MASS du GELATINOUS

by

Steven Clark

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Steamroller138@gmail.com
FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Your average two-level abode, surrounded by sights and sounds of a pleasant afternoon.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Cabinets, sink, stove. Regular kitchen duties happen here.

Seated at a table is PAUL (40s, DAD) in leisurely clothes, reading a newspaper.

Across from him is MICKEY (8, SON), looking all cute and stuff as he eats a bowl of cereal.

Obscured by the open refrigerator is MILLICENT (40s, MOM), a yellow sun dress peeking out from behind the door.

MILLICENT
Oh, boys! Wait'll you see what I made for...!

A CRASH! and a SCREAM! stab the silence.

Paul drops his paper as Mickey's cereal bowl goes flying across the room. They hastily push out their seats.

MILLICENT
Gah! Help me!

A green GELATINOUS MASS snakes its way up her arm.

A guttural, rumbling sound echos from inside the refrigerator. Almost like evil laughter.

PAUL
What in God's name?

The green ooze makes its way past her shoulders, sloppily heading to her face.
MILLICENT
Well, don't just stand there! Do something!

Mickey scans the room. He runs to a closet, opens it, and grabs a broom. He heads towards his mother, ready to fight.

Paul stops him with an arm across his chest.

PAUL
No, son. Too dangerous.

MICKEY
But, Dad, she's gonna die!

PAUL
Son, we need to figure out how to defeat this monster first. Your mother, God rest her soul, would have wanted that.

MICKEY
But, Dad, she's not dead.

Millicent goes to speak, but her face is swiftly covered with the green mess, halting all speech.

In one fell swoop, Millicent is lifted off her feet and dragged into the refrigerator head first.

CRUNCH! BRAAAP!

Paul tilts his head, rolls his eyes in Mickey's direction.

PAUL
You were saying?

MICKEY
Daa-aad!

PAUL
Yes, son?

MICKEY
We have to kill this monster.
PAUL
Right.

A container of soy milk is tossed from the refrigerator, followed by an eggplant.

PAUL
The first thing we have to do is contain it. It can't escape the refrigerator alive.

Mickey nods. Sounds like a plan.

MICKEY
Okay. Okay.

Paul grabs Mickey's shoulders.

PAUL
You beat it back with that broom. I'll go to the neighbors house and call the police.

MICKEY
What? No! I'm not fighting this thing by myself.

PAUL
Son, your father can only teach you so much. There comes a time when you have to stand up and fight, no matter how dangerous or unjust.

MICKEY
Dad, I'm only eight.

Paul pauses.

PAUL
All right. Have it your way. I'll be right back.

He darts from the room.
MICKEY
Dad, hurry up!

The refrigerator rumbles as the green monster CROAKS from inside. Broccoli and asparagus are tossed out.

The green mass licks around the edges of the door.

MICKEY
Dad!

Paul returns with a dripping plunger.

MICKEY
You went to the bathroom first?

PAUL
(shrugs)
Number two. When you gotta go, you gotta go.

MICKEY
(off the dripping water)
That's gross.

He grabs a paper towel from off the table, goes to wipe the plunger when--

PAUL
No, Son. The water stays on the plunger. Okay. You ready?

Mickey steels himself, nods.

PAUL
On the count of three. One...two...
Three!

Our heroes rush the refrigerator, stuffing the green blob with the broom and plunger.

The monster ROARS in agony.

Mickey grits his teeth. Giving it all he's got.
Beads of sweat form on Paul's brow.

They can't hold it much longer.

An eggs flies out and strikes Paul in the face, blinding him.

    PAUL
    Gah! I'm blind!

The green mass slurps up Paul's sleeve, and pulls him into the chilly abyss.

INSIDE THE REFRIGERATOR

It looks like a green JABBA THE HUT. Its eyes are crossed. It licks its lips. And laughs!

    GELATINOUS MASS
    Ha ha ha!

KITCHEN

Mickey grabs his father from behind.

    PAUL
    Save yourself!

Mickey cries out. He rallies. Such bravery. Raises the broom over his head, ready to strike the fatal blow when...

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Paul at the table reading his paper. Mickey across from him, eating his cereal.

Millicent appears from behind the refrigerator door, holding a bag of brussels sprouts.

    MILLICENT
    This'll make a nice side to go with dinner.

Mickey's face says it all.
MICKEY
Aw, Mom. Not brussels sprouts again.

Paul flips a page.

MILLICENT
Oh, stop complaining. It's good for you. Right, Paul? Paul?

Paul peers from above the newspaper.

PAUL
Oh, yeah. Right. Good for you.

Millicent puts the sprouts down, reaches back into the fridge.

MILLICENT
And, I have a very special treat for de-seeeert...

Millicent pulls out an overflowing bowl of LIME JELLO, and places it on the table in front of them.

It jiggles. Jiggly jiggles.

MICKEY
Gahhh!

FADE OUT.