

# Night of the Garden Gnomes

By  
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FADE IN:

EXT. FARM -- NIGHT

In front of a darkened farmhouse lies a gravel drive. Up the gravel drive slides a police cruiser.

The driver's side door is pushed open and out steps a slightly old, soundly fat, and relatively balding POLICEMAN BOB.

In the distance, Policeman Bob can hear the sounds of screaming, growling, and the occasional howling of a wolf.

He makes it to the side of the house before Deputy HARLAN runs up to him. Harlan is a tall man, slightly goofy looking and made entirely of elbows. Occasionally, very occasionally, he yells answers. Currently, he is dressed in a umpire's mask and chest protector.

HARLAN

Oh, hey Chief.

POLICEMAN BOB

Harlan. What's the situation?

They begin to walk toward the back of the farmhouse.

HARLAN

We got the werewolf locked up good and tight in Hank's chicken coop.

POLICEMAN BOB

Locked in the chicken coop?

HARLAN

Well, that's where we found it after we got the call from Hank.

POLICEMAN BOB

And what's keeping it in there now?

Harlan stops.

HARLAN

Well...I got the kid stationed right outside, holding the door shut.

At the chicken coop, THE KID, a rookie cop, in his early twenties, is also dressed in an umpire's mask and chest protector. He is screaming as he pushes against the door to the chicken coop, trying to keep the werewolf inside.

A furry claw is reaching out from behind the door, trying to reach The Kid's arms and face.

Back at the side of the house...

POLICEMAN BOB

Dad gum it, Harlan! Now I gotta waste two silver bullets.

HARLAN

Ah now, Chief. He's got protective body armor on. The Kid'll be fine.

Back at the chicken coop, the claw continues to scratch at The Kid's face and arms. The Kid's chest protector is so scratched up that foam and stuffing is pouring out of it.

The Kid continues to wail.

At the side of the farmhouse...

Policeman Bob points to the side of the house.

POLICEMAN BOB

Okay, Harlan. Shimmy up to the top of Hank's drainpipe and take a look around. I'll go check on the kid, and if he's--

Suddenly, two wolf howls are heard somewhere in the distance.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

(to Harlan)

Go! Go!

Harlan runs off toward the back of the house.

Next to a bush at the side of the farmhouse, Policeman Bob hunkers down and starts taking silver bullets from out of his pocket and hurriedly shoving them into his revolver.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

I don't know why I left this up to Harlan. I might as well put a badge on a monkey. For all the good--

The sudden sound of heavy breathing makes Policeman Bob turn to his right, where he sees The Kid, now a werewolf in umpire's mask and shredded chest protector looking at him with it's head slightly turned, like a dog observing a one-legged cat.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

Hey, kid, you look good.

The Kid bares its fangs.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

Now hold on there, Hoss. Nobody wants trouble.

The Kid growls and leaps at Policeman Bob, who ducks and, quickly for a fat guy, runs the other way.

The Kid picks himself up and runs after the policeman.

Policeman Bob runs toward the back of the house with The Kid directly behind.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

Harlan! I need a little help here.

The answering voice comes from up above.

HARLAN

(O.S.)

Roger that, Chief.

As Policeman Bob and the werewolf clear the side of the house, Harlan drops onto The Kid's back. The Kid stops in mid-stride and begins to run around in circles trying to get at Harlan.

POLICEMAN BOB

Ride him for a second, Harlan. I'll go see if I can get the other one.

Policeman Bob reaches the back of the farmhouse just in time to see the porch light turn on and HANK STARLING in bib overalls, run out of the house with a shotgun. Hank fires once in the air.

HANK

What the hey's going on around here?  
Policeman Bob!

Policeman Bob continues to run toward Hank.

POLICEMAN BOB

Get back inside, Hank, before the werewolf gets you.

HANK

Crap on that. I'm gonna kill it for what it did to my--

His sentence ends in a scream as the other werewolf jumps out of the surrounding tree line and leaps onto Hank, knocking him to the ground.

Policeman Bob turns and runs toward the yard.

POLICEMAN BOB

Harlan!

Harlan continues to ride the circling Kid/werewolf.

HARLAN

I'm kinda busy, Chief!

The werewolf gets done munching on Hank and takes off after Policeman Bob.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Harlan, don't get bit! I may not  
have enough silver!

HARLAN  
(O.S.)  
Roger that, Chief!

Policeman Bob looks behind to see the werewolf close behind. As he nears the chicken coop, Policeman Bob suddenly drops to the ground, causing the werewolf to trip over him and fly into the grass.

Deliberately, Policeman Bob rises up and levels his revolver at the werewolf.

At that moment, another werewolf, dressed in bib overalls and carrying a shotgun leaps out from the darkness and knocks into the policeman.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Dang it, Hank! Get the heck off me!

Seizing an unprotected moment, Policeman Bob punches Hank/werewolf directly in the muzzle. Hank yelps and lopes away.

Rising to his feet, Policeman Bob glances around to see...no werewolves around.

By the side of the house, Harlan is still riding The Kid.

HARLAN  
Hey Chief! I could use a little  
help. You know?

Policeman Bob, narrows his eyes, looking around.

POLICEMAN BOB  
(yelling)  
Be right there!

He takes one step and the main werewolf jumps out of the darkness and grabs Policeman Bob by the arms. It lunges its face in close and the gun in between the two of them goes off.

Policeman Bob, with eyes wide, takes a step back.

The werewolf takes a step back as well and looks down to see a blood stain spreading on its stomach.

WEREWOLF  
Oh man, didn't see that coming!

It drops to the ground and quickly changes into an old naked man.

POLICEMAN BOB  
 Old man Carothers. Well, I'll be.  
 (yelling)  
 One down!

The Kid is now on his hands and feet, trying to buck Harlan off. Policeman Bob dashes slowly around the corner.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)  
 Off!

Harlan drops to the ground behind The Kid as Policeman Bob unloads a silver bullet straight to The Kid's forehead.

Harlan rises to his feet and dusts himself off.

HARLAN  
 Two down.

He looks over to see Policeman Bob leaning against a tree, panting heavily.

HARLAN (CONT'D)  
 Chief, you okay?

POLICEMAN BOB  
 Oh my gosh, I need to lose weight.  
 You okay?

Harlan nods.

HARLAN  
 Man, I ache. Let's get out of here.

Policeman Bob holds up a hand for silence.

POLICEMAN BOB  
 Wait! Where's Hank?

Hank half howls and half screams as he falls from out of the tree Policeman Bob and Harlan are standing under. He lands face down in the grass.

Policeman Bob quickly drops his revolver and dumps a silver load into the back of Hank's head.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)  
 Done. Now, let's get out of here.

Harlan looks around.

HARLAN  
 What about the mess, Chief?

POLICEMAN BOB  
I'm beat. Take the bodies and stuff  
them in the chicken coop. We'll  
clean up proper tomorrow.

HARLAN  
Roger that. Good night, Chief.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Night, Harlan.

As Harlan grabs Hank's feet and drags his corpse to the  
chicken coop, Policeman Bob walks toward his car.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)  
I need another profession. Maybe  
banking.

He gets in and pulls out of the driveway.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICEMAN BOB'S HOUSE -- LATER

Policeman Bob reaches his bedroom and enters. Once inside,  
he closes the door, places his cell phone on the bedstand  
and drops onto the bed, fast asleep.

The clock on the bedstand reads 5:03.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICEMAN BOB'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Policeman Bob is still lying face down on his bed, snoring  
loudly. The cell phone on his nightstand rings. Without  
opening his eyes, he picks up the phone and brings it to his  
face.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Yeah.

A low, sinister voice answers.

VOICE  
You can't stop me. I have the thighs  
of a thirty-year old.

The line clicks off and Policeman Bob sets the phone back on  
the stand and rubs his eyes. He looks at the alarm clock,  
which reads 5:45 AM.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Clint! You are one annoying but  
effective alarm.

Taking one step into the hall, Policeman Bob is immediately assaulted by a loud thumping beat emanating from behind the door across the hall. He walks up to his daughter's door and bangs on it several times.

In response, the door flies open to allow SOLILOQUY, Policeman Bob's rebellious teenage daughter, to pop her angry head out.

SOLILOQUY

What?

POLICEMAN BOB

Can you turn it down a little, hon?

SOLILOQUY

Why can't you leave me alone? I hate you!

Soliloquy moves to slam the door closed, but it is blocked by Policeman Bob's size twelve government issue boot.

POLICEMAN BOB

Now listen here, young lady--

SOLILOQUY

Why won't you let me see him, daddy? You know Retch and I are in love.

POLICEMAN BOB

Soliloquy, we've been over this. He's no good. His dad's a barber.

SOLILOQUY

I don't care. I love him.

POLICEMAN BOB

Well, you better start carin', little lady. While you're in my house--

Soliloquy throws open the door to reveal her backpack is packed and hanging on her back.

SOLILOQUY

I don't care about your dumb, old house. All I care about is me and my purse...

She throws her purse over one shoulder.

SOLILOQUY (CONT'D)

...and my hairspray...

Her hairspray is grabbed off the table and thrown in her backpack.

She enters the hallway with her stuff and approaches one of the pictures hanging on the wall, getting ready to remove it.

SOLILOQUY (CONT'D)

...and my velvet painting of Elvis  
playing poker with a bunch of dogs.

She takes the painting off the wall, tucks it under her arm and moves off down the hall toward the stairs.

Policeman Bob follows directly behind her.

POLICEMAN BOB

Just make sure you go to school today.

Soliloquy turns around quickly and sticks a finger in Policeman Bob's face.

SOLILOQUY

School's a drag, pops. Maybe Retch  
and I'll go hang out at the pool  
hall or go shoot rabbits with his  
new 12 gauge.

POLICEMAN BOB

You know shooting a gun within city  
limits is against the law.

Soliloquy throws her one free hand in exasperation, turns around and heads down the stairs while continuing to talk.

SOLILOQUY

Ooh! It's always laws with you.  
Don't do this. Better do that. No  
stealing medications from the elderly!

They reach the bottom of the stairs and head down the entryway toward the front door, pausing by an arch that leads into another room.

SOLILOQUY (CONT'D)

I'm sick of all your rules and I'm  
sick of you!

Policeman Bob's dad, GRANDPA, a crusty, cranky 70-year-old walking raisin, appears in the archway leading into the living room.

GRANDPA

Why don't you two just shut up! I  
can't hear my dang CNN!

Soliloquy gestures toward Grandpa.

SOLILOQUY

And I'm sick of stinky here, too.

GRANDPA

That goes double for me, big hair!

Soliloquy again throws her hand up in exasperation and swings open the front door.

SOLILOQUY

Ooh!

Grandpa turns and walks into the living room, yelling over his shoulder.

GRANDPA

And don't come back!

At the end of the front walkway, Retch, on his motorcycle, sits waiting for Soliloquy.

Policeman Bob steps out onto the front porch.

POLICEMAN BOB

That better not be Retch you're running off with.

Soliloquy stops in the middle of the walkway and turns around.

SOLILOQUY

Yes, Daddy, this is Retch. You remember him, don't ya? Cute guy, rebellious streak, big sideburns.

Retch grins at Policeman Bob and raises his hand in greeting. Policeman Bob nods in greeting.

POLICEMAN BOB

Retch.

SOLILOQUY

Don't wait up.

Soliloquy jumps on the motorcycle behind Retch, the painting still under one arm, and they take off up the street.

Policeman Bob shakes his head, then retreats back into the house, closing the door behind him.

He is greeted in the entryway by Grandpa.

GRANDPA

So you just let her walk out of your house, eh?

POLICEMAN BOB

Huh?

GRANDPA

Why, back in my day, if my kid ever talked to me like that, I'd take a switch and beat her rump till it bled and then she'd really get it.

Policeman Bob reaches onto the entryway table and thumbs through the mail.

POLICEMAN BOB

You never once beat me, dad.

GRANDPA

Your mother was too soft. She always stopped me before I got too worked up.

POLICEMAN BOB

Uh huh. Well, I'm off to work.

GRANDPA

Go ahead. Leave your old dad to his misery and senility. What do you care?

Policeman Bob turns and opens the front door again. Grandpa's voice gets a little softer, pleading.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

Can I call you if I start hearing the voices again?

POLICEMAN BOB

Dad, you know you're not supposed to call me while I'm working. Have a good day now.

Shutting the front door behind him, Bob walks over to the driveway and gets into his police cruiser. He backs out of the drive and into the streets of his fair city, New Bucharest.

EXT. STREETS OF NEW BUCHAREST -- CONTINUOUS

It's a wonderfully sunny day as Policeman Bob's car cruises down the suburban streets. Occasionally, he waves at a neighbor, who doesn't wave back.

His car pulls onto Main Street, which contains the majority of the businesses located in New Bucharest. On his right, he passes a statuary shop with a huge sign, exclaiming "Manbubz Statuary". It is filled with a wide assortment of garden gnomes, a few lawn jockeys, and a lot of those metallic globes that sit on pedestals.

EUDORA MANBUBZ is in the middle of the lot, arranging several gnomes.

When Policeman Bob waves hello to her, he is greeted with a sour frown.

As Policeman Bob drives on, a cloud quickly rolls up and over the statuary lot. A lightning bolt strikes amid the gnomes and rain begins pouring...only on the lot. Eudora runs for the cover of a nearby house.

Policeman Bob passes a few more businesses, including a diner, a used car lot, and the New Bucharest Post Office. At the post office, the blinds are pulled slightly apart as someone peers out suspiciously.

Next Policeman Bob passes a few store fronts, including one called "Rubelle's Authentic Gypsy Curses and Sundries". RUBELLE WILSON, the owner of the shop, dressed in a long coat and a scarf around his head, is sweeping in front of the store.

Policeman Bob calls from his car as he is temporarily stopped at a stop sign.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Morning, Mr. Wilson.

RUBELLE WILSON  
The sun is a stranger to no one as  
the pure in heart must surely know.  
Do not heed its secrets.

Policeman Bob calls out as he takes off.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Thank you.

He turns right onto the street just prior to the police station. As he heads slowly up the street, he glances to his right and sees a naked man, ED STINGRAY, in a large orange wig and nothing else, mowing his lawn. A large bush roughly four feet tall surrounds the lawn, thus hiding Ed's privates from the public.

Policeman Bob turns on his lights, no sound, and pulls to the curb in front of Ed's house. Slowly, he gets out of his police cruiser and approaches the lawn. Ed turns off the mower and approaches from the other side of the hedge.

ED STINGRAY  
Morning, Policeman Bob. Ain't it a  
glorious day?

POLICEMAN BOB  
A little hot out today, Ed?

ED STINGRAY  
Hot? Hmmm.

(MORE)

ED STINGRAY (CONT'D)

I feel pretty aired out myself. Yes sir, just this clean New Bucharest air for me.

POLICEMAN BOB

Ed, now what have I told you about indecent exposure?

ED STINGRAY

You told me it was wrong. Yes sir, I remember that most succinctly.

POLICEMAN BOB

And do you remember what I said indecent exposure was?

ED STINGRAY

Not a clue.

POLICEMAN BOB

Now, Ed, this is the third time this month. When you appear outside without clothes on, that's against the law. It's what we call indecent exposure.

ED STINGRAY

You lost me.

POLICEMAN BOB

Go get some clothes on before I have to take you to the station again, Ed.

ED STINGRAY

Can't ya just smell that fresh cut grass? Just reminds ya of Spring, doesn't it?

Policeman Bob turns and heads back toward his cruiser.

POLICEMAN BOB

Get some clothes on, Ed.

The lawn mower starts up again and Ed continues to mow as Policeman Bob takes off from the curb. He turns down a small side street to the left and parks in the police station's back parking lot. He pulls in next to the only other vehicle, a large Grey Explorer.

Policeman Bob exits his cruiser, slams the door and enters through the back of the station.

INT. POLICE STATION -- CONTINUOUS

The New Bucharest Police Station is basically a large room with a few jail cells attached. There are several offices down a short hallway, which leads to the back door. It is a little reminiscent of the station from Andy Griffith.

DEPUTY HARLAN is in the main room of the police station, making something very interesting.

Policeman Bob enters the room and stops dead in his tracks.

POLICEMAN BOB

Harlan, what are you doing?

HARLAN

Oh, hey Chief. You know, you said I should get a hobby, right? So, I decided to build a mobile out of Barbie heads and sporks. So, what do you think?

Policeman Bob moves to a desk and picks up a ledger.

POLICEMAN BOB

I think that if it keeps you out of trouble, it's a good thing. Why do we have five calls just today from Mrs. DeMarco?

HARLAN

Maybe cause she called five times.

POLICEMAN BOB

Why'd she call so many times?

HARLAN

Something about her cat--

POLICEMAN BOB

Sssss.

HARLAN

Yeah, cats. Anyway, her neighbor--

POLICEMAN BOB

Easel.

HARLAN

Yeah Easel said that if he had to pick up cat crap off his lawn one more time, then Mrs. DeMarco would be picking up dead cats off hers.

POLICEMAN BOB

And I'm sure she didn't like that.

Harlan walks toward Bob and points out an item on the ledger.

HARLAN

Yeah, see that last call.

POLICEMAN BOB

The one logged five minutes ago.

HARLAN

On that call, she said that if you didn't get down there right now, she was gonna crap on Easel's front lawn herself.

Policeman Bob pauses a moment to sigh, then glances at his watch.

POLICEMAN BOB

Well, I've already seen too much indecent exposure for one day. I better get going.

Harlan moves back to his contraption.

HARLAN

Well, you wanna see me fire this bad boy up?

POLICEMAN BOB

Why not?

Harlan fiddles with the levers and such.

HARLAN

As my Uncle Remus used to say, "Let's throw it in the toilet and see if it floats."

POLICEMAN BOB

Don't think I've heard that particular euphemism before.

HARLAN

It's Swedish.

Harlan throws a final lever and the mobile turns a few times then catches on fire.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Dang!

POLICEMAN BOB

What'd you use to power the motor?

HARLAN

Gasoline.

POLICEMAN BOB

Wow. Hold the fort, Harlan.

HARLAN

Roger that Chief.

Policeman Bob exits the way he came in as Harlan analyzes his mess.

CUT TO:

EXT. NB ALL-GIRL PREP -- AFTERNOON

It's lunchtime at the New Bucharest All-Girl Prep School for Girls, or NBAGPSG for short. CALLIENTE WILSON and FREEDOM GUPPENHEIMER are seated outside at a table. Both are in their older teens, about the same age as Soliloquy.

They are talking while eating their lunches. Calliente also has an earplug from an mp3 player in one ear.

CALLIENTE

I so cannot believe that Mr. Cross is making me take the Science quiz over again. That is cruel and unusual.

FREEDOM

I don't think that applies. Plus, you flunked it while you were copying off of Pickles Smith. That's like double stupid.

CALLIENTE

I couldn't copy off you.

FREEDOM

Good thing.

Soliloquy walks over to the two and plops herself down in a seat.

CALLIENTE

Soliloquy, where were you? You totally missed Science class.

SOLILOQUY

I skipped and hung out with Retch over at Make-Out Point.

FREEDOM

So why'd you come in at all?

SOLILOQUY

He started the fart contest again.

The other two girls groan with understanding.

CALLIENTE

He is so gross.

FREEDOM

Yeah. I'm glad we go to an all-girl school.

CALLIENTE

I'm not.

SOLILOQUY

Yeah. Me neither.

FREEDOM

Yeah. I was just being, you know, facetious.

Soliloquy looks around conspiratorially as the other two finish their lunches.

SOLILOQUY

Hey, Retch says that around ten o'clock tonight, he's gonna go down in the park to watch Delbert Crotchugger.

CALLIENTE

Why would he do that?

SOLILOQUY

He says that Delbert goes there to hunt things with dynamite.

FREEDOM

Isn't that dangerous?

SOLILOQUY

That's why Retch wants to go. He wants to see if Delbert's gonna blow himself up.

CALLIENTE

That's cool. Can I come?

SOLILOQUY

I thought you had to work.

CALLIENTE

Yeah, but dad closes the shop around nine. I can meet you outside the shop after I close up.

Soliloquy turns to the other girl.

SOLILOQUY

What about you, Freedom?

FREEDOM

I don't know. What if we get caught?

SOLILOQUY

It's cool. My dad's the chief of police.

FREEDOM

Which means that he'd be really ticked off if he found you breakin' the law.

SOLILOQUY

He's got other things to worry about. I stuffed a bunch of tampons down the toilet this morning while I was getting ready. With any luck, Stinky will flood the house by the time Pops gets home.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICEMAN BOB'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

In the main hallway of Policeman Bob's upstairs, the door to the bathroom is closed. A flush is heard and then Grandpa's voice.

GRANDPA

Can I get a little help here?

CUT TO:

EXT. CRAZY CAT LADY'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Policeman Bob drives along Walnut Street and pulls into the Crazy Cat Lady's driveway. Her house is indistinguishable from the other houses on the block with one exception: there is an amazing number of cats surrounding her house. They are in the bushes, under the porch, on the roof, and, of course, in the neighbor's yard.

EASEL, built like a scarecrow made out of ball bearings, charges out of his house and aims himself directly for Policeman Bob's recently parked car.

EASEL

Well, hot dog! Are ya gonna throw her in the penn this time, Policeman Bob? Cause I really think she needs to fry this time. And I mean sizzle like a sausage.

Policeman attempts to open the door and gain some footing on the driveway.

POLICEMAN BOB

Now, hold on there, Easel. There ain't gonna be no frying. I think--

EASEL

Now, dad gum it...

Easel kicks his foot in protest, propelling a cat over the front hood of the cruiser. In fact, whenever Easel or Policeman Bob take a step, a cat's screech can be heard.

EASEL (CONT'D)

I want her locked up. There's gotta be some kinda ordinance about having this many cats. Don't they all have to have collars or shots or something. I mean, they're crappin' on my lawn, for the love of puke!

POLICEMAN BOB

Now, Easel. You better watch your blood pressure. I don't want you keeling over dead.

EASEL

The cats'd probably eat my dead corpse.

POLICEMAN BOB

That's the spirit. Now, I'm gonna go over and talk to Mrs. DeMarco and see if we can't get her to keep her cats in her house and on her property instead of on yours.

Easel turns and stomps back to his house, kicking a few more cats in the process. On the way back to his house, Easel mutters to himself.

EASEL

Dad gum cats probably would eat my corpse. No respect for the dead.

Meanwhile, Policeman Bob threads his way through the maze of cats to the DeMarco front door. After pushing the front door bell, a loud crash is heard, followed by a equally loud cat screech.

Suddenly, the front door is flung open and MRS. DEMARCO floods the entry way with her mammoth presence. Easily six foot four and built like a lineman, Mrs. DeMarco is a formidable mountain of a woman.

Behind her, Policeman Bob can see her house is literally wall to wall cats. They are in the bookcase, on the television, and there is even one hanging on top of the chandelier in the living room.

POLICEMAN BOB

Uh, Mrs.--

MRS. DEMARCO

What do you want?

POLICEMAN BOB

Well--

MRS. DEMARCO

Don't feed me that line. I pay my taxes. I pay for your salary as well as that crazy Clint at the Post Office.

A cat flies through the air behind her.

MRS. DEMARCO (CONT'D)

I know my rights and I don't have to take this.

POLICEMAN BOB

Now--

MRS. DEMARCO

It's that Easel again, ain't it? He's always stickin' his monkey face into my business. He's the one you ought to arrest. He's always looking at me through that curtain at all hours of the night.

The bookcase in her living room falls over. Several cats screech.

MRS. DEMARCO (CONT'D)

It makes a girl feel unsafe. I tell you the truth, it makes me want to go take a shower and rub the skank off.

POLICEMAN BOB

Easel says--

MRS. DEMARCO

Oh, Easel says...

A cat falls off the roof and into the bushes with a loud whump.

MRS. DEMARCO (CONT'D)

Easel says a lot of fool things. The man sits outside in his backyard spouting poetry at all hours of the night. But ya don't hear me calling the pigs on him, now do ya? I ought to though.

POLICEMAN BOB

Look, can you--

MRS. DEMARCO

Oh, I can do a lot of things. I've got just as much right to be here as that loudmouth, let me tell you.

Two more cats jump up into the chandelier to join the one already there. It begins to sway dangerously.

MRS. DEMARCO (CONT'D)

I'm an American. I pay my taxes.

She begins to jab her finger at Policeman Bob as the chandelier continues to sway in the background and a cat throws itself at an empty wall.

MRS. DEMARCO (CONT'D)

So you tell Easel, the Supreme Court or Old Mother Hubbard that Francine DeMarco will not stand idly by while the waves of injustice crash on her front porch. She will not go quietly into that good night and if anyone tells me I have to, I'm taking them with me.

Quickly, she exits back into her house and slams the door in Policeman Bob's face. A loud crash is heard beyond the door.

Slowly, Policeman Bob turns about and heads back to his cruiser. As he settles himself back into his driver's seat, Easel pops his head out of his front door.

EASEL

I swear, I'm gonna kill me some cats if ya don't do somethin'.

Without a word, Policeman Bob slips his car into reverse and backs out of the driveway, killing no cats in the process.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICEMAN BOB'S CAR -- LATER

Policeman Bob is driving down another street when his cell phone begins to ring.

POLICEMAN BOB

Yello.

HARLAN

Hey, Chief, you done with the crazy cat lady yet?

POLICEMAN BOB

Yeah, you could say that. She's done with me.

HARLAN

Say Chief, how do ya get toothpaste back in the tube?

POLICEMAN BOB

Wha...Well, I don't...Why?

HARLAN

I don't know. Just curious.

POLICEMAN BOB

Did you call for a reason, Harlan?

HARLAN

Uh, yeah, lemme see. Grandpa called a few times, something about a toilet and big cigarettes. Oh, and there was an explosion at the Guppenheimer place, but no fire when Hank arrived in the pumper.

POLICEMAN BOB

That's no surprise.

HARLAN

And there was a Crystal somebody from the BFI--

POLICEMAN BOB

FBI.

HARLAN

Right. I thought she was calling about that cobra monkey thing again, so I made a fart noise and hung up.

POLICEMAN BOB

Call her back on auto re-dial and get me her contact info.

HARLAN

Roger that, Chief.

Policeman Bob hangs up his cell phone and drives on.

CUT TO:

INT. GYPSY SHOP -- AFTERNOON

Rubelle Wilson, the proprietor and "Head Gypsy" is behind the counter of his shop, pouring through a newspaper. There are no customers in the store.

The store is filled with many strange and arcane items, such as a ferret pickled in a jar, several old and dusty books in a corner, a suit of armor in another corner, and a bookcase filled with crystal balls, tarot cards, an old lamp, and an old voodoo doll that has two heads.

The sounds of a television set can be heard from behind a beaded curtain directly behind Rubelle. Rubelle raises his eyes from the paper long enough to shout at his wife. He has one of those accents he can turn on and off at will. And now it's off.

RUBELLE WILSON

Can ya turn that thing down? If we get any customers, it'll ruin the mood.

As he turns back to his paper, the bell over the door rings as a customer enters. Rubelle quickly puts his paper on the counter and greets the customer with a smile. The customer is a middle-aged woman with a nervous expression on her face, as if she was slightly embarrassed to be in the store.

She looks around, apparently not locating what she is looking for. She hesitantly approaches the counter.

Rubelle turns on the old world charm and accent.

RUBELLE WILSON (CONT'D)

(in an accent)

Can I assist you with anything, madam?

CUSTOMER

Well, I don't know. I've got this neighbor...

RUBELLE WILSON

And you'd like his hands to gnarl and his genitalia to wither away?

CUSTOMER

No, not really. I'm looking for a good curse, but nothing so...devastating.

RUBELLE WILSON

Can you tell me what the alleged crime is and I'll see what I can do to supply you with an equally effective curse.

CUSTOMER

Well--

The bell over the door rings as Calliente enters with her backpack slung around her back and a large, leather-bound book grasped in her right hand.

She also has her constant mp3 earplug in and blasting.

CALLIENTE

Hey Pops.

He frowns in reply and turns back to his customer.

RUBELLE WILSON

So?

Calliente comes around the counter, places the book on the counter, and takes her backpack off. She then begins to rifle through a small pop cooler.

CUSTOMER

So anyway, he's always running his lawn mower at crazy times of the morning and his dog barks in the middle of the night. And then, yesterday, his dog got out of the back yard--

CALLIENTE

Hey, who drank all the orange soda?

CUSTOMER

And it dug up my flowers. All my peonies and begonias! All ruined.

Rubelle, after frowning at his daughter, thinks for a moment.

RUBELLE WILSON

I think I have just the thing.

Quickly, he snatches up a piece of paper and begins to write. He pauses once to cross out something and then finishes, sliding the paper over to the customer. She reads it slowly.

CUSTOMER

Oh. Oh my. Well, well. Yes, this will do. Oh yeah. Well, this will do just fine. Thank you.

Slamming the paper into her pocket, the Customer begins to leave the counter but is stopped by Rubelle.

RUBELLE WILSON

That'll be \$8.50 please.

The Customer begins to sort through her purse for the money. Calliente stands up, drinking a grape soda.

CUSTOMER

Here you are. Worth every penny. Can I ask you, how do you get your curses so colorful?

Rubelle winks.

RUBELLE WILSON  
Ancient gypsy secret.

Calliente remembers the book that is on the counter and hands it to her father.

CALLIENTE  
Hey Dad, here's the Gypsy Curse  
Companion that Grandpa borrowed.

CUSTOMER  
Ancient gypsy secret, huh?

RUBELLE WILSON  
Yeah, of course. Now, get out.

The customer exits in a huff.

CALLIENTE  
That was a good one, Pops. Ancient  
gypsy secret.

She begins to laugh as Rubelle gets angry.

RUBELLE WILSON  
Go! Get a broom and sweep the  
sidewalk!

CALLIENTE  
You are so mean.

Calliente stomps her way through the bead curtain as Rubelle picks up the paper again.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF NEW BUCHAREST -- NIGHT

Night settles on New Bucharest like an iron lung. The streets are deserted. The lights are all extinguished at "Rubelle's Gypsy Curses and Sundries". The used car lot is deserted. The only available light along Main Street is the mysterious flickering from inside the Post Office.

At the "Manbubz Statuary" lot, a lone dog approaches the gate. It sniffs curiously at the fence, yelps and runs away with its tail tucked between its legs.

The dog runs across the road, causing a pickup to slam on its breaks to avoid it.

CUT TO:

INT. CROTCHUGGER'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

DELBERT CROTCHUGGER, a forty-ish man, dressed in overalls, a baseball cap with a beer advertised, and large, unwholesome features, swears loudly at the dog he stops to avoid.

DELBERT

Dang it! What the heck are you doin'?

The dog pauses, still in front of Delbert, to look directly at him.

DELBERT (CONT'D)

Don't look at me, ya idiot. Get movin'.

The dog, with tail still tucked, moves on. Satisfied, Delbert jams on the accelerator. He grabs a beer and upends it, spilling the liquid down the front of his shirt.

Delbert belches loudly, then looks over at the crate in his passenger seat. The crate is open and dynamite is nestled inside. Delbert smiles to himself.

Up the road, Delbert can see three people walking on the sidewalk. He chucks his beer can out the window as he passes them.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF NEW BUCHAREST -- CONTINUOUS

Soliloquy, Calliente, and Freedom are walking down Main Street on the sidewalk.

CALLIENTE

I thought Retch was going to meet us at the store. He is so late.

Soliloquy looks around, hearing the approaching truck.

SOLILOQUY

Maybe that's him.

FREEDOM

That's a truck. Retch drives a--

As the truck passes, a beer can flies out of the driver's side window, striking Freedom in the head and knocking her over.

Calliente rushes to Freedom's side as Soliloquy rushes out into the middle of the street, raising her fist in the air.

SOLILOQUY

Jerk! Where'd you get your license, the jerk license store?

Soliloquy turns from her rage back to where Freedom is just sitting up, rubbing her head.

FREEDOM

What happened?

SOLILOQUY

Some total jerk beaned you with a can.

CALLIENTE

Yeah. It was so totally awesome. You were like talking and then this can came out of nowhere and whacked you. It was like something off one of those tv shows.

They help Freedom get to her feet. Freedom has a huge raised red spot on her forehead, which Calliente and Soliloquy are staring at.

FREEDOM

What? Do I look okay?

SOLILOQUY

Well...

CALLIENTE

He totally clocked you.

FREEDOM

(smiling faintly)

Cool.

The girls continue walking.

SOLILOQUY

I am so mad at Retch. He said he'd be there at the store. He better have a darn good excuse.

CUT TO:

INT. RETCH'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The living room in Retch's house is a mess. There are old pizza boxes on the floor mingled with discarded pop cans, banana peels, several wigs, and Soliloquy's Elvis playing cards with the dogs painting is hung on a wall. There is a large console television as a centerpiece in the room. In place of recliners there are two barber chairs.

Seated on one barber chair and laughing hysterically at something on the television is Retch. In response to the laughing, Retch's dad, EARL STUBBINS, possessing a large handlebar mustache, pokes his head around a wall.

EARL STUBBINS

Hey sport, what's so funny?

Without turning his head, Retch raises an empty potato chip bag and shakes it.

RETCH

Gimme some more cheese puffs.

EARL STUBBINS

You got it.

Earl's head disappears as Retch again laughs hysterically.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW BUCHAREST PARK -- CONTINUOUS

Delbert Crotchugger slugs through the forest growth with a lighter in one hand and a stick of dynamite in the other. He also has a small backpack in which several fuses and sticks of dynamite are poking out. He is whispering to himself.

DELBERT

C'mon where are ya? I can smell ya  
somewhere. Come out, come out where  
I can blast ya.

Hearing something, Delbert stops and cocks his head. He squints, then lights the fuse on the dynamite.

DELBERT (CONT'D)

I knew it.

There is a slight rustling in the bushes to the right of Delbert, which causes him to jump slightly and then toss the dynamite stick into the bushes.

He quickly sticks his fingers in his ears as the explosion sounds and the bush goes up in flames. Delbert squints into the still flaming bush, but sees nothing.

He moves on, pausing to grab another stick of dynamite out of his back pack.

DELBERT (CONT'D)

C'mon, little bunny. Delbert needs  
some food tonight.

About fifty feet in front of Delbert is a cave built into the side of a small hill. There is a boulder that has sealed up the cave's entrance. Small pebbles have begun to fall from the top of the hill onto the boulder.

As Delbert wanders closer to the cave, the sound of falling pebbles has slowly been getting louder.

Finally, one particularly large rock falls onto the boulder, startling Delbert.

DELBERT (CONT'D)

Oh, I got ya. Want to play games,  
huh? I'm gonna get ya this time.

Delbert lights the fuse on three sticks of dynamite.

DELBERT (CONT'D)

Let's see if ya like this one.

Delbert throws the lighted sticks toward the boulder. The resulting explosion whacks Delbert thirty feet through the air and finally to the ground.

From the swirling fog in front of the cave, it becomes evident that the boulder is no longer lodged over the opening.

Footsteps can be heard as soon as the debris has settled.

Glowing scarlet eyes can be seen walking closer to the entrance.

The owner of the glowing eyes, MARV FLANDOWSKI, an ancient evil, emerges from the cave and looks around at his newly discovered country.

Marv is a zombie with glowing scarlet eyes and is dressed in tuxedo pants, a bow tie, and a leopard skin smoking jacket. His hair is shaped in an immaculate duck cut.

Delbert sits up and rubs his head.

DELBERT (CONT'D)

What happened?

Marv turns his attention to Delbert.

MARV

Ah, my savior.

DELBERT

Huh?

MARV

Don't think you won't get your reward  
for this. Marv's got ya covered.

Marv points his hand like a gun and a bolt of lightning races down his arm, out his fingertip and over to Delbert, who responds by exploding into many Delbert fragments.

MARV (CONT'D)

Oh yeah baby, Big Marv's got plenty  
of tricks up his sleeve for this  
town.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF NEW BUCHAREST -- LATER

Soliloquy, Calliente, and Freedom are stopped on the sidewalk  
fifty feet from the park entrance. Freedom's bump has gotten  
noticeably larger.

FREEDOM

I am so tired and my head feels like  
a seedless watermelon.

CALLIENTE

We can't stop now. Didn't ya just  
hear that. That was probably Delbert  
blowing up. I wanna go see some  
guts.

SOLILOQUY

Chill out, you guys. I think  
someone's coming.

Footsteps can be heard on leaves coming from right inside  
the park. Soon, the girls can see Marv approaching from the  
park. Their jaws drop.

Marv walks right by the girls, aiming two finger guns at  
them as he passes.

MARV

Hey girls.

GIRLS

(in unison)

Hey.

Marv walks around the corner. The girls take a moment to  
regain a semblance of order.

SOLILOQUY

What the heck was that?

CALLIENTE

I don't know.

FREEDOM

I like to sing fancy songs.

Soliloquy and Calliente look to see Freedom lying on her  
back with a glazed expression on her face.

CALLIENTE

Free, are you okay?

FREEDOM

Do you know that there are rings  
around Uranus?

Freedom suddenly breaks out into hysterical laughing.

SOLILOQUY

Oh, man, we've got to get her  
somewhere.

CALLIENTE

Her dad is just up the street.

SOLILOQUY

Yeah, that's it. We can dump her on  
the lawn, ring the bell and run.

FREEDOM

Oh dude, who put jello on the moon?

CALLIENTE

Naw, her dad's cool. He's got a  
lab.

SOLILOQUY

Let's just get her out of here.

Calliente and Soliloquy pull Freedom to her feet after a  
struggle or two.

FREEDOM

Woo. The train's in the station,  
big momma.

SOLILOQUY

C'mon Free. We're gonna get you  
home.

CALLIENTE

Yeah. Let's just get out of here  
before the zombie in the tux comes  
back.

Freedom is walked down the street between the able shoulders  
of Calliente and Soliloquy. Just before they round a corner,  
Freedom breaks into a stanza on "YMCA" by the Village People.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANBUBZ STATUARY LOT -- NIGHT

Marv walks slowly down Main Street moving slowly toward the  
Manbubz Statuary lot. Meanwhile, he mumbles vague threats.

MARV

That's it, nobody locks Marv up in a cave for a few decades. This town's gonna pay and pay big.

Marv stops outside the statuary lot and sniffs.

MARV (CONT'D)

Whoa. Hold on, baby, what's that swanky smell? Ooh, here's a joint just waitin' for a jolt from the Marv.

Marv points two finger guns at the lot and lets loose several streams of lightning bolts at the gnomes, lawn jockeys and other inhabitants. When finished, Marv brings his two index fingers up to his mouth and metaphorically blows the smoke from his barrels.

MARV (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, baby. New Bucharest can groove on that for a while. Marv's got other business to attend to.

Marv continues down the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. DR. GUPPENHEIMER'S HOUSE -- LATER

The front door of the house opens to reveal a questioning DR. GUPPENHEIMER, who possesses a bald head crowned with crazy, white hair. He also has big glasses, a lab coat and a pipe that is perpetually sticking out of his mouth. When he speaks, he has a thick English accent reminiscent of Boris Karloff, Christopher Lee, and that lady on Supernanny.

The door has opened far enough to only reveal Calliente.

GUPPENHEIMER

Yes, can I help you?

Calliente yanks to her right and Freedom and Soliloquy pop into view as well.

GUPPENHEIMER (CONT'D)

Oh, dear God! What happened to my daughter?

CALLIENTE

She got smacked in the head by a beer can.

FREEDOM

There's a pickle on the fireplace, paw.

GUPPENHEIMER

Quick! Get her in here.

The girls quickly assist Freedom into the house. After they have entered, Guppenheimer sticks his bald skull outside the door, looking to the left and then the right. Finally, he pulls his head inside and slams the door.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GUPPENHEIMER'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Guppenheimer brings a tray of various beverages into the living room, where Soliloquy and Calliente are seated on the couch. Freedom is seated on a recliner, lying back, with a raw steak on her head.

GUPPENHEIMER

Here you are, ladies.

He offer the drinks to the girls, who take them and gulp at them greedily like drunks at a wine tasting convention.

GUPPENHEIMER (CONT'D)

That steak should do the trick,  
Freedom. My mother back in jolly  
old England spent many a steak on  
the black eyes of your young father.

Dr. Guppenheimer places the tray on the coffee table and takes a seat opposite the couch.

GUPPENHEIMER (CONT'D)

Now, tell me, young ladies, the  
fantastic story behind the fair  
Freedom's wound.

Soliloquy and Calliente sit still, not answering. Freedom moans.

GUPPENHEIMER (CONT'D)

What happened to her head?

CALLIENTE

Oh, yeah. Well, we were going to  
the--

SOLILOQUY

We were walking home from Calliente's  
place after a long evening of  
studying.

CALLIENTE

Yeah, that's it.

SOLILOQUY

And some jerk came driving by and  
threw a can out his window and clocked  
Freedom in the head.

CALLIENTE

Yeah, it was awesome. We were like  
walking and this can came from out  
of nowhere and totally whacked her  
in the head. And when she sat up,  
she had this huge--

GUPPENHEIMER

Yes, of course. But you said earlier  
that you were down by the park.

SOLILOQUY

Did we say park? We meant...bark.

Everyone looks at Soliloquy quizzically.

SOLILOQUY (CONT'D)

There was a dog...

Silence reigns for a few moments.

CALLIENTE

Okay, I can't take it anymore.

SOLILOQUY

Cal!

CALLIENTE

No! We were walking into the park  
to see Delbert Crotchugger blow  
himself up.

Soliloquy punches Calliente in the arm.

SOLILOQUY

You wiener.

GUPPENHEIMER

And did you see poor Delbert blow  
himself up?

CALLIENTE

No, but there was this zombie--

Soliloquy punches Calliente in the arm again.

CALLIENTE (CONT'D)

Ow!

SOLILOQUY

Shut up!

Dr. Guppenheimer sits back, thoughtful and he refills his pipe.

GUPPENHEIMER  
Zombie...by the park, you say?

CALLIENTE  
Yeah, and he was dressed really weird,  
like some kind of Vegas performer or  
a really bad magician.

Guppenheimer's pipe drops to the floor.

SOLILOQUY  
Dr. Guppenheimer?

GUPPENHEIMER  
But, good heavens! The man you saw  
has been dead for over three decades!

SOLILOQUY  
What are you talking about? Who was  
that zombie?

Dr. Guppenheimer rises to his feet.

GUPPENHEIMER  
I was afraid it would come to this.  
We knew he'd return to seek his  
revenge. But we all hoped we'd be  
long dead and he'd revenge himself  
on our children.

Soliloquy and Calliente exchange looks. Guppenheimer regains his seat.

GUPPENHEIMER (CONT'D)  
The seventies were a turbulent time  
for just about everyone, especially  
Harlan. There was nothing we didn't  
try, no clothing too outlandish we  
wouldn't wear. Back then, we would  
all hang out together at the motel  
just outside of town.

SOLILOQUY  
The Ease On Inn?

GUPPENHEIMER  
That's right. We all went down to  
the Ease On Inn, which at that time  
was called The Bell Bottom Motel and  
Lounge.

The picture slowly starts to distort as it...

CUT TO:

INT. EASE ON INN LOUNGE -- EVENING

1975

The lounge is decorated in tasteless fashion with loud reds and booming purples. The air is thick with smoke from many cigarettes and the smoke from a few tiki torches. There is a bar at one side where the owner, PHIL RHINESTONE, a large mass of a man, greasy and unkempt, is pouring drinks and serving the many clients.

On the main stage, behind a large microphone is MARV FLANDOWSKI, looking just like he did earlier, except without all that decay. There are also two backup singers, and a band consisting of a keyboard player, a bass player, and a drummer.

A group of seven teenager are seated near the stage. They are teenage versions of their future selves. TEEN POLICEMAN BOB is in a t-shirt and jeans, and is already balding and fat. TEEN CRYSTAL sits next to Policeman Bob. TEEN RUBELLE is dressed like a gypsy, as is TEEN ROMA. TEEN GUPPENHEIMER is in a lab coat, has wild white hair surrounding a fleshy head, large glasses, and has a pipe sticking out of mouth. TEEN FRIDA sits next to Guppenheimer. TEEN EARL STUBBINS, has a large handlebar mustache.

Dr. Guppenheimer's voice narrates as the scene unfolds.

GUPPENHEIMER

(v.o.)

It was a crazy night. We were all stoned out of our minds on Ben Gay. The lounge singer at that time was named Marv Flandowski, but he went by the name of Marvelous Marv.

Marv is performing and the teens are having a good time, talking, laughing, and drinking.

GUPPENHEIMER (CONT'D)

Now Marv started out playing some of his typical fare. He began with a little Tony Orlando and Dawn, Neil Diamond, and, of course, there was the Jimmy Durante medley. But, then everything changed. Suddenly he started this lounge version of a Peter, Paul and Mary song. Something in us snapped.

The teens quit laughing and they all glare at the stage as Marv performs. The start to shout and point a lot.

GUPPENHEIMER (CONT'D)

One thing led to another and before we knew it, things had gotten officially out of hand. I don't remember who started it, but we ended up rushing the stage.

Teen Guppenheimer gets out of his seat, overturns a table and grabs a tiki torch. The rest of the teens follow suit. Soon, Marv is surrounded by the angry teens, who are shoving him around.

Marv is lifted onto the shoulders of the teens and taken out of the Inn. Several other teens have also grabbed tiki torches and the effect is a little like an angry mob approaching Frankenstein's castle.

GUPPENHEIMER (CONT'D)

He begged and pleaded with us to let him go, but we were beyond reason. We were crazy mad. Finally, someone suggested we throw him into the cave in the middle of the park...

The angry mob stops as Teen Guppenheimer talks and points. The crowd moves on and comes to a cave.

GUPPENHEIMER (CONT'D)

I remember that he begged us to bury him with his keyboard so he could at least write and arrange songs during his eternal confinement. But we wouldn't listen. We were beyond listening.

The mob throws Marv into the cave and rolls a large stone over the entrance.

Mob dissolves, teens clap each other on the back and give each other high fives, as...

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GUPPENHEIMER'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

GUPPENHEIMER

We sealed him up tight and never told anyone what we had done.

SOLILOQUY

That's terrible.

GUPPENHEIMER

It was terrible. I know that now. But back then, it seemed so right.

CALLIENTE

But what happened to the backup band?

GUPPENHEIMER

Oh, we stuck them in potato sacks  
and threw them in the river.

SOLILOQUY

And the backup singers?

GUPPENHEIMER

The Marvettes? When we returned  
after dealing with the band, they  
were nowhere to be seen.

SOLILOQUY

And now, Marv's back to wreak his  
vengeance on this town.

Dr. Guppenheimer places his head in his hands.

GUPPENHEIMER

Oh, if only we'd used our teenage  
angst for good instead of evil.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. LONE WOLF CASINO AND BURIAL GROUND -- LATER

A large sign over a brick building denotes that this is the  
"Lone Wolf Casino and Burial Ground".

The doors to the casino open and Rubelle Wilson is forcibly  
ejected. He lands on his back. The BOUNCER, an oriental  
man dressed like a stereotypical Indian, pauses in the  
doorway.

BOUNCER

And the boss says that you can't  
come back in for at least a month  
this time.

The bouncer returns to the casino, slamming the door behind  
him. Rubelle gets up, angrily dusting himself off. He raises  
his fist at the casino.

RUBELLE WILSON

You're gonna get cursed good this  
time. Don't think you won't.

Rubelle begins walking down the street, away from the casino.  
He plots curses as he walks.

RUBELLE WILSON (CONT'D)

May your toes jam...no. May your dandruff accumulate and your arches swell. No, it's gotta have more punch.

The businesses are lost in shadows as he walks down Main Street.

RUBELLE WILSON (CONT'D)

May your prostate enlarge to the size of a small Doberman and your lymph glands swell like two choice rutabagas. Hey. Now, that's good. Now, I've gotta--

Rubelle steps in something squishy and stops. Looking down, he notes that he has just stepped in dog poop. He is directly outside of the Manbubz Statuary Lot.

He raises his arms as he shouts toward the sky.

RUBELLE WILSON (CONT'D)

Ahhhh! Curse you and curse this town! Let insanity not rest until I have been avenged!

Lightning flashes.

Rubelle continues to walk down the sidewalk, pausing every few steps to wipe his shoe.

RUBELLE WILSON (CONT'D)

This is just great. I'm gonna smell like dog crap for a week.

He turns the corner and is gone.

In the lot, the gnomes and lawn jockey have started to glow and pulse with an eery light. One gnome starts to shake. Soon, several shake.

The lawn jockey closes, then opens its eyes. The gnomes' eyes have all started to glow with a sick green shine.

A lawn globe shakes and rolls off of its pedestal, smashing on the ground.

The front porch light on the Manbubz house is thrown on and the door opens, emitting DANNY MANBUBZ, holding a shotgun.

DANNY MANBUBZ

Who's out there? Show yourself. I've got a gun. And it's big. In fact, it's a bazooka.

The voice of EUDORA MANBUBZ comes from inside the house.

EUDORA MANBUBZ

(o.s.)

What is it Danny? Is it prowlers?

DANNY MANBUBZ

Whatever it is, I'm sure your big mouth just told them right where I am. Just stay in the house, woman.

Danny is in the middle of the lot, surrounded by the statuary. Apparently, he doesn't realize that all of the gnomes' eyes have started glowing.

DANNY MANBUBZ (CONT'D)

C'mon, show yourself. I ain't got all day and I ain't afraid to call Policeman Bob neither. You better get.

The noise of moving statuary startles Danny.

DANNY MANBUBZ (CONT'D)

What the heck was that?

(to Eudora)

Honey, get me my shotgun shells! I mean bazooka shells. There's something out here.

CUT TO:

INT. MANBUBZ HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

In the Manbubz house, Eudora moves from the kitchen, into the living room. She gets to the fireplace and reaches her hand behind the painting that rests on the mantel. She brings her hand out, clutching a big box of shotgun shells, just as Danny begins to scream.

DANNY MANBUBZ

(o.s.)

Oh no! Please! Ahhhh! Get 'em off me!

A crash is heard. Eudora runs into the kitchen, clutching the shells. She pops the door open and looks outside. The porch light is out and the lot is dark. Nothing can be seen and everything is quiet.

EUDORA MANBUBZ

Danny?

Eudora takes a step out into the lot. The light from the kitchen is shining out six feet into the darkness.

EUDORA MANBUBZ (CONT'D)

Danny, where are you? Did the prowler get ya?

She takes a few cautious steps forward.

EUDORA MANBUBZ (CONT'D)

Danny?

Suddenly, the light from the kitchen goes out.

EUDORA MANBUBZ (CONT'D)

Danny, is that you? Why'd ya turn off the light, honey.

In the darkness, the front door can be heard opening and shutting again. Back in the kitchen, Eudora reaches out and locates the light switch.

EUDORA MANBUBZ (CONT'D)

Danny, why did you...

Her voice trails off as the light reveals that she is in the middle of the kitchen, surrounded by garden gnomes. There is a garden gnome on the table as well, next to the light switch.

EUDORA MANBUBZ (CONT'D)

Now, how did ya'll get in here?

The light is switched off again and Eudora screams in the darkness.

EUDORA MANBUBZ (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhhhhh! The little clay teeth!

FADE OUT:

INT. POLICEMAN BOB'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Policeman Bob is asleep in his bed and snoring loudly. On the nightstand next to his bed, his cell phone begins to ring.

Groggily, Policeman Bob reaches over and picks it up.

POLICEMAN BOB

Yeah?

A low and menacing voice is on the other end of the call.

VOICE

I will destroy you. Can you smell my man scent?

The phone clicks.

POLICEMAN BOB

Dad gum Clint!

Policeman Bob slams the phone down on the nightstand, next to the clock that shows the time as 5:45 AM. As soon as Policeman Bob moves his hand away, the phone begins to ring again. He sits up in bed and grabs the phone.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

Alright, Clint, you're going to jail this time. Huh? Harlan, slow down. Something suspicious going on at the Manbubz place? What is it? They're all dead?

Policeman Bob's eyes click wide open.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

That does sound suspicious. Call Doc Cratchitt and have him meet me there. What?

Policeman Bob looks down at his nether regions.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

Boxers.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANBUBZ STATUARY LOT -- MORNING

Policeman Bob's cruiser pulls off Main Street and into the lot, next to DOC CRATCHETT'S Harley. DOC CRATCHETT, with his bag by his side and a stethoscope around his neck, is currently in the middle of the lot, bent over the body of Danny Manbubz.

Policeman Bob gets out of his cruiser and strides directly up to Doc Cratchett.

POLICEMAN BOB

So, Doc, what do ya think?

Doc Cratchett doesn't answer, but checks the pulse of Danny, who's head is missing. He then places his stethoscope on Danny's chest. Reaching a conclusion, Doc removes his stethoscope and places it in his bag.

DOC CRATCHETT

This man is dead.

POLICEMAN BOB

Well, I'll be. What do you think could have done this Doc?

DOC CRATCHETT

Well, I'll tell ya, Policeman Bob, it had to be one very powerful man or a whole bunch of not so powerful men.

POLICEMAN BOB

Oh.

Doc pulls a sheet from out of his bag and drapes it over Danny's body.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

Did ya find the head?

DOC CRATCHETT

This man had a head? Maybe this is more serious then what I thought.

Policeman Bob stands up and looks around.

POLICEMAN BOB

Where's all the dang garden gnomes?

DOC CRATCHETT

(not looking up)

Maybe they all walked away.

POLICEMAN BOB

Yeah maybe. Did you get a chance to look at his wife yet?

DOC CRATCHETT

This headless man had a wife?

POLICEMAN BOB

He had a head. We just can't find it.

DOC CRATCHETT

Oh.

Policeman Bob walks over to the house and notices the kitchen door slightly ajar. Cautiously, he uses the toe of his shoe to push the door open further.

POLICEMAN BOB

Mrs. Manbubz?

Policeman Bob reaches over and opens the kitchen door fully. The kitchen is in disarray. The table is overturned. There are pieces of broken dishes all over the floor. There is also an arm sticking out of the drain.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

What in the name of skunk juice happened in here?

He wanders over to a counter where this is a covered cake pan. He lifts the lid to reveal Eudora Manbubz head. At that moment, Doc Cratchett darkens the doorway.

DOC CRATCHETT  
Good heavens! That cake's gone bad.

POLICEMAN BOB  
It's not a cake, Doc. It's a head.

DOC CRATCHETT  
Is it the headless man's head?

POLICEMAN BOB  
No, it's his wife's.

DOC CRATCHETT  
Have you seen the rest of her? The rest of her body may be alright.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Something tells me your off there, Doc. We're gonna need some help on this one.

Doc looks at his watch.

DOC CRATCHETT  
I could probably call Jimmy and Bart. They should be up by now. Tell me, what do ya think?

Policeman Bob takes a long look around the kitchen.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Now maybe, just maybe, we're dealing with some kind of monster here...one that kills people.

Doc Cratchett nods silently in agreement.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION -- LATER

In the middle of the police station floor, Harlan is playing Twister by himself. He spins the spinner and tries to place his foot on a green square just a Policeman Bob enters. After a slight struggle, Harlan ends up sprawled on the floor.

HARLAN  
Oh, man!

Policeman Bob walks over to peruse the call log on a nearby desk.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Are you winning or losing?

HARLAN  
Oh hey Chief. Actually both.

POLICEMAN BOB

Both what?

HARLAN

I'm winning and losing, see, cause  
I'm playing against myself.

POLICEMAN BOB

That's neat.

Harlan stands up.

HARLAN

Chief, I forgot to tell ya...

Harlan waits a moment, maybe two, then looks up from his  
mail.

POLICEMAN BOB

Yeah?

HARLAN

Well, I got the contact info from  
that Crystal.

POLICEMAN BOB

And?

HARLAN

Well...

CRYSTAL WILHITE, FBI Agent, about the same age as Policeman  
Bob, and dressed in a sensible pant suit, stands in the  
hallway leading to the back offices.

CRYSTAL

Well, if it ain't the famous Policeman  
Bob. The one the National Gallery  
proclaimed had defeated an army of  
killer ferrets with a can of spam  
and a loaf of stale garlic bread.

POLICEMAN BOB

They, uh, tend to exaggerate in those  
papers.

Crystal whips out a copy of the National Gallery with an  
article on the front cover screaming "The Devil Sold Me a  
Money Pit in New Mexico" with a picture of a smiling demon  
wearing a gold jacket.

CRYSTAL

Oh, and did they exaggerate when  
they said that there's a town where  
monster attacks seem to come every  
other week?

(MORE)

## CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Like the time a mummy attacked the town and ended up with a job at the library? Or maybe like the time intergalactic slugs attacked the town and then were destroyed by a large salt shaker? Or how about cobra-monkeys? Anybody want to talk about cobra-monkeys?

Crystal has been advancing on Policeman Bob and she finally throws the paper down on the desk, open to the page that proclaims "Town Attacked by Army of Cobra-Monkeys" and has a side picture from the "Wizard of Oz" of the Witch From the East with her flying monkeys. Policeman Bob bends down for a closer look.

## POLICEMAN BOB

Look, that's not my fault. And they sure didn't look like no flying monkeys from the Wizard of Oz neither. They didn't fly for one thing.

## HARLAN

You're telling me. They were these half snake looking--

## BOB AND CRYSTAL

Shut up, Harlan.

## CRYSTAL

I sit in my office all year long, trying to cover up the things that go on in this town so we don't get any undue attention and somehow it keeps getting out.

## POLICEMAN BOB

Look, it's not like I can control when New Bucharest gets attacked by giant dinosaurs or when a wandering werewolf will want to eat all of Hank Starling's chickens and his wife. These things just happen.

Crystal takes a deep breath and blows it out again.

## CRYSTAL

Okay, gotta remember my deep breathing exercises. My boss at the agency has heard stories about our town and, luckily, I talked him into sending me to investigate. I told him I was familiar with the locals.

Crystal looks over at Harlan, who has a pencil shoved up each nostril.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Maybe too familiar.

POLICEMAN BOB

Crystal, it's been a long time--

CRYSTAL

Don't try to schmooze me now.

POLICEMAN BOB

No schmoozing, I promise.

CRYSTAL

Good. Cause I'm in no mood for schmoozing. So, tell me, what hell-spawned beast is attacking today?

Policeman Bob looks over at Harlan, who now has pencils taped to his forehead, so they look like two horns.

POLICEMAN BOB

I don't know. Something killed the Manbubz.

CRYSTAL

The Manboobs? Is that even a real name?

POLICEMAN BOB

Yeah. Danny and Eudora. They moved in a few years after you left. Set up a statuary shop. Y'know, selling those gnomes and lawn jockeys--

HARLAN

Oh, and those globes on pedestals.

POLICEMAN BOB

Yeah. Well, something tore them both up pretty bad last night. I'm not sure what yet. But I've got a feeling we're gonna find out soon enough.

CRYSTAL

Alright. Look, I'm going to hang out here for a few days. My boss expects me to be gone for a week. We need to figure out how the stories are getting out and put a stop to it.

Harlan now has a pencil taped horizontally across his eyebrows and another taped below his nose like a mustache.

HARLAN

You can count on me, Crystal.

CRYSTAL

Yeah. Okay, then. I'll be at the  
Ease On Inn if you need me.

Crystal starts to leave, but is stopped by Policeman Bob.

POLICEMAN BOB

Crystal, you look real good. It's  
been a long time since high school--

Crystal points a finger at him.

CRYSTAL

No schmoozing. See ya, Harlan.

She exits the police station. Policeman Bob turns to Harlan,  
who has two pencils in each nostril, two in each ear and two  
as horns.

POLICEMAN BOB

Harlan, get on the horn. I want to  
talk with the neighbors of the  
Manbubz. See if they saw anything.

HARLAN

Right-o, Chief. What's a horn?

POLICEMAN BOB

That's a phone.

HARLAN

Riiiiight.

Policeman Bob shakes his head in disbelief.

CUT TO:

EXT. EASE ON INN -- AFTERNOON

Crystal's car pulls into the parking lot of the Ease On Inn.  
She gets out of her vehicle, grabs a few bags from the back  
and approaches the entrance.

Inside the front entrance, Phil Rhinestone is sitting behind  
the front desk, reading a newspaper and smoking a large cigar.  
Crystal approaches the desk and hits the bell once.

From behind his paper comes Phil's voice.

PHIL RHINESTONE

Yeah. What can I do for ya?

CRYSTAL

I need a room.

PHIL RHINESTONE

For how many hours?

CRYSTAL

Excuse me?

The paper lowers.

PHIL RHINESTONE

Sorry. I thought you were someone else. Need a room, eh?

CRYSTAL

Yeah. For about a week.

PHIL RHINESTONE

Okay. Can I see a credit card and some id?

CRYSTAL

Yeah.

Crystal hands over the cards to Phil as he rings her up. He hands the cards back to her as well as a key card.

PHIL RHINESTONE

Room 314. It overlooks the swamp.

CRYSTAL

Great.

She grabs her bags and exits the room, nearly running into Marv Flandowski as she leaves. She does not look up and recognize him or smell him for that matter.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Sorry.

MARV

No problemo.

Marv walks straight up to the front desk and hits the bell.

PHIL RHINESTONE

Yeah, what's it now, lady--

Phil looks up from his newspaper and nearly chokes on his cigar.

PHIL RHINESTONE (CONT'D)

Marv!

MARV

Phil, baby. Move'n up in the world, huh?

PHIL RHINESTONE

What?

MARV

When I took off you were just bartendin'. Look at you now. Runnin' the front desk. You're in the big time.

Phil stares at Marv for a moment.

MARV (CONT'D)

Hey Phil, wake up! It's me, your old buddy Marv.

PHIL RHINESTONE

But they..but you were...

Marv looks at Phil quizzically.

PHIL RHINESTONE (CONT'D)

You look...good.

MARV

I feel good. Heck, I feel great. Hey Phil, walk with me.

PHIL RHINESTONE

Do I have to?

MARV

I would say yes.

Phil gets off his stool and comes around the desk. Marv lays a rancid arm over Phil's shoulders.

PHIL RHINESTONE

Where we goin'?

MARV

Let's go take a look at the lounge.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION -- MOMENTS LATER

Policeman Bob and Harlan are at separate desks, each talking on the phone.

POLICEMAN BOB

I don't know, Mrs. Goulet. Anything suspicious. No, not like Clint at the Post Office. Yes, I know he's suspicious. No, the Manbubz. Yes, I can believe that Clint was dressed like a chicken.

Harlan is busy writing on a pad of paper as he talks.

HARLAN

And so you say that there's a sale on ferns at Manny's Nursery? And how much would a three-foot fern be?

POLICEMAN BOB

Yes, Mrs. Goulet, that's right. I no longer believe in Santa Claus. Look, did you hear anything suspicious last night? No, I haven't heard the one about the bishop, the rabbi and the really skinny farmer and I don't want to hear it now.

HARLAN

Well, say I made my own mulch? Oh, I don't reveal my secrets.

POLICEMAN BOB

Okay, I want to thank you for not being any help whatsoever, Mrs. Goulet. Thank you.

Policeman Bob hangs up the phone.

HARLAN

And you can tell them that the next time I see him with a box on his head, we're scrapin'.

Harlan hangs up the phone. He turns to Policeman Bob.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Any luck, Chief?

POLICEMAN BOB

About as much as you've had.

Policeman Bob glances at his watch.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

I've got to get going. Grandpa needs to get his meds refilled today.

HARLAN

Sounds good. I'm just gonna make some more calls.

Harlan picks up the phone as Policeman Bob exits. He consults his pad of paper.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Manny's Nursery? Say, do you need any mulch?

CUT TO:

INT. EASE ON INN LOUNGE -- LATER

Marv and Phil arrive in the Ease On Inn Lounge just in time to hear the lounge act tuning up.

JIM SILKWEED, a Jim Croce impersonator, dressed in a leather fringe-lined jacket and a large, black bolero hat, is sitting all alone on a stool in front of the microphone.

He is playing a guitar and doing a very choppy version of a Jim Croce tune, like "Time in a bottle".

Marv fries him with a finger-bolt about halfway through.

MARV

What? It was like a mercy killing.  
Hey, looks to me like you got an  
opening for a swingin' act. And I  
just happen to be a swingin' act.

A waitress walks by them, catches sight of Marv and drops her tray. DARLEEN HOMSWAGGLER, in her forties and dressed in short shorts and a clingy t-shirt, which is not very flattering as she has a muffin top, stands with her mouth stretched open in horror.

MARV (CONT'D)

Hey! Darleen! Baby! How ya doing?  
Oh, but we gotta do something about  
those looks of yours. You have been  
seriously lettin' yourself go, sweets.

Marv aims his two fingers at Darleen, some kind of green ray envelops her and she slowly changes before their eyes into a greasy looking old hag: ugly, scary, and repulsive. Marv blows the green smoke off his fingers when she is finished changing.

MARV (CONT'D)

Oh yeah. That's what I'm talkin'  
about. That's what a Marvette's  
supposed to look like. Now...

Marv turns to Phil.

MARV (CONT'D)

Where's my other Marvette?

PHIL RHINESTONE

I, uh, whoof. That'd be Carol and  
she's, uh...I think she's working as  
a secretary or something.

Darleen opens her mouth and green liquid pours out between her blackened and misshapen teeth, past her twisted lips and onto the floor.

PHIL RHINESTONE (CONT'D)  
Make that dental assistant.

MARV  
And my band?

PHIL RHINESTONE  
Ooh. Not so good. After you were,  
uh...

MARV  
Buried alive.

PHIL RHINESTONE  
Right. The, uh, angry mob put your  
band into potato sacks and threw  
them in the river. They were never  
found.

MARV  
This town will rue the day it ran  
foul of Marv Flandowski.

PHIL RHINESTONE  
Rue the day? Who says that? Rue  
the day.

MARV  
I do, baby.

Marv starts heading out of the lounge.

PHIL RHINESTONE  
Hey, where you going? You're my  
opening act.

Marv turns around with blazing eyes.

MARV  
It's time to strike up the band.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICEMAN BOB'S CAR -- LATE AFTERNOON

Policeman Bob and Grandpa are in the cruiser, heading down  
Main Street. Grandpa is alone in the back seat.

GRANDPA  
You're driving too dang fast! Pull  
over, I'm makin' a citizen's arrest.

POLICEMAN BOB  
I'm observing the speed limit laws,  
dad.

GRANDPA

It feels like I'm on a dad gum roller coaster of pain and anguish. Why don't you stop the car, push me out and run over me a few times? You know you want to.

POLICEMAN BOB

Dad, what is the matter with you?

GRANDPA

What, do I have to spell it out for ya? S-E-N-I-L-E. That's my problem.

Policeman Bob pulls into the parking lot of Drugs, Drugs, and More Drugs into a spot close to the front door.

He gets out, takes a few steps and turns around to see Grandpa still in the car. He walks back to the car and opens the back door.

POLICEMAN BOB

Come on, dad. You know they won't give me your refills.

GRANDPA

I ain't going. It's cold and strange out there. I think I see death.

POLICEMAN BOB

Dad, you don't want me to pepper spray you, do ya?

Grandpa slowly gets out of the car.

GRANDPA

You would, too. You hate me.

POLICEMAN BOB

Oh, Dad.

They push open the door and walk inside.

They approach the counter, where the pharmacist's ASSISTANT, is labeling some medications. She looks up as the men approach.

ASSISTANT

Can I help you?

POLICEMAN BOB

We're here to pick up a prescription. Dad, give her your driver's license.

GRANDPA

What if she doesn't give it back?

POLICEMAN BOB

That's a chance you'll have to take.

Grandpa grudgingly takes out a really old wallet and thumbs through it for about a minute until he locates a faded driver's license.

He hands it to the Assistant but doesn't immediately let it go. They struggle over it for a few moments until Policeman Bob whacks Grandpa on the back of the head.

GRANDPA

Ow! I think I've got a brain embolism!

POLICEMAN BOB

You don't.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRAZY CAT LADY'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Dusk has fallen like a wet blanket and a storm has started over New Bucharest. Garden gnomes appear in the backyard of the crazy cat lady. The cats stay far away from the gnomes.

At the corner of the house, the lawn jockey peeks his head around and then quickly pulls it back.

A cat obliviously walks around the same corner as the lawn jockey. Several punches and a cat screech are heard, then silence.

After a moment, the lawn jockey trots around the corner of the house, riding the cat. They gallop off down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAZY CAT LADY'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Inside her bedroom, Francine DeMarco is seated on a chair in front of a vanity, blow-drying her hair. She is dressed in a bathrobe and large, pink, bunny slippers.

Humming a tune to herself, she is alarmed when suddenly her hair dryer stops. She shakes it as her gaze cuts into it, perhaps daring it to continue to stop working.

MRS. DEMARCO

Don't you think you can quit on me.  
I paid good money for you and you  
have an contractual obligation to  
work. You're under warranty for the  
love of--

The lights go out.

MRS. DEMARCO (CONT'D)  
 Lights, I am gonna count to three  
 and you better turn back on. One...

The lightning flashes outside and the rain begins.

MRS. DEMARCO (CONT'D)  
 Two...

The lightning flashes again. The backdoor to the house is wide open and cats pour out like they were rats deserting a sinking ship.

MRS. DEMARCO (CONT'D)  
 Three!

The door to the bedroom slams open and a lightning flash illuminates the garden gnome in the doorway.

Mrs. DeMarco screams loudly as her hair begins to stand at attention.

The garden gnomes slowly waddles its way towards her.

Mrs. DeMarco looks around the room for a weapon as she continues screaming.

The garden gnomes slowly waddles its way towards her.

Mrs. DeMarco, still screaming, picks up the hair dryer and heaves it at the gnome. Unfortunately, it is still plugged in, so it reaches the end of its cord, swings around and smashes a lamp.

The garden gnomes slowly waddles its way towards her.

Mrs. DeMarco grips the bathrobe around her and pulls her feet off the floor as she continues screaming.

The garden gnomes slowly waddles its way towards her.

CUT TO:

INT. EASEL'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Easel is sitting in his easy chair, watching television. The lightning crashes outside and Mrs. DeMarco starts screaming. Easel looks toward his window.

EASEL  
 What in tarnation is wrong with that  
 lady?

Easel goes back to watching television, but the scream continues.

EASEL (CONT'D)

Dang! What is that?

(he yells)

Shut yer trap, woman!

Easel walks over to the window and pulls up the blinds. A flash of lightning reveals no cats around the house.

EASEL (CONT'D)

Where'd all them cats go?

Mrs. Demarco's screaming is cut off abruptly. Easel pauses, listening.

EASEL (CONT'D)

Francine? Oh, my darlin' Francine.

Easel grabs a cane and heads toward the door.

EASEL (CONT'D)

Yer Easel's comin' to save ya.

He opens the door and heads off into the storm.

CUT TO:

INT. PHARMACY -- CONTINUOUS

Policeman Bob and Grandpa are standing in front of the counter. The assistant is nowhere to be found.

GRANDPA

I told you I'd never get my license back. Now how am I gonna drive a car?

POLICEMAN BOB

You don't drive now. I won't let you, remember?

GRANDPA

That's right. The Man's always trying to keep me down.

POLICEMAN BOB

I am not The Man, Dad.

The Assistant comes back to the counter holding a prescription.

ASSISTANT

Okay. Here you go.

She trails off as her eyes focus on something behind the two men.

POLICEMAN BOB

What?

GRANDPA

Maybe she's been taking some of my medication.

ASSISTANT

No. That storm outside.

The two men turn around and look outside to see a fierce storm blowing through town. The rain is blowing sideways as lightning flashes and strikes a nearby electrical pole.

GRANDPA

Woah! I'm staying here.

POLICEMAN BOB

Maybe you're--

The cell phone in Policeman Bob's pocket rings. He fumbles it out and answers it.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

Yeah?

Harlan is on the other end.

HARLAN

Hey chief, we got a situation up at the crazy cat lady's house.

POLICEMAN BOB

Look, Harlan, you tell Easel--

HARLAN

It ain't Easel or Mrs. DeMarco calling. It's the other neighbor.

GRANDPA

I want some gum.

POLICEMAN BOB

You've got dentures.

(to Harlan)

You mean Pitch Warner, Harlan?

HARLAN

Yeah. He says he heard a long scream, then he saw Easel running toward the cat lady's house with a cane raised high and he was yelling something.

GRANDPA

This kind don't stick to my dentures.

POLICEMAN BOB

Okay, put that on the tab too.

(to Harlan)

Harlan, I'll go over there right after we get done here.

HARLAN

Roger that, Chief.

ASSISTANT

That'll be thirty-two dollars, please.

POLICEMAN BOB

Thirty-two dollars! How much was that gum?

HARLAN

Oh, and Chief?

POLICEMAN BOB

Yeah, Harlan?

ASSISTANT

It wasn't the gum. It was the other stuff he shoved down his pants when you weren't looking.

POLICEMAN BOB

Dad!

GRANDPA

I'm putting them back.

HARLAN

I'm also getting reports of a zombie sighting down by the old reservoir.

POLICEMAN BOB

Zombie sighting?

HARLAN

Yeah, Bart Willet says he saw a zombie in a tux down by the river bank with some hooks and chains.

POLICEMAN BOB

Zombie in a tux. Zombie in a...Oh, dear Lord. Not Marv again.

GRANDPA

I didn't steal that enema. I brought it from home.

HARLAN

Marm?

POLICEMAN BOB

Put it back, Dad.

(to Harlan)

No, Marv. You remember Marvelous Marv and the Marvettes?

HARLAN

Down at the Ease On Inn?

ASSISTANT

I'm gonna have to charge you for those if you don't put them back right now.

POLICEMAN BOB

Yeah. Well, remember when he broke free from his cave last Summer and fried those boys who were camping?

GRANDPA

These are my hearing aids.

ASSISTANT

You didn't have three of them on when you came into the store.

POLICEMAN BOB

Put 'em back, Dad.

(to Harlan)

And do you remember what we used to get him back into the cave?

HARLAN

Liquid nitrogen?

POLICEMAN BOB

Right. Call Doc Cratchett and tell him to wrangle up some more liquid nitrogen. Dad and I are gonna head on over to Mrs. DeMarco's right now.

Policeman Bob hangs up his cell phone and puts it back in his pocket. There is a mound of items in front of Grandpa on the counter.

GRANDPA

I'm tellin' ya, that lint and those three pieces of peppermint candy are mine.

ASSISTANT

Do you have a receipt?

Policeman Bob steps forward.

POLICEMAN BOB  
We just want the pills.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRAZY CAT LADY'S HOUSE -- LATER

The rain has stopped. Policeman Bob's cruiser pulls in the Mrs. DeMarco's driveway. He peers toward the front door through a slightly fogged up windshield.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Now, that doesn't make any sense.

GRANDPA  
What's the matter now? I want to go home. CNN's almost on.

POLICEMAN BOB  
CNN is always on. No, there's no cats. Where did they all go?

GRANDPA  
Who cares. Is this all you do all day? Pull into people's driveways and ask asinine questions?

Policeman Bob grabs a flashlight from out of the glove box and opens his door.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Stay here.

GRANDPA  
Oh, sure. I'll just stay right here while you go investigate the complete lack of cats.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Sounds good.

Policeman Bob slams the door.

GRANDPA  
That was sarcasm, ya ijit!

CUT TO:

EXT. CRAZY CAT LADY'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Policeman Bob shines his flashlight at the front door as he slowly removes his gun from the holster.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Mrs. DeMarco? Easel?

He reaches the front door and gently pushes it further open with the barrel of his gun.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

Hello.

The front room is in complete shambles. The bookcase is on the floor, as well as the chandelier. There are no cats and no crazy cat lady either. Policeman Bob steps inside.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

Mrs. DeMarco? Anybody?

Policeman Bob gets to the far side of the room when the front door's creaking startles him.

He turns quickly and fires off a round at the door.

After the smoke has cleared, the front door slowly opens and Grandpa sticks a frightened head inside. His hands are held up in the universal position of "don't shoot me, please".

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

Dad!

GRANDPA

I think I pooped.

POLICEMAN BOB

I could have killed you. Get in here. And stay close.

Grandpa moves up closer to Policeman Bob, whose nose twitches.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

Ooh. Not too close.

They move into the kitchen, which is empty. However, there is a noise behind one of the cabinets. Policeman Bob edges his way toward the cabinet.

He flings the door open and both men are surprised as...

A cat runs out of the cabinet. Leaving behind one lonely can of Spam.

GRANDPA

I pooped again.

POLICEMAN BOB

Dad...

Policeman Bob turns around to find garden gnomes have entered the kitchen and closed off the exits.

Policeman Bob shoves Grandpa behind him.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

Get behind me, Dad.

GRANDPA

I knew you were ashamed of me.

Policeman Bob frantically looks around the room for an escape or a weapon. His eyes focus on the can of Spam.

POLICEMAN BOB

Dad, hand me that Spam.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRAZY CAT LADY'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

From inside the house come the sound of crashes, heavy things being thrown around and windows being broken.

The front door is thrown open and Policeman Bob runs out, dragging Grandpa behind him. They are covered in pottery shards.

Policeman Bob runs to his cruiser and opens the driver's side door to reveal a garden gnome in the front seat. Quickly, he slams the door shut and pulls Grandpa behind him as he makes his way across the street and into the woods. Grandpa complains, in the meantime.

GRANDPA

Ow, ya dang fool. You pulled my arm out of its socket.

Grandpa moves up the hill and into the woods.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAKE-OUT POINT -- LATER

Make-Out Point is a gravel dead end that overlooks the town. Currently, there are two motorcycles parked about twenty yards away from each other. On the first motorcycle are a teenage boy and girl, facing each other. The teenage boy is dressed in a leather jacket and has slicked back hair. The teenage girl giggles at something the boy has just said.

TEENAGE BOY

I think it's so cute that you snort when you laugh.

TEENAGE GIRL

If you think that's cute, wait till I break wind.

TEENAGE BOY

Break what?

On the second motorcycle are Retch and Soliloquy, also facing each other.

RETCH

And so I says to him, you can put that in your butt.

SOLILOQUY

Oh Retch. You're so bad.

RETCH

I am bad, baby. Bad like a molar in need of a root canal or like a crazy dog who's eaten a peyote and locoweed sandwich and gone nuts and runs around slobbering and barking at shoes. Bad, I tell ya, bad!

Soliloquy kisses Retch violently on the lips.

SOLILOQUY

Oh, Retch, when we're together, it's like ham and beans, peanut butter and jelly, beans and weenies. Man, I'm hungry.

RETCH

I hear ya, baby.

On the ground by the first motorcycle couple, a gnome slowly moves forward over the gravel.

Retch is holding Soliloquy.

SOLILOQUY

Oh Retch, why did your dad have to be a barber and mine a cop? It's not fair.

RETCH

The world's not fair, baby. All we can do is get on and hold on tight. It's like that carousel ride at the fair, the one you threw up on--

The Teenage Girl on the other motorcycle starts screaming.

Soliloquy and Retch look over to see the other couple's motorcycle surrounded by about ten garden gnomes and the Teenage Boy in the midst of them with his arm struggling into the air. The Teenage Girl is attempting to keep her legs out of reach.

SOLILOQUY

Retch, do something.

Retch is a wreck. He is scared out of his wits and tries violently to start his motorcycle, which refuses to start. In the process, Soliloquy is thrown to the ground.

SOLILOQUY (CONT'D)

Retch, what are you doing?

RETCH

I'm getting the heck out of here.

The garden gnomes begin to rock the motorcycle, causing the Teenage Girl to fall off into the horde.

TEENAGE GIRL

Ahhh! This stinks!

Retch continues to try and start his motorcycle as Soliloquy gets to her feet.

SOLILOQUY

You're nothing but a coward.

RETCH

You can lecture me later, baby.  
Let's just get out of here.

Retch looks over his shoulder to see the gnomes advancing on his motorcycle. He gets off.

RETCH (CONT'D)

Forget this.

Retch pushes his motorcycle over and runs for it.

SOLILOQUY

Retch, come back.

The gnomes advance upon Soliloquy, who begins to scream.

Suddenly, Policeman Bob erupts from the nearby brush, brandishing the can of Spam and a car antenna.

POLICEMAN BOB

Soliloquy, hold on, honey.

SOLILOQUY

Oh, Daddy.

Policeman Bob charges into the gnomes and makes short work of them, running around like a maniac, rolling on them, and whacking them with the antenna. After all the gnomes are vanquished, Policeman Bob runs to his daughter, who is crying, and sweeps her up in his arms.

SOLILOQUY (CONT'D)

Oh Daddy, I was so scared.

POLICEMAN BOB

It's alright, honey. The mean gnomes are all dead.

SOLILOQUY

Why can't they go back to being lawn ornaments and garden decorations, Daddy?

POLICEMAN BOB

I don't know, Soliloquy. I just don't know.

Grandpa bursts through the brush, wheezing heavily.

GRANDPA

Oh, I'm dead.

He makes it beside policeman Bob and Soliloquy and collapses.

POLICEMAN BOB

Dad, are you okay?

GRANDPA

What kind of fool question is that?

SOLILOQUY

Oh, those poor teenagers.

Policeman Bob looks around.

POLICEMAN BOB

What teenagers?

SOLILOQUY

They were just...

Her voice trails off as she sees nothing but broken garden gnomes.

SOLILOQUY (CONT'D)

The gnomes must have eaten all of them.

POLICEMAN BOB

How many teenagers were there?

SOLILOQUY

No, I mean the gnomes must have eaten them completely.

GRANDPA

If we're done with this fine family reunion. I think we better get back and warn the town. Don't you?

POLICEMAN BOB  
Grandpa is right.

Policeman Bob rises to his feet and assists Soliloquy up as well. Grandpa remains on the ground.

GRANDPA  
Oh sure, just leave me here. Maybe the flesh-eating gnomes will kill me off.

Policeman Bob offers his hand.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Come on, Dad.

SOLILOQUY  
Look! They're piecing themselves back together!

Soliloquy points to a green glow that has now covered the gnome fragments. Slowly, the pieces slide their way toward one another, trying to reform themselves.

POLICEMAN BOB  
It ain't over. Come on, let's get out of here.

He gets to Retch's motorcycle and raises it up. It starts quickly. Hearing the revving of the motor, Retch falls from out of a nearby tree.

RETCH  
Hey! That's my bike, man!

Policeman Bob nods in his direction.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Retch.

Retch gets up from the ground and dusts himself off as he walks toward them.

RETCH  
I said that's my bike, man.

POLICEMAN BOB  
We need to get out of here, Retch. These gnomes are pulling themselves back together.

RETCH  
Yeah, well you can put that in your butt. You take the other one. Let's all get out of here.

Policeman Bob puts the kickstand down and gets off the motorcycle.

Retch gets on his motorcycle and snaps his fingers at Soliloquy, who gets on behind him. Policeman Bob frowns, but moves toward the other bike.

Soliloquy throws her arms around Retch and hugs him.

SOLILOQUY

Oh, Retch.

RETCH

Baby, hold on..

Policeman Bob, atop the other motorcycle, starts it up. He looks over at Grandpa, who rolls his eyes.

GRANDPA

I am not getting on that thing. I'd rather be eaten by gnomes.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF NEW BUCHAREST -- MOMENTS LATER

Retch and Soliloquy ride down Main Street on Retch's motorcycle. There are no people anywhere on the streets.

Policeman Bob and Grandpa are riding directly behind them.

POLICEMAN BOB

See Dad, it ain't so bad.

GRANDPA

I hate you.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION -- MOMENTS LATER

Harlan is rushing around the station, grabbing shotguns and throwing them on the desk. He pauses to grab a hunting hat, that looks mysteriously like something Elmer Fudd would wear, and jams it on his head.

Crystal enters through the back door.

CRYSTAL

Hey, Harlan, I need to...

She stands to watch Harlan for a moment as he bustles around the station, throwing guns on the desk and searching through drawers.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Harlan stops for a moment.

HARLAN

Oh, hey Crystal. I'm just doing a little...Spring cleaning or something. Why? There's nothing suspicious going on or nothing.

He attempts to get back to work, grabbing a crossbow from out of a filing cabinet.

CRYSTAL

Now, hold on, Harlan. Where is he?

HARLAN

Oh, dang it, Crystal. I don't know where the Chief's at the moment. But I know it ain't good. I was getting ready to go find him.

CRYSTAL

Good. I'm coming. Why do you need so many weapons?

HARLAN

Don't know what we're up against. Help me grab some.

Crystal grabs an armload of guns.

CRYSTAL

We'll take your car. And I'll drive.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF NEW BUCHAREST -- LATER

Retch, Soliloquy and Policeman Bob and Grandpa are cruising along the streets on the cycles when suddenly Retch stops. Policeman Bob slams on the brakes as well, coming within inches of Retch. He looks questioningly at Retch.

Retch nods his head forward at the line of garden gnomes that are blocking the road. Retch turns his motorcycle around and stops short again.

There is another line of gnomes blocking the way they just came. The group is trapped.

POLICEMAN BOB

This just keeps getting better and better.

RETCH

Where have I heard that before?

SOLILOQUY

Oh, Retch. What are we gonna do?

POLICEMAN BOB

We could try and jump over them.

RETCH

Maybe if we were the only ones on the bikes.

Policeman Bob looks back at Grandpa.

POLICEMAN BOB

Yeah.

The garden gnomes have completely encircled the two motorcycles.

GRANDPA

Back in my day, we had to walk uphill five miles to be attacked by a monster. Now, you've got the monster's chasing you. You kids are just lazy.

RETCH

You can put that in your butt, old man.

A car's headlights can be seen coming down the road. When the car reaches the gnome line, it stops and slides into a 360, around the two motorcycles and smashing the entire circle of gnomes.

The car door is shoved open, revealing Harlan.

HARLAN

Did ya see that? My goodness, this woman can drive. Get in quick.

Retch looks down.

RETCH

But, we're on motorcycles. And we can drive away.

Policeman Bob and Grandpa are already getting off their motorcycle and getting into the back seat of Harlan's car. Harlan yells at Retch.

HARLAN

Are you coming or not?

Retch looks at Soliloquy.

SOLILOQUY

Against all known logic, I say we go  
with them.

RETCH

Alright.

Retch and Soliloquy also get off the motorcycle and jam in the back seat with Policeman Bob and Grandpa. Soliloquy is shoved up against Grandpa in the middle. They nod toward one another.

GRANDPA

Big hair.

SOLILOQUY

Stinky.

Retch is looking over his shoulder.

RETCH

Oh man, they're piecing back together.  
And there's more coming.

Another wall of gnomes comes from behind a building and walks directly down the street.

POLICEMAN BOB

Crystal.

CRYSTAL

I hear ya.

Crystal jams the car into drive and screeches down the street only to slam on the breaks a moment later.

POLICEMAN BOB

What is it?

There is a telephone pole laying across the street, with another line of gnomes around the back of it.

CRYSTAL

How can little clay figures knock  
down a telephone pole? It doesn't  
seem like it should be possible.

Crystal looks around and spots Frank's Jiffy Mart.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Everybody out. We'll make a run for  
Franks.

RETCH

Forget that, man.  
(MORE)

RETCH (CONT'D)

Frank made me buy that magazine after I looked at it for too long. There ain't no way I'm patronizing his establishment.

Retch looks around and notices he is the only one left in the car.

RETCH (CONT'D)

Woah.

Retch gets out and is confronted by a gnome. He screams, falls over, then gets up and runs into a wall. He rolls over and is greeted by a gnome right by his head. He gets up to his feet and barrels toward Frank's.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANKS JIFFY MART -- CONTINUOUS

Retch runs in through the front doors, leans against the wall, and breaths like an asthmatic in a pollen factory.

Crystal, Policeman Bob and Harlan are conversing next to the front counter.

CRYSTAL

I don't know either, but we've got to do something.

HARLAN

We've come across a lot of weird stuff, but I've never seen anything like that.

POLICEMAN BOB

It's like--

Retch bounds in, and he's obviously lost it, whatever it was.

RETCH

It's like evil mated with crazy and had a baby named crazy evil. It's crazy evil, man!-

Crystal slaps Retch.

CRYSTAL

Get your act together.

Retch runs off.

HARLAN

It's judgment day with an army of gnomes driving us straight to hell.

CRYSTAL

Yeah.

POLICEMAN BOB

I'll tell you one thing. If these gnomes make it to a heavily populated area, like New York, Los Angeles or some town with a McDonalds, it won't be good.

HARLAN

Or hygienic.

They all look out to see the gnomes gathering in the middle of the street.

Meanwhile, in the aisles of the convenience store, Soliloquy is checking out a magazine, Retch, whimpering slightly, is pouring himself an ice cold beverage from the soda fountain, and Grandpa is sticking items in his pockets.

Back at the front of the store, it is only Crystal and Policeman Bob.

CRYSTAL

What do they want? It just doesn't make sense.

POLICEMAN BOB

That's because we don't understand it yet. Harlan said that Bart Willet saw a zombie in a tux down at the river.

CRYSTAL

Do you think he might have something to do with this gnome infestation?

POLICEMAN BOB

We can only hope.

CRYSTAL

Why?

POLICEMAN BOB

Well I...don't know.

He is interrupted by Harlan running up with a jar of peanut butter.

HARLAN

There's only one way we're gonna get out of this.

Harlan rips off his shirt and begins to smear peanut butter on his chest.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

I'll distract them so you can get away. Gnomes are suckers for peanut butter. Plus, if they eat me, their tongues will stick to the roofs of their mouths.

After a moment.

POLICEMAN BOB

There's some kinda logic there. I just can't figure out what kind.

CRYSTAL

Harlan...

Too late, Harlan has finished and sprints out the door. Retch, Soliloquy and Grandpa make it to the large front window in time to see Harlan roll and jump as he nears his way toward the awaiting gnomes.

Inside the store, the group, bunched together, watches Harlan. Retch takes a sip of his soda while Grandpa chews on a candy bar.

Outside, Harlan leaps over a garden gnome.

Inside, the group stares. Retch takes a sip of his soda.

Outside, Harlan somersaults on the ground in front of a line of garden gnomes, comes up short and twists away.

Inside, the group stares.

POLICEMAN BOB

Well, I reckon we better get goin'.

CRYSTAL

I reckon.

Outside, Harlan trips over a gnome and lands face first on the ground.

Meanwhile, the group is outside the front door, still staring at Harlan. Retch takes a sip of soda while Grandpa chews.

The gnomes have surrounded Harlan, who turns in agony to face Policeman Bob and the others.

HARLAN

Run, you fools, run!

The group sidles away into the cover of darkness as gnomes cover all evidence of Harlan.

CUT TO:

INT. EASE ON INN LOUNGE -- NIGHT

It is evening in the Ease On Inn Lounge and Marvelous Marv and the Marvettes are playing to a packed crowd of mostly stunned young couples.

Marv is in the middle of a lounge version of a contemporary tune, ala Richard Cheese (who does lounge versions of The Beastie Boys, Ozzy Osbourne, and Snoop Dogg). Darleen, in all her hag glory, is his backup singer.

Behind Marv, the band looks slightly like they've been resting at the bottom of the river for the last thirty years. Which, of course, they have. They are all dressed in tuxes and wearing sunglasses.

The drummer, ELLIOT, is a skeleton with a few random pieces of flesh still flapping around and one eye dangling from its socket. The bassist, STEVE, is in slightly better shape. His skin is blue, his body is a giant prune, and there is a dead fish poking out of his ear. The keyboardist, RICK, is somewhere between Elliot and Steve. He's half skeleton and half prune.

They are greeted with the finishing of their set with gaping mouths and disbelieving eyes. There are few applause.

Darleen grabs a tray and prepares to serve the crowd.

MARV

Hey, thank you. Thank you very much.  
And thank you. Marvelous Marv and  
the Marvettes. You've been a great  
audience. We're gonna be here all  
week.

Marv turns around to talk with his band and then remembers a little nugget of information.

MARV (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, and don't forget to tip  
your waitress.

A Yuppie couple sitting at one of the tables raise their eyes up to consider their waitress, who currently has a vacant look on her hag face and a green substance dripping from her mouth. The man throws some bills on the table in front of him.

MARV (CONT'D)

I think that went well.

RICK

Yeah, that felt good. Almost like  
we haven't been at the bottom of the  
river for thirty years.

MARV

Yeah. Oh hey Elliot, you were dragging a little bit on that third song.

ELLIOT

Hey, cut me some slack. I've been dragging at the bottom of a river for the last three decades.

MARV

Now see, man, you can't start thinking like that. Don't give yourself an excuse. Just keep trying to do better.

ELLIOT

I hear ya, man.

STEVE

Hey Marv, man. Like, when do we get paid?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF NEW BUCHAREST -- NIGHT

Policeman Bob, Crystal, Retch, Soliloquy and Grandpa are hiding behind the wall of an office building. They are whispering and looking around intently.

POLICEMAN BOB

We've got to get our hands on some weapons.

CRYSTAL

We had a load of them in the trunk of Harlan's Explorer.

RETCH

Man, this is nuts. How are ya gonna stop something that just pulls itself back together again?

POLICEMAN BOB

Maybe if we smash them into little tiny pieces...

GRANDPA

Like babies' teeth.

CRYSTAL

There's just too many of them. Whoever decided to make that many garden gnomes for this small of town needs some serious mental evaluations.

POLICEMAN BOB

I don't think there's enough of the Manbubz left to assess. But, you're right. There is a lot of them. And we've got to stop every man-jack one of them.

Soliloquy mouths the word "man-jack" at Retch.

RETCH

What the heck's a man-jack?

SOLILOQUY

Oh hey, maybe Doctor Guppenheimer has something that can take care of these gnomes.

POLICEMAN BOB

That's a good idea. Retch, you take Soliloquy and Grandpa and head on over to Guppenheimer's place. Maybe he's got something. Meanwhile, I'm gonna head over to Rubelle Wilson's place. If this menace is supernatural, then maybe a gypsy can help.

CRYSTAL

Wait a minute. A gypsy can help with something supernatural? We're going to split up? Where did you get your police training?

RETCH

Yeah, man, why do we have to be stuck with Gramps?

GRANDPA

Watch it, two eyes!

POLICEMAN BOB

Guppenheimer's place is closer than the Wilson's store. Dad's already a little winded.

RETCH

You mean, he needs to be a little winded. Man, he reeks!

GRANDPA

That's just my after shave.

RETCH

Unless they bottled crap in a jar--

CRYSTAL

Look you two, we don't have time for this. Grandpa has to go with you. There's no discussion.

Retch turns away, obviously cowed by Crystal.

RETCH

(quietly)

Yeah, well you can put that in your butt. Come on, Soliloquy, let's get out of here.

SOLILOQUY

I'm with you, baby.

Grandpa follows after at a slower rate of speed.

GRANDPA

You're going too darn fast. This ain't the Olympics for crying out loud!

Crystal turns to Policeman Bob.

CRYSTAL

Now what?

POLICEMAN BOB

I think I know a shortcut to Rubelle's shop.

CRYSTAL

That fills me with confidence.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF NEW BUCHAREST -- MOMENTS LATER

On the streets, a lone gnome sentry crosses the street very slowly. Behind a Gremlin in Ed Stingray's Used Car Lot, Retch peeks his head out once again to look at the gnome and then drops down again.

Grandpa is in the middle between Retch and Soliloquy.

SOLILOQUY

Do you see any more of them?

RETCH

No, I just saw the one.

Grandpa starts to rise.

GRANDPA

(loudly)

What? I don't see nothin'.

Retch reaches up and yanks Grandpa back down.

RETCH

Get back down here. Your big mouth's gonna get us killed, old man.

GRANDPA

Yeah, well you look tough, but you ain't. You're hard on the outside and chewy on the inside. Like a tootsie-roll tootsie pop.

RETCH

I'm not chewy on the inside.

GRANDPA

So what do you want from me? I'm old.

Retch stands back up to look at the gnome, which is now on the roof of the Gremlin, looking directly at him. He ducks back down.

RETCH

We may be in trouble.

SOLILOQUY

What is it?

Retch points up toward the top of the car. They all look up to see the garden gnome on the roof of the car.

They all start screaming, jump up, and begin to run from the lot. Too late, the gnome has jumped on Grandpa's back and remains attached as he runs around screaming.

GRANDPA

Ahhhh! Get this thing off me.

Soliloquy looks back and sees Grandpa running in circles and swatting at his back. She leaps at him and grabs his ankles, tripping him and throwing him on his stomach. The gnome remains attached.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

What the heck did you do that for!  
Get it off me!

Soliloquy grabs the gnome and yanks, making Grandpa scream more.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

Ahhhh! Are you trying to rip my skin off?

SOLILOQUY

I'm sorry. I don't know what to do.

Soliloquy looks around for a weapon as Retch runs up with a muffler pipe and whacks the gnome, sending it flying.

Retch watches the gnome fly and shakes his fist in the air.

RETCH

Yeah, how does that feel?

Behind Retch, Soliloquy helps Grandpa to his feet.

Meanwhile the gnome has reached the ground, gotten to his feet and is coming back to the car lot. Three more gnomes come around a corner and join the first.

Retch drops his fist.

RETCH (CONT'D)

Crap. We gotta move.

They run off, away from the gnomes.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF NEW BUCHAREST -- NIGHT

In a different area of town, Policeman Bob and Crystal are walking down an apparently deserted alley.

POLICEMAN BOB

So, you've been reading about me in those newspapers, huh?

CRYSTAL

Don't flatter yourself, they didn't. Well, maybe The National Gallery did...a little. You know how they airbrush their information. They described the local Sheriff as a Brad Pitt crossed with Indiana Jones.

POLICEMAN BOB

Yeah, that's me.

Crystal looks at him seriously.

CRYSTAL

Yeah, that's you alright. So, how's life since...

POLICEMAN BOB

Since Margie? It's been different. Raising a teenager ain't easy. And then there's my Dad as well. And this town never gives me a chance to relax.

CRYSTAL

That's for sure.

They walk a little in silence.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

I never did find out what happened with Margie.

POLICEMAN BOB

It was the Pendelman's robot. Squished her flat.

CRYSTAL

No, I mean when did you start dating her? I was only gone for six months. Don't you think you could have waited at least a year to start dating other girls?

POLICEMAN BOB

Yeah, well, you went to college out of state. And you remember what you said? How you were done with this town and with me? I kinda figured we were done.

CRYSTAL

We were.

POLICEMAN BOB

So?

CRYSTAL

So why didn't you come after me? A girl likes to be chased. Don't you know that?

POLICEMAN BOB

I guess. No, you know that really doesn't make any sense to me. You broke up with me. What was I--

They are walking next to a group of bushes. Suddenly, the lawn jockey, riding the cat, comes around the corner and barrels right for Policeman Bob and Crystal.

Policeman Bob pushes Crystal towards and through the bushes, where they land with Policeman Bob on top.

CRYSTAL

Ow!

Policeman Bob places his hand over her mouth.

POLICEMAN BOB

Shhh.

After a moment.

CRYSTAL  
Is it gone do you think?

POLICEMAN BOB  
Yeah.

Policeman Bob takes a moment to look into Crystal's eyes.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)  
Well, hello.

Crystal pushes at him.

CRYSTAL  
Get off.

Policeman Bob rolls off.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Sorry.

They get up and dust themselves off.

CRYSTAL  
Yeah, me too. I didn't mean to...

POLICEMAN BOB  
What?

CRYSTAL  
Nothing. Let's just get out of here.

Policeman Bob pokes his head through the bushes, looks around and then faces Crystal.

POLICEMAN BOB  
The coast is clear. Come on, we're only a few minutes from the store.

Policeman Bob offers his hand. Crystal looks at it for a second, then up at his face, then takes his hand. They both leave through the shrubbery.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GUPPENHEIMER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Dr. Guppenheimer brings a tray with three cups of coffee into his living room, where Soliloquy and Retch are seated on the couch. Grandpa is on a bean bag chair in the corner.

Guppenheimer offers a cup to Retch and Soliloquy, who both take one. Retch takes a handful of sugar cubes and stuffs them in his pocket.

SOLILOQUY

Thanks.

Guppenheimer offers a cup to Grandpa, who declines.

GRANDPA

Coffee keeps me up all night and inflames my bladder. Are you trying to kill me?

SOLILOQUY

(to Guppenheimer)

Sorry about Grandpa.

RETCH

Yeah. We haven't figured out how to turn him off yet.

GUPPENHEIMER

Oh that's quite alright. I enjoy the elderly. They make the most interesting experiments.

He places the tray on the coffee table and takes a seat.

GUPPENHEIMER (CONT'D)

Now tell me, what's this all about and at this time of night?

Soliloquy and Retch rush to answer.

SOLILOQUY

This army of gnomes attacked me and Retch while we were at Make-Out Point.

RETCH

Yeah, and they made me leave my bike.

SOLILOQUY

And Dad and Crystal took off to find Calliente's dad.

RETCH

And there's something about a zombie.

SOLILOQUY

And they ate poor Harlan.

RETCH

And we got stuck with Stinky.

SOLILOQUY

And this gnome jumped on his back.

RETCH

And I whacked it. And then we came here.

GRANDPA

I think this chair is full of beetles.

Guppenheimer sits back in his chair and places his fingers on his chin.

GUPPENHEIMER

I see. And you came to me for assistance in dispatching the gnome menace?

Soliloquy and Retch shake their heads vigorously.

GRANDPA

This chair is aggravating my hemorrhoids.

GUPPENHEIMER

And why can't you just break the gnomes up with hammers and small gardening instruments.

RETCH

We tried that, man. They piece themselves back together.

Guppenheimer gazes into the air in personal retrospection.

GUPPENHEIMER

(to himself, but loud)

Piece themselves back...Why, this may be the greatest scientific find of the twenty-first century. If they possess the power of regeneration, think what a boon they could be for the whole of mankind. If only I had a chance to study one of them...

RETCH

Man, you're crazy.

GUPPENHEIMER

Crazy like a fox?

RETCH

No, just plain nuts. We don't want to study them, we want to kill them.

GUPPENHEIMER

I apologize. I was having a mad scientist moment.

SOLILOQUY

Yeah. So, do you have any acid or what?

As Grandpa falls out of the bean bag chair, snoring, Freedom walks down the stairs and into the Living Room, wearing a big pink robe, and large slippers. She still has an enormous lump on her forehead.

FREEDOM

Daddy?

Guppenheimer rises to his feet.

GUPPENHEIMER

My dear. Go back to bed. You're in no condition to be up and around.

FREEDOM

Soliloquy? Retch? Sleeping old guy? What's going on here? Are you having a party?

Soliloquy gets up and hugs her friend.

SOLILOQUY

How are you feeling, Freedom?

FREEDOM

Oh, hey. I'm okay. My head's still killing me.

SOLILOQUY

I bet.

GUPPENHEIMER

That's settled then. Soliloquy, you stay here with Freedom. Retch and I will grab some, um, acid and go out to fight the menace.

RETCH

Woah. I got a better idea. How about you take Grandpa and I'll stay here to defend the girls?

GUPPENHEIMER

No use using that false bravado with me, young man. Come along with me to the garage.

RETCH

What false bravado?

Guppenheimer and Retch leave the room as Grandpa starts snoring louder.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF NEW BUCHAREST -- NIGHT

Policeman Bob and Crystal are walking down Main Street, holding hands and constantly looking around. There are no gnomes in sight.

POLICEMAN BOB

Crystal, can't you stay in New Bucharest? Maybe what you're looking for is here.

CRYSTAL

I don't know. I'm looking for a world where sunsets last all day, where puppies frolic with kitties, where a man and a woman can carve out a life for themselves like kids carving up a jack-o-lantern or like a butcher carving up some decent pork chops.

POLICEMAN BOB

There ain't no world like that.

CRYSTAL

Then maybe we ought to make one.

POLICEMAN BOB

What? Like with fiberglass and wood?

CRYSTAL

No. It's just a figure of speech.

Policeman Bob stops in front of a shop door.

POLICEMAN BOB

And here we are.

They are standing in front of Rubelle's Authentic Gypsy Curses and Sundries. Policeman Bob bangs on the front door.

Shortly, the front door is slammed open to reveal Rubelle in boxers and nothing else. He's also pretty furious.

RUBELLE WILSON

Do you have any idea what time it is? How dare you...

He is stopped short by the sight of Policeman Bob.

POLICEMAN BOB

We have a situation.

Rubelle nods solemnly.

RUBELLE WILSON  
I'll go get my Gypsy costume.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF NEW BUCHAREST -- NIGHT

Dr. Guppenheimer and Retch are slowly driving down empty streets in Guppenheimer's WV Bug.

A storm has rolled in, complete with lightning, but no rain yet.

GUPPENHEIMER  
I don't see any gnomes.

RETCH  
Are you calling me a liar, man?

GUPPENHEIMER  
By no means.

RETCH  
So, how are we gonna stop them or can they be stopped?

GUPPENHEIMER  
Everything has a weakness, an Achilles Heel if you will. The wolfman had silver. King Kong had Fay Wray. Those space slugs didn't hold up so well under salt.

RETCH  
So these gnomes must have a weakness too.

GUPPENHEIMER  
Precisely. Now, they're made of clay...

RETCH  
Clay, right! And what's that made of?

GUPPENHEIMER  
It's made of clay.

RETCH  
Dang it! We're doomed. Doomed, I tell you.

GUPPENHEIMER  
No, wait. Clay doesn't come to life on its own.

(MORE)

GUPPENHEIMER (CONT'D)

Now, I know a little about bringing things to life and I can say that one of the most common ways of bringing something to life or back to life is to send a bolt of electricity into it. So, technically, if it's already alive...

RETCH

Then a bolt of lightning should send it back to not being alive.

GUPPENHEIMER

Or maybe...

RETCH

Stop!

Guppenheimer slams on the brakes.

GUPPENHEIMER

What?

RETCH

There's my bike.

Retch's bike is in the middle of the road next to the other motorcycle. Across the street is a wrought iron fence with an extremely large metal fence pole sticking up. Guppenheimer looks at the pole, then into the stormy sky and ponders the possibilities.

GUPPENHEIMER

Say. I may have an idea.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF NEW BUCHAREST -- NIGHT

Rubelle Wilson, in full Gypsy regalia, Policeman Bob and Crystal trudge slowly up Main Street.

RUBELLE WILSON

So, these gnomes...

CRYSTAL

There's about a hundred of them.

RUBELLE WILSON

So, you believe these gnomes were cursed, is that it?

POLICEMAN BOB

That's right.

RUBELLE WILSON

So, what do you expect me to do?  
Curse them again?

They come to a screeching halt.

CRYSTAL

I don't understand.

RUBELLE WILSON

I only do curses, see. I'm a Gypsy.  
I don't do anti-curses or un-curses  
or whatever you call them.

POLICEMAN BOB

I think that would be a blessing.

RUBELLE WILSON

Well, thank you.

POLICEMAN BOB

No, I mean that the opposite of a  
curse would be a blessing.

RUBELLE WILSON

Oh, well see, you'd need a priest,  
wouldn't you?

POLICEMAN BOB

We don't have a priest. We've got  
you.

CRYSTAL

As crazy as this may sound, you may  
be our only hope. And I don't really  
understand how.

They start walking again.

RUBELLE WILSON

Well, I don't mind trying something,  
but I can't say I'd know what the  
results would be.

CRYSTAL

We just appreciate you trying.

POLICEMAN BOB

Yeah.

They walk quietly for a moment.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)

It's quiet...

CRYSTAL

Too quiet.

POLICEMAN BOB

Hey, you finished my thought.

CRYSTAL

That wasn't too hard.

They stop by the Manbubz Statuary Lot, where they notice that all the gnomes have accumulated. They quickly take a step backwards and confer in a circle quietly.

RUBELLE WILSON

Oh man, there's a billion of them.  
What are we gonna do?

CRYSTAL

You're gonna go in there and un-curse them.

RUBELLE WILSON

Forget that noise.

POLICEMAN BOB

Look, I thought we agreed that you'd go in there and bless them or whatever.

RUBELLE WILSON

Yeah, that was before I saw how many of them there are. Why don't I give you the un-curse and you can go in there and blast them?

POLICEMAN BOB

But I'm not the Gypsy.

RUBELLE WILSON

You wanna be?

CRYSTAL

Look, this is stupid. You both go in there, the policeman can protect the gypsy. And I'll stay out here to make sure that no other gnomes come along.

RUBELLE WILSON

Oh yeah, you get to hang out here where it's safe. Why don't I play lookout?

CRYSTAL

Just go and quit whining.

Policeman Bob grabs Rubelle's arm and guides him toward the statuary lot.

POLICEMAN BOB

She's right.

RUBELLE WILSON

Right, my butt. This is police brutality.

POLICEMAN BOB

You haven't seen brutality yet. Have you thought of an un-curse yet?

RUBELLE WILSON

Yeah, I've thought of something or other.

They reach the entrance to the lot. The gnomes all turn to consider the two men.

Rubelle cracks his knuckles and assumes a magician's pose.

RUBELLE WILSON (CONT'D)

Okay. You're all really good gnomes, and have great futures ahead of you in gardens and dorm rooms in numerous college campuses.

Nothing happens, except the gnomes edge closer.

RUBELLE WILSON (CONT'D)

This isn't working.

POLICEMAN BOB

Try something else. Quick.

RUBELLE WILSON

Well crud...May you, um, have good, long lives, and have many grand-gnomes who tend gardens and such.

The gnomes edge closer. Rubelle gets edgier and angrier.

RUBELLE WILSON (CONT'D)

Look, bless you all and may every endeavor you pursue flourish. Okay?

The immense green glow reflects in the faces of Policeman Bob and Rubelle Wilson as their mouths drop open in horror.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF NEW BUCHAREST -- MOMENTS LATER

Crystal stands alone slightly down the street from the lot. She paces and occasionally looks toward where the two men departed.

Suddenly a green glow, like a small green sunrise erupts from the lot.

From the residual glare, she can make out two figures running at her, full speed. They are screaming.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Aaaaah! Run! Run Now!

RUBELLE WILSON  
Aaaaaah! That was stupid!

CRYSTAL  
What happened?

They run right past her.

POLICEMAN BOB  
No questions. Just run.

She pauses a moment longer, enough so she can see the FIFTY-FOOT GNOME leave the Manbubz Statuary Lot.

She turns and runs after the fleeing men, catching up with them quickly.

CRYSTAL  
So, what happened?

Policeman Bob is breathing hard.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Can't talk. Too fat.

RUBELLE WILSON  
That green light. It sorta molded them together.

CRYSTAL  
Great. Now what?

Behind them, and not too far, the gnome pauses to smash a car flat with its foot.

RUBELLE WILSON  
I don't know. How do you stop a fifty-foot garden gnome?

The street ahead of them veers to the right. As they turn the corner, they see Retch revving up his motorcycle and Doctor Guppenheimer standing beside him. Retch has the long fence pole in his hand, like a lance.

Both turn to consider the trio running toward them.

GUPPENHEIMER  
I say...

POLICEMAN BOB

No time, gotta run.

Guppenheimer holds up a hand. And the three come to a stop.

GUPPENHEIMER

Hold on there, Sheriff...

POLICEMAN BOB

Policeman.

GUPPENHEIMER

We may have a solution.

CRYSTAL

To a fifty-foot gnome?

RETCH

What? Nobody said nothing about a fifty-foot gnome.

GUPPENHEIMER

Well, I...uh, sure. Why would it make a difference?

A loud crash is heard not too far away from them and a crumpled up car rolls down the street.

RETCH

Woah.

GUPPENHEIMER

I mean, what does it matter if there are fifty gnomes or one fifty-foot gnome? The principle is the same.

CRYSTAL

Doc, would you mind explaining your plan to the rest of us?

RUBELLE WILSON

Yeah. All this talking to yourself is freaking me out.

GUPPENHEIMER

Well, the principle is solid enough. If lightning can bring something dead alive, then maybe lightning can also bring something brought to life back to death.

POLICEMAN BOB

That doesn't make a lot of sense...but since we're low on options, I say we try it.

RUBELLE WILSON

Me too.

RETCH

Try what.

CRYSTAL

You've got to stick that rod into the gnome. And it's got to be up high.

RETCH

Okay. But how am I gonna get fifty feet in the air?

They all look around.

RUBELLE WILSON

Look!

Rubelle points at a tow truck that has a long bed, parked to the side of the road.

GUPPENHEIMER

Yes, if we could lower the bed on that tow truck, it would make a ramp.

CRYSTAL

Does anyone else find this just a little too convenient?

RETCH

Alright man, Let's rock this joint!

Retch raises the fence pole in the air and drives back a hundred feet as Policeman Bob lowers the bed on the tow truck, making a very nice ramp.

With a sound somewhere between Godzilla and a dolphin, the fifty-foot tall gnome rounds the corner and peers down at the group in the middle of the street.

Retch starts his run, gaining speed and lowering the fence pole like a lance aimed at the dragon's heart. He hits the ramp and careens into the air.

He soars through the air toward the giant gnome, pausing in mid flight to wave at the ones on the ground. Rubelle waves cheerfully back.

As he reaches mid arc, he comes within a few feet of the gnome's face, hurls the fence pole forward...

And flies directly into the fifty-foot gnome's mouth.

Back on the ground, the group is aghast.

GUPPENHEIMER

Well that's probably not what should have happened.

RUBELLE WILSON

Crap!

POLICEMAN BOB

Well, at least he got the job done.

The group looks back up to see the lightning rod sticking out of the gnome's nose. The gnome's eyes cross to look at the rod.

CRYSTAL

Now what do we do?

GUPPENHEIMER

Wait! Here comes the storm cloud!

A storm cloud has rolled in and a huge bolt of lightning flashes out and lights on the rod. The entire gnome shakes with electricity as it starts to crack. Light pours out of the cracks.

It shakes...and then stills. The cracks seal back up.

Back on the ground...

RUBELLE WILSON

Oh man.

CRYSTAL

Let's beat it.

GUPPENHEIMER

Quick everyone, get in my car.

They take off down the street, with the huge gnome stomping after them.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GUPPENHEIMER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The girls are nowhere to be seen and Grandpa is snoring softly on the floor. The earth shakes a little and Grandpa slowly wakes up.

GRANDPA

Huh?

Grandpa looks around the deserted room.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

Where am I?

(MORE)

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

I knew he'd send me to one of those  
old folks homes some day.

Grandpa rises to his feet as another tremor shakes the ground.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

Now what in tarnation...

He opens the front door and steps outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF NEW BUCHAREST -- NIGHT

Policeman Bob, Crystal, Rubelle, and Dr. Guppenheimer are slowly driving down the street. Crystal is driving and Guppenheimer is riding shotgun.

CRYSTAL

Okay. This is crazy. There's got  
to be something we can do. Does  
anyone have a plan?

RUBELLE WILSON

I know where there's a tree house.

CRYSTAL

No good.

GUPPENHEIMER

I say, we construct a hot air balloon  
big enough for the entire town. We  
could load it up and float to safety.

CRYSTAL

That plan's crazy.

POLICEMAN BOB

Yeah. That plan's just crazy enough  
to work.

CRYSTAL

No, it's just crazy. How can we  
build a balloon big enough for the  
entire town? We might as well tie a  
gigantic gas bag to the city streets  
and float the town away.

Guppenheimer, Rubelle, and Policeman Bob ponder this scenario for a moment.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

No! It's not gonna happen.

POLICEMAN BOB  
I've got one more idea.

CUT TO:

INT. EASE ON INN LOUNGE BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Inside one of the stalls in the bathroom of the Ease On Inn Lounge, someone is whistling a happy tune and peeing. The festivities come to a close, the whistling stops and the toilet is flushed.

The stall door opens and Marv begins to exit. But before he can react, a bag is thrown over his head and Policeman Bob, Rubelle, and Guppenheimer man-handle him toward the exit.

MARV  
Hey, what's going on? What's with the bag, man? Marv don't like charades. Darleen, is that you?

CUT TO:

INT. GUPPENHEIMER'S CAR -- NIGHT

Everyone is cramped in Guppenheimer's VW Bug. Marv, bag still on, is in the middle of the back seat, between Rubelle and Policeman Bob. Guppenheimer is in the front passenger seat and Crystal is driving for some reason.

MARV  
Alright, what's all this about? This ain't my birthday.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Ever since you came to town, we've been plagued by garden gnomes.

RUBELLE WILSON  
Yeah. And we've got a feeling you know something about it.

MARV  
Garden gnomes, garden gnomes. Nope. Haven't got a clue.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Crystal, pull over. I'll get the liquid nitrogen from out of the truck.

MARV  
Oh, garden gnomes. Yeah, I remember now. I did shoot some garden gnomes with some ancient evil juice. But that was just for giggles. No harm, no foul, right?

POLICEMAN BOB

Your little giggles killed at least seven townspeople so far.

MARV

Any of the ones that threw me into the cave?

CRYSTAL

No. Why?

MARV

Just wondering, baby. Hey, you sound sweet. Ever think of dating a zombie? There could be some distinct advantages.

CRYSTAL

No way, freak.

POLICEMAN BOB

Hey!

Policeman Bob cuffs Marv in the head.

MARV

Ow. Man, I think you knocked my ear off.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF NEW BUCHAREST -- NIGHT

Grandpa is wandering down the middle of the street, yelling for assistance. Probably not the smartest move.

GRANDPA

Hey! Where the heck is everybody? Come out, come out, wherever you are! Hey, wake up!

A tremor shakes the earth, causing Grandpa to lose his balance.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

What the...

Around the side of a house strides the fifty-foot garden gnome, directly toward Grandpa. He looks up in stunned disbelief.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

This is not good.

As the enormous foot of the gnome comes down on top of Grandpa.

CUT TO:

INT. GUPPENHEIMER'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Guppenheimer's car rounds a corner to find the fifty-foot gnome in the middle of the street. Crystal stops and they all get out.

Once out, Policeman Bob takes the bag off of Marv's head. He has one of Marv's arms twisted behind his back.

MARV

Thank you, your royal rudeness.

POLICEMAN BOB

Quiet you.

Crystal points at the behemoth.

CRYSTAL

Okay, Marv, time for you to un-work your magic.

Marv gets his first sight of Jumbo.

MARV

Whoo-we! Look at that thing! Man, I can't destroy that. It'd be like wiping my nose on a Van Gogh.

Policeman Bob twists Marv's arm a little tighter.

POLICEMAN BOB

Get wipin'.

MARV

Ow, man.

POLICEMAN BOB

Just get rid of it.

MARV

Okay, okay.

Guppenheimer sidles up to Marv.

GUPPENHEIMER

No hard feelings on that locked in a cave for three decades thing, eh?

MARV

Oh, heck no. No problem whatsoever.

GUPPENHEIMER

Really?

MARV

Not really. You locked me in a cave for thirty years, what do you think?

GUPPENHEIMER

Oh.

MARV

Okay. Now I'm gonna need both hands to do this.

CRYSTAL

No way.

MARV

Then I can't get rid of it.

Policeman Bob comes to a decision.

POLICEMAN BOB

Okay. Rubelle, get the liquid nitrogen from out of the trunk.

RUBELLE WILSON

The liquid...oh, yeah, the liquid nitrogen. Sure.

Rubelle runs off toward the car to rummage through the trunk. He comes back, carrying a can of Fix-A-Flat and a tire iron. Policeman Bob looks on incredulously as Rubelle nods at him.

POLICEMAN BOB

Uh, okay. I'm gonna let you go, but don't try anything.

MARV

Why? What are you gonna do, throw me in a cave for three more decades?

GUPPENHEIMER

We said we were sorry.

MARV

Like that makes it all better.

Policeman Bob let's go of Marv's arm and grabs the Fix-A-Flat.

POLICEMAN BOB

Alright, you're up.

MARV

Yeah, yeah.

In the middle of the road, the giant gnome starts trying to wipe its foot on a car.

CRYSTAL

What the heck is it doing?

RUBELLE WILSON

Like it's got something stuck to its foot.

MARV

Alright, give me a little room, folks. Marv's got magic to weave.

Marv aims his finger guns at the fifty-foot gnome and blasts it with several lightning bolts. Smoke surrounds the area where the giant gnome stood.

The crowd looks on waiting for the smoke to clear.

As the smoke finally clears it is obvious that the gnome is still standing.

CRYSTAL

Oh, come on.

MARV

Just give it a second.

The gnome take a hesitant step forward, then breaks apart into fifty separate little gnomes. All the gnomes crash down into a big pile in the middle of the road.

POLICEMAN BOB

Well, that was interesting.

Policeman Bob takes a step toward the mound. Crystal throws an arm against his chest to stop him.

CRYSTAL

Just hold on a second. They may come back to life again.

MARV

People, people, people. Let's not get overanxious here. Those are just clay garden figures. Nothing more.

A revving of an engine can be heard from within the mound of garden gnomes.

RUBELLE WILSON

They're coming back to life. The zombie's wrong.

Rubelle takes off running down the street, screaming.

The revving grows louder and suddenly Retch, still on his motorcycle bursts from out of the mound of inanimate garden gnomes. He burns up the street to where the group is standing.

RETCH

Man, it was dark in there. What did I miss?

Crystal points at the mound and Retch looks back in appraisal.

RETCH (CONT'D)

Oh hey, the lightning rod must have worked.

GUPPENHEIMER

Kinda.

Marv strides forward.

MARV

Okay, now cats, the way I figure it, you guys owe Marv a little something for the work he's performed here tonight. Now, I'm not asking for much--

CRYSTAL

But you're the one who caused this mess in the first place.

MARV

Technicalities. I've also saved New Bucharest. So, in the great ledger of life, Marv is definitely in the black.

Policeman Bob nods his head toward Guppenheimer, who is standing slightly behind Marv.

MARV (CONT'D)

Ah, so the good policeman agrees with me, I see.

Guppenheimer slips the bag back over Marv's head.

MARV (CONT'D)

Oh great. Again with the bag. What is the matter with you people?

Policeman Bob steps forward and, together with Guppenheimer, they walk Marv toward the VW Bug.

POLICEMAN BOB

You'll get your reward.

MARV

Now that's what I'm talking about.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW BUCHAREST PARK -- MORNING

Rubelle and Policeman Bob heave Marv back into his cave as Crystal looks on. Marv yells back from within the cave.

MARV

Oh, come on, man! I saved the town!  
Where's my reward?

Rubelle and Policeman Bob turn their attention to the four brown sacks that lay at their feet. They begin to throw the sacks into the cave as well. Rubelle calls out as they throw each sack.

RUBELLE WILSON

Here's your drummer. And here's  
your bass player. And that one was  
your keyboard player. Oh, and there's  
your backup singer as well.

Marv calls from out of the cave as Rubelle, Policeman Bob, and Crystal roll a new boulder over the opening.

MARV

Thank you.

The sun is just now rising as they complete their job. The three stop for a moment to consider it.

CRYSTAL

Well, I guess that just goes to show  
you that life is a tale told by an  
idiot, full of sound and fury,  
signifying nothing.

POLICEMAN BOB

Yep.

RUBELLE WILSON

What the heck does that mean?

Policeman Bob looks at his watch.

POLICEMAN BOB

Well, I'm beat. I'm gonna head over  
to Guppenheimer's, get Soliloquy and  
head on home.

CRYSTAL

Sounds good. Rubelle, give me a  
ride to the police station so I can  
pick up my car.

RUBELLE WILSON

What do I look like, your hunchback  
servant? Yeah, okay.

They leave the park. All grows still.

Then, into the clearing rides the lawn jockey on top of the  
cat. It strides next to the boulder, which the cat urinates  
upon.

Completed, the lawn jockey steers the cat toward the deeper  
forest.

LAWN JOCKEY

Yah, mule! Yah!

CUT TO:

EXT. DR. GUPPENHEIMER'S HOUSE -- DAY

Policeman Bob is on the front porch and knocks on the door.  
The door opens and Guppenheimer sticks his bald head out.

GUPPENHEIMER

Ah, Policeman Bob, my good man.  
Just the man I wanted to see. Do  
come in.

Guppenheimer guides Policeman Bob into the living room, where  
Soliloquy and Freedom are seated on the couch. .

SOLILOQUY

Daddy! We woke up this morning and  
couldn't find Grandpa anywhere.

FREEDOM

Sorry. We didn't know he'd just  
wander away like that.

SOLILOQUY

Yeah, so anyway, Doc Cratchett found  
him--

FREEDOM

Or what was left of him.

SOLILOQUY

Down by where all the gnomes were.

GUPPENHEIMER

He was barely alive.

SOLILOQUY

Doc also found Harlan down by Frank's  
Jiffy Mart.

GUPPENHEIMER

And there was some life in him as well. Now, as you know, I have some equipment in my basement, some might call it a laboratory, and...

Clumping steps can be heard behind a door in the hallway. A loud growl or moan accompanies the foot falls.

The footsteps stop at the door and the handle jiggles. After a moment, a fist starts banging on the door.

GUPPENHEIMER (CONT'D)

Oh, for the love of...

Guppenheimer gets up and walks toward the door.

He opens the door and swings it open to reveal...

*A man with two heads!*

One head is Harlan's and the other is Grandpa's. They are a part of a larger than average body.

HARLAN

Hey chief.

GRANDPA

About time you showed up. I've been ready to go for hours.

HARLAN

Yeah, I better get back to the station. It should be about time to open up.

Policeman Bob throws his arm around the shoulders of the Harlan/Grandpa thing and guides them to the door.

POLICEMAN BOB

Boys, we got some things to work out.

HARLAN

Yeah?

GRANDPA

Work out nothin'. I've got big plans for this new body.

POLICEMAN BOB

Dad.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

NARRATOR

Look for the continuing adventures  
of Policeman Bob in these titles in  
the New Bucharest Collection.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF NEW BUCHAREST -- DAY

In a car outside the diner on Main Street sit a man and a  
woman.

MAN

Dolores, I'll be back in a moment.  
You wanted a slice of pie, right?

DOLORES

Oh, see if they've got any coconut  
cream.

MAN

Sure thing, hon.

Man gets out of the car and is immediately swiped into the  
air by the jaws of a dinosaur.

CUT TO:

TITLE ACROSS SCREEN -

"Day of the Dinosaur"

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

Harlan and Policeman Bob are standing outside the police  
station. In the distance, a huge dinosaur is in the middle  
of the street with a person in its mouth and another in its  
grip. Several other citizens run screaming from it.

HARLAN

What do ya think, Chief?

Policeman Bob narrows his eyes.

POLICEMAN BOB

Better get the big gun, Harlan.

HARLAN

Roger that, Chief.

Harlan runs inside the station as Policeman Bob further  
contemplates the situation.

The dinosaur whips its head around and the man in its mouth goes flying.

Suddenly, Harlan bursts from the station holding an outrageously enormous gun.

HARLAN (CONT'D)  
Let's Rock and Roll.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. SKIES ABOVE NEW BUCHAREST -- EVENING

A lone flying saucer swoops down from above a cloud and circles New Bucharest. The saucer comes to rest in the parking lot of the New Bucharest Post Office.

In the Post Office window, the blinds are pushed apart and a pair of eyes looks out. The eyes narrow.

CUT TO:

TITLE ACROSS SCREEN -

"Aliens From Space"

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF NEW BUCHAREST -- DAY

Grandpa, Policeman Bob, and an alligator are sitting behind a wall. Laser fire bursts all around them as smoke curls from behind the wall.

GRANDPA  
Dad gum aliens, always trying to warp the fabric of existence.

POLICEMAN BOB  
Yeah, that really ticks me off.

Policeman Bob looks around furtively.

POLICEMAN BOB (CONT'D)  
Look, dad, I'm gonna try and draw their fire. You take Lumpy and run to the used car lot. With any luck, we'll make it through this day alive.

GRANDPA  
Poop on that. I'm stayin' here.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY -- NIGHT

Soliloquy, Calliente, and Freedom sit around a table in the darkened and quiet library. They are hunched around a large tome, giggling.

In the dark recesses of a library aisle, a bandaged foot slowly makes its way forward.

Soliloquy points at the book.

SOLILOQUY

And this is what's really under a  
Scotsman's kilt.

The other girls laugh.

In the library aisle, the foot bangs into a bookcase, shakes itself and moves on.

FREEDOM

Is that what I think it is?

Soliloquy turns the book sideways.

GIRLS

Ew!

A bandaged arm runs into a bookcase and several books fall to the ground, causing the girls to look up. They all scream as Soliloquy points.

An extremely goofy-looking mummy has appeared from the aisles and is shuffling its way slowly toward the girls, who continue to scream.

CUT TO:

TITLE ACROSS SCREEN -

"The Mummy That Was Really Ticked Off"

CUT TO:

INT. PHARMACY -- DAY

Policeman Bob, Guppenheimer, and Harlan are behind the counter in the pharmacy. There is a lot of smoke in the air.

Policeman Bob cocks his rifle and empties a round into the mummy as it makes its way toward them. The gun in Guppenheimer's hand is clicking instead of firing.

GUPPENHEIMER

I'm out.

POLICEMAN BOB

Bullets can't stop it! What is it?

GUPPENHEIMER

It's Amenzariapus the Third, Pharaoh  
of Egypt and conqueror of Mesopotamia.

HARLAN

He don't look so hot to me.

Harlan raises a flame thrower.

CUT TO:

ENDING CREDITS

If the song "Lucy in the sky with diamonds" performed by  
William Shatner is not played over the ending credits, there's  
no justice in the world.

THE END