

Diamond Dead

by  
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Whiffs of fog drift across the darkness as the moon emerges from behind the clouds illuminating crumbling cement blocks and twisted steel overgrown by weeds. ARIA DE WINTER, dressed as a goth girl, climbs over the cement blocks carrying a bouquet of roses. She is in her mid forties, her face is care worn. The years have not been kind to her. She lays the roses on the ground and steps back.

ARIA

I miss you guys. My life has been a fucked up mess without you. This whole thing isn't fair.

ARIA sits down among the rubble, thinking to herself. Behind her an IMPOSING APPARITION pulls itself from the swirling fog. It glides silently over the debris growing more solid as it advances. It silently glides up behind ARIA. When it raises its head, it is some kind of long dead alien monstrosity. It is DEATH.

DEATH

I say, I say. Strange place for flowers.

She doesn't bother to look up.

ARIA

I suppose.

DEATH

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

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

DEATH

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

ARIA

Huh?

DEATH

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

ARIA

Who are you?

DEATH

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

ARIA

A death?

DEATH

That's what I said. My mouth is movin' so I must be talkin'. I say, ma'am, pay attention, ya may learn somethin'. Lots of people croak every day. Logistically-wise one death can't handle the load. Are you following me here?

ARIA

Sort of.

DEATH

The world needs more than one death.

ARIA

So, what are you doing here?

DEATH

Balancing accounts. I have four souls unaccounted for. It's very unusual for souls to stay under for that long. They're like lumpy gravy. They usually float to the top before the meat goes bad.

ARIA

Well they're down there somewhere.

DEATH stares at the ground chagrined.

DEATH

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

ARIA

You need a break?

DEATH

Who's gonna give me a break, I ask  
in mock ignorance and a general air  
of foreboding?

ARIA

How 'bout me?

DEATH

Why I do declare, I think I may  
laugh if it didn't jostle my coccyx  
so much.

ARIA

Why not? Beats sittin' on my ass.  
I'm a real people person. I'm  
slightly immoral and I temper all  
discussions with a nihilistic  
anticipation of general disaster.

DEATH leans against a tree and a DOZEN BIRDS fall off the  
branches and hit the ground dead.

DEATH

It's an awesome responsibility.

ARIA

So's voting.

DEATH

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

ARIA

A perk! Cool.

DEATH

Take this scythe.

He hands her his scythe.

ARIA

What kind of powers?

DEATH

Life and death. Forward, reverse.

CLOSE ON SCYTHER

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

BACK TO SCENE

ARIA

Rad!

DEATH

Alright little Miss spooky pants, you have one year. Your allotment is one person a day. And on all Hallows Eve when the clock strikes the hour of the wolf - that's midnight eastern standard time - if you haven't met your quota by then, you forfeit your own soul and all those you love will be erased from existence.

DEATH begins to walk away.

DEATH (CONT'D)

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

ARIA

Hey! Where ya goin'?

DEATH

I'm going to get laid. Thanks, babe.

(to himself)

Nice girl, but a little on the creepy side.

DEATH departs. The sky blackens with storm clouds. Lightning strikes EXPLODE around ARIA. She lowers the scythe to the ground and hits the reverse switch. A BLUE ARC OF ELECTRICITY EXPLODES from the scythe slashing to the ground. The ground trembles. The electricity swirls around ARIA and the years fall away leaving her decades younger and beautiful.

The ground begins to crack, we HEAR muffled screams. Suddenly a mummified arm erupts from the earth holding the Diamond Dead guitar by the neck.

FREEZE FRAME ON THE DIAMOND DEAD GUITAR

**Title up: DIAMOND DEAD**

2 EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT 2

An old Gothic theater. The marquee reads: "DR. DIABOLICUS AND THE DIAMOND DEAD."

3 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL THEATER LOBBY - NIGHT 3

MATHIAS STARK a nervous and nerdy type in his twenties, is polishing a brass rail on the staircase. There is a pounding on the door. MATHIAS opens the door and comes face to face with TWO SHERIFFS.

SHERIFF 1  
Mathias Stark?

MATHIAS  
Yes?

SHERIFF 1 hands him some official looking papers. MATHIAS accepts the papers, then swats at a moth with them.

SHERIFF 1  
Pursuant to the order of the court,  
I am serving you with this  
foreclosure notice.

MATHIAS  
Hey, you're making a mistake. I got  
one more day to get the money!

Puzzled, SHERIFF 2 leafs through papers on his clipboard.

SHERIFF 2  
(turns to his partner)  
I told ya October has thirty one  
days!

SHERIFF 1  
We'll be back.

MATHIAS  
I don't think so. I got this  
fantastic rock act Diamond Dead  
playing tomorrow night.  
(points at a Diamond Dead  
poster)  
I'll have the money right after the  
show.

They give him a doubtful look and leave.

4 EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

4

The lobby lights turn off, then the signs, and finally the marquee lights.

A few blocks away FOG rolls in eerily lit with blue light. Inside the fog, LIGHTNING FLASHES. The THICK FOG rolls past the theatre as MATHIAS locks the front doors for the night.

MATHIAS

Fog. Cool.

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

MATHIAS (CONT'D)

I still own a theater. Life rocks!

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

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

MATHIAS (CONT'D)

What the hell?

A winged wraith like SHAPE streaks past MATHIAS, almost knocking him over. It's unearthly feed-back SCREAM ECHOES down the street. MATHIAS turns around but sees nothing.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

ARIA

Mathias Stark?

MATHIAS turns around. ARIA is standing in front of him with a sinister smile on her face. She wears a top hat with a veil and a black dress.

MATHIAS

Yaah!

ARIA

Did I scare you?

MATHIAS  
Yes. Jesus Christ.

ARIA  
Good. I'm Aria De Winter

MATHIAS  
You're with the band, right?

ARIA  
No. They're with me.

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

ARIA  
That's the road crew.

FOUR CUSTOMIZED HEARSEs appear out of the fog. The DRIVERS  
are dressed in nineteenth century livery. They stop in front  
of the theatre and wait, unmoving.

MATHIAS  
Awesome.

ARIA  
Isn't it...

MATHIAS  
Your agent said you'd be here  
tomorrow.

ARIA  
It is tomorrow -- three past  
twelve.

MATHIAS  
I'm sorry. I was just going home.

A TALL GAUNT MAN steps from one of the hearses and walks up  
to ARIA, his arms outstretched. He holds a scythe on a purple  
satin pillow.

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

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

ARIA (CONT'D)

I bet you're a terribly fascinating little boy, Mathias. Kinda sexy in an innocent sort of white meat way.

ARIA twirls the scythe like a baton.

ARIA (CONT'D)

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

MATHIAS

Sure. I'll open up for you.

ARIA

Don't bother. We got it.

The lobby lights TURN THEMSELVES ON, then the sign and the marquee.

MATHIAS

Hey! How'd you do that?

ARIA

Magic. We're in show business.

MATHIAS

Wow.

ARIA

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

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

ARIA (CONT'D)

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

MATHIAS

Well, I...

ARIA

Don't worry. I like girls, too.

MATHIAS

I think I'm in over my head.

ARIA

Not yet, but if you're lucky, who knows?

MATHIAS

Help.

ARIA and MATHIAS walk down the street. CAMERA pushes past Mathias and Aria into a window and we are in:

5 INT. JACK AND GEENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

5

JACK and GEENA are in their living room. JACK is a young punk in his mid-twenties: Mohawk, shredded clothes, ridiculous features. GEENA is his roommate: young, beautiful with long dark hair and mischievous eyes. They are sitting in front of the TV looking catatonic, watching an infomercial as if on Thorazine.

GEENA

Well, where do you wanna eat then?

JACK

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

Long silence.

GEENA

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

JACK

Okay.

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

GEENA

C'mon.

JACK

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

GEENA

I can't. You turn it off.

JACK

Oh, God. We're doomed.

GEENA

Victims of a technology we cannot control.

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

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

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

GEENA  
Thank God.

JACK  
That was close. We gotta find that  
remote.

GEENA  
No shit.

6 EXT. JACKS COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT 6

A seedy run down dive. The neon sign EXPLODES leaving only a few glowing letters. The sign now reads "JACK OFF SHOP".

7 INT. JACK'S COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT 7

MATHIAS and ARIA are having coffee.

ARIA  
You look nervous.

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

ARIA  
Have you ever seen a Diamond Dead  
show before?

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

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

MATHIAS

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

ARIA

That's fair.

MATHIAS

How long have you guys been together?

ARIA

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

MATHIAS

Do you have any music I can listen to?

ARIA

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

MATHIAS

Um... Okay.

ARIA

Do you scare easily?

MATHIAS

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

ARIA

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

MATHIAS

Don't worry? Saying, "Don't worry," to someone like me is like a cop saying, "Bend over, this is a cavity search." What's to worry about, Aria?

MATHIAS(cont'd)

Are you a band of Satanic killers or something? Because if you are I want it on the record that I am not a virgin.

ARIA

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

MATHIAS

Sounds like my sex life.

ARIA

Really.

MATHIAS

No, but I like to fantasize.

ARIA playfully slides her heel up Mathias' leg digging in for a second. Mathias is nervous and aroused.

ARIA

Ready to go back to the theatre?

MATHIAS looks embarrassed and uncomfortable.

MATHIAS

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

ARIA

Suit yourself.

ARIA exits. MATHIAS squirms in his seat, grabs some ice cubes and drops them down his pants.

8

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

8

JACK and GEENA walk down the street carrying some junk food. Suddenly JACK stops in front of a telephone pole.

JACK

Hey Geena, check it out.

GEENA

What?

On the pole is a POSTER for the Diamond Dead.

JACK

Diamond Dead are coming. They are so mythic, they're so underground, they're a rumor. And the scum of the earth is goin' to come out to see them.

GEENA

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

JACK

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

GEENA

They look like a Metal band.

JACK

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

GEENA

Your white trash is showing, Jack.

JACK

It is? I'm sorry. We gotta go, Geena. It's going to be rock history. No-one has ever seen them do a show. Please. Please.

GEENA

Fine. We can go.

JACK

Really?

GEENA

Sure.

JACK

Let's get in line for tickets! We need sleeping bags and shit. You go get the supplies and I'll save you a spot.

She rolls her eyes.

They see FOUR HEARSEs in front of the Grand Quignol.

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

GEENA  
Kinda strange, isn't it?

JACK  
Good strange, or bad strange?

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

A GAUNT FIGURE steps out of the darkness. It is DEATH.

DEATH  
I say, I say. Hello, kiddies.

JACK and GEENA start.

JACK AND GEENA  
Yaah! Fuck!

DEATH  
Up past your bedtime?

GEENA  
You dick!

DEATH  
I was kinda hoping I could get your  
autograph.

DEATH produces a long contract from out of nowhere. It unrolls into the street for about ten feet and then stops, releasing a tiny terrified RAT LIKE CREATURE that was trapped inside. It scurries away into the darkness squeaking in terror.

JACK  
Why?

GEENA  
Yeah. What for?

DEATH  
A trade.

GEENA

What kind of trade?

DEATH

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

GEENA

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

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

ARIA is walking to the theater on the dark street and notices DEATH with the kids. She strides up to them.

ARIA

(to Jack and Geena)

Hi guys, not to be rude or anything, but I gotta talk to Morty here. Hope you don't mind.

She gives them two backstage passes.

The Marquee suddenly SPARKS UP, showering the street and DEATH ARIA are gone.

JACK

Whoa!

GEENA

Shiiit!

9

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

9

DEATH leans against a dumpster. ARIA, scythe drawn, is ready for a fight.

ARIA

What the fuck are you doing here?

DEATH

Why, I've done given ya power over life and death. Now, we have a bargain. You were supposed to deliver souls by the deadline. I ain't seen ya whakin' nobody.

DEATH(cont'd)

You don't deliver Missy, and I'm gonna have to do ya and your friends. And that includes that little freak I seen ya cATTIN' around.

ARIA

I have til midnight. I'll take care of it.

DEATH

Well, I'm gonna have to hang around and make sure you do.

ARIA

Fine. Go nuts. Just don't get in may way.

DEATH

You won't even know I'm around...

DEATH steps backwards and merges with the wall and disappears. ARIA is left to think about Death's implied threat.

10 EXT. STREET - MORNING

10

MATHIAS walks to the theatre. The street is completely covered in Diamond Dead posters. A huge billboard advertising the "Holy Church of Good Intentions" is replaced with the band's logo. A BUM sleeping in a doorway has a poster glued to his back.

MATHIAS rounds the corner and finds the front of his theatre mobbed with ROCK AND ROLL FANS, PROTESTERS, TV TRUCKS, POLICE, AND T-SHIRT VENDORS.

MATHIAS

Is this hell?

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

11 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL LOBBY - MORNING

11

PUSSY A. DANGLE, the oh-so-hip VJ from NTV (Nerve Television) and her CAMERAMAN are in front of the crowd.

PUSSY

This is Pussy A. Dangle, live from The Grand Quignol Theatre, somewhere in the cultural hell we call the Midwest. The excitement builds for the legendary rock band that everybody worships but have never seen, The Diamond Dead.

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

PUSSY (CONT'D)

I'm talking live with Mathias Stark, owner of this wonderful new pop oasis and host to America's latest contender for the Shock Rock crown, Dr. Diabolicus and the Diamond Dead. Tell me Mathias, what are Dr. Diabolicus and the Diamond Dead really like? Are the rumors really true? Are you in fact sleeping with Aria De Winter, the band's rhythm guitarist?

MATHIAS

What?!!

PUSSY

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

MATHIAS

I did not sleep with Ms. De Winters!!! I just met her. We talked. I hardly know her.

PUSSY

Is it true that members of the band have felony warrants in Romania? Any comment?

MATHIAS stares at the camera, stunned.

MATHIAS

Um...I need coffee.

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

12 INT. MATHIAS' OFFICE - DAY

12

A quaint place, but not without charm. Ramshackle antique furnishings, a sofa-bed on the side, a desk facing the door. The stage illuminated by the work light can be seen through a window.

MATHIAS bursts in and finds ARIA sitting on his desk provocatively.

ARIA  
Hello, lover.

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

ARIA  
That's the biz.

MATHIAS' eyes travel down her body to her fabulous legs.

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

He closes his eyes and grits his teeth.

ARIA  
What are you talking about?

MATHIAS collapses on the couch.

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

ARIA  
I'll get it.

MATHIAS  
Thank-you! And God bless you!

ARIA goes to the coffee maker.

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

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

ARIA  
Yeah, well, it's still early.

MATHIAS  
You're great.

She hands him the coffee.

ARIA  
I know. If it's any consolation,  
the place is sold out. So you just  
relax. I'll handle the crowd and  
the media circus.

MATHIAS  
Thanks.

ARIA exits. MATHIAS, feeling impending disaster spills his  
coffee.

13 EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - DAY

13

PUSSY is interviewing the CROWD.

PUSSY  
Look at me, America. I have it on  
good authority that the members of  
this band are in fact dead.

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

FAN 1  
Diamond Dead! Diamond Dead! I wanna  
be just like you guys!!

The hearse runs him over.

FAN 2

Ugh!

PUSSY stands over the road-kill kid.

PUSSY

Diamond Dead. Teen idols or the  
Avatars of Death. Who the hell do  
these guys think they are? Let's  
ask the fans.

PUSSY grabs a particularly stupid-looking METALHEAD BURNOUT.

PUSSY (CONT'D)

So. What do you...

METALHEAD

Diamond Dead! Diamond Dead! Diamond  
Dead!

PUSSY

Um...Excuse me.

METALHEAD

Diamond Dead!

PUSSY

Pardon me.

METALHEAD

Diamond Dead! Fuckin' A! Fuckin' B!

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

METALHEAD (CONT'D)

Bogus.

PUSSY

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

METALHEAD

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

PUSSY

Tell me about the band?

METALHEAD

Diamond Dead rules! Diamond Dead  
rocks.

METALHEAD(cont'd)

They're the most ultimate, most penultimate, most non-non ultimate fucking band ever!!

PUSSY

Why?

METALHEAD

Huh?

PUSSY

Why are they so great?

METALHEAD

Uh...Fuck...Uh...

PUSSY

Well?

METALHEAD

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

PUSSY

How come you like them?

METALHEAD

Shit. You're a real bitch.

PUSSY

(to the camera)

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

METALHEAD

(taps her on the shoulder)

I just thought why I like them.

PUSSY

Why?

METALHEAD

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

A riding crop strikes a bare ass. MISTRESS VERONICA VINYL is busy flogging JIMMY JOE BILLY BOB SCRUGGS.

VERONICA

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

REVEREND

Yes, Mistress.

VERONICA

What are you?

REVEREND

A worm, Mistress. A little horny worm.

VERONICA

And what am I?

REVEREND

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

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

ZEALOT

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

REVEREND

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

ZEALOT

I'm sorry, Reverend Scruggs, but if the nice leather lady could stop contemplating you for a minute. There is something you must see.

VERONICA

What the hell. You're a prepay.

The ZEALOT plugs in the TV.

REVEREND

This had better be worth it.

The ZEALOT turns on the TV. We SEE the circus outside the Grand Quignol.

REVEREND (CONT'D)

What is this?

ZEALOT

The 69th sign, sir. The dead shall rise out of the ground and they shall walk among the living.

VERONICA

Oh, please.

REVEREND

It's fake. It has to be.

ZEALOT

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

REVEREND

Lord protect us.

ZEALOT

Amen.

VERONICA

Sheesh. Could you leave now?

ZEALOT

Are you very expensive?

VERONICA

Very.

REVEREND

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

VERONICA

One hour.

REVEREND

One hour.

The ZEALOT exits.

VERONICA

Where was I?

REVEREND

Little horny worm.

VERONICA  
You little horny worm.

REVEREND  
Yes, Mistress.

15 INT. LOADING DOCK - DAY

15

Diamond Dead TOUR TRUCKS are unloading equipment into the theatre as JACK and GEENA approach waving their passes at anyone who will look.

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

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

JACK bumps into RASPUTIN.

JACK  
(playing the snob)  
Pardon me. But do you have any Grey Poupon?

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

16 INT. MATHIAS' OFFICE - DAY

16

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

ARIA  
Ready to meet the rest of the boys?

MATHIAS  
Are there any reporters out there?

ARIA  
We're meeting Pussy A. Dangle backstage.

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

ARIA  
C'mon!

MATHIAS  
Aw! Do I have to?

ARIA  
Don't be a baby.

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

She gives him a look and leaves.

17 INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

17

The place is a flurry of activity. ROADIES move equipment boxes. One of them is bouncing up and down like something is alive and pissed off inside. One roadie pushes a rack with hanging sides of beef past PUSSY standing next to the dressing room door. RASPUTIN, the security guard, wearing a headset and carrying an Uzi has taken up his post opposite.

RASPUTIN  
(into headset)  
I don't care what kind of ritual it  
is. Tell Bob the sheep's skulls are  
for band use only.

PUSSY  
(to her camera)  
Security is tight around here.

TWENTY GROUPIES rush the green room, screaming. SNIPERS armed with guns appear out of their hiding places and fire at the crazed BIMBOS, dropping them in their tracks. There is no blood.

PUSSY (CONT'D)  
Oh my God!

RASPUTIN  
(calmly into his headset)  
Blue Spook to Big Boo. Can we have  
a cleanup crew to backstage  
dressing room C? Over.

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

RASPUTIN  
(to Pussy)  
Can I see Some ID?

PUSSY  
You shot those bimbos!

RASPUTIN  
ID?

PUSSY hands over her press credentials.

PUSSY  
I'm Pussy A. Dangle from NTV. I made arrangements with Aria De Winters... You... You... You shot those poor groupies!

RASPUTIN  
Hang on a minute.  
(to headset)  
Blue Spook to Big Boo. I need a press verification on a Pussy A. Dangle.

PUSSY  
Those poor teenyboppers. You killed them!

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

PUSSY  
What?

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

PUSSY  
Who?

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

PUSSY  
Natural habitat?

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

PUSSY  
Really?

RASPUTIN  
Here comes Ms. De Winter now.

ARIA and MATHIAS arrive.

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

MATHIAS  
We met.

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

PUSSY  
Yes.

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

PUSSY  
What?

RASPUTIN  
Do not put your fingers near their  
faces.

PUSSY  
Why?

RASPUTIN  
They bite.

PUSSY  
Bullshit.

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

RASPUTIN  
No. They do.

RASPUTIN holds up his left hand. Two fingers are missing.

PUSSY  
Holy shit!

MATHIAS  
I'm not going in.

ARIA  
Rasputin! Stop it.

RASPUTIN  
All I did was wave to Dr.  
Diabolicus and he bit them off. He  
would have ate my whole arm if I  
hadn't shot him.

MATHIAS  
You shot him?

ARIA  
He's exaggerating. Shut up now,  
Rasputin.

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

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

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

ARIA  
Can we go in?

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

As they enter RASPUTIN chuckles quietly to himself.

18 INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

18

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

PUSSY

It's very dark in here.

ARIA

We like it that way.

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

PUSSY

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

MATHIAS

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

ARIA

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

PUSSY

Oh. Fine.

ARIA

Are you ready?

CAMERAMAN

Rolling.

PUSSY

(to camera)

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

DR. D

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

PUSSY

So, why the darkness? Why the  
mystery?

SPYDER SYN raises TWO SOCK PUPPETS on his hands which do his speaking for him. One is cute, the other is distinctly evil. He wears an iron mask and a long cape that conceals his emaciated anatomy. His hair, which sticks out of the top of his mask, is parted in the middle. One side is dyed white, the other black.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET

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

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

GLITTER

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

DR. D

We don't go near water either.

PUSSY

Why?

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET

We don't want to re-hydrate.

DR. D

That would be bad.

GLITTER

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

PUSSY

Who's the man on the end there?

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

BANGZ

(loud)

Fuck you!

ARIA

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

BANGZ

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

DR. D

Bangz is cool.

BANGZ

Fuck you.

PUSSY

So. What do you attribute your  
sudden success to?

DR. D

We're dead.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET

Yup. Dead.

GLITTER

Dead Dick dead.

BANGZ

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

ARIA

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

PUSSY

How do you mean dead?

DR. D

Dead. Dead. Un-live. Inanimate.  
Uninvolved.

GLITTER

We're deceased.

BANGZ

So, fuck you.

ARIA

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

ARIA turns on the lights. The visitors react in shock. The four cadavers smile at the camera. GLITTER waves.

PUSSY

(screams)

Jesus!

MATHIAS

They sure smell dead.

MATHIAS staggers against the wall and slides down.

DR. D

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

SPYDER holds up one of his sock hand puppets.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET

Hi, America.

DR. D

This is Glitter. The man. The music. The accessories. And Bartholomew Bangz. Thinker. Philosopher.

BANGZ

Fuck you.

DR. D

He's deep.

PUSSY starts to puke. MATHIAS in shock, shaking his head in disbelief, is mumbling to himself.

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

GEENA  
Was that Pussy A. Dangle?

JACK  
Kinda looked like her.

GEENA  
Seemed awfully sick.

JACK  
Kinda green and water-eyed.

GEENA  
Wow. She looks much better in real  
life.

JACK  
Definitely.

ARIA and MATHIAS exit the dressing room and walk down a  
passageway. MATHIAS is noticeably agitated.

MATHIAS  
What's going on here, Aria?!  
They're dead!

ARIA  
Look Mathias. It's all cool. Come  
over here and sit down.

ARIA leads him to a quiet corner and sits him on an equipment  
case.

MATHIAS  
They're dead. They are really dead.  
And not like in a kinda cutesy  
hippie dippie grateful dead sort of  
way. Those fuckers are dead in a  
smelly road kill squishy way. Where  
the heck did you all come from?

ARIA  
Oh, thank God.

She sits down on a plastic chair in the corner.

ARIA  
(into CAMERA)  
I've been dreading the awkward  
setup for a flashback scene...  
(to Mathias)  
...but you got us over it like a  
pro.

MATHIAS

Thanks.

ARIA

Well, it all started in 1982...

FLASHBACK

20

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET - DAY

20

A dilapidated VW MICROBUS speeds through the LA warehouse district. The bus turns a corner, and roars onto a dirt road toward a boarded up and abandoned garment factory. "Unsafe" and "Condemned" signs are tacked up everywhere. The VW skids to a halt in front of the building, raising a huge cloud of dust. The doors open and the BAND, NOW ALIVE, step out and begin to unload their equipment. ARIA climbs on the roof of her bus and sits cross-legged, watching.

GLITTER

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

BANGZ

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

GLITTER

I'm depressed.

DR. D

Fuck you both.

BANGZ

Is all this swearing absolutely necessary?

SPYDER SYN

Kiss my ass.

DR. D

C'mon, let's get this shit unloaded.

ARIA realizes she's being ignored and jumps down from the bus.

ARIA

I wanna play.

DR. D

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

SPYDER SYN

I did?

GLITTER

She told us last night.

SPYDER SYN

That bitch.

DR. D

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

SPYDER SYN

God, I'm a creep.

DR. D

Aria baby, I would like to go inside in peace. Is that okay with you?

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

ARIA

You prick!

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

GLITTER

I don't think you two will ever get along. Forget about him Aria.

ARIA

So, I'm fucked. All I want is to be a part.

SPYDER sticks his head out of the door.

SPYDER SYN

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

GLITTER  
 (to Aria)  
 Are you coming?

ARIA follows them in.

21 INT. BASEMENT - DAY

21

The BAND live in a typical squatter camp. The band's equipment and the huge "RUPTURE SUBWOOFER" amp dominates one side of the room. The BAND stands in front of the monolithic sound monster, looking up in awe.

DR. D  
 That thing looks scary.

SPYDER SYN  
 It is scary.

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

The BAND looks at one another.

DR. D  
 Whoa. Killed a squirrel.

BANGZ  
 The Who doesn't have one.

GLITTER  
 Really?

BANGZ  
 Just the Stones and us.

DR. D  
 Crank it!

ARIA sits down on a big black box that is plugged into the Subwoofer. The band begins to play a song. She notices a sticker on the box she is sitting on.

INSERT

DANGER! DO NOT OPERATE RUPTURE SUBWOOFER WITH OUT CONNECTING RESOUNCE FILTER. EXTREME DANGER!

BACK TO ARIA

A wicked smile crosses her face. She reaches down and pulls the plug on the resounce filter. Immediately, the vibration from the Subwoofer begins to shake the room. ARIA gets up quietly and exits.

As the BAND plays, plaster falls off the walls, glass explodes everywhere. Trickles of blood runs out of the band members ears and noses.

22 EXT. FACTORY - DAY 22

As ARIA drives away the foundation shakes and the building's windows EXPLODE behind her. ARIA is unaware that the entire building is COLLAPSING on top of the band, burying them.

END OF FLASHBACK

23 BACK TO MATHIAS AND ARIA. 23

ARIA

It bummed me out for a long time...

MATHIAS

Wow. I thought I was the only person to have a Subwoofer near death experience.

ARIA

It's more common than you think.

MATHIAS

How did they come back to life?

She checks her watch.

ARIA

Look sweetie, I don't have time for this right now. We got a sound check in a few minutes. Kinda mini preview. Why don't you just go back to your office and I'll catch up with you later.

MATHIAS

Um... No. I wanna see.

ARIA

Are you sure?

MATHIAS

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

ARIA

I feel that way about shopping.

MATHIAS

One question.

ARIA

Sure.

MATHIAS

You're not dead, are you?

ARIA

Of course not. I'm much worse.

She exits.

24 EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - DAY 24

The house is MOBBED WITH REPORTERS and FANS.

25 INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY 25

ARIA answers the phone. With her in the room are DR. D and the BAND.

ARIA

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

DR. D

Let's rock and roll.

BANGZ

Fuckin' A.

GLITTER

Go girl.

SPYDER SYN

Kick ass.

ARIA

Whatever.

26 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

26

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

The BAND appear on-stage rising out of exploding graves, and begin to play the intro to song "Necrophilia".

DR. D's hand falls off. A ROADIE runs out, finds it under a piece of equipment and reattaches it with a roll of duct tape. Dr. D talks to the audience.

DR. D

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

GLITTER

Amen.

DR. D

If it wasn't for filthy perverts  
like you, we would never get laid!

Dr. D starts singing Necrophilia, which continues over next two scenes.

27 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

27

Establish.

28 EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - DAY

28

The PRESIDENT, followed by SECRET SERVICE AGENTS is walking toward a waiting helicopter displaying the Presidential Seal. A MARINE GUARD is standing at the steps. An AIDE hands a portable phone to the President.

AIDE

Oklahoma, sir. Your cousin Reverend  
Jimmy Scruggs.

PRESIDENT

Shit. What does that Bible humping  
bastard want?  
(into phone)

PRESIDENT(cont'd)

Cousin Jimmy, you old Bible  
thumping fire and brimstone son of  
a... Baptist preacher. How the hell  
are you?

29 INT. VERONICA'S DUNGEON - DAY

29

SCRUGGS, bare-assed, is sitting in tub of ice-water. INTERCUT  
with the President as desired.

REVEREND

Do you love God?

Behind SCRUGGS, VERONICA playfully cracks her whip.

PRESIDENT

Yes, I love God. What do you want?

REVEREND

The end times are here Mr.  
President. The 69th sign. Verse 4,  
chapter 9. The dead have risen from  
the grave. Satan's handmaidens have  
arrived and they call themselves  
the Diamond Dead. As the Lord is my  
witness, Armageddon will be upon us  
if they are not stopped. You are  
aware of the biblical consequences  
if their show goes on?

PRESIDENT

I'm very aware of the biblical  
ramifications Jimmy. I'll get one  
of my boys to deal with this right  
away. Jimmy? Sounds like you're in  
pain? Is that Mistress Veronica I  
hear in the background? Tell her  
Air Force One is standing by. I'll  
see her at Camp David.

The PRESIDENT enters the helicopter and it takes off.

30 INT. BACKSTAGE WINGS - DAY

30

ARIA walks up to PUSSY. On stage, the performance continues.

ARIA

So, what do you think?

PUSSY

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

ARIA

Part magic, part science, mostly  
bullshit. It's all so fabulously  
decadent, isn't it? Oooh, you don't  
want to miss this. This is where  
Dr. D spits maggots at the  
audience.

PUSSY

Oh, please, Jesus!

She starts to puke again.

31 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL AUDITORIUM - DAY 31

DR. D sprays the AUDIENCE consisting of the press, sound  
crew, hangers on, etc. with a ridiculous excess of slime and  
maggots.

Song "Necrophilia" ends.

32 INT. BACKSTAGE WINGS - DAY 32

ARIA looks down to PUSSY passed out on the floor.

ARIA

Wimp.

33 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL AUDITORIUM - DAY 33

GEENA and JACK sitting in the front row are drenched in  
maggots and slime. JACK plucks a maggot from his face.

JACK

Look, Geena, real live maggots.

GEENA

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

JACK

Nope. That's a maggot.

GEENA

I don't think so.

JACK

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

34 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS 34

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

DR. D

Miss anyone?

AUDIENCE

No.

FAVOR MATHIAS

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

MATHIAS

(to himself with anguished sarcasm)

This is the best day of my life.

35 EXT. AIRFORCE ONE - DAY 35

Flying high in the skies.

36 INT. AIRFORCE ONE - CONTINUOUS 36

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

PRESIDENT

Goddamit Simms, you're the CIA Director for Chrissakes! If the dead are rising from the grave, I want to know about it.

SIMMS

Yes Mr. President.

PRESIDENT

This has significant military implications. We must have dead raising capability. We must know the secret to life and death. I want you send your best operative to get it for me.

SIMMS

Yes sir. I know just the right person for the job.

37 EXT. THE HOLY CHURCH OF GOOD INTENTIONS - DAY 37

A fabulous old Gothic structure.

38 INT. THE HOLY CHURCH OF GOOD INTENTIONS - CONTINUOUS 38

Vaulted ceilings, stain glass windows. The beautiful marble altar is made ugly by a giant black velvet portrait of the Reverend Scruggs.

A television sits on a pedestal, showing Dr. D spewing maggots. Suddenly, the TV is smashed by a twenty pound sledgehammer. REVEREND SCRUGGS throws the sledgehammer to one side, and returns to the pulpit.

REVEREND

Brothers and sisters, that was the scene at the Grand Quignol Theatre. Truly the end times are upon us. For the Bible says, "The Devil walks among us." And, yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of Death, I shalt take no shit.

Cue: "Gospel Funk Track" which continues until end of scene.

REVEREND

The Devil has come, brothers and sisters, and he's one big sneaky son of a bitch. The dead walk the earth. Frankly, dear sinners, I feel a completely reactionary, knee-jerk, ignorant, fanatical outburst of violence is necessary to trod the serpent underfoot! Praise the Lord?

FLOCK

Praise the Lord.

REVEREND

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

FLOCK

Amen!

REVEREND

Oh, no! Not me!

FLOCK

Amen!

REVEREND

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

FLOCK

Ooooh, Yuck!

REVEREND

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

FLOCK

What?

REVEREND

Praise the Lord.

FLOCK

Praise the Lord!

REVEREND

Hallelujah!

FLOCK

Hallelujah!

REVEREND

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

39

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL STAGE - DAY

39

MATHIAS gets up from his hands and knees on the stage, having finished cleaning up the mess. He is wearing a rubber apron, safety yellow cleaning gloves and has an air-filter mask over his face. He moves the mask onto the top of his head when ARIA enters.

ARIA

You wanted to see me.

MATHIAS

I'm not sure.

ARIA

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

MATHIAS

I don't think so.

ARIA

Why not?

MATHIAS

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

He starts walking toward his office, she walks next to him.

ARIA

Why?

MATHIAS

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

ARIA

Stop already. You're babbling.

MATHIAS

Am I?

ARIA

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

MATHIAS

It worked. I'm shocked.

ARIA

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

They enter his office.

40

INT. MATHIAS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

40

MATHIAS flops on the sofa-bed. ARIA faces him.

MATHIAS

(blurts it out)

So, do you love this Diabolicus dude?

ARIA

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

SONG: "CRASH-TEST DUMMIES IN LOVE": ARIA AND MATHIAS plays in background.

MATHIAS

Good.

ARIA

Good?

MATHIAS

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

ARIA

Really?

MATHIAS

Look at me. I have to take advantage wherever I can. Just watch... I respect you, Aria.

MATHIAS(cont'd)

I think that any guy who would snob you is an asshole and a Cyclopean jerk. You are incredible.

ARIA

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

MATHIAS

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

ARIA leans forward and kisses him.

ARIA

How 'bout that?

MATHIAS

Wow. This thing seems to have its own momentum.

They kiss again.

Song ends.

41 EXT. CIA - DAY 41

Establish.

42 INT. CIA - CLOSE ON DOOR - CONTINUOUS 42

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

43 INT. CIA SUPER-SECRET HUSH-HUSH BLACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS 43

The chairs are filled with TEN MEN IN GRAY SUITS looking at SIMMS, who presides at the head of the table.

SIMMS

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

AGENT 1

Yes sir.

SIMMS

We have no choice. We've got to call in our best paranormal and aberrant sexual operative.

One of the MALE AGENTS jumps up on the table. He stands up straight, covers his face with his hands and lifts up on his tiptoes.

CLOSE ON

Two stiletto heels click into place like switchblade knives(music beat one, two) and the shoes transform into women's pumps. Black plastic skin tight armor replaces his male attire.

PAN UP

A riding crop springs into his hands. A mechanized corset grabs and constricts his waist. His chest swells under plastic bra cups (music beat three, four). Now only his face remains male. He lowers his head, hair obscuring his face. Then throws her head back and it is VERONICA VINYL.

SIMMS (CONT'D)  
Agent Mistress Veronica Vinyl.

ALL THE AGENTS  
Ooooooh!

VERONICA  
(to one of the agents)  
Oh, stop drooling. You'll get spit  
on my pumps.  
(to Simms)  
I read the file.

VERONICA launches into a production number.

SONG: "ON YOUR KNEES BITCH!": VERONICA

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

VERONICA  
Make sure there's a jet helicopter  
waiting to take me directly to the  
theatre.

Production number ends.

SIMMS  
I actually feel sorry for those  
boys.

44 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

44

A large time worn room. Exposed duct work, stained yellow walls with holes in the dry wall. The BAND is sitting around playing poker.

BANGZ

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

GLITTER

You've got a busted hand, don't you, sweetie.

BANGZ

Fucking cards. You and your fucking poker face.

GLITTER

It's called rigor mortis.

BANGZ

I fucking fold.

45 INT. MATHIAS' OFFICE - NIGHT

45

ARIA and MATHIAS are making out, Mathias breaks away gasping for breath. ARIA looks at the clock on the wall. Time is precious to her.

ARIA

See? No disasters, no weirdness...

MATHIAS

I know, weird, isn't it?

ARIA

You're impossible.

ARIA pushes MATHIAS back onto the desk and begins stripping him.

MATHIAS

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

ARIA  
Maybe your luck is changing.

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

ARIA  
Look Mathias baby, could we have  
less talking and more groping, I  
don't have much time.

MATHIAS  
I like to talk Aria. I need to  
talk. Can't we do both?

ARIA  
Okay, what ever. How did you get in  
the theatre business?

MATHIAS  
I used to write music reviews until  
I flipped out. One night I found  
myself drunk and dancing on the  
roof of Alice Cooper's tour bus  
naked, singing "Born Free" with a  
Filipino transvestite named Dwight.

ARIA pulls down Mathias' pants and sees the impressive bulge.

ARIA  
Whoa!

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

ARIA  
Fine... What do you want to know?

MATHIAS  
I wonder what it would be like to  
be dead.

ARIA pushes MATHIAS back on the bed and jumps on top of him.

ARIA  
Something Like this!

46

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

46

The BAND sit around a table playing cards. There is a knock at the door. RASPUTIN sticks his head in.

RASPUTIN  
Dinner is served.

D sweeps the cards off the table. A line of BEAUTIFUL SERVING GIRLS enter carrying covered trays of food. They set the food on the table and remove the covers. Beneath is piles of raw meat and other unsavory things.

The BAND attack the food with growls and tearing of flesh. The exception is GLITTER, who takes the time use a knife and fork and the best table manners.

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

DR. D  
I don't know. It was kinda  
spiritual.

BANGZ  
The fucking afterlife bites.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET  
Mine sucked, too.

As they talk food flies everywhere.

DR. D  
I remember the white light and so I  
went in.

BANGZ  
Fucking hurt my eyes.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET  
I saw that too.

**Note: the scenes described by the band during the following Green Room scenes will be shot in the style of 1950's sci-fi movies.**

47 HEAVEN BACK DOOR

47

A dirty alleyway with dumpsters full of garbage. A couple ANGELS with wings, wearing hair-nets sneak a smoke break and share a bottle in a brown paper bag. BANGZ walks up to the door. Over the door is a sign: "HEAVEN BACK ENTRANCE EMPLOYEES ONLY." BANGZ sighs deeply.

BANGZ (V.O.)

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

48 INT. MATHIAS' OFFICE - NIGHT

48

MATHIAS and ARIA are in bed, getting it on. A ROADIE knocks on the door.

ROADIE (O.S.)

Aria, the fire inspectors are here.

ARIA and MATHIAS stop moving under the blankets.

ARIA

So?

ROADIE (O.S.)

They say we can't use the magnesium flash grenades in the show. They say it will cause blindness and the smoke is neuro-toxic.

ARIA

Fine. Use the riot smoke cannisters. And point the industrial laser at the audience. Same effect and the side effects aren't as bad.

The ROADIE leaves and ARIA resumes. MATHIAS stops her.

MATHIAS

I can't do my best work if we're going to interrupted all the time. I need a moment to get my breath. Tell me more about the band. Why does Spyder wear a mask?

ARIA  
 (frustrated)  
 Nobody knows except Bangz and he's  
 not talking.

MATHIAS  
 Why?

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

MATHIAS  
 Really?

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

MATHIAS  
 What about Spyder?

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

MATHIAS  
 Are you sure?

ARIA  
 Mostly sure. Now can we get back to  
 business, please?

49 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

49

The dinner continues. Meat and blood and food is everywhere  
 and on everyone.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET  
 I remember falling.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET  
 Falling and falling.

50            OUTER SPACE

50

SPYDER is falling through the eternal darkness towards the light. He shoots past it, hurtling into outer space.

                  SPYDER SYN (V.O.)  
 ... But I missed. Shot right past  
 it. I went hurtling into outer  
 space.

                  DR. D (V.O.)  
 What happened?

SPYDER'S BODY flies uncontrolled towards a GIANT MAGGOT like creature lined with huge sphere-like eyes.

                  SPYDER SYN (V.O.)  
 There's something out there. It  
 lives beyond the light. It's not  
 the Devil, it's worse. It looks  
 like all the evil in the whole  
 universe. Black and bloated, all  
 festering and cancerous.

The thing's nictated eyes open, releasing a swirling black tempest of radiation that envelopes SPYDER'S body as he SCREAMS in agony.

                  SPYDER SYN (V.O.)  
 I guess the thing ate whatever  
 souls missed the light. I could  
 feel the stuff changing me. Warping  
 me... I couldn't stop it.

51            INT. GRAND QUIGNOL GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

51

BANGZ has become so engrossed by Spyder's story, he hasn't noticed he's gnawing on D's arm.

                  DR. D  
                   (to Bangz)  
 Do you mind?  
                   (to Spyder)  
 That why you wear a mask?

                  SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET  
 Small price to pay for your eternal  
 soul. I got called back so I guess  
 it paid off.

GLITTER  
Sorry, Spyder.

52 INT. MATHIAS OFFICE - NIGHT 52

MATHIAS  
What about Diabolicus?

ARIA  
I don't want to talk about him.

MATHIAS  
Glitter, then?

53 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL GREEN ROOM - NIGHT 53

Dinner continues.

GLITTER  
Heaven was so beautiful: all fluffy  
clouds and stars. It looked just  
like my senior prom.

54 HEAVEN 54

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

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

He stops singing.

GLITTER (CONT'D)  
What?! It's Stairway to Heaven. Led  
Zeppelin... what?... fine...  
(to himself)  
And she's buying a stairway t...

ANGEL  
Shhhhh!

GLITTER  
 (whispering)  
 .....to heaven

55 INT. MATHIAS' OFFICE - NIGHT

55

MATHIAS and ARIA in bed.

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

MATHIAS  
 Ugh! They're mummies.

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

MATHIAS  
 I guess that's true. Personally  
 disturbing, but true. Tell me about  
 Diabolicus?

ARIA  
 I don't want to talk about him.  
 Don't you ever shut up?

ARIA waves her hand and the lights go out. Under the blankets  
 the going gets heavy.

56 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

56

Dinner continues.

GLITTER  
 You saw Jesus?

BANGZ  
 Whoa!

GLITTER  
 What was He like?

DR. D  
 He was cool.

57 HEAVEN

57

DIABOLICUS in his leathers and Black Sabbath T-shirt is walking in heaven. He walks toward a FIGURE in the distance. It is JESUS. Glowing halo, golden vestments and sacred heart medallion on his chest. Dr. D stops a passing ANGEL.

DR. D

Ganja ?

The ANGEL ignores him pointedly. Dr. D continues. He approaches JESUS, who looks androgynous and holy, arms outstretched amongst the clouds.

DR. D

Hey Jesus dude, I'm a big fan.

JESUS

Thanks... I like you too man. I like all you rock and roll guys. Hey listen you got any rolling papers?

DR. D

Sure. You got any smoke?

JESUS

Don't tell Dad.

DR. D

It's cool.

58 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

58

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET

You smoked a bowl with the Son of God? That rocks!

SPYDER SYN

What did you talk about?

DR. D

All sorts of shit. He said straights and 9-5-ers didn't need Him much and that a lot of Bible-humpers were posers. One thing He said was kinda cool.

59 HEAVEN

59

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

DR. D (V.O.)

He said He likes hanging with the fuck-ups. People who fuck up are the people who need Him most and learn the most.

BANGZ (V.O.)

Fuckin' A.

DR. D

Hey dude, don't bogart the joint.

JESUS

Sorry.

60 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

60

BANGZ

Fuckin' cool.

DR. D

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

BANGZ

I guess I'm a fucking genius then.

GLITTER

And I'm Mother Theresa.

RASPUTIN enters and places a large cake on the table.

RASPUTIN

Dessert. I call this Zombie surprise.

RASPUTIN cuts into the cake and cockroaches erupt from the inside, scurrying all over the table. The boys stab at them greedily with their forks.

61 INT. MATHIAS' OFFICE - NIGHT

61

MATHIAS and ARIA in bed.

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

MATHIAS  
You sure are odd, Aria.

ARIA  
Thank-you.

62 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

62

The BAND lie around the room bloated and happy. D belches loudly.

DR. D  
Being dead was hard.

BANGZ  
Yeah, fuckin' big boobed bummer.

DR. D  
I don't want to go through that  
again alone.

BANGZ  
Next time we fuckin' croak, we  
fuckin' croak together.

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

DR. D  
All for one!

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

Bangz farts.

GLITTER  
Well said, Bangz.

63 INT. MATHIAS' OFFICE - NIGHT

63

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

MATHIAS

You're leaving something out. I can smell a big ole butt a mile away....Let me rephrase that.

ARIA

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

MATHIAS

What's that?

ARIA

The Diamond Dead are cannibals.

MATHIAS

WHAAAT?!

ARIA

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

MATHIAS

What do you mean, mostly licked?

ARIA

We had a few minor incidents.

MATHIAS

Such as?

ARIA

We think Spyder ate my landlord.

MATHIAS

Oh-my-God!

ARIA

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

MATHIAS

Oh my God... How do you know?

ARIA

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

MATHIAS

That's horrible.

ARIA  
My landlord was an asshole.

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

ARIA  
We solved that problem, though.

MATHIAS  
How?

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

MATHIAS  
Does it work?

ARIA  
If they eat regular.

MATHIAS  
And if they don't?

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

MATHIAS  
Sure.

64 EXT. BUS TERMINAL - DAY

64

SCRUGGS and his NUMBER ONE ZEALOT get off THREE BUSES. They are followed by a SMALL ARMY of fanatics. They start marching along the street, handing out pamphlets along the way.

ZEALOT  
Our ETA's one hour.

REVEREND  
Fine. We shall hunt down the undead and burn them in their own den.

ZEALOT  
I don't think that would be wise.

REVEREND  
Why? The Lord is with us.

ZEALOT

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

REVEREND

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

ZEALOT

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

REVEREND

Truly, brother. What do you suggest?

ZEALOT

Let's buy some rods.

REVEREND

Hmmm.

ZEALOT

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

REVEREND

Thou art truly a man of God, brother.

ZEALOT

Thank-you Reverend, I try.

65

INT. BACKSTAGE WINGS - NIGHT

65

VERONICA VINYL presses a hidden button her riding crop and an antenna rises out of the handle.

VERONICA

(speaking into the crop)

Agent Vinyl reporting in. Get me Simms.

(beat)

I saw Reverend Scruggs' and his mindless sheep at the bus terminal. They are on their way to the theater and they ain't toting Bibles.

VERONICA(cont'd)

I got a backstage pass and I don't want loony tune Elmer Gantry's screwing up my show... Are you wearing the pink panties I sent you?... Slut!

She hangs up.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I love my job.

IN THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WINGS

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

GLITTER

I got a bad feeling about tonight.

DR. D

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

GLITTER

You've got to be kidding?

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET

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

DR. D

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

GLITTER

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

DR. D

What do you mean?

GLITTER

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

SPYDER SYN

(both puppets singing)

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

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

SPYDER SYN - BOTH PUPPETS

Aaaah!

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

DR. D

I've got problems, dude.

GLITTER

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

DR. D

This is necrophilia you're talking.

GLITTER

What's your point?

DR. D

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

GLITTER

She doesn't have a problem with you.

DR. D

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

GLITTER

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

DR. D

Maybe.

ARIA  
 You gotta have a little faith  
 sometime Mathias. Have a little  
 faith in me.

MATHIAS  
 Okay. You're right.

ARIA  
 What?

MATHIAS  
 You're right.

ARIA  
 Say it one more time.

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

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

MATHIAS  
 Well you're right Aria. I gotta  
 trust someone. I gotta unclench my  
 sphincter sometime.

ARIA kisses MATHIAS sweetly.

ARIA  
 You are so-o hot.

67 INT. BACKSTAGE WINGS - NIGHT

67

JACK and GEENA corner DR. D and fire off rapid fire questions  
 not allowing D to respond.

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

DR. D  
 Uh...

GEENA  
 How do you pronounce your vowels  
 without lips?

JACK

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

GEENA

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

JACK

With no circulation, how do you get an erection?

GEENA

How come your eyeballs didn't shrivel up?

JACK

How do dead people shit?

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

DR. D

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

Dr. D beelines toward VERONICA.

DR. D (CONT'D)

Hello. Can I help you?

VERONICA

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

DR. D

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

VERONICA

Veronica Vinyl, but you can call me goddess.

DR. D

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

VERONICA

I can cure that.

DR. D  
Are you for real?

VERONICA  
Are you?

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

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

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

VERONICA  
So do you wanna screw?

DR. D  
Yup.

VERONICA  
Where?

DR. D  
Hearse?

VERONICA  
Perfect.

DR. D  
Let's go.

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

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET  
Ummmmm. I'm gonna tell.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET  
Don't be a snitch.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET  
Doctor Diabolicus is being bad.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET  
He's working shit out. Leave him  
alone.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET  
I can't. I'm a creature of strict  
moral code.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET  
You're a sock.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET  
That doesn't mean I can't aspire to  
be the best sock I can.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET  
You're messed up.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET  
Hey, if we tell Aria, we might get  
a dramatic, if not violent response  
from the whole thing.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET  
Really?

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET  
Guaranteed.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET  
Let's do it.

SPYDER skips across the backstage area, singing.

SPYDER SYN - BOTH PUPPETS  
Aria! You'll never guess what we  
saw!

68

EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

68

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

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

At JIMMY'S feet are two cases of machine guns.

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

The REVEREND grabs the first rifle and slams in a clip.

REVEREND (CONT'D)  
God bless America!

69

AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PARKING LOT

69

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

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

VERONICA (O.S.)  
Yes! Yes! Show me the secret of  
life and death! It makes me sooo  
hot.

DR. D (O.S.)  
Oh please stop!

VERONICA (O.S.)  
Is that all ya got dead boy? One  
more time!

DR. D (O.S.)  
Noooooo!

70

INT. BACKSTAGE HALLWAY - NIGHT

70

We HEAR Aria's voice screaming inside the dressing room.

ARIA (O.S.)  
I can't believe it! That slimy road  
kill son of a bitch!

The dressing room door explodes outwards and SPYDER flies through the air. He lands on his back. ARIA steps over him.

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

ARIA exits through the backstage door.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET  
Spectacular results.

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

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET  
Point taken.

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

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

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

MATHIAS  
How long do you suppose this delay  
may be?

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET  
Depends on whether we get D back in  
one piece or several. I hate when  
they fight. The results can be  
quite disturbing. All the screaming  
and crunching bones...

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

MATHIAS exits, shaking his head sadly.

71 EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

71

Dr. D and VERONICA step out of the smoking interior of the hearse. VERONICA appears immaculate. Dr. D, however, looks like hell, disheveled, pale and sweaty.

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

DR. D  
We aim to disgust.

VERONICA  
I'll call you.

DR. D  
Give me a couple weeks. Okay?

VERONICA walks off.

VERONICA  
(to herself)  
That was a waste of pelvic  
pressure. Shit!

ARIA approaches Dr.D.

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

ARIA swings and hits Dr. D in the face. His head SPINS AROUND UNTIL IT FACES BACKWARDS.

ARIA  
You unbelievable prick.

DR. D  
I deserved that. Do you feel  
better?

ARIA stomps on his foot.

DR. D (CONT'D)  
Yaah!

AS DR. D tries awkwardly to bend forward with his head on backwards, ARIA kicks him in the ass. DR. D flies forward and his head smashes through the windshield.

ARIA  
Curtain in thirty minutes.

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

DR. D  
Anything you say, Aria.

ARIA  
Damn straight!

ARIA stomps off.

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

72

EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

72

REVEREND SCRUGGS stands in front of the theater, leading the PROTESTERS. The sticks on their signs bear a close resemblance to gun stalks. JACK, who in the meantime has drifted outside the theater, is pulled from of the crowd by the REVEREND.

REVEREND  
Have you found the Lord?

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

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

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

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

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

REVEREND  
 (shoves him back into the  
 crowd)  
 Never mind.

JACK  
 Rock and roll!

73 INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

73

MATHIAS and ARIA are together.

MATHIAS  
 I just have this hideous feeling  
 that something hideous is going to  
 hideously happen to me...

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

MATHIAS  
 Well. If you put it that way...

The walkie-talkie in her hand buzzes.

74 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL THEATER LOBBY - NIGHT

74

RASPUTIN is on the walkie-talkie. INTERCUT with ARIA as  
 desired.

RASPUTIN  
 No shit, Aria. There's about sixty  
 born-again fanatic right-wing types  
 out front. They look really pissed  
 off... Yeah. It's that crazy Rev  
 from TV. It gets worse. On top of  
 that, the American Guild of Funeral  
 Directors are planning to picket.  
 They say the band is restraint of  
 trade. It's kind of scary out here.  
 The roadies want to break out the  
 real guns... We got to protect our  
 audience.

ARIA seems delighted to hear this.

ARIA  
(into walkie-talkie)  
Open the doors.

75 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

75

RASPUTIN is at the door as FANS stream past after being frisked by SECURITY. Huge piles of CONTRABAND and WEAPONS heap up on either side of the doors: everything from drugs to rocket launchers.

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

76 INT. BACKSTAGE WINGS - NIGHT

76

VERONICA is watching the ROADIES work. SPYDER pops his puppets out from around the corner. The rest of his body is hidden.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET  
Hey, shark lady.

VERONICA  
Yes.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET  
We want to talk to you.

VERONICA  
I don't talk to footwear.

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

VERONICA  
 (moving closer)  
 What do you want?

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET  
 Ummmmm...

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

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET  
 D had sex, so we want sex, too.

VERONICA  
 I'm not a vending machine.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET  
 How was it with D?

VERONICA  
 You're one sick sock.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET  
 We sure are. So how was it?

VERONICA  
 Interesting.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET  
 How would you like to graduate to  
 unique?

VERONICA  
 Do you know the secret of how to  
 reanimate the dead?

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET  
 Absolutely.

VERONICA  
 Will you tell me?

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET  
 Are you kidding? For a little play  
 I'd rat out my own mother.

The puppets retreat behind the corner. VERONICA follows. We HEAR footsteps. CAMERA rounds the corner and angles on the slightly ajar dressing room door. Voices come from the room.

VERONICA (O.S.)  
 What's with the mask?

SPYDER SYN (O.S.)  
Would you like to see?

VERONICA (O.S.)  
Whatever.

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

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

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

SPYDER SYN - BOTH PUPPETS (O.S.)  
(together)  
Ta-da!

Veronica SCREAMS and the door SLAMS shut.

77 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

77

ARIA is talking to RASPUTIN behind the amplifiers. In the background the crowd is chanting.

CROWD  
Diamond Dead! Diamond Dead!

RASPUTIN  
I don't know, Aria. This is a dangerous situation. The police are trying to close us down. The fanatics are screaming at the door. God knows what those crazy pricks are up to. I'm scared.

ARIA  
Five minutes.

RASPUTIN  
The boys could get hurt.

ARIA  
Five minutes. Make the call.

RASPUTIN  
Alright. It's your circus.

78 INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

78

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

JACK

Boy, these seats kick ass.

GEENA

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

JACK

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

GEENA

Gee. It looks kinda dangerous down there.

JACK

...And we're above it all.

GEENA

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

JACK

These seats suck!

GEENA

Yeah. Let's go bug the band.

JACK

Fuckin' A.

79 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

79

The house is going wild as the AUDIENCE works itself up into a fever pitch. Acts of individual lunacy add to the chaos.

80 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

80

The THE BAND is doing their touch-ups, except for SPYDER, who is unaccounted for. JACK and GEENA enter and walk over to ARIA who has Dr.D on a table and is stuffing his open stomach cavity with silicon.

JACK

What ya doing?

ARIA  
To prevent decomposition I had to  
remove the boys internal organs and  
replace them with silicon.

GEENA  
Cool.

DR. D  
I feel like a giant tit.

GLITTER  
You are, dear.

Dr.D and ARIA are purposely ignoring each other.

GLITTER  
D, why don't you talk with Aria?

DR. D  
No thanks.

GLITTER  
Aria, you talk to D. He loves you.

ARIA  
Bullshit.

JACK and GEENA are still curious.

GEENA  
What's Bangz doing over there?

BANGZ is bathing in a big barrel and is wearing a shower cap.

ARIA  
That's embalmers lotion. Helps keep  
their skin to be pliable.  
Unfortunately embalmers lotion is  
mostly a powerful synthetic female  
hormone.

BANGZ stands up in the barrel and is sporting a fabulous pair  
of female breasts.

BANGZ  
Oh! I cant fucking live with this  
at all!

ARIA  
Oh shush. Look at Glitter! He isn't  
complaining.

GLITTER dances around the room flaunting his new tits.

GLITTER  
I feel pretty, oh sooo pretty.

JACK  
Can I try that stuff... I mean as a  
experiment ? Umm... Never mind.

D gets up from the table and suddenly looks concerned. He  
looks down his pants in horror. Bangz steps closer and looks  
down D's pants curiously.

BANGZ  
Fuck me D. Where's your man monkey?

DR. D  
Oh God! I hope I left it in the  
hearse 'cuz the alternative is to  
horrible to contemplate.

GLITTER  
What I want to know Aria is, so  
what if D slept with another  
woman...

DR. D  
Yeah. So what?

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

DR. D  
What?!

ARIA  
Jesus Christ! Is nothing sacred?

DR. D  
You slut!

ARIA  
You prick!

BANGZ  
(to Glitter)  
You're a fuckin' diplomatic genius,  
baby.

GLITTER  
Sorry.

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

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET

What?

GLITTER

Where the hell have you been, girl?

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET

Aww, you know, here and there.

GLITTER

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

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET

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

DR. D

You got blood on your mask.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET

It's paint. It's nothing.

GLITTER

Who'd you eat, Spyder?

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET

What?

DR. D

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

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET

I didn't eat anybody. Honest.

BANGZ

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

RASPUTIN enters.

RASPUTIN

Curtain.

DR. D

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

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

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

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

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

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

DR. D  
See. Bugs ya, don't it?

SPYDER SYN - BOTH PUPPETS  
I didn't eat anybody!!!

RASPUTIN  
Curtain!

GLITTER  
C'mon. Let's rock and roll.

81 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

81

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

The lights come up on the stage. The set is a forced  
perspective of a overgrown necropolis on the outskirts of the  
bombed out Emerald City of Oz. A LARGE CLOCK on a marble tomb  
is part of the set.

Suddenly, there's a BLINDING FLASH and ARIA appears standing  
on a tomb with guitar in hand. She strikes an open chord and  
the graves begin to split. Rising out of the earth, the rest  
of the BAND appears. ARIA begins to speak, weaving a kind of  
Rock and Roll spell which sets events in motion.

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

ARIA

(singing)

Mirror mirror in hells own heart,  
Who's the baddest band to blow part!  
Mirror mirror staring in my face!  
Who's the baddest bitches to rock this place.

DR.D

(singing)

Stomp on the gas! Lets go!  
Move your ass! Lets blow!  
Hit the highway ! Don't Stop!  
All The way over the top!

CHORUS

(singing)

My little piece of Armageddon.  
It's a suicide pact. An unholy weddin'!

DR.D

(singing)

Foot off the brake! Kick it out!  
Let your hands shake! Scream and shout!  
Turn off the headlights! Pistons Cry!  
Feel your fright! Brain fry!

82 EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

82

PUSSY sings into the CAMERA. REVEREND SCRUGGS stands nearby.

PUSSY

(singing)

Tell me how's my hair! Check my face.  
Let's shoot this thing! I know my place.

REVEREND

(singing)

I'm gonna Pray to God, lock and load.  
It's a holy march. A bloody road.

PUSSY AND SCRUGGS

(sing chorus)

My little piece of Armageddon.  
A righteous cause. A fitting endin'!

83 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL BALCONY - NIGHT

83

MATHIAS watches the show. ARIA sings on stage. The music tempo slows. THE LIGHTING CHANGES AND ARIA AND MATHIAS ARE THE ONLY TWO PEOPLE IN THE THEATRE. ARIA is illuminated in a single follow-spot.

MATHIAS  
 I can't believe I'm still  
 here. She's a musician. She's  
 not my type. What happens  
 when she gets tired of me?  
 I'm afraid. I'm afraid of  
 everything. I don't feel  
 good.

(singing) )  
 Its my little piece of  
 Armageddon. My hell, my soul  
 bloodletting.

ARIA  
 (sings an aria over  
 Mathias speaking)  
 Don't let your dreams die.

84 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL AUDITORIUM- NIGHT

84

The spot light irises out revealing the stage. THE LIGHTS  
 COME UP AND WE ARE BACK IN THE SHOW. The BAND is playing on  
 the stage. Dr. D approaches the microphone.

DR. D  
 (speaking)  
 Do you believe in life after death?

The CROWD SCREAMS. Dr. D looks over at ARIA who returns his  
 stare.

DR. D (CONT'D)  
 Neither do we!

The beat picks up and the chords change.

DR. D  
 (singing)  
 Burn witch burn. Back To hell!  
 There is no future! What's that smell!

85 EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

85

The REVEREND and his FLOCK have drawn their weapons.

REVEREND  
 (speaking)  
 Let's go kick some pinko commie  
 satanic demon ass!

RASPUTIN  
 Try to hold them back.. Shit!

They rush the doors and overpower the SECURITY GUARDS.

86 EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL ROOF- DAY 86

A ZEALOT carefully places a large TIMED EXPLOSIVE PACKAGE by the air-conditioning system. He checks his watch and presses a button on the timer. The clock on the explosives starts ticking.

87 INT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT 87

The BAND is playing in the background.

DR. D  
(singing)  
Feed the god. We want sacrifice.  
Born for sin raised on vice!  
It's my little piece of Armageddon  
A suicide pact an unholy weddin'.

REVEREND SCRUGGS and his FOLLOWERS rush into the theatre, shooting wildly. They charge down the main aisle toward the stage.

REVEREND  
Stop this secular humanistic  
debauchery!

The REVEREND fires a round, hitting GLITTER'S guitar. The BAND stops playing. The music continues as a kind of tense underscore. They look at one another, confused, and then at SCRUGGS. An eerie stillness falls over the confused CROWD.

GLITTER  
That bitch shot my Les Paul!

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

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

DR. D  
Duck!

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

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

REVEREND

Fine!

The FLOCK opens fire on the stage. The music builds in tempo with gunfire as percussion, pumping hundreds of rounds into GLITTER, tearing away huge chunks. The gunfire continues until the FLOCK has emptied their clips. What's left of GLITTER crumbles to the ground. The FLOCK frantically reloads.

RASPUTIN charges onto the stage, followed by TEN ARMED ROADIES. Music returns to a tense underscore.

RASPUTIN

Freeze!

The REVEREND turns to his flock.

REVEREND

We shall be rewarded in Heaven.

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

REVEREND (CONT'D)

We have exorcised the unclean spirit.

SPYDER, Dr. D and BANGZ stand up, armed with machine guns and walk to the apron.

DR. D

(into microphone)

Does anybody here not have a gun?

In the balcony, MATHIAS raises his hand.

MATHIAS

Um... I don't.

DR. D

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

MATHIAS runs for the exit.

Dr. D fixes SCRUGGS with a venomous stare. ARIA steps forward.

ARIA

My turn.

REVEREND  
Burn in Hell, Satan!

She waves her arm and the lights suddenly go out. The music becomes the sharp percussion again. The entire theatre ERUPTS in gunfire. It creates a kind of STROBE LIGHT effect as hundreds of guns fire at once. The gun battle goes on for a full twenty seconds before the shooting finally ceases and the lights come back up. Everyone in the auditorium lies dead. The music changes to a slow eerie dirge like tune. Fog rolls into the house. In its center DEATH glides in.

The CLOCK on the marble tomb begins to chime midnight.

ANOTHER ANGLE

DEATH stands in the middle of the house, knee deep in bodies.

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

ARIA steps onto stage, carrying the scythe. She steps over PUSSY'S BODY and over to Dr. D's still form, lying face down.

ARIA  
Are you dead?

DR. D  
Yes.

She kicks him in the ribs.

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

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

DEATH begins climbing over the bodies toward the stage.

DEATH  
I say, this positively elegant. You  
found a novel way to balance the  
books. I knew you were a natural.  
Excuse me lady, but I really do  
need my scythe back.

ARIA  
I need it right now. I can't leave  
things like this.

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

DEATH  
You're gonna have to. Give me my  
scythe.

Dr. D walks over to ARIA's side.

DR. D  
Who is this guy, Aria?

ARIA  
Nobody.

DR. D  
Then fuck him.

The bell continues to toll very slowly.

DEATH  
Everybody goes. No exceptions. Your  
a Goddess of Death now.

DR. D  
Keep it, Aria.

DEATH  
We had a bargain missy. It's time.

ARIA walks to the edge of the stage and leans over, as the  
final bell tolls.

ARIA  
I fulfilled my bargain Morty.

She raises up her scythe, hits the reverse switch and twirls  
it over her head. Lightning FLASHES in arcs from the stage to  
points in the house and to the balcony. Lights EXPLODE. The  
breakers fail and the theatre is thrown into an eerie light  
as the slain audience's bodies begin to twitch and convulse  
with new life.

DEATH  
Noooooooooooo!

ARIA

The clock struck twelve Morty. Our deal is done, and I'm off the clock, and you can't do shit.

DEATH rises up out of the pit and onto the stage charging at ARIA in a rage.

MATHIAS steps out of the wings between ARIA and DEATH.

MATHIAS

Leave my girlfriend alone! You dick!

DEATH swats MATHIAS out of the way and MATHIAS is airborne crashing into the amp stack. D, BANGZ and SPYDER attack DEATH to little effect. He knocks them aside as easily as he did MATHIAS.

ARIA swings the scythe with both arms and throws it at DEATH. It spins through the air as if in slow motion. It shears off DEATH's head cleanly and buries itself in the proscenium arch.

ARIA picks up Death's head and throws it to BANGZ.

ARIA (CONT'D)

Lose this somewhere.

BANGZ

Fucking hard-core!

DEATH'S HEAD

Put me down! That's my think tank you're bowling with!

The SLAIN rise, in harmonic choral parts. First the Sopranos section spotted around the house then the tenors, baritones. Then everybody.

AUDIENCE

(singing)

Don't let your dreams die!

Don't let your dreams die!

SCRUGGS is standing in the pit, facing the audience. His FLOCK and ZEALOT are singing along with the audience.

SCRUGGS

What are you doing? You're my faithful followers! What about the church? What about God? What about me?!

The AUDIENCE and FLOCK sing louder.

SCRUGGS realizes he has lost everything and skulks towards the exit.

SPYDER carries Glitter's only remaining body part, which is his HEAD, offstage.

The AUDIENCE continues to sing. Dr. D walks up to the microphone.

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

ARIA takes her guitar and throws it into the audience. It arcs high overhead, spinning slowly, disappearing into the darkness.

Dr. D drives the blade of broadsword microphone into the stage and walks off.

88

EXT. GRAND QUIGNOL - NIGHT

88

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

PUSSY  
The Diamond Dead have made rock  
history tonight, demonstrating  
their powers over life and death.  
One thousand bullet-ridden Diamond  
Dead fans will tell you that it was  
real. What's next for this band?  
Who knows, but it doesn't matter  
because I was here and you weren't.

JACK and GEENA walk out of the theatre. She is carrying Aria's guitar and he, Dr.D's microphone. They also sport bullet holes in their bodies.

PUSSY (CONT'D)  
What do you think of the Diamond  
Dead?

JACK  
Yeah. They were cool.

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

JACK  
The sound engineers seemed to favor  
the high end.

GEENA  
I noticed that, too.

JACK  
It's a common mistake.

PUSSY  
But what about the climax?

JACK  
The whole death trip has been a  
little overplayed.

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

JACK  
It's the whole Andy Warhol trap.

GEENA  
They've got no place to go.

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

GEENA  
Has-been city.

JACK  
Great while it lasted.

GEENA  
Pack it up Pussy.

PUSSY stares open-mouthed as JACK and GEENA walk away. As they walk away GEENA starts playing ARIA'S guitar. JACK slings Dr. D's microphone over his shoulder.

JACK  
I got shot four times in the chest!

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

JACK  
That was so fucking cool.

GEENA  
Where are they playing next?

89 INT. HALLWAY - ANGLE ON DRESSING ROOM DOOR - NIGHT 89

From the room we HEAR voices.

GLITTER (O.S.)  
D?... D?... Are you there, pal?

DR. D (O.S.)  
I'm right here, dude.

90 INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT 90

ARIA and the BAND are gathered around GLITTER'S HEAD on the table.

GLITTER  
Looks like it's our last gig together.

DR. D  
Bullshit!

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

DR. D  
Yeah?

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

DR. D  
Don't talk like that.

GLITTER  
Spyder?

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

SPYDER SYN  
I'm here.

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

SPYDER SYN  
 Don't die again.

GLITTER  
 Sorry, Bangz?

BANGZ  
 Huh?

GLITTER  
 Fuck you.

BANGZ  
 Fuck you too! Asshole.

GLITTER  
 Aria?

ARIA  
 I'm here.

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

ARIA  
 Sure.

GLITTER closes his eyes and goes still. Silently, Dr. D,  
 BANGZ and SPYDER exit, leaving ARIA. ARIA lays a scarf over  
 GLITTER'S HEAD.

91 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

91

SCRUGGS, not quite given up, is creeping around in the dark  
 hallway with menace in his eyes. He rounds a corner and comes  
 face to face with D, SPYDER and BANGZ.

DR. D  
 Can you pray, Rev?

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET  
 Better make it a short prayer.

BANGZ  
 Yeah. Real fuckin' short.

DR. D  
Say "hi" to Jesus for me.

SPYDER has is back to CAMERA. He removes his mask. SCRUGG'S eyes widen in horror. His unholy scream is cut short by a dark tongue-like object impaling his head.

DR. D (CONT'D)  
Asshole.

92 INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

92

ARIA is alone with Glitter's remains. There's a COUGH under the scarf and ARIA pulls it away.

GLITTER  
Where is everybody?

ARIA  
We thought you were dead.

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

ARIA  
Really?

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

MATHIAS enters.

ARIA  
I need your help.

MATHIAS  
I'm really not well.

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

MATHIAS  
Why?

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

MATHIAS

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

ARIA

Perfect!

ARIA grabs MATHIAS by the arm.

ARIA

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

93

INT. GRAND QUIGNOL THEATER LOBBY - NIGHT

93

The place is now deserted. Dr. D, BANGZ and SPYDER walk  
through the lobby, knee deep in garbage.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET

I had fun.

DR. D

Me, too.

BANGZ

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

DR. D

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

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET

We did what we came to do. We  
fucked with everybody.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET

We better go underground.

DR. D

We can't hide.

BANGZ  
What about Aria?

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET  
You love her right?

DR. D  
Ahhh! She doesn't need me. She needs that little guy. I finally figured it out. I don't need a lover. I love me. I'm what I need to be happy. I'm just too damn cool. I'm to damn me. And nobody should have to deal too much with my me-ness.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET  
That is either the most noble thing you have ever said or the most disgusting.

They exit through the lobby doors and walk up to the stage.

THEIR POV

VERONICA VINYL is in front of the stage with Aria's scythe. DR. D, BANGZ and SPYDER walk up to her.

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

VERONICA  
Hello, boys.

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

VERONICA  
Hello, Spyder honey.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET  
Where ya been?

She leans against the wall.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET  
D, Bangz, this is Veronica, soon to be Mrs. Syn.

VERONICA is a bit taken aback. She twirls the scythe.

VERONICA

That's mistress Veronica.

SPYDER SYN - GOOD PUPPET

Yes mistress Veronica.

SPYDER SYN - BAD PUPPET

(to D and Bangz)

What a woman.

VERONICA

I was sent here on a Presidential secret order. For this.

(she holds up the scythe)

It was my job. Not that I don't enjoy my work. I do, but you guys are different. If I let the government get hold of this, we'd all be fucked.

DR. D

That's fine by me. Like the man says, better to burn out than to fade away.

SPYDER removes the sock puppets from his hands and hugs VERONICA.

94 EXT. GRAND GUIGNOL NIGHT

94

The Grand Quignol EXPLODES in a fire ball. Aria's scythe flies through the air, disappearing into the night sky.

95 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

95

The scythe falls from the sky embedding its blade in the blacktop of the road. A breeze blows dust past. On the wind is distant music. ARIA'S hand reaches down and pulls the scythe from the blacktop. ARIA and MATHIAS stand on the shoulder of the road, having just stepped out of Mathias' STINGRAY.

ARIA

Sure you don't want to come with?

MATHIAS

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

ARIA  
 Suit yourself. What about your  
 theatre?

MATHIAS smiles sheepishly.

MATHIAS  
 I'm insured.

ARIA  
 I'm gonna miss you.

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

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

MATHIAS  
 According to death?

ARIA  
 That's me.

MATHIAS gets in the car.

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

ARIA  
 Of course. I'm not stupid.

MATHIAS starts his car and drives off.

96

EXT. MATHIAS' CAR - MOMENTS LATER

96

MATHIAS is talking to himself.

MATHIAS  
 This sucks.

A HEARSE going the other direction screams past MATHIAS.

97 EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER 97

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

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

98 EXT. MATHIAS' CAR - MOMENTS LATER 98

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

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

SONG: "GOOD FRIENDS"

FADE TO BLACK