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EXT. - MOUNTAIN ROAD -NIGHT

A police patrol car winds down a mountain road in to a small town.

EXT. MAIN STREET TOWN - CONTINUOUS

The patrol car rolls slowly down the street. The town is a mess. Broken and looted windows, litter everywhere. Hundreds of Diamond Dead flyers blow in the wind.

INT. PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

SHERIFF STUTSMAN tall, blocky-built, mid forties is trying to raise somebody on the radio, but all he gets is static. The engine dies and the radio crackles sharply then goes silent as well.

SHERIFF

Stutsman to despatch... Edna! Pick up the radio... What the hell...

STUTSMAN unlocks his shot gun and exits the vehicle as it rolls to a stop in front of the VFW Legion Hall.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The street is deserted. Flyers plastered on the hall door read: "ONE NIGHT ONLY DR. DIABOLICUS AND THE DIAMOND DEAD". STUTSMAN enters the heavily vandalized hall. He shines his flashlight at an obviously dead the figure on the floor.

He makes his way to the stage and climbs it, passes the trashed band equipment and walks to the dock doors that open up on a huge meadow.

HIS POV - NIGHT

On a hill some distance away a bonfire is burning. A skinny hand taps him on the shoulder and he turns in fright. It belongs to EDNA his dispatcher, late fifties grey hair. She is topless.

EDNA

You missed a great show Sheriff.

SHERIFF

Edna? What's going on here?

EDNA

Pretty neat huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF

Where's my deputies?

EDNA

They went after the band. Silly really. They chased them out of town up, Packer Rd.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

TWO DEPUTIES 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 gargoye. 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 as his throat is slashed. Blood squirts out in an arc. In shock the man covers the wound and the bleeding stops. Surprised the man removes his hand and the gush of blood resumes. The SECOND MAN turns to look and comes face to face with a FANGED MOUTH. The FOUR FIGURES drag the TWO MEN to the ground like a pack of hyenas and begin tearing at them feverishly.

ANOTHER ANGLE

ARIA DE WINTER stands on the roof of a tomb overlooking the cemetery. She's carrying an electric guitar and a pig-nose 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. They stand and walk towards the music.

ARIA plays as the four wraiths crawl up the sides of the tomb toward her. She stops playing as the monsters gain footing on the roof.

ARIA

(peevd)

Time to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The four creatures look at one another and back at ARIA.

SONG: "DEATH ROCKS": ARIA AND THE BAND.

GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

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 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

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 and quiet. All we HEAR is the buzz of the power lines and the neon in the marquee sign. Then somewhere in the fog MATHIAS hears the sound of souped-up engines. They become louder. MATHIAS stares into the fog but he can't make out anything.

High on a pole, a transformer explodes sending an electrical surge down the street. A street light explodes and goes dark, and then another and another.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)

What the hell?

A ball of electricity builds around a junction box forming a outline of a winged demon. It leaps from the junction box and streaks past MATHIAS, almost knocking him over. It's unearthly feed-back scream echoes down the street. MATHIAS turns around but sees nothing.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

ARIA

Mathias Stark?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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. There is a sound that follows and reverberates of powerful turbines humming.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

ARIA (CONT'D)
I bet you're a terribly fascinating
little boy, Mathias. Kinda sexy in
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 transformer over-head explodes sending a surge along the wire down to the theatre. The lobby lights turn themselves on, then the sign and the marquee.

MATHIAS
Hey! How'd you do that?

ARIA
Magic. We're in show business.

MATHIAS
Wow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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.

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.

ANOTHER ANGLE

ARIA and MATHIAS walk down the street. The telephone wire becomes a pulse of electricity as it flashes through cables and wires running under the city, into an urban apartment building, follows a chord into the back of a television set into JACK and GEENA'S apartment.

INT. JACK AND GEENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
We could eat some food.

GEENA
Again? We ate already.

JACK
That was yesterday.

GEENA
Really...D'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.

JACK
Seven-eleven.

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

JACK
Oh yeah. Wasn't my fault.

GEENA
How bout the Mud Club?

JACK
Oh gag.

GEENA
Jacks Diner?

JACK
Barf!

GEENA
Satyr?

JACK
Puke.

GEENA
Leo's

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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 control.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACK
That was close. We gotta find that remote.

GEENA
No shit.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

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.

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)

They don't do many shows and they'll never breeze through this backwater shitpile again in my lifetime. Please. Please.

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

EXT. JACKS COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

19

A seedy run down dive. The neon sign explodes leaving only a few glowing letters. The sign now reads Jack off Shop.

INT. JACK'S COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

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....Ok, that's a lie, I never heard of you guys until your agent called last week. Don't hate me.

ARIA

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

MATHIAS

I just inherited the theatre from my uncle. You have a band. I have a place to play. Next week I got Devo unplugged and Crosby Stills Nash and Rotton. That's gonna suck. But hey, I'm just staring out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARIA

That's fair.

MATHIAS

How long have you guys been together?

ARIA

Forever. Awhile, couple weeks, decades, eons, a couple epochs. Thank the Mother it's almost the apocalypse. I hate time.

MATHIAS

Do you have any 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?

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

MATHIAS watches Aria seductively suck on a pickle.

MATHIAS' FANTASY SEQUENCE

MATHIAS is on a giant plate, laying next to the french fries as ARIA'S giant hand picks him up and slides his body into her mouth.

MATHIAS

Oh no stop! Help...

Inside her mouth as she closes her lips around him.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)

(muffled)

Oh hey this is nice... mmmmmmm!

END OF FANTASY SEQUENCE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATHIAS is snapped back to reality by Aria speaking.

ARIA
Ready to go back to the theatre.

MATHIAS looks embarrassed and uncomfortable.

MATHIAS
Um no I'm just going to sit here
for a few minutes. If that's cool
with you?

ARIA
Suit yourself.

ARIA exits. MATHIAS Squirms in his seat. And grabs an ice
cube and drops it down his pants.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

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?

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK(CONT'D)

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. It unrolls into the street for about ten feet and then stops, releasing a tiny terrified RAT LIKE CREATURE that was trapped inside. It scurries away into the darkness squeaking in terror.

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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
Wow! Hey, Dr. D, what is the...

Across the street the Marquee suddenly sparks up showering the street.

Dr. D is gone.

JACK
Whoa!

GEENA
Shit!

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

DARK WRAITHLIKE ROBED FIGURES move along the predawn abandoned streets tacking up posters for the band. They cover up a huge billboard advertising the "Holy Church of Good Intentions", replacing it with the band's logo.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

MATHIAS walks to the theatre. The street is completely covered in posters. A BUM sleeping in a doorway has a poster glued to his back.

SONG: "I'M UP WITH THE SUN": MATHIAS.

MATHIAS 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pushes his way to the front doors, fighting off REPORTERS and SCREAMING DIAMOND DEAD FANS.

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL LOBBY - MORNING

PUSSY A. DANGLE, the oh-so-hip VJ from NTV (Nerve Television) sings as she checks her hair and makeup getting ready to go on camera.

SONG: "QUEEN OF THE TRENDY": PUSSY.

PUSSY cold cocks the Metal head with her microphone smiles into the camera.

PUSSY

This is Pussy A. Dangle, live from
The Grand Quignol Theatre,
somewhere in the cultural hell we
call the Midwest.

MATHIAS enters, stunned by the mess in front of his theatre. The camera light flashes in his eyes and he is blinded.

PUSSY (CONT'D)

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATHIAS

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

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

INT. MATHIAS' OFFICE - DAY

ARIA sits on 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATHIAS (CONT'D)

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.

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 place is sold out. So you just relax. I'll handle the crowd and the media circus.

MATHIAS

Thanks.

ARIA exits. MATHIAS sips his coffee with shaking hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATHIAS (CONT'D)

Yep. I'm being set up.

EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - DAY

PUSSY is interviewing the CROWD.

PUSSY

Look at me, America. I've got the hottest ticket on the planet. 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 road-kill kid.

PUSSY

Dr. Diabolicus and the Diamond Dead. Teen idols or the Avatars of Death. 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.

METALHEAD

Diamond Dead!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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: (2)

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!

INT. LOADING DOCK - DAY

Diamond Dead tour trucks are unloading equipment into the
theatre as JACK and GEENA approach 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 bumps into RASPUTIN.

JACK

Pardon me. But do you have any Grey
Poupon?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEENA

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

INT. MATHIAS' OFFICE - DAY

MATHIAS is in his office, lying on the 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".

INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

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.

RASPUTIN

(talking to headset)

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

PUSSY

(to camera)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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!

RASPUTIN

Hang on a minute, Ms. Dangle.
(to headset)
Blue Spook to Big Boo. Verify access to the bacon?

PUSSY

Those poor teenyboppers. You killed them.

RASPUTIN

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

PUSSY

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

MATHIAS

You shot him?

ARIA

He's exaggerating. Shut up now, Rasputin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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

After they enter, RASPUTIN reaches into his pocket pulls out his severed fingers and reattaches them magically. He laughs to himself.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATHIAS

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. D

We don't go near water either.

PUSSY

Why?

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. Yuck.

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 a 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DR. D
We're dead.

SPYDER SYN
(Bad puppet)
Yup. Dead.

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. 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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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.

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.

INT. AVERAGE AMERICAN HOME - DAY

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.

INT. NTV CHAIRMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

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.
Who cares if it's real or not --
they are imagery. They must be
digitized, processed and
transmitted before they become
passe, 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.

EXT. VERONICA'S DUNGEON - DAY

In front of the Reverend Scruggs Retreat of Contemplation a
20 story statue of Jesus stands with arms outstretched.
Veronicas Dungeon is located in the crotch. As we come
closer, we see silhouettes in the open zipper shaped window.

INT. VERONICA'S DUNGEON - CONTINUOUS

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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. There is something you must see.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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 end times are upon us.

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.

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.

INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

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 better 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATHIAS

Um... No, I wanna see.

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.

EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - DAY

The house is MOBBED WITH REPORTERS and FANS.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARIA

Whatever.

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

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.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

ARIA is talking to one of the ROADIES.

ARIA

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

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

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

SONG: "JOHNNYS SONG": THE BAND

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - DAY

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. We've blown up all the third world countries that annoy us, it's not like you have a lot to do. If the dead are rising from the grave, I want to know about it. Need I remind you of the secret directive referring to the Topeka incident of 1969?

SIMMS

The Topeka massacre was collective Intelligence experiment. Those zombies were drooling vegetables.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMMS (CONT'D)

This band appears to be a group of thinking individuals.

PRESIDENT

They look like a pile of hair and wrinkles. How can you tell the difference? American policy on reanimated corpses has been well established.

SIMMS

Yes sir.

PRESIDENT

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

SIMMS

I'll get men in the field right away.

PRESIDENT

You damn well better, you spooky ass son of a bitch.

An AIDE enters.

AIDE

Oklahoma, sir. Reverend Jimmy Scruggs on line one.

PRESIDENT

Shit. What does that Bible thumping bastard want?

SIMMS

I'll be at CIA situation room.

PRESIDENT

(to Aide)

I'll take it.

(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...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PRESIDENT(CONT'D)

Sure, but you define death. I mean, technically the Speaker of the House should be dead. Yes, I'm aware of the biblical ramifications... Yes, I love God, but Jimmy. This is NTV. They're pretty huge, too I got boys in the field right now. Jimmy? Sounds like you're in pain? Is that Mistress Veronica I hear in the background? Tell her air force One is waiting I'll see her at Camp David...

EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL PARKING LOT - DAY

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, I'm dying.

CAMERAMAN

The Chairman said that if you aren't ready 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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARAMEDIC

I wouldn't advise that.

PUSSY

Neither would I... Show business
sucks.

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

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 necrophiliacs out there.

GLITTER

Amen.

DR. D

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

SONG: "NECROPHILIA": THE BAND

EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - DAY

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!

3RD HAWKER

Funeral plots, gravestones,
mausoleums, and sepulchers.

4TH HAWKER

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

5TH HAWKER

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

INT. BACKSTAGE WINGS - DAY

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.

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

DR. D sprays the AUDIENCE with a ridiculous excess of slime
and maggots.

INT. BACKSTAGE WINGS - DAY

ARIA looks down to PUSSY passed out on the floor.

ARIA

Wimp.

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

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.

INT. AVERAGE AMERICAN HOME - DAY

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!

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

DR. D smiles sheepishly at the now-soaked AUDIENCE.

DR. D
Miss anyone?

AUDIENCE
No.

ANOTHER ANGLE

MATHIAS is standing at the back of the theatre, covered in slime.

MATHIAS
I am definitely being set up.

EXT. THE HOLY CHURCH OF GOOD INTENTIONS - DAY

The church is built between the feet of the giant Jesus statue. The front of the church bracketed by Jesus's big toes on either side.

INT. THE HOLY CHURCH OF GOOD INTENTIONS - CONTINUOUS

A television sits on a pedestal, showing dr. d spewing maggots. Suddenly, the TV is smashed by a twenty pound Sledgehammer. REVEREND SCRUGGS throws the sledgehammer to one side, and returns to the pulpit. His congregation is not seen he is in a television studio. And the responses are canned.

REVEREND

Brothers and sisters, that was the scene at the Grand Quignol Theatre. 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 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. Frankly, dear sinners, I feel a completely reactionary, knee-jerk, ignorant, fanatical outburst of violence is necessary to trod the serpent underfoot!"Praise the Lord?"

V. O.FLOCK

Praise the Lord.

EXT. TRAILER PARK DAY.

Int Trailer Day Day

A stupid looking fat redneck watches Scruggs on Tv while drinking a beer.

REVEREND

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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REVEREND

Oh, no! Not me!

V. O. FLOCK

Amen!

REDNECK

Burrrrrrp! Amen.

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!

REDNECK

Praise the lord.

REVEREND

Hallelujah!

FLOCK

Hallelujah!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REDNECK

Hallelujah .

REDNECK (CONT'D)

Edna get my shootin iron the
preachers havin a holy war and I's
goin out to shoot me some sissy
fruits.

REVEREND

Turn to page 134 in your hymnals
and make a joyous noise unto the
Lord.

SONG: "THE BATTLE HYMN OF REVEREND SCRUGGS": SCRUGGS

REVEREND (CONT'D)

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

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL STAGE - DAY

MATHIAS is on his hands and knees cleaning up where
Diabolicus has puked his maggots. He is wearing a rubber
apron, safety yellow cleaning gloves and a air filter mask.

ARIA enters.

ARIA

You wanted to see me.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

MATHIAS

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? Where did you come from?

ARIA

Oh, thank God.

MATHIAS

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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...

START FLASHBACK:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET - NIGHT

A dilapidated VW microbus drives through the LA warehouse district at outlandish speeds. The radio is blasting "Generation Landslide" by Alice Cooper. The bus turns a corner, and roars onto a dirt road toward an abandoned garment factory. The place is boarded up. "Unsafe and Condemned" signs are tacked up everywhere. The VW skids to a halt in front of the building, raising a huge cloud of dust. The doors open and the BAND, NOW ALIVE, steps out.

They 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANGZ

No.

GLITTER

Really?

BANGZ

The Beatles 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.

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, let'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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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!

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

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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 our music sucks
according to today's paper. 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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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.

GLITTER (CONT'D)

Take care.

GLITTER walks into the building. ARIA lights a CIGARETTE.

ARIA

All men deserve to die.

SONG: "THIS GIRL CAN ROCK!": ARIA

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANGZ

I saw a "Rupture subwoofer" kill a squirrel at that Rolling Stones show in Berkeley. The poor little blighter 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.

DR. D

Crank it!

SONG: "PISSSED OFF": THE BAND (A very fast punk rock piece of shit).

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

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.

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

The building's windows EXPLODE, The foundation is shaking.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

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?

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

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

ARIA drives away, unaware that the entire building has COLLAPSED.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. MATHIAS' OFFICE - DAY

MATHIAS is behind his desk. ARIA faces him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATHIAS

Wow. This thing seems to have its own momentum.

They kiss again. ARIA waves her hand distractedly the lights go out.

SONG: "CRASH-TEST DUMMIES IN LOVE": ARIA AND MATHIAS

GRAND QUIGNOL PARKING LOT - DAY

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.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET

Sit down next to us.

SPYDER SYN -GOOD PUPPET

What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEERLEADER

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

SPYDER SYN -BAD PUPPET

Oh... That could be tricky.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET

Male or female?

CHEERLEADER

I don't know. Why?

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET

You don't want to know.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET

It's probably nothing.

CHEERLEADER

What?! What?!

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET

Then, again, It could be serious.

SPYDER SYN - 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. Some maggots are born gravid.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET

It's very rare.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET

True. But not unheard of.

CHEERLEADER

What's gravid mean?

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET

Pregnant.

CHEERLEADER

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET
Thousands of babies.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET
All carnivorous.

CHEERLEADER
Really?

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET
When the eggs hatch, the maggots
start eating their way out.

SPYDER SYN - 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.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET
Painful, but it's the only way to
be sure.

CHEERLEADER
Are you a doctor?

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET
Better.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET
Much better.

CHEERLEADER
Help me.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET
Lie down here.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET
Trust us.

SPYDER pulls out a doctor's bag and opens it. Inside is a
huge autopsy needle and syringe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHEERLEADER

What's that for?!

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET

This? Nothing. Nothing at all.

SPYDER SYN - 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.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET

You might feel a slight sensation
of being impaled and then being
eviscerated slowly.

SPYDER SYN - 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.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET

Can't you see we're upset?

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET

Losing a patient is hard to take.

EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL ROOF - DAY

DEATH looks down on SPYDER talking to GLITTER.

DEATH

Ah... The Diamond Dead...

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

ZEALOT

Thank-you, Reverend, I try.

EXT. ADULT SEX STORE - DAY

AGENT SIMMS enters, stops at the door to make sure that nobody is watching.

INT. ADULT SEX STORE - CONTINUOUS

SIMMS makes his way to the back of the store. On the wall is big rubber butt. SIMMS reaches out with both hands and grabs the ass. A section of the floor beneath him descends.

INT. CIA - CLOSE ON DOOR - DAY

A sign reads: "CIA SUPER-SECRET HUSH-HUSH BLACK ROOM."

INT. CIA SUPER-SECRET HUSH-HUSH BLACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The chairs are filled with MEN IN GRAY SUITS looking at 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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMMS

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

The AGENTS all gasp in horror SIMMS presses a button. The center of the table OPENS UP and VERONICA VINYL rises.

SIMMS (CONT'D)

Agent Mistress Veronica Vinyl.

ALL THE AGENTS

Ooooooh!

SONG: "ON YOUR KNEES BITCH!": VERONICA

VERONICA

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

VERONICA begins to sing. The agents become her backup boys. Stripping down into reveal Chippendale dancer like physiques. One wall of the room opens up revealing a large Interrogation Chamber. Full of high tech torture devices.

The scene changes and the semi nude dancers are now bound into the devices as VERONICA activates them one by one.

She presses a button on one and it becomes a spanking machine. Another has some kind strange hose device attached to the dancers pelvis. The DANCER is moaning in ecstasy until VERONICA throws a switch and the man screams in pain as a large lump is seen sliding down the hose. From his pelvis.

One by one she demonstrates each interrogation device while singing until

End Song

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

The BAND is sitting around playing cards.

BANGZ

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

GLITTER

(looking over his 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.

INT. MATHIAS' OFFICE - DAY

ARIA and MATHIAS are smoking in bed. MATHIAS is naked except for the yellow cleaning gloves. He looks stunned.

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 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 music reviews until I flipped out. 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

MATHIAS

What about Diabolicus?

ARIA

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

MATHIAS

Glitter, then?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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...

START FLASHBACK.

EXT. FACTORY RUINS - NIGHT

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARIA
I miss you guys.

INT. FACTORY RUINS BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The old television TURNS ITSELF ON. The test pattern appears, and then Diabolicus' face.

EXT. FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

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.

INT. FACTORY RUINS BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

DIABOLICUS is on the TV screen.

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

EXT. FACTORY RUINS - CONTINUOUS

ARIA
I really need you. I need all of you guys.

INT. FACTORY RUINS BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

DR. D
I need you.

EXT. FACTORY RUINS - CONTINUOUS

ARIA sits down among the rubble, thinking to herself. Behind her a large black clothe is blowing in the wind through the rubble it becomes tangled with red ribbon .The Black cloth engulfs red ribbon and the the two tattered fabrics morph into a rough death like shape. The black cloth forming the robbers for death and the ribbon becoming the body face and hands beneath. The features are particially obscuredby cloth but one leering very human eye can be seen In the shadow and fabric folds.

DEATH
(He talks a lot like
Foghorn Leghorn.)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEATH (CONT'D)

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.

DEATH looks down at a small flower growing amongst the
rubble. hisw hand unravels into ribbon tendrils and touches
the flower. The flower becomes animated, starts shuddering
makes gagging sounds, then keels over and dies.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEATH

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

ARIA

A death?

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 spots a SPIDER crawling over a block of cement. He
grabs it in his ribbons

BUG

(In a high pitched scream)
Help me Help meeeeeeeeeee! Ugh!

The bug dies and death discards it.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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. 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DEATH(CONT'D)

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'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.

ARIA

You need a break?

DEATH

I say, I say. Who's 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DEATH leans against a tree and a half dozen birds fall off the branches hitting the ground dead.

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.

Deaht reaches inside the folds of himself and pulls a sythe from bowels He hands her his scythe.

ARIA
What kind of powers?

DEATH
Life and death. Forward, reverse.

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

ARIA
Rad!

DEATH
Alright little Miss spooky pants. I
say here's what I'm gonna do. I'll
give you a trial time period to
see if ya got what it takes to be a
Reaper. You have one year. On all
Hallows eve when the clock strikes
the hour of the wolf. That's
midnight eastern standard time.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

DEATH(CONT'D)

If You haven't met your quota by then you forfeit your own soul and all those that you value and those who ever knew you. You and all that you love will be erased from existence. I know its a high pressure job but that's a standard employment condition in the afterlife.

Death begins to walk away.

DEATH (CONT'D)

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

DEATH walks up behind a alley cat sleeping on the cement.

ARIA

Hey! Where ya goin'?

Death touches the cat's tail. The cat shrieks and leaps straight up in the air. And dies. Death blows away on the wind the cat falls to the ground behind him.

DEATH

I'm going 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 scythe in her lap. The Moon rises behind her.

INT. FACTORY RUINS BASEMENT - NIGHT

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

EXT. FACTORY RUINS - NIGHT

ARIA stands up and lifts the SCYTHE over her head.

SONG: "INCANTATION": ARIA

INT. FACTORY RUINS BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

DR. D looks up, anticipating something.

EXT. FACTORY RUINS - CONTINUOUS

The sky blackens with storm clouds. Lightning strikes EXPLODE around ARIA. She lowers the scythe to the ground and hits the reverse switch.

INT. FACTORY RUINS BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dr. D suddenly looks terrified.

DR. D

Oh shit.

EXT. FACTORY RUINS - CONTINUOUS

A blue arc of electricity EXPLODES from the scythe slashing to the ground.

INT. FACTORY RUINS BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

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.

EXT. FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

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 shamle up to ARIA. She shoulders her scythe like a rifle.

ARIA

Hello, boys. I missed ya.

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REVEREND(CONT'D)

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 in a clip.

REVEREND (CONT'D)

God bless America!

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

The poker game wears on.

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."

EXT. HEAVEN BACK DOOR - NIGHT

A dirty alleyway with dumpsters full of garbage. A couple ANGELS with wings, wearing hair nets sneak a smoke break and share a brown paper bag. BANGZ walks up to the door. Over the door is a sign that says " Heaven Back entrance. Employees only." BANGZ stands in a long line PEOPLE waiting to get in. LAWYERS with brief cases, POLITICIANS, MOVIE STARS, PARKING ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS. BANGZ takes his place in line, sighs deeply.

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

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.

HEAVEN DAY

Angels are lounging around on clouds and contemplating God. GLITTER, in his robes and wings and rhinestone halo, stands on his cloud and lets loose with a harp solo, singing at the top of his lungs. The ANGELS stare at him.

GLITTER

(singing)

.....And as we wind on down the
road !Our shadows taller than our
souls. There walks a lady we all
know, Who shines white light
....andwants to
.....show.....

He stops singing.

GLITTER (CONT'D)

What?! Its stairway to heaven. Led
Zepplin.....what?..... fine
(to himself)
And shes buying a stairway t....

ANGEL

Shhhhh!

GLITTER

(whispering)

.....to heaven

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL

Ssh!

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET

How did you get in, D?

HEAVEN - DAY

DIABOLICUS in his leathers and Black Sabbath T-shirt is walking in heaven, smoking a cigarette. Dr. D stops a passing ANGEL.

DR. D

Ganja ?

The ANGEL ignores him pointedly. Dr. D continues. He approaches JESUS, who looks androgynous and holy.

DR.D (V.O.)

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

GLITTER (V.O.)

You saw Jesus?

BANGZ (V.O.)

Whoa!

DR. D (V.O.)

I said "hey!", and He said--

JESUS

Hey!

DR. D (V.O.)

And we talked.

SPYDER SYN (V.O.)

What did you talk about?

DR. D (V.O.)

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

HEAVEN - DAY

DR. D

Hey Jesus dude, I'm a big fan. Love that stuff with the Crucifixion and Resurrection. You know how to play to the cheap seats !

JESUS

Thanks..... hey listen You got any rolling papers?

DR. D

Sure. You got any smoke?

JESUS

Don't tell dad.

DR. D

It's cool.

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL - DAY

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET

You smoked a bowl with the Son of God? That rocks! What was He 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.

HEAVEN DAY - DAY

JESUS and Dr.D are getting toasted. They are lying on the grass staring up at the stars, passing the joint.

JESUS

Can I tell you something man. I like you man. I like all you fucked up rock and roll guys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. D

Hey I dig you too man. If I were
gay well I'm not but.....
Hey! Jesus is just alright with me!

JESUS

Thanks m' dude. You wanna know the
truth. I really don't give a shit
about straights and 9-5-ers. I
think most Bible-humpers are fucked
up posers.

BANGZ (V.O.)

Fuckin' A.

JESUS

I liked hanging with the fuck-ups.
People who fuck up are the people
who are learning the most.

DR.D

Hey dude, don't bogart the joint.

JESUS

Sorry.

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL GREEN ROOM - DAY

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET
I remember falling.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET
Falling and falling.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET
And the light kept getting bigger
and bigger.

OUTER SPACE - NIGHT

SPYDER is falling through the eternal darkness towards the light. As the light gets bigger the and the celestial choir gets louder Spyder shoots past it, hurtling into outer space. The light and the choir recede into red shift and the Doppler effect.

SPYDER SYN (V.O.)
... But I missed.

DR. D (V.O.)
What do you mean you missed?

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL GREEN ROOM - DAY

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.

OUTER SPACE - NIGHT

Spyder's body flies uncontrolled towards a giant mass in space. As it gets closer we see it is a kind of giant maggot with torn sets of moth wings and rows of taloned writhing appendages. It is easily a hundred miles long. It glows with a eerie purple radiation.

DR. D (V.O.)
What does it look like?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPYDER (V.O.)

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.

BANGZ (V.O.)

Fuckin' Rush Limbaugh, dude!

GLITTER (V.O.)

Shut up, Bangz.

The creature's body is lined with giant sphere-like eyes. As SPYDER drifts helplessly, the thing's nictitating eye opens revealing a swirling black tempest of radiation that envelopes SPYDER'S body as he screams in agony.

SPYDER SYN (V.O.)

I guess the thing ate whatever souls missed the light.

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL GREEN ROOM - DAY

SPYDER SYN -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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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!

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!

INT. MATHIAS' OFFICE - DAY

ARIA and MATHIAS are dressed. MATHIAS is looking even more terrified than usual. He is curled in a fetal ball on the bed.

ARIA
Aw, come-on ya big sissy. Why are
you freaked out now? Is it because
of the whole getting killed thing?
Because you know me? It's nothing.

MATHIAS
Nothing?! Nothing! Tonight is all
Hallows eve, Aria.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATHIAS (CONT'D)

Tonight death is coming here to kill you and me and everybody else. Special emphasis on me. Here. I don't want to die Aria.

ARIA

Oh for the Goddess sake Mathias have a little faith in me don't be like Diabolicus that pisses me off. I'm Lady Death here, Mathias. I've raised the dead. That's no little trick that's big time biblical hoodo voodoo baby. You gotta have a little faith sometime Mathias in somebody.

MATHIAS

Ok. Your right.

ARIA

What?

MATHIAS

Your right.

ARIA

Say it one more time.

MATHIAS

I said you are right. Why are you making me say that.

ARIA

I've never heard a man say that before. That's amazing.

MATHIAS

Well your right Aria. I gotta trust someone. I gotta unclench my sphincter sometime.

ARIA kisses MATHIAS sweetly.

ARIA

You are so-o hot.

MATHIAS

Tell me what happened after you got the scythe?

ARIA

The guys were pretty fucked up when I got a hold of them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARIA(CONT'D)

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...

START FLASHBACK MONTAGE

INT. ARIA'S LIVING ROOM 1990 - DAY

1) DR. D smells his underarm and falls over backwards.

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

2) GLITTER reaches for the door, freezes and falls forward.

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

3) BANGZ is covered in flies, beating himself with a fly swatter.

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

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

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.

5) Dr. D lies on a table. His stomach is split open while ARIA stuffs him.

ARIA (V. O.) (CONT'D)
We needed to protect the skin. So I mixed up a barrel of embalmer's lotion and flexible plastic resin.

6) Dr. D bathes in a barrel, wearing a shower cap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARIA (CONT'D)

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

7) 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.

8) GLITTER flaunts his new tits.

GLITTER

This is wonderful.

ARIA (V. O.)

The effect was temporary, except on
Glitter.

GLITTER dances around in a dress, singing.

GLITTER

I feel pretty. Oh so pretty...

INT. ADULT SEX STORE 1990 - DAY

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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)

... 36 C. A case of clip-on accessories. And a vinyl blow-up sheep. Thank-you.

INT. ARIA'S LIVING ROOM 1990 - DAY

The BAND is sitting around the room.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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...

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 have got a second chance at the big time. We-are-what-America- wants! Take a look at the album covers. Take a look at the kids.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. D (CONT'D)

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-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!

END OF FLASHBACK MONTAGE

INT. MATHIAS' OFFICE - NIGHT

MATHIAS sits behind his desk. ARIA sits on the DESK.

MATHIAS

Is that all true?

ARIA

Every word, except for the parts I left out.

MATHIAS

Like what?

ARIA

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

MATHIAS

What's that?

ARIA

The Diamond Dead are cannibals.

MATHIAS

Oh!... Help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

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 the crop)
Agent Vinyl reporting in. Get me
Simms.
(beat)
You gutless piece of shit! 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
Gantrys screwing up my show. I hate
messes... Are you wearing the pink
panties I sent you?... Slut!

She hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I love my job.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

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.

Dr.D pulls both of Spyder's puppets off his hands and throws them over his shoulder.

SPYDER'S PUPPETS

Aaaah!

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL THEATER LOBBY - NIGHT

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. No shit. It's that crazy Rev from TV. It gets worse.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RASPUTIN(CONT'D)

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.

EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

REVEREND SCRUGGS stands in front of the theater, leading PROTESTERS. The sticks on their 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!

INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. D

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DR. D

Let's go.

Dr. D and VERONICA exit. SPYDER steps out of the nearby shadows.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET

Ummmmm. I'm gonna tell.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET

Don't be a snitch.

SPYDER SYN - GOD PUPPET

Doctor Diabolicus is being bad.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET

He's working shit out. Leave him alone.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET

I can't. I'm a creature of strict moral code.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET

You're a sock.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET

That doesn't mean I can't aspire to be the best sock I can.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET

You're messed up.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET

Hey, if we tell Aria, we might get a dramatic if not violent response from the whole thing.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET

Really?

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET

Guaranteed.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET

Let's do it.

SPYDER skips across the backstage area, singing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

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?

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.

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RASPUTIN(CONT'D)

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, crossbows, swords or siege equipment. Keep moving.

SONG: "THE SHOW BEHIND THE SHOW": RASPUTIN

RASPUTIN (CONT'D)

Enjoy the show.

EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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!

INT. BACKSTAGE HALLWAY - DAY

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 flies 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET

Next time you wanna play with a grenade, let's not sit on it after we pull the pin.

SPYDER SYN - 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. 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.

EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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 sweaty.

VERONICA

Thank-you, D. That was truly a revolting experience.

DR. D

We aim to disgust.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 UNTIL IT FACES 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.

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.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

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...

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET
We want sex. It's a character flaw we have.

SPYDER SYN - 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.)
Would you like to see?

VERONICA (O.S.)
Whatever.

SPYDER SYN (O.S.)
Are you sure? It's not pretty.

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

SPYDER SYN (O.S.)
Okay. You asked for it.

SPYDER'S PUPPETS
(together)
Ta-da!

Veronica SCREAMS and the door SLAMS shut.

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

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.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RASPUTIN(CONT'D)

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.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

JACK and GEENA have found seats on top of the marshal amplifiers.

JACK

Boy, these seats kick ass.

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.

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

The house is going wild as the audience works itself up into a fever pitch. Stage diving, moshing, chanting and acts of individual lunacy all add to the chaos.

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

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.

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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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?

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)

Fuck you.

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The ANNOUNCER walks up to the microphone. The AUDIENCE freaks out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

SONG: "MY LITTLE PIECE OF ARMAGEDDON": THE BAND

EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

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 from yet another social pitfall. 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!

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT

MATHIAS sits watching the show. He is talking to himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATHIAS

I can't believe I'm still here,
 waiting around to be killed. 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.

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL AUDITORIUM- NIGHT

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!

SONG: "GOOD FRIENDS"

DIABOLICUS

Sittin' in a bar with Sinatra and Dean.
 Hoping Sammy Davis can make the scene.
 Screamin' Jay singing with Elvis.
 Janis agrees it cant better than this.
 Morrison passed out on the floor.
 Joey Ramone holding up the door.
 Kurt Cobain on the hot line.
 Lennon and Harrison drinking wine.

Chorus:

BAND

You go to heaven for the scenery.
 You go to hell for the company.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIABOLICUS

Sid Vicious in a fight with Skynrd.
 Buddy Holly hangin' with the Byrd.
 Johnny Graves in sequin drag.
 Peggy lee wearing Bauhaus rags.
 Wendy O just beat Satan up.
 Damnation ain't shit if it ain't corrupt.
 Keith Moon is throwing TVs through the glass.
 Join the Diamond Dead and Kick some Ass!

Chorus:

BAND

You go to heaven for the halo.
 You go to hell for the rock and roll!

EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

The REVEREND and his FLOCK have drawn their weapons.

REVEREND

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

They rush the doors and overpower the SECURITY GUARDS.

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. 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 UP 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. It is 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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 seems to go on forever before the shooting finally ceases and the lights are restored. The sound of a bell tolling twelve midnight can be heard in the distance. Fog rolls into the house. In its center glides DEATH.

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 scythe. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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 wandering torment.

DR. D

Keep it, Aria.

DEATH

We had a bargain missy. It's time to pay with your life. Even if you somehow manage to escape me here, you'll never be allowed to fall in love or have children or even have a friend. Death has no friends.

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

I have made more friends since I became Death. I have never been happier! You are soooo full of shit Morty!

DEATH is unfazed and floats 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 levels her sythe at death .and Death laughs.

DEATH

Silly meat sack you cant kill me darlin I aint ever been alive.

Aria hestates the then flips the switch on the sythe .reverse. And drives into death . The blue arc fly around the robes.and Then collapse on the ground in a heap. A tiny little manlike creaturecrawls out ogf the robes and onto the floor. Its skinny and large eyed.

DEATH (CONT'D)

What have you done . I cant exist Youve lived me . I cant live!

Deaths body and bones begin to mutate uncontrollably. Growing out of control His arm shoots outward from the wrist growing impossibly long with extra joints, his rib cage. Folds outward growing mutiple ribs and sternums.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

His face splits open and several more features erupt from within. His Limbs shoot off in all directions and muscles swell uncontrollably until he finally explodes. All over over everybody.

BANGZ
Fucking hard-core!

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

ARIA raises the scythe 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 (CONT'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!

ANOTHER ANGLE

JACK and GEENA stand in the mosh pit.

JACK
I got shot four times in the chest!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEENA

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

JACK

That was so fucking cool.

GEENA

Where are they playing next?

JACK

That was fucking awesome!

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

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 faux zebra platforms.
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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPYDER SYN

I'm here.

GLITTER

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

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.

BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RASPUTIN

Fine.

DR. D

You stay here. Watch Aria.

RASPUTIN

Tear 'em apart.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

SCRUGGS and four HIS FLOCK and 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 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

INT. MATHIAS' OFFICE - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARIA
Hey! Open up! Mathias!

MATHIAS opens the door.

MATHIAS
Go away.

ARIA
I need your help.

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

ARIA
Fine.

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
ran from the fight. I always run.
It's my nature. I hate me. I can't
help you. I can't help myself. This
will never work between us.

ARIA
Oh grow some balls you whiny little
sissy boy. I know its probably not
going to work between us

MATHIAS
You do?

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATHIAS

I'm happy for you.

ARIA

Doesn't mean you can sit here
pissing your panties. I'm not done
fucking with your world yet.
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.

MATHIAS

No more! No more!

ARIA puts down her SCYTHER 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?

EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

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

BANGZ

I'm fuckin' James Bond. Fuckin'

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET

(letting go to talk))

Extreme violence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET
Extreme senseless violence.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET
Maximum wholesale violence.

DR. D
Don't talk. Climb.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET
I love this man.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET
He has a way with words.

EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL ROOF - NIGHT

REVEREND SCRUGGS turns to his ZEALOT.

REVEREND
What's the chopper's ETA?

ZEALOT
Ten minutes.

BANGZ CLIMBS onto the roof.

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 and 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL THEATER LOBBY - NIGHT

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.

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.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPYDER SYN (CONT'D)

Besides, we did what we came to do.
We fucked with everybody. One last
time.

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! What about Aria?

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET

You love her right?

DR. D

Ahhh! She doesn't need me. She
needs that little poser sissy. I
finally figured it out. I love me.
I'm what I need to be happy. I'm
too damn me. And nobody should have
to deal too much with my meanness.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET

That is either the most noble thing
you have ever said or the most
disgusting.

They go through the lobby doors into the house.

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

DR. D, BANGZ and SPYDER enter. Standing on stage is VERONICA
VINYL, holding Aria's scythe.

VERONICA

Hello, boys.

BANGZ

Hey, it's the fuckin' rubber lady.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 - 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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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'S 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...

Together, the BAND rots, dries up, and blows away in seconds. The scythe falls to the ground, clattering noisily on the empty stage.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

ARIA and MATHIAS stand on the shoulder of the road, having just stepped out of Mathias' Stingray.

ARIA
Sure you don't want to come with?

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

ARIA
Suit yourself. What about your
theatre?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATHIAS smiles sheepishly. In the distance we HEAR the sound of a massive explosion. He looks at Aria, as if to say "see, I'm fucked".

MATHIAS

I'm insured but 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.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

MATHIAS is talking to himself.

MATHIAS

This sucks.

A hearse going the other direction screams past MATHIAS.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

ARIA begins to walk down the road, her scythe over her shoulder and a head-shaped bundle wrapped in butchers paper in her hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A car speeds past her and then slams on it's brakes. It is a '57 Cadillac hearse. ARIA smiles and gets in. The hearse roars it's engine and takes off for the vanishing point.

ANOTHER ANGLE

MATHIAS slams on his brakes and power slides 180 degrees. And roars after the hearse.

MATHIAS

Rock and Roll ! This is crazy! This
is crazy!

Reprise: "CRASH TEST DUMMIES IN LOVE".

FADE TO BLACK

THE END