

Arthur the Legend

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FADE IN:

INT. SUPERDUPER TARMART - DAY

A gargantuan market, each aisle filled with the essentials for every home need and then some; food, clothing, electronics, pets and so on.

SHOPPERS of all shapes and sizes move around in their everyday spandex leotards, Batman pajama bottoms and studded leather mini skirts with a purposeful grace.

On the produce aisle stands ARTHUR CLARK, 82, at the helm of an empty cart. His face haggard and drawn, his movement or lack thereof, does not belie his age. He pulls out a piece of paper and studies it.

ARTHUR
Berries, clams, veal, chicken, size
fifteen sneakers; that boy's got
strange taste.

INT. SUPERDUPER TARMART - REGISTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Arthur glances up and down the checkout lines to find the shortest one.

He notices one with two carts, makes his way over, ever so slowly. Just as he gets there a WOMAN, 40s, sporting a mullet and yoga pants, jumps in front of him. Her cart filled to the brim with cat food, green tea and maxi pads.

Arthur breathes deeply, shakes his head and maneuvers his cart into another lane. He looks ahead to the front.

ARTHUR
(to himself)
Please don't be a check signer, you
have one item.

The MAN, mid 60s, puts his hand in his pocket and pulls out a checkbook.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
God damn it!

He signs the check and hands it to the CASHIER, a 65 year old WOMAN who has seen better days.

She studies the signature, then glances up and in her best Southern accent drawls:

CASHIER
Oh Lordy it is you.

Puts her hand over her heart.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Richard Gere, here in my store and you're getting this adorable Gerbil... Is this for your kid or something?

RICHARD GERE

Yeah, something like that.

CASHIER

Ohh he's going to a good home. These little guys like to burrow themselves in a hole... they're so wriggly.

RICHARD GERE

So I've heard.

CASHIER

Will that be all?... ohh is this your Vaseline too?

RICHARD GERE

It wasn't, but I'll take it... separate check ok?

Arthur slaps his forehead.

ARTHUR

I'll be dead, before I get outta here.

EXT. SUPERDUPER TARMART - EVENING

Arthur walks outside to the parking lot, the lights are on.

ARTHUR

I was in there so long it turned to night.

The lot is pretty vacant, he pushes his cart toward his car. He stops at the driver door and shutters. TWO KIDS, 18, sit in the front seat. Arthur taps on the window, one kid lowers it.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Get outta my car.

The kids look at each and laugh.

KID ONE

Beat it old man.

Arthur draws a handgun, points it at the kids.

ARTHUR

I have a gun, and I know how to use it!

The kids now have mortal fear in their eyes.

KID ONE

It's --

BANG BANG Arthur lets out two shots, striking both kids in the forehead, blood spewed everywhere. Very calmly he throws the groceries in the back seat, sits on the dead kid in the driver seat. He turns the key and drives off.

EXT. A LONG WINDING ROAD - EVENING

A car drives along a winding road, the surroundings are picturesque. Tall evergreen trees align the roadside; not a sign of civilization.

The car approaches an old dirt side road, slows down and turns onto it. The vehicle rumbles along on the uneven road, the headlights shine ahead to reveal an old log cabin. Smoke bellows from the chimney.

It comes to a stop. Arthur gets out.

ARTHUR

Junior, we've got a problem.

Arthur slowly makes his way to the front door and pushes it open. He checks around, he hears loud growls and pulls out his handgun.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

LIVING ROOM

The place is a mess, chairs are upside down, table is overturned. In the corner sits a creepy clown statue.

ARTHUR

I don't recall you being here.

Arthur nervously holds his gun in front of him. He shakes vigorously, lets out a shot, hits the clown statue in the chest, it falls over onto the ground spewing blood from its colorful flower boutonniere.

Arthur shrugs, he moves on like molasses in winter.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Junior, are you in here?

The growls get louder as Arthur makes his way down the small hallway.

HALLWAY

On the wall rests a picture of Arthur and JUNIOR. Junior appears to be mid twenties, nearly seven foot tall and as ugly as a hat full of busted assholes. A porn mag lies on the floor, pages ripped out.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

What the?

Arthur stops outside the bathroom. The growls dampen. He places his ear up to the door.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Answer me sonny.

The door swings open, there stands a huge HAIRY APE like creature, BIGFOOT in the flesh. He stands over the toilet with a picture of a centerfold in one hand, his huge hairy penis in the other.

He let's out a roar, as Arthur jumps back in fright.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

God damn it Junior, what did I tell you about fisting your mister over and over... You get hairy palms and now look at you, buffed your banana so much you're hairy from head to toe.

JUNIOR hangs his head in shame.

JUNIOR

Sorry Arthur I thought it was an urban legend.

ARTHUR

It's ok sonny, we got bigger issues to deal with, I have two dead bodies in my car... little shits were trying to steal it.

JUNIOR

I wanna show *you* something first, because it's your birthday.

Junior leads his great grandfather back into the Living room.

LIVING ROOM

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

TA DA! I got you a clown --

He tilts his head at the dead clown on the floor.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Well, I did get you a clown, I'm pretty sure he was more active when I brought him here.

ARTHUR

Yeah about that I shot him... and it's my birthday?

JUNIOR

Yes old man, happy birthday now let's take a look outside.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Junior stands next to the car along with Arthur.

JUNIOR

I see a slight problem here.

ARTHUR

Yeah, the dead punk ass kids.

JUNIOR

Well that's one problem, the other being... this ain't your car.

ARTHUR

Sure it is... isn't it?

Junior shakes his head.

JUNIOR

There's that Alzheimer's again. The only thing your car has in common with this one...they both have four wheels and even that, the hub caps are different. So incidentally you shot two innocent punk ass kids.

Arthur slaps his forehead repeatedly.

ARTHUR

This doesn't look good.

JUNIOR

Well you clean the car up, I'll take care off the bodies. I might as well grab your birthday gift too.

ARTHUR

Sorry about that.

Junior begins to drag both kids and the clown into the woods, he whistles "raindrops keep falling on my head". He comes to a halt as he hears voices in the distance.

JUNIOR

Oh crap, gotta hide.

He covers the bodies with branches and hides behind a tall tree.

As the voices get closer it appears to be THREE STUDENTS, 20s, who seem to be filming a documentary. One student stares into a hand held camera, tears flow from her eyes.

STUDENT ONE

It's all because of me, we are here now. Hungry, cold and hunted.

Junior rolls his eyes, he sucks in his stomach in an effort not to be seen.

JUNIOR

(to himself)

Get that girl a tissue, a little dramatic methinks.

Just then, a TALL SLENDER MAN, unknown age, faceless with vectors as sharp as swords protruding from his arms, attacks the students and devours them on the spot.

Junior's stomach let's out a grumble.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

The slender man quickly appears in front of him.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Hello.

SLENDER MAN

I thrive on humans, tearing their flesh, eating their bones... are you human?

JUNIOR

What me? No. No sir. I'm --

Junior checks himself up and down.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

-- hairy oversized ape like beast, with big feet... 'Bigfeet' for short.

SLENDER MAN

Well Bigfeet, I'm feeling a little peckish. You don't happen to have any humans lying around I can dispose of thereby destroying any form of evidence.

JUNIOR

Well now that you mention it.

MOMENTS LATER

Slender Man lets out a huge burp, as he throws the bloody flower away.

SLENDER MAN

The kids were great, but the clown tasted funny.

JUNIOR

Oh shit that reminds me, I gotta get back to the old man.

SLENDER MAN

Wait I thought you weren't human.

JUNIOR

I'm not... I was adopted kind of.

SLENDER MAN

Can I tag along.

JUNIOR

Suuurreeeeeeee.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Junior and Slender Man approach the front door.

JUNIOR

Hey adoptive old person, it's Bigfeet and I've brought a friend... a tall, skinny flesh eating friend who is not a big favorite of humans.

Arthur opens the door.

ARTHUR

Well come on in, any tall, skinny flesh eating friend of Bigfeet is a friend of mine.

Arthur winks to Junior.

Slender Man licks his lips and rubs his hands as they casually enter, he forgets how tall he is and bangs his head on the door frame.

SLENDER MAN

Son of a bitch.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Arthur makes his way to the table, he sits down at the head of the table. Junior sits next to him. Slender Man searches through the cabinets.

SLENDER MAN

Hey Bigfeet, got any salt?

JUNIOR

Third cabinet over, bottom shelf.

(to Arthur)

What's the matter, you look very glum.

Slender Man finds the salt and begins to sprinkle it on Arthur's head. Arthur shakes it off.

ARTHUR

It's just, you know, I'm not getting any younger and I'm losing my mind. Maybe it would be best if I die.

JUNIOR

Now you stop right there Arthur Theodore Clark. You're the best great grandfather I ever had.

Slender Man opens his mouth really wide and places it over Arthur's head, fork in one hand, knife in the other.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

And besides, it is your birthday.

Slender Man pulls his head away and closes his mouth.

SLENDER MAN

Wait, it's his birthday! I can't eat a man on his birthday... it's taboo.

ARTHUR

What good is a birthday if there's nobody to share it with.

JUNIOR

Well, we're here.

Slender Man has a tear in his eye.

SLENDER MAN

This is so sad... I'll call my friends.

MOMENTS LATER

The room is filled with every urban legend character possible. BLOODY MARY, THE HOOK MAN, KIDS with nooses around their necks, a frozen Alaskan TREE FROG and a MAN who self-administered first aid using a staple gun to his scrotum.

Arthur stands up on the table to make a toast.

ARTHUR

Welcome all you freaks that made it to my party, I thank you and as a token of my gratitude I have a special prize for one of you.

He holds up an envelope.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I get to choose the biggest freak, the ultimate urban legend. The one that stands head and shoulders above the rest. The sickest cruelest of them all goes to... Richard Gere.

All eyes go to the corner of the room, where Richard Gere is bent over with his pants around his ankles, a Gerbil in one hand, Vaseline in the other. He smears it on the Gerbil's head. Everyone is grossed out, even Slender Man.

SLENDER MAN

You are one sick mofo.

ARTHUR

Congrats, you won a twenty dollar gift certificate to Tarmart.

FADE OUT: