

Replacement Parts Too Small

By

A Horror Story Writer

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FADE IN

EXT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

Large old house fenced in, a wire fence, eerie looking under a fleeting moonlight.

SYDNEY and RAYMOND, ages twelve to thirteen, stand outside the fence. Watch MATT arrive.

SYDNEY
You brung it?

Matt produces a pair of wire cutters out of a bag.

MATT
You bet. And a flashlight.

SYDNEY
We were thinking maybe you'd chicken out.

MATT
My mom wouldn't let me leave until I finished my homework. She can be such a nag sometimes.

RAYMOND
I told my mom I'd be at your house, watching a movie.

MATT
Me too, I told mine I'd be at Syd's house.

SYDNEY
So, we're all set?

RAYMOND
What do we do now?

SYDNEY
You got the clippers, Matt. She's all yours.

Matt stands uncertain, holding on to the wire cutters.

MATT
Where should I start?

Sydney grabs the cutters away from him.

SYDNEY
Here, I'll do it.

And gets down to clipping wires, snap, snap, until the flap is large enough they can crawl under.

Sydney is first, then Matt. Raymond hesitates.

SYDNEY
(to Raymond)
You comin?
(turns to Matt)
I think we got us our first chickenshit.

RAYMOND
(crawling under)
I'm not. I'm coming.

Inside the fence they walk in tandem toward the house across long neglected wild shrubbery. Sydney first, then Matt, then Raymond.

Something crawls under their feet, scurries away. They all jump.

SYDNEY
Jesus! What the hell was that?

MATT
Snake?

RAYMOND
Poisonous?

SYDNEY
Yes, poisonous, and it's coming back to bite you. You gonna chicken out? Wanna go home?

RAYMOND
I don't know. What'd you think, Matt?

MATT
I don't...

SYDNEY
Why you ask Matt? Matt is coming, aren't you, Matt?

Matt doesn't answer.

SYDNEY

Matt?

MATT

Sure, I'm coming. We all said we'd dare, didn't we?

SYDNEY

I say let's go in, then.

They resume their single file toward the house. Raymond keeps close to Matt, eyes darting left and right.

They approach the front door. Sydney, in front, tries the knob.

SYDNEY

Damn! It's locked.

MATT

Try pushing the door.

Sydney pushes the door, pounds on it, kicks it. It doesn't budge.

RAYMOND

Guess we can't get in, can we?

MATT

Looks that way.

SYDNEY

Let's try another door or a window.

RAYMOND

I'm not sure...

SYDNEY

This is a dare. You forget? You gonna be chickenshit, just go. How about you, Matt? Are you gonna be chicken shit too?

MATT

Let's try another door. But if it don't work I'm out of here.

Sydney shakes his head at Matt. Disappointed.

SYDNEY

I'm surrounded by girls. C'mon, let's go.

They walk by the side of the house staying close to the wall.

Sydney tries a side door. Also locked.

RAYMOND

I guess that's it, then.

Sydney doesn't answer, searches down on the ground, looking for something.

MATT

What're you looking for?

Sydney comes up with a rock.

SYDNEY

This. Stand back.

RAYMOND

What're you doing?

SYDNEY

Stand back.

He hurls the rock at the glass on the door. It shatters.

He reaches through the gap and unlocks the door from inside.

SYDNEY

Who wants to be first? You,
Raymond?

MATT

I'll go in. I got the flashlight.

Raymond follows Matt, staying close to him. Sydney follows.

INT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

Pitch dark but for the cone of light from the flashlight.

They step on broken glass. Matt stops.

MATT

Be careful here, there's glass.
Where do we go?

Sydney steps forward.

SYDNEY

Let me have the flashlight. We have to find the bedroom. That's where they found the body.

RAYMOND

I thought we just had to come in the house, that was the dare.

SYDNEY

I just made up a new dare. We gotta find the bedroom. What d'you say, Matt?

MATT

Mm. I don't know. How do we even know which one's the bedroom?

SYDNEY

There's gonna be blood in it. The guy was torn apart, missing a leg and an arm.

RAYMOND

Also one eye. Why would anyone do that?

SYDNEY

We find the guy that did it, I'll ask him.

(to Matt)

So, what d'you say?

MATT

I guess. I mean, I'm cool. Then we get out of here, all right?

SYDNEY

It's a deal then.

Sydney leads the way with Matt behind and Raymond clinging to Matt. The flashlight flickers at times and the beam is a pale yellow. They reach the bottom of the stairs.

SYDNEY

The bedroom's gotta be upstairs. Anyone's game?

They all stand looking up into a dark void.

MATT

I don't know. Can't see a thing. What do you think?

RAYMOND

I think we're done with this.

SYDNEY

I think I'm done with you. Such a whiner.

RAYMOND

I think you're scared too. Just don't wanna admit it.

SYDNEY

I'm not.

RAYMOND

Why don't you go up, then?

SYDNEY

You don't think I can? Watch.

But Sydney hesitates, looking up. Then takes a step, the stairs creak. Another step, and another, slow, creaking all the way up.

He reaches the top. Looks down. Aims the flashlight at the other two.

SYDNEY

Look out! There's a dead guy behind you!

The two boys turn around startled. Nothing. Look back up at Sydney.

MATT

Very funny, Syd. You're a real riot.

Sydney chuckles.

SYDNEY

So, you're coming up or what?

The two boys look up. Say nothing.

A sudden flutter. Black shapes dart back and forth. The boys scream, run upstairs flapping their arms over their heads.

INT. UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Sydney laughs.

SYDNEY

It's vampires. They're gonna suck your blood.

MATT

Not funny. I think we should get outta here.

RAYMOND

Me too. My mom's gonna start worrying where I am.

SYDNEY

(mocking)

My mom's gonna start worrying. Don't be such a pussy. It's just bats. C'mon, let's look in the bedroom, then we go.

Sydney walks to the first door down the hallway. Matt behind him. Raymond clinging to Matt.

The flashlight goes out.

Pitch dark.

RAYMOND

Hey! Don't do that. Turn it back on!

SYDNEY

It went off. What's wrong with this thing?

MATT

Let me have it. You gotta jiggle it. Here.

The light comes back on. The three boys huddle together. Matt holds on to the flashlight, aimed at the room. A faint glow.

The outline of a large figure stands before them.

They scream.

Scamper.

Run downstairs, tripping, falling, down to the first floor, and run in different directions.

A break in the clouds allows for a faint moonlight to filter through the windows.

We have succeeding views of the:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Matt hides behind a chair, holding his breath. The flashlight is off.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Sydney crouches behind a stack of boxes. Shaking violently. Sobs.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Raymond under a table, huddled up into a ball. A rat crawls up to him, sniffs him.

The sound of steps breaks the silence. A loud step followed by a squish. Boom squish boom squish, getting closer.

And closer.

Raymond has his eyes closed. Shut tight.

Suddenly, the table flies off from over him. Goes crash somewhere.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Sydney startles at the sound of a table crashing. Then a blood curdling scream.

A moment passes and the sound of steps resumes. Boom squish boom squish. Coming closer. Closer.

Sydney's sobs turn into weeping. The steps come to a stop. Something or someone violently parts the boxes out of the way, revealing a weeping, startled Sydney.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Matt startles at the sound of a blood curdling scream.

He fiddles with the flashlight.

After a moment, the steps resume. Boom squish boom squish. Coming closer. And stop before Matt's hideout.

Matt manages to get the flashlight to work and aims it at the figure before him.

A FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER, huge, made of dissimilar parts, stands looking at Matt, hanging on to an arm and a leg, both torn at the joint, exposed ligaments and jagged flesh, dripping blood. The monster stands lopsided, one leg bent, twisted, bone and decomposing flesh visible through tears on his pants, missing an arm, missing an eye.

He stares at Matt with an angry look. His voice is deep and guttural.

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER
Dammit. Another damn kid. No good.
No good.

EXT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

Outside the house, a blood curdling scream fills the night.

The moon breaks through the clouds.

INT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

Under moonlight, the Frankenstein monster climbs the stairs. A lopsided gait. One leg much smaller than the other. Also one arm too small. His step has changed to boom tap boom tap.

Mumbles to himself. Guttural

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER
Damn parts keep going bad and
replacement no good. Damn kids. Too
small. Too damn small. Damn kids.

A view of his face. One eye keeps coming loose, falling out of the socket. He keeps shoving it back in.

EXT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

Outside, a loud, angry scream tears through the night. Then silence.

The moon hides behind the clouds.

FADE OUT