

3:47 A.M.
WHEN DEATH'S DOOR OPENS

By
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FADE IN

LEGEND ON THE SCREEN:

DURING THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING, EVIL AWAKENS THE DEVIL. TIME TO RISE, TIME TO KILL. HELL HAS OPENED ITS DOORWAY AT 3:47 A.M. THE *PERFECT* TIME TO DIE!

EXT. GRAVEYARD- 3:45 A.M.

A beautiful young WOMAN is PRAYING at the GRAVE of her FATHER. Her EYES are closed.

Rumbling LEAVES disturb her SOLACE.

She LOOKS up.

HORROR in the FORM of a disfigured CREATURE startle her PRAYERS.

3:46 A.M.

The WOMAN gets up, RUNS through the GRAVEYARD, but soon REALIZES the CREATURE is always just ONE STEP behind her.

The WOMAN tires, slips and falls, TEARING her blouse open.

The CREATURE towers over her TORSO, waving a sleek and shiny SURGICAL SAW.

She lay motionless, her BREASTS heaving as her throaty MOANS fall on vacant EARS.

3:47 A.M.

The SAW strikes the WOMAN, severing the HEAD at the NECK, strands of bloody ARTERIES left hanging.

The CREATURE looks down at her FACE, turning his disfigured HEAD from SIDE to SIDE.

SHE WHIMPERS.

The SAW BLADE reflects the MOON.

The CREATURE giggles, placing the HEAD (with her LIPS still moving) into a BURLAP BAG.

He RUNS through the graveyard, GIGGLING and BOUNCING the bag upon the various GRAVES.

EXT. GRAVEYARD- CONTINUOUS

The CREATURE hears TWO VOICES, both MOANING in ecstasy.

Two WOMEN, topless and having SEX on a fresh MOUND of GRAVE dirt, HEAR the MURDER.

They RUN fast through the graveyard, looking backward SCREAMING and CRYING.

A lover's KISS is the last ACT in their LIVES.

EXT. CREATURE'S HUT- 3:55 P.M.

The CREATURE takes out THREE HEADS from the bag, places them on SPIKES next to the NINE other LONG-DECAYED heads.

He SHAVES their skulls and PAINTS the HEADS.

A huge, circular FIRE has the CREATURE hypnotized.

CREATURE

Quiet my hunger, Lucifer, and let
me be whole once again!

The CREATURE readies himself. Horrific VOICES of PAIN emanate from the 12 HEADS.

The heads CHANT along. A CHALLENGE from HEAD 7, a LESBIAN who is not quite DEAD, ANGERS the CREATURE.

HEAD 7

We take orders from *no man*, even in
this Hell!

CREATURE

Quiet! Be still, and fear my
power!

HEAD 7

The *women* will rule in Hell!

The HEADS roll off the SPIKES and over power the CREATURE.

12 HEADLESS LESBIANS all chant over and over:

LESBIANS

Even in death, we will take the
power! Let us *celebrate* this
creature's death!

The DIRECTOR of the movie "3:47 A.M." BARKS 'cut' at his 12 topless ACTRESSES.

DIRECTOR

What the fuck, ladies? I thought you all had this down pat. We changed that line yesterday. We cut 'celebrate' and instead, it's 'crucify'.

One of the topless LESBIANS asks for a SHAWL. Pretty soon, all 12 are asking for TOPS.

BURT SAXBEE, the CREATURE, is smoking a JOINT.

BURT

Hey, Angel, am I a terrific creature, or *what*?

DIRECTOR

You're golden, kid.

LESBIAN FOUR

I'm freezing!

DIRECTOR

Sure, why not, let's get *everyone* some fur coats.

The director, ANGEL SPOROZOA, is now looking for his SCRIPT SUPERVISOR.

ANGEL

Betty? Donde esta, Betty? Where are you? Can we get some kind of professionalism on this shoot?

The UNION REP appears to be anxious. He keeps LOOKING at his WATCH.

UNION MAN

Come on, kid, it's already ten thirty. Let's finish, okay? I'm due on a porno film in an hour, "Breaking Butt".

The ACTRESSES who play the LESBIANS share CIGARETTES.

INT. TRAILER- NIGHT

Angel is on the PHONE with his PRODUCER.

ANGEL

We need to go back to the graveyard. I need the money shot. The union assholes are on my back.
(MORE)

ANGEL (CONT'D)

It's getting very expensive, I know. Let's just go back for one more shot. The gals are good and some of them are *real* lesbos. I wanna go back there later tonight. Okay. See ya.

EXT. GRAVEYARD- NIGHT

Angel ADDRESSES the tired CREW.

ANGEL

We're back at three in the morning. Stay loose, everyone.

A LONE VOICE yells at the director.

LONE VOICE

Fuck you, Spielberg!

Angel RESPONDS as though he's accepting an AWARD.

ANGEL

Thank you, you're beautiful!

EXT. GRAVEYARD- 3:44 A.M.

The film CREW has set up for the MONEY SHOT. The TOPLESS LESBIANS are ready for their CLOSE-UPS.

ANGEL

Okay, everyone, quiet! Quiet. The gals here are going to give us the best they got, right gals?

Angel's bullhorn CACKLES a bit.

LESBIAN ONE

Angel, do we *have* to kiss? I mean, some of the girls here are gay, but I'm not. I'm just not into that scene.

ANGEL

That's why they call it *acting*, dear. Just concentrate on your motivation.

LESBIAN TWO

What *is* our motivation in this scene?

ANGEL
In this scene?

LESBIAN TWO
I mean, in this particular scene,
what is our philosophical
destination?

ANGEL
You want to kick the shit out of
the creature.

LESBIAN SEVEN
Oh, like in "The Horn Blows Your
Mama"? I was in that. I *blew the
horn!*

3:45 A.M.

ANGEL
Let's get going here. Gals?
Ready?

ALL LESBIANS
Yes, Angel, we are *ready!*

ANGEL
Okay? Action.

3:46 A.M.

Burt's CREATURE begins *acting.....*

CREATURE'S HEAD
Oh, Lucifer, hear my call....

3:47 A.M.

ANGEL
Who put the purple make-up on him?

MAKE-UP MAN
Not me, boss. I didn't touch him.

Burt's TORSO is moving, as if he's being TUGGED underground.

BURT
Ugh, aarrhhhh... uuurrgh!

ANGEL
Fuck! Cut!

Angel RUNS to Burt.

BURT
 (softly)
 Help.... I-I'm dying... help!

Angel is extremely ANGRY.

ANGEL
 That's not the line! Someone get
 this actor the right lines.

BETTY runs to Burt, SCRIPT in hand. She SEES his head up close.

BETTY
 Angel, something's wrong.

She sees REAL BLOOD. Burt is struggling.

MAKE UP MAN
 He's either the best actor I've
 ever seen, or he's dead.

Angel CONTINUES filming.

BETTY
 Angel, this is *real blood!*

ANGEL
 Burt, we don't have any more money
 for this shit.

Burt's HEAD is STILL. A CREW member FEELS Burt's NECK.

CREW MEMBER
 Angel, this guy's *dead.*

BETTY
 What an actor!

CREW MEMBER
 Better than Danny Trejo.

Burt's HEAD has been SEVERED, and BLOOD flows everywhere.

His head ROLLS down a slight INCLINE.

ANGEL
 Keep shooting!

Angel is FROZEN with HORROR!

A CREW MEMBER disappears under the sandy GROUND.

BETTY
Que hora es?

ANGEL
What time is it? Goddamn it,
someone tell me the time!

A LONE EXTRA whispers.....

EXTRA
It's 3:47 a.m.

ANGEL
Oh, no way! No way!

Burt's HEAD has rolled up next to Angel's BOOT.

He *throws up* all over his own boot.

Several CREW MEMBERS' HEADS are lopped off by a *real* CREATURE and his SURGICAL SAW.

EXTRA
That's lunch!

Angel's HEAD is SEVERED.

His jugular VEIN is RIPPED into SHREDS of FLESH.

The CREATURE heads for Betty. She trips over a TRIPOD and the BUTTONS to her BLOUSE pop off.

Pendulous BREASTS sway over her flat, lean STOMACH.

The CREATURE stops for a moment to STARE.

BETTY RUNS!

BETTY
I should have taken that internship
with Robert Rodriguez.

The CREATURE bites her head off, and fleshy knots of tissue hang from his mouth.

After swallowing, a giant LUMP appears in the CREATURE'S throat. The very TOP of Betty's HEAD is SEEN in the CREATURE'S mouth.

Her HEAD finally goes down his THROAT with one last SWALLOW.

CREATURE
Good to the last drop!

INT. MUSEUM OF HORROR- DAY

ALLAN BUSE, mid 40's, is the CURATOR of an OAKLAND museum dedicated to EVIL.

His PURPOSE is to record EVIL and DISPLAY it to the willing and unwilling PUBLIC.

Allan has received 12 HEADS, rotting and disgusting, through an ANONYMOUS Federal Express shipment.

He is placing them onto LONG STAINLESS STEEL SPIKES, as per instructions, in a CIRCLE on stage in the ENTRANCE of his museum.

His newly hired assistant, VERONICA MILES, is PRODDING him for the story behind the SHIPMENT.

VERONICA

Come on, Allan, tell me. I deserve to know. I signed for this smelly box. What's the story, morning glory?

Allan SIPS fresh hot COFFEE.

ALLAN

It began long ago. It has to do with the time of early morning that *pure evil* is unleashed.

Veronica, 34, with gorgeous RED HAIR and petite but *perfect* breasts, BLOWS on her freshly-painted NAILS.

VERONICA

Come on, Allan, you're beginning to believe your own bullshit. An actual time of day when horror *comes alive*?

ALLAN

3:47 a.m. Horror awakens at that moment.

VERONICA

Why wouldn't it be midnight? Or, say, 3:00 a.m. exactly? Why 3:47?

A BLANK STARE comes over Allan. He SHAKES it off in a few seconds.

ALLAN

Veronica, I want to show you something.

VERONICA

I've heard *that one* before.

Allan leads Veronica by the hand to a STAGED SETTING of a FARMHOUSE in Louisiana.

He begins a GRUESOME story.

ALLAN

The Hardy family.... Mommy, daddy, and four little girls. All six were murdered late one night in 2002, deep in the bayous of Louisiana. No one knows why.

The EXHIBIT is well staged, but, *then again*, TASTE is in the eye of the BEHOLDER.

VERONICA

It was awful. But is it true?

ALLAN

It wouldn't be here if it wasn't.

They WALK around the exhibit. Veronica BENDS OVER to see the ANGLE of a BULLET HOLE.

Her UNDERWEAR sneaks up her BUTT. She WIGGLES around her backside.

VERONICA

I gave myself my own wedgy.

ALLAN

I'm a *professional* de-wedgy-er.

She FINISHES her work south of the BORDER.

VERONICA

I kind of know the story, Allan. The police thought they had the guy, a drifter. He matched the description old man Hardy scrawled on his own floor in his own blood.

The exhibit is as GRAPHIC as the sheriff's department would allow.

ALLAN

But it turned out it wasn't him. The DNA proved it. So they let him out of prison-

VERONICA

-And the very next week the same man murdered a family of seven in the next parish.

ALLAN

They *fried* him for that one. Fool me once, you know..... but the Hardys?

They both STARE at the GRUESOME EXHIBIT.

VERONICA

So why did you bring me over here? Did you just want to get a better look at my tits? Thomas Hardy *knew* his murderer. That's what I think.

ALLAN

Yes and no.

VERONICA

What?

ALLAN

Yes, I called you over here just to get a better look at your boobs, but no, I don't think Hardy knew his murderer. Or murderers.

The sunlight STREAMS through the window, OUTLINING a silhouette of Veronica's curvaceous BODY.

VERONICA

That's sexual harassment. And a bunch of bullshit, also.

ALLAN

You see the wall clock in the kitchen, right next to his left hand, where he scrawled the word "killer"?

Veronica SQUINTS.

VERONICA

Yeah, so wha... oh, my God! It's 3:47 a.m.

The CLOCK on the wall, an antique GREEN-TRIMMED beauty, is HANGING with the PLUG out of the socket.

ALLAN

Who unplugged it? I followed the police report to the letter, and it said nothing of the chord being pulled out. Did the murders occur at 3:47? Did the killer pull the plug perhaps?

Veronica's ASS bumps into a TABLE, which FALLS over and knocks the STATUE of HARDY off.

VERONICA

I never believed any of this crap, just because it was so warped, but now? Yikes!

She picks up PIECES of Hardy.

ALLAN

What happened, exactly? Who knows?

Veronica steps closer to Allan, her body TREMBLING and her breasts, HEAVING.

VERONICA

Who cares? Let's go back to those heads. *They'll* tell the story.

Veronica realizes she is CLOSE to Allan.

INT. TWELVE HEAD EXHIBIT AREA- DAY

Allan is a definite HORN DOG. His interest in Veronica is strictly PERSONAL. He gets as close to her as she will allow.

ALLAN

You wanna hear something even creepier?

He RUBS his hand UP and DOWN her back.

VERONICA

Hands at home. Or I call the cops.

Allan places both HANDS at his SIDE.

ALLAN

The clock? The green one?

VERONICA

Yes?

ALLAN

One day about three months ago,
before we got this current piece of
whatever this is delivered, I was
trying to spruce up the Hardy
exhibit a little, and I moved the
clock over a little.

VERONICA

And?

ALLAN

I plugged it in, set it to the
correct time, and went home. Next
morning, I came in, checked the
exhibits like I always do-

VERONICA

-I never understood why you do
that. You're an OCD guy.

ALLAN

No, I'm an CFS guy.

VERONICA

CFS?

ALLAN

"Check For Stragglers." Last year,
we had three young kids stay over
night in the Manson exhibit.

Allan's BODY mysteriously COMES CLOSER and CLOSER to
Veronica.

Slowly, her hand comes up.....

SLAP!

VERONICA

I *told* you, hands at home.

Allan CALMS himself by DANCING the TWIST. He HUMS the SONG
made famous *years ago* by CHUBBY CHECKER.

ALLAN

(singing)

"Let's twist again... like we did
last summer..."

Veronica ADMIRES his dancing.

Pretty soon, VERONICA is TWISTING.....

VERONICA

Go, daddy, go!

ALLAN

How did you come about working here? I forgot the story, morning glory.

VERONICA

I was toiling away at the phone company. Then I met this cop. He told me your were looking for someone.

She does an IMPRESSION of LILY TOMLIN'S telephone character from "LAUGH-IN".

ALLAN

Hiring you sure was an improvement over old lady Tingler, that's for sure.

The dancing STOPS and Veronica STOPS doing LILY TOMLIN.

VERONICA

Go on with your story.

ALLAN

It cost me over two hundred dollars to replace Sharon Tate's breasts. Those geeks slept in the Manson bed and ruined her breasts. Can you believe it? So, I come in and check every exhibit every day. I've caught a few people sleeping on the various beds from time to time.

VERONICA

Well, did you find any kids humping old man Hardy?

She pretends SHE is one of the KIDS and starts TWERKING.

ALLAN

No, but guess what? Even though I knew full well that it was nine in the morning, and my phone time was correct, the clock said?

VERONICA

(in a game show VOICE)
Answer is?

ALLAN

Be real.

VERONICA

Three forty-seven? Go write a novel! Really?

ALLAN

Yep. After that, I left it alone. I haven't touched the clock or anything else on that stage since.

Veronica SITS on what she ASSUMES is a chair, but really is a THRONE made from HUMAN BONES.

She SCREAMS!

VERONICA

No offense, but this place is really starting to give me the willies.

Allan settles her down by WHISTLING the theme from "HALLOWEEN".

ALLAN

Hey, I was going to have some friends over tonight, just a little bash at the house. Would you like to come?

ONE of the TWELVE heads SLIPS off its STAKE, rolls over to her FEET and STARES at her.

VERONICA

If that eye blinks at me, I'll....

The EYE blinks. She KICKS the HEAD back to Allan.

ALLAN

Then you'll come?

The eye is *still* blinking at her.

VERONICA

How did that happen?

Allan is DISCONNECTS the small BATTERY from the EYE.

ALLAN

Show biz, deary.

VERONICA

I'll be there, if only to see how strange and weird your home has to be.

ALLAN

It's Vincent Price night. Everyone has to dress as Vincent Price. But for you, I'll give a pass..... Vincent *never* had your figure.

INT. ALLAN'S HOUSE- NIGHT

The party is in full swing. There's a good deal of single men, not enough single gals.

Allan is a gracious HOST.

Veronica has arrived and makes her way to the bar. Allan approaches.

ALLAN

Veronica, how nice it is to see you. Have you recovered from today? Sorry about the whole rolling head thing.

Allan is dressed like VINCENT PRICE. His cigarette is in a gold holder, he's wearing an ascot, and his hair has been fashioned to resemble PRICE.

And he's got that VOICE down pat!

VERONICA

Why don't you show me around this little abode of yours.

Allan HANDS her a drink. He blows SMOKE in Veronica's direction. The monocle, though, is a bit much.

ALLAN

My home is your home.

She stops at a photograph of THOMAS HARDY on the fireplace MANTEL.

VERONICA

You like to bring your work home, don't you?

Allan picks up the PHOTOGRAPH.

ALLAN
I think of them often.

VERONICA
Macabre.

ALLAN
No, Republican.

VERONICA
Like this picture. What is it?

She examines it closely.

It RESEMBLES the Hardy FAMILY, decapitated, all of them lined up in a row, impeccably DRESSED.

ALLAN
This was mailed to my house last week, same mysterious Fed Ex delivery code. Plenty of strange handwriting on the note. I gave the note to the cops, but they looked at it and went back to shooting rubber bands at each other. Two adult black men, Oakland's finest, who were doing *nothing* in the middle of the afternoon except snapping rubber bands at each other.

Veronica STARES at it.

VERONICA
His mouth seems to be trying to say something.

Allan downs his drink.

ALLAN
Yeah, like get me another drink. Let's see the house, okay?

She places it back on the mantel.

As they WALK AWAY, the PHOTOGRAPH RISES an INCH, then FALLS to the floor.

They continue the tour.

The party DRAGS on. The music is LOUD.

The GUESTS are OBNOXIOUS.

INT. ALLAN'S MASTER SUITE- VERY LATE

Allan is showing his extra large BED to Veronica.

VERONICA

You really have hope, don't you,
Allan. My, my, that's a big bed.

He throws his ARMS around her.

BOTH have had too much to drink.

ALLAN

Big enough for two. Any ideas?

She PUSHES him backward and he FALLS. His drink SPILLS on
the ASCOT.

VERONICA

I'm sorry Allan, *really* I am.

Allan gets up. He tries BLOTTING his ascot.

ALLAN

Jesus, I'm just trying my best
here, Ronni.

VERONICA

Nothing is short for Veronica.

Veronica gives him a little KISS on the cheek.

ALLAN

You do realize I am your boss and I
could in no way make improper
advances toward you. I'm just not
built that way.

VERONICA

(laughing)

Yeah, sure.

She sees yet another PHOTOGRAPH of Hardy on the bedroom night
stand. Veronica picks it up.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Another one? Jesus, this is on
your nightstand, Allan. For
Christ'sakes?

Allan SITS on the bed. His MOOD has CHANGED.

ALLAN

(tearfully)

Hardy's my brother. That was my brother's family that was butchered in that parish. Thomas was six years older. I changed my name long ago. I wanted nothing to do with him or the murders. He was weird. But he didn't deserve to be hacked to death.

Veronica cannot believe her ears.

VERONICA

Share this with anyone else, Allan?

ALLAN

No. Why?

VERONICA

Because I don't want to end up dead. I'm getting a clearer picture of my role here. Usually, in an inexpensive, creepoid movie, the beautiful woman with a great rack gets hers early on. I don't wanna die tonight.

Allan approaches Veronica and tries to CONSOLE her.

ALLAN

Sorry, I don't want you to die tonight either. But you're right about the rack.

He KISSES her, passionately.

She KISSES back, and then the *next* party favors unleash..... fondling, petting, and necking.

VERONICA

Allan, I'm not the one.... I-I don't think...

Allan KISSES her again.

ALLAN

Don't think at all. Just kiss me, hold me, and pretend you love me. If only for tonight.

VERONICA

Please, Allan....

Veronica REMOVES her blouse. Allan's HANDS run through her hair, and STOP at her BRA.

He UNHOOKS it with little trouble.

ALLAN

Oh, Veronica.... I want you so....

Allan takes her upon the bed and begins making LOVE to her. She responds to HIS wants and HER needs.

VERONICA

Take me... oh, Allan...

Allan STRIPS off their clothes. They are NAKED.

ALLAN

Hold me, Veronica.

Allan uses his MONOCLE to inspect Veronica's breasts up close.

VERONICA

Yes, yes, Allan. Run the glass across my nipples. I love how that feels.

Allan RUBS the monocle up and down her BREASTS, then down past her TUMMY.

She's in SHEER ecstasy.

She STRADDLES Allan and the GAME is AFOOT.

INT. BEDROOM- EARLY MORNING

Veronica has awakened.

3:43 a.m.

She has awakened Allan with her TIRADE.

VERONICA

And another thing, you can kiss off my coming back to your freaking museum tomorrow or any other day. I quit! This is really fucked up, Allan. You tricked me into bed. I can't believe I slept with you! You? Really?

3:44 a.m.

ALLAN
Look at the damn clock!

Veronica keeps yelling, but stops when she SEES the time.

VERONICA
Shit, I'm outta of here.

She SCAMPERS off the bed and into her CLOTHES.

INT. HALLWAY 3:45 A.M.

Veronica is running through the house, SCREAMING her lungs out!

Allan follows, but is held back by something big, dark and ominous.

The CREATURE is here.

ALLAN
Help me! I... I can't break free.
I-I... oh, Jesus Christ! Who are
you? Aaaahhh!

FOOTSTEPS sounding like a BIGFOOT are HEARD behind Veronica.

VERONICA
Allan? Allan?

More footsteps.

ALLAN
Help me.....

3:46 a.m.

INT. KITCHEN- 3:47 A.M.

Veronica GRABS a large chef's KNIFE. She RUNS to the DOOR.

As her hand grabs the DOORKNOB, the kitchen CLOCK falls from the wall.

She HEARS footsteps THUMPING through the kitchen and toward HER.

The CREATURE grabs her NECK.

SHE LOOKS HIM STRAIGHT IN THE EYE.

VERONICA
Who are you? What are you?

With both HANDS around her head, the CREATURE twists her HEAD off her NECK.

He GIGGLES as BOTH the HEAD and the CLOCK are thrown into a BURLAP bag.

ALLAN'S head is in there, too, still TWITCHING.

INT. BAG- CONTINUOUS

Allan and Veronica make EYE CONTACT as their HEADS bang against each other in the bag.

There are other HEADS in the DEATH BAG.

Various LIPS on decapitated HEADS move.

The CREATURE walks out the back door.

CREATURE
 (singing)
 "I am a sick, sick creature, I
 practice everyday. And people come
 from miles around, just to see me
 slay. My sliced heads, my sliced
 heads, people see my sliced
 heads..."

He BOUNCES up and down with his BAG, with Veronica's HAND still holding the KNOB.

INT. OAKLAND POLICE BUILDING- NIGHT

Sargent BILL MALSTROM is sitting at his desk, CHEWING on a rubber band.

He removes it from his mouth, aims it at Detective First Class CURTIS "CHEWY" LARSON and hits Chewy's head, the PRIMARY target.

CHEWY
 Hey, fuck off, Malstrom, haven't
 you got better things to do?

Bill aims ANOTHER rubber band at Chewy's HEAD.

Both MEN are African-American, tall, gray-haired African-American Oakland police officers.

They've been PARTNERS for years.

BILL

Yeah, but your big head just yearns
for my gift of hitting your noggin
with rubber bands. Hurt?

Chewy STANDS and BRUSHES OFF fifteen rubber bands from his
PANTS and SHIRT.

CHEWY

Only when I see that face of yours.
What do you have on the naked chick
and the museum creep? What are you
calling this one?

BILL

The case of the missing noggin.

Chewy FIRES a rubber band at *Bill's* head.

CHEWY

You going out later?

Chewy tries to fire a LONE STAPLE using a rubber band as the
firing mechanism.

It FAILS miserably.

BILL

Yep. Brown Sugar. I love that
place. Seven thirty. I gotta
date. She works for the phone
company.

CHEWY

Cell?

BILL

California Phone.

CHEWY

Land line?

BILL

Yep.

CHEWY

Didn't even know they existed
anymore.

BILL

Didn't know rubber bands existed
either.

CHEWY
Phones, I mean.

BILL
They don't. She's the only one who
shows up every day. She was
friends with the deceased woman.

CHEWY
She mental?

BILL
She's dating *me*.

CHEWY
White?

BILL
Of course.

CHEWY
A white girl. What's your mama
gonna say?

BILL
What she *always* says.

CHEWY
You *like* white girls?

BILL
I *like getting laid!*

CHEWY
I like my job. Ready?

BILL
Let's do it.

CHEWY
Museum first. Check out the horror
place Allan whats-his-name ran with
that hot naked chick.

BILL
Sure.

Chewy offers Bill gum.

CHEWY
Gum?

BILL
What?

CHEWY

Gum. Chewing gum. Want some?

BILL

Oh, no. I thought you were telling me your last name. Chew Gum.

Chewy places his gun on his hip holster.

CHEWY

That was funny the first three thousand times I heard it.

BILL

What are you carrying today?

CHEWY

My standard-issue thirty-eight.

BILL

We might be facing zombies. You need firepower for zombies.

CHEWY

Okay, I'll bring a shotgun with me. What do you got?

BILL

My forty-five. What else?

CHEWY

Let's go. I wanna see where the naked chick got it.

BILL

They weren't murdered there.

CHEWY

Let's go anyway.

BILL

Fine.

CHEWY

Great.

BILL

Well?

CHEWY

Let me get my coat.

BILL

You didn't bring one today.

CHEWY
Okay. Need anything?

BILL
I'm good.

CHEWY
Sure?

BILL
Rubber bands. And a new partner.

INT. OAKLAND MUSEUM OF HORROR- VERY EARLY MORNING

Bill and Chewy open the doors to the museum. The yellow CRIME TAPE surrounds *everything*.

BILL
Tape much?

CHEWY
The rookies always use too much yellow tape. Make the area look like a *crime* took place. No wonder these assholes died. This is a blasphemous place. Did they ever close the Hardy case?

They both SNIFF around like old BLOOD HOUNDS.

BILL
Nope. The one that spent five years in jail went free. DNA didn't match. Then he butchered another family in the next parish. It's almost though evil had a plan for that area. And the plan worked.

Bill SNAPS a rubber band. Chewy SNAPS his gum.

CHEWY
Let's move on. It's almost time for our four a.m. lunch.

BILL
Christ, let's not have lunch. Lunch is definitely out of the question.

They keep WALKING past exhibits.

The MANSON family, two or three mob murders, MICHAEL CORLEONE shooting a gangster and a cop in a restaurant.

Then, the most recent arrivals, twelve HEADS on spikes, in a circle.

A pre-recorded CHANT customers play EMANATES from the display.

Horror at its HIGHEST LEVEL.

CHEWY

This place gives me the creeps.

BILL

Kind of like being at your place?

Bill snaps a RUBBER BAND at Chewy.

CHEWY

I laughed at that when your mama said it.

Chewy STANDS behind Bill.

BILL

The Captain said we were to pay particular attention to the clock from the crime scene. It stopped at 3:47 a.m. Just the time that all the other clocks are stopped at this pisshole of a museum. How did this guy ever get away with running a place like this?

Chewy STOPS Bill with his hand.....

3:41 a.m.

CHEWY

My sister came here once, a while ago. She came home after and didn't come out of her room for days. Did nothing but pray for weeks.

Bill POKES Chewy in the stomach.

BILL

I know your sister. She needs to pray. She has problems.

CHEWY

Look, you guys went out once, it didn't work out, let it go. She's good people. (Laughs) She knows God *personally*.

Bill *gnaws* on a rubber band.

BILL

She's got a body like a nineteen year old, a cute face, but a mind full of superstitious beliefs. Like the Lord will cast down His own terror upon anyone who even thinks about having sex outside marriage.

Chewy laughs and nods his head in agreement.

CHEWY

Would that include you?

BILL

Heavens no. I was a perfect gentleman. I knew I was going no where fast, so I took her home right after the blood letting ceremony with the sheep and the self-inspection of my penis.

Chewy **THROWS** an old beer **CAN** from the Hardy exhibit at Bill.

CHEWY

Two points!

BILL

Your mother shoots better from the free throw line.

CHEWY

Your mother's so fat, the goal line is her refrigerator.

BILL

Your mother's so fat, she thought the basketball court was a food court.

They both **FROWN** at their poor "mama" insults.

CHEWY

Fuck you.

BILL
Fuck you with peanut butter on top.

CHEWY
Fuck you with a cherry on top.

BILL
Fuck you with Barack Obama on top.

CHEWY
Fuck you with the Philharmonic
Orchestra on top.

Bill SHAKES his head.

BILL
Now just how is an entire orchestra
gonna get on top of my-

There is a loud NOISE from the back of the museum.

Both men draw their guns. They creep along the aisle.

INT. MUSEUM- 3:44 A.M.

The noise becomes LOUDER. They can feel ANOTHER'S presence
in the room.

FOOTSTEPS grow louder. A calming silence comes over the two
of them.

Behind THEM the CREATURE rises from the new exhibit.

3:46 a.m.

Chewy STARES over at his PARTNER.

They both let out QUIET WHIMPERS.

Bill's HEAD is sliced off with little EFFORT.

Chewy's NECK is TWISTED OFF with one fell swoop.

Bill's HEADLESS TORSO reaches out for Chewy.

The CREATURE is smiling at the HONORABLE police men.

BILL
Chewy! I never told you-

Both HEADLESS BODIES flop around for seconds.

CHEWY

-That you loved me? I-I... I love you, too. Oh, no! Christ, my head is speaking and my body is over there. How can that be?

BILL

Bye, buddy.....

The CREATURE aims a rubber band at Chewy's head which is rolling down the AISLE.

HE FIRES.....

As Bill's HEAD rolls past Chewy's, the CREATURE checks his watch.

It's 3:47 a.m.

INT. CAR- NIGHT

RICK and SHIRLEY, two horny TEENS, put their clothes back on after watching "3:47 A.M. THE FOUND FOOTAGE" at the Waukesha BLUEMOUND DRIVE-IN. Most of the LOT is empty.

RICK

Excellent flick, huh?

She tries to close her BLOUSE, but Rick keeps fondling her right BREAST.

She SIGHS.

SHIRLEY

I love the creature. He reminds me of you.

He KISSES her. She KISSES him.

They begin to NECK again.

RICK

I'm the *real creature* when you're with me.

SHIRLEY

We've got to get home. Oh, my God! It's after three-thirty!

RICK

(laughing)
We need to leave before 3:47 a.m.

SHIRLEY

Rick, you're frightening me.

RICK

Ah, it's just a silly movie.....

In the early morning mist, the CREATURE appears at their car. Rick LOWERS his window to get a better look, *of course*.

The CREATURE grabs him, PULLS him out of the window, and SLICES off his head with a GIANT AXE.

Shirley STRUGGLES to exit the car, but the CREATURE keeps his GREEN HAND over the DOOR.

She's trapped.

Out of modesty, she tries to put on her blouse, but she's too nervous.

Her fingers refuse to button her blouse.

SHIRLEY

Don't kill me! I'm still a virgin!

Her FIRM breasts GLOW in the MOONLIGHT.

EXT. DRIVE-IN- CONTINUOUS

Shirley MANAGES to get out of the car when the CREATURE blows his NOSE.

She RUNS to the CONCESSION STAND.

A late night EMPLOYEE named is EDDIE tries to help.

The CREATURE watches Eddie.

EDDIE

What's wrong? Who's chasing you?

The CREATURE appears. Eddie nearly faints.

SHIRLEY

Don't let him kill me. I'm only a junior.

Eddie stares at the GORGEOUS, TOPLESS high school JUNIOR from Waukesha TECH.

EDDIE

Where did he come from? He's just like the guy in the movie.

The CREATURE slices off Eddie's head with the AXE. The blade GLISTENS with blood.

The TORSO falls, HITTING the AUTOMATED SWITCH for the STAND.

AUTOMATED VOICE

(singing)

"Let's all go to the lobby, let's
all go to the lobby....."

SHIRLEY

Aaahhhh! Don't kill me!

The CREATURE sits down on the bench next to the condiment table.

CREATURE

Okay.

Shirley is SILENT.

She LOOKS up to the TALL UGLY MASS of HORROR!

SHIRLEY

What?

CREATURE

Go on, go home. I won't kill you.
Tell your friends. Tell your
friends that I exist. I am not a
figment of anyone's imagination.
Any day, any where, at 3:47 a.m. I
may arrive at your door and I may
kill you. *Comprende?*

A WHIMPERING Shirley straightens her blouse and BOWS to the CREATURE.

SHIRLEY

Yes. I understand. Thank you.

She TURNS to walk away as the CREATURE slices off her HEAD. He giggles.

It rolls and rolls and ENDS UP NEXT to Eddie's NOGGIN.

Their EYES meet and BLINK.

CREATURE

Sorry, I lied. It must be the
Republican in me.

INT. BEDROOM- LAST NIGHT ON EARTH

Screenwriter CURTIS J LOFGREN is watching "3:47-OUTTAKES FROM THE BLUE-RAY DVD AND BITS O' ASIAN PORN".

The CREATURE slices off Lofgren's HEAD and squeezes his body out of its last drop of blood.

The NEW Sealy Posturepedic MATTRESS is RUINED.

3:47 a.m.

CURTIS

(gurgling)

In the first draft, I lived.

The CREATURE enjoys a CIGARETTE and settles in for some AMAZINGLY shocking Asian PORNOGRAPHY.

CREATURE

And they say *I'm perverted!*

FADE TO RED

THE END