

CARTOON HELL

Written by

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EXT. MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A seemingly normal neighborhood... but something sinister hides beneath the facade.

EXT. HUGHES RESIDENCE - DAY

A nice middle class home. Nothing special. A window's open on the second story. The faint voices of two young men.

INT. DREW'S ROOM - DAY

DREW and CALEB hang out. Drew sits at his desk on the computer. Caleb is looking over Drew's impressive film collection.

CALEB

You got a lot of horror flicks man.

DREW

Yeah, I was a big gore hound a few years back.

CALEB

What's your favorite slasher?

DREW

Shit man, that's tough. I'll have to think on it. What's yours?

CALEB

Friday the 13th.

DREW

Friday the 13th? Oh c'mon. It's just a rip off of Halloween.

CALEB

It spawned one of the greatest horror icons ever.

DREW

You need to check out the classics.

CALEB

I've seen Halloween.

DREW

There were others before Halloween.

CALEB
Sure, but it was the first pure
slasher.

DREW
Nah man. TCM was the first pure
slasher.

Caleb shakes his head in disagreement.

CALEB
That's not a slasher film.

DREW
What? Of course it is. It's the
grandfather of slasher films.
(beat)
It's also one of the greatest
horror flicks ever filmed. It
captured such raw energy. And
chaos. Pure chaos. There's nothing
like it.

Caleb nods, understanding.

CALEB
What about Psycho?

DREW
Now we're talking. Are you into
giallo?

Caleb shakes his head, "no." Hasn't even heard of it.

DREW
You've never seen Bay of Blood?

Caleb shakes his head "no." Drew swings over to his film
collection. Pulls out "Bay of Blood" and hands it over.

DREW
You gotta see Bay of Blood dude.

CALEB
I'll check it out.

Caleb follows Drew back to his desk. Watches the computer
screen.

CALEB
What are you watching?

DREW

Some cartoon. They found it in a vault in Paris. From the early days.

(beat)

Apparently it's like the scariest shit. The dude that made it went crazy.

CALEB

Bull shit.

DREW

No seriously. They say if you watch it, you'll go crazy too.

CALEB

I'm too high for all that. Let's just watch something trippy.

DREW

Oh it's a trip man.

Drew plays the cartoon. OLD SCHOOL CARTOON MUSIC begins to play.

Drew is instantly drawn to the screen. Suddenly, screams are heard over the music. Caleb reacts, disturbed.

CALEB

Turn that shit off.

Drew says nothing. He's locked to the screen. Caleb shakes his head.

CALEB

Fuck this man. I'm gonna go get some munchies.

Caleb leaves. Drew continues watching the cartoon. He does not blink. In a trance...

INT. DREW'S ROOM - DAY

Caleb reenters the room with some snacks. The cartoon has looped. Drew hasn't budged.

CALEB

Turn that off.

Drew says nothing.

CALEB

Drew!

No response. Caleb spins Drew's swivel chair, snapping Drew out of his trance.

CALEB

You cool man?

Drew looks up, craziness in his eyes (ala Kubrick stare).

DREW

Yeah... I'm cool.

Caleb throws him a snack.

CALEB

Mellow out.

Drew doesn't catch the snack. His eyes are instantly drawn back to the screen. Caleb watches this, dumbfounded.

CALEB

Turn that shit off. Seriously.

Drew says nothing. Caleb approaches the computer and goes to shut it off.

Drew grabs his hand. Caleb tries to break free but Drew is possessed by some form of newfound strength.

Drew stands, towering over Caleb. He continues to twist Caleb's arm.

CALEB

Quit fucking around.

Drew slams Caleb's arm on the desk. Caleb reacts. He scoots back and grabs his arm, pained.

He looks up at his friend. Disturbed.

CALEB

What the fuck's wrong with you?

Drew scurries out of the room.

Caleb looks around, panicked. The cartoon loops up again. Caleb's attention is drawn to it. He becomes entranced.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Drew digs through drawers trying to find the perfect murder weapon. He pulls out a whisk and shakes his head, "no."

He then pulls out a kitchen knife. He studies it for a moment.

DREW

Too cliché.

Drew continues digging until he finds a pair of metal tongs. He removes the plastic covering and smiles.

DREW

Now we're talking.

Drew turns to see Caleb standing before him, carrying an old rusty meat fork.

Caleb has that same crazy look in his eyes.

A moment of silence as they size each other up. A horror showdown.

Then, Drew charges Caleb. Caleb stabs him with the meat fork.

Caleb stabs him again. Drew kicks Caleb in the shin. Caleb opens his mouth, letting out a pained yelp.

Drew shoves the tongs into his mouth. Caleb struggles, trying to break free.

Drew grabs hold of his tongue. Caleb reacts, horrified. Drew tugs on the tongs.

Caleb lets out indiscernible screams as Drew pulls with all his strength.

Drew tears Caleb's tongue clean off. Caleb collapses, blood gushing from his mouth.

Drew smiles as he grabs hold of the meat fork. Examines it.

Caleb lets out more indiscernible pleads. Drew stabs Caleb in the eyes with the meat fork.

He watches Caleb squirm as he bleeds out. Then Drew strides off. The horror has only just begun...

FADE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

MR. and MRS. HUGHES enter. Share a kiss. Mrs. Hughes steps further into the kitchen and stops in her tracks.

She stares forward at Caleb's mutilated body, horrified. Mr. Hughes looks over.

MRS. HUGHES

Drew? Drew!

Mrs. Hughes rushes off. Mr. Hughes gags. Can't believe the sight.

He runs over to the sink and vomits up the expensive dinner they just ate.

INT. DREW'S ROOM - DAY

Mrs. Hughes looks around the room, searching desperately for her son.

Her attention is drawn to the computer screen. The cartoon loops up again. She becomes entranced.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Mr. Hughes finishes vomiting. He reaches for his cell phone and starts to dial. His hands shake from shock.

Drew comes up behind him with a fruit peeler. He slices his father's throat. Blood sprays forward into the sink.

His father falls to his knees and grabs his throat. Blood flowing through his fingers like a waterfall. He looks up at his son as the confusion sets in.

He then crashes down. A pool of blood forms around him.

Drew looks down at his father and smiles, proud of his work. A NOISE upstairs grabs his attention.

INT. DREW'S ROOM - NIGHT

Drew enters the room. He looks around for a moment. The door slowly closes behind him revealing his mother, who's wearing the same creepy stare.

She lunges forward and stabs her son in the neck with a pair of scissors.

Drew steps back. He pulls the scissors out and looks at them, confused. He drops them. Grabs the wound.

Drew falls to the floor, disoriented. He looks up to see his mother towering over him. This snaps him out of the trance.

Drew watches her pick up the scissors and slowly approach.

Blood pours from the neck wound. He stares at his mother, holding back tears. Pleads.

DREW

Mom?

She stares at Drew for a long moment, as she realizes. Loses her trance.

MRS. HUGHES

No. No. Not my baby. No.

Mrs. Hughes holds her son as he bleeds out. She weeps in despair.

She backs away from the body, disturbed. Mrs. Hughes glances at the scissors in her hands. She's lost it all.

She opens the blades and slowly brings them up to her neck as she continues to sulk. A moment of debate.

CUT TO BLACK.