

ELVIRA

"MISTRESS OF THE DARK"

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - ON SCREEN - DAY

On the worst movie ever made. No, not this one. -It's a Fifties sci-fi film so awful it's riveting. The final scene in this drecko masterpiece: A blond bombshell is being carted away by a gorilla-suited monster with a diving helmet for a head. The music reaches an atonal crescendo. The End... Or is it?

CLOSE ON - ELVIRA

ELVIRA

Hello, darling. It's me. Boy, I just wish I had a quarter for every time I've been pawed by a big ol' hairy ape like that. But, unfortunately, I don't, and that's why I'm sittin' here doing this movie hostess gig. At least I get paid to watch these turkeys... What's your excuse, sucker?

The CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS slowly, revealing, in order: Elvira in voluptuous repose on her trademark Victorian settee, the small, candelabra-lit set, a crew and some onlookers, and the ultra-cheap soundstage.

ELVIRA

And don't go blamin' the lousy picture on your TV. There's nothing wrong with your set. And there sure ain't nothin' wrong with mine... Does anybody know what that movie was about? I'll tell you what it was about: it was about an hour and a half too long. At least the ending had a moral, but then what am I doing talkin' about morals when I don't even have any...

A crewman is rudely trying to get her to wrap it up, making cutting motions with his hand and neck. Elvira snaps at him.

ELVIRA

I am hurrying, you fungoid.
(MORE)

ELVIRA (Cont'd)
 (back to sweetness)
 Don't forget, next week it's
 "The Head With Two Things",
 er... "The Thing With Two
 Heads." Until then, this is
 Elvira -- the gal who put the
 boob back in the 'boob tube',
 saying... unpleasant dreams.

DIRECTOR'S VOICE
 That's a wrap.

A weather map unfurls with a snap, directly in front of
 Elvira's face. She lifts it, angrily. The director's
 voice booms from the booth.

DIRECTOR'S VOICE
 All right, people, let's
 hustle... we've got the news in
 one minute fifty and counting...

Her sofa is carried away with Elvira still on it. She has
 to jump off to keep from being put in storage. The news
 desk is brought in. Panels descend, become the cheesy
 set. The low-rent journalists that make up the Channel
 Six news team wait to take their places. A bitchy
 ANCHORWOMAN, a budding Phyllis Schlafly, tisks
 contemptuously as she passes Elvira.

ANCHORWOMAN
 Is there anything that could
 possibly shame you?

Elvira flicks at the ruffled ascot of the Anchorwoman's
 Town 'n Country suit.

ELVIRA
 Wearing this in a public place
 might do it.

Elvira's producer, a dumpy, harried man, RUDY, is talking
 to the station's new owner, a wealthy Texan, EARL
 HOOTER -- a man who could give morbid obesity a bad name.
 Rudy intercepts Elvira.

RUDY
 Elvira, c'mere...

ELVIRA
 What is it, Rudy?

RUDY
 See that man over there?

ELVIRA

You mean the lard bucket in the
ten-gallon hat?

RUDY

That's the station's new owner.
You get on good terms with him
and your show may not get axed
after all.

ELVIRA

Give him an autographed picture.

Elvira tries to leave. Rudy grabs her by the arm.
Everyone has taken his place on the news set.

DIRECTOR

Quiet on the set. Thirty
seconds to air...

RUDY

I've already told him he's
getting the real thing.

ELVIRA

You what?!

CAMERAMAN

(to Elvira)

Hey, shut up, will ya?

RUDY

Relax, this guy's a million
laughs.

Rudy motions for Earl to join them. Elvira tries to slip
away. Rudy restrains her again. Earl walks up.

RUDY

Mr. Hooter, this is Elvira.

EARL

The name's Earl, but the ladies
back home call me Longhorn.

(elbows her)

Maybe you can guess why...

ELVIRA

Does it have anything to do with
your breath?

RUDY

(aside to Elvira)

Don't blow it!

ELVIRA

I thought that's what you wanted
me to do!

RUDY

(laughing nervously)
I told you she was a riot...

The news begins, while they continue their conversation.

EARL

Why don't we let this little
filly get herself gussied up?
I'll just wait in the limo. The
sooner I get in the saddle the
better...

He gives her an exaggerated wink.

ELVIRA

Sorry, pa'dner... it's just
gonna be you and yer trusty
right hand...

EARL

Sounds like you're lookin' to
get yourself fired, little lady.

ELVIRA

Go ahead, fire me. I need this
job like a leper needs a three-
way mirror. It just so happens
I've got an act that's opening
in Las Vegas...

EARL

Terrific, you can try your act
out on me.

Earl grabs for her boobs. She stomps her spiked heel down
on Earl's boot. He stifles a scream.

EARL

(to Rudy)
You said she was a nympho!

ELVIRA

That's it! I'm walkin'. I
don't have to take this from
anybody!

She storms angrily away, then turns and points a finger at
Earl, unaware she's ventured right into the middle of the
live newscast.

ELVIRA

And as for you, you cretinous
cowpoke, you come within so much
as ten feet of me and I'll tie
your weenie in a granny knot!

This last speech has gone out over the news. The
anchorwoman, the producer, the crew and particularly Earl
react, mortified. Elvira walks off.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Elvira, pissed, is packing up her belongings. There's a
KNOCK; her agent enters. MANNY HERMAN is the archetypal
fast-talker with gold chains, leisure suit, and hair
implants.

MANNY

Elvira, sweetheart... How's the
most beautiful creature in the
cosmos?

ELVIRA

Save it, Manny -- I just quit.

MANNY

(laughs)

For a minute there, I thought
you said you quit.

ELVIRA

I did quit.

MANNY

But you can't quit!

ELVIRA

What's the big deal? Once my
show opens at Caesar's Palace,
I'll never have to host one of
these crapola horror movies
again... There's no problem with
the show is there?

MANNY

Problem? Are you kidding? When
Manny Herman sets something up
there's never a problem...

ELVIRA

Glad to hear that.

MANNY

Complications maybe... but never
a problem.

ELVIRA

(rolls her eyes)

All right -- what is it Manny?

MANNY

Caesar's won't go ahead with the
show unless you come up with
some money to help finance it.

ELVIRA

How much do they want?

MANNY

(wincing)

Fifty thousand dollars.

ELVIRA

Fifty thousand?! Are you nuts?
Where am I going to come up with
that kind of money?

MANNY

Maybe it's not too late to get
your job back...

ELVIRA

Forget it, Manny. I'm never
working for that sleezeball
again... I'll just have to find
another sleezeball.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Manny opens it. A Western
Union MESSENGER stands there.

MESSENGER

Telegram for Miss Elvira...

MANNY

I'll take it.

Manny signs for the telegram, opens it, reads it.

MANNY

(continuing)

Dear Elvira: As executor of the
estate of your great aunt,
Ms. Morgana Talbot, I am sorry
to inform you of her untimely
passing...

ELVIRA

I didn't even know I had a good
aunt, much less a great one.
Lemme see that.

She reads; her eyes widen.

ELVIRA

It says here all I have to do is
go to Fallwell, Massachusetts
for the reading of the will and
I can pick up my inheritance!

(looks to CAMERA)

Is that timing or what?

CUT TO:

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

A stiff, formal setting. Elvira sits veiled in the front
row with about a dozen conservatively dressed relatives
and friends of the deceased. A snooty LAWYER reads from a
document.

LAWYER

...and lastly, to my enchanting
niece, Elvira, who has
unflinchingly withstood the
slings and arrows of an
imperfect world without so much
as a whimper or complaint, I
bequeath my entire fortune...
Bob, tell Elvira exactly what
she's inherited.

The walls of the lawyer's office slide away, REVEALING:

A GAME SHOW SET

nightmarishly glitzy, complete with BOB BARKER.

BOB BARKER

Be glad to. Elvira, you're
going to start with something
that dreams are made of... a
beautiful, new sailboat. Yes,
you'll cruise into paradise, in
this sleek twenty-three foot
ketch from Chris-Craft...

Elvira, who has joined Bob on the set, jumps up and down in pure rapture. There's a chorus of OOHS and AAHS from the mourners.

BOB BARKER

...And that's not all. When you're done sailing, come home to a beautiful new... living room suite! This ten-piece set from Drexel-Heritage retails for five thousand dollars... And on top of all that... money! Lots and lots of money...!

Money starts raining down on the game show set.

MANNY'S VOICE

Elvira!

RIPPLE DISSOLVE BACK TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Manny shakes Elvira out of her reverie.

MANNY

Hey, you all right?

ELVIRA

Are you kidding? I couldn't be better. Go ahead and call Caesar's. Tell 'em I'll have the fifty grand as soon as I get back from Massachusetts.

MANNY

Elvira, I don't think you understand. Once you commit, you're on the hook for that money. You can't back out.

ELVIRA

Don't worry. I'll have the money, Manny. Trust me.

Elvira kisses the telegram.

ELVIRA

(continuing, looks heavenward)

Thank you Aunt Morgana!
Vegas -- here I come!

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON ELVIRA'S HAND

as she turns on the car radio. The sun glints off her oversized ruby ring. A "Born to Be Wild" type song BLASTS from the car stereo.

EXT. ELVIRA'S CAR - A SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

- a. A skull and crossbones image whirring inside a hubcap surrounded by a spinning, whitewall tire.
- b. A sprawling hood ornament of a lady with bazooms to match the nosecone bumpers.
- c. Freshly killed leopard skin upholstery.
- d. A gold-framed personalized license plate which reads, "KICKASS", and the bumper sticker: "I brake for nobody".

ON ELVIRA

in a scarf and cat's eye sunglasses behind the wheel of her convertible '55 T-Bird. The chick is bad and she knows it.

EXT. T-BIRD ON THE HIGHWAY - DAY

Signal this buddy! Elvira darts in and out of traffic like a slalom racer. Ignoring the HONKING drivers, she takes three lanes at a time.

Elvira passes the "Leaving California" sign, continues across the U.S., through colorful terrains, from deserts to mountains to cornfields.

ON ELVIRA

Driving nonstop, she chows down on a hot dog. A glop of mustard falls onto her bosom and she nearly goes off the road trying to wipe it off.

Elvira is tooling down the road, applying her lipstick in the rear view mirror, when she sees flashing red lights behind her. Shit. She's doing ninety.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Elvira pulls over and a COP in mirrored sunglasses swaggers up to the car.

COP

Do you know you were doing 90 in
a 55 mile per hour zone?

ELVIRA

No. But if you hum a few bars,
I'll fake it!

(she cracks up)

CUT TO:

The cop tears off the ticket and hands it to Elvira who is
no longer laughing. The cop walks away.

ELVIRA

I gotta come up with another
joke. That one's costin' me a
fortune.

Elvira opens the glove compartment. Hundreds of traffic
tickets fall out.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Elvira sees a lone gas station in the middle of nowhere
and pulls in. She HONKS the horn.

The cretin ATTENDANT is on the phone, smoking a cigarette.
He's deep in conversation with his girlfriend.

ATTENDANT

You really think I look like Tom
Selleck?... Yeah, I guess I do.
But, you know, he's not half the
man I am...

The attendant is annoyed by Elvira's continuous HONKING.

ATTENDANT

(on phone)

Hang on a second, Angel...

Not getting up, he cups the phone and yells out to Elvira.

ATTENDANT

What do you want?

ELVIRA

What do I want? This is a gas
station, right? Take a guess.

ATTENDANT
I'm busy. Get it yourself.

The attendant turns back to his conversation.

ELVIRA
Hey, thanks a lot. Where d'ya
learn your manners, in a hockey
game?

Elvira tries to put the nozzle in the tank, but she can't.

ELVIRA
Hey, I can't get this thing in...
(musing to herself)
Hmmm, first time I've ever had
that problem.

Elvira manages to get the nozzle into her tank, but gas is leaking all over the place. Elvira doesn't notice. As she's busy cleaning her windshield, her massive melons press against the glass warping them into even greater proportions.

Meanwhile, a trail of gas has made its way under the feet of the attendant whose cigarette ash is precariously long. Oblivious, Elvira puts the nozzle back in its place, walks over to the preoccupied attendant and pays him.

ELVIRA
(pointing to his
cigarette)
Y'know, those things'll kill ya.

Elvira jumps back in her car and takes off.

The ash falls from the attendant's cigarette.

As Elvira drives away, the gas station blows up in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Elvira sees someone hitchhiking ahead and slows down.

ELVIRA
Hi there, sailor. Need a ride?

The HITCHHIKER could double for Charlie Manson. The leering maniac gets into the car and Elvira drives off.

FLIP TO:

The T-Bird SQUEALS to a halt and the hitchhiker jumps out of the car, clutching his clothes. Elvira calls to him.

ELVIRA

Hey! You forgot your hatchet!

She tosses it o.c. Elvira reacts: oops!

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

She enters Salem County, Massachusetts. A sign ahead announces: Fallwell -- 5 miles. She turns off.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A pickup truck bounces down the dirt road.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Inside the truck are two long-haired hoodlums. They are TRAVIS -- lean and mean; and his oversized, slow-witted sidekick, BILLY, whose beer belly hangs out of his Alice Cooper T-shirt. They are rocking out to HEAVY METAL MUSIC on the radio.

TRAVIS

Oh, man. That guy ripped off
that lick from Led Zeppelin. You
know the one that goes:
(imitating a guitar)
da-na-na-NIR-da-na-NIR-da-na-na-na.

BILLY

Nah. You mean the one that goes:
da-niddle-da-niddle-da-niddle-da-
NIR!

TRAVIS

No, man. You're thinking of the
one that goes: da-NIR-danala-
danala-danala-danala-danala.

This inane argument continues as:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Elvira drives up behind the slow moving pickup truck. She swings out into the oncoming lane and passes it.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

BILLY
Holy shit! Did ya see that?

TRAVIS
Awrrright! Step on it!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The truck barrels up behind Elvira and then pulls alongside.

TRAVIS
Hey, baby. Pull over. I got something to show ya!

ELVIRA
Sorry, I left my magnifying glass at home.

Elvira pulls away from the two goons.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

TRAVIS
Get her!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The pickup catches Elvira and recklessly pulls alongside, BLASTING its horn.

Up ahead, a semi-truck is heading right towards them. The pickup cuts in front of Elvira, runs her into a shallow ditch, and speeds away leaving her in a cloud of dust.

Shaken, Elvira gets out of the car to assess the damage. She picks her muffler off the ground and looks up at the sign by the road which reads: "Welcome to Fallwell; population 1313; A Decent Community".

EXT. FALLWELL SQUARE - DAY

A quaint, little New England town. The good folk of Fallwell pass one another nodding cordially. Two old ladies sit sewing a quilt on a bench by the statue of a Revolutionary War hero. It's a one horse town, and the horse died a long time ago.

The serenity is disturbed by a low RUMBLING SOUND. The birds perched on the statue take flight. A sudden wind comes up. A sleeping dog lifts his head. The townspeople look in the direction of the ominous SOUND as it gets LOUDER.

At the end of Main Street, heat waves rise as Elvira's mufflerless T-Bird slowly chugs up over a hill.

The townspeople stare at Elvira as if she were the devil incarnate. A woman covers her child's eyes. Another crosses herself. Old men stare slack-jawed. The women on the bench pull their quilt up around their necks.

BO, a small nerdish teenager with a group of his friends, is mesmerized.

BO

Wow!

Elvira stops and asks some pedestrians for directions.

ELVIRA

'Scuse me...

The pedestrians quickly turn their heads and walk away. She stops another pedestrian.

ELVIRA

'Scuse me. Can you tell me where I can find a garage?

The man just stares at her, speechless.

ELVIRA

Thank you.

INT. BEAUTY SALON - DAY

CHASTITY PARIAH, the self-appointed leader of the town's morality brigade, sits under a hair dryer, talking to her girlfriend, LILY.

CHASTITY

And so I told Louise Benson, the next time she questions my decisions at the Picnic Planning Committee meeting, she can just forget about her husband getting that promotion, because I'll make darn sure he doesn't get it. I have my ways, you know.

She looks up from her magazine and sees the other women standing in the doorway. She gets out from under the bonnet, her hair in large curlers.

CHASTITY

What in heaven's name is going on?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Chastity makes her way to the front of the crowd and sees Elvira.

CHASTITY

Well, I never.

ELVIRA

And you never will with those soup cans on your head.

CHASTITY

Listen, young lady. I don't know who you are or where you came from, but you most certainly do not fit in this town. Why, you don't even fit into that dress!

ELVIRA

Listen, sister. If I want your opinion, I'll beat it out of you.

Appalled, Chastity shoves her way back into the salon.

Elvira pulls up alongside the teenagers.

ELVIRA

Hey, is there a garage around here?

Bo nervously steps forward.

BO

Uh, sure. Carson's. Right down the street.

ELVIRA

Thanks, dude.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

A sweet-faced old man, GRANDPA, leans out from under the hood of Elvira's car. His teenage grandson, RANDY, stares at Elvira in the b.g.

GRANDPA

Gonna take a couple of days.

ELVIRA

A couple of days?

GRANDPA

If we can get the parts.

ELVIRA

Oh, great. That means I'm stuck in this hell-hole...

(then trying to be nice)

Uh, I mean, this quaint little hell-hole. Look, is there a motel or something around here?

Randy steps forward.

RANDY

Uh, you might try the Cozy Cot. Next to the feed store.

ELVIRA

The Cozy Cot next to the feed store. Sounds charming.

Thanks... uh,

(reading the nametag)

Randy... Catcha later.

Elvira winks and swivel-hips out of the garage. Randy and Grandpa watch her walk away.

GRANDPA

Nice tits.

Randy reacts dumbfounded.

EXT. COZY COT MOTEL - DUSK

Elvira trudges up, sees a 'VACANCY' sign.

INT. MOTEL - DUSK

Elvira enters, finds a large, unpleasant woman at the desk, absorbed in a soap opera on the tube. Her five-foot-one husband is doing some housekeeping. They are the Meekers. MR. MEEKER is spellbound. MRS. MEEKER is all venom. Their daughter, a shy, introverted teenager, LAURA, stands in the doorway, watching. She seems embarrassed by her doudy appearance.

ELVIRA

I'd like to get a room...

MRS. MEEKER

Sorry, booked solid.

ELVIRA

So how come it says 'Vacancy' out there?

Mrs. Meeker reaches, flips a switch. Through the window, Elvira sees the 'No' has been illuminated. Mr. Meeker is so turned on, he taps a reserve of chutzpah he didn't know he had.

MR. MEEKER

Look, Darling. The lady's in luck. Remember that trucker with the bad skin that checked out this morning?

ELVIRA

Hope you changed the sheets...

Mrs. Meeker turns to Laura, who looks on, riveted.

MRS. MEEKER

Don't you have some homework you should be doin', young lady?

LAURA

No Ma'am... I mean, yes Ma'am.

Laura turns away reluctantly, exits into the back room. Mr. Meeker reaches for a key in a slot -- all of which have keys. Mrs. Meeker is outraged, but can't show it.

MRS. MEEKER

Okay, but it's cash up front. I know what you pinko heavy-metal weirdos do to motel rooms. Read all about it in "The Star."

Mrs. Meeker gives Elvira a dirty look, then retreats into the shabby owner's quarters. Mr. Meeker hands her a key.

MR. MEEKER

Here ya go. Room 9.

ELVIRA

Thanks. Anything to do around this dump... er, town?

MR. MEEKER

Only place open at night's the bowling alley. That gets pretty wild on league night.

ELVIRA

Gee I think I can handle it.

EXT. TIDY BOWL LANES - NIGHT

The parking lot is bustling. It's the only game in town.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - A GUTTER BALL - NIGHT

is thrown by Randy. He walks back to his seat, lost in thought. His friends are Bo and SEAN, a macho sixteen-year-old. Sean shakes Randy by the shoulder.

SEAN

Hey, man, you okay? That's your third gutter ball in a row.

BO

He's been out in the ozone ever since he saw that babe in black...

RANDY

(dreamy)

She's perfection... complete perfection.

BO

Man's got a point. What I wouldn't do for just one peek at those guzungas...

SEAN

You might be disappointed. Those boobs are just like a Barbie doll's... Grade A silicon, right out of the mold -- they don't even have anything on the ends...

RANDY

Get serious. If that woman isn't anatomically correct, no one is. But I sure would like to find out firsthand.

THE CASHIER'S DESK

Making change for the slow-witted cashier is the bowling alley's owner MAYBELLE ALDERSON, the town's undisputed Queen Bee. Maybelle's claim to fame are her enormous, pointy breasts, packaged in a tight sweater. Everything about Maybelle is deliciously and unconsciously 'Fifties.' The customer is a blue-collar type, CHARLIE.

MAYBELLE

...and one makes ten... And don't charge Charlie for the shoe rental... that's on the house tonight.

CHARLIE

If you're not God's gift to Fallwell, Maybelle, then I'd like to know who is.

MAYBELLE

(mock Southern Belle)

How you do prattle on...

Maybelle leaves the cashier and ventures over to the pinball machines, where a handsome man in his thirties, WILL CHANDLER, is totally absorbed in a game. There's an innocence and earnestness about Will which set him apart from the other adults in the town.

MAYBELLE

How you doin', Will?

WILL

If I can just squeeze ten thousand points out of those two balls, I'll be a happy man...

MAYBELLE

(to herself)

Wouldn't mind givin' that a try myself...

WILL

Huh?

MAYBELLE

Will, you may not believe this,
but I still don't have a date
for the picnic Saturday... Not
a... firm one anyway.

WILL

I wouldn't worry. Guys are
probably lining up right now...

MAYBELLE

But, there's only one I want...

WILL

(ignoring her)

Darn! I swear that thing had
eyes!

MAYBELLE

Which is more than I can say for
some people.

ELVIRA

walks in, and immediately turns heads, including Will's.

Randy and his friends are awestruck.

Charlie turns to Maybelle.

CHARLIE

Looks like you got yourself some
competition, Maybelle.

MAYBELLE

Charlie -- trash does not
compete with class.

Maybelle's chest swells and her eyes narrow.

Elvira notices Will, gives him the once-over. She walks
to the bar.

ELVIRA

Bloody Mary.

BARTENDER

No hard liquor served past eight
o'clock. How about a virgin?

ELVIRA

Maybe, but I'll have a couple of
drinks first.

The bartender puzzles over this, then shrugs, begins to make the drink. Elvira sees the two guys who ran her off the road. They're in a drunken conversation in a booth.

ON BILLY AND TRAVIS

BILLY

I know that riff like I know the
back of my own neck...
(pretends to play)
da-niddle-da-niddle-da-niddle-NIR!

TRAVIS

You're full a shit, man, it's...
da-na-na-NIR-da-na-NIR-da-na-na-na.

RESUME - ELVIRA

ELVIRA

Those scumbags...

TRAVIS

Where're those friggin' beers?!

Elvira stops the waitress who is about to serve the two beers, takes the mugs off her hands.

ELVIRA

I'll take those, hon'...

Elvira walks over to the two road hogs and pours the beers in their laps.

ELVIRA

Now we'll find out if crabs can
swim.

They leap up, furious.

TRAVIS

I'll bet you thought that was
real funny.

ELVIRA

I enjoyed it.

BILLY

And you're gonna enjoy this even
more.

He shows her his tongue as he grips her arm harshly.
Elvira breaks free, pulls her small jeweled knife from her
belt.

ELVIRA
(the tough Chicana)
I cut you, man!

She appears to plunge the knife into Billy's gut.

BILLY
She stabbed me, dude...

As she withdraws it, he looks at the knife suspiciously. He grabs it from her hand, presses down on the spring-loaded fake blade.

ELVIRA
Faked ya out.

Billy grabs her. From out of nowhere, Will jumps into the fray. He pulls Billy away from Elvira, then decks him. Elvira retreats to the safety of a bar stool.

Will and Travis wrestle to the cheers of a crowd of patrons.

Billy shakes off the blow, is about to sneak up on Will, when Elvira leaps out of her chair, and (unseen by Will) delivers a lightning-fast combination of punches which knocks Billy out for the count. Elvira nurses the nail she broke in the process and resumes her role of damsel in distress.

Will finally puts Travis away, then slumps into a chair, winded, his lip bloodied.

Elvira looks at him with lust in her heart that's working its way down.

In the b.g. the unconscious rowdies are being carried out.

ELVIRA
Thanks for the rescue...

WILL
Don't mention it. Those guys are nothing but trouble. I've been lookin' for an excuse to do that for a long time...

ELVIRA
My name's Elvira, but you can call me... tonight.

WILL
I'm Will... Will Chandler.
Pleased to meet you. Y'mind if I join you?

ELVIRA

The sooner the better... I mean,
sure, sit down.

Elvira pats the bar stool next to her. Will sits down not realizing he's sitting on Elvira's hand. She smiles, pulls it away, coyly.

CHARLIE

(to Elvira)

Look out sweetcakes, Maybelle
looks like she's fit to be tied.

ELVIRA

Maybelle? Gee, that's a pretty
name... for a horse.

Maybelle storms over, angry about the mess and even more
so about the tete-a-tete.

MAYBELLE

Look at this mess! Who the heck
is going to pay for all this?!

WILL

It's all right. I'll take care
of the damage, Maybelle.

MAYBELLE

Seems to me it's all this cheap
little tart's fault...

Elvira stands up. They're boob to boob.

ELVIRA

Cheap? What d'you call that
perfume you're wearing? Catch-
of-the-Day?

MAYBELLE

Honey, I don't know what hole
you crawled out of, but you
better get right back in it, if
you know what's good for you.

ELVIRA

(indicates Maybelle's
chest)

Careful. You could put
somebody's eye out with those.

Maybelle burns Will with a look, then turns on her heels.

ELVIRA

Friendly town.

WILL

You just passing through?

ELVIRA

I'm only here for the reading of
my Great Aunt Morgana's will...

(sexy)

It might be tight, but I'd love
to squeeze you into my... agenda.

WILL

(reddening)

Uh... I didn't really know your
aunt, but I admired her spunk.
She never caved in the way
everybody else in this town
has... but I don't want to bore
you with local politics.

ELVIRA

You couldn't bore me if you read
the phone book aloud.

WILL

You wonder why they roll the
sidewalks up at seven o'clock
around here?

ELVIRA

To save wear and tear?

WILL

It's because we've got a town
council that lives in mortal
fear that somewhere, somehow,
somebody in Fallwell is having a
good time.

ELVIRA

A bunch of real preservatives,
huh?

WILL

I run the local movie house...
They won't even let me open the
doors except on weekends, and
then I can only play 'G' rated
movies.

ELVIRA

How do you stay in business?

WILL

It's not easy.

ELVIRA

(seductive)

Listen, Will -- my car's going to take a couple of days to fix... Maybe you'd like to see... more of me before I go.

WILL

I'd like that.

Across the room, Maybelle watches, unconsciously breaking a dozen scoring pencils in her hands.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

A vintage black Cadillac with tinted windows rolls down the street like a battleship. It drives into a small parking lot in front of an office building and stops.

The back door opens and a pair of highly polished black shoes steps out, assisted by an ebony walking stick with a brass gargoyle handle.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

MRS. MORRISY, Elvira's late aunt's English housekeeper, is weeping into a wad of Kleenex. She is being comforted by her husband, the former chauffeur. The probate lawyer, MR. BIGELOW, looks up nervously as the door opens.

Standing in the doorway, planting his walking stick, is the late aunt's powerful brother, VINCENT TALBOT. He is a distinguished, elderly man who is as sinister as he is charming.

BIGELOW

Mr. Talbot, may I offer my condolences.

VINCENT

Yes, you may.

MRS. MORRISY

Oh, Mr. Talbot. I can't tell you how very, very sorry I am. Your sister, why she was like a mother to me.

VINCENT

She was a mother to me too, dear. Well, now that we have dispensed with the obligatory display of bereavement, you may begin the proceedings, Mr. Bigelow.

BIGELOW

It was Mrs. Talbot's wish to have all of her relatives present for the reading of the will.

VINCENT

All of her relatives are present. Me, myself, and I.

MR. BIGELOW

Apparently, Mrs. Talbot has a grand niece who is also one of the beneficiaries.

VINCENT

A niece? There must be some kind of mistake.

BIGELOW

There's no mistake, Mr. Talbot. She was specifically petitioned by Mrs. Talbot's estate.

VINCENT

But this can't be. It's impossible. Who is this grand niece?

Just then, Elvira comes bounding into the room.

ELVIRA

Hey guys, sorry I'm late. But then, so's my aunt!
(laughs at her own joke)
Say, what did she die of?
Nothing serious I hope... Hey, is there a bathroom around here? The toilet at the Cozy Cot looks like somebody's science project.

VINCENT

Who is this woman?

ELVIRA

I'm Elvira. Who're you, pops?

BIGELOW

This is Mrs. Talbot's grand niece.

ELVIRA

How's it goin'? Nice jacket, who shot the sofa?

BIGELOW

Elvira, this is your great aunt's brother, Vincent Talbot.

ELVIRA

Her brother? Wait a second. If she was my aunt, and you're her brother, that means that you're my...

(puts it together)

Uncle Vinnie!

Elvira throws herself onto Vincent, covering him with lipstick kisses.

VINCENT

Get this woman off of me!

Mr. and Mrs. Morrissey pull her off.

ELVIRA

And you must be Auntie Em and Uncle Remus. Oh, there's no place like home. There's no place like home.

VINCENT

Hurry up, Bigelow. Let's get on with it.

ELVIRA

Yeah, let's get goin' before somebody else dies.

BIGELOW

(reading)

This is the certified and only last will and testament of the deceased, Morgana Talbot... To my housekeeper, Mrs. Morrissey: for years of loyalty and devotion, I leave my silver tea service and a cash allotment of five thousand dollars.

Mrs. Morrissey starts to weep.

ELVIRA

Hey, what're you whining about? You made out like a bandit.

BIGELOW

To Mr. Morrissey, my driver: I leave my automobile and an allotment of five thousand dollars.

ELVIRA

Whoa, dude. Ten grand just for the help. The old gal musta really been loaded... I mean, dear, sweet Aunt Morgana certainly was generous... What's it say about me? What'd I get? What'd I get?

BIGELOW

To my grand niece, Elvira...

Elvira crosses her fingers for luck.

ELVIRA

Come on, Aunt Morgana, lay it on me. Big bucks. Big bucks.

BIGELOW

I bequeath my house, my beloved poodle, Algonquin, and my precious book of recipes.

Elvira is stunned. And so is Vincent.

ELVIRA

Huh?! That's it?! A house, a book, and a dog?!... But where's the cash? Where's the sailboat? Where's the Drexel-Heritage?

BIGELOW

Please, if you'll allow me to finish...

(reading)

And finally to my dear brother, Vincent. I leave the rest of my estate and holdings... of which there are none.

VINCENT is seething with anger.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Totally bummed out, Elvira is walking down the street.

ELVIRA

I can't believe it. It's unbelievable. What a rip off.

A pedestrian is walking down the sidewalk. Elvira grabs the man by the lapels and screams at him.

ELVIRA

It's not fair, I tell ya!

Horrificed, the man breaks loose and runs away.

Vincent's big, black Cadillac comes lumbering down the street and pulls up alongside Elvira. The tinted rear passenger window slides down.

VINCENT

May I offer you a ride?

ELVIRA

Buzz off, creep. I'm not in the mood... Oh, it's you Uncle Vinnie.

VINCENT

Yes, it's...

(disdainfully)

Uncle Vinnie. I must apologize for my behavior in the office. It's just that your appearance was a bit of a shock to me.

ELVIRA

That's okay. My appearance is kind of a shock to everybody.

VINCENT

Yes, well as you may have surmised, my sister and I... well, let's just say we had our differences.

ELVIRA

Yeah, I guess. I got stiffed, but you really got screwed... Tell ya what, Uncle Vinnie, I'll share my inheritance with ya. You can have the dog.

VINCENT

No, thank you. That's very kind of you, dear. But, I would be interested in acquiring that recipe book... you know, for sentimental reasons. I'd be willing to pay you... say, fifty dollars?

Just then, the sexually repressed Chastity Pariah and her friend Lily pass by and see Elvira talking to Vincent in the car. They overhear:

ELVIRA

Sure, I'll do it for fifty bucks...

Chastity is shocked.

ELVIRA

(to Chastity)

It's not what you're thinking.

Chastity turns her head haughtily and walks away.

ELVIRA

Vinnie, you got yourself a cookbook. That lawyer guy's takin' me over to the house. You can pick it up there later.

VINCENT

Fine. I'll see you there.

INT. CADILLAC - DAY

As Vincent slides the electric window up, Elvira blurts:

ELVIRA

Don't forget to bring the cash.

The phoney smile quickly fades from Vincent's face.

VINCENT

Drive.

In the front seat are those two creeps, Travis and Billy.

BILLY

She's not related to you, is she, man?

VINCENT

She won't be as soon as I get that book. And don't call me man.

BILLY

Sorry, man.

Travis smacks Billy.

VINCENT

Damn that woman!

TRAVIS

You want us to take care of her
for ya?

VINCENT

I don't want you to touch her
until I get that book in my
possession. After I do, you can
do with her as you please.

Billy and Travis smile at one another. They know just
what they'll do.

BILLY

I don't get it, maaa... Boss.
What's so important about a dumb
recipe book?

VINCENT

That dumb recipe book contains
more power than your feeble
little minds could ever imagine.
And it rightfully belongs to me.
I must have that book!

He takes a cigar from his vest pocket and angrily snaps
his fingers. He snaps them again. On the third try, fire
appears on his thumb. He lights the cigar from it.

Billy and Travis look at one another. Their boss is one
weird dude.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A sedan with Elvira and the lawyer pulls up in front of a
nice, respectable looking home.

ELVIRA

Hey, this place ain't half bad.
I'll bet you could get a bundle
for it.

BIGELOW

Yes, you could... but your house
is over there.

He points across the street to a rundown, old, two story
Gothic overgrown with weeds. A toilet with a front door.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Elvira and Bigelow hack their way through the weeds to the
front porch.

BIGELOW

As you can see, the house needs a little work.

ELVIRA

A little? This place could be on the cover of "Better Homes and Ghettos".

Bigelow inserts the key in the front door and it CREAKS open.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Elvira follows Bigelow into the house. Cobwebs, dust, ramshackle furnishings.

BIGELOW

Careful, some of the boards are loose.

ELVIRA

What a dump! What do you call this decor -- Early Inquisition?

BIGELOW

Like I said, the house needs a little tidying up.

ELVIRA

I don't need a vacuum cleaner, I need a wrecking ball.

Just then, her aunt's highly coiffed poodle comes running down the stairs. It jumps up on Elvira, happy to see her.

ELVIRA

Hey, get this mutt offa me.

BIGELOW

I think he likes you.

ELVIRA

I think he loves me.

The dog is trying to hump her leg. Elvira picks up the dog's ball.

ELVIRA

Here, doggie. Go chase this into the street.

She throws the ball outside, the dog runs out and she slams the door.

ELVIRA

I can't stand nelly little dogs.
Boy, if my aunt wasn't dead, I'd
kill her.

Elvira steps on a loose board which smacks her in the
tush.

ELVIRA

(spooked)

Uh, sorry, Aunt Morgana. Just
kidding.

Mr. Bigelow picks up a large dust-covered book.

BIGELOW

Here's the rest of your
inheritance. Your great aunt's
recipe book.

ELVIRA

Yeah, some inheritance. Well,
at least I'm gettin' fifty bucks
for it.

BIGELOW

I assume you are interested in
selling the house.

ELVIRA

Does a chicken have a pecker?
'Course I'm interested. How
much do you think I can get for
it?

BIGELOW

Well, even though the house is
in disrepair, it is in a prime
location. I'd venture to say
you could get... seventy
thousand.

ELVIRA

Seventy grand?

BIGELOW

Maybe more if it were fixed up.
Would you like me to call you a
realtor?

ELVIRA

I don't care what you call me.
Just find someone to sell the
house.

Bigelow rolls his eyes. As he steps out, the dog runs in.

ELVIRA

Now, what am I gonna do with
you?

The little poodle looks up at her lovingly.

FLIP TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Elvira is standing with a pair of barber shears and a can of spray paint, admiring her handiwork.

In the midst of mounds of shorn poodle hair is her new creation. The poodle now sports a glow-in-the-dark pink mohawk with studded harness and miniature metal skull jewelry. A vision in punk.

ELVIRA

Now, that's more like it,
Algonquin... Algonquin? What a
sissy name... let's see...
what'll I call you?... I know,
I'll call you Gonk. How do you
like that?

To Elvira's surprise, the dog growls, leaps off the table, and runs out of the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gonk continues to growl, runs up to the window. He suddenly whips around and runs to the coffee table.

Out of view of Elvira, he snatches the recipe book in his teeth and stuffs it under the cushion of the sofa.

There's a brisk KNOCK at the door. Elvira answers it. It's Vincent.

ELVIRA

Hi, Uncle Vinnie. You're here
for the book, right?

VINCENT

If it wouldn't be too much
trouble..

Elvira goes to the coffee table, doesn't see the book, reacts puzzled. She surveys the room.

ELVIRA
That's weird.

Elvira returns to the doorway.

ELVIRA
I could've sworn it was just on
that table.

VINCENT
You promised me that book!

ELVIRA
Hey, don't get your panties in a
bunch. It didn't walk away.
I'm sure it'll turn up.

Vincent realizes he's revealed himself unnecessarily.

VINCENT
Of course it will. Forgive
me... I've been a little on edge
lately.

ELVIRA
No problem. I'll let you know
the minute I find it.

Gonk returns to the doorway, growls at Vincent who reacts
to the poodle's day-glow mohawk, aghast.

ELVIRA
Down Gonk. Hey, what's the
matter with you?

VINCENT
Well... good day.

ELVIRA
Ciao.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARSON GARAGE - NIGHT

A storm has kicked up. Rain pelts the old building.

INT. CARSON GARAGE - NIGHT

Grandpa Carson works on Elvira's car under the glare of a
hanging light. Randy tries to sneak past him.

GRANDPA
Where you goin', boy?

RANDY
Me? Oh... uh, just gonna go
down to the library to study
some, Grandpa.

CLOSE ON RANDY

GRANDPA
Don't forget your rubbers.

Randy reacts mortified. He's been busted. He turns
around:

The old man holds up a pair of rubber overshoes. Randy
reacts, relieved.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELVIRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Black clouds roll past a nearly full moon. Rain and
thunder. The house is forbidding at night. Lights burn
inside.

INT. ELVIRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She flings her suitcase onto the canopied bed, begins to
rummage through a mountainous tangle of crap -- peekaboo
lingerie, horror trinkets, leftovers from an S & M swap
meet. Gonk watches her as if he were watching a poodle in
heat. She bounces up and down on the mattress. It CREAKS
terribly.

ELVIRA
Good thing I'm not going to be
here long. The neighbors'd
never get any sleep.

Elvira walks over to the mirror, lifts her lip to check
her teeth, then stands back in sheer awe.

ELVIRA
Mirror, mirror on the wall...
who's the most drop-dead
gorgeous one of all?

(beat)
Oh, you're just saying that...

She laughs, gives a little dismissing wave, pins up her
hair.

She eases off her stockings, sensuously. Suddenly, she hears a NOISE outside. There's THUNDER and LIGHTNING. Elvira reacts. She dumps her jam-packed makeup case onto the vanity, unscrews the cold cream, digs two fingers into it.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Randy, Bo, and Sean climb over the broken gate, approach the house. Sean carries a camera.

They see the bedroom light, begin to climb trellis.

INTERCUT:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elvira is putting on her negligee. It's an erotic tease to CAMERA -- with something always blocking the critical areas.

THE VOYEURS

have hoisted themselves up near the window. Sean tries to peek over the edge of the sill.

SEAN

A little higher...

The other boys strain to push him up.

SEAN .

Lookin' good... Awesome...

BO

Whadaya see? Whadaya see?!

Sean takes a photo.

ELVIRA

turns, comes agonizingly close to revealing her breasts, disappears from view for a moment, returns wearing a loose robe. One deep breath and it's showtime. The curtains obscure her head as she suddenly turns and walks toward the window.

Sean ducks out of view. Bo can't stand it anymore.

BO

C'mon, it's my turn!

He climbs up over the other boys, presses his face against the glass.

SHOCK CUT TO:

BO'S POV - CLOSE ON ELVIRA'S FACE

suddenly appearing in the window. She's wearing a flowered shower cap, and her face is covered with a green clay beauty mask. She screams as she sees Bo.

Bo screams even louder, falls. Sean grabs him by his shirt, loses his balance. Sean manages to grab Randy's hand. Randy now supports all three of them.

Elvira throws up the sash, pokes her head out the window.

ELVIRA

Haven't you boys got somewhere else to hang around?

Gonk puts his paws on the sill to see what's going on.

RANDY

Oh, hi. We... uh, we heard you might need some help fixin' the place up?

SEAN

Yeah, we were trimming the ivy.

ELVIRA

That's very thoughtful. But why don't you come back in morning?

RANDY

Okay.

ELVIRA

G'night.

Elvira closes the window, scraping Randy's knuckles. He lets go. They all go crashing into the mud.

Inside, Elvira doesn't give it a thought.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELVIRA'S HOUSE - DAY

The same three boys are hammering away, repairing loose wood siding on the outside of the house. Elvira walks out, looks at the peeling exterior.

ELVIRA

This place has about as much curb appeal as a decomposing rat.

BO
My folks run the hardware store.
I can get you all the paint you
want.

ELVIRA
Too bad they don't own the bank.

FLIP TO:

ELVIRA

is scraping the old paint off the wooden stairs, her
derriere waving temptingly in the breeze. Bo watches,
gets weak-kneed. Sean's enthusiasm is wearing thin. This
is hard work.

TWO TEENAGE BOYS

walk by, see Elvira, are thunderstruck by this same view.
Sean sees them, swaggers over -- out of earshot of Elvira.

BOY #1
What're you guys -- the Welcome
Wagon?

SEAN
You might say that.

BOY #2
Any chance we could jump on?

He looks at Elvira, still postured suggestively.

SEAN
I don't know... What're you
prepared to offer?

BOY #1
Five bucks?

SEAN
Each.

The boys pay up. Sean discreetly pockets the bills.

SEAN
Elvira -- we've got us a couple
more volunteers.

ELVIRA
The more the merrier. Just grab
your tool and start banging.

The two newcomers slowly turn, look at one another.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

- a. A hand puts on a record. It's a raucous rock 'n roll original.
- b. A group of teenage boys and girls are drawn by the music, come and gawk.
- c. Sean lets three more teens in. Pockets three more fives.
- d. Almost a dozen boys and girls are now working on the house. Everybody is moving to the beat.
- e. Townspeople come out of their houses. They don't like what they see.
- f. Mr. and Mrs. Meeker, the Cozy Cot's owners, are carrying some groceries, see their daughter Laura. Mrs. Meeker yanks her away by the scruff of her collar. Mr. Meeker ogles Elvira.
- g. A boy sawing wood is distracted, watching Elvira. He continues sawing until he cuts the saw horse in two.
- h. Randy and several other kids arrive with an assortment of paint cans, as well as garage sale quality furnishings.
- i. Everyone grabs a brush and paint can.
- j. Gonk steps into a tray of paint, tracks prints all over the floor.

CUT TO:

THE FINISHED HOUSE

Up to now we've only seen it in progress and in confined SHOTS. The ANGLE WIDENS REVEALING the god-awful paint job -- a deep, putrid purple with lime green trim and mustard shutters. The kids stand in a line, looking like they've just made a terrible mistake.

Elvira walks out, stares at the finished house. She covers her cheeks with her hands, as if about to scream.

ELVIRA
It's... fabulous!

EXT. TOWN HALL - DAY

Establishing this century-old building.

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBERS - DAY

The eight ultra-reactionary members of the town council of Fallwell, led by Chastity Pariah, HAROLD GLOTTER, the realtor, and CALVIN DUPAR, the tight-assed high school principal. Also present are Mr. and Mrs. Meeker.

MRS. MEEKER

I tell you, I nearly died...
There she was parading around in
clothes that couldn't keep a
tit-mouse dry in a drizzle. I
mean that outfit was next to
nothin'.

MR. MEEKER

(under his breath)

I'd say it was next to plenty.

MRS. MEEKER

And she had half the teenagers
in town writhing around to that
jungle music. It's disgusting!

DUPAR

I never thought I'd see the day
when a floozy like that could
corrupt the youth of Fallwell.

CHASTITY

(the voice of reason)

Please. I don't think there's
any need for namecalling... I
think what Calvin's trying to
say is that this Elvira is
someone... of easy virtue, a
purveyor of pulchritude, a one-
woman Sodom and Gomorrah, a
slimey, slithering succubus, a
concubine, a streetwalker, a
tramp, a slut, a cheap whore!!

She stops. She never meant to lose control like that.

GLOTTER

She'll be nothing but a bad
dream, just as soon as she
sells that property. I've
already planned an 'open house'
for tomorrow. Naturally, I'll
do everything I can to help...
liquidate her assets.

DUPAR

What if she can't sell the house? What if she decides to settle here? How am I supposed to run a high school with that kind of a hussy poisoning the morals of my students?

CHASTITY

If she's morally unfit, we have every right to do anything to get her out of this town. Are we agreed?

GLOTTER

Hear hear.

There are nods and assents around the room.

MR. MEEKER

Maybe we're not being entirely objective about this...

MRS. MEEKER

Shut up, Leslie.

CHASTITY

Then it's unanimous.

EXT. ELVIRA'S HOUSE - DAY

A sign reads "OPEN HOUSE TODAY."

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Elvira is fidgeting, looking at a clock. She fusses with a table arrayed with punch and barbecued potato chips. There's a KNOCK at the door. Elvira leaps up, elated.

ELVIRA

Here come the suckers...

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Harold Glotter gives himself a couple of hits of breath spray. Elvira opens the door.

GLOTTER

Harold Glotter, Fallwell Realty.
We spoke on the phone.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

As Glotter enters:

ELVIRA

So where is everybody? I haven't had so much as a lookie-loo.

GLOTTER

Don't worry, I have some wealthy investor friends who'd buy this house in a minute... That is, if you play your cards right.

ELVIRA

I'll do anything to sell this place.

GLOTTER

Good. That's what I like, a motivated seller.

ELVIRA

Just tell me what I have to do.

GLOTTER

For starters, let's try and set the proper mood.

He draws the blinds.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

All is quiet, then: A series of LOUD CRASHING SOUNDS -- Pottery breaking, furniture toppling. A final CRASH then Glotter is tossed out on his can. Elvira runs out, shouting.

ELVIRA

Just 'cause the house is up for grabs, doesn't mean I am.

GLOTTER

Okay, have it your way. Just you try and sell this place without me!

He storms off.

ELVIRA

Oh yeah? Just you watch.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH - LATER

Elvira sits next to Gonk. She's still optimistic.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE PORCH - NIGHT

Elvira and Gonk are utterly dejected. There've been no takers. A phone RINGS.

CUT TO:

INT. ELVIRA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Elvira is in mid-conversation on the phone.

ELVIRA

Calm down Manny.

INTERCUT:

INT. MANNY HERMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cheap and artificial, befitting its occupant.

MANNY

'Calm down Manny', she says. I got Caesar's breathing down my neck to cough up the dough to hold that showroom and you're telling me to calm down.

ELVIRA

I told you, I'll come up with the money. Heck, I coulda sold this house 20 times today if I wanted to.

MANNY

Then why didn't you?

ELVIRA

Uh... uh, I didn't have the correct change.

MANNY

Look kid, you better get that money here pronto or you're through. D'you hear me?! The only showroom you'll see in Vegas'll have Toyotas in it!

Elvira opens her mouth to respond, hears the CLICK.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

CLOSE-UP on a revealing photograph of Elvira.

PULL BACK TO Randy who isn't paying any attention to the blue-haired teacher. He, Sean and Bo are discreetly passing the photograph between them. Suddenly, the photo is swept out of Bo's hand by the principal, Calvin Dupar.

DUPAR

Miss Cobb, excuse me for interrupting but I have an announcement to make. It has come to my attention that some of the students have been in the company of a certain woman by the name of Elvira, whom we of the town council deem to be an undesirable element. Henceforth, any student caught associating with this individual will meet with immediate expulsion from this learning institution.

The announcement is met with groans of disapproval.

DUPAR

This is my first and final warning to you students. Heed it or be expelled.

RANDY

It's not fair.

DUPAR

Did you say something, young man?

RANDY

(hesitates)

No, sir.

DUPAR

Very well. Miss Cobb, you may continue with your lesson.

Randy glares at him as he exits.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mr. Dupar closes the classroom door and looks at the photograph of Elvira. He enjoys it more than he's supposed to. He makes sure no one is watching, then stuffs the picture inside his breast pocket.

INT. CARSON GARAGE - DAY

Elvira examines a bill. Grandpa is washing his hands.

ELVIRA

Six hundred dollars?

GRANDPA

I'm hardly chargin' you for the labor. You can thank my grandson for that...

ELVIRA

But you don't understand. I'm flat busted.

(off his take)

I mean I'm broke. How'm I supposed to pay you?

GRANDPA

Get a job.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Elvira trucks down the street to a funky beat.

EXT. LINGERIE SHOP - DAY

Elvira stops in front of "Chez Edna Lingerie and Foundations" -- an old-fashioned store, the window full of mannequins in tummy-control girdles and big white bras. A sign in the window reads "Part-Time Help Wanted."

INT. LINGERIE SHOP - DAY

Elvira talks to the owner, EDNA, a prim, frosted-haired, middle-aged lady, with enough make-up on to sink a small dinghy.

FLIP TO:

EDNA

disappears into a back room. Elvira appears to be putting on a stocking. A rotund housewife, GLADYS, does a double take as Elvira walks away from what turns out to be a mannequin leg.

GLADYS

Uh, excuse me...

ELVIRA
Somethin' I can do for you?

GLADYS
I was just wondering...
(stops, embarrassed)

ELVIRA
Yeah? What?

GLADYS
How you... y'know, do that with
your...

ELVIRA
My hair?

GLADYS
No. Your...

Gladys splays her fingers in front of her bosom.

ELVIRA
My nails?

No luck. Finally Gladys leans over and whispers.

ELVIRA
Huh?

GLADYS
(almost inaudible)
Your breasts.

ELVIRA
My what?

GLADYS
(bellows in frustration)
Your breasts!!

ELVIRA
Oh them? Easiest thing in the
world. You just need an
industrial strength bra like
mine.

GLADYS
Could I buy one?

ELVIRA
Y'know, I think we just ran out
of your size.

GLADYS
But I've got to have one.

ELVIRA
Wait. Maybe I can help you out.

FLIP TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Gladys looks like the victim in a 'D' Bondage movie. She wears a lace-up corset which has been modified with baling wire, tape, etc. Elvira gets a good grip on the laces, plants her foot in the small of Gladys' back, and pulls. Gladys' boobs get higher.

GLADYS
I can't breathe!

ELVIRA
Who said anything about breathing?

Gladys tries to make the best of it, but is turning purple. As Elvira gives it one final pull, the laces snap. Gladys' flesh explodes out of the confines of the corset.

OUTSIDE THE DRESSING ROOM

Elvira goes flying backward, knocking over mannequins and displays, one after another.

Edna walks out of the backroom, sees Elvira sprawled amidst a jumble of disembodied mannequin limbs, a brassiere draped over her head.

CUT TO:

EXT. MINUTE BURGER DRIVE-THROUGH - DAY

Google architecture.

A BOY'S VOICE
There's really nothing to it...

INT. KITCHEN - MINUTE BURGER - DAY

Elvira, wearing an apron and paper cap, is being briefed by the world's youngest restaurant manager, WHITEY. Scrawny, pimply-faced and barely thirteen. A conveyor grill carries the patties along. A large clock with a second hand ticks away.

WHITBY

...the whole operation's automated. All you gotta do is slap the burgers on the grill, turn 'em once, catch 'em on the bun, squeeze this for toppings, hit this for fries, push that for drinks and then you can kick back 'til you get the next order.

Whitby stops the clock at 52 seconds, hands the food to a waitress.

WHITBY

That's it, basically... Oh, and if you hear a bell, that's the drive-up window... Think you can handle it?

ELVIRA

What do I look like -- a moron?

WHITBY

Just remember, you have to get the food to the customer in less than 60 seconds after they order or the food's free.

ELVIRA

Oh, I get it. Minute Burger.

WHITBY

(exiting)

All right. I'm gonna go grab a bite somewhere.

Elvira gets handed an order from a waitress, starts the clock. She throws on the burgers. A BUZZER sounds. A computerized female VOICE says "turn burgers". She does as instructed. Another BUZZER. The fries rise out of the oil. "Fries done", the VOICE intones.

"Don't forget the cheese". Elvira gives the speaker a look, puts cheese on one of the burgers. Another ALARM. A large cup comes down askew in the soft drink dispenser. Coke is spilling everywhere. "Twenty seconds", the VOICE reminds her. A refill light comes on for the condiment dispenser.

ELVIRA

Come on, I've only got two hands...

She hastily throws the burgers onto buns, hits the toppings button. Nothing happens. She looks up at the spout and gets hit in the face with a splotch of mustard, ketchup and mayo. She wipes her face, then wipes her hands on the burgers, throws them into a bag with some fries, pours the Coke into the bag, extends the leaking bag out the window, and hits the clock an instant before the minute elapses.

She takes the money, throws it into the cash register, leans back, exhausted. A BELL RINGS. Elvira remembers. Hits the intercom.

ELVIRA

Minute Burger. Can I take your order?

The garbled order coming over the cheap speaker is totally unintelligible.

ELVIRA

Huh?

(more gibberish)

Can you run that by me one more time?

The same.

ELVIRA

What?! This is ridiculous.

She stomps out of the kitchen.

EXT. THE DRIVE-IN WINDOW - DAY

ELVIRA

Now what the hell did you want?!

She sees the teenage driver, who is wearing a harness-band around his orthodonture.

BOY

Fshm... chezghhgsh, gshmugggza.

He sounds exactly the way he did coming over the speaker. A BUZZER goes off in the kitchen.

ELVIRA

Oh m'god, the fries!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Elvira runs back in. The fries are burning; the waitresses are hollering. It's utter chaos.

CUT TO:

EXT. MINUTE BURGER - CRANE SHOT - DAY

A line of cars snakes around the corner.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Burgers are dropping from the grill to the floor. Cheese, fries and ketchup are everywhere. It looks like no one has gotten his order in over two hours.

Whitby enters, stares at the mess in disbelief. He holds out his hand, fuming. Elvira gives him a sheepish smile and turns in her paper hat and apron.

E.C.U. ON WHITBY - EXTREME WIDE ANGLE

WHITBY

You'll never work in the fast
food industry again!!

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Elvira gets shutters closed in her face, nasty looks. She refers to the 'Help Wanted's' in the local rag.

Walking down the street are the teenagers, including Randy and Laura.

ELVIRA

Hey, how's it goin'?

The teens, remembering the principal's warning, clam up. Laura stops, looks back. She's aching to tell Elvira what's happening. Then she turns quickly and rejoins the others.

Elvira is genuinely hurt. She walks despondently down the sidewalk. The man whom she grabbed by the lapels earlier sees her coming and hurriedly walks the other way. Elvira sighs. Boy, nobody likes her.

She walks, head down, staring at the ground. Not watching where she's going, she walks right under a ladder in front of the movie theatre. A letter from the marquee falls and hits her on the head.

ELVIRA

Ow!

WILL
Gosh, I'm sorry, Elvira. Are
you alright?

Will climbs down from the ladder.

ELVIRA
(rubbing her head)
Mmmph... Yeah, I think so. It's
a good thing I use extra hold
hair spray.

WILL
How's your head?

ELVIRA
Haven't had any complaints yet.

WILL
Excuse me?

ELVIRA
Uh, I think I'll live. Believe
me, it ain't the worst thing
that's happened to me today.
I've been to every stinkin' dive
in this jerkwater town and
nobody will hire me. It's like
a conspiracy or something.

WILL
You know what your problem is...
Chastity Pariah.

ELVIRA
Ooh, I thought that cleared up.

WILL
No, Chastity Pariah. The old
biddy who's got the whole town
turned against you.

ELVIRA
Oh, swell.

Will climbs back up the ladder as the conversation
continues.

WILL
I'd hire you if I could, but I'm
barely making enough money to
stay in business as it is.

Will begins to take down the letters on the marquee which reads: "MATINEE" and then below that the movie title: "WILDLIFE ADVENTURE -- HOW TO HUNT DUCK". He removes some of the letters and climbs down with them.

ELVIRA

(eyeing the marquee)
I'm not surprised. Who wants to pay to see some quack makin' duck calls?... And besides that, you got an extra "e" in "matinee".

Elvira starts to climb up the ladder.

WILL

No I don't. That's how you spell it.

Elvira removes the second "E" and holds it in her hand.

ELVIRA

Will, I'm in show business. I think I know how to spell "matinee".

Just then, Chastity walks around the corner with Lily. She looks up and sees Elvira on the ladder in front of the marquee.

Because of the missing letters and the way Elvira is holding the "E", covering part of it so that it looks like an "F", the marquee is revealed to read: "WILD ADVENTURE -- HOW TO FUCK".

Chastity screams and faints.

ELVIRA

(startled)

Hey, what's going... whoa!

Elvira loses her balance and falls off the ladder. Will moves quickly and catches her in his arms.

WILL

Gotcha!

ELVIRA

(feeling his muscles)

Oooh... Will... You are quite a catch.

Maybelle's convertible passes by the theatre. She sees Elvira nestled in Will's arms.

MAYBELLE

That bitch!

She peels away.

Will sets Elvira down by the window display with the coming attractions.

WILL

Are you alright?

ELVIRA

Yeah...

(then reacting to the poster)

Is this what you're showing next? A documentary on polka dancing?!... Honey, you're gonna go broke showing turkeys like this.

WILL

You got a better idea?

ELVIRA

It just so happens I've got some of the classic films of all time in the trunk of my car...

(thinking)

As a matter of fact...

ACROSS THE STREET

Vincent's henchmen, Travis and Billy, are slouched in the front seat of their car. They watch as Elvira and Will shake hands and enter the theater together.

INT. VINCENT'S STUDY - DAY

Vincent sits ensconced in a massive red leather armchair, toying with his cane. The two henchmen are with him.

TRAVIS

Then they shook hands like they were makin' some kinda deal... I think he may've hired her.

A cocky Billy sits on the corner of Vincent's desk. Vincent slams the cane down. Billy jumps to his feet.

VINCENT

She certainly wouldn't be scraping around for a penny-ante job if she knew what was in that book.

TRAVIS

You just give us the word and
we'll get it for you...

BILLY

Yeah, and a little somethin' for
ourselves.

VINCENT

You'll move when I tell you to
move. For the moment, I don't
want you to do anything to alert
her. Now, get out of my sight,
both of you.

Travis and Billy beat a hasty retreat. Vincent walks to a
built-in bar and pushes what looks like a beer tap. The
back wall of the bar opens revealing a dimly lit chamber.

INT. PRIVATE CHAMBER - DAY

Vincent shuts the panel behind him. The room is REVEALED
in the flickering glow of a dozen candles. Paintings of
demons hang on the walls. An antique circular table,
inlaid with parquetry of various astrological symbols,
dominates the room. At the center of the table is an
ornate gold altar. He spreads his hands over it and
recites an incantation.

VINCENT

Le sheima rogzar... eikbee
renn... Somnus rictor hasra
morre. Rise, rise you wretched
spirit! Your tortured soul will
know no rest... Awaken, dear
sister...

A large flash of purplish smoke amuses Vincent.

VINCENT

Tasteless and ostentatious even
in death.

(the room rattles)

Don't play innocent with me, I
know the book didn't just
'disappear.' Well, it won't
work. I'll have the book, all
of your power, and more...

The room RUMBLES.

VINCENT

(reciting)

'He who holds the "Book of Sight",
when the moon is drained of all
its light, will then be Ruler of
the Night... Master of the Dark.'

(consults charts)

The lunar eclipse, Morgana. It's
less than a week away... 'when
the moon is drained of all its
light...'

The room rocks with an angry tremor.

VINCENT

There's nothing you can do.
You're dead, and I'm not.

As the room continues to rock, Vincent laughs demonically.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - LUNCH COUNTER

About a dozen teenagers are draped over the stools and
booths, including Randy, Sean, Bo, and Laura. The
atmosphere is wake-like. Heads are on the counter.
Hamburgers go untouched.

ELVIRA

bursts through the door. She spots the teens and walks up
to them, a whirlwind of enthusiasm.

ELVIRA

There you are! I've been
looking all over for you guys.
You're not gonna believe the
good news: Remember how you
were all complaining that nothing
ever happens in Fallwell? Well,
yours truly got a gig putting on
a live musical stage show at
Will's theater, and I want all
of you to be part of the show!

There is dead silence from the kids. Elvira barrels on.

ELVIRA

A real, live, major musical
extravaganza, with like sets and
costumes, choreography and
everything!

(still no response)

Singing, dancing, lights, Vegas.

The kids squirm uncomfortably.

ELVIRA

What is this, "Invasion of the Body Snatchers"? Two days ago we were bosom buddies...

Bo reacts to the choice of words.

LAURA

It's the principal...

ELVIRA

You're darn right it's the principle. Friends oughta stick together.

LAURA

No, I mean the principal, Mr. Dupar. He said anyone who talked to you would get expelled.

ELVIRA

Oh... I see.

SEAN

He'd kill us if we joined your show.

ELVIRA

Hey, I understand. The last thing I want to do is get you in any trouble. So what if it blows my only shot at making a living. That's not your problem.

The kids feel guilty, look at one another.

ELVIRA

I mean, I can't very well blame you just because it may keep me from getting the money I need to open my act in Las Vegas.

(beat)

And if I get so depressed, I wind up hanging myself in the oven, hey, those are the breaks...

She starts to walk away, wistfully. MUSIC underscores her melodramatic monologue:

ELVIRA

If they ever ask about me...
tell them I was more than just a
great pair of boobs...

(dramatic pause)

I was also an incredible pair of
legs. And tell them... tell
them that I never turned down a
friend -- that I never turned
down a stranger for that matter.

(beat, turns)

And tell them, that when all is
said and done, I only asked that
people remember me by two simple
words...

(stumbles in her improv)

Any two, as long as they're
simple.

She collapses at one of the booths, sobs quietly at first,
then the floodgates open.

The kids, wracked with guilt, look at one another.

RANDY

If every one of us decides to
help Elvira, what can Dupar do?

LAURA

He can't expel all of us!

SEAN

Elvira?... We're sorry. We'll
do your show.

Elvira snaps out of it so fast, it makes the ruse
embarrassingly transparent.

ELVIRA

Great! Rehearsals start in an
hour. Be there or be square.

She sashays towards the exit.

The CAMERA moves to the next booth and DISCOVERS Maybelle
and Anita counting the receipts. They've heard the entire
conversation.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILL'S THEATER - DAY

INT. THEATER - THE STAGE - DAY

A chorus line of boy dancers is being put through its paces by Elvira. In the b.g. other teens are building sets, etc.

ELVIRA

A one, two, three, kick, four,
five, six, and turn...

The chorus line disintegrates.

ELVIRA

Better, but you still look like
the half-time show at the
Arthritis Bowl... It's just too
whitebread. Put a little soul
into it. Here, lemme show you.

Elvira launches into a swivel-hipped, bump and grind.

ELVIRA

...One, two, and push, push...
one, two and push that tush...
bump and grind and bump and
grind, one, two, and
(grunts twice)...

Three boys standing in a row, simultaneously cross their hands in front of the crotches of their dancing tights.

ELVIRA

And then, as we build to an
arousing climax -- this is the
part I ripped off, I mean that
was inspired by 'Flashdance' --
right in the middle of my
standing ovation I reach up for
this rope, pull it...

She pulls on a rope which upends a large metal bucket mounted on a pivoting hinge.

ELVIRA

...and this bucket tips over,
covering my entire body in gold
glitter. Can you stand it?...
All right, everybody line up
alphabetically according to
height.

The teenagers look at one another, befuddled.

As the rehearsal continues:

IN THE BACK OF THE THEATER

Maybelle and Anita exchange a conspiratorial look.

EXT. THEATER - NIGHT

The marquee reads: "ELVIRA -- LIVE ON STAGE" plus "The Attack of the Killer Tomatoes."

Some kids are turning home-made search lights (car headlights on a rotating Lazy Susan) sending crisscrossing beams into the night sky.

INT. THEATER WINGS - NIGHT

Dancers in costumes mill around nervously. Will pokes his head out, sees the growing throng. Elvira walks by.

ELVIRA

How's it look out there?

WILL

Standing room only.

ELVIRA

What'd I tell you?

Several dancers walk by. Elvira slaps a skinny, somewhat effeminate chorus boy on the back.

ELVIRA

Break a leg...

The boy is sent flying, falls to the ground, grabbing his shin in agony. Elvira continues walking away, oblivious.

Elvira runs into Laura and her two dowdy girlfriends, who are wearing conservative costumes with large fru-fru bows.

ELVIRA

We go in ten minutes. Why aren't you guys ready?!

LAURA

But.. we are ready.

ELVIRA

Oh, mercy!

She drags the girls behind her.

CUT TO:

THE SCREEN

Several huge tomatoes are rolling toward their victims. Elvira is at the corner of the stage, with a microphone.

ELVIRA

That guy better hurry. The tomato's about to catch up... ketchup? Did somebody say ketchup? Look out! This couple gets it right here... But don't worry, they're Italian. They'll make a great marinara sauce.

(beat)

This movie's so bad the tomatoes oughta start throwing rotten people at the screen. Stop it, stop it! I can't stand it anymore!

Suddenly, the film stops. The lights come up. There are whistles and catcalls.

ELVIRA

Hey, take it easy... the ending stinks anyway. The boyfriend gets pureed and the girl gets grabbed by the tomatoes. And now, Ladies and Dobermans, let's get right to the part you really came to see.

Mr. Meeker, in the third row, is all anticipation. His wife gives him a murderous look.

ELVIRA

Hit it, boys.

A toe-tapping downbeat. Elvira slinks off stage. The lights dim. The cheesy backdrop of the graveyard set lowers. The music builds to serious rock 'n' roll.

LAURA AND HER GIRLFRIENDS

have been transformed into the Ronnettes. Their makeup is early Sixties, their hair ratted to the sky. They perform an intricate Supremes-style dance routine with surprising soul.

THE CHORUS LINE OF BOYS

staggers onto the stage wearing tin foil monster outfits and masks.

ELVIRA

makes a grand entrance then launches into the lyrics of the song, which pays homage to 'bad movies.'

All of the tacky elements come together:

Flashlights turn on and off; sheets of tin RUMBLE like THUNDER.

Elvira sings and dances up a simulated storm. A big electric fan creates a howling wind. Tumbleweeds are blown across the stage.

MAYBELLE

crawls through the rigging, replaces the bucket full of glitter with one she brought. .

ELVIRA

finishes the song, grabs for the rope.

The bucket overturns, spilling several gallons of thick black tar all over Elvira.

The audience gasps.

Maybelle's cohort, Anita, rips open a pillow full of feathers in front of the fan.

The feathers stick to the gooey tar which now covers Elvira from head to foot.

Elvira, trembling with fury, looks up into the rafters. She sees:

Maybelle laughing so hard, she's in danger of falling.

The audience, shocked at first, begins to laugh.

Even Elvira's buddies, Randy, Laura, and the others can't help but giggle.

Elvira gives Maybelle a 'hell hath no fury' look.

EXT. ELVIRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We HEAR Elvira YELLING.

ELVIRA (O.C.)

I have never been so humiliated
in my entire life!

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

White towels smeared with gooey tar and feathers. We follow the black footprints on the floor to the bathtub, next to which is a five gallon gas can. Elvira is in a black bubblebath.

ELVIRA

Wait 'til I get my hands on that Maybelle. I'm gonna rip every bleached-blond hair out of her scalp, gouge out her eyes and use her head for a bowling ball!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Will and Gonk are in the living room recoiling while Elvira rants.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

ELVIRA

They're not gonna get away with it, I tell ya. That old battle-ax, Chastity, blacklisting me out of a job... That weasel of a high school principal turning all the kids against me... And that lowlife real estate leech, who won't sell my house unless I give him his commission in the sack. I'm gonna get even with every one of 'em if it's the last thing I do!

Elvira emphatically slams her hand down in the tub, splashing the black water onto the CAMERA LENS.

DRIPPING BLACK WATER DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Elvira enters in a robe, all cleaned up.

WILL

(noting a curious smell)
What's that perfume you're wearing?

ELVIRA

Super-unleaded... Don't smoke...
You want a drink? I do.

WILL

Yeah, thanks.

She pops open two cans of beer and hands one to Will.
There's an awkward silence.

WILL

I don't suppose it will help to
tell you I liked the show?

Elvira gives him an icy look.

WILL

I didn't think so.

She lifts her beer, toasting sarcastically.

ELVIRA

Here's to my big opening...

Will reacts.

ELVIRA

I mean... Oh, forget about it.

As Elvira sits down on the sofa, she feels a lump under
the cushion.

ELVIRA

What the...?

She lifts up the seat cushion and pulls out the recipe
book.

ELVIRA

Here's that cookbook. I been
lookin' all over the place for
this thing... I wonder how it
got under there?

The dog tries to look innocent.

ELVIRA

You hungry?

WILL

Starved.

ELVIRA

Why don't you set the table,
while I see what I can whip up
in the kitchen?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Elvira, wearing an apron, is flipping through the recipe book.

CLOSE UP - THE BOOK

The pages are scribbled in a strange writing.

RESUME SCENE

ELVIRA

(thinking out loud)

Boy, my aunt sure had lousy penmanship. I can't read a word of this... It's like it's written in some kind of foreign language or something... Hmmm what's this?... Adraka kozorol... kozorol?... Oh, casserole! That sounds pretty good... Let me see... what does it say here?... one edrazeba...

Elvira starts opening cupboards.

ELVIRA

I wonder where she keeps the edrazeba around here... Maybe I'll have to run down to the Seven Eleven for it...

She opens a pantry door filled with all kinds of devilish-looking ingredients.

ELVIRA

Whoa. This is some spicerack she's got here...

(reading the labels of the exotic containers)
guletra... quoterrox...
treemazool...

Curious, she opens the treemazool jar and HEARS STRANGE SLURPING SOUNDS. She quickly puts the lid back on the gelatinous substance and sets it on the counter.

ELVIRA

Oh, here it is, edrazeba...

She pulls out an old jar filled with what looks to be a tangle of earthworms and dumps it in a crockpot.

ELVIRA .
(continuing; reading)
Folemgra...

Folemgra looks like a root with furry, green mold.

ELVIRA
Ick. It looks like the folemgra
went bad...

She turns the jar over. There are numbers written on the bottom.

ELVIRA
Hmmm... it's suppose to be good
'til June of next year... what
the heck, I got an iron
stomach...

When she dumps it in the pot, the mixture sizzles and
smokes mysteriously.

FLIP TO:

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

The kitchen's a disaster. Dozens of empty containers
clutter the counters. Elvira stares in the pot filled
with the most god-awful looking slop. She takes a
tentative whiff.

ELVIRA
Mmmm, doesn't smell too bad.
But it looks like caca-doodoo...

Elvira thinks for a second, grabs a package of processed
cheese from the refrigerator and covers the bubbling goo
with cheese. She grabs a bag of potato chips, crushes it,
and pours the broken chips on top.

ELVIRA
There... that's much better.

She puts a lid on the pot, pulls off her apron and carries
the crockpot into the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

ELVIRA
It's soup.

She places the pot in the center of the table.

WILL
Mmmm. Smells great. What is it?

ELVIRA
Oh, just a little something I conjured up... Shall we?

WILL
Allow me.

He pulls her chair out for her.

ELVIRA
(a la Marilyn Monroe)
Oh, thank you ever so.

Will sits. Elvira tucks her napkin in her cleavage.

ELVIRA
Well, I hope your hungry...
'Cause heeeeere's dinner...

Elvira lifts the lid off the pot.

SHOCK CUT

A hideous, screaming monster comes leaping out from under the cheese and potato chips.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Elvira and Will wrestle the monster into the sink. Elvira flips the switch on the garbage disposal and the monster shrieks as it spins down the drain.

Elvira flips off the switch.

ELVIRA
First time I was ever an
appetizer for the main course.

WILL
Where'd you learn to cook?

ELVIRA
I didn't. I just followed the
directions in my aunt's...

Suddenly, the dog jumps onto the kitchen table and snatches the book in his mouth.

ELVIRA

Gonk, what are you doin'? Gimme
that book!

The dog runs out of the kitchen with the book. They chase
after it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The little dog tears through the living room, Elvira and
Will in hot pursuit.

ELVIRA

Gonk! Come back here!

The dog peels around the corner and bounds up the stairs.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

They chase the dog up several flights of stairs to the
attic.

INT. TOP OF LANDING - NIGHT

The dog leaps up and knocks open the attic door.

ELVIRA

Gonk!... Where are you, you
little mutt?

She sees the door ajar.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit by the moonlight coming in from a
small window. Elvira and Will creep into the dank and
dusty room. Nice and spooky.

ELVIRA

Gonk?... Gonk?... Are you in
here?

She hears a WHIMPER.

ELVIRA

Gonk? Was that you, boy?

She follows the WHIMPERING SOUNDS to a dark corner of the
room. Will finds a lantern, lights it.

The dog is sitting on top of an old steamer trunk. He puts the book down.

ELVIRA

There you are. You are a very bad dog.

She picks up the book.

ELVIRA

Yuck! You slobbered all over it.

The dog barks, trying to communicate.

ELVIRA

Now what do you want?

He scratches at the top of the steamer trunk.

WILL

I think he wants you to open the trunk.

ELVIRA

Well, why didn't he say so?

She flips the latch and the trunk CREAKS as she opens it. Elvira and Will peer into the trunk.

SHOCK CUT

Elvira screams as a skeleton flies out at them.

RESUME SCENE

The phony, rubber skeleton was rigged on a spring. Elvira pulls it out of the trunk.

ELVIRA

The ol' broad sure had a sick sense of humor.

Elvira pulls several curios from the trunk -- carved totems, jewel-eyed skulls, tarot cards.

ELVIRA

Look at all this junk...

Will removes an envelope from the trunk which has "Elvira" penned in large florid letters on it.

WILL

Take a look at this...

She reacts, a little spooked.

ELVIRA

You think it's for me?

WILL

Go ahead, open it.

ELVIRA

You open it.

Will opens the envelope, removes a letter, hands it to her. Elvira reads from it.

ELVIRA

"Dearest Elvira -- By the time you read this I will have gone on to the other side. For all these years I protected you from the truth, but the time has now come when your only protection is the truth." Say what...?

WILL

Keep reading.

ELVIRA

"They never told you at the orphanage what your real lineage was... Your mother was an extraordinary woman. Devana, as she was known, was the true Mistress of the Dark... But her power did not go unchallenged. For three hundred years your Great Uncle Vincent coveted her dominion..."

(beat, reacts)

Three hundred? God, I hope I look that good when I'm that old.

(resumes reading)

"But your mother was far too strong, until she succumbed to something no one could have foreseen -- she fell in love with a mortal. You were the result of that union..."

(reacts, stunned, resumes reading)

DISSOLVE TO:

A FOGGY NIGHT

Elvira's voice AUDIO DISSOLVES to the Aunt's voice. A SERIES OF SHOTS. Dark woods, swirling fog. A hooded figure holding a basket containing a swaddled baby, trudges through the snow. The CAMERA MOVES IN on the hauntingly beautiful face -- it is Elvira's great aunt, when she was young. Her eyes well with tears, as she hands the basket to a hulking, jet-black rottweiler.

AUNT'S VOICE

I tried to warn her, but your great-uncle, saw his opportunity and struck swiftly." I had no choice but to send you away. He would've destroyed you too. I left you with all the power you would need to protect yourself and entrusted you to my loyal familiar.

THE AUNT

places a ruby ring on a chain around the unseen baby's neck.

EXT. AN ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

The rottweiler carries the basket past the crumbling gates of the fog-shrouded edifice. It sets the basket down on the doorstep.

CLOSE ON THE BASKET

revealing for the first time, the infant Elvira, complete with eye makeup and a tiny black bouffant.

RESUME - ELVIRA AND WILL

WILL

What was that about a 'familiar'?

ELVIRA

Haven't you ever seen any old Vincent Price movies? Every witch has a 'familiar.' It's like a pet that can change into almost anything.

(MORE)

ELVIRA (Cont'd)

(back to letter)

Where was I? Oh yeah... "But it wasn't you alone that I sought to protect. I had to protect the book that contained your mother's magic..."

Will reacts. They both look at the recipe book.

ELVIRA

(resumes reading)

"Our enemy is a formidable one. Protect the book, Elvira, and above all keep it from Vincent when the moon falls under the earth's shadow. Remember, you carry the power with you. Your loving aunt, Morgana."

A shell-shocked Elvira puts the letter down.

ELVIRA

Too macabre. I mean, I knew I was different, but I didn't think I was that different.

WILL

If I hadn't seen what I did tonight I'd say your aunt was crazy as a loon.

ELVIRA

I'm out there trying to make a living as a horror hostess when I'm actually descended from like a major metaphysical celebrity...

(beat)

No wonder Vinnie had such a spaz attack when I couldn't find the book.

WILL

You heard what your aunt said -- you can't let him get his hands on it.

She picks up the cook book, starts flipping through it.

ELVIRA

No way he's gettin' it now.
Here, I've been knocking myself
out trying to come up with
enough money to open my Vegas
show... All I've got to do is
find the right spell and I can
make the money... I mean really
make the money.

WILL

I don't think you should be
fooling around with that book
again.

ELVIRA

Wait a minute, wait, wait...
this could be it! "Selzba Riki
Moola..." That's exactly what I
want -- lots of 'Moola.'
(reading)
"Selzba Riki Moola Sheen, Pasera
Floctum Kezrah Flome..."

The room begins to RUMBLE. Will is nervous. Elvira is
all expectation.

ELVIRA

It's working, Will. It's
working!

Suddenly, a breeze comes from nowhere and blows out the
lantern light. It's pitch black.

ELVIRA

Uh-oh... Will, are you there?

WILL

Right here...

ELVIRA

What is that?

(surprised)

Why, Will... Y'know Will, I
could be wrong but I think that
might have been a love spell...

WILL

Really?

ELVIRA

(increasingly passionate)
Will... Oh, Will, Will!

Will relights the oil lantern. He is across the room.

Elvira is holding a five foot snake. She screams, reacts, with equal parts shock and disappointment. She throws the snake to the floor, where it explodes in a puff of smoke.

She runs over to Will, leaps into his arms.

ELVIRA
(exaggerated)
Oh, Will. I'm so frightened...
Please, hold me, hold me.

CLOSE ON ELVIRA

locked in the embrace. She rolls her eyes heavenward. Fear is not exactly what she's feeling. She blows out the lantern flame.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

A banner proclaims, 34th ANNUAL MORALITY CLUB PICNIC. Everyone in town is there including the teenagers and their parents. It's potluck. The women in town have prepared their specialties and are putting them out on the long buffet table. Chastity is in her glory, gladhanding all of the townsfolk.

LILY
Chastity, the picnic is a
wonderful success.

CHASTITY
Yes, I think it's something we
can all be proud of me for.

As Chastity walks away, Elvira sneaks out from behind the bushes in dark sunglasses and a trench coat, looking conspicuously inconspicuous. She checks to see that no one is watching, lifts a crockpot onto the buffet table, and sneaks away.

Suddenly, she is grabbed by the arm.

VOICE (O.C.)
Hey, what are you doing there?

Elvira freaks, then sees it's Will.

ELVIRA

Oh, Will! You scared the heck outta me.

WILL

Elvira, what are you doing in that get up?

ELVIRA

(mock innocence)

Oh, nothing.

WILL

Come on. Out with it.

ELVIRA

Let's just say I'm settling the score.

WILL

What are you talking about?...

Will looks over at the buffet table and recognizes Elvira's crockpot.

WILL

Oh, no...

ELVIRA

Well, it is a pot luck... And believe me. When they open that pot, they're gonna need all the luck they can get.

Chastity is loading up her plate, taking a little bit of everything.

CHASTITY

Oh, it all looks so good... I can't remember when I've been so hungry... Phyllis, I see you made your famous Tic Tac pie...

The suspense builds as Chastity takes food from all around Elvira's special dish. Just as it looks as if Chastity is going past the crockpot, she turns back.

CHASTITY

I don't believe I've had any of this.

ELVIRA

Like I always say, "Revenge is better than Christmas".

WILL
(covering his eyes)
I can't look.

Chastity slowly reaches for the lid.

CHASTITY
I wonder what's in here?...

Much to Elvira's chagrin, when Chastity removes the lid, nothing happens.

CHASTITY
Looks like some kind of
casserole.

She reaches with her hand to taste the dish with her finger. We expect a monster to jump out and grab her hand at any second. Chastity pokes the casserole with her finger, but again, nothing happens. She tastes it, likes it, and heaps a big glob of the casserole onto her plate.

Elvira and Will are both confused.

ELVIRA
I don't get it. What happened?

WILL
Nothing, thank goodness.

ELVIRA
Ah, shoot. I must have screwed
it up when I substituted the
folemgra with some hamburger
helper.

Mr. Glotter and Mr. Dupar each take a dollop of the casserole. So does Chastity's friend, Lily, and the other members of the town council. And so does Maybelle.

CHASTITY
(her mouth full)
Mmmm. This casserole is
marvelous. I must get the
recipe.

The other members of the town council begin to eat the casserole. Then, something strange begins to happen.

CHASTITY
Ooh. I feel so... odd.
(she starts to giggle)
It's suddenly very warm.

Mr. Dupar does a double-take when he sees Chastity looking at him seductively. She takes a fingerful of the casserole, puts it in her mouth, and licks her lips sensuously.

The casserole starts to work like an aphrodisiac. The council members begin laughing and feeding one another in a most hedonistic way.

GLOTTER
(waving a hot dog)
Remind you of anything?

LILY
(holding up a taco)
Remind you of anything?

One of the townspeople tries to take some of the casserole, but Chastity knocks him down.

CHASTITY
No! It's mine. It's all mine.

Randy switches the station on the radio from elevator Muzak to a carnal song à la Donna Summer's, "Love To Love Ya Baby". The intoxicated council members start to dance and take off their clothes.

WILL
Elvira, what did you put in that dish?

ELVIRA
(sexy)
I don't know. But I sure hope I can remember.

Vincent sees Elvira and realizes what has happened. Furious, he grabs Billy and Travis, barks some orders at them, and they run off.

Chastity sits on the ground with the pot tipped up to her mouth. When it's finished, she licks the bowl.

CHASTITY
Boy, am I a horndog.

She saunters over to a man on his back.

CHASTITY
Excuse me. Is this face taken?

The shocked townspeople look on as the council members begin to rub food all over one another and lick it off. Randy and the boys take pictures. Chastity improvises a striptease.

Randy's grandfather looks on amused.

Lily dances by and wisks Will away.

Vincent suddenly appears behind Elvira.

VINCENT

That's an interesting dish.
Where did you learn how to make
it?

ELVIRA

Oh, it's just an old family
recipe.

VINCENT

As I suspected...
(handing her a drink)
Care for some punch?

ELVIRA

(sniffs the drink)
Do I look like I just fell off
the tuna truck?

She sets the drink down next to several other punch glasses.

VINCENT

That book belongs to me.

ELVIRA

Not any more, Uncle. The deals
off.

Just then, Maybelle intercepts Will as he returns.

MAYBELLE

Hi, Will...
(then seeing Elvira)
Oh, it's you. Do you always
wear that same outfit?

ELVIRA

No. Sometimes I like to wear
something low-cut and sexy.

MAYBELLE

I guess in your profession it
pays to advertise.

WILL

(trying to ease the
tension)
Uh, punch anyone?

ELVIRA
No, but I'm about to.

Will picks up the glass Vincent offered Elvira. Maybelle grabs it.

MAYBELLE
Don't mind if I do...

Elvira is about to warn Maybelle, then thinks better. Maybelle downs the drink and lunges for Will. Suddenly, Maybelle's eyes roll up into her head and she passes out.

WILL
I'd better call an ambulance.

Will runs off. Vincent turns on Elvira.

VINCENT
You think you're pretty clever,
don't you? Well, mark my words.
I'll get you... and your little
dog too.

Vincent storms off.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

An ambulance screeches to a halt. Two emergency room orderlies run out with a gurney and wheel Maybelle inside. Elvira climbs out of the back of the ambulance.

CUT TO:

INT. ELVIRA'S HOUSE - DAY

Gonk hears a noise outside and growls.

EXT. ELVIRA'S HOUSE - DAY

Billy and Travis look at one another smiling. Billy elbows the window and the thugs climb in.

ON GONK - A SERIES OF INSERTS

The poodle's skin slits and an expanding black mass grows out of it. Jaws distend, limbs lengthen, fangs stretch from gums.

A hulking ROTTWEILER is the result of the metamorphosis.

BILLY AND TRAVIS

search the house for the book. Billy finds it.

BILLY

I got it.

Just then they hear a low, RUMBLING GROWL. As they turn, they see the ferocious Rottweiler.

Scared shitless, they drop the book and run with the frenzied dog on their heels.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Maybelle is being pushed down the hallway on the gurney, her big, pointy boobs protruding from under a hospital gown. CAMERA TILTS UP to reveal Elvira, unmistakable in an operating mask and sexy candy stripper's uniform.

She wheels the unconscious Maybelle over to the receptionist's desk. The RECEPTIONIST is on the phone.

ELVIRA

Excuse me, could you direct me to the booby hatch... I mean, the psychiatric ward.

RECEPTIONIST

(cupping the phone)

Down the hall, second right, through the double doors on the left.

Elvira resumes pushing Maybelle.

ELVIRA

(mumbling)

Down the hall, second left, through the double doors on the right...

She arrives at her presumed destination and parks Maybelle just inside the double doors. She smiles.

ELVIRA

Hope they can find a strait jacket that fits ya...

Elvira wiggles away just as:

TWO SURGEONS

come through the double doors.

SURGEON #1

Is this the patient for the
breast reduction?

The second surgeon notes her large bosom with a smirk.

SURGEON #2

What do you think?

They wheel Maybelle away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

Maybelle awakens bleary eyed. When she begins to focus, her eyes nearly pop out of her head. Under the hospital gown, her boobs, the pride and joy of her life, have been reduced to the size of golf balls. CLOSE UP as she screams under the oxygen mask.

INT. TOWN COUNCIL CHAMBERS - DAY

Chastity, Dupar, Glotter, and the other council members are gathered. The air is thick with hostility and recriminations. Everyone is talking at once.

CHASTITY

You saw him! He attacked me in
broad daylight and had his way
with me!

DUPAR

Me?! I barely got away with my
life. You could've worn out a
mechanical bull!

CHASTITY

Don't try to weasel your way out
of it, you sex-addled maniac! I
demand that the council remove
this pervert!

GLOTTER

(defensive, to group)
I never laid a hand on those
sheep, so help me! Calvin's the
one who was paintin' everybody
with apple butter.

This degenerates into a hubub of namecalling and finger-pointing. Vincent steps from the shadows, raps his gargoyle-tipped walking stick on the table.

VINCENT

Silence, fools!

Immediate quiet. Everyone's eyes are on Vincent.

VINCENT

Don't you see? You're playing right into her hands. Elvira's the one responsible for all this.

CHASTITY

Of course. I should've known it was that little harlot.

GLOTTER

We ought to ride her out of town on a big fat rail.

CHASTITY

She might enjoy that too much.

VINCENT

There's a much more satisfying solution. We can have her arrested.

DUPAR

On what charges?

Vincent takes out a book.

VINCENT

It so happens there's a law still on the books which dates back to the Salem trials. It specifically forbids, and I quote: "any townsperson from practicing the ancient arts of spellcasting, demonology, alchemy, or conjuration."

(closes book)

The charge, my fellow Council members is... witchcraft.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL - NIGHT

Elvira presses her face between the bars.

ELVIRA

Let me outta here! Let me outta here!

Gonk is locked in the cell with her.

ELVIRA

You can't do this to me. It's unconstitutional... it's, it's un-American... it's un... it's un... it's unsportsmanlike conduct! I got my rights, you know. I'm a taxpayer... okay, so maybe I don't pay taxes. But, I still got my rights. Now, let me outta here!

SHERIFF

Pipe down in there.

ELVIRA

Hey, I seen "Perry Mason." I'm entitled to one phone call and a stripsearch.

SHERIFF

There's a payphone right across the street... What's a matter? You forget where you put your broom?

ELVIRA

Listen fatso, if I had a broom I know exactly where I'd put it.

SHERIFF

Better stay cool while you can... 'cause tonight, you're being roasted.

ELVIRA

Roasted? You mean like with Don Rickles and Henny Youngman?

SHERIFF

No. I mean like with lighter fluid and a book of matches.

He points to the window behind her. Elvira sees the townspeople piling up wood to burn her at the stake.

ELVIRA

Oooh, that kind of roast.

The Sheriff walks away grinning.

ELVIRA

You'll never get away with this.
I know high people in low places!

Will runs up to the cell.

WILL

I got you the best lawyer in the
county. He'll be here first
thing in the morning.

ELVIRA

In the morning?! Will, in the
morning I'll be able to fit into
an ashtray. You got to get me
outta here... The book! It's my
only chance. Quick. Run to the
house and get it.

Will takes off.

ELVIRA

Oh wait, Will!?

Will runs back.

WILL

What?

ELVIRA

I hid it under the loose board
in the living room.

WILL

Okay.

Will takes off again.

ELVIRA

Oh, and Will?!

Will runs back again.

WILL

What?

ELVIRA

Hurry!!!

INT. ELVIRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will runs into the house. He stomps the floor in the living room until he finds the loose board. He lifts up the board, reaches under the floor and pulls out the book.

As he gets up, he turns and sees Billy. Too late. Billy clobbers him. Will is out cold.

A pair of hands pick up the book. PULL BACK REVEAL Vincent raising the book high over his head.

VINCENT

At last... It's mine... The power is mine!...

His evil laugh echoes through the house.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

An ominous full moon.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Elvira is pacing. Gonk is perched on the top bunk, staring out the barred window of the cell, whining.

ELVIRA

I can just hear Manny. 'Hello Caesar's. We got a slight crimp in the plans for the show. The star was burned at the stake.'

The dog's WHINING becomes insufferable.

ELVIRA

I don't know what you're whining about. I'm the one getting barbecued.

The dog barks, then looks from her to the window. Elvira walks over, looks through the bars.

HER POV - THE FUNERAL PYRE

is in the final stage of preparation. A wide circle of kindling surrounds a raised stake. As the CAMERA PANS, it REVEALS a tiny Gonk-sized pyre next to it.

RESUME ELVIRA AND GONK

ELVIRA

Oh. Sorry.

Suddenly Gonk begins to chase his tail, writhe on the floor.

ELVIRA

Don't have a conniption fit
Gonk. We'll figure out
something.

The poodle's convulsions intensify. He's enveloped in a strange vapor. In a moment it dissipates, REVEALING his transformation into a white rat. The rat sports a mini-version of Gonk's pink Mohawk. Elvira watches flabbergasted as the rat scurries through a tiny hole in the brick wall.

ELVIRA

Maybe I'm dead already.

CUT TO:

INT. ELVIRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gonk, the rodent, slips in through a crack in the baseboard.

Will is tied to a chair. He sees the rat enter and stand on its hind feet, sniffing the air. The rat SQUEAKS excitedly.

WILL

(puzzled)

Gonk?

The rat barks, hops up on the coffee table and begins gnawing through the ropes restraining Will's wrists.

WILL

Hurry, boy, hurry!

CUT TO:

EXT. EXECUTION SITE - NIGHT

Chastity and Lily lead the torch-wielding mob in a cheer.

MOB

Two, four, six, eight, who
should we incinerate? Elvira,
Elvira, Yeaa!

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Elvira hears the grim chant. A minister enters. The sheriff escorts him into the cell.

MINISTER

I'm here to save you my child.

ELVIRA

Thank goodness, padre... Someone can talk some sense into these people...

He places his two palms on Elvira's forehead, closes his eyes and grimaces.

MINISTER

Lord, save this wretched creature's soul. Even though her flesh, will burn and char and sizzle...

Elvira reacts.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ELVIRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The rat finishes gnawing the ropes. Will frees himself.

WILL

Good work, Gonk... Gonk?

As a stunned Will looks on:

THE SHADOW OF THE RAT

on the wall grows into the shadow of the rottweiler.

THE ROTTWEILER

fully transformed, snarls, motions to Will. They take off together.

CUT TO:

EXT. JAIL - NIGHT

Elvira is led from the jail building by the sheriff and the minister who continues to mumble his prayers.

The sheriff takes out a pack of cigarettes from his shirt pocket, offers them to a preoccupied Elvira.

SHERIFF

You smoke?

ELVIRA

I guess we'll find out soon enough.

The crowd chants. They walk on. Elvira slaps her forehead, remembering something.

ELVIRA

Oh, no. You're not going to believe this. I left my oven on. It won't take me a minute...

She starts to walk away. The sheriff jerks her back.

SHERIFF

Any last requests?

ELVIRA

Yeah... Can you lemme go?

CLOSE-UP on the twisted faces in the crowd angrily chanting "BURN THE WITCH!" Dupar is smiling evilly. Standing next to him, to our surprise, is Randy.

RANDY

Burn the witch! Burn the witch!

Elvira is stunned to see Randy chanting with the crowd.

ELVIRA

Randy? Not you, too? Why you no good Eddie Arnold.

The other teenagers are also part of the mob: Even Laura.

ELVIRA

How could you guys do this to me?

Elvira is led up the stairs of the scaffolding. Just when all seems lost:

LAURA

Now!

Suddenly, Laura swings her shovel, smacking Dupar in the groin. The teenagers jump into action, blocking off the mob.

Elvira reacts wide-eyed. Randy pops a wheelie on a small motorbike and tears out from around the corner.

Elvira takes a flying leap off the scaffold and lands on the back of the bike.

Randy and Elvira zip through the crowd.

CHASTITY

Stop them!

There is a wild chase through the street as people jump out of the way of the speeding bike.

CLOSE-UP

The long train of Elvira's dress gets caught in the back wheel.

RESUME SCENE

Elvira desperately pulls at her dress which is being wrapped up in the axle. The dress rips and the tangled fabric causes the wheel to lock. Randy and Elvira are sent sprawling. As luck would have it, she lands right at the Sheriff's feet.

CUT TO:

Tied to the stake, Elvira struggles, breasts heaving. The teenagers are held back by the uniformed deputies.

The Sheriff holds up a torch to the frenzied crowd which cheers savagely. He is about to light the kindling when the rottweiler appears from nowhere. The dog makes an amazing leap through the air and lands on the Sheriff, knocking the torch out of his hand. Will runs up and begins to free Elvira.

ELVIRA

You sure took your time gettin' here.

WILL

Sorry, I was tied up.

Elvira looks down. She has an unexpected visitor. Flat chested Maybelle picks up the torch.

WILL

Maybelle, no!

MAYBELLE

Burn in hell, witch.

Maybelle throws the torch onto the kindling and the wood pile bursts into flames.

Within seconds, Elvira and Will are surrounded by a ring of fire. They try to escape, but they are driven back by the blazing wall encircling them.

The rottweiler barks at Elvira. Shielding her eyes from the flames, she sees the dog.

FLASHBACK TO

The rottweiler carrying the basket with the baby Elvira. CLOSE-UP -- the ruby amulet ring around her neck.

AUNT (V.O.)

Remember, Elvira, you carry the power with you...

RESUME SCENE

Elvira looks at the ruby ring on her finger, realizing it is her protection. As they are about to be engulfed in flames, Elvira majestically raises the ring in the air.

The storm clouds RUMBLE and roll across the sky in FAST MOTION. There is a HUGE CLAP of thunder. A crackling bolt of lightning streaks down out of the heavens and connects with Elvira's ring.

It begins pouring rain which swiftly extinguishes the fire. The rain then stops as quickly as it began.

The rottweiler leaps toward Elvira, but: It's Gonk, the punk poodle who lands in her arms.

ELVIRA

Gonk, you tricky little devil.

The dog barks. Elvira understands, almost.

ELVIRA

We're still in deep what?

WILL

Look!

Elvira looks up. The lunar eclipse has begun.

WILL

The lunar eclipse. Remember your aunt's letter? "When the moon falls under the earth's shadow..."

ELVIRA

So?

WILL

Vincent's got the book!

Suddenly, the ground begins to tremble. There are screams from the crowd. A mysterious red fog rolls into the street.

There is a flash of lightning, illuminating Vincent who has begun to metamorphosize into a demon. His eyes are cat-like, his teeth pointed, his flesh is drawn and pale. He clutches the book in his hand.

Claw-like nails emerge from his fingertips. The Sheriff, shaking in fear, draws his gun on Vincent.

SHERIFF

Now, just hold it right there, Talbot. The costume party's over.

VINCENT

Eta quo vala tome.

Vincent extends a gnarled finger. The Sheriff is lifted up telekinetically and hurled through the window of the beauty parlor.

THE CROWD

panics and flees, screaming in terror. A man trembles as he tries to drive away in his truck.

Vincent turns his gaze on him. The man leaps out, just barely escaping as the truck bursts into flames.

Vincent stalks past Chastity, Glotter, and Dupar who are cowering behind one another.

CHASTITY

Vincent? Remember us? We're on your side.

Vincent looks at them with loathing. They're of no use to him now.

VINCENT

Swine!

He casts his hand towards them and they are turned into three squealing pigs. He advances on Will.

Will picks up a charred 2X4 as a weapon.

Vincent's eyes glaze.

VINCENT

Dakamar dumina.

Will is trapped in a crackling web of electrical energy.

The dog attacks. Vincent raises a bony finger, surrounding the dog in a translucent fibrous tangle.

Vincent's voice echoes through the empty streets.

VINCENT

ELVIRA!

Vincent searches for his prey but she is nowhere in sight.

VINCENT

You cannot escape me, daughter
of Devana. I shall destroy you
as I did her.

As the moon continues to eclipse, Vincent becomes more and more diabolical looking.

His forehead distends grotesquely accentuating pulsing veins.

VINCENT

'When the moon is drained of all
it's light. I shall be ruler of
the night... Master of the Dark.'

In the skies above him, thunder and lightning.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

Vincent turns the corner looking and sounding even more malevolent.

VINCENT

(sinisterly playful)
Come out. Come out. Wherever
you are.

CUT TO:

CAMERA TILTS from high heels, UP long shapely legs to the tattered remains of her dress, now a micro-mini. Holding a high-tech rocket launcher in her sweat beaded arms is steely-eyed Elvira. She stands in front of an Army Surplus store looking like a bad-ass female Rambo.

ELVIRA

(tough)

You lookin' for me?

She fires a rocket from the weapon. The rocket flies straight towards Vincent and explodes. Proud of herself, she smugly blows at the end of the barrel.

Vincent steps out of a cloud of smoke and debris, unscathed and looking even more terrifying. Elvira is taken aback.

VINCENT

Did you think you could stop me
with your toys?

ELVIRA

No. But I figured it'd be worth
a shot.

Vincent incants from the book.

VINCENT

Vota edraka nostramo...

A ball of fire appears in his hand. He hurls it at Elvira.

She swings the rocket launcher like a Louisville slugger and swats the fiery orb. It sails over Vincent's head.

ELVIRA

It's going. It's going. It's
over the fence. Home run!

Vincent is infuriated.

VINCENT

Radam vadare onkon...

A dozen steel knives shoot out from his fingertips.

Elvira reacts quickly, spread eagles herself in front of a wooden fence. The knives land in a perfect outline of her shapely figure. She steps away from the wall and takes a sweeping circus bow.

ELVIRA

Tadaa!...

(childish)

Missed me. Missed me. Now ya
gotta' kiss me.

VINCENT

Epatal kuriman dora.

Vincent points his hand at the buzzing powerlines over her head. The pole suspending the wires splinters in half and crashes through the window of a music store. The wires spark and twist like electrical cobras, threatening to shock her.

Elvira grabs a clarinet from the shattered display window and plays a snakecharmers melody. The electrical snakes slither away as she segues into "HAVA NAGILAH".

Vincent sends a firebolt at Elvira which she confidently deflects with her ring.

ELVIRA

So you wanna play rough, eh?
Well, two can play at that
game... Take that...

She casts her hand at Vincent, but as she does, her ring flies off her finger and lands on the ground ten feet in front of her. She scrambles for the ring. As she is about to grab it, it flies through the air and slips onto Vincent's finger. Elvira's bravado evaporates.

ELVIRA

Uh-oh... Gee, I'd like to stay
around and play with you. But,
uh, I just remembered I... I got
to wash my hair.

Vincent extends his hand and an electrical bolt flies at Elvira. She jumps and the bolt just singes her butt.

ELVIRA

Yeow!

She makes a break for it. As she runs behind a building, Vincent fires again and a few bricks of the building are blown away.

Elvira runs down the street, but she stops momentarily to vainly check her reflection in a storefront window.

Suddenly, the window shatters. She looks back, sees Vincent coming, and splits.

Elvira runs into the bowling alley.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Elvira leaps over the bowling shoe counter and hides.

The doors to the bowling alley crash down and Vincent looms in the doorway. He has begun to sprout horns.

In the darkness, Elvira holds her nose because of the stench of the bowling shoes. As she repositions herself, she knocks over a bowling trophy.

Vincent's glowing red eyes look in her direction. He sees the top of her bouffant poking out above the countertop.

VINCENT

Sockara repula.

Elvira slowly lifts her head looking for Vincent, unaware that a large scorpion is crawling on her bosom. She unconsciously tries to brush it away. At the last moment, she looks down and screams. The bowling shoes are filled with hundreds of crawling bugs and spiders.

Under fire, she runs down a lane, slips and belly flops, sliding head first into a row of bowling pins. The scoreboard above her lights up a strike.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Elvira runs out the back door.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

Her stiletto heel breaks, causing her to fall by the statue of the Revolutionary War hero. She rubs her twisted ankle, panting like a "B" movie actress.

VINCENT

Loribu expata zule.

The statue's eyes pop open and it comes to life. It jumps down off the pedestal and tries to stab her with the bayonet on its rifle.

Elvira removes her other shoe and throws it at her attacker. The shoe turns end over end and, astonishingly, the spiked heel is embedded right between his eyes. The statue falls forward and shatters into a million pieces of granite.

A bolt of lightning strikes the park bench next to her and it bursts into flames. She runs barefoot, dodging explosions all around her.

She hops a fence and runs up to the front door of her house, hyperventilating. She feels for the key on the ledge above the door. It's not there.

ELVIRA

Where'd I put the key?!

She lifts a flower pot over her head. Suddenly, Billy appears.

BILLY
(holding the key)
Looking for this?

ELVIRA
Yeah, thanks.

Elvira clobbers him over the head with the flower pot and he falls over the railing of the porch. She grabs the key, opens the door.

INT. ELVIRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elvira runs in, slams the door and leans back, exhausted. When she turns around, she is face to face with Vincent's other henchman, Travis. She screams, then runs into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Elvira has cornered herself.

TRAVIS
Now, baby. You and me have some unfinished business.

He flicks open a switchblade. She slowly backs away.

ELVIRA
(stalling)
Yeah, well, uh. I think we can do business. Uh, sure, I can dig it. I'm cool, bro'. What it is. Where it's at.

Elvira is backed up against the counter. She feels a jar behind her and opens it.

TRAVIS
I'll show you where it's at.

As Travis comes at her, Elvira flings the contents of the jar into his face. Travis screams, holding his hands over his face. He pulls his hands away and his face is covered with leeches. Travis crashes through the back door, and rolls down the steps.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Elvira peeks out of the kitchen door. The living room is empty. She inches along the wall, her heart pounding.

Suddenly, Vincent's clawed hand bursts through the wall and grabs her around the mouth. She spots her ring on his finger and bites his hand. We HEAR a demonic SHRIEK. She pulls the ring off of his hand. It goes flying, sliding across the floor.

EXT. MOON - NIGHT

The last sliver of moonlight disappears. It is a total lunar eclipse.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vincent comes through the wall, metamorphosized into a hideous demon. Beelzebub himself.

Elvira eyes the ring on the floor, but Vincent is blocking the way. He sounds like Linda Blair with a sore throat.

VINCENT

And now, Elvira. You die!

He opens his mouth and flames shoot out. Elvira ducks and the curtains behind her ignite.

She grabs a vase with flowers in it, but in her panic she mistakenly dumps out the water, and throws the vase at the fire.

Elvira desperately dives for the ring on the floor, but it's just out of her reach. Vincent slowly walks toward her. She is paralyzed with fear. Her goose is gonna be cooked.

Then, just as Vincent makes a move towards her, he steps on the loose board. The plank flies up and smacks him in the head.

Here's her chance. She grabs the ring. As Vincent spits fire at her, Elvira holds up the ring, reflecting the flames back at him. He and the book catch fire.

Vincent screams as his demon spirit soars out of his body.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

His giant specter bursts through the roof of the house and disappears into the sky. His evil shriek echoes into the night and fades.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Elvira struggles to get through the burning house which is coming down around her.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Elvira emerges from the burning building. The moon reappears from out of the shadows.

She looks up and sees Will running toward her.

WILL

Elvira?! Are you alright?

ELVIRA

Yeah... fine...

She passes out in his arms. Will picks her up and carries her away from her house, past the flaming "FOR SALE" sign.

EXT. ELVIRA'S HOUSE - DAY

Elvira, Will and Gonk are sitting on the stoop in catatonic depression. The ANGLE is such that all appears normal: the steps, the door behind them are intact. But when THE CAMERA PULLS BACK, we REVEAL that these are the only two remaining parts of the house. The rest is in smoldering ruins.

WILL

What did the insurance man say?

ELVIRA

The policy excludes acts of demons.

(beat)

My powers are gone, the house is gone, the book's gone, so's my best satin garter belt and my...

WILL

(politely cutting her off)

Well, at least you've got the ring.

Elvira stares at the ring contemptuously.

ELVIRA

Yeah, but the only thing I can get it to do anymore is look cheap.

WILL

I know how much you had your heart set on playing Vegas.

ELVIRA

(covering her hurt)

It's no big deal. It was just a dumb ol' fantasy anyway. I learned a long time ago that dreams don't come true for people like me... I do better on nightmares.

WILL

You gonna be okay?

ELVIRA

Hey, don't worry about me. I'm like fake fruit. I don't bruise that easy. Besides, I still have you and Gonk.

ELVIRA'S T-BIRD

drives up, honking. Randy, his grandfather, Laura, and several of the other kids get out.

Elvira, Will and Gonk meet them. Randy hands the key to Elvira.

RANDY

We finally got it running...

ELVIRA

Swell. I still don't know how I'm going to pay for it...

GRANDPA

I'm sure we can work out something.

ELVIRA

Thanks, guys. At least now I'll have a place to live.

Mr. and Mrs. Meeker walk up with a transformed Laura, having overheard the exchange. Mrs. Meeker seems to be there under duress.

MR. MEEKER

As long as you're in Fallwell, you'll always have a free room at the Cozy Cot.

MRS. MEEKER

(caught off guard)

Now, wait just a minute, Leslie.

MR. MEEKER

Shut up, you old bag.

Mrs. Meeker reacts to the new Mr. Meeker, gasps.
Mr. Meeker and Laura exchange a wink.

A contingent of townspeople arrives bearing food and clothing, a la "It's A Wonderful Life."

WOMAN

This is our way of saying, we were wrong about you. And we're sorry.

MAN

We never should've listened to those phonies on the town council.

LAURA

There still hasn't been a sign of Chastity, Mr. Dupar or Mr. Gerkin since last night.

BO

Probably partying somewhere...

A STAKE TRUCK

rolls by. In the back are three large pigs, SQUEALING and pawing at the wooden slats.

The sign on the side of the truck reads: "MOLEEN BACON -- We're Hog Wild on Quality."

RESUME - ELVIRA AND THE OTHERS

ELVIRA

(touched)

Y'know, I think I've learned something here. I've learned that friendship is a lot like cheese. The longer it sits around, the stronger it gets, and that... that friends are like a cheap toupee. You've gotta hang on to them... But most of all I've learned that you can search and search the wide world over, but in the end, your own backyard is right behind your house.

Bigelow the lawyer threads his way through the growing crowd.

BIGELOW

Elvira, I've got some important papers that you'll have to sign. And the judge will want to see you about the probate.

Bigelow starts removing some documents from his briefcase.

ELVIRA

If that judge thinks I'm paying one cent of taxes on this overcooked parking lot, he's got another thing coming.

THE CROWD

Yeah!

BIGELOW

No, no. You don't understand. I'm not talking about this property at all. You're the only heir to your great uncle's estate...

ELVIRA

(eyes light up)

I am?

BIGELOW

Not an inconsiderable one at that...

ELVIRA

You mean... I'm rich?

BIGELOW

Cash assets of seventy-five thousand...

ELVIRA

Las Vegas!

BIGELOW

Stocks and bonds for another twenty, plus all the real estate...

ELVIRA

(mesmerized)

Las Vegas...

WILL

That's fantastic, Elvira!

The kids slap Elvira on the back, ad-lib their congratulations.

WILL

Elvira?

ELVIRA

Las Vegas... Las Vegas...

The CAMERA MOVES IN on Elvira. Transfixed by a vision, she just keeps mumbling 'Las Vegas.'

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

A SERIES OF SHOTS. The swinging Las Vegas Strip in all its luminescent splendor. Notable hotel marquees advertising their stars: "FRANK!", "CHARO!", "PIA!"

And... playing at fabulous Caesar's Palace, in glittering lights, "ELVIRA! Mistress of the Dark", and in smaller letters underneath: "PLUS Shecky Greene."

INT. CAESAR'S SHOWROOM - NIGHT

S.R.O. The lights are dimmed. A hush falls over the crowd. A tympani rolls and the fifty piece orchestra builds to a rousing dance beat. The theme of the song and the updated Busby Berkeley-style musical number is "Nightmare in Las Vegas."

THE CURTAIN

rises on a resplendant, thirty-foot slot machine.

A CHORUS LINE

of bouffant bedecked showgirls, wearing nothing but oversized poker chips, strut their way across the stage.

A deck of human playing cards shuffles into a kicking chorus line, singing harmoniously, as they announce what the audience has been waiting for... the star of the show.

DEVIL DANCERS

taunt a gambler into dropping more money into the giant slot machine. He drops a quarter the size of a trashcan lid into the mammoth slot and pulls the handle. It comes up three melons. Bells RING, whistles SOUND.

ELVIRA

slides out of the 'win' chute, covered from head to toe in rhinestones and fake fur, trailing a twenty foot spiderwebbed train. Bad taste never looked so good.

IN A BOOTH

The teenagers from Fallwell applaud enthusiastically.

RESUME ELVIRA

as she and her entourage tap their way across an enormous crap table, dodging giant dice. Then:

ANOTHER ANGLE - ELVIRA

lands on a colossal roulette wheel. She sings and spins while the chorus girls use their bodies to form stars, flowers, and God-knows-what-else in classic June Taylor kaleidoscope tradition as seen by the OVERHEAD CAMERA.

Will and Gonk cheer from the wings.

Throughout the number, Elvira's costume has been discarded piece by piece, leaving her in ever more tacky, revealing garb, until:

Look! Who's that at the top of a hundred foot diving platform? Esther Williams? No! It's Elvira in nothing but a sexy leather bathing suit, stiletto heels, and a beehive shaped swimming cap.

Elvira holds her nose and makes a perfect dive into an Olympic-sized pool, which is surrounded by statues of Michaelangelo's 'David.'

The statues suddenly 'come to life' and join her in a surrealistic underwater rock ballet. Elvira's such a pro that she continues to gurgle the lyrics, even underwater.

As the music reaches a frenzied crescendo, Elvira, hair, makeup, and pumps still perfectly in place, is hoisted from the water by a neon witch's broom 'magically' suspended in front of a glowing full moon.

ELVIRA

surrounded by dancing lights, a flurry of glitter, and a spectacular display of fireworks, slowly floats into the air, like a triumphant Phoenix, rising from the flames.

She blows a kiss to CAMERA.

ELVIRA
Unpleasant dreams...

THE END... or is it?