

The Horrors
animated comedy
half-hour television pilot

by Kevin Darbro & Ryan McLaughlin

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ACT ONE

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Dark ominous woods. Rushing footfalls. A female figure pushing through brush in distress. She's running away from...

A shadowy figure, a machete in his hand, splotches of blood along its edge.

She trips on a fallen log. Her pursuer appears over her, raises the blade.

EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

The shadowy figure and the female victim are projected onto the screen.

SILHOUETTES OF TEENAGE COUPLES in their cars, rapt in terror.

ON THE SCREEN: The victim's face—she is a werewolf.

The Blade slashes down. Blood.

IN THE DRIVE-IN: A collective GASP from the Audience.

The Audience—this world—is populated by monsters from the pantheon of cultures, mythology, and B-movies.

ON THE SCREEN: The face of the killer: a regular human guy.

SUPER: THE HORRORS.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DECK - NIGHT

The Country Club is closed and dark, but on an outdoor deck with picnic tables, Monstrovnia High school JOCKS and CHEERLEADERS party. Their clothes look like they came right off the rack at Hot Topic. Think Elvira meets the Addams Family.

BARBARA, 17, a gorgeous mixed-race vampiress/werewolf. She has two sets of fangs, one upper and one lower, but no other visual werewolf traits except on a full moon. She has long dark hair. She stands nearby T.J.

T.J., 17, an overgrown, crimson red killer tomato with vines for arms in a letter jacket (black and orange school colors), admires his muscles;

LARRY, 17, an alien-squid monster (like the monster from 20 THOUSANDS LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA or YOG: MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE) with a tentacle draped over TERESA;

TERESA, a skeleton with long blonde hair, in a cheerleader jacket (like the skeleton warriors in THE SEVEN VOYAGES OF SINBAD), enjoying Larry's affection;

LIZZIE, a seven-headed HYDRA (like the monster from JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS) files her claws.

A BEE crawls on the table.

T.J.

That killer "human" in the movie?
I'd squash him like a bug.

T.J. shatters the table with the napkin holder, but the Bee flies away unharmed. It harasses T.J. who swings wildly, missing it.

The BEE lands on his forehead and T.J. absentmindedly bashes himself.

Barbara chuckles.

BARBARA

Nice aim there, Super Bowl!

Lizzie's heads giggle as if they were a gaggle of girls.

T.J.

Hey, my posse, I gots brews and coolahs. I knows how you ladies love coolahs.

T.J. hands out beers and wine coolers.

T.J. (CONT'D)

(to Barbara)

You're lucky to be dating Monstrovica High's all-time score-leader. Must be awesome.

BARBARA

Yeah, I know.

T.J. crushes a beer can against his head, and BELCHES.

T.J.

Gimme some sugar, baby.

T.J. pulls her in to kiss her and she turns to offer her cheek.

BARBARA

Well, you really know how to toss balls.

Larry and T.J. high-five (Larry's tentacle and T.J.'s vine).

LARRY AND T.J.

(in unison)

Decaptitators!

Teresa laughs, takes a swig of a wine cooler, but being a skeleton, it flows right through her and hits the ground. She stumbles, a little tipsy, out of the mess.

LARRY

(to Barbara and T.J.)

Teresa never could hold her liquor.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - CART SHACK - NIGHT

HERMAN HORROR, 17, a bright-eyed, working-class human teenager wearing an oil-stained uniform and name tag, is the cart boy at the county club. He has an attempted light beard and moustache scruffle and cultivated, bed-head, hipster wanna-be-wild hair.

He takes a ratchet to a golf cart.

VOICE ON BOOM BOX

Feel "different?" Stuck in your human form? Afraid you'll always be human? Not invited to the "cool" parties? Missing that certain scare-down-there?

Herman looks down at his crotch, shrugs his shoulders.

VOICE ON BOOM BOX (CONT'D)

Get in touch with your inner beast. Reach for the power of your monstrous side and the universe will deliver...

Herman rolls his eyes. Looks in a small mirror hanging on the wall and self-consciously growls. He has no fangs, and perfect teeth.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - PUTTING GREEN - NIGHT

T.J. glides up to Barbara.

T.J.

Come on snaggletooth. Let's walk.

He drapes his viney arm around her waist as they saunter towards the trees.

They amble over the hill, down towards the cart shack. From their angle, they don't see the light inside.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - CART SHACK - NIGHT

Herman finishes work on the cart, turns it upright and pushes it into the corner.

VOICE ON BOOM BOX

Gaze deep into the mirror.

(MORE)

VOICE ON BOOM BOX (CONT'D)

If you can't see anything, you're a vampire! But if you do, think of the frightening monster you are inside. Look at your parents. You'll be a big, grown up monster, just like Mom and Dad.

HERMAN

Not if you're adopted.

VOICE ON BOOM BOX

As Clint Beastwood said in *Dirty Scary*, "Being a monster is one-hundred percent attitude, and I've got a bad one, punk." So embrace your bad attitude and get scary!

Herman flicks the Stop button. He picks up a spray jug of weed-killer, shuffles out.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - TRAIL - NIGHT

Herman shuffles along, sprays weeds as he finds them.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - TREE-LINE - NIGHT

T.J. and Barbara stand under some trees, awkwardly close. T.J. leans in close, his mouth very near hers.

Eyes closed, he's going in for a kiss.

But Barbara dodges him.

BARBARA

I'm not in the mood, Fruit. Simmer your sauce.

T.J.

Shut that pretty little mouth, Babe, you know you want some of the Teej.

BARBARA

I just want to be friends.

He trails after her like a puppy, holding her hand as he pleads.

T.J.

But a tomato's gotta pollinate. And I'm ripe for the pickin'.

Barbara frees herself from T.J. and walks away.

Herman peeks around the corner.

BARBARA
(muttering to self)
What did I ever see in him?

T.J. spins Barbara around.

Herman steps out, the moon at his back silhouettes him.

HERMAN
You know what makes me sick to my
stomach, Red? Nobody, I mean nobody,
puts ketchup on a hot dog.

The expression of Herman's face reveals that he just said nonsense, but it's the best he can do and he hopes it sounded threatening, like Clint Beastwood.

T.J. turns to Herman, LAUGHS. Barbara wears a confused expression.

T.J.
Get lost, human.

Herman approaches in measured steps as T.J. holds Barbara.

T.J. (CONT'D)
(to Herman)
One more step, and I swear they'll
carry you back to your freakshow
family in a jar.

Herman takes one more, exaggerated step. In a FLASH, T.J.'s vine wraps around Herman's ankle, trips him.

Before Herman can recover, T.J. is above him. With one hand, T.J. chokes Herman. With his other hand, T.J. restrains Barbara.

Struggling to get air, Herman's face turns purple, bulging and pulsing like a balloon.

Herman clutches the weed-killer, blasts T.J. in the chest.

T.J. looks down, sees his chest bubbling and smoking. He freaks out.

T.J. (CONT'D)
Ahh! Get it off. It's burning!

T.J. wipes the wound with his hands; they smoke too. He runs off.

Herman and Barbara rush off in the other direction.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - PUTTING GREEN - NIGHT

T.J. runs into the party, screaming like a girl, vines flailing in the air.

T.J.
Get it off. Get it off.

Larry sees the damage and can't help but laugh.

T.J. (CONT'D)
It's not funny. I'm burning.

T.J. grabs a beer and douses his hands.

Larry shakes beer on T.J.'s chest. The burning is quelled, but the laughter echoes into the night.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A lone car sits in the empty parking lot, a 70's-era jalopy like a Gremlin or Pinto.

Herman and Barbara hurry towards the car.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - PUTTING GREEN - NIGHT

T.J. stomps around in circles, fury oozing from every pore.

T.J.
That weasel Herman Horror.

LARRY
The cart boy? And what happened to Barbara?

T.J.
She went with him.

LARRY
What? Why?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Herman's car motors along.

INT. HERMAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Herman drives. Barbara, in the passenger seat, stares straight ahead.

BARBARA
Thank you.

HERMAN
Are you sure you're OK?

BARBARA

I was about to kick his ass until
you stepped in.

Herman chuckles. They both know it's not true.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Right here's fine.

The car pulls to the gate of a mansion.

She climbs out, closes the door, stops, and turns back to
Herman, thinks better of it and continues walking.

INT. ROMERO'S CANTINA -- NIGHT

The FOOTBALL TEAM and GIRLFRIENDS at various tables, laughing
at T.J. as the rumor mill spins.

T.J.

...Chick wanted a slice of the juicy
tomato. Freakin' human snuck up on
me.

LARRY

Little bastard.

T.J.

Shot me with weed killer. They
planned it. Couldn't take me straight
on. Gonna teach that human a lesson,
right in his...lesson-hole. Tomorrow.
Playground. Three-thirty.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

EXT. HERMAN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

A rickety mailbox reads "The Horrors." The house looks like a rundown version of the house from THE AMITYVILLE HORROR.

Herman shuffles from his car to the door.

INT. HERMAN'S HOUSE - FOYER -- NIGHT

The front door creaks open. Herman enters, sets his keys in a basket by the door.

In the darkened foyer, a large spider-legged/human-headed creature (like in JOHN CARPENTER'S THE THING) scurries along the wall towards Herman. A large white spot adorns its back.

The creature leaps onto Herman's face. Its pink tongue, like a dog, slathers Herman's face. Herman giggles, pets the beast and sets it down.

HERMAN

Good to see you too, Spot. Good boy.
Hey, let's go upstairs.

As Herman turns towards the stairway, Spot shakes his head and scurries away with a whimper.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

Suit yourself.

As Herman takes his first step towards the stairs, his foot triggers a TRIP WIRE.

BOOM-RATTLE-RATTLE. A trap door in the ceiling opens. A viking axe swings. Herman sees it, moves to one side.

SWOOSH. The blade passes centimeters from his neck, lodging itself in the wall with a THUD.

Herman peers up the shadowy stairs. He can barely make out a figure with red glowing eyes. The figure bursts into maniacal laughter. It is MOLLY, 12, a pre-teen Bride-of-Chucky doll monster.

Herman leaps up the stairs.

RATTLE-TUMBLE. The stairs convert to a ramp.

Herman jumps up to the baseboards, his legs spread wide.

At the foot of the stairs: sharpened sticks.

He shimmies forward. Molly cackles.

WOOSH. A circular saw blade flies down the ramp towards Herman's crotch.

He leaps to one side, tears a banister from the stairs, slides it into the center hole of the saw blade as it passes.

He flicks the saw blade at Molly.

CU-THUNK. The laughter turns into a giggle. The game is over.

At top of the stairs, Herman flicks on the light switch. Molly lays stuck to the floor, the saw blade caught in her shirt.

A SLOW CLAP emerges from the adjoining room. BILL, 43, an unkempt Mr. Hyde, saunters out.

BILL

Well played, Herman. Well played.
Not bad on your part either, Molly.
Still not as good as your brother,
but very creative. You almost took
off his family jewels.

MOLLY

Wouldn'ta made any difference. He's
never gonna use 'em.

BILL

Maybe true, but at least he keeps
them polished.

Bill pats Herman on the back, returns to his desk.

HERMAN

Dad, can we move? Don't we have
relatives in Terrorville I could
stay with?

MOLLY

What the glunk are you talking about?
Are you having a problem with bullies
again? Who is it? I'll go have a
talk with him. Just like I did with
those counselors who gave you a hard
time at Camp Crystal Lake.

She pounds a fist into her other hand, licking her lips.

FLASHBACK (REFERENCING THE FRIDAY THE 13TH MOVIES)

-- INT. CAMP - CABIN - NIGHT -- Molly, wearing a Jason-esque hockey mask, hides under the bed. Three COUNSELORS pile onto the bed. Three arrows push through the mattress and spear each Counselor. (FRIDAY THE 13TH PART I)

-- EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT -- A female COUNSELOR wades into a lake. Molly appears wearing the hockey mask, shoots a triple-bolt harpoon gun at the Counselor. The three bolts drill into the Counselor's eyes and mouth, severing her head.
(FRIDAY THE 13TH PART III in 3D)

--INT. TENT - NIGHT -- A female COUNSELOR in a sleeping bag. A machete slices open the tent. Molly, in her mask, steps in, drags the Counselor out in the sleeping bag. Molly slams the bagged Counselor into a tree several times. (FRIDAY THE 13TH PART VII - THE NEW BLOOD)

END FLASHBACK

MOLLY

Good times.

HERMAN

A bit overkill, but may they rest in pieces. Can't let you do it, Molly. Not this time.

MOLLY

(to Bill)

Dad! Herman won't let me kill his friends!

Bill doesn't look up from his work.

BILL

Herman, let your sister kill your friends.

Herman mouths "NO" to Molly and shuffles to his bedroom door.

Molly stomps downstairs, a child who's had her toys taken.

MOLLY

(muttering)

Just want to kill his friends. I never get to kill anybody anymore.

EXT. MONSTROVIA HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

A medium-sized high school building. Students file in through the double-doors, some lounging around outside.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY -- DAY

STUDENTS bustle though the halls before classes start. Herman stands at his open locker, retrieving books.

Two students approach:

FRANKY, 17, a scrawny Frankenstein monster wearing urban gangsta clothing: baggy pants, several gold chains, a black

cape with a red lining, and a straw hat (like Kolchak in THE NIGHT STALKER);

CLIVE, 17, a short, chubby Cenobite monster (like BUTTERBALL from HELLRAISER). He wears sunglasses and a black leather jacket with about six zippers too many.

Franky slams himself into the locker next to Herman.

FRANKY

Greetings, Herman. In the words of our indigenous forbearers: You picked a good day to die—it's Monday! The rumor mill holds that T.J. is preparing to dispatch you. Twice. Nay, Thrice!

CLIVE

Huh-huh. Yeah, thrice. Wait, how many is that?

Clive's teeth chatter after he speaks.

FRANKY

This Barbara has you smitten, as the common knaves say "she's a hot piece of bat." However, good fellow, T.J. will shred you like a papyrus on a grinding wheel, or pound you like a side of beef, or--

HERMAN

Shut up, so I can figure out how to get out of this.

CLIVE

...hug you like a little kitty.

HERMAN

Somehow I don't picture T.J. as a cat lover.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY -- DAY

T.J. storms down the hall, his face screwed up in a scowl. He grunts and huffs as he pushes students out of his way. He turns the corner, beelines for Herman's locker, but Herman, Franky and Clive don't notice him.

AT HERMAN'S LOCKER:

FRANKY

You have few options or it shall be out, out brief candle.

CLIVE

Yeah, what are you gonna do? Burn out?

HERMAN

I've been feeling a sort of tingle lately. A little strange. Is that how your monster feels?

CLIVE

(to Franky)

He wants to feel my monster.

Clive snickers.

FRANKY

Thine caged beast may yet be unleashed, but cast not fate on the whim of destiny.

HERMAN

Maybe I can reason with T.J. I just need to find a soft spot in that overgrown vegetable.

Herman closes his locker door, revealing T.J., fuming.

T.J. snatches Herman up by the collar, pins him to the locker.

Through gritted teeth:

T.J.

Three-thirty. Playground.

T.J. pounds his fist into Herman's locker, leaving a sizable dent. Herman gulps.

T.J. drops Herman and marches off.

FRANKY

The gentleman seems quite reasonable to me.

The BELL rings. Everyone rushes off to class.

INT. CLASSROOM -- DAY

A darkened classroom, helmed by PROFESSOR SCHULTZ, a mad scientist with an oversized cranium, who speaks with a heavy German accent.

He flips sheets of acetate on an overhead projector.

Herman sits in the middle of the class, surrounded by STUDENTS who all exhibit their juvenile monster physical traits.

PROFESSOR SCHULTZ

As we mature into puberty, eventually,
we all become monsters.

Schultz and most of the students eye Herman. He's the only one who has not yet taken on his monster traits.

Herman shifts in his seat. He looks down at his grumbling stomach. It literally undulates beneath his shirt. A flash of fear crosses his face.

PROFESSOR SCHULTZ (CONT'D)

Your reproductive cycle begins,
opening you up to your monstrous
sexuality.

He licks his lips.

Herman's shirt bulges erratically in different directions.

PROFESSOR SCHULTZ (CONT'D)

Pulsing, throbbing, sweaty, gritty,
oozing sexuality in all its gooey
delights.

Panic washes over Herman's face, but no one else notices.

PROFESSOR SCHULTZ (CONT'D)

You find yourself deep and wet with
pleasure until you explode with
ecstasy!

Herman convulses violently. Sweat pours down his face. He leaps up.

HERMAN

Can I be excused? I think I'm gonna
burst.

Herman rushes out.

INT. BATHROOM STALL -- DAY

Herman huddles in a stall, clutching his stomach as it undulates and bulges.

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY

Clive and Franky slink into the bathroom.

At the sink, they inspect each other's Weapons-of-Mass-Destruction trading cards.

CLIVE

I'll trade you one Sarin Gas for a
Nuclear War.

FRANKY

Nay! Perchance a Mustard Gas for my
Anthrax. Then, my fancy be piqued.

In the STALL:

Herman's bulging moves up his chest, more pronounced.

Herman's eyes grow wide as horns emerge from his chest,
pierce and tear his shirt.

FRANKY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Verily, I say, I fear for Herman's
temporal existence. With each passing
sand in the hourglass, the drums of
war beat their approach.

CLIVE

You play drums? I rock the bass. We
gotta jam.

Herman's expression goes from fear to excitement: He's getting
his monster.

With horns like a bull adorning his chest, he closes his
eyes, breathes deep.

He kicks the stall door open, finds an astonished Franky and
Clive.

FRANKY

Herman?

HERMAN

What do you think? Pretty cool, huh?
T.J.'s not gonna want to fight me
now.

Franky and Clive appear puzzled more than anything.

CLIVE

Why, 'cuz you got a farmer tan?

Franky and Clive cannot contain their laughter.

Herman looks in the mirror, realizes that his horns are gone.
He deflates.

The bell RINGS.

Clive and Franky move towards the door.

HERMAN

Wait. I need some help here, guys.

FRANKY

Dear liege, the tolling bell beckons
us hence to receive sustenance.

CLIVE

Lunch! Hungry.

Clive reaches for the door.

HERMAN

You don't want everyone to know about
your trading card habit, do you?

Franky and Clive exchange glances, defeated.

INT. CAFETERIA -- DAY

Students eat at tables, grouped in cliques.

Franky and Clive and other outcasts sit together. Herman
sits, wearing Franky's oversized cape.

Herman's lunch includes a carton of milk, a can of GLUNK
(the Monster equivalent of SPAM), and two slices of bread.
Herman opens the can and slices the Glunk for a sandwich.

FRANKY

This impending demise can be
circumvented if you allow us to spirit
you away.

CLIVE

Yeah. That's the spirit. We got
spirit.

HERMAN

Would that even work?

FRANKY

Verily, albeit thy reputation would
forever be scorned for cowardice.
Alas, you would still draw breath.

Herman considers the option.

HERMAN

I should just stand up to T.J. It's
time somebody did.

Herman stands to make his point.

Larry approaches, pushes Herman down.

LARRY

Sit down, loser. Nice sandwich. Wonder
why you ain't got your monster? You
eat that steaming pile of Glunk.

Larry holds up a canned sports nutrition drink.

HERMAN

Let's see.

(reading the label)

Snake oil, donkey ball-sweat? That could solve all my problems.

Larry snatches the can away.

CLIVE

Herman, are you mental?

LARRY

Smart mouth, Herman. It won't be talking so smart at three-thirty. T.J.'s gonna crush you.

Larry crushes the can on his forehead.

CLIVE

Crush.

LARRY

Don't even think about ditching, glunker. T.J.'s never gonna forget. Never.

Larry saunters off.

Across the Cafeteria:

Barbara sits at a table with other attractive cheerleaders and jocks, flanked on either side by Teresa and Lizzie; and an open seat (for Larry).

TERESA

Did you see Belinda's outfit?

LIZZIE CENTER HEAD

I was sitting in front of her. It looked like someone stuffed a football in a tube sock.

Teresa nudges Barbara for a reaction, but gets none.

LIZZIE HEAD #1

(to Barbara)

You didn't notice?

BARBARA

Sorry. Wasn't paying attention.

TERESA

What's up with you? Still mad at T.J.?

LIZZIE HEAD #6

You're not totally breaking up, are you? I mean, that would, like, totally flip my world. Totally.

TERESA

(to Barbara)

Who would you go to prom with?

LIZZIE HEAD #7

T.J.'s on the market?

LIZZIE CENTER HEAD

(to Lizzie Head #7)

As if he'd date a blimp like you.

Larry returns to his seat, giddy and triumphant. He scarfs food off everyone's plate.

LARRY

(to Barbara)

Gonna spill it? What really happened that night?

Just then the Principal enters, wielding a megaphone. It SQUEALS with feedback. He is a human fly (like Brundle-Fly in THE FLY). He reads off an index card.

PRINCIPAL

(to microphone)

Attention Monstrovnia High students. As you know, this is spirit week. The Decapitators could go all the way. I expect to see you all at the pep rally, sixth period. That is all. Resume normal lunch activity.

Principal exits.

TERESA

Let's get out of here so we can practice our routine.

Teresa, Lizzie, and Barbara rise with their half-eaten lunch trays. Larry and the other jocks follow.

They walk to a conveyor belt that takes lunch trays into the back. A metal partition separates the students from zombie lunch ladies in the back.

Teresa and Lizzie dump their trays, perfectly good food going in the bin.

Barbara pauses to take a bite of a slab of chocolate cake.

Teresa clears her throat. All the Lizzie Heads glare at Barbara.

LIZZIE CENTER HEAD
Trying to go all Belinda on us?

Barbara thinks better of it.

Larry reaches in and snatches the plate.

LARRY
Shame to let that go to waste with
all the needy creatures in the world.
There's one now.

Larry hurls the cake and it plops in the center of Herman's table like a bomb going off, shooting chocolate everywhere.

The whole cafeteria erupts in laughter.

The cheerleaders laugh and point, but Barbara shakes her head in disappointment.

A chant erupts: GLUNKERS, GLUNKERS, GLUNKERS.

Herman wipes himself with a napkin, keeps eating.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

INT. H.P. LOVECRAFT MEMORIAL GYMNASIUM -- DAY

The Pep Rally in progress. Students and Faculty fill the bleachers.

On the dais, the FOOTBALL TEAM, in uniform, shout and hoot.

The COACH, a burly cyclops with male-pattern baldness, stands near the Principal.

The Coach holds a football, which is actually several feet sewn together in a ball shape.

Barbara sits in the front row of the bleachers in her cheerleader uniform with other CHEERLEADERS.

Herman sits a few rows back.

The Coach speaks into a microphone.

COACH

And now, your star receiver, Larry
Squidowski!

Larry runs from under the bleachers, onto the dais, as eight TEAM MEMBERS throw balls simultaneously.

Larry catches all eight balls in his tentacles, SLURP, SLURP, SLURP, SLURP, SLURP, SLURP, SLURP, SLURP.

The crowd cheers and howls.

Larry high-fives his teammates, takes his place.

COACH (CONT'D)

And last, but certainly not least,
team captain and star quarterback,
your head decapitator, T.J. Heinz!

T.J. charges onto the dais, across the stage, hits a tackling dummy.

He tears the dummy off its mooring, beheading it. He throws the dummy to the ground and stomps on it.

The crowd LOVES it.

He finds Herman in the crowd and points at him. He mouths the words "You're next."

Herman gulps.

COACH (CONT'D)

Let's hear it for your Monstrovica
High Decapitators! De-cap-i-tate!
De-cap-i-tate!

The chant crescendos, the crowd pushes forward. Chaos ensues. Herman is rolled over by the sea of students.

The bell RINGS. The crowd explodes through the doors.

EXT. PLAYGROUND -- DAY

A circle of STUDENTS, the whole school, foaming at the collective mouth, lining the chain link fence that borders the playground. It's a jailhouse riot.

Herman's at the center of this out-of-control washing machine of pushes, pulls, and CRIES for blood.

Barbara watches, mute, standing with the cheerleaders.

The Crowd loses its momentum, goes from a roar to a hush, then parts as T.J. enters the circle backed by the entire football team.

T.J. takes off his letter jacket, meticulously folds it, and hands it to Larry.

The Crowd chants, "Kill the Glunker."

T.J.

(to Herman)

T.J.'s gonna give you one chance to make this all go away. Tell the truth. You—and that one
(indicating Barbara)
—tried to destroy T.J.'s reputation. You only got the Teej 'cause you snuck up on me. Tell 'em. And I'll let you live. Still gonna rough you up a bit, though.

The Crowd OOOOOHS and WOOOOOS.

HERMAN

Absolutely. We've been plotting to take down the mighty Teej since kindergarten. But you got us now. So I failed, we failed. OK, can we all go home now?

The Crowd LAUGHS. They are warming up to Herman.

T.J.'s face screws up into a scowl, ROARING as he rushes Herman.

BAM, SMACK, PUNCH, T.J. pounds Herman. Herman's feeble attempts amount to not much more than protecting his face.

T.J.

See, he couldn't take me in a fair fight.

HERMAN

Let the record show I could not take T.J. in a fair fight. Clive, take that down, will you?

The Crowd LAUGHS.

T.J. drags Herman to the swing set. The Crowd follows.

T.J. twists Herman up in the chains of the swing, lets him drop, BWOOP, to the bottom, and punts him like a football.

The Crowd HOOTS.

Herman sails through the air, landing on a Merry-Go-Round with a THUD, the wind knocked out of him.

T.J.

Stop making fun of me!

T.J. spins the Merry-Go-Round with lightning speed, punching Herman with each pass, like a punching bag.

T.J. (CONT'D)

What. Comes. Around. Goes. Around.

Each word is punctuated by a fist to Herman's swollen, bruised face as the Crowd's response goes from GRUNTS to SILENCE to GASPS.

T.J. (CONT'D)

Ready for another spin?

HERMAN

(weakly)

Whewwwwww.

The Crowd LAUGHS.

Barbara stands up and steps out of the Crowd, between T.J. and Herman.

BARBARA

You proved your point, T.J. We can all see what a huge gaping sphincter you are.

T.J.

That's right!

(MORE)

T.J. (CONT'D)
 I'm the number one sphincter! The
 biggest sphincter around!

T.J. flexes his muscles, but the Crowd ROLLS, LAUGHING and pointing.

Larry rushes to T.J. and whispers in his ear.

T.J. (CONT'D)
 (to Barbara)
 Why you always play mind games with
 me?

BARBARA
 I only play games with serious
 competition.

The Crowd LAUGHS. T.J. fumes, madder than he's ever been, staring hard at Barbara.

T.J.
 I told you before: Shut that stupid
 mouth. Gonna shut it for you. For
 good.

Herman sees T.J. fixated on Barbara, balling his fist and inching towards her. Herman musters his strength and bolts towards the jungle gym.

HERMAN
 Yeah, get her, T.J. Beat up a girl
 'cuz you don't have the seeds to
 finish a guy like me.

T.J.
 (to Herman)
 Oh, I got the seeds. I'm gonna
 fertilize you, bitch.

Herman takes off the cape, waves it like a matador, the red side towards T.J.

HERMAN
 Bring it, you fruit!

Franky chants: "Herman! Herman! Herman!" It spreads through the Crowd.

The veins in T.J.'s forehead nearly bursting, he SCREAMS as he charges Herman.

There is nowhere to hide. T.J. bee-lines at Herman, head down, like a bull.

At the last second, Herman steps aside.

T.J.'s momentum carries him into the jungle gym. Before T.J. can even realize he's missed Herman, his face meets the hard, sharp metal bars.

He's sliced apart in chunks, like you'd put in your salad.

HERMAN (CONT'D)
 (rasping)
 You lose.

The Crowd GASPS, sickened by the sight.

Barbara looks to Herman, slack-jawed. Herman's bloodied and bruised. He cracks a smile.

HERMAN (CONT'D)
 I was gonna kick his ass until you stepped in.

She smiles back. She's not sure what to do next. They just stand apart until--

CLIVE
 Yeah, you sure tossed his salad.

The Crowd CHEERS Herman, surrounding him.

Barbara is swept up by Lizze, Teresa and other Cheerleaders.

The Football Team rushes to T.J.'s side, each taking a piece to hold him together.

T.J.'s disembodied mouth on a stray slice, moves:

T.J.
 This ain't over. The Teej will be back.

The Principal arrives in a huff, pushes his way through the crowd.

PRINCIPAL
 What's going on? Someone call for help! T.J. needs medical attention.

The Principal turns to Herman.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)
 Herman Horror? Fighting?

He grabs Herman by the arm and drags him off.

Herman looks back over the crowd, trying to find Barbara. Her head pops up. She's looking for him. They share a glance.

FADE OUT.