

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 egg 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-seeert...

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.