

OH NEVER, SPECTRE LEAF!

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OVER BLACK.

TICK. TOCK. TICK. TOCK.

RASPY VOICE (V.O.)
Wake up, Holden.

TICK. TOCK. TICK. TOCK

RASPY VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Hey! Gigantic bag of doorknobs!
WAKE UP!

FADE IN:

INT. TUCKER HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

A BODY tumbles from the top level of a bunk bed and hits the floor with a THUNK.

A GRANDFATHER CLOCK TICKS away in a room obviously inhabited by a geeky teenage boy.

A GROAN rises from the floor.

HOLDEN TUCKER (17), all beanpole arms, bamboo legs, and disheveled hair, sits up, gingerly rubbing his head.

His eyes dart around the room, past posters and comic books, falling on an aquarium containing a sleeping iguana, WYCLEF.

HOLDEN
Let me ask you something, Wyclef;
did you just refer to me as a bag
of doorknobs?

Wyclef snoozes on without a response. Holden clambers to his feet, grabbing a pair of glasses from a dresser.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
Yeah, that's kinda what I thought.
Seventeen and I'm already hearing
voices. Son of Sam here I come.

Holden snags some clothes from a pile on his floor and gets dressed.

CAROL (O.S.)
Holden! Let's get a move-on,
breakfast is getting cold!

HOLDEN
Be right there!

INT. TUCKER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Holden sits at the table, backpack beside him, shoveling eggs into his mouth.

At the sink, Holden's mom, CAROL (early 40s), rinses dishes and files them into the dishwasher.

CAROL
Did you finish your homework?

HOLDEN
It be done as disco.

CAROL
Even your calculus?

HOLDEN
Well no, of course not the calculus. I always pay Hoyt in homeroom to do that. He's quite the brain.

Carol shoots him a motherly scowl.

HOLDEN
Kidding mom, kidding. Of course I did it.

CAROL
Not funny, mister. At least not until I've had coffee.

Holden BELCHES.

CAROL
Holden! I mean it!

HOLDEN
What? Better the attic than the basement, right?

CAROL
Just finish your breakfast. So help me, if you miss the bus one more time, I'm going to-

RING-RING! The PHONE on the wall BLARES. Carol dries her hands and scoops it up.

CAROL
Hello?
(beat; hushed)
What do you think you're doing?
(MORE)

CAROL (CONT'D)
It's not Friday, why the hell are
you-?

Her face goes ashen, and she leaves the room.

Holden pays no attention as he picks up his plate and crams
it into the dishwasher, eggs still on it.

He slides on his backpack.

HOLDEN
Alright mom, I'm outta here like
Britney Spears! I'll catch you on
the flip...

He trails off as he turns to see his mom hanging up the
phone, clearly distressed.

HOLDEN
Mom? Are you okay?

CAROL
Your grandma Helen died.

INT. AIRPORT - JETWAY - DAY

Holden trudges down the corridor, pulling a small suitcase
behind him, head hung low.

He pauses in line behind other boarding PASSENGERS.

He SIGHS.

INT. FLIGHT 815 - DAY

Holden shuffles down the aisle, checks his ticket and stops
at the appropriate row. He stuffs his suitcase into the
overhead compartment and has a seat beside an elderly
gentleman sporting a snowstorm of a hairdo. MORTIMER GALE
(70s) snottily INHALES and GULPS down a loogie.

Holden grimaces in disgust as he fastens his seatbelt.

MORTIMER
First time flying, sonny?

HOLDEN
Huh? Oh. No. No, it's not.

MORTIMER
How about by your lonesome? Is it
your first time for that?

HOLDEN

Sorta. My pet iguana, Wyclef, is in the cargo thingee, if that counts.

MORTIMER

It doesn't. Where's your mommy?

HOLDEN

She's not...she'll be flying out tomorrow. My grandma, on my dad's side, she died. This morning.

MORTIMER

I wish I'd died this morning. I rolled down here in a goddamn wheel chair. The big-bosomed stewardess and the copilot had to tote me on. I got a woody the size of a Louisville Slugger too and I don't even have my Viagra, and then I...

The old man rambles on as Holden pulls out an iPod, jams the buds in his ears and flips on a song.

More passengers file down the aisle.

Holden closes his eyes.

EXT. AIRPORT - RUNWAY - DAY

Flight 815 RUMBLES down the tarmac and takes flight.

INT. FLIGHT 815 - DAY

A STEWARDESS, the big-bosomed one, with a nametag reading 'PERSEPHONE', pushes a beverage cart down the aisle beside a dozing Holden and a lip-licking Mortimer.

STEWARDESS

May I get you something to drink today, sir?

MORTIMER

Do you have breast milk?

STEWARDESS

I beg your pardon, sir?

MORTIMER

You have the best milk. I'll have one of those. Skim would be peachy.

The stewardess taps Holden on the shoulder. He opens his eyes.

STEWARDESS

Sorry to disturb you sir, but would you like something to drink?

HOLDEN

Uh sure, how about a scotch on the rocks backed with a scotch on the rocks?

STEWARDESS

May I see your I.D. please?

HOLDEN

Better make that a coke.

The stewardess divvies out the beverages and moves along.

Holden surveys his surroundings, noticing an ODD MAN wearing pink bunny ears making faces to the seat beside him.

ODD MAN

Who loves plane rides? The Harvey loves plane rides!

In front of him, a shrew of a WOMAN spins around.

SHREW WOMAN

For the love of Pete, is it too much trouble to suggest you refrain from kicking my seat, you colossal moron?

ODD MAN

The Harvey offers his most sincere apologies, madame. Won't happen again.

The woman rolls her eyes and turns back around with a huff.

RASPY VOICE (O.S.)

What the hell, lady? Because I'm short I can't get a tall glass? Quit treating me like a freaking Smurf!

Holden jumps at the outburst, his knees whacking his seat-tray and spilling soda all over his lap.

HOLDEN

Shit crap shit!

MORTIMER

Watch your goddamn language, sonny.
I'm a Mormon.

HOLDEN

Sorry, sir.

Holden tries to mop up the mess with his shirtsleeve to no avail. He wiggles out of his seatbelt.

As he steps into the aisle, a JOLT of TURBULENCE gives the plane a good shake, causing a few frightened YELPS from scattered passengers.

The 'FASTEN SEATBELT' notice DINGS.

Holden makes his way to the bathroom at the rear of the plane.

INT. FLIGHT 815 - BATHROOM - DAY

Holden closes the door behind him, yanks out a wad of paper towels from a dispenser, and dabs at his soaked pants.

Suddenly, another BURST of TURBULENCE flings him to one side of the cramped space.

HOLDEN

Son of a butthole!

A KNOCK sounds at the door.

STEWARDESS (O.S.)

Excuse me, sir? I need you to return to your seat, please. The captain has turned on the 'fasten seatbelt' notice.

HOLDEN

Yeah okay, right after my package is done drying, I'll be-rrrhhhkk!

Another violent BUMP, this one enough to cause him to bang his head against the mirror and flop him down on the toilet.

WUMPWUMPWUMP!!! This time, the turbulence doesn't let up...

And is followed by the bellowing WHINE of TEARING METAL.

Then a ROAR of WIND EXPLODES, causing Holden to clamp his hands over his ears.

He struggles to the door and yanks it open.

INT. FLIGHT 815 - FUSEALGE - SAME

SEATS and PASSENGERS HURTLE like confetti into angry gray clouds amidst SWIRLING RAIN and various plane parts.

SCREAMS and THUNDER fill the air.

A burst of wind SLAMS the DOOR against Holden's head, knocking him back into the

BATHROOM

He trips and whacks his head on the sink.

The world goes black before his eyes.

LATER

Holden's eyes snap open.

After a moment, he gingerly pulls himself to his feet.

All is still. And very, very quiet.

Holden rubs his eyes and stares into the mirror, fingers finding and probing a gargantuan knot on his forehead.

HOLDEN

Jesus. I look like Rocky Dennis.

Then he stops, noticing the odd lighting in the bathroom.

His gaze drifts upward...

And falls on the FULL MOON peering through the very large hole in the ceiling.

HOLDEN

Oh, holy Voltron shit.

Hands trembling, he gathers himself and cautiously opens the bathroom door.

EXT. PET CEMETERY - NIGHT

The ragged tail section is all that seems to remain of the airplane.

Holden's breath halts in his throat as he peers from the wreckage and takes in the immediate landscape.

Headstones, crypts and underbrush stretch for acres, surrounded by towering iron fences and grotesque stone gargoyles.

In the distance, thick forests and jagged mountains loom over the night.

HOLDEN

This...this is just messed up.

He steps out of the wreckage and hops to the ground.

He lands on a ratty picnic blanket beside a wicker basket and mason jars containing BUBBLING PURPLE LIQUID (full-moonshine).

Brow furrowed, he picks up a jar and twists off the lid. He takes a deep WHIFF.

Immediately, his eyes stream tears and his EYEBROWS BURST into FLAME. He drops the jar with a YOWL as he smacks himself in the face to extinguish the fire.

HOLDEN

Ow ow ow! What the hell man?!

CHA-CHUNK. The sound of a SHOTGUN being PUMPED stops Holden mid-brow slap.

DINK (O.S.)

(raspy airplane voice)

Do you have any idea what you just did, numbnuts?

Holden slowly turns to see a four-foot tall dwarf, DINK LEDBETTER (30s), standing before him, all muttonchops, goatee and a jester's hat. Oh, and a sawed-off shotgun.

DINK

Well? Do you?

HOLDEN

Uh...do I what?

Dink points to the plane wreckage...

And the pair of thigh-high, BLACK HOOKER BOOTS attached to a pair of killer legs sticking out from underneath it.

DINK

I was on a picnic, jackass! And I was half a jar of full-moonshine away from cramming my funstuff in her shitbox!

Holden is at an utter loss.

HOLDEN

A picnic? What? Uh, I'm sorry, but isn't...isn't this a graveyard or something?

DINK

So? It's a foolproof lay, genius! Hooch and dead pets do funky shit to broads, lemme tell you. And you just crashed your ride into my surefire pussy!

HOLDEN

I don't...where the heck am I? My plane crashed. I think. Am I dead?

DINK

You should be for screwing up a man's happy ending! You're lucky I don't pump a round of-

AWOOOOOO! A HOWL, and a close one at that, shatters the night.

Dink whirls to the sound, shotgun raised and ready.

HOLDEN

What the hell was that?

DINK

Zip it, assclown.

HOLDEN

Holden!

DINK

What?

HOLDEN

Holden. My name is Holden Tucker. I'm from Wichita, Kansas and my name is Holden Tucker!

DINK

Well, excuse the hell outta me, hold and fuck her. Now shut up!

A low GROWL resonates from behind one of the crypts and a huge figure detaches itself from the shadows.

A monstrous SIAMESE WEREWOLF shambles into the moonlight, grafted together at the hip, its dual faces a mishmash of fangs, fur and feral ferocity. MERCUTIO and PIPPI HEMINGWAY.

Dink props his shotgun on his shoulder with a sigh.

DINK

Well, if it isn't Mercutio and Pippi, the world-famous Hemingway twins. Looking into afterlife accommodations, are we?

MERCUTIO

Clamp thine whiskeyhole, wee scalawag! Thou art not our concern this eve.

DINK

Yeah? You think you can take a dump near my picnic and get away with it?

Mercutio clears his throat and paws at the ground.

MERCUTIO

Ahem. I have engaged in no such foul action, I must say.

Dink takes a big SNIFF and grins.

DINK

Well somebody just took a steamer the size of a Volkswagen behind that crypt, fuzzy nuts.

PIPPI

Oh, cram it up your tailpipe, you fidget. I'll shit on your parade any damn time I please. Now move!

DINK

And why would I wanna do that?

PIPPI

The Nocturnal Wench Everlasting wants the boy. Give him to us and you can go back to punching your clown or whatever it is you do out here.

Dink pretends to think about it.

DINK

Nope, no can do. Not til I'm done with him first. See, the kid mucked up any shot I had at bumping gruesomes tonight...that is unless I wanna dabble in necrophilia...hmmm...

The twins bristle, fur standing on end.

MERCUTIO

Anger us not, dwarf. Lest ye desire reaping the dire consequences.

Dink whips another shotgun from a holster strapped to his back. He COCKS the HAMMERS back on both firearms.

DINK

I'm afraid that's gonna be a two-way street.

Holden, cowering behind a grave, pokes his head out.

HOLDEN

Um...any chance I get a say in any of this?

DINK

Shut up, Holden Fuckberry. I already hate your guts. Don't make me paint a headstone with 'em too.

A ROAR of a high-powered ENGINE and a slew of distant HOWLS ECHO from the night. Mercutio and Pippi grin, spittle leaking from their fangs.

PIPPI

Uh-oh. Guess who's coming to dinner?