuck you.

DR. D
He's deep.

18 INT. AVERAGE AMERICAN HOME - DAY 18

A TEENAGER, wearing a Diamond Dead T-shirt dials his phone frantically while watching Pussy A. Dangle screaming and puking live on NTV.

TEENAGER
Hey, man. Are you watching NTV? Holy
shit. I told you they were really dead
guys. Pussy A. Dangle just blew chunks.
They're so fucking gross.

19 INT A SEEDY HOTEL ROOM DAY 19

A DARK FIGURE in a soiled trench coat and FEDORA HAT watches NTV. He picks up the phone and dials.

DEATH
I found them, master... Don't worry. No
survivors. I promise.

20 INT. NTV CHAIRMAN'S OFFICE - DAY 20

The CHAIRMAN sits at his desk watching TV. He punches a button and a YOUNG EXECUTIVE pops up out of a trap door in the floor.

ASSISTANT
Yes, Mein Pop Fuhrer.

CHAIRMAN
Call a board meeting now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASSISTANT

Now, sir? Everybody left. Most Exalted
Sultan of Sexploitation.

CHAIRMAN

Call them back. I see an opportunity to
exploit.

ASSISTANT

Yes, Oh High Holy God of Capital Gain.

CHAIRMAN

Those boys are really dead.

ASSISTANT

I think it's a gag, Oh Pope of Pious
Publicity.

CHAIRMAN

This is for real. I can sense it. Besides
who cares if it is real or not -- they
are imagery. They must be digitized,
processed and transmitted before they
become pass,, which I estimate will be in
approximately twelve minutes. This band
needs emergency hype and image
consulting. Stat.

ASSISTANT

As you wish, Oh Purest Vision of a
Plastic Planet.

CHAIRMAN

I smell money.

21 INT. VERONICA'S DUNGEON - DAY

21

MISTRESS VERONICA VINYL is busy flogging the Reverend JIMMY
JOE BILLY BOB SCRUGGS.

VERONICA

You disgusting worm! Lick my boots while
reciting "The Cat in the Hat" in
Esperanto.

REVEREND

Yes, Mistress.

VERONICA

What are you?

REVEREND

A worm, Mistress. A little horny worm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA

And what am I?

REVEREND

You are Mistress Veronica Vinyl. The goddess unto which all men must give their undying devotion and credit card numbers.

A MAN enters. He is one of the Reverend Scruggs' zealots.

ZEALOT

Reverend Scruggs. Reverend Scruggs.
There's something you have to see.
(to Veronica)
Excuse me, ma'am

REVEREND

How many times have I told you not to disturb me in my retreat of contemplation?

ZEALOT

I'm sorry, Reverend Scruggs, but if the nice leather lady could stop contemplating you for a minute. Something is happening on the Diamond Dead situation.

VERONICA

What the hell. You're a prepay.

The ZEALOT plugs in the TV.

REVEREND

This had better be worth it.

The ZEALOT turns on the TV.

REVEREND (CONT'D)

What is this?

ZEALOT

The 69th sign, sir. "The dead shall rise out of the ground and they shall walk among the living and be as a foul odor likened unto overripe avocados and three day old carp which doth stink a lot." The secret book of Hemorrhoidal, Verse 4, Chapter 9. The sign you have been waiting for. The end times are upon us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VERONICA

Oh, brother.

REVEREND

It's fake. It has to be.

ZEALOT

No, sir. Reliable sources tell us that they are in fact the risen children of the demon Asteric the Emphasized.

REVEREND

Lord protect us.

ZEALOT

Amen.

VERONICA

Sheesh. Could you leave now?

ZEALOT

Are you very expensive?

VERONICA

Very.

ZEALOT

Do you ever make exceptions?

VERONICA

can you punch holes through a brick wall with your penis?

ZEALOT

Um... No.

VERONICA

I'm sorry, but a girl has to have her standards.

REVEREND

Leave us! Call forth the flock. I will be down in twenty minutes.

VERONICA

One hour.

REVEREND

One hour.

The ZEALOT exits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VERONICA
Where was I?

REVEREND
Little horny worm.

VERONICA
You little horny worm.

REVEREND
Yes, Mistress.

22 INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

22

PARAMEDICS are wheeling PUSSY out of the dressing room on a STRETCHER. GEENA and JACK watch the reporter pass.

GEENA
Was that Pussy A. Dangle?

JACK
Kinda looked like her.

GEENA
Seemed awfully sick.

JACK
Kinda green and water-eyed.

GEENA
Wow. She looks much prettier in real life.

JACK
Definitely.

ARIA steps out of the dressing room with MATHIAS.

ARIA
We got a sound check in five minutes.
Kinda mini preview. You might want to go back to your office.

MATHIAS
Why?

ARIA
We're inviting the press and some fans in.

MATHIAS
Um... No, I wanna see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARIA
Are you sure?

MATHIAS
No, but it's kinda like watching a
horrible car accident about to happen. I
can't turn away.

ARIA
I fell that way about shopping.

MATHIAS
One question.

ARIA
Sure.

MATHIAS
You're not dead, are you?

ARIA
Of course not. I'm much worse.

23 EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - DAY 23

The theatre house is MOBBED WITH REPORTERS and FANS.

24 INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY 24

ARIA answers the phone. With her in the room are DR.
DIABOLICUS AND THE DIAMOND DEAD.

ARIA
Okay, okay, we're coming.
(To band)
Places.

DR. D
Let's rock and roll.

BANGZ
Fuckin' A.

GLITTER
Go girl.

SPYDER SYN
Kick ass.

ARIA
Whatever.

25 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL - DAY 25

The stage is in darkness. GEENA and JACK are center front.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and Gentlemen. You could smell them coming from a mile away. America's answer to skyrocketing funeral costs. The most putrid band in the world. Ladies and Gentlemen... Dr. Diabolicus and the Diamond Dead.

26 INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY 26

ARIA is talking to one of the ROADIES.

ARIA

Dr. D's hand fell off. Could you find some duct tape?

27 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL - DAY 27

The band appears on-stage rising out of exploding graves, and begins to play.

28 SONG: _____ 28

29 INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE DAY 29

The PRESIDENT is talking to the CIA Director, LARRY SIMMS.

PRESIDENT

Goddamit, Simms. You simply must keep me appraised of situations like this. You're the CIA Director, for Chrissakes. The Cold War is over. It's not like you have a lot to do.

SIMMS

Yes, sir.

PRESIDENT

If the dead are rising from the grave, I want to know about it. Need I remind you of the presidential secret directive referring to the Topeka incident of 1969?

SIMMS

I don't think it's quite the same, sir/ The Topeka was a collective intelligence experiment. Those zombies were drooling vegetables. This band is apparently a group of free-thinking individuals.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRESIDENT

Really. How can you tell the difference?

SIMMS

Truthfully, sir, I can't. It's just a feeling.

PRESIDENT

None the less, Simms. American policy on reanimated corpses has been well established. My God, the Kansas cadavers tore through forty armed men. Even if these zombies are nice guys, do you want to take that chance, Simms.

SIMMS

No, sir.

PRESIDENT

People can't simply refuse to rot in the ground like honest Americans. We've got problems: overpopulation, sanitation. Oh God, the smell! Big trouble, Simms. Are zombies citizens, aliens, or just more republicans? What about taxes, social programs? If this spreads, we're screwed.

SIMMS

Are these guys dead or just a sham?

PRESIDENT

The FBI says they are in fact deceased. Glam rockers turned un-dead.

SIMMS

I'll get men in the field right away.

PRESIDENT

You damn well better, you spooky son of a bitch, or I'm gonna ream your ass with a flagpole.

AIDE enters.

AIDE

Oklahoma, sir. Reverend Jimmy Scruggs on line one.

PRESIDENT

Shit. What does that Bible thumping bastard want.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SIMMS

I'll be in the black room if you need me.

PRESIDENT

(to aide)

I'll take it.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

(continuing; Picks up phone)

Jimmy Scruggs, you old Bible thumping fire and brimstone son of a... Baptist preacher. How the hell are you?... Yes, I'm watching it... I don't know what to tell you, Jimmy... Sure, but you define death. I mean, technically speaking, the Speaker of the House should be dead. Brain dead, anyway. I can't make that call. He's gonna have to admit it himself... Yes, I'm aware of the biblical ramifications... Yes, I love God, but Jimmy baby. This is NTV. They're pretty huge, too. They put me in office... I got boys in the field right now... Are you okay, Jimmy. You sound like you're in pain? Is that Mistress Veronica I hear in the background? Tell her air force One is waiting and I'll see her at Camp David...

30 EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL PARKING LOT - DAY

30

Behind the Grand Quignol PUSSY is about to be put in the ambulance by the PARAMEDICS. Her CAMERAMAN runs up to her.

CAMERAMAN

Head Office calling. They want to know why you're not on the story.

PUSSY

I had a heart attack, that's why. I'm dying.

CAMERAMAN

The Chairman said that if you aren't ready with a live feed in twenty minutes, you would wish you were dead.

PUSSY

Oh God. I can't. They're dead. I mean really fucking dead.

CAMERAMAN

The Chairman knows that. He said that makes them big.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PUSSY

I hate dead things. Dead things make me puke.

CAMERAMAN

So barf. I don't think it matters. Just get the interview or you're axed.

PUSSY

God help me.

PUSSY pulls the I.V. out of her arm.

PARAMEDIC

I wouldn't advise that.

PUSSY

Neither would I... Show business sucks.

31 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL - DAY

31

THE DIAMOND DEAD are on stage. A ROADIE runs out with DR. D's hand and a roll of duct tape. DR.D talks to the audience while the ROADIE re-attaches his hand.

DR. D

I'd like to dedicate this next song to all you necrophilliacs out there.

GLITTER

Amen.

DR. D

If it wasn't for filthy perverts like you, we'd never get laid.

32 SONG: _____

32

33 EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - DAY

33

The LINE in front is huge. Concession booths line the street as SALESMEN hawk their wares.

1ST HAWKER

Dead meat! Get your dead meat for sale!
Real old dead meat! Putrid raw mottled
carrion. Dead meat!

2ND HAWKER

T-shirts, jackets, ballcaps, do-it
yourself embalming kits, tour books!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

3RD HAWKER

Funeral plots, gravestones, mausoleums,
and sepulchers.

4TH HAWKER

Mummified pets: cats, dogs, snakes and
gerbils. Two thousand year old bosom
companions.

5TH HAWKER

Suicide pacts. Hit men for hire. Visit
the afterlife on a dazzling
transdimensional pleasure cruise. Twenty
days of eternal bliss. Reanimation
guaranteed.

34 INT. BACKSTAGE WINGS - DAY

34

ARIA unslings her guitar and sits down next to PUSSY.

ARIA

So, what do you think?

PUSSY

I don't see how this is possible. They're
dead. They reek formaldehyde. How can it
be?

ARIA

Part magic, part science, mostly
bullshit. It's all so fabulously
decadent, isn't it.

PUSSY

It's disgusting.

ARIA

(Watching for her cue)

You don't want to miss this. This is
where Dr. D spits maggots at the
audience.

PUSSY

Oh, please, Jesus!

She starts to puke again.

35 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL - DAY

35

DR. D sprays the AUDIENCE with a ridiculous EXCESS OF SLIME
AND MAGGOTS.

36 INT. BACKSTAGE WINGS - DAY 36

ARIA looks down to PUSSY passed out on the floor.

ARIA
Wimp.

37 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL - DAY 37

GEENA and JACK sitting in the front row are DRENCHED in MAGGOTS AND SLIME. JACK plucks a MAGGOT from his face.

JACK
Look, Geena, real live maggots.

GEENA
Are you sure? That looks like a meal worm to me.

JACK
Nope. That's a maggot.

GEENA
I don't think so.

JACK
It restores my faith in American advertising. Real live maggots. Cool.

38 INT. AVERAGE AMERICAN HOME - DAY 38

THE TEENAGER is on the phone to a friend.

TEENAGER
Whoa! Dude! Real live maggots. Cool!...
Nah, they aren't meal worms. Real live maggots!

39 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL - DAY 39

DR. D smiles sheepishly at the NOW-SOAKED AUDIENCE.

DR. D
Miss anyone?

AUDIENCE
No.

40 ANOTHER ANGLE 40

MATHIAS stands at the back of the theatre, COVERED IN SLIME.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATHIAS

I am definitely being set up.

41 INT. THE HOLY CHURCH OF GOOD INTENTIONS - DAY

41

A TELEVISION sits on a pedestal, SHOWING DR. D SPEWING MAGGOTS. Suddenly, the TV is smashed by a TWENTY POUND SLEDGEHAMMER. The REVEREND SCRUGGS throws the sledgehammer to one side, and returns to the pulpit.

REVEREND

Brothers and sisters, that was the scene at the Grand Quignol Theatre a mere ten minutes ago. Truly the end times are upon us. For the Bible says, "The Devil walks among us." And, yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of Death, I ain't chicken. I shall fear no evil. The Devil has come, brothers and sisters, and he's one big sneaky son of a bitch. The dead walk the Earth. The children of the Hydra have returned. Frankly, dear sinners, I feel a completely reactionary, knee-jerk, ignorant, fanatical outburst of violence is necessary to trod the serpent underfoot! Can I hear a "Praise the Lord?"

FLOCK

Praise the Lord.

REVEREND

For truly it is written that the meek shall inherit the Earth but who wants this dirtball if it's crawling with rotting cadavers. Not me!

FLOCK

Amen!

REVEREND

Oh, no! Not me!

FLOCK

Amen!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REVEREND

We must stamp out this evil. We must crush this festering blemish on the Earth between our two fingers of justice and watch as the yellow pus of evil squirts high and splats oozing down the mirror of pure crystal goodness.

FLOCK

OOOOh, Yuck!

REVEREND

I feel the right swift hand of vengeance moving in me. I am his terrible swift sword. We must cut off the left hand of darkness to spite our faces. The Diamond Dead are messengers of death. We are soldiers of life. Let us cause violent death so that we may be rewarded for our life-affirming murder. We shall rebury the buried once and re-kill the already dead.

FLOCK

What?

REVEREND

Praise the Lord.

FLOCK

Praise the Lord!

REVEREND

Hallelujah!

FLOCK

Hallelujah!

REVEREND

"Vengeance is mine, sayeth the Lord," but mindless slaughter is for everybody, sayeth I. Amen!

42 INT. MATHIAS' OFFICE - DAY

42

MATHIAS, still covered in crap, is nursing a CUP OF COFFEE in his hands, sitting behind his desk. There's a KNOCK at his door. He doesn't answer, just stares at the far wall. ARIA enters.

ARIA

You wanted to see me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATHIAS

I'm not sure.

ARIA

The press loved the sound check. We're going to make a killing. The band loves this place. I think we could book a week here, easy.

MATHIAS

I don't think so.

ARIA

Why not?

MATHIAS

Because I'm gonna kill myself as soon as I'm aware enough to feel it.

ARIA

Why?

MATHIAS

Maggots, dead men, slime all over my theatre, haunted hearses, reporters everywhere, femme fatale rock women, too much coffee, not enough sleep, mucus covered clothes, caffeine sugar shock, thorazine, too much weirdness, cerebral hemorrhage, sexual frustration, genuine terror, large mounds of...

ARIA

Stop already. You're babbling.

MATHIAS

Am I?

ARIA

I know we're a lot to take all at once. It's the way we are. Excess is best. Shock appeal and all that P. T. Barnum kind of stuff.

MATHIAS

It worked. I'm shocked.

ARIA

I'm sorry. It's all in fun, honest. It's rock and roll.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATHIAS

Look at me. Do I look like I'm having fun? I'm miserable. This is more than rock and roll. I don't know what it is but it's weird and it's messy and I think it's blecky. Yuck! What's going on here, Aria? Who are these guys? How did you find them? Where did you come from?

ARIA

Oh, thank God.

MATHIAS

What?

ARIA

I've been dreading the awkward setup for a flashback sequence but you got us over it like a pro.

MATHIAS

Thanks.

ARIA

Well, it all started in 1976...

43	START FLASHBACK.	43
44	EXT. HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT	44

A DILAPIDATED VW MICROBUS drives through the L. A. warehouse district at outlandish speeds. The radio is blasting "Generation Landslide" by Alice Cooper. The bus turns a corner, nearly tipping over, then roars onto a dirt road toward an ABANDONED GARMENT FACTORY. It skids to a halt in front of the building, raising a huge cloud of dust. The doors open and the BAND, AS YET STILL ALIVE, steps out.

DR. DIABOLICUS, the lead singer, is a tall brooding figure on his late twenties with brown hair and blue eyes, dressed entirely in black leather and diamonds.

BARTHOLOMEW BANGZ, the drummer, is a street smart English snob. He is short and dressed as an English gentleman, complete with bowler and umbrella.

GLITTER, lead guitar and the most crossdressed of the bunch, is a kind of long-haired David Bowie type from the Ziggy Stardust period, only with more makeup and far more flamboyant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIDER SYN, in his mid-twenties, is a darkly evil looking man, the living incarnation of the Grinch who stole Christmas. With black hair and black eyes, he is dressed in a cape and top hat. He is the band's keyboardist.

Finally, ARIA is the band's manager. She is a small blond haired elfish looking girl, beautiful but smart, tough and loaded with charisma. There is mischievousness in her every move.

The BAND begins to unload their EQUIPMENT. ARIA climbs on the roof of her bus and sits cross-legged, watching.

DR. D
Aren't you gonna help?

ARIA
Fuck you.

DR. D
Fine. Fuck you.

He snatches an amp from the back of the bus.

GLITTER
Did we suck last night, or was I the only one ducking bottles?

BANGZ
We sucked. We always suck. If it wasn't for our consistent suckiness, we wouldn't have any consistency at all.

GLITTER
Do you think the Beatles sucked when they started out?

BANGZ
No.

GLITTER
Really?

BANGZ
The Beatles, I suspect, were a genetic experiment conducted by M.I.5 to boost the British economy. They are mutant musicians, bred for their musical ability and cuteness factor. We can't compete with that.

GLITTER
I'm depressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SPYDER turns to Dr. D.

SPYDER SYN
(Looking to cause trouble)
Aria's pissed.

GLITTER
Pissed gypsies are bad juju, D. They have
special powers.

DR. D
Fuck you both.

BANGZ
Is all this swearing absolutely
necessary?

SPYDER SYN
Kiss my ass, you puritanical limey.

DR. D
Fuck you, Bangz.

GLITTER
Yeah, fuck off.

DR. D
C'mon, leet's get this shit unloaded.

The GUYS start unloading the bus. They begin walking away
with their arms full. ARIA realizes she's being ignored and
jumps down from the bus.

ARIA
You son of a bitch!

ARIA picks up a ROCK and hits DR. D in the back of the head.

DR. D
Son of a bitch!

ARIA
(Fuming)
You called me a groupie. I ain't your
fucking groupie.

GLITTER
You did, D. I heard you.

DR. D
My head!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARIA

What head? The only head you use is suffocating in you pants.

GLITTER

You really can't call her a groupie.

DR. D

Alright, alright. You ain't no fucking groupie. Sorry. I'm an asshole.

ARIA

If I ain't a groupie, what the hell as I doing hanging around this piece of shit garage band? ...Well?

DR. D

Aw, c'mon, Aria. I apologized.

SPYDER SYN

Not this again.

ARIA

I wanna play.

DR. D

Aria, please. We've had a shitty night. We got stiffed on the door. We blew an amp. Spyder got the clap from Laura.

SPYDER SYN

I did?

GLITTER

She told us last night.

SPYDER SYN

That bitch.

DR. D

...And he just found out he knocked up another chick.

SPYDER SYN

God, I'm a creep.

DR. D

We now know that, at best, our music sucks according to Cum Magazine. Nixon is in the White House. Disco is at its height. And all this diffused soft focus light they're using in this scene doesn't help my headache.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DR. D (CONT'D)

So if it's all the same, Aria sweetie, I would like to go inside and get killed in peace. Is that okay with you?

ARIA is angry to the point of tears as DR. D and the BAND turn their backs on her and enter the factory.

ARIA

You prick!

She sits down on an equipment case and begins to cry softly. GLITTER stops at the door, sets down his arm load of EQUIPMENT and walks back to the bus. He sits down next to her.

GLITTER

How old are you, Aria?

ARIA

What does that have to do with anything?

GLITTER

Well, D's almost forty. He's scared he's too old for rock.

ARIA

That's stupid.

GLITTER

Maybe. Maybe not. Point is: You remind him of how old he is.

ARIA

So, I'm fucked. Is that what you're saying? All I want is to be a part.

GLITTER

Either he stops aging or you get older. Otherwise I don't think you two will ever get along.

SPYDER sticks his head out of the door.

SPYDER SYN

Hey, Glitter, Bangz got a new "Rupture Subwoofer." It's fucking huge.

GLITTER

(To Aria)

Are you coming?

ARIA shakes her head. GLITTER stands up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

GLITTER (CONT'D)

Take care.

GLITTER walks into the building. ARIA lights a CIGARETTE.

ARIA

All men deserve to die.

45 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

45

In the basement of the building, the BAND live in a typical squatter camp except for the band EQUIPMENT and the HUGE "RUPTURE SUBWOOFER" AMP that dominates one side of the room. The BAND stands in front of the monolithic sound monster, looking up in awe.

DR. D

That thing looks scary.

SPYDER SYN

It is scary.

BANGZ

I saw a "Rupture subwoofer" kill a squirrel at that Rolling Stones show in Berkeley. The poor little blighter just exploded. I don't think we should use it outside. I don't want to kill any animals, okay?

The BAND looks at one another.

DR. D

Whoa. Killed a squirrel.

SPYDER SYN

We could cause serious damage to ourselves. Not to mention the danger to the audience.

GLITTER

Destroy our hearing, induce seizures, wreck our equilibrium. Shorten our lives by decades.

BANGZ

The Who doesn't have one.

GLITTER

Really?

BANGZ

Just the Stones and us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. D

Crank it!

46 EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

46

ARIA stands outside, alone. She smashes out her cigarette and begins throwing the BAND'S EQUIPMENT out of her car.

ARIA

Fuck them!

She gets into her car and starts it.

ARIA (CONT'D)

I don't need them. They need me!

Slamming the car in gear, she speeds away. Suddenly she power skids the bus 180 degrees and stops the car. Looking through her windshield at the band equipment lying in the dirt, an evil smile crosses her face. ARIA stamps on the gas pedal and drives directly toward the equipment. The bus hits the pile straight on, destroying everything.

47 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

47

As the BAND plays, PLASTER IS FALLING OFF THE WALLS. GLASS IS EXPLODING EVERYWHERE. The band members have TRICKLES OF BLOOD RUNNING OUT OF THEIR EARS AND NOSES.

48 EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

48

The building's windows are EXPLODING, floor by floor. The FOUNDATION IS SHAKING.

49 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

49

DR. D

(yelling in Spyder's ear)

Turn it down!

SPYDER SYN

What?

DR. D

Turn it down!

With pantomime, he indicates what he wants.

SPYDER SYN

Turn it up?

DR. D

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPYDER walks over to the amp and turns it to ten.

50 EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT 50

The ENTIRE BUILDING COLLAPSES as ARIA drives away, un-noticing.

51 END OF FLASHBACK. 51

52 INT. MATHIAS' OFFICE - DAY 52

Mathias is behind his desk. Aria faces him.

MATHIAS

Hmmm... Jeez, I thought I was the only person to have a Subwoofer near death experience.

ARIA

It's more common than you think.

MATHIAS

So, do you love this Diabolicus dude?

ARIA

Doesn't matter. He doesn't love me so fuck it.

MATHIAS

Good.

ARIA

Good?

MATHIAS

Well... um... I'm not above exploiting a broken heart for my own personal gain.

ARIA

Really?

MATHIAS

Look at me. I have to take advantage wherever I can. just watch... I respect you, Aria. I think that any guy who would snob you is an asshole and a Cyclopean jerk. You are incredible.

ARIA

Hey, that's pretty good. What do you do next?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATHIAS

I don't know. I've never got it right
before. I don't have a clue.

ARIA leans forward and kisses him.

ARIA

How 'bout that?

MATHIAS

Wow. This thing seems to have its own
momentum.

They kiss again. ARIA waves her hand distractedly and the
LIGHT BULB POPS, throwing the room into darkness.

53 EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL PARKING LOT - DAY

53

The PARAMEDICS pack up their stuff. SPYDER SYN is sitting on
a closed dumpster, crouched like a gargoyle. A CHEERLEADER
runs up to one of the paramedics in hysterics.

CHEERLEADER

Pump my stomach! Pump my stomach!

PARAMEDIC

Why? Bad acid? Overdose? What?

CHEERLEADER

I swallowed a maggot.

PARAMEDIC

Oh God! That's gross. Get away from me.

CHEERLEADER

It was a live maggot!

PARAMEDIC

Go away! Gag! It was probably a meal
worm. Puke!

The PARAMEDIC climbs in the AMBULANCE and drives off.

CHEERLEADER

Help me!

SPYDER SYN

(GOOD PUPPET)

Can I be of assistance?

CHEERLEADER

That ambulance just left me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPYDER SYN
(BAD PUPPET)
Sit down next to us.
(GOOD PUPPET)
What's wrong?

CHEERLEADER
I swallowed a live maggot. I didn't mean
to.

SPYDER SYN
(continuing; BAD PUPPET)
Oh... That could be tricky.
(GOOD PUPPET)
Male or female?

CHEERLEADER
I don't know. Why?

SPYDER SYN
(BAD PUPPET)
You don't want to know.
(GOOD PUPPET)
It's probably nothing.

CHEERLEADER
What?! What?!

SPYDER SYN
(BAD PUPPET)
Then, again, I could be serious.
(GOOD PUPPET)
We shouldn't alarm her.

CHEERLEADER
What? Tell me!

SPYDER SYN
(BAD PUPPET)
It's just that certain species of maggots
are tougher than others. They can be a
bitch to kill. Even in their larva state,
some maggots are born gravid.
(GOOD PUPPET)
It's very rare.
(BAD PUPPET)
True. But not unheard of.

CHEERLEADER
What's gravid mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SPYDER SYN
(GOOD PUPPET)
Pregnant.

CHEERLEADER
Huh?

SPYDER SYN
(BAD PUPPET)
Thousands of babies.
(GOOD PUPPET)
All carnivorous.

CHEERLEADER
Really?

SPYDER SYN
(BAD PUPPET)
When the eggs hatch, the maggots start
eating their way out.
(GOOD PUPPET)
And laying more eggs.

CHEERLEADER
Oh my God! Oh my God!

SPYDER SYN
(BAD PUPPET)
I can help you.

CHEERLEADER
Really. Thank-you. How?

SPYDER SYN
(GOOD PUPPET)
Extraction.
(BAD PUPPET)
Painful, but it's the only way to be
sure.

CHEERLEADER
Are you a doctor?

SPYDER SYN
(BAD PUPPET)
Better.
(GOOD PUPPET)
Much better.

CHEERLEADER
Help me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SPYDER SYN
(GOOD PUPPET)
Lie down here.
(BAD PUPPET)
Trust us.

SPYDER pulls out a doctor's bag and opens it. Inside is a
HUGE AUTOPSY NEEDLE AND SYRINGE.

CHEERLEADER
What's that for?!

SPYDER SYN
(BAD PUPPET)
This? Nothing. Nothing at all.
(GOOD PUPPET)
Could you please lift your shirt and try
to breathe normally?

CHEERLEADER
What's going on here?

SPYDER SYN
(GOOD PUPPET)
We're going to extract.
(BAD PUPPET)
You might feel a slight sensation of
being impaled and then being eviscerated
slowly.
(GOOD PUPPET)
It's only temporary.

The CHEERLEADER runs for her life, screaming. GLITTER walks
by SPYDER and stops to watch the girl run away.

GLITTER
That was sick.

SPYDER SYN
(GOOD PUPPET)
Please, leave us alone.
(BAD PUPPET)
Can't you see we're upset?
(GOOD PUPPET)
Losing a patient is hard to take.

54 EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL ROOF - DAY

54

DEATH looks down on SPYDER talking to GLITTER.

DEATH
Ah... The Diamond Dead...

55 INT. AIRPORT - DAY

55

REVEREND JIMMY SCRUGGS and his followers march down the concourse. REVEREND SCRUGGS and his NUMBER ONE ZEALOT lead the way.

ZEALOT

Our ETA's one hour.

REVEREND

That's mighty fine. We shall hunt down the vile serpent and burn them in their own den.

ZEALOT

I don't think that would be wise.

REVEREND

Why? The Lord is with us.

ZEALOT

A thousand rabid Diamond Dead fans might object to us immolating their heroes right in front of them.

REVEREND

"The Lord is my shepherd." He will protect us.

ZEALOT

The good book also says, "Thy rod and thy staff shall comfort thee."

REVEREND

Truly, brother. What do you suggest?

ZEALOT

Let's buy some rods.

REVEREND

Hmmm.

ZEALOT

Billy Bob's 24 Hour Christian Gun Shop is two blocks from the Grand Quignol Theatre. Billy Bob has served our church's assault weapon needs for twenty years.

REVEREND

Thou art truly a man of God, brother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZEALOT

Thank-you, Reverend, I try.

56 INT. THE CIA SUPER-SECRET HUSH-HUSH BLACK ROOM - DAY

56

There is a SIGN over the head of the table that says "CIA SUPER-SECRET HUSH-HUSH BLACK ROOM." The chairs are filled with MEN IN GRAY SUITS looking up to SIMMS, who presides at the head of the table.

SIMMS

It's not a simple situation. We can't handle it with S. O. B. These guys have gone high profile.

AGENT 1

An accident?

SIMMS

Considered, rejected. Next?

AGENT 2

Have you considered the obvious military applications. reanimated corpses can't die twice.

SIMMS

Aw, c'mon, Agent 2. Wake up and smell the coffee. The destructive power of modern weaponry makes skin and bone into guacamole. Reanimated hamburger is useless. can't you just see some grieving mother in Ohio thinking her son's coming home from the war and instead she finds twenty pounds of wiggling rump roast sitting on her doorstep? bad P.R., gentlemen.

AGENT 2

Sorry, sir.

SIMMS

It's simple. We have no choice. We've got to call in our best operative.

The AGENTS all gasp in horror.

AGENT 1

Is that prudent?

SIMMS presses a button. The center of the table OPENS UP and VERONICA VINYL rises out of the center.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMMS
Agent Veronica Vinyl.

ALL THE AGENTS
Ooooooh!

VERONICA
Oh, stop drooling. You'll get spit on my pumps.

SIMMS
Agent Mistress Vinyl. Have you been briefed?

VERONICA
I read the file. And don't speak unless you're spoken to.

SIMMS
Yes, Agent V... I mean, Agent Mistress Veronica Vinyl.

VERONICA
Make sure there's a jet helicopter waiting to take me directly to the theatre. I want you all to know that I am very displeased with you.

AGENTS
Sorry, Agent Mistress Vinyl.

VERONICA
(Pointing to Simms)
Particularly you! You've been very bad.

SIMMS
Don't beat me, Agent Mistress Vinyl!
Don't beat me!

VERONICA
Ha! You wish.

SIMMS presses a button and VERONICA descends into the TABLE.

SIMMS
I actually feel sorry for those boys.

57 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

57

The BAND is sitting around playing CARDS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANGZ

Fucking road. Fucking gig. Fucking road.
Fucking sucks.

GLITTER

(looking over his royal flush)
You've got a busted hand, don't you,
sweetie.

BANGZ

Fucking cards. You and your fucking poker
face.

GLITTER

It's called rigor mortis.

BANGZ

I fucking fold.

58 INT. MATHIAS' OFFICE - DAY

58

ARIA and MATHIAS are smoking in bed. MATHIAS looks stunned.
ARIA seems happy.

ARIA

See. No disasters, no weirdness...

MATHIAS

I know, weird, isn't it?

ARIA

You're impossible.

MATHIAS

I mean, usually when I start to have a
good time, the universe always retaliates
a lot quicker. Technically, I shouldn't
have been able to get my shoes off before
I got whacked.

ARIA

Maybe your luck is changing.

MATHIAS

Or maybe the universe is setting me up
for a big one.

ARIA

How did you get in the theatre business?

MATHIAS

I used to write for "Crash" music reviews
until I flipped out.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATHIAS (CONT'D)

One night I found myself drunk and dancing on the roof of Alice Cooper's tour bus, naked, singing "Born Free" with a Filipino transvestite named Dwight.

ARIA

Whoa!

MATHIAS

I quit the magazine next day and moved here. Tell me about your band.

ARIA

Fine. What do you want to know?

MATHIAS

Why does Spyder wear a mask?

ARIA

Nobody knows except Bangz, and he's not talking.

MATHIAS

Why?

ARIA

Bangz used to be the sweetest guy until he saw what Spyder looked like under the mask. He just cracked.

MATHIAS

Really?

ARIA

Now Bangz just curses and swears and hates everything. Whatever he saw must have been bad.

MATHIAS

What about Spyder?

ARIA

Spyder's all right. He only talks through his puppets. A touch evil, but on the whole a nice guy. He works out his problems with his puppets. A man who wears sock puppets can't be that dangerous.

MATHIAS

Are you sure?

ARIA

Mostly sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATHIAS

What about Diabolicus?

ARIA

I don't want to talk about him. Maybe later.

MATHIAS

Glitter, then?

ARIA

Real sweetheart, but a real screamer in the gender department. It's a shame, too, because he's beautiful.

MATHIAS

Ugh! They're mummies.

ARIA

I know, but my dad was a mortician. After a while, that kind of warps ya. I know everybody doesn't share my taste but fuck 'em. I think they're unique.

MATHIAS

I guess that's true. Personally disturbing, but true.

ARIA

It's a damn shame they died, though. Still, now that they are dead, I like them more.

MATHIAS

You sure are odd, Aria.

ARIA

Thank-you.

MATHIAS

How did they become reanimated?

ARIA

After the building they squatted in collapsed, I just kind of left them there. Nobody knew they were down there, so I figured one grave was as good as another. Every year on Halloween I go there and leave flowers on the rubble...

60 EXT. FACTORY RUINS - NIGHT 60

The MOON IS RISING over the CRUMBLING CEMENT BLOCKS and TWISTED STEEL. Overgrown by weeds, the place looks kind of like an ancient cemetery after an earthquake. ARIA, now older, climbs over the cement blocks, carrying a BOUQUET OF ROSES. She lays the ROSES on the ground and steps back.

ARIA
I miss you guys.

61 INT. FACTORY RUINS - NIGHT 61

In the basement, the OLD TELEVISION TURNS ITSELF ON. The test pattern appears, and then DIABOLICUS' FACE.

62 EXT. FACTORY RUINS - NIGHT 62

ARIA
This whole thing isn't fair. We didn't have enough time. I didn't tell you when you were alive because you were such an arrogant self absorbed asshole, but I loved you, Diabolicus.

63 INT. FACTORY RUINS - NIGHT 63

DIABOLICUS is on the SCREEN.

DR. D
I am not an arrogant self-absorbed asshole.

64 EXT. FACTORY RUINS - NIGHT 64

ARIA
I really need you.

65 INT. FACTORY RUINS - NIGHT 65

DR. D
I need you.

66 EXT. FACTORY RUINS - NIGHT 66

ARIA sits down among the rubble, thinking to herself. Behind her a TALL MAN in robes moves between the broken cement. He silently glides up behind ARIA. When he raises his head, only a WHITE SKULL can be seen and it's not even human. Instead the mummified skull of a SABER TOOTHED TIGER sits above his shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEATH

(He talks a lot like Foghorn
Leghorn.)

I say, I say. Strange place for flowers.

She doesn't bother to look up.

ARIA

I suppose.

DEATH

I say, I wonder if you can help, ma'am.
Direction-wise, that is.

ARIA

Huh?

ARIA turns around but doesn't seem to be bothered by the
APPARITION.

DEATH

I'm looking for souls. Four long-hair
hippie types. Look like girls on the
wrong end of the ugly stick.

ARIA

Pardon me.

DEATH

I say, I'm looking for souls. Stiffs.
Dirtnappers. Corpus Delectia in the post
humus sense. Dig the wax out yer ears,
ma'am. I'm talkin' English, ain't I?

ARIA points downward.

ARIA

Down there.

DEATH

Well. Baste my butt and call me vittles.
I do declare, that's more diggin' than a
man oughta do in my condition.

ARIA

Who are you?

DEATH

I'm a death, ma'am. Mortis Extermis, Esq.
My card.

ARIA

A death?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEATH

That's what I said. My mouth is movin' so I must be talkin'. I say, ma'am, pay attention, ya may learn somethin'. Hair-brained females. Them blonde hairs must be ticklin' your brain box. Can't think straight.

ARIA

You're pretty rude for an escaped science experiment.

DEATH

I say, I say. I'm a slave to my nature. Grim reaper-wise, that is.

ARIA

So, Morty, what do you mean, A death.

DEATH

Well, statistically-wise, there's a million ways to die. That there's a fact. Mortality-wise. Lots of people croak every day. Logistically-wise. One death can't handle the load. Are you following me here?

ARIA

In a kind of abstract apathetic sort of way.

DEATH

I say, I say. This is higher education for the lower interred. I say, I say. I keep pitchin' 'em and you keep missin' 'em.

ARIA

Alright, already.

DEATH

World needs more than one death. Makes life interesting. Keeps ya hoppin'. I say, I say. I'm a specialist, ma'am.

ARIA

Oh yeah.

DEATH

(Aside)

Pretty girl. but she seems to have a problem with the big words. I specialize in death by freak accident.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DEATH(CONT'D)

I move unseen through the world and I
arrange bizarre and incredibly stupid
ways to die.

ARIA

Like death by Rupture subwoofer.

DEATH

I say, I say. Give the girl an apple and
bounce her on the teacher's lap.

ARIA

If you move unseen, how come I can see
you?

DEATH

You're a gypsy. A con man in a skirt and
some knockout pects. Ya can't fool a
gypsy with a cheap gag like that. Gypsy
eyes squint, they never close.

ARIA

So, what are you doing here?

DEATH

I say. Mop up, mostly. Balancing
accounts. Dot my i's. Get my ducks in a
row. Kill some time. I come here when I
get a chance. I can't have four souls
unaccounted for. It screws up my quotas.
Paranormal piecework-wise, that is.
Seventeen years looking for those hippie
dippy commie sissy boys. It's very
unusual for souls to stay under for that
long. They're like lumpy gravy. They
usually float to the top before the meat
goes bad.

ARIA

All I can tell ya, Mort, is they're down
there somewhere.

DEATH

That bites. I say, I say. You wouldn't
happen to have a shovel?

ARIA

No.

DEATH

I say. Never mind. I give up. Gonna sit
here and snuff some bugs. You wanna job?
I quit. I need a break. I need to get
laid. Horizontal-braille wise, that is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ARIA

You need a break?

DEATH

I say, I say. Who gonna give me one, I ask in mock ignorance and a general air of foreboding.

ARIA

How 'bout me?

DEATH

You? Why I do declare I think I may laugh if it didn't jostle my coaxis so much.

ARIA

C'mon. Why not? I'm between jobs, I hate offices, I work cheap, I like to travel, I have my own car. I'm a real people person. I'm slightly immoral and I temper all discussions with a Nihilistic anticipation of general disaster.

DEATH

I say, I say. That's right neighborly of you.

ARIA

Hey, what the hell. Beats sittin' on my ass.

DEATH

It's an awesome responsibility.

ARIA

So's voting.

DEATH

I say, I say. There's powers that go with the title.

ARIA

A perk! Cool.

DEATH

Take this scythe.

He hands her his SCYTHE.

ARIA

What kind of powers?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DEATH

Life and death. Forward, reverse.

There's a switch on the side of the handle that reads:
"FORWARD" AND "REVERSE."

ARIA

Rad!

DEATH

I say. I say. I appreciate this. Have
fun. Don't kill anyone I wouldn't kill.
Knock yourself out. Mortality-wise, that
is.

ARIA

Hey! Where ya goin'?

DEATH

To bed. Thanks, babe.
(To himself.)
Nice girl, but a little on the creepy
side.

DEATH departs. ARIA sits down on a concrete block and stares
at the SCYTHER in her lap. Slowly the MOON RISES BEHIND HER.

67 INT. FACTORY RUINS - NIGHT 67

DR. D listens intently to the silence inside his television
world.

68 EXT. FACTORY RUINS - NIGHT 68

ARIA stands up and lifts the SCYTHER over her head.

69 INT. FACTORY RUINS - NIGHT 69

DR. D looks up, anticipating something.

70 EXT. FACTORY RUINS - NIGHT 70

The SKY BLACKENS WITH STORM CLOUDS. LIGHTNING STRIKES
EXPLODE AROUND ARIA. She lowers the SCYTHER to the ground and
hits the REVERSE SWITCH.

71 INT. FACTORY RUINS - NIGHT 71

DR. D suddenly looks terrified.

DR. D

Oh shit.

72 EXT. FACTORY RUINS - NIGHT 72

A BLUE ARC OF ELECTRICITY EXPLODES from the scythe slashing to the ground. THE ARC BLASTS THROUGH THE CEILING AND DIRECTLY INTO THE TV. THE TV EXPLODES AND THE ARC FLASHES from the destroyed screen and into DR. D's lifeless corpse. THE ELECTRICAL ARC THEN SPLITS AND TOUCHES EACH OF THE MUMMIES, WHO BEGIN TO JERK AROUND VIOLENTLY.

73 EXT. FACTORY RUINS - NIGHT 73

ARIA turns off the scythe. She waits quietly, listening. a few feet away, the GROUND ERUPTS and DR. DIABOLICUS' ARM BEGINS TO CLAW ITS WAY FREE FROM THE GROUND. SLOWLY THE OTHERS FREE THEMSELVES. SPYDER WEARS A BAG OVER HIS HEAD AS THEY SHAMBLE UP TO ARIA. She shoulders her scythe like a rifle.

ARIA
Hello, boys. I missed ya.

74 END OF FLASHBACK 74

75 EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT 75

REVEREND SCRUGGS and THE FLOCK are standing in the parking lot.

REVEREND
Brothers and sisters, we stand before God, humbled this night. For we know we do his work. Thus saving us direct consultation. And yea though we carry no sword of justice, we can carry the AK 47 of righteousness.

At Jimmy's feet are two cases of MACHINE GUNS.

REVEREND (CONT'D)
Line up, brothers and sisters, and receive thy communion.

The REVEREND grabs the first RIFLE and slams a CLIP in.

REVEREND (CONT'D)
God bless America!

76 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL GREEN ROOM - NIGHT 76

The poker game wears on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLITTER

What was it like for you, D? Dying, I mean? You know, the first time... not including bad gigs.

DR. D

I don't know. It was kinda spiritual.

BANGZ

The fucking afterlife bites.

SPYDER SYN

(GOOD PUPPET)

Mine sucked, too.

DR. D

I remember the white light and so I went in.

BANGZ

Fucking hurt my eyes.

SPYDER SYN

(BAD PUPPET)

I saw that too.

BANGZ

Fuck, man. I didn't go in. This fuckin' prick wearing a fuckin' sheet stopped me and fuckin' said, "You can't fuckin' go that way. Musicians have to use the fuckin' back door."

GLITTER

Yeah, they tried that line with me, but I told them I was the caterer. It was so beautiful: all fluffy clouds and stars. it looked just like my senior prom.

SPYDER SYN

(GOOD PUPPET)

How did you get in, D?

DR. D

I don't know. They weren't looking, I guess. Anyway, I see Jesus up ahead, so I stopped.

GLITTER

You saw Jesus?

BANGZ

Whoa!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. D

I said "Hey!", and He said "Hey!" and we talked.

SPYDER SYN

(GOOD PUPPET)

What did you talk about?

DR. D

All sorts of shit. He was cool. He just wanted to shoot the shit.

SPYDER SYN

(GOOD PUPPET)

I thought He might be. What did He look like?

DR. D

Kinda like a Rastafarian Elvis. Kinda like Annie Lennox.

GLITTER

Not like those gory 3D pictures with eyes that pop out at ya?

DR. D

Nah! One thing He told was kinda cool. He said He didn't really give a shit about straights and 9-5-ers. He said He thought most Bible Humpers were fucked up posers.

BANGZ

Fuckin' A.

DR. D

Said He liked hanging with the fuck-ups. He said fucking up was action. He said people who fuck up are the people who are learning the most.

SPYDER SYN

(GOOD PUPPET)

Sorry I missed that.

BANGZ

Hmmm? Fuckin' cool.

DR. D

I guess we're supposed to fuck up. If you do everything right, you don't score any points.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BANGZ

I guess I'm a fucking genius then.

GLITTER

And I'm Mother Theresa.

DR. D

It's weird. You'd think a guy like me
would end up in Hell. I mean, heaven
doesn't exactly fit with the image.

SPYDER SYN

(GOOD PUPPET)

I remember falling.

(BAD PUPPET)

Falling and falling.

(GOOD PUPPET)

And the light kept getting bigger and
bigger.

(BAD PUPPET)

... But I missed.

DR. D

What do you mean you missed?

SPYDER SYN

(GOOD PUPPET)

Shot right past it. I went hurtling into
outer space.

BANGZ

Holy fuck!

DR. D

What happened?

SPYDER SYN

(BAD PUPPET)

I don't know how to say this but there's
something out there. It lives beyond the
light.

DR. D

What does it look like?

SPYDER SYN

(GOOD PUPPET)

It's not the Devil. This thing is worse.
It looks like evil. It looks like all the
evil in the whole universe. Black and
bloated, all festering and cancerous, and
as big as the Milky Way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BANGZ

Fuckin' Rush Limbaugh, dude!

GLITTER

Shut up, Bangz.

SPYDER SYN

(BAD PUPPET)

I guess the thing ate whatever souls missed the light.

(GOOD PUPPET)

It couldn't see me and this thing and I just floated there together. As long as I didn't move, I was safe. I couldn't get away from it or the black radiation that came off it. I could feel the stuff changing me. warping me... I couldn't stop it.

DR. D

That why you wear a mask?

SPYDER SYN

(BAD PUPPET)

Small price to pay for your eternal soul. I got called back so I guess it paid off.

GLITTER

Sorry, Spyder.

DR. D

Hard.

BANGZ

Yeah, fuckin' big boobed bummer.

DR. D

It won't happen again.

BANGZ

Next time we fuckin' croak. We fuckin' croak together.

GLITTER

... And we fuckin' stick together all the way.

DR. D

All for one!

BANGZ

Yeah. All for one... and ... All for one!
Fuckin' A!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

GLITTER
Well said, Bangz.

DR. D
C'mon. let's go find the beer truck.

BANGZ
I don't wanna fuckin' go!

GLITTER
I don't drink.

SPYDER SYN
(GOOD PUPPET)
I'm gonna cruise the babes.

DR. D
Shit!

77 INT. MATHIAS' OFFICE - DAY

77

ARIA and MATHIAS are getting dressed.

ARIA
The guys were pretty fucked up when I got
a hold of them. Death is a messy
business. Being sealed in the dry air-
less basement had made them mummies.
Perfectly preserved. We did, however,
have some problems to overcome. There was
the problem of maintaining
preservation...

78 INT. ARIA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 1990

78

DR. D smells his underarm and falls over backwards.

ARIA (V. O.)
... And rigor mortis.

GLITTER reaches for the door, freezes and falls forward.

ARIA (V. O.) (CONT'D)
Infestation...

BANGZ is covered in FLIES, beating himself with a FLY
SWATTER.

ARIA (V. O.) (CONT'D)
... Decay...

SPYDER looks down his pants. GLITTER walks up next to him and
looks down his pants too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLITTER

Hey, Spyder. Where's your man monkey?

SPYDER looks at GLITTER in horror.

ARIA (V. O.)

We had to act fast. First we had to remove the old internal organs and replace them with silicon gel.

Dr. D lies on a table. HIS STOMACH IS SPLIT OPEN while ARIA STUFFS him.

DR. D

I feel like a giant tit.

GLITTER

You are, D dear.

ARIA

He's right. You are.

79 INT. LIVING ROOM OF ARIA'S APARTMENT - DAY 1990

79

ARIA (V.O.)

We needed to protect the skin. So I mixed up a barrel of embalmer's lotion and flexible plastic resin.

Dr. D BATHES in a BARREL, wearing a SHOWER CAP.

ARIA (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, embalmer's lotion uses synthetic female hormones to make dead skin more supple.

Dr. D looks at his chest, which is now SPORTING A PAIR OF FEMALE BREASTS.

DR. D

Oh, I can't live with this at all.

GLITTER flaunts his NEW TITS.

GLITTER

This is wonderful.

80 INT. LIVING ROOM OF ARIA'S APARTMENT - DAY 1990

80

ARIA (V. O.)

The effect was temporary, except on Glitter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLITTER DANCES around in a DRESS, singing.

GLITTER
I feel pretty. Oh so pretty...

81 INT. ADULT SEX STORE - DAY 1990

81

ARIA (V. O.)
At least he was happy. The rubber suits
were the hardest thing to get them to do.
They thought it sounded tacky.

ARIA and the BAND stand in a tight huddle.

DR. D
You do it.

SPYDER SYN
(Bad puppet)
You do it.

ARIA
Not me. Bangz!

BANGZ
Fuck off.

GLITTER
I'll do it.

GLITTER walks up to the counter.

GLITTER (CONT'D)
Excuse me. I would like four rubber
discipline suits: three with crotch
flaps, one with spanking holes. Four
pairs of latex opera gloves. Four pairs
of rubber stockings. Four pairs of latex
bad boy shorts: three in black and one in
pink. One rubber bra...

He cups his BREASTS in his hands.

GLITTER (CONT'D)
... 36C. A case of clip-on accessories.
And a vinyl blow-up sheep. Thank-you.

82 INT. ARIA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 1990

82

The BAND is sitting around the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARIA (V. O.)

Once I had done all that I had learned
from my dad and more, I turned to the
band to do something for me.

ARIA storms into the room.

ARIA (CONT'D)

Alright. That's it. I've had it! This is
bullshit! You guys haven't moved in three
days.

DR. D

We're dead, Aria. What the fuck do dead
people do?

GLITTER

We lie around, honey.

SPYDER SYN

(Bad puppet)
We're dead.

BANGZ

Fuckin' dead.

ARIA

Get out!

DR. D

What?

ARIA

Get Out! You're worthless pieces of shit!
If you can't get up and take
responsibility for your own deaths, I
don't want your sorry ass corpses
stinking up my apartment. If you don't
work, you're just a pile of dead meat!

GLITTER

What can we do? We can't go out in
public.

SPYDER SYN

(GOOD PUPPET)
Every time we do, people freak.

GLITTER

Personally, my self esteem is shot.

ARIA

Tough! I've got to draw...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. D

Wait a minute... I got an idea! Aria's right.

ARIA

Huh?

DR. D

We're musicians, right?

ARIA

Well...

DR. D

We're a band, right?

SPYDER SYN

(BAD PUPPET)

A new band?

DR. D

Exactly! So what we're dead! So what we're seventeen years out of practice. So what if the last time we played Keith Richards was the smartest person we knew. We-are-what-America-wants! Take a look at the album covers. Take a look at the kids. Watch an hour of NTV. Everybody buys our look already. We're dead, man! Aria is, in fact, death herself!

ARIA

I'm just "A" death, and only a temp.

DR. D

Doesn't matter. We are the very heart of angst-filled, death-obsessed youth today. We in fact had to be killed to become famous. As a hippie Glam band, we couldn't get a decent gig playing a Bar mitzvah! But! As an Un-dead death hippie retro Glam band, we could rule the world! Fuck the seventies and what fuck might have been, the past is buried in their gold lame and platform boots! We are the future! The Diamond Dead!

83 END OF FLASHBACK MONTAGE

83

84 INT. MATHIAS' OFFICE - NIGHT

84

MATHIAS sits behind his desk. ARIA sits on the DESK. They are dressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATHIAS
Is that all true?

ARIA
Well... We had one other problem to
overcome.

MATHIAS
What's that?

ARIA
The Diamond Dead are cannibals.

MATHIAS
Oh!... Help.

ARIA
Don't worry. We got it mostly licked now.

MATHIAS
What do you mean, mostly licked?

ARIA
Um...

MATHIAS
Talk, Aria, or I'm going to fill the
ensuing silence with mindless shrieking,
resulting in a cerebral hemorrhage.

ARIA
We had a few minor incidents.

MATHIAS
Such as?

ARIA
We think Spyder ate my landlord.

MATHIAS
Oh-my-God!

ARIA
Spyder won't talk about it. He was
completely freaked out. That's when he
started using the sock puppets.

MATHIAS
Oh my God. Oh my God... How do you know
he did it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARIA

I found some bones in the laundry room...
Just a couple... And a left shoe. Oh
yeah. A pacemaker. That's all!

MATHIAS

That's horrible.

ARIA

My landlord was an asshole.

MATHIAS

Still, I mean... I don't know what I
mean.

ARIA

We solved that problem, though.

MATHIAS

How?

ARIA

Raw beef soaked in synthetic human
pheromones. Smells like shit.

MATHIAS

Does it work?

ARIA

If they eat regular.

MATHIAS

And if they don't?

ARIA

I make sure they do. It's not their fault
that they're flesh-eating zombies. It's a
handicap.

MATHIAS

Sure.

85 INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

85

VERONICA VINYL raises her RIDING CROP. She presses a hidden
button and an ANTENNA RISES OUT OF THE HANDLE. She looks
around to make sure nobody is watching.

VERONICA

(speaking into crop)

Agent Vinyl reporting in. Get me Simms.

(beat)

You gutless piece of shit!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA (CONT'D)

The front of the theatre is crawling with Rev. Scruggs' mindless sheep and they ain't toting Bibles. I need backup, and I mean heavy firepower. I got a backstage pass and I don't want loony tune Elmer Ganttrys screwing up my show. I hate messes... Are you wearing the pink panties I sent you?... Slut!

She hangs up.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I love my job.

86 INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

86

DR. D, SPYDER and GLITTER sit, watching the ROADIES WORK.

GLITTER

I got a bad feeling about tonight.

DR. D

I don't think we're experiencing anything that other superstar bands haven't gone through in the past.

GLITTER

You've got to be kidding?

SPYDER SYN

(Bad puppet)

I live in a constant state of dread. I like it.

DR. D

I don't know, man. Something isn't right. I'll agree with that.

GLITTER

It's you, D. That's what's not right here.

DR. D

What do you mean?

GLITTER

You're in love. You stupid dead-neck son of a bitch! You're too damn self absorbed to see it!

SPYDER SYN

(Both puppets singing)

D and Aria, sitting in a tree, K-I-S-S-I-N-G.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

D pulls both of SPYDER'S PUPPETS off his hands and throws them over his shoulder.

SPYDER'S PUPPETS

Aaaah!

SPYDER looks at D with venom in his eyes and runs after them.

DR. D

I've got problems, dude.

GLITTER

You got no problems. You're over that now. She loves you. How many girls do you know who are willing to accept you in your particular state?

DR. D

This is necrophilia you're talking.

GLITTER

What's your point?

DR. D

It makes me sick to think of her touching something like me. I respect her. I want to keep it that way.

GLITTER

She doesn't have a problem with you.

DR. D

I have a problem with me. I'm a thing, a ghost, a memory. She's in love with a memory.

GLITTER

Some memories. Our lives sucked. Maybe this is all the afterlife we get. This is our just reward. Maybe, this time it can be better. We've got one more shot.

DR. D

Maybe.

87 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL THEATER LOBBY - NIGHT

87

RASPUTIN stands talking on the WALKIE-TALKIE.

RASPUTIN

No shit, Aria. There's about sixty born-again fanatic right-wing types out front. They look really pissed off... Yeah.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RASPUTIN(CONT'D)

No shit. It's that crazy Rev. from TV. It gets worse. There's twelve government cars in the parking lot. too. On top of that, the American Guild of Funeral Directors are planning to picket. They say the band is restraint of trade. It's kind of scary out here... One other thing, the roadies want to break out the real guns... We got to protect our audience.

88 EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

88

In front of the theater, REVEREND SCRUGGS stands outside, leading PROTESTERS. The sticks on their PROTEST SIGNS bear a great resemblance to gun stalks. The REVEREND grabs a YOUNG FAN out of THE WAITING LINE.

REVEREND

Have you found the Lord?

FAN

What does he look like, dude? Is he inside?

REVEREND

He is the Lord of all things. The Father of creation. He is Alpha and Omega.

FAN

Hey, if I see him, I'll tell him you're out here. What is he wearing?

REVEREND

I'm concerned for your immortal soul, son. The Lord loves you and He wouldn't want you to go inside.

FAN

Shit. This guy must know my parents, because they're wound awful tight, too.

REVEREND

Never mind.

FAN

Rock and Roll!

89 INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

89

JACK and GEENA are talking to DR. D.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

So, is that your real hair, or just a wig?

DR. D

Uh...

GEENA

How do you pronounce your vowels without lips?

JACK

If you're dead, how come all your blood doesn't settle in your ankles?

GEENA

Have you thought that as your brain decomposes and turns to methane gas that the smallest spark could blow your skull apart?

JACK

With no circulation, how do you get an erection?

GEENA

How come your eyeballs didn't shrivel up?

JACK

How do dead people shit?

Dr. D looks around for some sort of escape from JACK and GEENA. He spots VERONICA VINYL seductively stalking across the backstage area.

DR. D

Sorry, guys. The old Doc just found the cure for what ails him.

Dr. D beelines toward VERONICA, catching her just before she goes out the exit.

DR. D (CONT'D)

Hello. Can I help you?

VERONICA

I don't know. Do you have a high pain tolerance?

DR. D

Dead nerve Diabolicus is what they call me. What do they call you, besides maybe gorgeous?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VERONICA

Veronica Vinyl, but you can call me goddess.

DR. D

I don't know. I'm an atheist.

VERONICA

I can cure that.

DR. D

Are you for real?

VERONICA

Are you?

DR. D

Let's not ruin a perfectly depraved conversation with existential paradox disguised as philosophy.

VERONICA

I agree. Intellectual banter impedes one's ability to maintain a sensual sense of spontaneity, and in fact hampers positive primal instinct.

DR. D

It's all such a semantic nightmare of pretense, don't you think?

VERONICA

So do you wanna screw?

DR. D

Yup.

VERONICA

Where?

DR. D

Hearse?

VERONICA

Perfect.

DR. D

Let's go.

Dr. D and VERONICA exit. SPYDER steps out of the NEARBY SHADOWS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SPYDER SYN
 (GOOD PUPPET)
 Ummmmmm. I'm gonna tell.
 (BAD PUPPET)
 Don't be a snitch.
 (GOOD PUPPET)
 Doctor Diabolicus is being bad.
 (BAD PUPPET)
 He's working shit out. Leave him alone.
 (GOOD PUPPET)
 I can't. I'm a creature of strict moral
 code.
 (BAD PUPPET)
 You're a sock.
 (GOOD PUPPET)
 That doesn't mean I can't aspire to be
 the best sock I can.
 (BAD PUPPET)
 You're messed up.
 (GOOD PUPPET)
 Hey, if we tell Aria, we might get a
 dramatic if not violent response from the
 whole thing.
 (BAD PUPPET)
 Really?
 (GOOD PUPPET)
 Guaranteed.
 (BAD PUPPET)
 Let's do it.

SPYDER skips across the backstage area, singing.

SPYDER SYN (CONT'D)
 (GOOD AND BAD PUPPETS)
 Aria! You'll never guess what we saw!

90 INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

90

MATHIAS and ARIA are together. ARIA has a walkie-talkie in her hand.

ARIA
 Are you ready to open the doors?

MATHIAS
 Absolutely not.

ARIA
 Why not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATHIAS

I don't know. I just have this hideous feeling that something hideous is going to hideously happen.

ARIA

Don't be silly. Life is hideous. Rock and roll just fills in the gaps between the monotony of day to day futility.

MATHIAS

Well. if you put it that way...

ARIA

(Into walkie-talkie)
Open the doors, boys.

91 EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

91

RASPUTIN is at the door as FANS stream past after being frisked by SECURITY. HUGE PILES OF CONTRABAND AND WEAPONS HEAP UP ON EITHER SIDE OF THE DOORS: EVERYTHING FROM DRUGS TO ROCKET LAUNCHERS.

RASPUTIN

Alright. Protesters on the left, ticket holders on the right. No drugs, booze, knives, religious pamphlets, colors, food, beverages, nudity, stupid people or politicians. No fighting, running, pushing, jumping or excessive breathing. No sex, sex guides, sex lubricants or sex deviance. No studs, spikes, car keys, pagers, cell phones or laptop computers. Most important: no guns, grenades, rocket launchers, anti-personnel mines or catapults, cross-bows, swords or siege equipment. Keep moving and enjoy the show.

92 EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

92

One of the Diamond Dead's HEARSEs is bouncing violently up and down. Over the squeaking of the suspension, DIABOLICUS can be HEARD screaming.

DR. D

Oh my God! Oh my God! Stop! Stop! My spine! Ouch! I can't do that! Ouch! Ouch! Stop! Mister wiggle worm is very fragile. You'll twist it off! Oh please stop!

93 INT. BACKSTAGE HALLWAY - DAY

93

Aria's voice can be HEARD screaming inside the dressing room.

ARIA
I can't believe it! That slimy road kill
son of a bitch!

THE DRESSING ROOM DOOR EXPLODES OUTWARDS and SPYDER IS FLYING
THROUGH THE AIR. He lands on his back. ARIA steps over him.

ARIA (CONT'D)
I'm gonna kill him, then I'm going to
reanimate him, and then I'm gonna kill
him again.

ARIA exits through the backstage door.

SPYDER SYN
(GOOD PUPPET)
Spectacular results.
(BAD PUPPET)
Next time you wanna play with a grenade,
let's not sit on it after we pull the
pin.
(GOOD PUPPET)
Point taken.

MATHIAS steps through the ruined dressing room door and
addresses SPYDER.

MATHIAS
Umm... Don't you guys have to be on stage
in a few minutes?

SPYDER SYN
(GOOD PUPPET)
Didn't you read our contract? It states
that in case of accidental re-death among
the band, the show can be delayed up to
one hour.

MATHIAS
How long do you suppose this delay may
be?

SPYDER SYN
(GOOD PUPPET)
Depends on whether we get D back in one
piece or several. I hate when they fight.
The results can be quite disturbing.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPYDER SYN(CONT'D)

I never imagined an entire human leg
could be shoved up any major bodily
orifice until I met Aria.

MATHIAS

Don't tell me anything else. Tell Aria.
I'll see her later.

MATHIAS exits, shaking his head sadly.

94 EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

94

Dr. D AND VERONICA step out of the SMOKING INTERIOR OF THE
CAR. VERONICA appears immaculate. Dr. D, however, LOOKS LIKE
HELL, DISHEVELED, PALE AND SWEATING.

VERONICA

Thank-you, D. That was truly the ultimate
revolting experience.

DR. D

We aim to disgust.

VERONICA

I'll call you.

DR. D

Give me a couple weeks. Okay?

VERONICA walks off in one direction as ARIA approaches from
another.

DR. D (CONT'D)

Why, Aria... Um... Hi. I was just
thinking about you.

ARIA swings and hits Dr. D in the face. HIS HEAD SPINS AROUND
180 DEGREES UNTIL IT'S FACING BACKWARDS.

ARIA

You unbelievable prick.

DR. D

I deserved that. Do you feel better?

ARIA stomps on his foot.

DR. D (CONT'D)

Yaah!

AS DR. D TRIES AWKWARDLY TO BEND FORWARD WITH HIS HEAD ON
BACKWARDS, ARIA kicks him in the ass. Dr. D flies forward and
HIS HEAD SMASHES THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARIA
Curtain in thirty minutes.

Dr. D lies there, stunned. HIS voice is muffled inside the hearse.

DR. D
Anything you say, Aria.

ARIA
Damn straight!

ARIA stomps off.

DR. D
It's interesting to me how I can be such an amazing asshole knowing that the universe won't let me get away with jack shit.

95 INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

95

VERONICA stands, watching the opening band. SPYDER sticks his puppets out of one of the dressing room doors. The rest of his body is beyond the door frame.

SPYDER SYN
(GOOD PUPPET)
Hey, shark lady.

VERONICA
Yes.

SPYDER SYN
(BAD PUPPET)
We want to talk to you.

VERONICA
I don't talk to footwear.

SPYDER SYN
(BAD PUPPET)
I don't usually talk to women who dress like a plastic action figure, but it's a new experience.

VERONICA
(Moving closer)
What do you want?

SPYDER SYN
(BAD PUPPET)
Ummmmm...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPYDER SYN(CONT'D)

(Good puppet)

We want sex. It's a character flaw we have.

(BAD PUPPET)

D had sex, so we want sex, too.

VERONICA

I'm not a vending machine.

SPYDER SYN

(BAD PUPPET)

How was it with D?

VERONICA

You're one sick sock.

SPYDER SYN

(GOOD PUPPET)

We sure are. So how was it?

VERONICA

Interesting.

SPYDER SYN

(BAD PUPPET)

How would you like to graduate to unique?

VERONICA

What did you have in mind?

SPYDER SYN

(GOOD PUPPET)

Come in here for a minute.

The puppets retreat into the darkness of the room. VERONICA follows. The voices can be HEARD beyond the room.

VERONICA (O.S.)

What's with the mask?

SPYDER SYN (O.S.)

(BAD PUPPET)

Would you like to see?

VERONICA (O.S.)

Whatever.

SPYDER SYN (O.S.)

(BAD PUPPET)

Are you sure?

(GOOD PUPPET)

It's not pretty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VERONICA (O.S.)
Nothing about this gig is pretty. Show me
already.

SPYDER SYN (O.S.)
(GOOD PUPPET)
Okay.

SPYDER SYN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(continuing; BAD PUPPET)
You asked for it.
(GOOD AND BAD PUPPETS TOGETHER)
Ta-da!

VERONICA SCREAMS and the door SLAMS shut.

96 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

96

ARIA is talking to RASPUTIN behind the AMPLIFIERS. The CROWD
can be HEARD in the background chanting.

CROWD
Diamond Dead! Diamond Dead!

RASPUTIN
I don't know, Aria. This is a dangerous
situation. The police are trying to close
us down. The fanatics are screaming at
the door. We got live feed going directly
into every loony's TV in America. God
knows what those crazy pricks are up to.
I'm scared.

ARIA
Five minutes.

RASPUTIN
The boys could get hurt.

ARIA
Five minutes. Make the call.

RASPUTIN
Alright. It's your circus.

97 INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

97

JACK and GEENA have found seats on top of the MARSHAL
AMPLIFIERS.

JACK
Boy, these seats kick ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEENA

Does it look like a riot from up here or what?

JACK

Yeah. The band hasn't even come on yet.

GEENA

Gee. It looks kinda dangerous down there.

JACK

...And we're above it all.

GEENA

Nice and safe. No moshing or fighting or fucking or pushing.

JACK

These seats suck!

GEENA

Yeah. Let's hit the pit.

JACK

Fuckin' A.

98 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT 98

99 THE HOUSE IS GOING WILD AS THE AUDIENCE WORKS ITSELF UP INTO 99
A FEVER PITCH. STAGE DIVING, MOSHING, CHANTING AND ACTS OF
INDIVIDUAL LUNACY ALL ADD TO THE CHAOS.

100 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL GREEN ROOM - NIGHT 100

The MEMBERS OF THE BAND are doing final touch-ups, except for SPYDER, who is unaccounted for.

DR. D and ARIA are purposely ignoring each other. GLITTER tries to mediate:

GLITTER

D, why don't you talk to Aria?

DR. D

No thanks.

GLITTER

Aria, you talk to D. He loves you.

ARIA

Bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLITTER

So what if D slept with another woman...

DR. D

Yeah. So what?

GLITTER

I mean, c'mon Aria, everybody knows you boinked that neurotic theatre manager.

DR. D

What?!

ARIA

Jesus Christ! Is nothing sacred?

DR. D

You slut!

ARIA

You prick!

BANGZ

(To Glitter)

You're a Fuckin' diplomatic genius, baby.

GLITTER

Sorry.

SPYDER enters. Everyone falls silent. All eyes turn on him accusingly. There's a long pause.

SPYDER SYN

(GOOD PUPPET)

What?

GLITTER

Where the hell have you been, girl?

SPYDER SYN

(BAD PUPPET)

Aww, you know, here and there.

GLITTER

It's thirty seconds to curtain. What were you thinking?

SPYDER SYN

(BAD PUPPET)

Baseball, petroleum products, how much I really enjoy a good meal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. D
You got blood on your mask.

SPYDER SYN
(GOOD PUPPET)
It's paint. It's nothing.

GLITTER
Who'd you eat, Spyder.

SPYDER SYN
(BAD PUPPET)
What?

DR. D
That's blood, dude. Who'd you eat?

SPYDER SYN
(GOOD PUPPET)
I didn't eat anybody. Honest.

BANGZ
I saw that fuckin' rubber bitch and
Spyder go into a dressing room earlier. I
think they fuckin' did more than fuckin'
fuck.

RASPUTIN enters.

RASPUTIN
Curtain.

DR. D
Oh my God... I can't believe you ate
Veronica.

ARIA
I thought you said she didn't matter to
you.

DR. D
She doesn't. I mean, she does. I mean,
she was eaten, for Chrissakes. That
matters.

ARIA
Not if she didn't mean anything to you.
You shouldn't care.

DR. D
How would you like it if I ate your
spazola boyfriend ten minutes after you
shtupped him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARIA

Don't you touch him. He's a nice guy.

DR. D

See. Bugs ya, don't it?

SPYDER SYN

(Both puppets)

I didn't eat anybody!!!

RASPUTIN

Curtain!

GLITTER

C'mon. Let's rock and roll.

ARIA, DR. D, SPYDER, BANGZ TOGETHER

(together)

Fuck you.

101 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

101

The ANNOUNCER walks up to the MICROPHONE. THE AUDIENCE
FREAKS OUT.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen. Direct from the
embalmer's table to your town. The most
vile. repugnant, putrid, twisted
abomination ever to clamber out of the
pits of Hell. Ladies and gentlemen. Won't
you please put your hands together and
cover your mouths when you gag! Dr.
Diabolicus and the Diamond Dead!

The lights come up on the stage. THE SET IS A FORCED
PERSPECTIVE OF A OVERGROWN NECROPOLIS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE
BOMBED OUT EMERALD CITY OF OZ.

Suddenly, there's a BLINDING FLASH and ARIA appears standing
on a TOMB with GUITAR in hand. She strikes an open chord and
the GRAVES BEGIN TO SPLIT. RISING OUT OF THE EARTH, THE REST
OF THE BAND APPEARS.

102 EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

102

PUSSY talks into the CAMERA. REVEREND SCRUGGS stands nearby.

PUSSY

Hoax or not, the Diamond Dead have made
their debut, despite the efforts of their
critics to protect the American public
form yet another social pitfall.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PUSSY (CONT'D)

The right Reverend Scruggs has joined me to discuss why he feels so strongly about the band.

REVEREND

They are an abomination against God. NTV is an abomination against God. Rock and roll, sex, television, computers, non-dairy creamers, fax machines, and Unitarian fund-raisers are all abominations. As far as God is concerned, there is only one way to Heaven and that's through me!

103 INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT

103

MATHIAS sits watching the show. He's talking to himself.

MATHIAS

What the hell am I doing? She's a musician, for Chrissakes. Hell, she's Death. She's not my usual type. It will never work. I promised myself never to get involved with any woman who might be considered an archetype, role model, star, or in any way attention-getting. It's not good for my ego. She's a grim reaper. What happens when she gets tired of me? I'm afraid of death. I'm afraid of living. I'm afraid of everything. My doctor told me to stay away from dying at all... I don't feel very good.

104 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

104

The BAND is PLAYING ON THE STAGE. Dr. D finishes a song and approaches the microphone.

DR. D

Do you believe in life after death?

CROWD SCREAMS. Dr. D looks over at ARIA who returns his stare, seething with hate.

DR. D (CONT'D)

Neither do we!

105 SONG _____

105

106 EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

106

The REVEREND and his FLOCK have drawn their WEAPONS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REVEREND

Let's go kick some pinko commie satanic
demon ass!

They rush the doors and overpower the SECURITY GUARDS.

107 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

107

THE BAND is playing in the background. RASPUTIN speaks into
his HEADSET.

RASPUTIN

Try to hold them back... Big Boo... Big
Boo?... Come in!

REVEREND SCRUGGS and his FOLLOWERS rush into the theatre,
SHOOTING WILDLY INTO THE CROWD. They charge down the main
aisle toward the stage.

REVEREND

Stop this secular humanistic debauchery!

THE REVEREND FIRES AROUND, HITTING GLITTER'S GUITAR. The BAND
stops playing. They look at one another, confused, and then
at SCRUGGS. An eerie stillness falls over the CONFUSED
CROWD.

GLITTER

That bitch shot my Les Paul!

REVEREND

And the Lord said unto me: Drive the
unclean spirit from thy land!

GLITTER

You bitch! That's a Les Paul! Girl, don't
you have any respect?

DR. D

Duck!

ARIA, DR. D, SPYDER and BANGZ dive for cover.

GLITTER

Fuck that. I'm gonna slap dis Ho'!

REVEREND

Fine!

The FLOCK OPENS FIRE on the stage, PUMPING HUNDREDS OF ROUNDS
into GLITTER'S BODY, TEARING AWAY HUGE CHUNKS HIM. The
GUNFIRE CONTINUES until THE FLOCK HAS EMPTIED their clips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

What's left of GLITTER crumbles to the ground. The FLOCK frantically reloads.

RASPUTIN charges onto the stage, followed by TEN ARMED ROADIES.

RASPUTIN

Freeze!

The REVEREND turns to his flock.

REVEREND

We shall be rewarded in Heaven.

The ENTIRE AUDIENCE suddenly JUMPS WITH GUNS DRAWN, pointing at SCRUGGS.

REVEREND (CONT'D)

We have exorcised the unclean spirit.

SPYDER, Dr. D and BANGZ stand up, armed with MACHINE GUNS and walk to the apron. Dr. D is holding a BLACK BOX as well. It's CONNECTED TO A CABLE that runs offstage.

DR. D

(Into microphone)

Does anybody here not have a gun?

In the BALCONY, MATHIAS raises his hand.

MATHIAS

Um... I don't.

DR. D

Sir, Would you please be kind enough to leave the building?

MATHIAS

This is coming out of your end of the box!

MATHIAS runs for the exit.

PUSSY talks to the NTV audience.

PUSSY

Guns, fanatics, murder and anarchy. Live.
This is truly an NTV exclusive.

Dr. D fixes SCRUGGS with a venomous stare. Slowly he raises the BOX in Scruggs' direction.

DR. D

Our turn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REVEREND
Burn in Hell, Satan!

DR. D presses the button on the box and the lights suddenly go out. The entire theatre ERUPTS IN GUNFIRE. It creates a kind of STROBE LIGHT EFFECT AS HUNDREDS OF GUNS FIRE AT ONCE. The gun battle lasts a full sixty seconds before the shooting finally ceases and the lights are restored.

DEATH stands in the middle of the house, KNEE DEEP IN BODIES. Everybody in the place lies still.

DEATH
Now, I say, I say. That's entertainment.

ARIA steps onto stage, carrying her SCYTHER. She steps over PUSSY'S BODY and over to Dr. D'S STILL FORM, lying face down.

ARIA
Are you dead?

DR. D
Yes.

She kicks him in the ribs.

ARIA
Good. You stupid son of a bitch! Look at this place. Holy shit. It's a fucking mess. I can't have this kind of shit every night.

DR. D
Sorry. I'll get a mop.

DEATH begins climbing over the bodies toward the stage.

DEATH
Excuse me. I say, excuse me little lady, but I really do need my scythe back.

ARIA
I need it right now.

DEATH
Why? I know you haven't been making your quota as a temporary death. Seems to me you found a novel way to balance the books.

ARIA
I can't leave things like this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Dr. D, BANGZ and SPYDER get up and go to GLITTER'S RUINED CARCASS.

DEATH

I'm afraid you're gonna have to. Give me my scythe.

Dr.D walks over to ARIA's side.

DR. D

Who is this guy, Aria?

ARIA

Nobody.

DR. D

Then fuck him.

ARIA

(To Death)

What about the band?

DEATH

Everybody goes. No exceptions. You have no choice. If you don't hand it over, you'll be damned to an eternity of endless wonderland torment.

DR. D

Keep it, Aria.

DEATH

You'll never be allowed to fall in love or have children or even have a friend. Death has no friends, only enemies.

ARIA walks to the edge of the stage and leans over, presenting the scythe. DEATH reaches for it. ARIA SWINGS THE HANDLE AROUND AND CRACKS DEATH IN THE JAW WITH IT.

ARIA

So who needs friends!

DEATH screams in pain and starts to climb onto the stage. ARIA kicks him in the head. Unfazed, DEATH stands up on the stage. Dr. D FLIES at him and is SWATTED AWAY LIKE A FLY. ARIA swings around with her SCYTHE AND DECAPITATES DEATH. HIS HEAD BOUNCES ACROSS THE STAGE AND HIS BODY COLLAPSES. ARIA GRABS DEATH'S HEAD AND THROWS IT TO BANGZ.

ARIA (CONT'D)

Lose this somewhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BANGZ
Fucking hard-core!

DEATH'S HEAD
I say, she done kicked my head into the
high weeds. Hey, put me down, son. That's
my think tank you're bowling with, son.

BANGZ exits. ARIA raises the SCYTHE. She hits the REVERSE
SWITCH and twirls it over her head.

LIGHTNING FLASHES IN ARCS FROM THE STAGE TO POINTS IN THE
HOUSE AND TO THE BALCONY. LIGHTS EXPLODE. The breakers fail
and the theatre is thrown into darkness again.

Slowly the lights return and the SLAIN RISE, including
REVEREND SCRUGGS and his flock, everybody except GLITTER
whose only remaining feature is his SKULL. Respectfully,
spyder carries it offstage.

DR. D
(To Aria)
I'm sorry. I've got a temper.

ARIA
(Walking away)
Yeah. Me, too.

The AUDIENCE is in murmuring confusion. Dr. D walks up to the
microphone.

DR. D
Ladies and gentlemen. Dead and back
again, courtesy of the Diamond Dead! We
love you! Good night!

SOMEONE in the CROWD begins to clap. OTHERS join in, then the
AUDIENCE begins to CHANT.

AUDIENCE
Diamond Dead! Diamond Dead!

108 ANOTHER ANGLE

108

JACK and GEENA stand in the mosh pit.

JACK
I got shot four times in the chest!

GEENA
I got it in the head, and a shotgun in
the belly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
That was so fucking cool.

GEENA
Where are they playing next?

JACK
That was fucking awesome!

109 INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

109

ARIA and the BAND are gathered around the REMAINS OF GLITTER.

GLITTER
D?... D?... Are you there, pal?

DR. D
I'm right here, dude.

GLITTER
Looks like it's our last gig together.

DR. D
Bullshit!

GLITTER
(Coughing)
No, I'm outta here, girl. Listen to me.

DR. D
Yeah?

GLITTER
I want you to have my thigh high boots,
the vinyl zebra jobs. You always coveted
them.

DR. D
Don't talk like that.

GLITTER
Spyder?

SPYDER begins to talk with the SOCK PUPPETS, but instead
jerks them off his hands.

SPYDER SYN
I'm here.

GLITTER
You can have all my socks and my Ibenez
Paul Stanley Special.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPYDER SYN
Don't die again.

GLITTER
Sorry, Bangz?

BANGZ
Huh?

GLITTER
Fuck you.

BANGZ
Fuck you too! Asshole.

GLITTER
Aria?

ARIA
I'm here.

GLITTER
You got the ax. Don't let the band die.

ARIA
Sure.

GLITTER closes his eyes and goes still. Silently, Dr. D, BANGZ and SPYDER exit, leaving ARIA.

110 INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

110

The BOYS walk up to RASPUTIN.

DR. D
Where did that preacher go?

RASPUTIN
I don't know. I didn't see them leave.
They may be here somewhere.

DR. D
Let's find them.

RASPUTIN
Fine.

DR. D
You stay here. Watch Aria.

DR. D (CONT'D)
Tear 'em apart.

111 INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

111

ARIA lays a SCARF over GLITTER'S HEAD. There's a COUGH under the scarf and ARIA pulls it away.

GLITTER
Where is everybody?

ARIA
We thought you were dead.

GLITTER
Girl, I ain't dead. I'm just a head.

ARIA
Really?

GLITTER
(Coughing)
I think I got a slug stuck in my throat.
Could you dig it out?

EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL ROOF - night

FOUR OF REVEREND SCRUGG'S FLOCK And SCRUGGS himself are busy with CASES OF DYNAMITE.

REVEREND
IF Satan won't go to Hell, Hell shall
come to Satan. Call forth the helicopter
and we shall be carried up and even as
the demon spawn are cast down.

The ZEALOT speaks into the WALKIE-TALKIE. SCRUGGS sets the
TIMER ON THE BOMB FOR FIVE MINUTES.

ZEALOT
Gabriel, this is the Lamb of God. We got
a pick-up.

REVEREND
We shall not bargain with publicans and
sinners.

ZEALOT
But, sir. That lady did resurrect us from
the dead.

REVEREND
The Bible says thou shalt not permit a
witch to live.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZEALOT

It also says "Do unto others".

REVEREND

Shut up! Thou art infected with the spore of evil.

ZEALOT

Yes, sir. I'll take a shower.

112 EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

112

PEOPLE are leaving the theatre. PUSSY talks to her TV audience.

PUSSY

The Diamond Dead have made rock history tonight, demonstrating their seemingly superhuman powers over life and death. Not since Paul McCartney's miraculous resurrection have any real acts of rock and roll Shamanism been used in performance. One thousand bullet-ridden happy Diamond Dead fanatics will tell you that it was all real. What's next for this band? Is this the start of a new religion? Nobody knows, but it doesn't matter because I was here and you weren't.

JACK and GEENA walk out of the theatre.

PUSSY (CONT'D)

Excuse me. What do you think of the Diamond Dead?

JACK

Yeah. They were cool.

GEENA

A little weak on bass and the energy seemed a little down.

JACK

The sound engineers seemed to favor the high end.

GEENA

I noticed that, too.

JACK

It's a common mistake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PUSSY

But what about the climax?

JACK

The whole death trip has been a little overplayed.

GEENA

What are the Diamond Dead going to follow it up with?

JACK

It's the whole Andy Warhol trap.

GEENA

They've got no place to go.

JACK

Sorry, Pussy, but the Diamond Dead have reached their height.

GEENA

Has-been city.

JACK

Great while it lasted.

GEENA

Pack it up Pussy.

PUSSY stares open-mouthed as JACK and GEENA walk away.

113 INT. MATHIAS' OFFICE - NIGHT

113

MATHIAS sits behind the desk, staring at the far wall. ARIA is POUNDING on his door.

ARIA

Hey! Open up! Mathias!

MATHIAS opens the door.

MATHIAS

Go away.

ARIA

I can't. I need your help.

MATHIAS

I can't. I'm really not well.

ARIA

Fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATHIAS
I'll call you, okay?

ARIA takes her SCYTHE and begins to SMASH DOWN MATHIAS' DOOR.
MATHIAS dives under his desk.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
Go away!

ARIA comes through the ruined door.

ARIA
C'mon. I need your help. The boys have gone after Scruggs. They're gonna kill him.

MATHIAS
It's no good, Aria. I'm no hero. I can't help you. I can't help myself. This will never work between us.

ARIA
I know that.

MATHIAS
You do?

ARIA
Sure. Besides, I think I can work it out now between D and I.

MATHIAS
I'm happy for you.

ARIA
Where's your car keys?

MATHIAS
Why?

ARIA
I need your car. I think Scruggs is on his way to the airport.

MATHIAS
You can't drive my car. It's a Stingray classic. I don't even drive it.

ARIA
Perfect!

ARIA grabs MATHIAS by the arm and yanks him to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATHIAS
No more! No more!

ARIA puts down her SCYTHE and grabs MATHIAS, throws him over her shoulder, and walks out.

ARIA
I don't have time to argue. The boys are hungry and we got to stop them before it's too late.

MATHIAS
Why?

114 EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

114

Dr. D, BANGZ and SPYDER climb the outside of the building.

BANGZ
I'm fuckin' James Bond. Fuckin' 007.

SPYDER SYN
(Letting go to talk)
(GOOD PUPPET)
Extreme violence.
(BAD PUPPET)
Extreme senseless violence.
(GOOD PUPPET)
Maximum wholesale violence.

DR. D
Don't talk. Climb.

SPYDER SYN
(GOOD PUPPET)
I love this man.
(BAD PUPPET)
He has a way with words.

115 EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL ROOF - NIGHT

115

REVEREND SCRUGGS turns to his ZEALOT.

REVEREND
What's the chopper's E.T.A.?

ZEALOT
Ten minutes.

BANGZ CLIMBS onto the roof.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANGZ

No fuckin' time left, Scruggs. Cuz I'm
James fuckin' Bond, 007.

ZEALOT

What?

Dr. D joins BANGZ, then SPYDER.

DR. D

Can you pray, Rev.?

SPYDER SYN

(BAD PUPPET)

Better make it a short prayer.

BANGZ

Yeah. Real fuckin' short.

BANGZ leaps forward attacking the TWO FANATICS closest to the edge. Bangz's momentum CARRIES ALL THREE OVER THE EDGE. They disappear from sight. Dr. D snarls and leaps at SCRUGGS, HIS LONG CLAWS SLASHING THE REVEREND'S FACE. The ZEALOT runs, but SPYDER DRAGS HIM DOWN AND SNAPS HIS SPINE. SCRUGGS swings at Dr. D but Dr. D CATCHES THE FIST AND CRUSHES THE REVEREND'S FINGERS.

DR. D

Say "Hi" to Jesus for me.

Dr. D slashes SCRUGGS' throat and then CRUSHES HIS SKULL with bare hands.

DR. D (CONT'D)

Asshole.

116 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL THEATER LOBBY - NIGHT

116

The place is now deserted. Dr. D, BANGZ and SPYDER walk through the lobby, KNEE DEEP IN GARBAGE.

DR. D

I guess it's over.

BANGZ

Yeah. Those fuckin' guys were great.

DR. D

No. I mean the band.

SPYDER SYN

(GOOD PUPPET)

I had fun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. D

Me, too.

BANGZ

Why, we got a hell of a fuckin' show. We
kill the audience every night. Wow! I
think it's fuckin' great.

DR. D

Everybody's afraid of death. It's an
unknown. People feel powerless against
it. Some folks will see us as having the
power to help them beat death. Others
will see us and think if they can beat
us, they can beat death. Either way,
every show we play is going to be a
slaughter.

BANGZ

Fuck them.

SPYDER SYN

(Good puppet)

D's right. It's over.

BANGZ

Bugged by pansy ass fearheads. This
fuckin' sucks.

SPYDER SYN

(Good puppet)

We better go underground.

DR. D

We can't hide.

BANGZ

Oh God. Not the fuckin' white light
again.

DR. D

Yup.

BANGZ

Shit!

They go through the lobby doors into the house.

117 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

117

DR. D, BANGZ and SPYDER enter. Standing on stage is VERONICA
VINYL, holding ARIA'S SCYTHER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA
Hello, boys.

BANGZ
Hey, it's the fuckin' rubber lady.

SPYDER SYN
(GOOD PUPPET)
Told you I didn't eat her.

VERONICA
Hello, Spyder honey.

SPYDER SYN
(BAD PUPPET)
Where ya been?

SPYDER climbs onto the stage.

SPYDER SYN (CONT'D)
(continuing; GOOD PUPPET)
D. Bangz, this is Veronica, soon to be
Mrs. Syn.

VERONICA
Sorry, Spyder honey, but the engagement's
off.

SPYDER SYN
(Good puppet)
Why?

VERONICA
I could never marry you. You're a freak.

Veronica swings the scythe and buries it in Spyder's chest.

SPYDER SYN
(Good puppet)
What a woman.

VERONICA draws back the WEAPON and levels it at Dr. D and
BANGZ. SPYDER stumbles back a few steps.

DR. D
You're a real femme fatale, ain't ya?

VERONICA
It's nothing personal, D. It's a
Presidential secret order. I have to do
you guys. It's my job. Not that I don't
enjoy my work. I do, but you guys are
different.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SPYDER removes the SOCK PUPPETS from his hands. BANGZ and Dr. D slowly approach VERONICA.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Don't come any closer. I know how to use this scythe.

DR. D

Go ahead. I'm not afraid of death.

BANGZ

Yeah. Big fuckin' deal.

DR. D

We're already dead.

SPYDER walks up behind VERONICA unseen. He removes his mask. WHERE SPYDER'S HEAD SHOULD BE, THERE IS A HUGE BALLED FIST. SLOWLY, LONG TALONED DIGITS UNFURL. SPYDER'S HEAD IS A GIANT CLAWED HAND.

Dr. D and BANGZ look surprised. VERONICA reads their expressions and turns around. She screams. VERONICA flips the FORWARD SWITCH and the SCYTHE ACTIVATES.

SPYDER FIST ENVELOPES VERONICA'S HEAD and squeezes. BLOOD ERUPTS BETWEEN THE FINGERS. VERONICA drops the still activated scythe.

Dr. D picks it up without turning it off. SPYDER drops VERONICA'S GORY REMAINS and puts his natural arm on Dr. D's shoulder. BANGZ joins them as the LIGHTNING ARCS OFF THE BLADE.

DR. D (CONT'D)

Better to burn out than to fade away...

118 TOGETHER THE BAND ROTS, DRIES UP, AND BLOWS AWAY IN SECONDS. 118
THE SCYTHE FALLS TO THE GROUND, CLATTERING NOISILY ON THE
EMPTY STAGE.

119 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

119

ARIA and MATHIAS stand on the shoulder of the road, having just stepped out of MATHIA'S STINGRAY.

ARIA

Sure you don't want to come with?

MATHIAS

No. I'm committing myself in a couple hours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARIA
Suit yourself.

MATHIAS
Thanks anyway.

ARIA
I'm gonna miss you.

MATHIAS
I'll miss you too, in a strange
masochistic, romantic, terrified way. I'm
sorry about your band. I'm sorry about
your... you know... um boyfriend.

ARIA
I'm gonna miss a lot of things. Oh well,
that's life.

MATHIAS
According to death?

ARIA
That's me.

MATHIAS gets in the car.

MATHIAS
You're truly special. you know that,
don't you?

ARIA
Of course. I'm not stupid.

MATHIAS starts his car and drives off.

ARIA begins to walk down the road, her SCYTHE over her
shoulder and a HEAD-SHAPED BUNDLE wrapped in butchers paper
in her hand.

A CAR speeds past her and then SLAMS on it's brakes. IT'S '57
CADILLAC HEARSE. ARIA smiles and gets in. The HEARSE roars
it's engine and takes off for the vanishing point.

FADE TO BLACK.