

GHOULS

Pilot Episode:
'Hell is Other People'

Written by,

Alex King

SKIT A

Over the interior of a refrigerator, light flickering and shelves stalked with body parts, TITLE: Tuesday 2:21 PM

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The colorful room is and lit peacefully through delicate window curtains, contrasting starkly with the glow of an old and busted TV, slowly flipping through channels of Static.

Finally the static clears and flips to XOX News. The NEWS ANCHOR(50s), a Skeleton, drones on in the background.

NEWS ANCHOR

--The CDC, Creature Defense Coalition, would also like to remind us to: "Not **leave your homes** unless *completely necessary*?" Yes. The Mutant Virus is still extremely present! Despite the CDC's so called "Vaccines" in fact!

Across the room, curled up on the left side of an ugly sofa, anxiously biting her Claws, is MORGAN (22)! A Large Furry MONSTER who is staring into the television, exhausted. She rolls her eyes.

Morgan flips the channel forward, but there is only more static. Eventually she sighs and flips back to XOX.

MORGAN

Whatever... Not like I have anywhere to be...

She throws the remote aside and curls up into the couch.

Her Fluffy Full-body of Fur is a Shiny PURPLE, except her Bangs which have been dyed NEON GREEN and cover her bright blue eyes. She wears a DARK BLUE crop top, a long DARK GREEN skirt. She has a METAL Nose Ring and a very SOFT Feminine Voice.

On the sides of her head are two Long GREY Horns. They extend an inch wider than her already wide shoulders, causing her to, often, get caught going through doors.

NEWS ANCHOR

Symptoms include: Turning green, foaming at the mouth, sniffing, and coughing up infectious mucus--

The news shows a picture of a Mutant. It is humanoid, but GREEN and lumpy. Ooze foams out of it's mouth and it's eyes glow YELLOW. Morgan glances between screens, uninterested.

MORGAN

Um. Yuck.

Her hand made SILVER and AQUA Earrings hang from Holes, drilled through the Bone of her horns, they jingle when she moves.

NEWS ANCHOR

As this "long flu season" continues
into autumn more and more Brands
"Lay Off" more and more "Employees"
unable to simply complete their
duties from home or over Zoom!
Leading many to ask the question:
When what ever happened to Skype??
Where did this "Zoom" even come
from?! And! Can we trust it?

Morgan shrinks further into the couch at the mention of
"Layoff" and angrily grabs the remote to lower the volume.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

We look to our resident IT intern
for answers! But first-- Ahem!
Excuse me. But first--

The newscaster scratches at a glowing green rash growing up
his neck and begins coughing violently.

As the volume lowers, the coughs are replaced by Creaking
Floorboards Creeping down the stairs behind her. Morgan
groans and sinks into her phone.

FRANK

Mornin' Mor-gan!

Skippping down the extremely old staircase by the gothic BLACK
front door is FRANK (23), a slimy Sleep Paralysis Demon made
of pure SHADOW.

MORGAN

Mmmmm...

His skin, the same solid shade of BLACK as the door and it's
shadow, shifts and stretches with his overexaggerated,
cartoonlike, movement. He has no visible mouth and two
glowing WHITE eyes.

He wears a BROWN beanie to cover his thinning hair, RED sunglasses that tint his bright eyes ORANGE, a GREEN and YELLOW Freddy-Krueger-Esk Stripped Sweater and BLACK jeans, too short for his abnormally long legs, which you can only tell from his leg by their short length, revealing his thin ankles going into clownlike long WHITE converse.

FRANK
Beautifully apocalyptic day
outside, isn't it?

Frank jumps over the couch, spreading out to relax and pushing Morgan more into a corner.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Ahhh... Wait. A second. Have you
been sitting in that same spot on
the couch since I went upstairs
last night?

Morgan hides her guilty face with her phone, the closer glow
bruns her eyes.

MORGAN
... No.

FRANK
Yeah. Right. Ugh... BLAIR--

BLAIR
--Yo!

Immediately poking her head through the ceiling fan above is
a Translucent Specter named BLAIR (222), an apathetic stoner
GHOST! Frank jumps in surprise, not expecting her speed.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Oh, sorry! Did I scare you?

She Floats Ethereally and Emits a Faint BLUE Glow that tints
both her old WHITE and torn nightgown and her pale GREY skin,
littered with Holes and crawling WHITE Bugs. Her right eye is
a cloudy GREY. Her left eye is missing, leaving a BLACK pit.

Just another Hole for the Bugs.

FRANK
Scare me?! What no-- Regardless!
Blair, has Morgan been in that same
spot on the couch since I went to
work last night?

BLAIR

Nope! Hasn't moved a muscle other than her thumbs in eight hours!

Blair floats down next to Frank and nods at Morgan with approval.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Gotta respect it. I gotta say, I was worried when she first joined my eternal prison, but I've actually quite grown to enjoy her quiet source of company!

FRANK

She's not trapped here, Blair. She just got "*laid off*." If anything she was in prison before.

Frank sighs and sits to Morgan. Blair now looks at Blair with contempt.

BLAIR

Oh... Well **lucky** Morgan--

FRANK

Hey *Morgannnn!* Whatchya *watching!*

A long beat...

MORGAN

... Nothin... The News--

FRANK

The News?! Well that explains it-- In this house? We do not watch "The News!" Come on Morgan! What'd I tell you about this stuff? It freaks you out! And it's far too violent.

Morgan stares silently into her buzzing phone. Frank rolls his Glowing Eyes and Stretches his long arms to grab the remote by Morgan's head. The stretch sounds like Taught Rubber.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Typical. Mark my words Blair, watching this stuff turns people into Zombies!

A notepad and quill appears in Blair's hands as she enthusiastically marks down Frank's words

BLAIR

Heh. Yeah! Totally. "Wake up
Sheeple!"

Frank fiddles with the remote, turning up the volume. The Newscaster finally subdues his coughing fit, his rash has grown larger and brighter.

NEWS ANCHOR

--Ahem. Wow! Excuse me folks! Um.
In other news! The... Fast Food
Workers Strike for "Fairer Wages"
has been *cut short* by... let's see
here... "Hordes of shambling
clientele--"

Frank drops onto the couch opposite Morgan and slaps the phone out of her hand.

Blair floats above the chair to the side, hanging upside-down, her legs "Hanging" over the top of the chair, to let her hair hang extended, its full of spiderwebs.

MORGAN

Hey! I was half way through an
opinion piece--

Frank flips through static channels rapidly and quickly lands on an old gory horror movie. He leans back, satisfied.

FRANK

There! Much better!

A splash of BLOOD covers the screen! Morgan shrinks, hiding her eyes, Blair sits up excitedly.

MORGAN

No! Frank! Come on! You know I hate
gore! Go back to the statistics!
The op-eds! AH! Ugh... So much
blood.

BLAIR

Hehe, yeah, Sheeple blood!

Morgan grabs her phone and continues to scroll, but occasionally glancing up only to be scared away.

A human arm is chopped off by a rusty axe, in the movie. The Actor Screams, Morgan Flinches, Frank Laughs, Blair Cheers.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Oooh! Mozeltov!

Blood sprays from The Actor's bloody stump.

Frank's stomach suddenly rumbles, causing his ethereal skin to shiver. His smile drops and starts cracking his knuckles.

FRANK

Hm... Is anyone else suddenly starving?

Blairs stomach rumbles, causing her ghostly form to glitch and flicker, all the bugs to scatter quickly into holes.

BLAIR

I'm eternally hungry! Part of the whole "Dead" thing!

Morgan's stomach growls loudly. Literally growls! Like there's a bear inside. She rolls her eyes

MORGAN

... I guess I could eat.

BLAIR

We doin this? We doin second lunch?
I'm always down for second lunch--

FRANK

To the kitchen!

All three jump up excitedly. Frank's legs spin like an old cartoon and he zooms into the kitchen, Blair follows barely behind him, flying through the air. Morgan rolls her eye stomps to the kitchen, dragging her feet.

MORGAN

Show offs...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Frank and Blair rush to the fridge, Morgan yawns as she walks in behind them. They swing the door open and light shines on their frowns.

The light flickers, something drips, the fridge is empty. Save for a bottle of eyeballs and a frozen severed hand.

FRANK

What the hell! Where's the food?!

Morgan picks up the eyeballs and looks inside.

MORGAN

Huh. I guess it's been a while
since I last ate. Whoops!

She puts them back inside, uninterested. Blair frantically swings open a cabinet, spiders crawl from their webs.

BLAIR

And we're out of snacks too?! This
is bad man! I'm freaking out!

Blair eats one of the spiders in panic, it quickly crawls out of a hole in her throat, dry and unharmed.

Frank grabs Blair and shakes her, splashing a bit of blue ectoplasm around.

FRANK

Pull yourself together! We've been
in this position before! We can
handle this! Now, the way I see it
we only have two options--

MORGAN

The fruit on the coffee table is
fake--

FRANK

One options!

BLAIR

Which is?!

FRANK

We have to go... Grocery Shopping.

Morgan and Blair gasp, worried. Frank sighs like a veteran.
This is serious. This is War...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Morgan pulls a Velcro strap tight around Franks thin rubber hose arm.

MORGAN

There. All done.

Morgan and Frank have suited up in Mad Max armor, spiky shoulder pads, leather pants, war paint and helmets! Frank's is an ORANGE biker helmet with a RED visor, Morgan's is a PINK football helmet with slots for her horns.

BLAIR

I don't know guys. What about the mutants? And worse yet!? The other people!

MORGAN

Don't worry Blair! That's why we Mad Maxed my Subaru when all this started!

They look out the window at Morgan's totally Mad Maxed GREEN Subaru, 2012 Impreza. Spikes everywhere, a skull on top. It's sick.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Ugh, I need a carwash.

Morgan and Frank turn around and open the door.

BLAIR

But! But... What am I supposed to do?! Yer girl's kinda bound to this land for eternity and whatever?

Blair floats of screen and like PacMan appears floating in from the other side.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

See!?

FRANK

You're hungry too aren't you?

A centipede crawls out of Blairs cheek, it's stomach rumbles.

BLAIR

Well yeah! Shh, shh girl, it'll be okay.

She comforts the bug.

MORGAN

Blair. Me and Frank will be fine! We're pros at avoiding other people like it's the plague, and now it is! Plus, I'm kinda excited! It'll be good for me to get out! Get some fresh air? I haven't seen the sun since I was... I was...

Morgan trails off, Frank slides in to keep her on track.

FRANK

Right! Some wasteland trekking is just what the doctor ordered! You'll be feeling good as new! Blair, Trust me. When you put Morgan and I together, nothing can get in our way!

Frank leans on Morgan's shoulder. Morgan quickly blushes.

MORGAN

Ha! Heh! Yeah! It's almost like we're soulmates or something! Lol...

Frank removes his arm.

FRANK

I wouldn't go that far--

MORGAN

Right! I didn't-- That was a joke!

Frank walks out, Morgan turns to follow but hits her horns on the door like she forgot she had them and gets stuck.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Ugh. Hold on.

BLAIR

But, how long will you be gone?! What if--

MORGAN

Blair, let me focus here for a second--

FRANK (O.S.)

(new york accent)

MORGAN! LETS GO!

MORGAN

(long island accent)

I'M WORKIN ON IT OVA HERE!!

Morgan finally gets it!

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Ah! Finally!

(valley girl)

Okee, Bye Blair love youuuuuuu!

The door closes. Blair sighs.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

The sky is a dusty BROWN fog and GREEN mutants oozing NEON sludge shamble through the roads. Frank weaves around the car, Morgan walks at a lazy pace. They throw their helmets in the back seat.

FRANK

Shotgun!

MORGAN

Well yeah, it's my car--

FRANK

Frank and Morgan! Go team!

Frank slides in and turns up loud rock music. He plays air guitar as Morgan gets in with a grunt. She buckles, adjusts her mirror and slowly backs up. In the window, Blair watches them slowly pull away, dejected.

BLAIR

But...

INT. CAR - DAY

Morgan drives along, she has one horn out the window. Frank is in the middle of a sick air guitar solo, the rock music still blaring. After a moment of annoyance, Morgan quickly turns off the music.

FRANK

Wha-- Hey! What the hell??

MORGAN

Sorry! It's just an old car? And I really don't wanna blow out my speakers--

Frank sighs dramatically, puts his feet on the dash and looks out the window. Morgan's face scrunches.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

... Could you... Actually? Maybe not? It always leaves marks on the window and then I have to clean it and, I mean, you know how once I start cleaning I--

Frank sighs even grander and takes his feet down. Morgan shuts up.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Thank you! Sorry... Morgan and
Frank! Go team!

FRANK
(Correction)
... Frank and Morgan.

Frank pouts, staring out the window, Morgan sighs.

EXT. STOPLIGHT - DAY

Morgan pulls up to a red light with her right blinker on. She comes to a complete stop. Mutants begin to shuffle towards the car. Frank taps his foot, impatient.

FRANK
... Are you gonna go??

MORGAN
Yeah. Once it turns green?

FRANK
You can turn now, no one's coming--

MORGAN
What if there is no right on red?

The mutants get closer.

FRANK
There would be a sign!

MORGAN
Shouldn't there be a YES right on
red sign? That seems more logical--

Mutants pound on the car.

FRANK
You assume right on red, no right
on red is the exception!

Morgan still doesn't turn. The light doesn't change. Frank watches the oozing mutants throw themselves at his window shocked at Morgan's stubbornness.

MORGAN
... Just gonna play it safe.

Frank groans. The light finally changes to green and Morgan slowly pulls away, leaving the Mutants behind.

INT. CAR - DAY

Morgan and Frank drive along.

MORGAN

And we're off! See Frank? Nothing a little patience can't solve!

FRANK

Uh hu... Can't this thing go any faster?

MORGAN

Wha-- I'm already going five above the speed limit!

FRANK

Ugh! Morgan! It's the Mutant Apocalypse! Jesus, do you see anyone on these roads other than mindless monsters? No one is gonna Care if you turn on red or go a little above--

EXT. SHOULDER - DAY

Morgan has been pulled over and is parked on a shoulder. An OFFICER writes a ticket at her window.

OFFICER

Ya'll be safe out there.

MORGAN

You too! Thank you, officer. Sorry again, officer.

The police officer gets in his car and drives off. Morgan glares at Frank, he shrinks in his seat.

FRANK

... What even is a "School Zone," am I right? I'm a student of Life!

Morgan is furious. Frank shrinks in his seat.

Mutants start to shuffle towards the car, Morgan drives off. As she does we watch as a mutant shuffles up to the unsuspecting cop while he's flipping through his keys. The mutant bites his neck, the officer's scream and subsequent gunshots only lure more of the mutants towards him.

He is being over run...

INT. CAR - DAY

Morgan and Frank drive silently down the road, Frank sighs, he goes to say something but is interrupted by the glow of a RED NEON sign. They have arrived.

FRANK

--Woah...

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Morgan gently rolls to a stop at the far end of a parking lot packed with cars. Many not in spots, some crashed into each other, some Mad Maxed, most not. She puts the car in park.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

The sliding doors ding pleasantly as they open, revealing the full on riot going on inside the store: Dozens of panicing bodies, some Human some Monsters, brawl and rush by in shopping carts, fighting over toilet paper and beans.

Morgan and Frank stand flustered in the doorway. Frank cracks his neck and adjusts his hat.

MORGAN

... Oh! We forgot the helmets in the car! Stupid! Ugh--

FRANK

Well, if we're doing this, lets do it--

Frank lets out a high pitched battle cry and disappears into the violence.

MORGAN

Wait! Frank! ... Ugh. I bet Blair's relaxing on the couch right now... Lucky bitch.

Morgan tries to squeeze through the crowd and avoid poking anyone with her horns, she quickly gets buried.

MORGAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Excuse me... Sorry... Pardon me! My bad. Ow! Excuse me!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

MONTAGE:

A: Blair floats back and forth, pacing around the room.

BLAIR
Time to kill. What to do, what to
do... I could read?

She wanders over to a bookshelf and picks one up. She flips through.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Hm. Or I could do... **Literally**
anything else!

She drops the book to the ground and looks around the room.

B: Blair puts on a record and begins to dance in the air.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Oh yeah, this is more like it!

C: Blair jumps from couch to coffee table smiling nervously.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Ooh! Hot lava! Almost nicked me!

D: Blair sits against the wall, bouncing a red rubber ball against the other wall and just barely catching it! Then bouncing again...

E: Blair lays upside-down on the couch, hanging her hair and watching TV, a laugh track plays.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Haha. Oh Sheldon... Ugh.

F: Blair floats by the bookshelf throwing volume after volume on the floor, tv blaring, a new record playing.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Ugh! Can't I at least read
something new?!

G: Blair floats around the room above the furniture, her smile gone.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Ooh. Hot lava... Almost nicked me.

H: Blair floats demonically. Her eye glows Red, her eye hole glows Gold. The Ball quickly bounces back and forth as she throws it back at the wall, cracking the paint and denting the exact same spot with each hit. Her blue tint is now more WHITE than blue, all the light has been sucked from the room.

I: The record Needle skips at the end of the record. Blair floats in the air uninterested. She sighs.

I: Blair lays on the couch, reading a book with a grin.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
... Heh. Oh Sheldon.

She puts a bookmark in the page and closes it, sitting up to stretch.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
I don't know what I was so worried
about! Being alone rules! Why?
Cause there are no rules! Woop
woop! Heh...

Blair looks at the bowl of fake fruit on the coffee table.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Speaking of which... Since Morgan
isn't here to stop me---

Blair takes a bite out of a green Styrofoam apple and chews.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Mmm, tasty! ... I assume.

Spiders crawl out of her mouth, the Styrofoam gone. Blair throws the rest of the apple aside and leans back and relaxes.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Yup, this is the life! I hope Frank
and Morgan never come--

An ambulance zooms by the window, siren on, causing Blair's head to pop up like a lonely puppy. She shrinks back to the couch.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Ugh... What's taking them so long?!

Dozens of mutants chase after the car. Blair is busy pouting.

END MONTAGE

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The parking lot, still packed with cars, is motionless. Suddenly, the doors ding and Morgan runs to her car on the other side.

Morgan is out of breath by the time she gets there, she opens the door and gets in. After a moment, the car slowly begins backing the car up through the parking lot.

As the car crawls, the doors ding again and Frank rushes pushing a full cart with blood on it's front. A vicious little Girl Scout in a GREEN uniform bites at his leg, dragging him down.

FRANK
MORGAN! LET'S GO!

MORGAN
I'M COMING!

FRANK
I-- YOU-- JUST OPEN THE TRUNK
ALREADY!

After a moment the trunk slowly opens while still backing up. Frank drags his feet just as slow as the car, he tries to throw some of the groceries in the basket but misses every time.

MORGAN
... Take your time!

FRANK
WELL IF YOU'D--

The doors ding again, a Soccer Mom in a PINK sweatsuit and war paint comes sprinting out towards Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Oh God! Stay back! Stay--

She tackles him. Morgan lightly hits another car and stops.

MORGAN
Oh, shoot--

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Blair floats laying above the floor, staring at a slowly rotating ceiling fan.

BLAIR
(terrified)
It's just all so... Quiet...

A muffled laugh track comes from the TV. A single tear falls out of her empty eye socket and down her unflinching face.

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Outside the sun is beginning to set. Birds chirp, it is very peaceful.

BLAIR (O.S.)
... I'M SO BORED!!

Birds scatter as Blair yells, distant but loud. Her scream echoing into the peaceful sunset.

EXT. STOPLIGHT - AFTERNOON

The sun set reflects off the windows as Morgan pulls up to the same stoplight from the other side, slowly stopping.

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Morgan and Frank sit in the car, covered in scrapes and bruises. They have lost most of their Mad Max armor and Morgan's horn that sticks out the window is covered in blood.

Frank eats out of bag of chips. The backseat is filled with groceries. Morgan looks at the chips.

MORGAN
... Aright gimme a chip already--

FRANK
I offered like ten times--

MORGAN
I know just shut up!

FRANK
... So. That was... Crazy, right?

MORGAN
Um! Yeah! Insane!

FRANK
Right? I mean! Those people--

MORGAN
They were out for blood!

FRANK
Truly! Literally! Full dog eat dog mentality. Kill or be killed!

MORGAN
Savagery! Simply brutality!

FRANK
Utter brutality! Hilarious!

They laugh, ending with a sigh at the same time.

FRANK (CONT'D)
... Hey. You were pretty bad ass in there.

Morgan bushes, trying to play it cool.

MORGAN
Yeah? Thanks!! You weren't half bad yourself--

FRANK
And honestly? I think that dead end job was only dragging you down, you've been saving up! Maybe it's time to live a little! Ya know?

MORGAN
Huh... Maybe you're right!

Morgan reaches over and takes a chip, the two smile.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
... Oh! Speaking of saving! Could you venmo me your third for the groceries?

Frank's smile drops.

FRANK
Oh... Yeah, my Venmo actually locked me out the other day? Was gonna call customer support today before the whole groceries thing came up actually... Ill just get you back later?

Morgan's smile falters.

MORGAN
Oh... Okay! Just... Don't forget--

FRANK
Morgan I'm not gonna forget, chill.

MORGAN
Okay sorry! It's just that sometimes you forget and this month I can't really afford to--

FRANK

I said I'm not gonna forget! What's the problem? Do you not trust me?

MORGAN

Nothing! I do! I do...

There is an awkward beat of silence. Frank sighs, he eats another chip.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

... Can you actually not eat in my car? Crumbs, you know? Then comes ants, then comes--

Frank rolls his eyes and rolls up the bag of chips, shoving one more in his mouth for the road. Morgan shuts up.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

... Thank you.

Frank chews angrily. The dashboard starts to blink.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Oh... Uh. Oops.

She turns off the road.

EXT. GAS STATION - AFTERNOON

Morgan pulls into a lonely, abandoned gas station. She and Frank both get out of the car and slam their doors

FRANK

You seriously couldn't have filled your car up before you only had five miles left?

MORGAN

(long island accent)

You wanna stop complaining about my car, or do you wanna pay for my gas.

Morgan plugs in the nozzle, Frank stretches by the car, Mutants shuffle towards them.

Frank gets more uncomfortable the closer the mutants Get.

FRANK

Uh. Hey, Morg? Hurry it up?

MORGAN
I do not control the speed of the
gas Franklin!

Morgan looks up and realizes their surrounded.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
... Oh crap.

Morgan takes the Nozzle out. Frank rushes to the passenger door but Morgan is at the machine, paying.

FRANK
Morgan! We gotta go!

MORGAN
I can't leave without paying Frank!
You already got me pulled over once
today!

The machine finally spits Morgan's card out and she takes it, running to the car.

FRANK
Great, now unlock it!

Morgan pats her pockets.

MORGAN
Don't be mad.

FRANK
Morgan?

MORGAN
I left the keys in the car.

FRANK
Morgan!

MORGAN
You said you wouldn't be mad!

Morgan and Frank hug cowardly as the hordes approach from all directions.

FRANK
Morgan? If this is it I just wanna
say... I'm sorry! For getting you a
ticket, and for not respecting your
OCD car rules!

MORGAN

Awww, Frank! Thank you... And thanks for getting me out of the house today. It was a pretty good distraction from being fired. All things considered.

FRANK

Anytime--

Their backs hit the car.

MORGAN

Lets never fight again!

FRANK

Are you kidding?! Let's never go outside again!!

MORGAN

Deal!!

Mutants groan as they pile onto them. Morgan and Frank's screams echo out into the distance.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Blair has her eyes closed and a light smile on her face, She floats in the room calmly. Light twinkles through the window, Blair sighs.

BLAIR

(peaceful)

I see now. It's all so... Quiet!

She takes a deep, confident breath. During, a spider quickly crawls out from her mouth into her open eyehole. She doesn't even notice.

Suddenly though, the quiet is interrupted by a sudden and lazy banging on the front door. Blair sighs peacefully.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Visitors? How lovely...

The banging increases. Blair floats calmly to the door.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

What's your rush friend--

Blair opens the door and gasps! Two imposing shadows drench the sunlight in the doorway.

A mutant Morgan and Frank shamble in the doorway, holding large grocery bags tightly and their mouths agape and oozing.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Morgan? Frank? You're back!? How long has it been? I have so much to tell-- Wait, what's wrong with your faces? Did you guys always ooze? Guys?--

Mutant Morgan and Frank groan and shuffle towards Blair.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Hello? Guys... Guys?!

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE - MORNING

The sun has finally set and stars twinkle in the sky. Morgan's car is crashed and fuming in the driveway.

Through a window we see Morgan and Frank's shadows toppling Blair's glow, her scream is distant but loud.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

Blair floats down the hall holding a tray with two bowls of soup on top, she whistles a jaunty tune.

She walks down the hall and stops at the middle of Frank and Morgan's adjacent rooms. Morgan's twin bed sits against the same wall as Frank's queen.

Mutant Morgan and Frank lay strapped into their beds, ice packs on their heads.

BLAIR
You two scared me sick! I can't believe you let yourselves get infected. You don't want to look like an anti-vaxer, do you?

The mutant Morgan and Frank groan in response. Blair puts down their soup, dropping some bugs in the bowls on accident.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Well. Don't worry! I can't get infected, bein dead and all? So I can nurse the two of you back to health! Doctor Blair orders one week quarantine! At least!

Morgan and Frank groan nervously. Blair floats back into the hall so she can see both of them. She laughs creepily...

BLAIR (CONT'D)

That's right... You two wont be
leaving me again any time soon...

Blair's laugh turns into a full cackle. Morgan and Frank groan in protest as Blair turns away, both the doors close on their own.

SKIT B

Gentle snowfall slowly buries a frozen hand sticking out of the ground. It suddenly twitches with a crunch! TITLE: 9:30 PM

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Blair carefully lays out four horror movie DVDs on the table, making small tweaks until her OCD is satisfied...

BLAIR
There! Perfect.

Morgan and Frank walk downstairs wearing jackets.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Hey guys! Right on time! I've got all the movies for our Monster Movie Marathon already picked out! First, we start with paying tribute to the classics with: The original Thursday The 31st! Then, a cult favorite! Thursday the 31st part 2! And finally, of course, Thursday the 31st part 4! Don't worry, three was trash you wont be missing anything--

Blair finally notices their jackets.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
... You guys going somewhere?

Frank puts on a scarf, Morgan looks guilty.

MORGAN
Oh, um. Sorry Blair, I totally forgot to mention! We actually have plans tonight...

BLAIR
Plans?

FRANK
Party at Jackie and Heidi. Sorry!

BLAIR
Party?! But its Monster Movie Marathon Monday! And those two are so two faced!

MORGAN

FRANK

The girls throws good parties, what can I say.

MORGAN

I'm so sorry we didn't warn you earlier! But... We can do monster movie marathon next week? Yeah?

Blair is shocked. She slumps on the couch and pouts.

BLAIR

Yeah. Sure. Whatever...

MORGAN

We'll be back soon I promise! Its just a small thing, barely a party, a gathering really!

Blair pouts silently, Morgan fidgets with guilt. Frank rolls his eyes and opens the door.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

... Okay... Well... See yeah later.

Blair gets a devilish look in her eye. She sighs dramatically.

BLAIR

Yeah, see you later I guess! Don't worry about me, I'll be fine. Say hi to Drake-ula for me!

Morgan freezes halfway out the door, Frank groans.

MORGAN

... Drake-ula?

BLAIR

Yeah, Heidi and Drake are super close, right? I'm sure he'll be there... Why? Has he not tested you back yet?

MORGAN

No! I mean yes! I mean it doesn't matter either way! I don't care, why would I care! He's probably just busy... Busy enough to not go to a party on a Thursday! Probably.

Morgan sinks into anxious thought.

FRANK

Great! So lets go! The window between fashionably late and regular late is closing very quickly so--

BLAIR

Yeah, you guys better get out of here. Plus, Morgan your fur is already half way to frizzy, you'll wanna get there before it gets much worse.

Morgan frantically checks the creepy Gothic mirror by the closet.

MORGAN

Do you think its frizzy? I thought it was frizzy. I'm using a new shampoo and I think it's making me frizzy--

FRANK

You look fine! Can we go please?

BLAIR

It's not too bad I guess... As long as you keep the jacket on. Not that the jacket is doing you any favors.

Frank groans.

MORGAN

Yeah? I know it's a bit puffy, this is my warmest jacket. I have cuter jackets, should I try a different jacket?

FRANK

No it's fine--

BLAIR

If think you should--

MORGAN

I'll be right back! I know exactly what jacket to pick!

BLAIR

Is it the brown one?

MORGAN

Yeah?

BLAIR
I wouldn't pick the brown one.

Morgan sighs and runs up the stairs.

MORGAN
Ugh! Okay give me like two seconds!
Just two seconds!

Morgan disappears and Blair smiles.

FRANK
I know what you're doing.

BLAIR
Whatever do you mean Franklin?

FRANK
I mean you're little mind games.
I'm not falling for it.

BLAIR
Oh Frank! I'm not doing any games
of the mind as you call them! By
the way, the hat looks great today!
Bad hair day? Again??

Frank gets flush, he pulls his hat lower down and turns to the door.

FRANK
I-- You... Just tell Morgan to meet
me in the car.

Frank walks out the door and slams it behind him.

MORGAN (O.S.)
What do you guys think of a skirt?
Is it too cold out? Does that feel
like I'm trying too hard? It
probably does right?

Blair laughs to herself as she opens up the first DVD box.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Frank sits in the car, drawing scared faces in the frost of the window. Eventually he gets bored.

FRANK
Ugh! Where is that chica?!

Frank thinks. He gets out of the car.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENT LATER

Morgan and Blair sit on the couch watching a loud bloody horror movie. Morgan now in pajamas with wine. Frank opens the door.

FRANK

Morgan? What the hell! I've been sitting in the car for like--

MORGAN

Oh, hey.

Morgan has her hands at her eyes, flinching with every scream or blood splatter, yet she cannot pull her eyes away from the screen to look at Frank.

FRANK

Are those pajamas?! I've been waiting for twenty minutes!

MORGAN

Oh, really? I'm so sorry! Honestly I assumed you drove away without me, like on--

FRANK

I told you! New Years was an accident!

MORGAN

Well then I underestimated your patience! I apologize.

Frank rubs his temples.

BLAIR

Soooo, you want to watch with us Frank? We're only at the first token minority death, the movie basically hasn't even started!

FRANK

I WANT to go to Beth's and get drunk and flirt with girls! Morgan, come on!

MORGAN

Yeah I realized I'm not feeling a party tonight? Or like, anything social? You know? It's more of a stay in with wine night for sure. I deserveeeeeeeee it...

(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)
But you can go without me, I don't
mind, promise! Go have fun!

Frank is too frustrated to speak.

BLAIR
Yeah Frank. Go! Have fun!

FRANK
... Aright! I will!

Frank goes to the door but hesitates. Blair looks at him.

BLAIR
Unless of course... Your afraid of
showing up to a party... Alone?

Frank scoffs nervously.

FRANK
... No... Why the hell would I
care?

A beat.

BLAIR
... Okay! Well then see you later!

MORGAN
(Ice cream in mouth, eyes
on screen)
Bye Frank! Oooh! Ugh, so much
blood...

Blair goes back to the movie and with no eyes on him. Frank
takes a deep breath and walks out the door.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Frank gets in the car, frustrated and cold. He turns the
radio on to the same loud rock music and rubs his hands. He
gets ready to back up, but stops. He thinks for a moment...
And then slams the wheel.

He punches the wheel over and over again, furious. Eventually
the radio breaks.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The car shakes as muffled screams and punches come from inside, the screams vibrate in pitch and Frank's red eyes glow bright through the window. The car's shaking grows stronger. Snow begins to fall...

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENT LATER

Frank walks back in, throws his scarf off and plops down next to Morgan and Blair on the couch. They don't acknowledge him.

He stares at the TV angrily, Morgan occasionally flinching beside him.

SCREAM! SPLAT! CRUNCH!

Blair laughs, Morgan flinches, Frank sighs.