

**FREAKED**

Written by

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**SEVENTH DRAFT**

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**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  
to reveal RICHARD HERTZ, president of E.E.S., smiling rigidly

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.**

**2.**

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.

3.

**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...

4.

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.

down  
George is now even shorter. Still another actor. His clothes are baggy, and the sombrero is starting to slide 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--  
5.

**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?

**6.**

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!**

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

**X-RAY CHECKER**  
**(TO RICK)**  
Mister Coogan, is this your bag?

**RICK**  
Yeah, why?

**X-RAY CHECKER**  
Is this your kid?

curled He indicates the X-ray monitor, where we see the skeleton outline of a BUCKTOOTHED, BESPECTACLED 10 YEAR OLD KID 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!  
7.

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.

**8.**

BAM! A passing electric baggage cart nails Stuey at full



bloody speed and carries him off down the corridor, screaming 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.

9.

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.)**

**AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH...**

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**

10.

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.

**11.**

**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!

**12.**

**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.  
**13.**

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?

**14.**

**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)**

**15.**

**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?

**16.**

**ERNIE**

Lighten up, Coog, could be a goof.

**EXT. JUNGLE ROADWAY**

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

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

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. FREEKZ 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.

**17.**

**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...  
**18.**

**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)**

Euuuwww...  
(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.

19.

**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**

20.

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 Freeekz"). 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!  
21.

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)**

**AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!**

**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.

**22.**

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)**

another A grapefruit-sized lump pops up on Ernie's side, then 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...

**23.**

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)**

**24.**

I got some RICK(cont'd)  
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!

**25.**

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.)**

**AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHRRRRRGGGGGGG!**

**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.

tune  
For a moment, Elijah is entertained by hold music to the 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**

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. LAB - MORNING**

BANG! The doors fly open. Elijah drags Rick out.

Horrified, Rick clutches the monster side of his face.  
27.

**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.

**28.**

**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.

**29.**

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.

**30.**

**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.  
**31.**

**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...

**32.**

**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!  
**33.**

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.

**34.**

**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.

**35.**

**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.

**36.**

**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.

**38.**

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!  
**39.**

**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**".

40.

**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**

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

**LAUGHING MAN**

Heh heh heh heh hehh heh.  
**41.**

**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 hooaaaa!

**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:**

42.

**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.

**43.**

**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**

by The freaks mill around in the caged-in green room, guarded  
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!

signs.of He peers through the bars, scanning the audience for  
a rescue party.  
**44.**

**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.

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

**ROSIE**

**(DROOLING)**

**EEEEEOOOOOOOOOOOOOOIIIIIEEEEE...**

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.

**45.**

**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.

**46.**

### **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?

**47.**

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.

**48.**

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.

**49.**

**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.

**50.**

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)**

51.

**JUAN (CONT'D)**

Beneath our twisted flesh we freaks  
cry out for freedom!  
Aooooooooorrrraaagh!

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.

52.

**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!

**53.**

**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**

Ooh 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 beaming his soft noggin. Rick walks out wearing the milkman outfit complete with the little six-milk-bottle-carrier thing.

**54.**

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.  
**55.**

**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)**

**56.**

**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.

57.

**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...  
Mnhmm... Mnuhmm... Wow. Okay.  
You got it... Hasta la vista to  
you too. Hahaahahaaha--

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.

spins  
Ricky rises and snatches the notepad just before Elijah  
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!**

**58.**

**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.

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

**59.**

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.

and 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 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!

**60.**

**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**

SCREAMS  
watching

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

**STUEY (O.S.)**  
**AHHHHH! STOP IT! OOOWWWW!**

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.  
**61.**

**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! RIIIIIIIIICCKKK!**

**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 éclair. 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.  
**62.**

**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! Pleeeeeeeease!

**LAUGHING MAN (O.S)**

Aha-hee-hee-ho-ho-har-har-har!

**63.**

**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.  
**64.**

**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.**

65.

**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--

**66.**

**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**

funnel  
-Nosey milks Cowboy, squirting the glowing milk into a  
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.

**67.**

-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**

Rick

The Worm burrows along, leaving a tunnel wide enough for 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!

**68.**

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!  
**69.**

**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!  
70.

**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)**

**71.**

It's nuts, SOCKHEAD(cont'd)  
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.

**72.**

**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.

**73.**

**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...

**74.**

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**

of Julie manages to silence the alarm by yanking the cord out 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.

75.

**INT. ELIJAH'S DEN**

guns The war movie has erupted into a massive battle--machine 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.

Freekz

He presses some buttons on the computer, and the Tasty 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.

76.

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!  
77.

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**

into Rick pops the plastic lid onto the Pepsi cup, and climbs 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 Freeez 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.

78.

**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.

**79.**

**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!  
**80.**

**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.



up

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

**TORCH**

Peuw! 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.

**81.**

**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.

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

to  
One of them falls off, and a bunch of WORKMEN scramble out 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.  
**82.**

**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. O.)**

--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.

**83.**

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!

the He whisks the cover off another scale model--it's exactly  
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!

**84.**

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.

**85.**

**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.

86.

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.

**87.**

**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.  
**88.**

**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!"

**89.**

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 comes 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.

**90.**

**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.O.)**

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.O.)**

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!**  
91.

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.  
**92.**

**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.

**93.**

**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 Freeez 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.

**94.**

rises  
A trapdoor on the stage opens and a large chemical tank  
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**  
95.

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:**

**96.**

**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.

97.

**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.

**98.**

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!

mid  
cold.  
He rushes at Rick and delivers a flurry of punches to his section. They have absolutely no effect. Rick brings one heavy fist slamming down on Elijah's head, stopping him

**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.

**99.**

**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**

**AAAAAAAARRRRRRGGGGGHHHH!**

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!

hat

Another FBI GUY investigates the dunk tank, sees Elijah's 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--  
**100.**

**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!  
**101.**

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".

**102.**

**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 Elijah 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!

**103.**

**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)**

**104.**

**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?!**