

Script Gummy worm

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We come in on an adorable white and black cat on a pillow resting in the corner

The sound of a horror movie is heard in the background.

Slowly, the cat opens its eyes and begins cleaning itself as we move back so we can see the living room.

Although it's fairly decorated for Halloween, the room is a pigsty.

Clothes, trash, spilt ashtrays and empty liquor bottles are scattered around the room.

Sitting on the sofa wearing a hag outfit is MARION, eighteen-years-old.

The beautiful young woman is wiping tears from her eyes, ruining her makeup, but it doesn't matter as long as the tears don't fall on the picture she's working on.

Someone moving around is heard, but Marion remains focused on her drawing.

Within a few seconds the doorbell is heard.

JOEL (O.S.)
(Southern Kentucky accent)
Didn't you hear the goddamn doorbell?

Marion continues working on her picture.

MARION
(Low tone)
I heard it just like you heard it

The doorbell is heard again.

Loud footsteps are heard moving across the floor.

JOEL (O.S.)
Useless goddamn, brat. I don't believe
in this holiday shit, but she does.
(To Marion)
You decorated my whole house with this
shit, and you can't answer the door?!

MARION

(Low tone)

You'll be just fine.

The front door is heard opening.

CHILDREN (O.S.)

Trick or treat!

Laughter from the children can be heard and then the door is heard slammed shut.

JOEL (O.S.)

Freeloaders. Nothing but freeloaders, preparing for their future. A useless person--no. A homeless person had to come up with the idea for hard working people to pass out candy, and those morons fell for it. Halloween.

(Scoffs)

Shit...every time you step outside it's Halloween. A bunch of weirdos looking for handouts, disguised as someone they're not for attention, and poor saps like you in that living room fall for it every time.

Loud footsteps are heard entering the living room, coming to a stop.

Joel (O.s.) (cont'd)

Why is that? Why do you people feel sorry for these...these peasants?

Marion sighs deep, placing her sketchbook and pencil to the side, slowly lifting her head to look at Joel.

MARION

For a person who's complaining, you're in the Halloween spirit yourself.

JOEL (O.S.)

What was that?

MARION

(Soft chuckle)

I'm sorry. It's just funny because all of the complaining you're doing about

other people, you're no different.
Hell, some days you look worse.

JOEL (O.S.)
You think you're funny, huh?

MARION
And you think you matter?

Joel Makes his way over to Marion and she looks at him with a straight face.

Joel Is on the verge of being obese, wearing some torn up overalls, a dinghy T-Shirt and muddy boots.

He's bald in the middle of his head with long crinkly hair on the sides and a rough mountain beard.

A look of disgust resides on his face, taking a sip from the bottle of whiskey he's holding.

JOEL
Sometimes...sometimes I wonder why you didn't leave with your mother. All you do is bitch, eat up my food and draw in that stupid little book.

MARION
Unfortunately, I had no idea she was leaving, so I couldn't.

JOEL
There's the door. You're practically grown, so get your little shit and go. You'll fit right in with the other ones out there.

MARION
...
(Sighs)
What did my mother see in you?

JOEL
A provider. A protector. A---

MARION
A freeloader, slash alcoholic she thought she could change.

JOEL

One more. Let one more goddamn smartass remark come outta that mouth, and I swear to God, I'll knock those lips clean off your face.

The cat comes over and jumps on Marions lap.

No longer focused on Joel, she begins caressing the cat and a gentle purr is heard.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Make sure you take that freak with you.

Marion continues caressing the cat.

MARION

The only freak in this hellhole is you. Besides...you should watch what you say. Most humans are just like cats and never forget what you said or did.

JOEL

I could give less than a fuck about a felines memory. Didn't I tell you if you said one more thing smart I'd knock the lips off your face?

Gently, Marion places the cat to the side and then stands on her feet facing Joel.

MARION

That would be nothing new for you. In fact...

(Soft, low laugh)

Study shows most men can't get it up unless they beat on a woman to make them feel superior. They need to find some masculinity in their pitiful woman shell. Isn't that right...gummy worm?

Without hesitation, he hauls off and slaps her, causing her head to turn.

JOEL

Foul mouth little tramp! You get that
bullshit directly from your mother.
It's a good thing she's not here
because---

The doorbell is heard.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Wait till I answer this door. We'll
get an understanding before I put you
out from under my roof.

With her head still turned, Marion releases a low laugh.

MARION

...yes...there will be an understanding.

He gets ready to speak and the doorbell is heard again.

Frustrated, he takes a deep swig, places the bottle down and
then heads to the front door.

JOEL

Goddamn freeloaders. I'll be glad when
this day is over because---

He opens the door and there's a nice size fire on his porch.

JOEL (CONT'D)

You worthless bastards! You just wait!

He hurries off into the filthy kitchen and quickly fills a
dirty pitcher with some water.

Making his way back to the front door spewing cuss words,
when he stops to pay attention, he notices the fire is
extinguished.

With a dumbfounded look, he closes the door.

Standing there for a few seconds, he finally heads back into
the living room and he notices the cat and Marion are gone.

JOEL (CONT'D)

I hope you're getting your things so
you can get out!

MILDRED (O.S.)
(Eerie tone)
Did the smell remind you of something?

JOEL
What---what the fuck?

MILDRED (O.S.)
The big man isn't scared...is he?

JOEL
Okay. Okay, you think you're funny?

He storms towards Marions bedroom and busts the door in, only to be surprised again.

Marions room is empty.

JOEL (CONT'D)
...What is going on?

MILDRED (O.S.)
(Creepy laugh)
Who did you think would be in here?

JOEL
I know. I...I know what's going on?

MILDRED (O.S.)
Run to it. That's all you were good for.
(Creepy laugh)
Some men can't resolve situations without a boost of liquid courage.

Joel quickly goes back to the living room, immediately picking up the bottle, taking a deep swig.

Letting the burning sensation marinate, he slowly starts to smile, and then...

MILDRED (O.S.) (CONT'D)
That same smile came across your face when you got rid of your so-called problem.

JOEL
Shut up. Shut up, shut up, shut up!

MILDRED (O.S.)
Feeling bad...gummy worm?

Joel Covers his face and releases a loud scream.

Slowly moving his hands down, he's smiling, until he opens his eyes and a deep gasp of fear is released.

He's standing in the burnt up living room and on the floor is the body of his dead wife Mildred, burnt and mutilated.

She was three months pregnant.

Also on the floor is a dead, mutilated, burnt cat

Joel steps back in fear.

JOEL
No. No, this didn't happen.

MILDRED
It happened, gummy worm. You took the life of a talented artist and possibly one in the making. And for what? Because you couldn't satisfy your wife and actually be a man who compromises, instead of always using violence.

JOEL
God, no. No, I didn't---

A partially burnt mutilated hand slams down hard on his shoulder, and it causes him to turn around and scream, falling on the floor.

The grotesque body of Mildred is standing in front of him with a large gash in her stomach, where small baby hands can be seen sticking out.

Perched on her shoulder is a horrifying cat with glowing white eyes.

Joel Is on the floor panting in fear, wide eyed.

Mildred reaches inside her stomach and slowly pulls out a bloody butcher knife.

MILDRED
Here's your real problem, gummy worm.

She raises the knife prepared to attack him, and Joel releases a scream of fear.

SMASH CUT:

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is back to what we saw in the beginning.

The doorbell is heard ringing.

Slowly moving to the sofa we see the dead body of Joel.

A broken bottle and a bloody butcher knife resides in the liquor on the floor

He's wearing his dinghy T-Shirt and bloody boxers.

Coming out of the boxer hole are gummy worms, and resting on his chest is the sketchbook Marion had, which is actually Mildred's sketchbook.

The picture is a beautiful charcoal drawing of a mother holding her child, with a cat watching over them in the background.

END CREDITS.