

FREAKED

An Original Screenplay
by
Tim Burns, Tom Stern and Alex Winter

Seventh Draft
January 12, 1992

INT. REGIS & KATHIE LEE SHOW SET

A horribly deformed figure--hunchback, misshapen head--sits on a stool in complete silhouette. This is RICK COOGAN.

RICK

Can you imagine it, Regis, Kathie Lee? One day I'm a hot young movie star, and the next day I'm a hideous mutant freak, covered with festering lesions.

Oddly, REGIS and KATHIE LEE are also in complete silhouette.

REGIS

Sounds like my wife when she misses a mudpack!

The audience CRACKS UP. Kathie Lee pooh-poohs Regis.

KATHIE LEE

Oh Regis! You're incorrigible! Ha-ha!

(to Rick, she turns earnest)

Ricky, once you were the all-American boy next door, star of the beloved Hey Dude films. Now the very mention of your name makes children scream in terror. We've all read about your disturbing story. But the people want to hear it from you, Ricky Coogan.

(SFX: children scream)

Won't you tell us your story?

RICK

Well, it's kinda long, but okay. It all started when I signed a deal to be spokesman for the E.E.S. conglomerate...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. E.E.S. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The E.E.S. logo--a large metal shoe with a bar across it, with the words "Everything Except Shoes" beneath. Widen to reveal RICHARD HERTZ, president of E.E.S., smiling rigidly to camera. RICK COOGAN is next to him, also holding a stiff movie-star smile. FLASH! They shake hands as the EES photographer takes publicity shots. Off to one side, behind Hertz, are several EES EXECUTIVES. Behind Rick is his entourage: LAWYER, BODYGUARD, TRAINER, STYLIST, and SPIRIT GUIDE.

Further off, at the boardroom table, four DODDERING OLD CORPORATE FARTS on the brink of death look on with glazed expressions.

RICK
 (through a clenched smile)
 So, what kind of crap do you
 scumbags want me to peddle?

HERTZ
 Everything. Everything except
 shoes, of course. Hah hah...

He laughs pathetically. Rick doesn't respond. Hertz nods to a nearby EXECUTIVE who hands him some BEEF STICKS.

HERTZ
 Meaty Twig Beef Sticks.

Rick takes them and holds them up to the camera. Smiles. Flash.

HERTZ
 Helmet Head hair spray.

He takes the hair spray and holds it up. Smile. Flash.

The assistant carefully hands Hertz a pulsating metal container with lots of warnings and danger symbols on it. Hertz gives it to Rick.

HERTZ
 Noxon 24 biogenetic neuro-
 fertilizer.

Rick holds it up, then pushes it away in disgust.

RICK
 Fertilizer? Ricky Coogan does not
 do ads for hi-tech cow shit. I'm a
 star, got it, Hertz?
 (to his aide)
 Rico, give these misguided clowns
 Tony Danza's phone number, and
 let's get the hell out of here.

He gives the finger to the EES photographer, who obligingly takes a picture. Hertz waves at him to get lost, and calls after Rick who's headed to the door with his entourage.

HERTZ
 Rick. Wait! Only you can stand up
 to the radicals trying to keep
 Noxon from the struggling farmers
 whose very future depends on it.

RICK
 (hesitates)
 Noxon? Wasn't that just banned?

HERTZ
 Only in the U.S....and Europe.

RICK
 But I heard that shit's lethal.

Hertz lets out a big laugh. He shakes his head at Rick.

HERTZ
 Rick, Rick, Rick... You want
 proof? Fine. Just take a seat.
 Please.

Rick nods to his entourage. They sit at the boardroom table, across from the EES execs. An easel behind Hertz shows a placard with a bar graph. Hertz whispers something to an aide, who scurries off.

HERTZ
 (to Rick)
 Meet the head of our South American
 research facility, Juan Valdez.

The aide ushers in a handsome LATIN AMERICAN EXECUTIVE in a natty three-piece suit and a sombrero.

GEORGE
 My name is George Ramirez.

HERTZ
 Whatever. He's worked with Noxon
 24 every day for five years, and
 he's in fine shape. Aren't you,
 Juan?

George glares at Hertz bitterly. Hertz stares him down.

GEORGE
 Yes. I am fine. Me and my team in
 Santa Flan have--

RICK
 Santa "Flan?" What kind of shitty
 name for a country is that?

GEORGE
 It is named for the patron saint of
 creamy desserts... As I was
 saying, we've worked very closely
 with Noxon...

Rick nods. We cut back to George, but he isn't George anymore. He has mutated into a similar looking actor, in the same suit, the same sombrero, but shorter and swarthier.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I personally supervised its
development...

Rick furrows his brow. He's a little suspicious of George's transformation, but just a little.

Now George is even shorter, even swarthier. Yet another actor.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I performed rigorous scientific
tests. No potential danger was
left uninvestigated...

Rick's suspicion is increasing. He looks over to Hertz, who feigns total innocence.

George is now even shorter. Still another actor. His clothes are baggy, and the sombrero is starting to slide down over his face.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
The environmentalists are
crackpots, all of them.

Rick looks at his entourage. Their mouths hang open in astonishment.

George has now shrunk to near-midget proportions. The sombrero completely covers his head. When he takes it off, we see he's now played by LINDA HUNT!

GEORGE
It's ridiculous, I tell you.
Totally ridiculous!

Rick is ready to ask questions, but Hertz cuts him off.

HERTZ
Thank you, Valdez. That will be
all.

George nods and heads back to his seat. As he passes behind Hertz, he can't resist sticking his thumbs in his ears and making a face.

RICK
Wait a second--

HERTZ
 Ricky, this is important. We're talking about a major threat to the EES image. How does 2 million dollars plus expenses sound?

The aide reveals a new placard on the easel. It reads "\$2 MILLION."

RICK
 Look, it sounds great, but--

HERTZ
 I hear you. Make it five million--
 (a new placard: 5 MILLION)
 that is, if the board agrees ...

Hertz reaches beside his chair and pulls a lever. The old geezers beside him raise their arms stiffly, as if they were being pulled by strands of fishing line, which they are.

HERTZ
 Good, it's unanimous. Well, what do you say, Ricky? Are you EES's "Man in Santa Flan?"

Rick looks at his advisors--they look over at Linda Hunt, then emphatically shake their heads "NO." Rick looks at Hertz, who shows him five big fingers and grins. Rick breaks into a big smile and gives Hertz his trademark thumbs up sign.

CUT TO:

INT. L.A. AIRPORT SECURITY CHECK

Rick stands in line at the luggage X-ray machine. He impatiently checks his watch as the X-RAY CHECKER chats him up. A CRAZED ANARCHIST holding a large bomb passes through the security check unquestioned.

X-RAY CHECKER
 My kids just loved you in "Hey Dude Three: The Final Countdown." We need more wholesome role models like you.

RICK
 Uh-huh.
 (to himself)
 Where the fuck is Ernie?

We hear WOMEN'S SCREAMS. They turn towards the noise and see a bunch of STEWARDESSES scattering from a trendy young cad with a fake hand sticking out of his fly. This is ERNIE, Rick's buddy and resident court jester.

ERNIE

Ladies! All I wanted was a
manicure! Yah-ha-ha!
(he sees Rick)
IT'S THE COOG!

RICK

IT'S THE ERNIE! WOOF! WOOF!
WOOF!

Rick pumps Ernie's third "hand." The miffed X-ray checker points to Rick's large carry-on bag as it emerges from the X-ray machine.

X-RAY CHECKER

(to Rick)
Mister Coogan, is this your bag?

RICK

Yeah, why?

X-RAY CHECKER

Is this your kid?

He indicates the X-ray monitor, where we see the skeleton outline of a BUCKTOOTHED, BESPECTACLED 10 YEAR OLD KID curled up in Rick's bag. The kid waves. Rick and Ernie look at each other in horror.

RICK/ERNIE

Stuey Gluck!

The bag bursts open, and out pops STUEY GLUCK, an obsessive young autograph hound toting a stack of scrapbooks and memorabilia.

STUEY

Rick! Rick! Look! I got a rare
still from your high school
production of The Glass Menagerie!
Could you sign it for me?
Please?!

RICK

NO!
(to Ernie)
Let's get the hell out of here!

Ernie nods and yanks the bag away from under Stuey. They run away down the corridor. Stuey chases them, holding up an 8 by 10 photo.

STUEY
Rick! Wait up!

FURTHER DOWN THE CORRIDOR

Rick and Ernie run around a corner with Stuey in pursuit.

STUEY
Rick! Remember the speech you gave
at the Actors Forum for Social
Justice!?

He holds up a cassette player and hits play. It's Rick's old speech.

RICK'S VOICE (FROM TAPE)
If all the world is a stage, then
let us shine the spotlight on
truth, integrity, and a deep
compassion for all life.

RICK
Leave me alone, troll!
(to Ernie)
That was before I got an
entertainment lawyer.

ERNIE
Quick, down here.

Ernie leads Rick down an adjacent hallway.

IN THE HALLWAY

It's a dead end. Rick and Ernie are trapped. Ernie gives Rick a sheepish look. Stuey stands at the entrance of the hallway. He holds up a Time magazine.

STUEY
Rick! Rick! It says here Noxon's
dangerous. Why are you lending
your name to it? What's happened
to you, Rick? You used to be
good! And now... I just don't
know...

Stuey starts to cry. Rick looks guilty.

RICK
Don't cry, Stuey, I'm still good.

BAM! A passing electric baggage cart nails Stuey at full speed and carries him off down the corridor, screaming bloody murder.

RICK
ALRIGHT!

Rick and Ernie high five.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN - DAY

A SEXY STEWARDESS pours champagne for Rick and Ernie. The anarchist sits nearby with the bomb on his lap. Rick winks suggestively at the stewardess. She walks off, obviously not interested. Rick raises his glass to Ernie, oozing sleazy confidence.

RICK
In the bag.

The plane hits turbulence, and Rick's drink flies up out of his glass--he catches it as it comes down. Another STEWARDESS helps the Anarchist put his bomb in the overhead compartment. Ernie ogles her. She sneers at him. We hear the CAPTAIN'S voice on the loudspeaker.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking. To the right of the aircraft, you can see a great view of the Grand Canyon.

All the passengers crane their necks to the right.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
And to the left you can see a panic-stricken little troll.

Rick turns to his window and flings open the shade to reveal...

STUEY

on the wing, pressing his face up against the glass. He's holding up a publicity shot of Rick and screaming something we can't hear.

RICK
AHHHHHHH!

Stuey loses his grip and is whisked off the wing. Rick watches him fall into oblivion.

Relieved, he turns nonchalantly to Ernie, ignoring the other horrified passengers.

RICK
You gonna eat your peanuts, Ernie?

ERNIE
Nah, you can have 'em.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM DAY

A large haystack sits in the middle of a field. We hear Stuey's approaching scream.

STUEY (O.S.)
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH...

THUD! Stuey misses the haystack by a few feet. He hops to his feet and dusts himself off.

STUEY
Hey, I'm okay!

BONK! His scrapbook falls into frame and beans him.

STUEY
OW!

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA FLAN AIRPORT - DAY

We see the airliner lowering its landing gear as it makes its final approach to the runway.

RICK (VO)
Here we are Ernie, Santa Spam.
World famous for loud music and hot
sex!

ERNIE (VO)
It is?

RICK (VO)
Give me a few hours.

KA-BLOOEY! The plane explodes in a fireball. Swish-pan to reveal...

RICK AND ERNIE

Standing just outside the airport. A porter follows with their bags.

RICK

Sure glad that wasn't our plane.

Ernie nods. They're distracted by the sound of chanting. They squint into the distance, where they see a group of chanting PROTESTERS--young "Save the Earth" types, latter-day hippies, kids, seniors, etc.

PROTESTERS

EES mustn't stay! Take your toxic
crap away! EES mustn't stay!
(etc.)

Some of their signs read--"Say No to Noxon!", "Coogan Go Home", "EES is killing our Earth!", "Ricky Coogan Sucks Shit" (this one held by a nice LITTLE GIRL), "I Like Ike" (held by a confused OLD MAN, shuffling around aimlessly), "Drink Pepsi" and finally...

"Free Nelson Mandela"--we WIDEN to reveal the subheading: "Inside specially marked boxes." We keep WIDENING to reveal that this is not on a protest placard, but a box of cereal some GUY is eating as he watches the protest.

ERNIE

Jesus! We better find the limo
before these whale kissers chop us
up and sell us for parts.
(he spots the limo)
There it is.

Off to the side, away from the protesters, an unmarked limo with tinted windows (and plates that say NOT EES) awaits. KEVIN, an EES exec, leans out the window and waves discreetly at Ricky. The stewardesses, looking tipsy, wave their bras out the back window invitingly.

Ernie tries to grab Ricky by the arm, but he resists. He's looking at the protesters.

RICK

Wait a second...

His POV...

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN

standing in the center of the crowd of protesters, holding a MEGAPHONE to her mouth and chanting. She puts down the megaphone to rest, and we can see that she's powerfully beautiful, in a no-nonsense feminist kind of way. This is JULIE. Rick is smitten.

ERNIE
Let's go, Rick. They're waitin'.

RICK
Forget them. I got a better idea.
If I can just find the right
disguise...

ERNIE
Coog, those hippies'll tear us
apart.

Rick spots a HEAVILY BANDAGED MAN limping out of the airport on crutches. Rick approaches him, waving a roll of bills.

RICK
Hey, how'd you like to make a quick
hundred bucks?

The man mutters something weakly. Ernie puts his ear up close to hear him better.

ERNIE
He says the pants don't usually
come off for less than two-fifty,
but since you're so cute, he'll
make an exception.

FLIP TO:

RICK

buried beneath rolls and rolls of bandages, making his way through the protesters on crutches. Ernie helps him along, nervously. As Rick spots Julie from behind, he hands the crutches over to Ernie.

RICK
Here.

Ernie takes the crutches. Rick waves his arms dramatically, clutches his bandaged legs, and winces in pain.

RICK
Help! Ow! Give me back my
crutches! You monster! Oh, the
pain! The agony!

He falls theatrically at Julie's feet.

JULIE
Are you okay? Let me help you!

RICK
 Thanks. Don't worry about me.
 What's one man's pain weighed
 against the global injustice of
 corporate tyrants like EES? Go.
 The fight must continue.

Julie's buying it big time. She gazes deep into Rick's eyes.

JULIE
 Wow... My name's Julie.

RICK
 Josh. Josh Tavner.

Ernie sticks a hand out, grinning sarcastically.

ERNIE
 Mother Theresa. Glad to meet you.

Julie turns on Ernie viciously. She slaps him hard, and
 grabs the crutches from him.

ERNIE
 Ow! Hey!

JULIE
 Give me those, ape. Help him up.

Rick rises to his feet "painfully."

JULIE
 Hey Josh, a busload of us are
 headed over to Maracas to protest
 Noxon 24 and pelt Ricky Coogan with
 cow shit.

RICK
 Same here! You could ride with us.

JULIE
 Us? You're with him?

She looks at Ernie, who grins stupidly.

RICK
 Oh, he's okay. Have you ever heard
 of an idiot savant?

JULIE
 Sure.

RICK
 That's Ernie. Except for the
 savant part.

Ernie glares at Rick. Rick smiles at Julie hopefully. Julie looks at them both, and can't help smiling herself.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

Ernie drives the battered old convertible which bears the proud logo of Santa Flan Rent-a-Car. There's a Pepsi billboard in the background. Julie massages Rick in the back seat.

RICK
(faking terrible pain)
Ooooh, my pelvis.

JULIE
(sympathetic)
Is this better?

ERNIE'S POV IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR

Rick moans and cracks a huge grin through his bandages. Ernie tries to get in on the conversation.

ERNIE
Hey Julie. You know I'm kind of an idea man myself. Like, let's say there's a nuclear war, and the only two people left are you and the Pope... Would you pork him?

Disgusted, Julie smacks Ernie sharply and continues massaging Rick. Scowling with jealousy, Ernie tries a new approach.

ERNIE
But one thing's for sure. That Coogan guy sure is an asshole, huh?

JULIE
I'll say! What a total piece of shit. Don't you think so, Josh?

Rick grits his teeth.

RICK
(mumbles noncommittally)
Well, he's got a few problems.

JULIE
And what a lousy actor! I mean can you believe that "Hey Dude" crap?

RICK

Well, with a script that bad,
Coogan deserves an Oscar for coming
off as good as he did!

(catches himself)

I mean, that's what I read.

JULIE

Well, he's no Christian Slater.

RICK

(explodes)

SLATER!? I could act circles
around that one-note hack! He was
shittin' his diapers when I was the
toast of Broadway! I made grown
men cry! I made crippled children
laugh! Now all I ever hear is
Slater! Slater! Slater! WELL
SLATER CAN KISS MY ASS! YOU HEAR
ME?

Enraged, Rick rips the bandages off his face.

RICK

You think Slater could improv like
this? Make you believe he was an
invalid!? Huh!?

Julie stares at him in shock. Rick catches his breath,
realizes what he's just done, and smiles weakly. Ernie tries
to break the awkward silence.

ERNIE

(to Julie)

So, do you like Swedish films?

Julie gives him a murderous look.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP ON:

EXT. DIRT HIGHWAY - LATER

High wide shot: The car is descending deeper into the wild
jungle, towards a huge eerie sunset.

IN THE CAR

Julie's been lecturing Rick for some time now.

JULIE

You don't even want to hear the
truth about Noxon, do you, Coogan?

(MORE)

JULIE(cont'd)
 I mean, look, I'm not saying this
 stuff is going to turn anyone into
 a... a...

RICK'S POV

on the road behind Julie he sees a crude carnival billboard featuring a painting of a huge worm with a man's head. It reads "See the Incredabel Humin Werm! Only at Elijah C. Skuggs Famus Freek Land." Julie can't see it.

RICK
 (distracted)
 Human worm...

JULIE
 Right. A human worm. I mean,
 that's just stupid. The point is--

Rick sees another billboard for the freak show. This one features a half-man/half-dog creature and says "See the Aztownding Dawg Boy!"

RICK
 Dog boy...

JULIE
 Yeah, or a dog boy. That's absurd.
 But--

Another billboard. This one features the "Hidyous Frawg Man."

RICK
 Hideous frog man.

JULIE
 Okay, okay. Now you're just being
 silly. Human suffering's just a
 big joke to you, huh? You are
 sick, Coogan!

She turns away from him in a huff and looks out her window. She sees a billboard that reads "See The Hole Amazing Famly of Freekz at Elijah C. Skuggs Famus Freek Land and Mutent Emporeum!"

JULIE
 Cool! A freak show! Let's check
 it out!

RICK
 Kind of like a family reunion for
 you, huh?

ERNIE

Lighten up, Coog, could be a goof.

EXT. JUNGLE ROADWAY

The car turns into a driveway near a crude, hand painted sign that says "Freeez™--Thiss waey" with a messy arrow...

We ZOOM IN to the hand painted "small print" on the bottom of the sign, which reads--"Freeez is a registered trademark of Elijah C. Skuggs Enterprises. Any unauthorized reproduction is strictly prohibited without prior written consent."

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEEZ COMPOUND

The car stops at the end of the long, spooky driveway, just past a sizzling electric fence. Rick, Julie, and Ernie get out and look around. It's eerily quiet.

There is a large dilapidated mining shed complete with rusted ducts and a tall smoke stack, a tattered carnival tent with an ornate stage flat facade, a lopsided outhouse, a creepy broken-down farm house, and in the center of it all, a giant molded carnival head with big staring eyes, which slowly rotates on a creaky base.

Ernie looks hard at the big eyes. He turns away for a second, then spins around again. The EYES are looking in a different direction. Ernie shakes his head and unwraps a chocolate bar.

JULIE

Isn't it great? It's so "real"...

RICK

Real stupid.

(to Ernie)

Let's go. This place is dead.

ERNIE

Yeah. Where are all the weirdos?

VOICE (O.S.)

There are no weirdos here.

Startled, they turn to see ELIJAH C. SKUGGS, a twisted, haggard old man. He takes a bite out of an ice cream cone which contains the rear half of a chipmunk with a maraschino cherry on top. Elijah has bad teeth, a bad shave, and scary eyes. We now realize the giant head is molded in his image.

ELIJAH

Mutants, yes. Genetic nightmares, definitely. Children of Hell and twisted masses of living, breathing tormented flesh, certainly. But as for weirdos... not a one. Unless of course you count me! Ha ha ha!

RICK

Nah, you seem like a regular dumbshit old redneck to me.

Elijah ignores him. Julie shoots him a look and smiles at Elijah.

JULIE

I'm Julie. And you are...

ELIJAH

Elijah C. Skuggs, proud proprietor of Skugg's Fabulous Freak Land and Mutant Emporium. But you knew that. After all, you've ventured miles away from civilization, hospitals, telephones,

(to Rick)

police... How may I help-you?

RICK

Drop dead.

Elijah smiles, unfazed. Julie glares at Rick. She smiles apologetically at Elijah.

JULIE

We'd like to see your freak show. You see, only by appreciating the variety and innovation of nature can we come to respect the fragile complexity of our global ecosystem.

Elijah nudges Ernie.

ELIJAH

And you come to me looking for weirdos?

Ernie shrugs. He goes to take a bite out of his chocolate bar and finds only the empty wrapper left in his hand.

ERNIE

Hey! What the--

He looks behind him, and there--about ten feet away--is...

A HULKING BALD MAN

warts all over, squatting on the ground and chewing happily.
This is TOAD.

Julie and Rick turn and see him.

JULIE
(repulsed)
Eeuuuwww...
(composes herself and waves)
Ahem. Hello.

Toad doesn't respond to her waves.

ELIJAH
Mr. Toad is my... assistant. As
for the show, I'm afraid the next
parade of deformity isn't until
tomorrow night...

Rick and Ernie pretend to be disappointed. They turn to
leave. Julie's sincerely upset.

JULIE
Oh, just our luck...

Elijah grabs Rick's shoulder and turns him around.

ELIJAH
However! I do have a private
exhibit in my shed you might enjoy.
I don't usually share it with the
general public...

RICK
We're deeply honored. But no
thanks.

ERNIE
Yeah. We really must be--

He raises his cigarette to his lips, but it's gone! He turns
to see Toad, ten feet behind him, puffing away happily.
Hmmm. Elijah is already leading Julie towards the shed.

JULIE
The sideshow tradition has been
misrepresented by the media. You
don't traffic in human misery. You
show society the part of itself it
doesn't want to look at.

ELIJAH

Yes... Yesm I see...

He looks over to Rick and Ernie with a grin that says "Where'd you find this nutty chick?"

Rick shrugs and follows, taking Ernie with him.

ERNIE

What the heck. We'll see some pickled dog brains, maybe some pictures of women with, you know, added equipment.

RICK

And to think we could be in the limo with those stewardesses.

Elijah holds the shed door open for them. It's pitch black inside. Julie enters. Rick and Ernie follow.

ERNIE

What the hell, Coog, these people are weird, but they seem nice enough.

A CUTE BUNNY

sits outside the shed. THWAP! Toad lashes out with his ten foot tongue, and sucks the bunny into his mouth. He shuffles into the shed, crunching contentedly.

Elijah closes the shed doors in our face, grinning. we hear a long peal of EVIL LAUGHTER from inside.

ELIJAH

AH-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA! HE-HE-HE! HA-HAHA! HE-HO-HE-HE-HA-HA! AH-HA-HA-HEHA! YAH-HA-HA-HA-HEE-HEE-HO-HA-HE-HE!

INT. SHED

It's dark and spooky. Elijah stands in a pool of light, reading a Family Circus cartoon in the funny pages.

ELIJAH

HA-HE-HE-HE! God I love the Family Circus! How do they do it day after day? It's amazing.

He turns to...

RICK, JULIE, AND.ERNIE

as Toad finishes strapping them onto massive Frankenstein-style operating tables. They struggle desperately against the straps

RICK
(to Elijah)
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND!?

ELIJAH
Well, I guess they do use the same joke over and over. I'm just a sucker for that little moffet's shenanigans, that's all.
(he tosses the funnies aside)
But perhaps I should tell you a little more about what I do. You see, I not only exhibit freaks, I make them. Just like Michelangelo saw the angel in the stone, I look at a guy like Kevin Costner and see a giant peach grub who can fart the Blue Danube!
(mops brow, asks offhandedly)
Am I crazy or is it hot in here?

Rick, Julie, and Ernie shoot him a look that pretty well answers his question. Elijah shrugs and goes back to his spiel.

ELIJAH
Behold! The Tasty Freekz machine!

He pulls a tarp off a huge complicated machine. Several drums and vats of various chemicals feed through a crude network of pipes, gadgets and computers into an old Tasty Freeze soft serve ice cream machine (The logo has been changed to "Tasty Freekz"). The biggest vat reads "NOXON 24."

JULIE
My God! He's using Noxon Twenty-Four!

RICK
Hey! You're not supposed to have that stuff!

ELIJAH
Oh? Well, I guess I'm not supposed to have these either!

He holds up a matching towel and washcloth embroidered with the "Ramada Inn" logo. Rick, Julie, and Ernie gasp. He tosses the towels.

As Elijah gets worked up into a frenzy, the ambience in the room becomes more and more horrific: the sunlight is replaced by an eerie green glow, a thunderstorm rumbles to life, a raven perches on the windowsill, a rat scurries across the floor, one of those plastic "Bony Banks" reaches out and grabs a quarter...

ELIJAH

I need only punch a few buttons on this magnificent device, and it gives me an easy-to-apply ointment that will mutate a perfect young body, bubble its skin, warp its bones and twist its guts into AN UNSPEAKABLY REPULSIVE, STOMACH-TURNING FREAK OF MY OWN DESIGN!

Elijah's hair is now standing on end. He's foaming at the mouth. A bolt of lightning and THUNDERCLAP cap the monologue.

JULIE

Wait a minute. Does this mean we're not going to see a show?

ELIJAH

(ignores her)
Toad, fire up that machine, and let's turn these hapless asswipes into monstrosities!

RICK, JULIE, ERNIE

(together)
AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

ELIJAH

Now let's see. Who wants to get freaked first?

ERNIE

(points at Julie)
Ladies first!

JULIE

Go screw yourself!

ERNIE

If I were you, I would!

ELIJAH

Hmmmm.

Toad is adjusting some knobs on the machine. Elijah steps past him to a jerry-rigged computer console. He punches some keys and some rotating DNA models appear on the monitor.

ELIJAH
 (mumbling to himself)
 It's like Yin and Yang... AC/DC...
 two birds with one stone... Yeah,
 it's pretty darn good, really...

He presses "enter" and the computer beeps. He smiles.

ELIJAH
 Let 'er rip, Toad!

Toad yanks a pull-start cord and the machine rumbles to life. Elijah pulls the Tasty Freekz lever and fills a small dish with phosphorescent ointment. Toad cuts open their clothes, exposing their sides, and pushes them close together.

ERNIE
 Wait a second. You're really gonna
 smear that stuff on us and mutate
 our body parts!?

ELIJAH
 Correct.

ERNIE
 Well... then could you give me a
 really big rodney?

ELIJAH
 I'm a mad scientist pal, not a
 miracle worker.

Elijah smears the ointment on their exposed sides. Their skin begins to bubble and undulate.

JULIE/ERNIE
 Oh God!... No!... Holy shit!
 (etc)

A grapefruit-sized lump pops up on Ernie's side, then another on Julie's side, and then the lumps do a little synchronized dance together. Suddenly Ernie's flesh balloons out and melds into Julie's side. The mass of connected skin continues to bubble and mutate. Odd shapes press up under the skin:

Four humans faces that quickly become Mount Rushmore...

The Pepsi logo--"Pepsi: The Choice of a New Generation"... Julie and Ernie merge into one amorphous flesh blob which then takes the form of...

Demon versions of GUMBY and his magic horse POKEY. Gumby's got his back to camera. He's grabbing his crotch and flipping everyone off.

ELIJAH

Gumby! Put that thing away!

Gumby and Pokey mutate back into a blob and then into...

JULIE/ERNIE

joined side to side, their two heads on a single body which is split down the middle--half Julie, half Ernie. Elijah wheels a large mirror in front of them.

ELIJAH

Feast your eyes!

JULIE

NOOOOO!

ERNIE

Well, at least I'll never have to go far for a piece of tail.

JULIE

Pig!

She SMACKS him.

ERNIE

Ouch! I was just trying to keep things light. Oh God! Why me!?

He starts blubbering uncontrollably. Toad drags them towards the door.

JULIE

Mother always said there'd be days like this. And I thought she was nuts!

They exit. Elijah turns to Rick.

ELIJAH

(gestures to Julie/Ernie)
A mere party trick. But you, you're gonna be special.

Elijah steps over to the computer console and starts punching keys.

RICK

(gets tough)
Let me go, Skuggs, or else!
(MORE)

RICK (cont'd)
 I got some friends that'll come
 down here and mess you up bad,
 homey!

(Elijah chuckles. Rick
 tries a different
 approach)

I got some other friends who can
 score you box seats at the
 Superbowl, no problem.

(Another failure)

YOU EVER HAD YOUR BALLS CUT OFF,
 YOU FUCKIN' APE?!

(switches gears again)

You ever had a hot fudge bath with
 Morgana? [foreign take: Madonna]

ELIJAH

(looks up--interested)

You know her?

Rick nods hopefully. Elijah considers it for a moment, then
 frowns.

ELIJAH

Ah, screw it. I'd never get
 anywhere with her. TOAD! FIRE UP
 THAT INFERNAL YOGURT MACHINE!

Toad starts the machine. Elijah pulls the lever and
 dispenses a bowl full of glowing ointment. He carries it
 towards Rick, leering maniacally.

ELIJAH

For years I've strived to create
 the ultimate monster. The first of
 a whole new generation of
 superfreaks! Now I've finally got
 you, the perfect subject--a real
 asshole! HA-HA-

(he pauses and looks
 closer at Rick)

Wait a minute. Aren't you the guy
 from "Hey Dude Three-The
 Beguiling?"

RICK

Yeah, that's me!

ELIJAH

You were great in that picture! Oh
 well, I guess for the next one
 they'll have to get Christian
 Slater! HA-HA-HA!

Elijah squishes the ointment into Rick's horrified face.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE LAB - NIGHT

The barn looks especially sinister silhouetted against a big green moon. A huge ball of flame belches out of the smoke stack.

RICK (O.S.)
AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHRRRRRGGGGGGG!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE LAB - MORNING

It's eerily quiet in the dawn light.

INT. LAB

Extreme close-up of Rick's eye as it opens, and searches the room frantically. Close-up of Rick's hand--a normal hand--straining at the bonds.

RICK's POV groggily searches the lab, and picks up the blurred image of Elijah in the distance. He's on the phone, speaking in hushed tones.

ELIJAH
This is Red Swan. May I speak to
the Laughing Man?... Yes, I'll
hold.

For a moment, Elijah is entertained by hold music to the tune of "Freak Out," by Chic. A man's laughing voice comes on the other end of the line. It laughs throughout the "conversation".

ELIJAH
Laughing Man? Red Swan. I've done
it! I found the perfect subject--
huge ego, shallow personality,
almost no moral values... A
lawyer? No, better. An actor.
Yeah, the guy from those hilarious
"Hey Dude" movies! Hahahaha--

Laughing man has stopped laughing. Elijah dummies up.

ELIJAH
 (sheepishly)
 Well, I liked 'em.

Laughing man resumes laughing. Elijah listens intently.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)
 Right... Yes... Yes, I see...
 But that's just it. He's not
 quite, uh, finished. I need more
 Noxon so I can--

Laughing Man laughs so loudly Elijah has to hold the phone away.

ELIJAH
 (aside)
 Geez, what a grouch.

Over on the slab, Rick groans. He's waking up. Elijah notices.

ELIJAH
 (to Laughing man)
 Laughing Man? I have to go. What
 about the Noxon? Two days? Great,
 you can see everything then...
 Yeah, you take it easy too.

Elijah hangs up the phone, and strides over towards Rick.

ELIJAH
 Wakey, wakey. Time to meet and
 greet the new you.

RICK
 Huh?

He flips the slab right-side up, and holds up a mirror. Rick's eyes widen in terror as he beholds his hideous new form. Rick's left half has been transformed into a hideous, bug-eyed monster!

RICK
 AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!

CUT TO:

EXT. LAB - MORNING

BANG! The doors fly open. Elijah drags Rick out. Horrified, Rick clutches the monster side of his face.

RICK
Oh God! This was my good side!

ELIJAH
Still is if you ask me! Hell, even
half-done, you'll be the star of
the show tonight.

Elijah stops in front of the tiny outhouse.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)
Welcome to your spacious
accommodations.

He unlocks the door and drags Rick in.

INT. OUTHOUSE

Oddly, the interior is a vast barracks, fifty feet long and
thirty feet high. Rick looks around.

RICK
(impressed)
Great use of the space.

ELIJAH
I learned it all from Bob Vila.

BOB VILA walks up next to Elijah.

BOB
You know you could expose those
rustic beams and put in a skylight
over one weekend, Elijah.

ELIJAH
Give it a rest, Bob!

He pushes Bob away into the freak house, gives Rick a goodbye
wink and walks out the door.

EXT. OUTHOUSE

Elijah pauses and looks at the tiny outhouse.

ELIJAH
One of these days I gotta put a
shitter in there.

Bob Vila steps out of nowhere again, holding a Time-Life
book.

BOB

No problem. It's all here in my
Beds and Bathrooms book, Elijah.
And you pay nothing for thirt--

BONK! Elijah knocks him out cold with a ball-peen hammer
from his tool belt.

INT. FREAK HOUSE

It takes a few moments for Rick's eyes to adjust to the dim
light. There's nobody in sight. The walls are lined with
dark cubicles, stacked atop each other with walkways like
prison cells. Rick staggers to his feet, and makes his way
forward.

RICK

Ernie? Julie?

ERNIE

Over here, Coog.

JULIE

Are you alright?

Rick sees the vague outline of JulieErnie a few yards away.

RICK

I know that voice. That's the
voice that said,
(mimics)
"Cool, a freak show. Let's check
it out!"

JULIE

What!? Oh sure, blame the woman.
Typical.

RICK

(mimics)
"It's so real." Is this real
enough for you? I'm friggin'
Quasimodo!

ERNIE

Chill out, Coog. You're talking to
the original tag team of ugly
pukes. Step into the light.

RICK

Okay, here I come.

Rick steps forward into a pool of light. Julie and Ernie are caught by surprise. Julie struggles to keep her composure. Ernie's repulsed.

ERNIE

ULP!

Ernie turns away and pukes on the floor. Julie soldiers on.

JULIE

Oh geez... It's not so (GULP)
revolting. After all, physical
beauty is just a socially-enforced
myth that we, uh, oh shit... ULPI

Julie turns away and pukes on the floor.

RICK

(offended)

Yeah, well, you're no Mona Lisas
yourself. You're lucky I've got a
strong stomach!

VOICE (O.C.)

And you're lucky I don't BITE you!
Heh heh heh heh ...

Rick wheels around to see JUAN THE DOG BOY, snickering behind him. Juan is a hairy young Mexican with a snout, dog ears, and canine teeth--Scrappy Doo with an attitude.

Rick assumes a threatening pose.

RICK

Get away from me you, you...

JUAN

Freak? Ha ha hahahaha!
(he stares hard at Rick)
I am Juan the Dog Boy, leader of
the freaks.

JULIE

(walks up to them)
Kind of the "top dog."

Juan scratches himself behind the ear with his hind leg.

JUAN

Welcome to Hell, Rick. Shake?

He extends a hand to Rick. Rick doesn't take it. He hears a slight RUSTLING noise from the direction of the cubicles, and turns to look around the apparently empty Freak House.

RICK

No thanks. I don't plan on staying long. How many of you are there in here anyway?

Juan shrugs mischievously and sticks his snout in Rick's face.

JUAN

First, I have a question for you, Ricardo. Who starred in the film "International Velvet?"

RICK

Huh?

JUAN

Well, perhaps we should ask the Worm!

The top right cubicle lights up, revealing the WORM. He is a man with no arms and legs, and the wrinkly, slimy body of a worm. His face is learned-looking, with spectacles, a small goatee, and a pipe which he puffs on pompously.

JUAN

Tell us, Worm, who starred in "International Velvet?"

He puffs pensively on his pipe for a second.

THE WORM

Yes, yes ... very interesting... International Velvet... The perfectly appalling sequel to National Velvet, I believe. No dramatic verisimilitude whatsoever.

JUAN

Yes, Worm. But who was the star?

The worm takes a long, thoughtful drag on his pipe...

WORM

Olivia DeHavilland.

JUAN

Olivia DeHavilland... Rick, do you agree or disagree?

RICK

This is nuts. This is crazy... Besides, it was Tatum O'Neill.

JUAN

Very good. It was Tatum O'Neill,
now married to tennis star John
McEnroe. Circle gets the square.

The lights come on in 9 of the center cubicles, silhouetting
9 freaks in a full size HOLLYWOOD SQUARES 3 x 3 layout. The
FREAKS applaud Rick's success. He's incredulous.

OTHER FREAKS

Yayyy!

Worm nudges an "0" into place in his cubicle, with some
difficulty. He's not happy about being proved wrong.

WORM

Blast. O'Neill ... No talent
ragamuffin...

JUAN

okay, JulieErnie, your turn. Who's
it going to be?

As Juan names the freaks one by one, their square is
highlighted, and they wave at Rick cheerily.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Nosey the Nose Man!

NOSEY is a man whose massive nose dominates his head. He
blows into a huge hanky, and waves it wearily at Rick.

JUAN (CONTD)

Cowboy!

COWBOY is a young boy with cow-like features, a cowboy hat,
cowboy clothes, and a full set of udders.

JUAN (CONT-D)

The Bearded Lady!

The BEARDED LADY is a big, tough, bearded man--in a blouse.
He has lipstick, earrings, and tattoos on his muscular arms.

BEARDED LADY

(gruff and masculine)
How ya' doin.

JUAN

Sockhead!

SOCKHEAD is a freak with a large button-eyed sock puppet for
a head. He's munching cookies which ,spill uselessly out of
his throatless sock mouth...

JUAN
The Human Torch!

The HUMAN TORCH is a man engulfed in flames. He waves apathetically.

JUAN
Rosie the Pinhead!

ROSIE is a pinhead in dark sunglasses. She has a great bod jammed into a sexy dress. She smokes a cigarette demurely, and waves a small, arrogant big-star wave.

JUAN
The hideous Frog Man!

Frogman is just a guy in a scuba outfit. He strikes a threatening "monster" pose, then gives a friendly wave.

JUAN
And of course, in the center square, Mr. Paul Lynde!

Suddenly the lighting changes to flashing red horror lights with plenty of dark shadows. There's a horrific MUSIC STING and we ZOOM IN to a DECOMPOSING SKELETON in the center cubicle. Its eyeball drips out of the socket.

JUAN
Well JulieErnie, who will it be?

ERNIE
Call me old-fashioned, but I'll go with Paul Lynde.

JULIE
Don't be an idiot.

They argue back and forth, hitting and poking each other 3 Stooges style. Juan turns to Rick.

JUAN
You see, Rick? Just because we're freaks doesn't mean we can't have some fun, huh?

Rick is overwhelmed by it all. He backs away.

RICK
Get away from me. Get away! I'm not like you. You hear me? I'm Ricky Coogan! I AM NOT A FREAK!

The Freaks laugh in Rick's face. He storms off.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANOTHER AREA OF THE FREAK HOUSE--A LITTLE LATER

Rick sits in a corner, pondering his fate. Oddly, there's a shiny new Pepsi machine in this dingy corner of the Freak House. JulieErnie approach him.

ERNIE

Okay Coog, so I get twenty four hour access to T 'n' A, and you look like a plate of rancid giblets. We're still pals, right?

Rick shoots him a look.

JULIE

All the freaks have gone through this anguish, Rick. At first, I was blinded by my anger. I admit it. I wanted to break your neck for getting me into this. But I got over it. Juan taught me to channel my anger for the common good.

RICK

It was your fault, anyway. You wanted to see the freak show.

JULIE

(furious)

I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO SHUT UP!

She tries to wring his neck. Ernie helps. Rick glares at Ernie.

RICK

Ernie!

ERNIE

Oh... Sorry, Coog. For a second there, I was a total man-hater. Weird.

Julie regains her cool. She takes out a pamphlet, scribbles something on it, and hands it to Rick.

JULIE

Here. Take it.

Rick examines the cover. He reads it aloud.

RICK

"So You're a Hideous Mutant Freak--
Now What?"

There's an "8" scribbled on the pamphlet.

JULIE

we're in cubicle eight. Maybe
later you'll be ready to talk.

RICK

Forget it. Not me. I'm not like
those other god-forsaken animals.

He throws the-pamphlet to the ground, just as the Worm,
Bearded Lady, and Sockhead approach. They sit down in a
circle around him. The Worm looks down at the pamphlet and
puffs thoughtfully on his pipe.

WORM

You're mistaken, Rick. You are
exactly like us. We were all
normal healthy folk before we made
the fateful mistake of visiting
this hell hole at an off hour.
Why, when I first came here...

WAVY FLASHBACK
DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FREAK COMPOUND - THE PAST

The Worm, as an OXFORD PROFESSOR, is wandering around the
grounds, taking notes and puffing on his pipe.

WORM (V.O.)

I was a professor of lacrophylogy--
er, the study of worms, of course.
I came in search of the
Epsosophecci dilepsidae--in layman
terms, the fat pudgy worm. Mr.
Skuggs said he had just such a worm
in his shed. How could I have
surmised that the specimen and I
would ultimately prove to be one
and the same?

We see professor Worm meet Elijah, and follow him into the
lab. The smoke stack belches a plume of flames as we hear
his off-camera screams. DISSOLVE back to..

THE FREAK HOUSE--NOW

The Worm finishes his tale.

WORM

At first, the transformation was fabulous. I truly understood the worm's ethos like never before. But those early days of fascination are over. Now, in retrospect, I think the whole thing is a fucking headache. I'd sell my soul just to be able to wipe my own ass...

He sniffles a little, but manages to hold back the tears. We pan to Sockhead.

SOCKHEAD

I first came here as a tourist, looking for some fun...

FLASHBACK
DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FREAKLAND - THEN

A lanky TOURIST, obviously Sockhead in better days. He approaches Elijah.

SOCKHEAD (V.O.)

Anyway, then Elijah turned me into a sock. That's it.

INT. FREAK HOUSE - NOW

Sockhead shrugs apologetically.

SOCKHEAD

Sorry. I'm not much for stories.

The camera moves in on the BEARDED LADY.

BEARDED LADY

When I arrived here, I was nothing like I am now.

FLASHBACK
DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FREAKLAND - THEN

The bearded lady (as a man) steps out of the cab of his eighteen-wheeler. He looks very much like he does now, except he has no lipstick or earrings.

BEARDED LADY (V.O.)
 I was confused--a walking
 contradiction, so full of
 questions.

INT. FREAK HOUSE - NOW

He finishes his story.

BEARDED LADY/MAN
 Now I know who I am. I can say,
 "Hey world. This is me. I'm a
 woman. And I like me."

The others look at the bearded man uneasily. The camera pans past the Bearded Lady, and moves in on an ordinary HAMMER lying on the ground.

FLASHBACK
 DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Happy music. The hammer is placed on a shelf by a friendly STOCKBOY. The music turns tense as Elijah appears and scans the shelf. He makes eye contact with the hammer, and smiles. He grabs the hammer roughly and shoves it in a plastic bag. Darkness.

EXT. FREAKLAND - THEN

The bag opens, Elijah reaches in and takes out the hammer. The music turns to Psycho-like string stabs as Elijah uses the hammer to smash in a nail.

INT. FREAK HOUSE - NOW

Everyone looks at the hammer sympathetically. Rick turns away to wipe a tear from his eye.

WORM
 You are one of us now, Rick.
 Whether you admit it or not. It's
 irrefutable.

RICK
 Yeah. Says you.

The worm shakes his head. The freaks turn and head back to their cubicles. Rick exchanges a look with Julie before she and Ernie turn and head off.

Rick is left alone, staring pensively at the hammer.

TIME DISSOLVE
TO:

Hours later, Rick is still staring at the hammer. He picks it up and stares at it more closely.

TIME DISSOLVE
TO:

Hours later. Rick is still staring at the damn hammer. He nods with resolve.

RICK
(to hammer)
You're right.

He spots the pamphlet on the ground, picks it up, dusts it off. He opens it and begins to read, under the heading "1. It's Fun Being Ugly!"...

Rick closes the pamphlet, looks at the number "8" Julie scribbled, and nods with a sense of purpose. Standing up, he throws the hammer carelessly aside into the muck, and walks towards the cubicles.

CUT TO:

INT. FREAK HOUSE - DAY

Rick walks past the cubicles. In one, the Bearded Lady knits a sweater... He reaches cubicle 8, and is about to speak when he hears Julie giggling. There is a man's voice, but not Ernie's. It's Juan.

Rick peeks around and sees Julie scratching Juan's belly. He licks her face happily, and she giggles with delight. Ernie is reading "The Woman's Room," trying not to notice all of this.

Rick watches, disgusted. He tears up the pamphlet, throws it to the ground, and storms off to find his own cubicle.

Ernie peeks at Julie and Juan continuing their foreplay. Juan stops abruptly.

JUAN
Hey. Mind your business.

ERNIE
Sorry.

Ernie returns to his book. The camera PANS up to Rick's cubicle. He's sitting on his cot, distractedly whittling a log with his knife-like talon. He talks to himself, making sure to be loud enough for JulieErnie and Juan to hear.

RICK

Well that EES guy should rescue me any minute. Then it's straight to the plastic surgeon and back to sunny old L.A. I wonder how many of my beautiful, anatomically correct girlfriends will be waiting for me.

STUEY GLUCK (V.O.)

I'll be waiting for you, Rick!

RICK

Thanks, Stuey.

Rick looks up and sees a holographic image of Stuey Gluck floating in the air above him.

RICK

AHH! A phantom troll!

He swings the log wildly at the hologram, but it keeps darting around, dodging the blows. Cowboy leans around the cubicle wall. He talks a lot like Gomer Pyle.

COWBOY

(neighborly)

Seeing phantom trolls, Rick?

RICK

(innocently)

No.

Rick stops swinging, lamely pretends he was stretching, and ignores Stuey, who hovers around him.

COWBOY

Sounds to me like you've developed a telepathic bond. Don't mean yer nuts or nuthin'. Heck, old Nosey, why he can smell the future. Lots of us freaks got E.S.P. And Sockhead, he's got E.S.P.N.

He points at Sockhead, who's watching pro wrestling on a portable TV.

SOCKHEAD

Watch out, Hulk! He's gonna try the skull cracker!

COWBOY

Shucks, Rick, you're lucky.
Telepathy like yours only occurs
between real soulmates. A bond
like that should be cherished.

Cowboy smiles and ducks back into his own cubicle.

STUEY

Wow! I'm Ricky Coogan's soulmate!

RICK

In your dreams! Now get lost,
troll!

He swings wildly at the hologram, which starts to break up
and fade away.

STUEY

(fading away)

Wait'll I tell the kids at school!

Stuey disappears. Cowboy leans into Rick's cubicle again.

COWBOY

Shucksm Rick, it don't make sense
to spurn your soulmate. I reckon
that troll could help you if you
just let him into your heart.

Rick scoffs at him and starts whittling again.

CUT TO:

INT. STUEY'S ROOM - DAY

It's a cramped room filled with Ricky Coogan memorabilia.
Stuey is drawing a crude sketch of Rick on a pad. This
sequence is set to brassy "man on a mission" music.

STUEY

Once America sees what happened to
Ricky, they'll probably send the
whole FBI down to save him!

CUT TO:

INT. L.A. TIMES HALLWAY

Stuey marches towards a frosted glass door that reads "THE
LOS ANGELES TIMES".

STUEY

I'll probably win a Pulitzer prize
for this scoop. And I'll dedicate
it to Rick!

He walks through the door. Beat. SMASH! He comes flying
out through the glass and lands on his butt.

THE "TIME MAGAZINE" DOOR--SMASH! Stuey flies out through it.

THE "U.S.A. TODAY" DOOR--SMASH! Stuey flies out through it.

THE "WEEKLY WORLD NEWS" DOOR--We see Stuey and an EDITOR
silhouetted against the glass.

EDITOR (V.O.)

Of course I'll print it! America
needs to know! Burt! Give mister
Gluck his fee and show him out.

STUEY (V.O.)

That's okay. I know the way.

SMASH! Stuey dives through the glass door.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

Stuey proudly reads the weekly world News. The front page
features Stuey's story and his sketch of Rick.

STUEY

(reading aloud)

"Freaky Deaky! Ricky Coogan's a
mutant in South America! By Stuart
S. Gluck."

(to NEWSSTAND GUY)

That's me!

Suddenly two GOONS in dark suits snatch the paper away from
Stuey. They grab him and force him into a limousine.

INT. LIMOUSINE

The Goons hold Stuey in between them. He's terrified. we
hear the low, menacing chuckle of the Laughing Man, who's off
screen. The camera is his POV.

LAUGHING MAN

Heh heh heh heh hehh heh.

STUEY

Sure I wrote the article. But--

LAUGHING MAN

Ha-ha-ha!

STUEY

No. You've got it all wrong. I don't know anything about that. You gotta believe me.

LAUGHING MAN

Ho-ho-hahahaha hee hee hoohaaa!

THE LIMO

cruises off down the street. We hear a POWER DRILL, Stuey's SCREAMS, and Laughing Man's hearty CACKLE from inside.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

Rick has whittled his log down to a toothpick. He admires it, then leans over and fits it into an intricate three-foot scale model of the Eiffel Tower, made entirely out of toothpicks. The Human Torch walks by.

HUMAN TORCH

Wow, what a great model!
(he points at a toothpick)
But look, this one's crooked.

He reaches out to fix it and--WOOF! The whole model burns to a cinder. Rick looks at him hatefully.

HUMAN TORCH

(stupidly)
Sorry.

Elijah steps into the freakhouse.

ELIJAH

Alright, freaks! Get ready for the glamour! Get ready for the glitz! Get ready to be pelted with rotten vegetables, 'cause it's showtime!

CUT TO:

EXT. CARNIVAL TENT

Elijah, looking natty in his Ringmaster suit, stands at the entrance, barking to various people who are drifting in.

ELIJAH

It's grisly! It's revolting! It'll
make you wish you were dead! And
at just twelve bucks a head, you
can bring all the kids!

We follow a KINDLY FATHER through the curtained entrance. OOF! He collapses, a knife embedded in his chest, revealing the total mayhem...

INSIDE THE TENT

The motley crowd (LOCALS, sleazy looking MOBSTERS, rogue BIKERS, wayward HIPPIES, and JAPANESE TOURISTS, etc.) is brawling and drinking and having a heck of a time.

Some small displays and a few carnival booths are set up around the sides of the tent. There's a "PETTING ZOO" where a KID is petting a two-tailed-no-headed dog. And there's a "HEAVY PETTING ZOO" where a GUY is french kissing a six-legged goat.

A CLOWN sits in a dunk tank, heckling the customers. The sign says "DUNK ME IN ACID!"

CLOWN

C'mon, my granny could throw better
than you!

He's talking to an OLD LADY, who throws a baseball, hits the target, and dunks the clown into the foaming bath of carbolic acid. We hear his gurgling screams, then his bony hand reaches up out of the bath.

Elijah walks out on stage and looks at the rowdy audience. It's total mayhem.

ELIJAH

(calmly)
Quiet, please.

Everyone instantly sits down, shuts up, and looks up obediently at Elijah.

ELIJAH

Thank you. Ladies and gentlemen,
you are about to witness a
cavalcade of atrocities so
horrific, I advise the more
sensitive members of our audience
to leave the premises.

Two SENSITIVE LOOKING MEN wearing sweaters draped over their
shoulders politely get up and leave.

ELIJAH

Tonight I'm proud to announce the
addition of several new
monstrosities to the show,
including our star attraction, the
Beast Boy--an untamed and highly
dangerous ghoul who's liable to go
nuts and kill us all at the drop of
a hat.

(impressed "oohs", "ahhs",
and "cools" from the
audience)

But first up, prepare to behold an
unspeakably repulsive yet
heartwarming atrocity, Three Men
and a Baby!

THREE MEN AND A BABY, all fused into a single multi-limbed
freak, walks out onstage. One of its arms holds up a dirty
diaper, and all the three men hold their noses and grimace.
The audience breaks into warm-hearted laughter and applause.

BACKSTAGE

The freaks mill around in the caged-in green room, guarded by
Toad. Frogman, dressed in a magician's outfit over his
wetsuit, holds an empty dove cage and searches the room,
whistling for his missing dove. Nosey sneezes up a cloud of
feathers. JulieErnie walk determinedly towards the adjacent
Men's and Women's restrooms... BONK! They hit the wall
between the two doors.

Rick is reading his "script", rehearsing his lines. He's
wearing a cheesy "jungle" costume.

RICK

Arrrrggg. I am Beast Boy. I will
eat you. Arrrrghh.

(he throws down the
script)

I can't do this shit!

He peers through the bars, scanning the audience for signs of
a rescue party.

RICK
 Damn it! What's keeping those
 guys?

The Worm creeps up behind Rick.

WORM
 Something's troubling you, my boy.
 what is it?

RICK
 Well, let's see. I've been
 kidnapped, hideously disfigured,
 imprisoned with a bunch of mutant
 freaks, my rescue party is M.I.A.,
 and this dialogue makes "Hey Dude
 Three" read like "Dr. Zhivago."

WORM
 I think I know what you're going
 through. I too had an eating
 disorder. You see, I've always had
 a feverish obsession with pudding.
 And when I was a young lad...

Rick groans and looks out at the audience.

ELIJAH

onstage.

ELIJAH
 And now a perennial favorite here
 at Freakland, ladies and gentlemen.
 I know you'll all enjoy the musical
 stylings of Rosie the Pinhead.

Rosie the Pinhead struts out wearing a sexy dress and holding
 a microphone. After the applause dies down, she whips off
 her sunglasses with a flourish, revealing her extremely goofy-
 looking crossed eyes. She wails incomprehensibly and bonks
 her head with the mic.

ROSIE
 (drooling)
 EEEEEOOOOOOOOOOOOOIIIIIEEEEEEE...

A series of WIPES show bits of various acts as the evening
 wears on:

ERNIE/JULIE

are doing a Vaudeville style stand-up routine while tap
 dancing.

ERNIE

Hey Julie, how many feminists does
it take to screw in a light bulb?

JULIE

How many?

ERNIE

Two. One to screw it in and one to
ride my Rodney! Ha-ha-ha!

JULIE

Oaf!

She bonks him with their cane. He bonks her back. She
knocks him cold. They both fall down.

THE BEARDED LADY

is doing a make-over demonstration. He's got a local GIRL
from the audience sitting at a makeup table onstage.

BEARDED LADY

If your coloring is in the autumn
range, like Maria's, try an earth
tone eye makeup. Now I've done a
lovely French braid on Maria, but I
encourage everyone to experiment
and use your imagination. The main
thing is to just have fun with it.

The audience is engrossed. Some take notes.

SOCKHEAD

is ringing those "tuned bells" and singing along.

SOCKHEAD

Edelweiss, Edelweiss.

He takes a bow but his sock is snagged on the mic stand. It
pulls off and reveals a normal-sized hand where the sockhead
was--he's actually a hand-head! The audience gasps. A MAN
gets up and points accusingly.

MAN

He's got a hand under there!

SOMEONE ELSE

It's a hoax!

Sockhead realizes he's unveiled and tries to hide his hand-
head with his other hands. The crowd starts jeering and
pelting Sockhead with rotten vegetables. He gives them the
finger with all three hands. Elijah tries to calm them.

ELIJAH

Puppetteering is an admirable skill
in its own right! Give him his
due!

THE CROWD

Where's the beast boy you promised
us!? Bring on the beast boy! We
want the beast boy! (etc.)

BACKSTAGE

The Worm is still talking to Rick. We can hear the crowd
screaming for him in the background.

WORM

And when I won first prize, they
never called me pudding-head again.

RICK

So?

WORM

Don't you see? You must turn your
hardship into inspiration! You're
an actor, Rick! Your body is your
instrument, and with it you must
play your tragic symphony for all
the world!

Rick is really moved. Elijah pokes his head backstage.

ELIJAH

(to Rick)

They're going nuts for you, Beast
Boy! You better go out there now!

He starts to take off his jungle costume.

RICK

(determined, inspired)

I'll be right there.

(to Worm)

Thank you Worm. I don't really
know how I can repay you for this.

WORM

(sincere)

You could wipe my ass.

RICK

(thinks Worm is joking)

Ha-ha! Always the wit, eh Worm?

Rick claps him on the back and walks off. Worm is disappointed.

WORM

(to himself)

Damn.

(he turns to Nosey)

Nosey, have I ever told you what a gifted artist you are?

Nosey gives him a worried look.

ONSTAGE

The spotlight reveals Rick, centerstage, poised in Shakespearean garb. The crowd quiets down and focuses on Rick with great respect and awe. A truly dramatic silence. Rick pauses for effect and then launches into a soliloquy with bravura.

RICK

Now is the winter of our
discontent,
Made glorious summer by this son of
York,
But I that am not shaped for
sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous
looking glass,
I, that am curtailed of this fair
proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling
nature,

The audience is riveted. Even Spanish-speaking peasants are mouthing the words. Elijah, however, thumbs through his script, totally confused. The freaks watch through the bars from the wings--completely engrossed, especially Julie. Juan notices this and pulls her closer to him, but she pushes him away.

We move in on an erudite British gentlemen in the crowd. By God! It's ALISTAIR COOKE! He turns to camera. Subtitle: ALISTAIR COOKE.

ALISTAIR COOKE

(sotto voce)

If you're having trouble understanding Mr. Coogan's brilliant reading of this soliloquy from Richard the Third, please take advantage of the handy subtitles for the culturally illiterate.

A FILTHY PEASANT sitting next to Cooke is trying to listen to Rick. He turns angrily to Cooke.

FILTHY PEASANT

SHHH!

Cooke turns back to the stage. The words in brackets appear as SUBTITLES.

RICK

Deformed, unfinished, sent before
my time,
{I'M UGLY}
Into this breathing world, scarce
half made up,
{I'M REALLY UGLY}
And that so lamely and
unfashionable, That dogs bark at me
as I halt by them.
{I'M F**KIN' BUTT-UGLY, ALRIGHT!?!}
Why I, in this weak piping time of
peace,
{BLAH, BLAH, BLAH}
Have no delight to pass away the
time,
{I NEVER GET LAID...}
Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity!
{BECAUSE I'M UGLY}

Rick bows. The crowd bursts into applause. They yell "Bravo" and throw bouquets. Rick takes several curtain calls. The freaks cheer for him. Julie is particularly moved--she and Rick exchange a heavy look, laden with romantic potential. NOTE: We will insert an almost subliminal one-frame shot of the Pepsi logo at this triumphant moment.

Kevin, the EES executive from the airport scene, walks into the tent. Rick sees him and gasps with joy. He leaps off the stage, runs up to Kevin and hugs him. Kevin is shocked, of course. Overcome by the moment, Rick regresses to his old self.

RICK

I'm saved! Haha! You sorry
mutants are gonna rot in this hole
while I'm sipping mint juleps by
the pool!
{AS FORTUNE SMILES O'ER MY FATE, SO
DESTINY SPURNS YOUR ACCURSE'D PATE}

The freaks and the audience gasp at Rick's cruelty. Julie is shocked--Juan gives her an "I told you so" look. Rick sees Julie and catches himself.

RICK
 (to Kevin)
 I mean, um, I hope you have room
 for all my friends, heh-heh.

KEVIN
 Rick, Rick, listen, I really love
 this new look you've come up with.
 But just between you and me, I
 don't think the guys upstairs would
 really get it.

RICK
 What are you saying!?

KEVIN
 (chuckles snidely)
 I'm saying you're ugly enough to
 burn the nosehairs off a dead nun.

The crowd bursts into cruel hysterics, pointing mockingly at
 Rick. Even Alistair Cooke is practically choking with
 laughter.

ALISTAIR COOKE
 AH-HA-HA-HA! WHAT A PUTZ!

Rick looks around, horrified at the sea of evil, jeering
 faces. He begins to tremble. Then...

RICK'S MONSTER EYE

springs to life for the first time and glows red with rage.
 His whole monster side awakens and takes charge of his body
 with violent intensity. He grabs Kevin's head and screams in
 a new, monstrous voice.

RICK
EAT SHIT!

POP! He plucks Kevin's head off his neck and holds it aloft.
 The head stares down at Rick in disbelief.

KEVIN'S HEAD
 Now you're just being childish.

Rick serves the head like a volleyball, smashing it to bits.
 The crowd panics and charges for the exits.

CROWD
 AHHHHHH! HELP! LET US OUT OF
 HERE!

People are trampling over each other in the mayhem. Alistair
 Cooke is crushed under the stampede.

The freaks are horrified. Monster Rick growls triumphantly. Elijah looks on, intrigued.

ELIJAH

Now that's entertainment.

INT. FREAK HOUSE - MORNING

Rick awakens with a start and gets up. He approaches JulieErnie, The Bearded Lady, Nosey and Dog Boy, who are idly playing a game of "Wheel of Fortune." The cubicles contain large blank blocks, like the "letters" on the game show. So far, there's a "D", two "S"s, and a "K" revealed. Rosie the Pinhead plays Vanna White's role.

NOSEY

I'd like to buy a vowel.

The Bearded lady yawns. Rick edges towards them.

RICK

Hey. The Wheel. Mind if I sit in?

Juan advances towards Rick, sneering.

JUAN

So. Now you don't mind mixing with us--how did you say it--sorry mutants?

RICK

Look! I'm sorry for what happened at the show. Can't you just forget it?

He shakes his finger at Juan, and notices there's still a human nose stuck on his monster claw. He wipes it off, embarrassed. There's an awkward pause. Ernie breaks the silence.

ERNIE

Hey, shouldn't you tell Rick about your big escape plan?

Juan gives Ernie a nasty "shut up" look. He growls at him.

ERNIE

Well, excuse me for living.

RICK

You have an escape plan?

JUAN

Listen, Beast Boy, the games are a simple diversion.

(MORE)

JUAN(cont'd)
 Beneath our twisted flesh we freaks
 cry out for freedom!
 Aooooooooorrrraaaagh!

Juan howls lustily. He looks to rest of the freaks. They're a pathetic lot, and their half-hearted howl proves it.

FREAKS

Aoo...

Beat.

JULIE

Juan's plan is really ingenious
 Rick. See, he figured out that--

JUAN

I figured out that our escape does
 not include the Beast Boy. No one
 may discuss the plan with him,
 understand?

Juan gives the others a threatening look. They mumble agreement.

RICK

What's the matter with all of you?
 You trust your lives to a guy just
 'cause he can lick his own
 privates?

The freaks ponder this a second, then nod "yes".

ERNIE

You gotta admit, Coog, it's a
 helluva trick.

RICK

(resentful)

Fine! I'll just come up with an
 escape plan of my own then.

JUAN

Haha! I have spent a year studying
 this hellhole, devising the perfect
 escape. You think you'll just
 tango right out the door!? Ha!
 Just try it, amigo.

RICK

I will!

Rick turns to go. JulieErnie rush over and try to reason with him quietly.

JULIE

Rick, wait.

ERNIE

Yeah. Don't go off half-cocked.
Believe me, it ain't all it's
cracked up to be.

JULIE

This isn't one of your dumb movies,
Coogan. Look, Juan's a good dog, a
smart dog. I'll talk to him.
Don't be stupid, Rick. You can't
do it without us.

RICK

Forget it! I don't need you, EES,
or anybody else! I'll get out of
here all by myself, you... you...
crud sucking pus monkeys!

DING DING DING! The letters in the Wheel of Fortune board
light up, and ROSIE turns them over to reveal "Crud Sucking
Pus Monkeys" as the secret phrase. Everyone claps despite
themselves. Juan stares them down. They stop.

Rick storms off in a huff. Juan takes Julie's hand and gazes
deep into her eyes. He kisses her passionately. Julie is
watching Rick leave. Juan nibbles her neck, which gets her
attention. She scratches Juan behind his ear. His leg
instinctively kicks the air. Ernie looks worried.

ERNIE

I'm getting a bad feeling here.

CUT TO:

INT. REAR CORNER OF FREAK HOUSE - DAY

Out of sight from the others, Rick approaches the rear door
and tries it. It doesn't open from the inside.

RICK

Damn.

He peers out through a crack in the door and sees a MILKMAN
getting out of his truck in the driveway.

RICK

(to Milkman)

Psst! Hey, you. Milkman!

OUTSIDE

The milkman looks over at the outhouse, suspicious.

MILKMAN

Yeah... ?

RICK (V.O.)

Just the man I'm looking for. Be a pal, and give me a hand will ya?

MILKMAN

Oooh no! I know you freaks. You'll try anything just to get someone to open that door. Well not me! Ha!

He's about to walk away.

RICK

Okay. Guess I'll just have to milk the world's biggest breasted woman all by myself. Sorry to bother you.

The milkman stops in his tracks. He tiptoes over to the back door of the outhouse, listening intently as Rick goes into his "act."

RICK

(in a lusty womanish voice)

Ooohh... Milk me! Milk me now! Milk me hard!

(Normal Rick voice)

I've only got two hands, all right? Geez. I don't care if Elijah did give you skim milk on the right side, chocolate on the left, and eggnog in the middle.

The milkman is salivating at the door.

MILKMAN

(to himself)

Gee, I love eggnog!

The milkman opens the door eagerly and steps inside. Beat.

MILKMAN

Hey, what the--

BONK. We hear the sound of bottled buttermilk beaning his soft noggin. Rick walks out wearing the milkman outfit complete with the little six-milk-bottle-carrier thing.

He looks around and heads for the milk truck, whistling casually. He notices something. It's ...

THE GIANT ELIJAH HEAD

Its big eyes are staring at Rick (note: there's a skywriter plane in the distance behind the head, which finishes writing "YOU GOT THE RIGHT ONE BABY: PEPSI") Rick gets to the truck and tries the door. It's locked.

RICK

Shit.

He looks over at the giant head. The eyes are still staring at him--they seem to have shifted. Rick shrugs it off and looks around. He walks over to Elijah's car. It's locked too. He checks the big eyes. They've moved again.

Rick's getting a bit desperate. He sees something else and runs towards it. It's a dry-docked motorboat. It's locked too. The eyes have followed Rick again. He sees something else and runs over to it. It's a bag of golf clubs leaning against Elijah's porch. They're locked too.

RICK

Damn! This guy doesn't trust anybody!

He looks at the giant head- the eyes are gone, leaving only empty eyesockets! Rick hears A BURST OF MACHINEGUN FIRE behind him, spins around and faces ...

TWO THREE FOOT HIGH EYEBALLS

with little arms and legs, wearing Jamaican Rasta hats and aiming smoking Uzi 9mms in the air. They aim their Uzis at Rick. One holds a walkie-talkie, the other holds a big spliff.

RICK

AHHHH!

A T.V. MONITOR in Elijah's hands, shows Rick staring at us, the Eye's POV.

ELIJAH

seen in extreme close-up, watches the surveillance monitor. He speaks into a microphone. We don't see what the room looks like.

ELIJAH

Good work, Eye and Eye.

THE EYES

bob in response to Elijah. They have no mouths, but their pupils open and close when they speak.

EYE AND EYE
(Jamaican accents)
Rastafari.

ELIJAH (V.O.)
(over the walkie-talkie)
Now bring the Beast Boy to my, uh,
den. Ha-ha-ha-ha!

Rick looks worried as they lead him towards the scary looking house.

INT. ELIJAH'S DEN

It's a lovely, suburban den with a coffee table full of magazines like "Better Homes and Gardens," "National Review" and "Freaks Illustrated". Elijah sits in a big Barcalounger, smoking a pipe. Rick sits on the sofa. Toad walks up with a tray of soft drinks.

ELIJAH
(to Rick)
Diet soda?

RICK
No thanks.

Elijah points to a bowl of Fiddle Faddle. Toad sits beside Rick.

ELIJAH
Fiddle Faddle?
(Rick shakes his head)
You sure?

RICK
Well, okay.
(he scoops some into his
mouth)
Well, are you gonna torture me or
kill me or something?

ELIJAH
Torture my greatest creation ever!?
Kill the final piece of the puzzle
that I've been putting together for
years!? Sure, it'd be fun, but
I've got a bigger plan, my boy.
(MORE)

ELIJAH(cont'd)
 And when you ripped off that guy's
 head, I knew it was working like
 gangbusters!

RICK
 But I thought I scared everyone
 away.

ELIJAH
 Uh-huh. And then they told two
 friends, and they told two friends,
 and so on, and so on. Look at
 this.

Elijah grabs a big mail bag and spills some letters out on
 the table. Elijah opens one and reads it.

ELIJAH
 (reading)
 Dear Mister Skuggs, I was shocked
 and disgusted when my grandson told
 me about the head-popping beast at
 your show. Please send me six
 tickets.

(he reads another)
 Dear Beast Boy, I used to like New
 Kids on The Block, but you're way
 cuter. My favorite ice cream is
 chocolate. Is it fun ripping
 people's heads off? I love you.

(another letter)
 The Beast Boy is on a blood-letting
 spree, and Oscar is along for the
 ride!

(he looks up at Rick)
 That one's from Pat Collins!

RICK
 Yeah, but she loves everything.

Rick reaches for the Fiddle Faddle but the bowl is empty.
 Toad BURPS.

ELIJAH
 Toad! That Fiddle Faddle is for
 guests only! You've had enough!

Toad is blankfaced. Elijah walks over and refills the bowl.
 Rick scoops some into his mouth. Elijah walks to the
 fireplace and pushes the embers around with a poker.

RICK
 Look Skuggs--Elijah--I've been in
 show business all my life. The
 public does not want to see
 disgusting, depraved violent filth.

ELIJAH

Oh, and I suppose Jake and the
Fatman is just a fluke?

The phone rings. Elijah looks at it, and back to Rick.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

I'll get it.

He goes over to the phone and lifts the receiver.

ELIJAH

'Yello?

On the other end of the line, we hear LAUGHING MAN's insane chuckle. Elijah's smooth smile fades. He turns his back to Rick, who strains to identify the familiar laughing voice. Elijah scribbles notes on a pad by the phone.

ELIJAH

Yes... Right... Tomorrow...
Mmhmm... Mnnhmm... Wow. Okay.
You got it... Hasta la vista to
you too. Hahaahahaahaha--

Laughing Man hangs up on Elijah. He looks a little pissed-off as he turns to face Rick again. Grumbling, he takes the poker in hand, and pokes at the coals angrily.

ELIJAH

Okay, Coogan. I'm finished with
you for now.

Ricky rises and snatches the notepad just before Elijah spins to face him.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

But listen. I may not be "Mr.
Tinseltown", but I damn well know
what I like. You're gonna be a
hideous killing machine, and that's
final! Tomorrow night I'll finish
the job onstage! And then, to
demonstrate your horrible power,
you'll slaughter all the old
obsolete freaks in cold bl--HEY!

Elijah thrusts the red hot fire poker out and ZAP! He catches Toad's ten foot tongue--curled around the searing poker inches from the Fiddle Faddle.

TOAD

AAAGGGGHH!

ELIJAH
I told you enough!

CUT TO:

EXT. ELIJAH'S HOUSE DAY

Elijah shows Rick out the door. The Eyes scurry out and leap back into the sockets in the giant head.

ELIJAH
Bye-bye. And remember, try another escape, and I'll feed your balls to Toad.

As he walks towards the Freak House, Rick pulls out the note he pocketed. A gust of wind blows it away from him. He chases it behind the carnival tent where...

KKCCLIINNK! He runs into ELEVEN PHONY MILKMEN, backing their way around the corner, each carrying their own six-pack of milkbottles. Startled, they turn around. Why, it's the freaks! And they're all dressed as milkmen! Cowboy carries the hammer, who's dressed in a little milkman suit as well.

BEARDED LADY
Hey Rick, I thought you were gonna come up with your own escape plan?

RICK
(to Juan)
This is your big plan? A dozen milkmen? Isn't that a little unusual?

Juan hadn't thought of this. He pushes himself forward and confronts Rick viciously.

JUAN
Twelve milkmen is theoretically possible. Thirteen is silly. Looks like one milkman too many, Coogan.

He pushes Rick aside. The freaks continue past him.

RICK
Fine then. Go ahead. Hope you like reggae, ya flea bitten bastard.

Rick watches as the Freaks approach the open courtyard, where he knows the Eyeballs will spot them.

Julie glances at him a second, then looks away. His mind made up, Rick takes a deep breath.

RICK

Ah, shit.

He runs over to the Freaks. He stands in Juan's way.

RICK

Look, you'll all be killed. You don't know about Elijah's giant Rasta eyeballs with machine guns...
(they think he's nuts)
It's suicide! I can't let you do it.

JUAN

And I can't let you stop us.

This is it. Rick and Juan square off. Juan growls and bares his teeth. Rick's MONSTER EYE starts to glow and pulse dimly. They circle each other. The others are transfixed.

ELIJAH'S POV

He peers through a side window, and sees the pack of milkmen cheering two of their coworkers, locked in mortal combat.

ELIJAH

That's a lot of milkmen on the same route. No wonder they fight.

Juan rears back, about to lunge, when suddenly he freezes and looks off into the distance.

A SQUIRREL

is sitting innocently a few yards off.

JUAN

Squirrel!

He zooms off after the squirrel. The Eyes pop out of the giant head and follow after him, Uzis FIRING. Juan dodges their bullets and disappears after his prey.

The freaks watch their best chance of freedom run off after a pesky rodent. They turn to Rick.

NOSEY

Wow, giant Rasta eyeballs, just like Rick said.

SOCKHEAD

Gosh, if it wasn't for Rick, we'd all be dead!

OTHER FREAKS

Yeah! Way to go Rick! Alright!

ERNIE

(to Julie)

God, I can't believe he left you
for a squirrel. What a dick.

Julie's hurt. She doesn't even smack Ernie.

RICK

You know how men are. Besides, it
was a pretty good looking squirrel.

Julie looks at Rick. She sees he's trying to be helpful, not
sarcastic.

JULIE

(to the others)

Come on. You heard the Beast Boy.
Back to the Freak House, now.

Her eyes meet Rick's. She manages a smile, and Rick smiles
back. Ernie sizes up the situation and groans as they all
head back to the Freak House.

ERNIE

Not again.

(to Rick)

Oh well, at least we'll get to try
a new position.

CUT TO:

INT. STARK INTERROGATION ROOM

We're moving in towards a door in this desolate, vaguely
corporate looking hallway.

INSIDE THE ROOM

We're looking at the back of Laughing Man's leather chair.
We hear his CACKLE, as well as STUEY GLUCK'S TORTURED SCREAMS
and a horrible POWER TOOL NOISE. We can see the usual bright
interrogation spotlight, and a couple of extra GOONS watching
the goings on, but Stuey and his actual torturer are hidden
by Laughing Man's chair.

STUEY (O.S.)

AHHHHH! STOP IT! OOOWWWWW!

We move past Mr. Big's chair to reveal Stuey lying face down
on a table, while Bob Vila is using a power sander on his
butt. Bob is happily giving pointers to the two goons.

BOB

Notice the way I use an elliptical motion to chafe Stuey's buttocks.

(the Goons nod attentively)

It's all here in my new book: Pipes, Fixtures, and Torturing Trolls--

LAUGHING MAN(O.S.)

(Loud, sharp laugh)

A-HA-HA-HAHA-HA-HA-HA!

Bob obediently shuts up. Laughing Man directs a sinister low chuckle to Stuey.

STUEY

No way. I'll never talk! I'm made of stone!

Bob considers this a second, then starts up a jackhammer.

STUEY

HELP! RICK! RIIIIIIIIIIICCKKK!

CUT TO:

INT. FREAK HOUSE - DAY

We hear LONESOME HARMONICA MUSIC as we pan past the cubicles.

Cowboy is playing the harmonica... The Bearded Lady unties the pretty pink ribbon in his hair and sets it aside...

Suddenly, we switch to HORRIFIC PSYCHO STINGS as the camera picks up PAUL LYNDE'S CORPSE with flashing red lights. His eyeball drips out of the socket again...

Then it's back to the SAD HARMONICA MUSIC. In the next cubicle, Ernie is sleeping, Julie is awake, dreamily fondling a large eclair. She looks longingly up towards Rick's cubicle as we...

DREAM DISSOLVE
TO:

DREAMLAND

Rick (his face is normal) and Julie kiss passionately in a billowy white bed amidst puffy clouds.

RICK
 (sincere)
 Julie, compared to this, sex with
 Julia Roberts was a thankless
 chore.

QUICK DISSOLVE
 BACK TO:

JULIE'

We follow her gaze, panning up to Rick. He's lying on his
 bed, dreamily fondling a donut. He looks down towards
 Julie's cabin...

DREAM DISSOLVE
 TO:

DREAMLAND

Rick and Julie kiss passionately. We're tight on them.

JULIE
 Oh Rick, you've touched a place in
 me no one has ever touched before.

ERNIE(O.S.)
 I'll say! Almost punctured a
 kidney!

WIDEN to show Ernie, still attached to Julie, leering at
 Rick. Rick is mortified.

QUICK DREAM
 DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FREAK HOUSE - DAY

Rick sits in his cubicle, visibly sickened by his daydream.
 Stuey's echoey voice drifts in.

STUEY(V.O.)
 Rick! Riiiiicccck!

A holographic image of Stuey lying on the torture table
 appears over Rick. We can see the jackhammer looming over
 Stuey's face. Rick looks alarmed.

STUEY HOLOGRAM
 Rick! Do something! It's up to
 you, Rick! Pleeeeeeease!

LAUGHING MAN (O.S)
 Aha-hee-hee-ho-ho-har-har-har!

RICK
The Laughing Man!

Rick watches the hologram break up and disappear. Wheels spinning in his head, he takes the crumpled piece of paper out of his pocket and reads it.

RICK
(under his breath)
Holy shit!

JULIE/ERNIE'S CUBICLE

Julie and Ernie are struggling over a bottle of deodorant.

ERNIE
It says it's strong enough for a man!

JULIE
But it's made for a woman!

She grabs it away and shoves it in Ernie's mouth. Rick walks in.

JULIE
Hey Rick. What's up?

RICK
Read this. I grabbed it from Skuggs' office.

He hands her the notepaper. She reads it, with some difficulty. Ernie is still gagging on deodorant.

JULIE
"Tape Donahue... Renew
Subscription to Beaver World..."
Eeuw!

She gives Rick a disgusted look. Ernie mumbles with the deodorant in his mouth.

ERNIE
(interested, muffled)
Beaver World!?

Julie smacks him--he swallows the deodorant.

RICK
(to Julie)
After that.

JULIE

"Prepare demonstration for Laughing Man, receive five thousand barrels of Noxon." Five thousand barrels!?

RICK

Elijah's up to something big, and we have to stop him.

Ernie BELCHES. Rick sniffs the air.

RICK

Mmmm. Jasmine.

SWISH PAN TO:

INT. FREAK HOUSE - DAY

Rick takes a deep breath, and begins his presentation to the freaks assembled before him.

RICK

Alright guys, listen up--

Sockhead suddenly freaks out.

SOCKHEAD

We're done for! We're done for! I don't want to die! It's the end of the world! The apocalypse! Aahh!

He stops. Everyone is staring at him.

RICK

I haven't said anything yet.

SOCKHEAD

Sorry. I'm not much for timing.

He takes his seat again.

RICK

(to everyone)

Tomorrow night, at the show, I'll be turned into a homicidal monster and forced to kill you all. But we might have a chance if we act fast. And I'm prepared to be your new leader.

A THRILLING CHORD.

NOSEY
(to Sockhead)
I say we kill him.

Sockhead nods.

RICK
And I've got a plan.

ANOTHER THRILLING CHORD.

NOSEY
I still say we kill him.

Sockhead nods again.

RICK
If we can get into Elijah's lab,
maybe we can--

WORM
Of course! Design a super freak of
our own and manipulate the genetic
code to make him destroy Elijah
instead of us! Brilliant!

RICK
Oh. Well--

BEARDED LADY
But how do we get to the lab?

RICK
Um, maybe--

COWBOY
Right! The worm could dig a
tunnel!

WORM
By God, it's so crazy it might just
work!

ERNIE
But you need Noxon 24 to make the
freaking sludge, and Elijah told us
himself he's run out of it.

RICK
Oh. Oh yeah. Well, see, what I
was going to say was--

JULIE

Yes! Exactly! If they've been using Noxon 24 as a fertilizer here, the entire ecosystem must be soaked with it! All we need is a way to extract it from the vegetation, ideally into a liquid form.

RICK

Right. Well, what about--

COWBOY

Golly! So that's why my milk comes out that funny green color! I thought the grass tasted funny! Wow, Rick, you're a genius!

JULIE

(smiles warmly)

Good thinking, Rick.

The freaks all nod in agreement.

NOSEY

Way to go, Rick! How did you ever think of such a plan?

Rick pulls out an old comic book and points to an ad for Sea Monkeys.

RICK

Well, actually, I was going to suggest we send away for sea monkeys, train them to fire guns, and make a break for it. But if you want to go with this other thing, I guess that's okay.

The freaks stare at him, not sure if he's kidding or not.

CUT TO:

INT. FREAK HOUSE - NIGHT

FREAKS ON A MISSION MONTAGE, SET TO A POUNDING "EYE OF THE TIGER"-TYPE SONG

-Nosey milks Cowboy, squirting the glowing milk into a funnel which feeds into a crude still. The Torch heats the boiler.

-The Worm digs the tunnel. JulieErnie hand Rick pieces of wood which he puts into place as tunnel supports. They hand him Paul Lynde's corpse and he wedges it in as well.

-Everyone's getting into it and working up a sweat. Nosey wipes his brow, opens a bottle of Pepsi and chugs it down in a beautifully lit slo-mo product shot... The other freaks follow suit, including the Worm, down in the tunnel, who struggles to hold the bottle in his tiny feeler.

Everything's going great and the song is really pumping when...

ELIJAH

runs out on his front porch in his nightclothes and screams down at the outhouse.

ELIJAH
WOULD YOU TURN DOWN THAT GODDAMN
RACKET!?

IN THE FREAK HOUSE

Nosey turns off a boom box and the music cuts short. The freaks exchange tense looks. Nosey calls out apologetically to Elijah.

NOSEY
SOR-RY.
(to the freaks)
What a jerk!

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL

The Worm burrows along, leaving a tunnel wide enough for Rick and JulieErnie to crawl after him. Rick notices a ray of light coming through a rock formation.

RICK
Hey, look at this!

They all stop and look. Rick fingers the hole, and the rocks cave in, revealing

A VAST UNDERGROUND CITY

It's obviously a matte painting.

WORM
Good Lord! It's the Lost City of
Nodd!

JULIE
Wow!

KER-CHUNK! We hear the sound of a slide projector switching slides and the underground city is replaced by a still image of some tourists standing around a geyser. [foriegn version: the Blarney Stone].

RICK
It's Old Faithful! (foriegn take:
"It's the Blarney Stone!")

They "Ooh" and "Ahh". The image switches to a snapshot of a FAT MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.

ERNIE
It's my Aunt Gladys!

The other freaks nod politely. The image switches to a BAR MITZVAH PHOTO.

ERNIE
And that's me at my bar mitzvah!

RICK
C'mon Ernie, let's go.

ERNIE
Wait, you gotta see the ones from
sleep-away camp! They're
hilarious!

Julie smacks him.

JULIE
Stooge!

EXT. FREAK COMPOUND - NIGHT

It's an "Antfarm View" of the yard, where the freaks are visible tunneling underground, and Toad is visible on the yard above them. We see a bat fly overhead... ZAP! Toad shoots out his tongue, snags it out of mid air, and chews it happily, oblivious to the freaks burrowing right underneath him.

INT. FREAK HOUSE

Nosey looks at the nearly full container of distilled Noxon.

NOSEY
Almost there.
(he sniffs the air)
But wait, I'm getting a whiff of
things to come!

BEARDED LADY
What do you smell?

NOSEY
(grim)
Blood.

Bearded Lady looks grave..Nosey sniffs again.

NOSEY
(cheerful)
And hot buttered popcorn!

BEARDED LADY
Awwright!

INT. TUNNEL

They're burrowing along. Ernie loudly clears his throat.
Julie spits out a loogie. She grimaces.

JULIE
I hate when you do that.

We hear muffled BARKING.

ERNIE
Hey! Do you hear that?

JULIE
It's a dog!

RICK
(to Worm)
Hurry!

The Worm breaks through into a small cavern with several
exposed sewer pipes. A lovable mutt leaps out of a pipe and
drops an old tennis ball in front of Rick. He starts licking
Rick's face.

RICK
Scrappy!

SAPPY MUSIC wells up.

RICK
It's been ten years since you
chased this ball into the sewer! I
thought you were gone for good!

SCRAPPY
Yap!

RICK
Listen Scrap. Go home. Get help.
Understand?

SCRAPPY
Yap!

RICK
Good boy! Now go!

Scrappy runs away into the sewer pipe. Rick shrugs.

RICK
You never know.

Julie taps on some exposed wood on the cavern ceiling.

JULIE
Look, a wood floor.

WORM
It must be the lab! we've done it!

They all look at each other excitedly. Suddenly Elijah's voice rings out behind them.

ELIJAH'S VOICE
Not so fast, you scabrous freaks!

They spin around and see Nosey holding the bottle of Noxon 24. He grins.

NOSEY
Didn't know I did impressions, did ya?

INT. FREAK HOUSE

The freaks are waiting around the hole. Nosey pops out.

NOSEY
Mission accomplished. They've got the Noxon, and they'll be in the lab within minutes.

FROGMAN
Boy, this is going like clockwork!

Everyone smiles, pats each other on the back, etc. Except Sockhead, who finally snaps.

SOCKHEAD
No! Can't you see we're digging our own graves!?
(MORE)

SOCKHEAD(cont'd)
 It's nuts, that's what it is!
 Nuts! Well, maybe you've all got a
 deathwish, but you can count me
 out! I'M GETTING THE HELL OUT OF
 HERE!

He runs amok, pushes various freaks to the ground, and runs around screaming. The freak house door opens--Eye and Eye step in to check out the noise. One of them has a spliff sticking out of its pupil. Sockhead charges at them like a mad dog. They aim their Uzis.

SOCKHEAD
 (at the Eyes)
 OUT OF MY WAY!

RATTA-RATTA-RATTA! They spray an ungodly amount of bullets into Sockhead. He falls to the ground. The Eyes leave.

The freaks gather around Sockhead. Nosey pulls the sock off his hand head, which is making a little "Senor Pepe" face with its fist. It spits up a trickle of blood and tries to speak.

SOCKHEAD
 (weak)
 I... I... just... wanna...say...

NOSEY
 What is it, kid?

SOCKHEAD
 Ah, forget it. I'm not much for
 dying.

He goes limp.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIJAH'S LAB

JulieErnie, the Worm, and Rick are just emerging from the hole. It's really dark in the lab.

ERNIE
 Shit. I can't see a damn thing.

RICK
 Keep your voice down, Ernie.

ERNIE
 Don't push me, Coog. I got a real
 short fuse today. I'm cranky,
 bloated, got a wicked case of
 cramps. Don't ask why.

JULIE
 (whispers to Rick)
 PMS...

RICK
 (has to think about this)
 Oh.... Right.

Rick pats Ernie on the shoulder reassuringly. He moves over to Elijah's computer terminal.

RICK
 (CONT'D)
 Well, here it is--the control panel for Elijah's Freaking process.

WORM
 Good work, my boy. Now step aside. This is scientist's work.

Worm muscles Rick out of the way and sits at the console. Using a pen held in his mouth, he flicks a series of switches and punches a fast series of computer keys.

The light on top of the Tasty Freekz machine starts to revolve, and after a couple of seconds, a stream of GOOEY LIGHT BROWN GLOP oozes out of the spigot.

ERNIE
 Hey! It's working!

RICK
 You did it, Worm! Way to go!

JULIE
 But how? You didn't even use the Noxon.

The Worm rushes over to the container of glop below the spigot, and without hesitation, plunges his face into it! Rick, Julie, and Ernie gasp in horror!

The WORM lifts his glop-smearred face out of the bowl, and smacks his lips in delight.

WORM
 Ah! You don't need Noxon to make Butterscotch pudding. I just wanted to test the machine's capabilities. Mmmm! Glorious! So creamy! Yum!

The Worm is lost in his pudding-induced reverie. They ignore him. Julie turns to Rick.

JULIE

Hang on, Rick. Do you really think we should put this toxic glop on you? What if it doesn't work? What if something goes wrong? What if--

ERNIE

If it does work, do you think there'll be enough left over to give me a monster size rodney?

Julie goes to doink Ernie in the eyes, but he uses the classic "Three Stooges" handblock.

RICK

(to Ernie)

Here, hold this.

Rick hands the container of Noxon to Ernie. Julie gives him the eyepoke. Rick shakes hands with Julie, and takes back the Noxon.

RICK

(to Ernie)

Thanks.

(to Julie, heroically)

Look, I've been a freak all my life.' I realize that now. Up there on that screen, humiliating myself for every fool with six bucks in his pocket--

ERNIE

Seven bucks.

JULIE

Sometimes seven fifty.

RICK

Alright. It doesn't matter.

ERNIE

Sure it does. They don't let you into the theater if you don't pay the price of the ticket.

RICK

Look, I'm talking about the ultimate human sacrifice.

JULIE

No kidding. When you consider money for parking, popcorn, drinks...

The worm chimes in, still gorging himself on pudding...

WORM

Don't forget a sitter for the children!

Rick's had enough.

RICK

Hey! In case you haven't noticed, I'm about to commit a noble and selfless act here.

Rick pounds the table, sending a glass beaker flying. It smashes through the window, setting off a loud SIREN.

INT. ELIJAH'S DEN

Elijah's in his robe, watching the opening of "Crooked Cops" on TV. On screen is a revolving police beacon on a beat-up car, with a loud SIREN. Elijah munches his popcorn happily.

INT. LAB

Julie manages to silence the alarm by yanking the cord out of its socket. She shoots Rick a hard look, he shrugs innocently.

RICK

Oops.

(beat)

Okay. Let's do what we came to do, and this time, no more screw ups.

Rick slams his hand down for emphasis and impales it on one of those desktop paper pins. He SCREAMS in agony.

INT. ELIJAH'S DEN

Elijah's watching an old war movie--a soldier is running across a battlefield with a bayonet, SCREAMING. He doesn't hear Rick.

INT. LAB

Julie has her hand over Rick's mouth, silencing his scream. He calms down. He gingerly slides the pin out of his hand, grimacing but not making a sound. He sighs with relief. The coast seems clear. Then, in SLOW MOTION, his hand knocks a styrofoam cup off the desk and onto the ground.

INT. ELIJAH'S DEN

The war movie has erupted into a massive battle--machine guns blaring, grenade launchers and bazookas booming, the works. Suddenly, his ears perk up, and his head swivels around towards the window.

ELIJAH
Styrofoam cup?

He puts on his "smiley face" robe and bunny slippers and heads out the door.

INT. LAB

Julie is pouring the distilled Noxon into the top of the Tasty Freekz machine.

WORM
Don't you think we should make some more pudding first, as a test?

RICK
No. Here goes.

He presses some buttons on the computer, and the Tasty Freekz machine starts humming. Ernie is looking out the window.

ERNIE
Somebody's comin'! Hurry.

RICK
We have to wait. There's no way to speed up the machine.

EXT. ELIJAH'S HOUSE

Elijah comes out of the house and walks towards the lab.

INT. LAB

Rick's starting to sweat. He looks over at Julie, who holds an empty Pepsi cup under the Tasty Freekz spigot. A drop of ointment drips out and into the container.

JULIE
Here it comes.

THE LAB DOORKNOB

begins to turn slowly.

Everybody freezes. The flow of ooze slows to a stop.

RICK
It's plugged up!

They look over at the doorknob--it's still turning.

ERNIE
(to Worm)
If it's your damn pudding, I'll
ring your wormy neck.

WORM
(under his breath)
Preposterous... I have no neck.
I'm a worm, imbecile.

THE DOOR KNOB

is still turning, agonizingly slowly...

OUTSIDE THE LAB

Elijah is trying to turn the knob,, His grip keeps slipping
because of the butter on his fingers.

ELIJAH
Aaargh! Damn buttered popcorn!

IN THE LAB

The spigot has started to discharge more, reliably. The Pepsi
cup is filling up now.

OUTSIDE

Elijah is wiping his hands off on his shirt tails. He tries
the door knob again.

IN THE LAB

We hear a low rumbling and the floor starts to shake.

WORM
The tunnel walls are about to
collapse!

RICK
You go ahead. I'll catch up.

JULIE
But--

RICK
Go!

The door knob is turning more vigorously, but still not opening. Julie and Ernie get in the hole with Worm, while Rick attends to the almost-full Pepsi cup of sludge.

OUTSIDE

Elijah is still having trouble with his grip.

IN THE LAB

Rick pops the plastic lid onto the Pepsi cup, and climbs into the hole. He rests the cup on the floor and lifts the floor board over his head. The RUMBLING gets louder as the tunnel walls start to crumble.

JULIE

Rick! Come on!

Rick is losing his balance as the ground shifts beneath him. He sways, and knocks the Pepsi cup of sludge rolling. He watches, helpless, as it rolls across the floor and comes to a stop across the room. For a second, he contemplates making a dash.

OUTSIDE

Elijah has wrapped his shirt tails around the knob, and finally has a good grip. He twists the knob...

INSIDE

Rick sees the door opening. He dives down into the hole. The floor board falls into place just as Elijah walks in.

Elijah scans the room. He goes over towards the Tasty Freekz machine and finds the styrofoam cup.

ELIJAH

Bad for the environment.

He crumples it in his hand.

EXT. FREAK COMPOUND

The "antfarm view" again. We see the freaks running back through the tunnel as it caves in behind them. Toad sits on the ground above, oblivious to them. We hear a low flying aircraft... ZAP! Toad shoots his tongue up out of frame and sucks the twin engine Cessna into his mouth. Beat. He BURPS and spits up a propeller.

INT. FREAK HOUSE

The freaks wait by the mouth of the tunnel. We hear the rumble approach. The worm, JulieErnie, and finally Rick scramble out of the opening. The dirt avalanche is stopped short by Paul Lynde's corpse, just as Rick scrambles to safety.

WORM
Just made it!

RICK
Paul saved our lives!

NOSEY
Way to go, Paul!

Nosey claps Paul on what's left of his back--his skeleton shatters and the tunnel collapses, burying him instantly. The freaks are horrified.

NOSEY

turns to them guiltily in SLOW-MOTION. His voice is slowed down and distorted like John Lennon at the end of "Strawberry Fields":

NOSEY
I... buried... Paul.

Back to normal speed.

RICK
This is no time to lament over a cadaver! We've got to get moving, or we're history! Now c'mon!

Nosey is still morose. He speaks backwards and sounds a lot like "Revolution #9".

NOSEY
Daed si luap.

SUBTITLE: "Paul is dead."

RICK
I said enough! Okay, listen up, everybody. We cracked the code and made the ointment we need to bring Skuggs down for good.

The freaks applaud and cheer.

RICK
But we left it in the lab.

The freaks jeer and pelt Rick with rotten vegetables. He desperately pulls a bag of cookies out of his pocket.

RICK
But wait! I found some macaroons!
And there's plenty for all of us!

The freaks burst into applause again.

FREAKS
Yaayyy!

TIME DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. FREAK HOUSE - DAY

The Freaks are all sleeping, macaroon crumbs still left on their faces. There's a lot of snoring. Rick awakens with a start. He hears something in the distance. Something like a helicopter... He gets up and peeks out a crack in the wall.

RICK'S POV. EXT. FREAKLAND - DAY

An EES corporate helicopter touches down. A few gun-toting SECURITY GUYS in dark suits and dark glasses get out. They check that the coast is clear, then give the signal. Out steps Richard Hertz. He mutters something to one of the security guys, and walks towards the Freak House.

IN THE FREAK HOUSE

RICK
(under his breath)
I don't believe it. What's Hertz
doin' here?

The door to the Freak House opens. Hertz enters, unzips his fly. Finding no toilet, he shrugs and relieves himself on the floor. Rick steps out of the shadows towards him.

RICK
So EES is in bed with Elijah C.
Skuggs, eh? Figures.

Hertz is momentarily startled by Rick. He collects himself.

HERTZ
Rick! Thank God I got to you in
time!

RICK
Cut the crap, Hertz.

Hertz relieves himself as he talks.

HERTZ
Ricky, you have no idea how your misfortune has touched our hearts. When you disappeared we almost gave up hope. But we'd heard reports of Skuggs's reckless abuse of Noxon, and when the story broke in the tabloids, I decided to personally come down and get to the bottom of things.

He zips up and heads to the door.

RICK
(skeptical)
Really?

HERTZ
No.
(beat)
AHA HA HEE HEE HO HO HA HA HEE HEE
HO HO HO HA HA HA HA!

The cackle is unmistakable--Rick's face twists in horror as he realizes... Hertz is THE LAUGHING MAN! Hertz ducks out the door. Rick looks after him, stunned.

We hear a nearby SNORE cut off, and the Human Torch stands up from the spot where Hertz relieved himself. He's dripping wet and no longer on fire. He sniffs his soaked, smoldering clothing.

TORCH
Pew! Hey! Of all the... That really pisses me off!

POOF! He catches fire again and walks off. Rick is doing a slow burn, still looking after Hertz. He erupts and his monster eye glows briefly. He screams in anguish.

RICK
AAARRGGGGHH!

Dejected, Rick leans against the wall. JulieErnie walk up behind him. Julie puts a hand on Rick's shoulder to comfort him. As they look into each other's eyes, a loud CRASH distracts them. Rick peers through the crack.

RICK'S POV

A caravan of EES trucks crash through the front gate and drive up to the lab. There's a few cargo trucks and a huge NOXON-24 tanker.

RICK

Holy shit.

A forklift drives out of the back of one of the large trucks, carrying the old corporate farts on a wooden palette.

One of them falls off, and a bunch of WORKMEN scramble out to prop him up and push him back into place.

INT. LAB - DAY

Elijah switches on the lights, and turns to face his audience. Hertz is accompanied by his stone-faced security men and various executives. Workmen are busy installing the old board of directors and their arm-raising pulley system.

ELIJAH

Nice to see you in the flesh,
Laughing Man.

HERTZ

No need to use codenames, Elijah.
We're all friends here. And just
to prove it, I brought you a little
present.

Hertz snaps his fingers and nods to a security guy, who produces a wriggling canvas sack. He dumps its contents onto the lab table--it's Stuey Gluck! His glasses come tumbling out after him. He squints at the security guy.

STUEY

Rick? Is that you?

ELIJAH

Who's the troll?

HERTZ

He was asking questions about
Coogan, causing trouble. We
figured he was one of yours.

Stuey puts on his glasses. Elijah looks him up and down.

ELIJAH

I make freaks alright, but come on,
fellas--this thing's pathetic.

STUEY
 Well you're no Julio Iglesias
 yourself, mister.
 (calls out)
 Rick! Riiiick! Riii--

INT. FREAK HOUSE

Rick hears Stuey's voice in his head, all echoey.

STUEY(V.0.)
 --iiiiick!

RICK
 Oh no, not now, Stuey!

The ghostly image of STUEY gradually takes shape in front of Rick. Rick can make out the lab table Stuey's on, and some shadowy figures in the background.

RICK
 (to himself)
 Hey. That's Elijah's lab!
 (to Stuey)
 Stuey! Are you really in the lab?

INT. LAB

Stuey is still wailing, and everybody else is getting pretty damn annoyed.

STUEY
 Yes! I'm in the lab! I'm in the
 lab!

ELIJAH
 Not only ugly, he's crazy too.

Toad grabs Stuey and slaps a piece of tape over his mouth. He throws him into one of the chicken cages along the far wall. A two-headed chicken starts to peck at him.

HERTZ
 So, where were we?

ELIJAH
 Gentlemen, I'm not going to
 bullshit you. I know my setup here
 at Freakland looks like small
 potatoes.

He pulls the cover off a small scale model of Freakland, about ten inches high. It shows the stage, lab, outhouse, the head, everything.

ELIJAH

But thanks to your Noxon and my genius, tonight I will turn Ricky Coogan into a freak so hideous, it'll be enough to turn your stomach inside out, boil your brain in its own juice, and cause cold sores you thought had healed up to start buggin' you again.

(the EES men shift
uncomfortably)

It's the dawning of a new age for us all. Behold, Super Mega Freak World!

He whisks the cover off another scale model--it's exactly the same as the little model except it's a lot bigger.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

It's really somethin', huh?

HERTZ

(feigns approval)

Very impressive.

ELIJAH

We'll kick Disney's dead ass!

INT. FREAK HOUSE

Rick is watching all of this in a ghostly image.

RICK

Stuey! Stuey, can you hear me?

Stuey's image, still with his mouth taped shut and the chicken pecking at him, nods yes.

STUEY

Mmm hmmm!

RICK

I want you to try and escape. Get the cup from underneath the instrument table and bring it to me, okay?

STUEY

(nods)

Mmmm mmmmm!

He gives Rick the old trademark Coogan thumbs up. Rick halfheartedly returns the gesture.

RICK
Yeah, right. Get movin'.

INT. LAB

Stuey checks to make sure nobody's watching him. They're not. He removes the spring from a pocket pen and picks the lock. Stuey searches the floor, and spots the Pepsi cup. He'll have to crawl through several pairs of legs to reach it.

HERTZ
At EES, our plans for your Gene Machine include everything, except shoes that is. Ha-ha-ha.

ELIJAH
Ha-ha. Gee, I'd love to see your plans.

HERTZ
We'd love to show you.
(to his assistant)
Bill, if you'd be so kind.

BILL BLAZER, a slick and dashing EES marketing executive, strides confidently up to the podium.

Stuey has to duck the fast approaching legs. Bill steps over him, not even noticing he's there.

Bill takes Elijah's "Freak World" graphic off an easel, and replaces it with his own. Finding no place to deposit Elijah's, he simply drops it on the floor. Elijah looks a little hurt.

BILL
What does today's businessman want?
How about a receptionist with six arms, five mouths, and a knockout figure? That'd sure speed things up, wouldn't it?

With a big smile, Bill reveals an illustration of a multi-limb secretary (in a sexy dress) talking on three different phones, taking notes, and typing, all at once.

Stuey heads towards the Pepsi cup. He brushes against the back of Hertz's legs. Hertz looks over at Elijah beside him, who smiles politely. Hertz smiles back, invitingly. Maybe there's a few things we don't know about him.

BILL

In the factory, how 'bout a worker
with twelve busy hands, no mouth to
talk back, and no genitalia or
digestive system to distract him
from his work?

(he chuckles)

Sure! It's what we all dream of!

The EES guys all nod along. Except for the workmen, who exchange worried looks. Elijah's still not sure what to make of it all.

Meanwhile, Stuey has the Pepsi cup of sludge in hand, and he's crawling under the table towards the door. He brushes up against the back of Elijah's legs.

Elijah looks over to Hertz, who gives him that smile again. Elijah looks away quickly, panicky.

BILL (CONT'D)

Well, with this Skuggs-based Noxon
technology, it's not only possible,
it's just the beginning! Of
course, what happened to our
expensive spokesman Ricky Coogan
was an unfortunate coincidence, but
profits from these new markets
could total in the billions.

All the executives turn to Hertz. He cracks a smile.

HERTZ

Ricky who?

The executives laugh heartily. Stuey glances across the room to the door. He has to make a break for it, so he does.

ELIJAH

Hey! Hold on!

Stuey freezes. He's right out in the open, in plain view. Still, nobody seems to see him. They're still watching-Bill's presentation.

ELIJAH

Secretaries? Worker drones?
Where's the fun? Where's the
spark? Where's the unspeakable
evil?

Bill laughs pleasantly.

BILL

Ha-ha. I was just getting to that.

Bill launches back into his speech with more intensity than even the best infomercials. Meanwhile, Stuey inches towards the door, moving as imperceptibly as possible.

BILL

We'll impact every field.
Cosmetics--breast enlargement
creams, nosejobs in a bottle.
Military--human death machines that
make Schwarzenegger look like a
pansy! And why stop at consumer
products? Hell, we can design a
whole new consumer! A few well
placed drops in the water supply,
and bingo! It's a new master race,
and we own the copyright! An
entire planet of freaks owned and
operated by us! Every part of
their bodies comes from an EES
supplier, every thought they think
is EES policy! From now on
gentlemen, it's EES uber alles!
EES uber alles!

The EES guys clap and shout approval. Elijah's impressed too. He leans over to Hertz.

ELIJAH

This guy's good.

HERTZ

We lured him away from A.T.&T.

Stuey is finally out the door. Of course, now they spot him.

SECURITY GUY

Look! The troll!

HERTZ

After him!

EXT. LAB

Stuey is outside the lab. Inexplicably, (actually it's just because he's so stupid) he's still moving inch by inch. He calls to Rick through the tape on his mouth.

STUEY

Mmm! Mmmmm!

INT. FREAK HOUSE

Rick sees the image of Stuey inching away from the lab.

RICK

Take the tape off your mouth,
idiot! They didn't tie your hands!

Stuey realizes this is true, and pulls the tape off his mouth.

STUEY

I got the cup, Rick!

RICK

Great! There's no time to waste.
Are you being followed?

STUEY

Yeah. But if I don't move, they
won't see me.

Two big EES security guys are standing watching Stuey's odd behavior. They pick him up and carry him away.

STUEY

Riiiiick!

Rick sees this all in his holographic image. It fades.

RICK

What a geek.

He turns to the other freaks, who've woken up and are gathered around on the floor. Rick shakes his head.

RICK

Stuey got caught. There's no way
to get the ointment before the
show.

WORM

So, that's it then? We're all to
die... And by your hand no less.

RICK

No. It won't be me. It's some
inhuman monster Elijah used me to
create. As for me, the real me,
I'll always be your friend. Before
I have to rip your heads off, I'd
like to say goodbye to each of you.

(He turns to Worm.)

Worm... I'll miss your brains, the
smell of your pipe, and the funny
way you always go on talking until
everyone wants to strangle you.

He pats the Worm on the head tenderly, and turns to Cowboy.

COWBOY

Hi, Rick.

RICK

Cowboy, I'll miss your good humor, your down-home wisdom, and of course, the frothy milkshakes were udderly delicious, heh-heh...

He smiles and playfully tugs Cowboy's udder. He turns to the Bearded Lady.

RICK

Bearded... Lady... I dunno. We'll always have Paris...

Bearded lady is kind of confused, Rick shrugs.

RICK

Nosey, I never really liked you.

He moves on to Frog Man.

RICK

Frog Man, I think death is probably the best thing for you now.

Frog Man nods in agreement. Rick rpaches JulieErnie.

RICK

Ernie... Julie... I have mixed feelings.

(He turns to Ernie)

On one hand, I'll remember you as the best friend a jerk like me ever had, and a low down repulsive slimeball.

He turns to Julie. ROMANTIC MUSIC swells up.

RICK (CONT'D)

On the other hand, I really respect you, and more than that, I, uh, well, I wish we'd had the chance to boink.

JULIE

Oh, Rick...

They embrace. Rick calls out to the assembled group.

RICK

Today I make the proudest boast a man can utter: "Ich bien ein Freak!"

They're all ready to cheer, but they're confused by his bad German. Rick has to explain himself.

RICK
Uh, I'm a freak.

Oh. They all get it. Beat. Then they cheer.

CUT TO:

EXT..CARNIVAL TENT - NIGHT

A huge banner reads "NEW IMPROVED BEAST BOY SLAUGHTERS HIS LOVED ONES! SPECIAL GUEST: FUNNYMAN DOM IRERRA! TONIGHT ONLY!". We can hear the sound of the crowd inside.

INSIDE THE TENT

There's a typically smallish crowd in addition to the EES executives who occupy the front seats. The security goons are strategically situated throughout the tent, and two of them sit on either side of Stuey in the second row. Elijah is onstage.

ELIJAH
And now the moment you've all been waiting for. Ladies and gentlemen, meet the lucky young man who's about to become the monster with the mostest! Here he is, the Beast Boy!

Toad pulls a rope and the curtain opens, revealing Rick strapped to an operating table. On stage left there's a large cage containing all the other freaks. Including the unconscious, half-naked Milk Man who Rick knocked out in the freak house. The Milk Man domes to, looks around in a panic, grabs the bars of the cage, and screams--

MILK MAN
AAHHHH! WE'RE IN A ZOO!

Rick searches the cheering audience for Stuey, who waves the Pepsi cup full of glop in the air. Rick hears Stuey's voice echo in his head telepathically.

STUEY (V.O.)
Rick! Over here!

Stuey's waving cup is blocking the view of a big, annoyed BIKER sitting behind him. Elijah quiets the crowd and holds up a beaker of ointment.

ELIJAH

With this remarkable ointment of my own design, I will now turn this half-finished ghoul into the ultimate super freak, dedicated to evil!

Elijah puts on some rubber gloves and prepares to glop Rick, who squints under the spotlight, still searching for Stuey. He calls out telepathically.

RICK (V.0.)

Stuey! Where are you?!

Stuey stands up on his seat and waves the cup, totally blocking the biker's view. He telepathically replies.

STUEY (V.0.)

Here I am, Rick!

BIKER

(to Stuey)

Goddammit, kid! Would you sit down!?

The biker grabs the cup and dumps it over Stuey's head. The "good ointment" runs down all over Stuey's body.

STUEY

AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

All eyes turn to Stuey, who falls down and disappears onto the floor screaming.

RICK

Oh no!

BIKER

What the hell!?

Suddenly an EIGHT FOOT TALL MONSTER VERSION OF STUEY leaps to its feet and snarls down at the biker. The biker pulls a switchblade and jams it into Stuey monster's leg--the blade crumples on his armor-like hide. Stuey grins and SLAM! He drives the biker into the ground like a railroad spike. He leaps onto the stage and stalks Elijah.

STUEY MONSTER

YOUR ASS IS MINE, SKUGGS!

Rick and the freaks in the cage cheer stuey Monster on.

ELIJAH

Uh-oh, that kid looks pissed. EYE
AND EYE! KILL HIM!

Eye and Eye rush the stage, Uzis firing.

EYE AND EYE
 RASTAFARI!

The bullets bounce off Stuey's hide. He doinks them with his big monster fingers and sends them flying through...

THE TENT ROOF

across the compound, and THWOPP! Into the Giant Head's eye sockets, where they spin around and come to a stop, cockeyed. CRASH! The head's foundation crumbles and it keels over backwards.

INT. CARNIVAL TENT

Elijah calls out to Toad.

ELIJAH
 TOAD!

Stuey Monster roars at Toad. Toad smiles weakly.

THE TENT ROOF

Toad catapults through it, follows the path of Eye and Eye across the compound and CRASH! Lands head first into the neck of the Giant Head. He gets up with the Giant Head stuck on his own head, making him look like one of those big headed caricatures. He runs blindly across the yard and into...

THE ELECTRIC FENCE

ZZZAAAAPPP! BOINNGG! Eye and Eye zing out of the sockets, and Toad's tongue sticks ten feet out of the Giant Head's mouth. It's the biggest Tex Avery cartoon take ever!

ELIJAH

looks worried. He scoops up some "evil ointment".

ELIJAH
 Looks like it's time to roll out
 the big gun.
 (to Rick)
 Sayonara, kiddo. Any last words?

Rick considers it. He can't think of anything.

RICK
 Nahh.

ELIJAH
Suit yourself.

He raises the ointment over Rick. Rick has an idea for a last word.

RICK
Wait! Wait!
(Elijah pauses. Rick
reconsiders)
Nahh.

Elijah glops Rick. His skin starts to smoke.

RICK
AHHHHRRRGGG!

Stuey Monster stalks Elijah onstage. Rick is smoking and shaking violently on the table.

HERTZ

turns to his EES cronies in the audience. He looks bored.

HERTZ
What a waste of twelve bucks.
Let's get the machine and go.

The other executives nod.

RICK

starts to transform. FWOOP! His ears spring out into huge monster ears, kinda like in Pinocchio. FWAAP! His mouth grows into a massive, Big Daddy Roth style monster mouth. FWEEP! His upper head does the same.

His body follows suit. He bursts' out of the straps and grows into a drooling TEN FOOT TALL RICK MONSTER. He snarls at Stuey Monster.

RICK MONSTER
TIME TO DIE, TROLL!

The crowd and the other freaks look on, tense. Stuey Monster instinctively whips out a Ricky Coogan publicity photo and a pen.

STUEY MONSTER
Rick! Rick! Could you sign
this!?

Rick Monster snarls and bashes Stuey Monster in the face. Stuey Monster jams the pen through the photo and snarls back.

THE CROWD
FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

Even Julie is screaming "Fight! Fight," beside herself with bloodthirsty glee. Ernie smacks her.

The crowd goes nuts as the monsters trade a series of cliché pro-wrestling moves. Stuey bashes Rick. Rick bashes Stuey, etc.

ELIJAH
Give him the skull cracker, ya big goon!

ERNIE
No way! The skull cracker is an illegal move!

Stuey grabs Rick's hair and marches him around the stage. The crowd is taking sides, screaming out advice, and foaming at their mouths.

ELIJAH
Let's get this over with. Hey Hertz, tell your goons to
(he turns to Hertz and is stunned)
What the hell-!?

HERTZ

stands in front of the a group of EES HARDHATS who are using forklifts to move the Tasty Freekz Machine towards the exit. He notices Elijah and taps his executive ASSISTANT.

ASSISTANT
(to Elijah)
Ahem. At this point in time we at EES regret that we must leave this performance prematurely.

ELIJAH
What are you saying!?

HERTZ
What we're saying is... get stuffed, yokel.

ELIJAH
I figured I couldn't trust you corporate greaseballs!

Elijah turns to an alarm box on the wall which reads "BREAK GLASS IN CASE OF DOUBLECROSSING CORPORATE GREASEBALLS." He breaks the glass and pulls the lever inside.

A trapdoor on the stage opens and a large chemical tank rises out of it. Elijah jumps into the seat of the gun turret nozzle atop the tank. He aims the nozzle at the EES group.

ELIJAH

Let me proudly introduce the latest in our product line, Noxon 25--now available in a convenient pump!

HERTZ

Bullshit! The Everything Except Shoes corporation releases no new products unless I give the order!

ELIJAH

I think it's time EES branched out a little.

He presses the plunger and the nozzle spews a torrent of yellow glop on the EES people. They scream in agony as their bodies melt together into one big mutating blob.

Alistair Cooke stands up in the audience--he's got a head bandage and a crutch from being trampled at the last show.

ALISTAIR COOKE

Ahhh! Head for the hills before he gets all of us!

The crowd goes berserk and rushes the exits, trampling poor Cooke like a roach.

RICK MONSTER

flips Stuey onto the ground and starts stomping on him. Stuey is knocked out cold. Rick leaves him on the floor and stalks the freak cage murderously.

RICK MONSTER

NOW I RIP FREAKS TO PIECES!

JIMIE

No! We're your friends!

RICK MONSTER

Oh. NOW I RIP FRIENDS TO PIECES!

He rips some bars off the cage and is about to spear JulieErnie with a jagged steel bar when Stuey Monster grabs his leg and trips him. Stuey summons all his remaining energy to wrestle Rick, delaying him, for the moment, from slaughtering the freaks.

Meanwhile, Elijah is watching as

THE EES BLOB

solidifies into... A GIANT SHOE made of living flesh. It's got eyeballs where the eyes should be, a tongue where the tongue should be, but it's helpless and immobile.

Elijah looks at it with pride. He does his best Ed Sullivan impression:

ELIJAH

Now that's a really, really big shoe. Ha-ha-ha-ha! Hmmm, I think I'd like a pair of those!

He swivels the nozzle turret towards the cage full of freaks and is about to glop them when Rick stands up above Stuey, blocking Elijah's trajectory at the freak cage. Rick raises the jagged bar above Stuey, ready to drive it down through his chest.

ELIJAH

(to Rick monster)

Would you hurry up and waste the troll, please!? I got a lonely shoe over here!

Rick Monster nods and drives the spear down when we...

CUT TO:

INT. REGIS & KATHIE LEE SHOW SET

Rick's silhouette (which matches his ten foot monster incarnation) is immersed in the story.

RICK

And then...

KATHIE LEE

Sorry to interrupt Rick, but you've been talking for almost ninety minutes, and we've just got to go to a commercial.

RICK

Sorry.

REGIS

We'll be right back after this, folks.

CUT TO:

PRODUCT SHOT

A fine array of different kinds of cheese on a chopping block.

TOUGH VOICED ANNCR
You like cheese. You like being a
man. That's why you like..

A BURLY HAND swipes all the cheese off the block and slams down an aluminum can labeled "MACHEESMO."

TOUGH VOICED ANNCR
Macheesemo. Real cheese for real
men. Now in a handy aluminum
dispenser.

The hand crushes the can and gooey yellow cheese squirts out the top.

CUT TO:

INT. REGIS & KATHIE LEE SHOW SET

We hear a music bite from "Le Freak."

KATHIE LEE
And now back to the exciting
conclusion of Ricky Coogan's
incredible story.

RICK
Well, let's see, the other freaks
were lined up in Elijah's sights,
and I was about to shove a pipe
through Stuey's skull, when all of
a sudden, I heard a voice...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CARNIVAL TENT - NIGHT

Rick stops the spear inches from Stuey's chest. Their eyes meet.

ELIJAH
Kill him! Kill him!

Elijah's bloodthirsty goading fades away, and Cowboy's voice reverberates in Rick's head.

COWBOY (V.O.)

I reckon that troll could help you
if you just let him into your
heart... your heart... your
heart...

The voice keeps echoing. A tear wells up in Rick Monster's eye. He looks over at Cowboy, who is actually calling out to him from the cage.

COWBOY

Your heart... your heart... your
heart...

Rick Monster loses his murderous glare. He breaks into a warm smile, throws the pipe away and helps Stuey Monster up. They hug. The rest of the Freaks cheer wildly.

ERNIE

Atta' boy Coog!
(nudges Worm)
Hey, ain't that somethin'?

The Worm is gushing sentimentally. He tries to hide his tears.

WORM

Tosh. (Sniff) Sentimental claptrap
(Sniff) Shameless, maudlin--Baaa!

He can't hold it in anymore. He bawls like a baby. Meanwhile, Elijah is hopping mad.

ELIJAH

Cut the lovey-dovey bullshit, and
start mutilating each other!

He aims at Rick Monster and presses the fire button. The Glop starts to flow, but before it can make it out of the tip, Rick grabs hold of the nozzle, and twists it around to face Elijah.

RICK

Raarrrrrrrgh!

Elijah manages to duck just in time. A stream of yellow Noxon 25 glop flies over his shoulder, and lands in the DUNK TANK full of carbolic acid that sits off to one side of the tent.

The acid and the Noxon mix together and bubble up menacingly.

Elijah hops down out of the gunner's chair and squares off against Rick Monster.

Meanwhile, Stuey Monster has released the other freaks from the cage. They watch the confrontation from a distance.

Elijah rolls up his sleeves. Rick growls and advances slowly.

ELIJAH

You think I made you strong? HA!
I've cranked my DNA up so high, you
won't know what hit you. I'm a
wrecking machine! Aaaaaaa!

He rushes at Rick and delivers a flurry of punches to his mid section. They have absolutely no effect. Rick brings one heavy fist slamming down on Elijah's head, stopping him cold.

ELIJAH

(weakly)
Ow! I think you crushed my spinal
cord. I can't feel anything in my
fingers.

RICK

Maybe you'll feel this ...

Rick rears back to kick him.

ELIJAH

Qait--if you kill me, you'll never
find the antidote.

The freaks all perk up. Rick's skeptical.

RICK

What antidote?

ELIJAH

A time release serum--I baked it
into a delicious batch of
macaroons.

A slow smile grows on the Freaks' faces, especially Rick's.

RICK

If you ask me, you skimped on the
coconut!

THWAK! Rick boots Elijah between the legs, sending him flying through the air. He lands on the DUNK TANK SEAT over the bubbling Noxon/Acid. Dazed, he looks at the bullseye target, and back at Rick. Summoning up his last ounce of bravado, Elijah makes a last stand.

ELIJAH
 Come on, Coogan! Come ooon! You
 haven't got the guts to kill me!
 Go on! I dare ya'!

Rick ponders for a second. He looks over to Julie. Then...

SCRAPPY
 Yap! Yap!

RICK
 Scrappy!

Scrappy the dog rushes in. He leaps up and presses the
 bullseye, dropping Elijah into the hideous mixture.

ELIJAH
 AAAAAAARRRRRRRGGGGGHHHH!

Elijah struggles in agony. His body bubbles and mutates in
 the thick toxic soup. He sinks lower and lower into the
 gunk, until he and his cries are buried for good.

Scrappy leaps into Rick's arms and licks his face.

SCRAPPY
 Yap!

RICK
 Atta boy, Scrap!

BLAM! BLAM! The tent flaps fly open and a half dozen FBI
 AGENTS rush in with guns drawn.

FBI CHIEF
 Freeze, FBI!

Another FBI GUY investigates the dunk tank, sees Elijah's hat
 floating on top of the bubbling ooze.

ANOTHER FBI GUY
 Looks like they took care of
 Skuggs, chief.

The chief nods. They put away their guns, and approach Rick
 and the rest of the jubilant freaks.

CHIEF
 Nice work, Ricky. You'll get a
 medal from the Vice President for
 this.

RICK
 Great. But how did you--

CHIEF

We've been following Skuggs for years. Scrappy just filled in some of the details.

SCRAPPY

Yap!

FBI CHIEF

Thank heavens you brought him to justice, Rick. God only knows how far his sick plans would've gone.

ANOTHER FBI GUY

Hey chief, look at this!

The FBI guy has peeled the decal off the Pepsi machine, revealing that it's actually a Coke machine! The chief is sickened to the core.

FBI CHIEF

Is nothing sacred?

Suddenly, the agents are distracted by a terrible scream. They turn to the dunk tank and are shocked by what they see.

FBI CHIEF

Oh, my Lord!

RICK

No! It can't be!

We SWISH PAN over to reveal a DRIPPING BLOB climbing out of the dunk tank. The blob separates into two distinct entities with their backs to us. They turn around and...my God it's... it's....

REGIS AND KATHIE LEE!

Or at least a damn fine mutant imitation of them. Call him/them ELIJUS and ELLY LEE. They both have glowing red demon eyes and speak in Elijah's voice.

ELIJUS

Thought you killed me, huh?

ELLY LEE

What the hell are you looking at?

FBI CHIEF

Two pieces of deadmeat!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! The FBI guys open fire. We show only the horrified reactions of the freaks as they look on.

CUT TO:

INT. REGIS AND KATHIE LEE SET

Rick, Regis, and Kathie Lee are still in silhouette.

RICKY
And that's my story.

KATHIE LEE
(YAWN)
It was so exciting!

REGIS
And long! My God! It makes War
and Peace sound like a warm up act!

CREW GUY(O.S.)
Okay! We got light!

REGIS
It's fixed? Well, it's about time!

The lights come on--no more silhouettes. Ricky looks perfectly normal, his old self. His weird silhouette was caused by a potted plant and some strange hanging mobile behind him.

RICKY
That's better.

REGIS
I'll say.
(to audience)
How 'bout it, folks. Let's hear it
for Ricky Coogan!

The audience applauds and hoots wildly.

KATHIE LEE
Can we bring out the other freaks
now?

The audience cheers as the rest of the Freaks walk out from the wings, and stand off to the side waving to the audience. They all look clean cut and happy. They wear T-shirts with their former identities printed on them. "I was NOSEY," "I was COWBOY," "I was the BEARDED LADY" etc. Except the Worm, who's still a worm. His T-shirt says, "I'm Still THE WORM".

WORM

Ridiculous... Just because a man
doesn't like macaroons...
Nonsense.

Suddenly a squirrel runs across stage, followed by Juan. He
pounces and catches the furry little bugger.

JUAN

Gotcha! Damn, it's about time!

ALL THE EX-FREAKS

(happy to see him)

JUAN!

JUAN

Hey guys! Jeez! You look great!

They all hug.

REGIS

That's just great. What a story.
And what an ending! Elijah
transformed by the goop!

KATHIE LEE

And he really looked like--?

RICK

Exactly like you two, I swear.
Same faces, same outfits, except
they had these really big, hideous
feet...

He looks down at Regis and KATHIE LEE's feet--they're big,
hideous monster feet! Suddenly their eyes glow bright red--
It's Elijus and Elly Lee! They speak with Elijah's voice.

ELIJUS

Show's over, Ricky!

ELLY LEE

I'm gonna drink your blood!

Elly Lee pulls a machete and is about to force it down on
Rick's throat when...

BANG! BANG! BANG! Elijus and Elly Lee's eyes go funny.
They look at each other, spit up some blood, wave to the
audience one last time, and collapse to the floor. Julie
stands behind them, smoking gun in hand. She rushes to Rick.
They embrace.

JULIE

Rick! It's finally over!

RICK
Yes... Yes it is.

STUEY(O.C.)
Rick! Rick!

Rick and Julie turn and see Stuey, still a ten foot tall monster, running towards them. He's carrying a garbage bag dripping blood.

RICK
Stuey!

STUEY
Look! I found the real Regis and Kathie Lee!

Rick and Julie look at the bag, mortified. Stuey chuckles.

STUEY (CONT'D)
No, this is just my lunch!

Rick and Julie sigh with relief. Stuey pulls out a similar leaking bag and holds it up.

STUEY
(matter of fact)
This is Regis and Kathie Lee.

Rick and Julie nod casually--"Oh."

AUDIENCE
Awwww!

Suddenly Elijus and Elly Lee pop up from behind the couch, bloodied, but still fierce. They're about to stab Rick and Julie when...

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! Five more shots ring out and they fall dead--again.

Ernie stands off to the side with a smoking gun.

ERNIE
Oh, like that wasn't totally predictable.

JULIE
Well, now it really is over.

Sappy END OF THE MOVIE MUSIC wells up.

RICK
Thank God. You know, this adventure has taught me something.
(MORE)

RICK (cont'd)
 When man starts impinging on the subtle perfection of the earth's natural order, the only thing he'll create is havoc.

ERNIE
 Right, Coog. I learned somethin' too. That men and women truly are equals. That the human spirit transcends gender and physical appearance, and thus it is immune to the petty degradations men may devise. I believe it was Moliere who said--

Julie's had enough. She socks Ernie square on the jaw.

JULIE
 Oh, shut up.
 (She turns to Rick)
 Let's go fuck.

Rick gives her the thumbs up. They turn to the audience.

RICK/JULIE/ERNIE/STUEY MONSTER
 Good night, everybody!

The audience cheers. The HIT SINGLE from the soundtrack album kicks in as we...

ROLL CREDITS

As the credits roll, and everybody continues to smile and wave at the cheering audience, Elijus and Elly Lee attack again. Ernie hands the gun to Stuey, who shoots them dead. Well, dead-ish. Seconds later, after some more waving, they attack again. This time Nosey and the Bearded Lady stab them to death, sort of. A little more waving, before Elijus and Elly Lee make another pathetic attempt. They can barely stand. Cowboy clubs one with a mic stand. Worm head-butts the other. A few seconds later, Elijus's bloodied hand gropes its way over the top of the studio couch. Stuey has to prop him up while members of the audience are invited down to punch him in the chops. Ernie stands off to the side, charging everyone five bucks per blow.

As we fade, everyone's having a go flipping, throwing, kicking and impaling rag doll replicas of America's favorite morning show hosts.

THE END?!