

MONSTER 'S CONTEST

By

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c 2008

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FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - DAY

A FLYER POSTED ON A TREE READS: "MONSTER'S ANNUAL PUMPKIN CARVING CONTEST, SATURDAY 5 P.M., BYOP".

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING

A picnic table holds three pumpkins of various sizes.

A GREEN FACED WITCH, DRACULA, and THE WEREWOLF stand behind the pumpkins. All look around in different directions, searching the distance.

WITCH
Where is everyone?

FRANKENSTEIN stands next to the table. His waist-high pumpkin is at his side. He moans out a low GROAN.

EXT. PARK - ENTRANCE

A uniformed PARK RANGER sits inside the booth. A phone RINGS inside. The ringing stops as he picks up the phone.

PARK RANGER
Hello. -- Wow. Alright.

He inserts a CLOSED SIGN in the window.

The guard steps out of the shack. He pulls a chain across the road and attaches it to a small pole, closing the road.

THE MUMMY and THE CREATURE pull up in a Corvette convertible. The guard steps to the driver's door.

PARK RANGER
Sorry, I can't let you in. The Governor has just shut down the state parks.

The Mummy and The Creature exchange a questioning look. The Park Ranger glares at them like they're dumb.

PARK RANGER
The extra taxes she wanted... They were denied...

The monsters frown at him. Their MOTOR revs. The Park Ranger falls back as they speed into the park.

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING

Dracula turns to the witch.

DRACULA
Check your witch watch.

She looks at the watch on her wrist, gives it a tap. It squeals out a SHRIEK.

WITCH
Five P M on the dot.

Frankenstein glares into the distance. He GROANS, points.

Everyone focuses in the same direction.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD skips toward them and playfully swings a picnic basket at her side.

The werewolf smiles sinisterly.

WEREWOLF
(singing)
Hey there Little Red Riding Hood.

He rubs his hands together in anticipation.

WEREWOLF
(singing)
You sure are looking good.

The witch and Dracula exchange an odd look.

WEREWOLF
(singing)
You're everything that a big bad
wolf could want.

He HOWLS at the sky...

Then slides around the table. Little Red Riding Hood stops skipping directly in front of him. She puts her hand on her hip, stares him in the eye. The werewolf appears confused.

Suddenly Little Red Riding Hood begins to grow... and grow... She morphs into a 10 foot tall DEVIL.

The werewolf cowers in the Devil's shadow.

WEREWOLF
I mean baa... baa...

The Devil looks down at him and smiles.

DEVIL
I thought you might say that.

The werewolf tiptoes away. Back behind the table. The Devil looks at the group.

DEVIL
Is this everyone?

The witch cackles out a LAUGH.

WITCH
Yes... it is.

Dracula stares off.

DRACULA
Blah.

Frankenstein looks around and GROANS.

The Devil rubs his chin as he thinks.

DEVIL
(to himself)
Seems like a weekend getaway to Lake
Eerie would create a bigger buzz
than this... Say la vie.

He snaps out of his trance, focuses on Dracula.

DEVIL
Count. So glad you could make it.

Dracula reaches under his cape and pulls a bottle of sun blocker out for the Devil to see.

DRACULA
U V protected.

The Devil gives a nod of approval.

DEVIL
Wonderful.

The Devil takes a proud stance.

DEVIL
If this is all of us, then I say
it's time to begin.

The Devil sets his basket on the table and opens it.

DEVIL
Safety first, like Mummy says. I
have pumpkin carvers for everyone!

The group CHEER.

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING

The witch moves her index finger in circles in front of her pumpkin. Her carver does all the carving work.

Dracula stares deeply at his pumpkin.

DRACULA
You are a jack-o'-lantern. You are a
jack-o'lantern.

The werewolf drops his carver onto the table. He picks it up, drops it again. Suddenly he explodes with frustration, picks up his pumpkin and takes a bite out of it.

Frankenstein digs through the opening in the top of his pumpkin. He pulls out a hand-full of seeds, and slings them on the ground in front of the table.

CREATURE (O.S.)
(gurgling)
Waaait gor gus.

The Creature and The Mummy a short piece away, in the road, both carry pumpkins. They step closer to the clearing.

The Devil smiles with pleasure.

DEVIL
Mummy. Creature.

A Limosine pulls up and stops in the road behind them. The back door swings open.

The Park Ranger squeals his Jeep to a stop behind the limo.

PARK RANGER
(to Mummy and Creature)
Oh you've done it now!

MARY GOLDENCOMB steps out of the limo. She's dressed in a business suit, and her hair is piled on top of her head and held securely in place with a giant golden comb. She carries a big purse, and looks very angry.

MARY GOLDENCOMB
You're trespassing! Off my land!

No one moves.

She stomps toward them. The Ranger rushes to her side.
The Creature and The Mummy continue to their friends.

MUMMY
They tried to keep us out.

The Devil comes around the table.

DEVIL
What's the meaning of this? This
isn't your land. It's a park.

Mary stomps up to the Devil. The Park Ranger hunches down
behind her in embarrassment.

MARY GOLDENCOMB
I've shut the park down! I've shut
the state down! Down! Down! Down! Do
you understand?!

The Devil shakes his head.

DEVIL
No.

She jumps up and down in a fit. The Ranger shakes his head,
steps away from her.

MARY GOLDENCOMB
If I don't get my tax dollars, no
one gets anything either! No mail!
No banks! No tobacco, firearms,
booze, police, and definately no
parks! Do you understand me now?!

The Devil looks impressed.

DEVIL
Blackmail ay?

Everyone watches as Mary moves closer to the werewolf for a
better look at his pumpkin.

She tilts her head, looks down her nose at him. He
frantically bites chunks out of the pumpkin, then looks for
her approval.

She snubs him. Moves to Dracula and looks at his pumpkin.

MARY GOLDENCOMB
Pitiful.

Dracula lifts his hands in an I'm gonna' get you way.

DRACULA
I want to bite your neck.

Mary makes a sour face at him. A beam of sun shines on her giant hair comb, and sends a reflection to...

The werewolf SCREAMS and covers his eyes.

Mary turns her head toward him, sends another reflected beam of sun off her comb toward the Devil.

The Devil SCREAMS and covers his eyes.

Mary turns away unimpressed. The werewolf SCREAMS O.S.

Smoke rises from the witch's pumpkin as she works on it. Mary steps toward her.

MARY GOLDENCOMB
Do you know why witches can't have babies?

The witch lifts her head and glares at her numbly.

MARY GOLDENCOMB
Because their husbands have hallow weenies!

Mary breaks out in loud and obnoxious LAUGHTER. A beam of sun hits her comb and reflects toward the table.

Dracula holds his cape up in front of his face.

The Devil pounds his fist on the table.

DEVIL
Enough!

Mary pounds her fist on the table.

MARY GOLDENCOMB
Then go home!

WITCH
You go home!

Mary turns her head sideways. Sun strikes her comb, sends a beam toward the witch.

The sunbeam strikes a large mirror that the witch holds in front of her. It bends backward...

hits Mary in her eyes. She jolts.

Her foot slides in the pile of pumpkin guts.

MARY GOLDENCOMB

Whooooah...

Mary slides across the grass toward Frankenstein. He tips his pumpkin slightly toward her. She topples inside. Immediately he puts the top on it.

MARY GOLDENCOMB (O.S.)

Let me out of here!

The Devil shakes his head at Frankenstein. Frankenstein GROANS.

The Park Ranger inches backward.

PARK RANGER

This isn't my fault! It's hers! Mary Goldencomb! The Governor! She's the one who shut down the state! Not me! She cut my job, too!

MARY GOLDENCOMB (O.S.)

(singing)

La ku ca ra cha. La ku ca ra cha.

The Park Ranger stops dead in his tracks, and stares at Frankenstein's pumpkin in amazement.

PARK RANGER

She's talking in tongues. She's possessed!

Everyone looks at the pumpkin. It wobbles.

MARY GOLDENCOMB (O.S.)

Give me my money!

The Park Ranger notices Mary's open purse on the ground. He lifts her purse. A giant check springs out of it. He holds the check, reads.

PARK RANGER

A check for five hundred million
dollars made out to Mary Goldencomb.

He looks up at the monsters.

PARK RANGER

If the state is broke, how can it
afford to pay her such a monstrous
salary?

His face shrivels, realizing what he just said.

PARK RANGER

Sorry.

The monsters shrug it off.

ALL THE MONSTERS

Oh that's okay.

An idea lights the Park Ranger's face.

PARK RANGER

I know why! This check has her
signature on it! She stole the check
and made it out to herself!

The limosine speeds away, leaves a cloud of dust.

From inside, Mary carves out an eye hole in the pumpkin. The
Park Ranger stoops down and eyes her.

PARK RANGER

You're an embezzeler? Why? Why!

MARY GOLDENCOMB (O.S.)

I'll tell you why! Because my name
is Goldencomb! I never wanted to be
a politician! All I ever wanted was
to own my very own hair comb
factory! Combs of gold.

PARK RANGER

But with our tax dollars?

MARY GOLDENCOMB(O.S.)

Any way I could get it! And I would
have pulled it off, too. If it
wasn't for you and those pesky
monsters.

The Park Ranger shakes his head, bewildered.

The witch perks up.

WITCH

I can fix it if you leave us alone.

The Park Ranger appears extremely interested.

PARK RANGER

Oh yes! Yes!

The witch wiggles her index finger toward the check.

INSERT CHECK: "Pay to STATE OF MICHIGAN".

The Park Ranger jumps for joy.

PARK RANGER

Thank you! Thank you so much! I've
got my job back and the state is no
longer broke!

He turns and runs for his Jeep with the check in his hands.

The Devil notices a sunbeam blast out of the hole in
Frankenstein's pumpkin.

Frankenstein somersaults out of the way as more strobes of
light blast out from his pumpkin.

MARY GOLDENCOMB (O.S.)

(singing)

La ku ca ra cha. La ku ca ra cha.

EEWs and AHHs.

The Devil smiles.

DEVIL

How scary!

He turns toward Frankenstein.

DEVIL

Frankie come here. You're this years
winner!

Frankenstein steps toward him, amiling happily.

The Devil lifts a ribbon from the table, and pins it on
Frankenstein's jacket.

MUSIC plays closeby.

The Devil gazes in the distance.

DEVIL

Boogy!

BOOGYMAN carries a pumpkin in one hand, and holds a boombox up on his shoulder as he dances toward them. His dark hair is slicked back like a 60's greaser.

The female ZOMBIE at his side carries a pumpkin, and shuffles along right in time with him.

Frankenstein wears a "WINNER" ribbon.

FRANKENSTEIN

I'm going to Lake Eerie!

Boogyman sets his pumpkin and boombox on the table. He turns the boombox off, and turns to the zombie.

BOOGYMAN

It's your fault we missed it. You're such a dirty girl.

He points to dirt on her arm.

She notices many strands of his hair pop up out of place and stick straight up.

FEMALE ZOMBIE

My fault? What about all the time you spent on your porcupine hair? You're about as slick as a piece of duct tape.

Boogyman's eyes bulge.

BOOGYMAN

Don't start on my hair! Your breath smells like an old sweat sock!

Boogieman CHUCKELS it up while anger builds on her face.

FEMALE ZOMBIE

You think the two-step is da' bomb!

His jaw drops with hurt.

BOOGYMAN

I never did.

FEMALE ZOMBIE

And you won't tonight either.

The Devil LAUGHS, breaking their bad mood. Everyone LAUGHS.

DEVIL

They all wonder why I never got married.

They LAUGH some more.

Frankenstein sets his pumpkin in a tree.

Boogyman turns stations on his boombox. He finds some get down boogie woogy MUSIC.

The Devil throws his fist into the air.

DEVIL

Let's party!

Boogieman grabs zombie by her hand. They begin to dance.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

Moonlight shines down on Frankenstein's pumpkin, high in a tree. Light strobes out of the eye hole on the pumpkin.

MARY GOLDENCOMB (O.S.)

Hello?

The pumpkin top pops up. Mary's hand reaches up.

MARY GOLDENCOMB (O.S.)

Mister Park Ranger? I think I learned my lesson now. I promise I'll never steal anything ever again... Somebody? Anybody? Help!

MUSIC plays below, and all of the monsters dance and party.

FADE OUT.