

NIGHTMARE TIME

EPISODE 1

Written by
Nick & Matt Lang

October 10, 2020

'NIGHTMARE TIME THEME'

SONG LYRICS - WRITTEN BY JEFF BLIM

You, no need to run away
You little run-away
Cuz the nightmare will get you soon
No need to contemplate
How deeply that you're afraid
Cuz your life is a waning moon
It's a matter of time, A matter of time
Don't need to look far to find it
Every story you tell we're in pursuit
It's all in your mind, It's all in your mind
Look behind you!
Hey what was that?
Boo
You can run, but are you fast enough?
You can hide, but I will find you
Close your eyes if you don't dose off
Hold your breath so I don't hear you
The trail of tears that you will leave me
Will lead me straight to those that fear me
You can run if I don't catch you
But the Nightmare Time is gonna get you
Take every precaution, babe
Get out the caution tape
Cuz the timer is ticking down
You even understand
The danger that you are in?
You're standing on shaky ground
It's a victimless crime, A victimless crime
I'm in your head and you know it
Nothing that you do about it
It's all by design, All by design...
Where'd he go?
You can run but, are you fast enough?
You can hide, but I will find you
Close your eyes if you don't dose off
Hold your breath so I don't hear you
The trail of tears that you will leave me
Will lead me straight to those that fear me
You can run if I don't catch you
But the Nightmare Time is gonna get you
Just run away if you want, if you dare
The Nightmare's gonna get you
Just run away if you want, if you dare
The Nightmare's gonna get you
Just run away if you want, if you dare
Daddy's gonna get you
You can run if I don't catch you
But the Nightmare Time already caught you

PART 1:

The
Hatchetfield
APE-MAN

Written by
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October 10, 2020

EPI, PT1: THE HATCHETFIELD APE-MAN

DONNA

(giving a news-report)

Witchwood Forest. Dark. Mysterious.
The alleged home of some of
Hatchetfield's most terrifying
urban legends. Willabella Muckwab,
the Muck-Witch. Lumber-Axe, the Mad
Woodsman. And of course, there's...
him.

DONNA DAGGIT, co-host of Hatchetfield's 'Morning Cup O'
News,' stands at the edge of a vast, misty grove.

DONNA

I've come here to the Witchwood to
talk with one woman who claims to
have had her own harrowing close
encounter...

LUCY

(mid-interview)

I must've been nine or ten years
old when it happened. We used to
take holiday here in Hatchetfield.

DONNA

This is **LUCY STOCKWORTH**. A real
life duchess and heir to the
Stockworth Estate in jolly old
England.

LUCY

I'd spied a nighthawk nest in a
tree. And, the foolish school-girl
I was, I wanted to see the baby
birds. So I started to climb. I had
nearly made it, when a branch
snapped beneath me. I was so high,
the fall would've killed me. I'm
quite sure of that. But... he caught
me. In those big, strong arms.
Those arms covered in thick, black
fur. It was him... It was Wooly-
Foot.

DONNA

That's right. Wooly-Foot. The
Hatchetfield Ape-Man. A monster to
some, but to Lucy Stockworth he's
anything but.

LUCY

His eyes. They were kind. I knew he'd never hurt me.

DONNA

Ms. Stockworth has returned to Hatchetfield every year since the death of her father, in hopes of snagging another glimpse at her illusive savior.

(giving the interview)

And what will you do if you find Wooly-Foot again?

LUCY

Oh, I don't know. What do you say to someone who saved your life? I suppose I'd thank him... in whatever way I could.

DONNA

So there you have it. Is there an ape-man lurking the Witchwood of Hatchetfield? And if so, is he friend or foe? This is Donna Daggit with 'Morning Cup O' News.' Back to you, Dan.

DAN

(in the studio)

That's amazing, Donna.

Days later, rain drizzles from a grey sky. A black Rolls-Royce pulls onto the runway of a tiny AIRPORT. Lucy Stockworth emerges from the backseat and heads for a small private jet standing nearby. Waiting for her at the bottom of the airstairs with an open umbrella is her butler, **RUPERT**.

RUPERT

Any luck, Ms. Lucy?

LUCY

Not this year, Rupert.

RUPERT

Shame. A dreadful shame.

LUCY

I suppose there's always next year... if other things don't get in the way.

RUPERT

(a beat)

Are you alright, Ms. Lucy?

LUCY

(fighting tears)

Yes. It's just the rain. It makes me sad.

(getting ahold of herself)

Maybe this *is* just a childish dream. Goodbye, Hatchetfield. Maybe forever.

HIDGENS

You may be done with Hatchetfield, Ms. Stockworth, but Hatchetfield is not done with you. Not by a long shot.

Lucy turns to find an eccentric figure approaching. His hair is white. His black turtle-neck clings to his body.

LUCY

Excuse me. Who are you?

HIDGENS

My name is **PROFESSOR HENRY HIDGENS**. If you'll indulge me, and accompany me back to my home and laboratory on the edge of town, I'll show you something that'll knock your stockings off.

The Rolls-Royce weaves down a winding dirt road, through the dense thicket of the Hatchetfield Witchwood. The trees are tall, with pale, cracking bark.

The car stops at the entrance of a gothic MANOR, filled with labyrinthine hallways and stained glass windows. The fortress-like abode of Professor Henry Hidgens.

Inside, Lucy follows the professor through a twisting corridor, her heels clicking on the black & white checkered tile floor.

LUCY

So you live alone out here?

HIDGENS

Until recently, yes. I find isolation conducive to my work.

LUCY

And what work would that be,
Professor?

HIDGENS

I'm a biologist. I study the indigenous fauna of these woods. Nighthawks. Timberwolves. Bears even. But what I found in one of my traps thirteen months ago... was *no* bear. When I shaved the creature to treat a wound it was nursing, I found something that defies our current scientific understanding. A lost hominid species. The missing link between homo erectus and homo sapien. He may now lack his thick, black fur, but I'm curious, Ms. Stockworth. Could you help me identify him?

LUCY

Wooly-Foot? Professor, are you telling me you've found the Hatchetfield Ape-Man?

HIDGENS

No, Lucy. *You're* going to have to tell *me* what I've found. Is *your* savior behind this door?

They come to a large, antique vault door with a porthole in the center. Hidgens turns the locking wheel. A mechanism clanks. The door unlocks. Lucy's heart skips a beat.

LUCY

I can see him?

HIDGENS

That's why you're here. Now, before we enter the enclosure, I must warn you. In his shaved state, he looks very much like a man, but he is *not*. He is a wild animal, and he is dangerous.

LUCY

I understand.

HIDGENS

Promise me you'll never let your guard down.

LUCY

I won't.

HIDGENS

And promise me one more thing,
Lucy. Whatever you do...

(a beat)

Don't fall in love with him.

Hidgens pulls the heavy vault door open. Beyond it lies a lush GREENHOUSE. Raindrops pitter and patter on the glass ceiling. Tweeting birds flutter through exotic trees and blooming flowers. Hidgens cautiously steps into this jungle room, Lucy not far behind.

HIDGENS

Wooly-Foot! It's Henry! I've brought a very special visitor, so I want you to be on your best behavior.

Leaves rustle. Lucy can just make out some *thing* lumbering through the foliage.

HIDGENS

Come on out. That's it. Good boy...

Lucy's jaw drops. Her eyes go wide. There, emerging into a small, artificial clearing is... *him*. The Hatchetfield Ape-Man.

APE-MAN

(grunting like an ape)

Ooh ooh ooh...

He's hunched and grunting, but not entirely inhuman. In fact, his naked form seems almost... familiar.

LUCY

My god. He *does* look like a man!

HIDGENS

Don't break eye-contact, Lucy. He'll think you're submissive.

LUCY

Of course.

The Ape-Man advances, full of wonder.

APE-MAN

Ooh ooh ooh...

(Sniffs sniff)

He sniffs Lucy, startling her.

HIDGENS

It's fine. He's just curious. Don't back away. Show him you're the dominant species.

APE-MAN

Huh huh huh...

The Ape-Man starts to lift Lucy's skirt to inspect it. She yanks it away from him.

LUCY

Is that anyway to treat a lady?!?

HIDGENS

Good, Lucy. Show him who's boss.

APE-MAN

EHHH!!!

The Ape-Man rears to his full hight, beating his chest. Lucy's having none of it.

LUCY

Now, that's quite enough of that!

APE-MAN

Ehh...

Scolded and ashamed, the Ape-Man slumps to the ground.

HIDGENS

Very good. Now forgive him. He needs correcting often, but afterwards you must *always* forgive him.

LUCY

I forgive you.

Lucy touches the Ape-Man's hand and his expression brightens.

HIDGENS

Now go ahead. Introduce yourself.

LUCY

He understands our words?

HIDGENS

Some. He's even picked up a few himself.

LUCY
He speaks?! That's extraordinary!

HIDGENS
Yes, he's quite intelligent.

LUCY
*(addressing the Ape-Man,
pointing to herself)*
Hello. My name is Lucy.

APE-MAN
*(mimicking her, also
pointing to himself)*
My name... Lucy.

LUCY
(gasps, delighted)
Professor!

HIDGENS
Keep going.

LUCY
(to the Ape-Man)
No, no. You're not Lucy. I'm Lucy.
(touching her chest)
Lucy.

APE-MAN
*(reaching to her, touching
her chest as well)*
Lucy.

LUCY
That's right! And you are?

APE-MAN
Huh?

LUCY
I mean, your name can't really be
Wooly-Foot.
(points to herself)
Lucy...
*(points to him, waiting
for a response)*
Lucy...
(repeats her actions)

APE-MAN
(pointing to her)
Lucy...

(MORE)

APE-MAN (CONT'D)

*(points to himself,
revealing his name)*

Konk.

LUCY

"Konk." Is that your name?

KONK

I'm... Konk.

LUCY

Professor! His name is Konk!

HIDGENS

Well, that's news to me.

(in awe)

I don't know why, but he's opening up to you in ways I never thought possible. It's almost like... *he knows you.*

LUCY

(searching his eyes)

Do you... remember me, Konk?

KONK

(he thinks hard, then...)

Lucy... fall. Konk... catch.

LUCY

(Gasps)

A teapot whistles. In a cozy KITCHEN, Hidgens hands Lucy a cup of Earl Grey. She's still beaming from her encounter with the Ape-Man.

LUCY

He's incredible, Professor! Simply incredible! We have to alert the scientific community at once!

HIDGENS

And then what, Lucy? What will become of Konk? He'll be put in a cage, poked and prodded for the rest of his life.

LUCY

Then... what's to be done, Professor?

HIDGENS

He must *learn*. Learn our language. Our ways.

(MORE)

HIDGENS (CONT'D)

Then, when he understands his place in the world, let *him* decide his own fate. If he choses to reveal himself to the world, we'll honor that. If he choses to live as a man, we'll honor *that*. If he choses to return to the woods, we'll honor that too. Whatever the case, *Konk* must decide for himself.

LUCY

Of course! It *must* be his decision! I only want him to be happy!

HIDGENS

You make him happy, Lucy.

LUCY

I do?

HIDGENS

You saw him in there. Within two minutes he told you his name. Something he's kept from me for thirteen months.

Hidgens sets down his tea. He looks into the young woman's eyes.

HIDGENS

Lucy, will you stay? Will you help me teach Konk what it means to be a man?

LUCY

Professor, I...

HIDGENS

I've got plenty of room here. And I could use an assistant.

LUCY

(*torn*)

Well, I... I have a prior engagement...

(*making the decision*)

But... It can wait. It has to! By God, I've been searching for him my entire life! And now that I've found him... I'm never letting him go.

HIDGENS

Then we'll start tomorrow morning.
Bright and early. Konk has much to
learn.

The next day, back in the GREENHOUSE enclosure, Professor
Hidgens stands before Konk, holding a cue-card displaying a
picture of a cat, accompanied by the letters "C-A-T."

HIDGENS

Now, Konk, repeat after me. "Cat."
"Caaat."

KONK

Lucy.

A distracted Konk couldn't care less about the card. Instead,
his focus falls on Lucy, who sits nearby, sketching the Ape-
Man with a set of charcoals. Konk smiles at her. She blushes.

LUCY

Oh, Konk.

Outside, Lucy leads Konk to a STABLE on the Professor's
property. She loads a saddle onto the back of a cream-colored
mare. Konk recoils at the sight of it.

LUCY

Don't be frightened, Konk. It's a
horse.

KONK

Huh... huh... Horse friend.

Konk slowly starts to brush the animal's mane.

LUCY

That's right, Konk.

Lucy tightens her grip on the mare's reigns. She taps the
horse's sides with her riding boots, sending it into a
gallop. Konk, who sits behind Lucy, wraps his arms around her
waste, trying not to fall off. Lucy blushes again.

That evening, the horse stands tied under a tree as Lucy and
Konk poke their toes into a crystal clear pond. Their
reflections ripple as a small summer storm rolls overhead.
Konk shields his head from the droplets.

LUCY

It's called rain, Konk! It won't
hurt you!

KONK
Water fall from sky!

LUCY
Come, Konk! Run with me!

She takes his hand and the two frolic through a meadow.
They're drenched, but laughing all the way.

Later, Lucy and Konk lay in the soft, tall grass, gazing up
at the night sky. Konk points to the tiny lights above them.

LUCY
They're called stars.

KONK
Stars.

LUCY
They're very beautiful.

KONK
Very beautiful.

LUCY
They are.

KONK
(he looks at her, a beat)
Lucy very beautiful.

LUCY
(taken aback)
Oh, Konk.

Days later, back in the GREENHOUSE, Konk sits beside Lucy,
inspecting a picture of an old-timey gentleman offering a
handful of flowers to a very handsome lady.

KONK
Why man give woman pretty things
from ground?

LUCY
It's a bouquet. A man gives it to a
woman when he loves her.

KONK
"Love?"

LUCY
Yes. It's when two people enjoy
each other's company and they want
to stay together forever.

KONK

(thinks)

Like Konk and Lucy? Konk and Lucy
have love.

LUCY

(utterly speechless)

I... I...

DING DONG. The bell to the front door rings.

LUCY

I should get that.

In the front ENTRYWAY, Lucy opens the large double doors.

LUCY

Hello?

JONATHAN

Well, well. Lucy Stockworth. You've
been a very naughty girl.

On the steps of the manor, Lucy finds **JONATHAN BRISBY**. Her
upper-crust... fiancé.

LUCY

Jonathan! What on Earth are you
doing here?

JONATHAN

Well, I expected a cheerier
reception than that. Can't a man
join his fiancé for a pleasant
holiday? A holiday which you were
set to return from two weeks ago.
You missed your dress-fitting, you
know. My mother is beside herself,
and I must admit, I've been
dreadfully worried as well.

LUCY

I... I got caught up in things here.
Didn't you receive my text
messages?

JONATHAN

Yes. And I figured that any place
that could capture the attention of
my flighty, little Lucy must be
quite something indeed. So I've
come to see the sights of
Hatchetfield myself. Maybe do some
hunting.

(MORE)

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

I hear the game here's a spot of alright. I'll shoot you a nighthawk. We'll have it stuffed as a souvenir. Then you won't have any reason to come back to this silly place.

LUCY

Jonathan, I...

HIDGENS

Lucy! What did I say about outsiders?!

Descending a large staircase, Hidgens appears, quite perturbed.

LUCY

He's not an outsider, Professor. We can trust him. This is Jonathan Brisby. My... fiancé.

HIDGENS

Fiancé? I didn't realize you were... entangled.

JONATHAN

Well, she is, Professor...

HIDGENS

Hidgens. Henry Hidgens.

JONATHAN

So you're the one who's spirited away my Lucy for some sort of "secret experiment." It must be quite the endeavor.

(threateningly)

Something to be shared with the rest of the world...

LUCY

We can't, Jonathan!

JONATHAN

And why not?

LUCY

Professor... Let's show him.

Moments later, Lucy, Jonathan, and Hidgens stand outside the antique vaulted door to Konk's enclosure. Jonathan can't believe his ears.

JONATHAN

An ape-man you say?! Don't be ridiculous!

LUCY

Don't you be so close-minded! He's right behind this door, and I won't have you frightening him! He's easily startled, and he's gentle... and he's kind...

(losing herself)

And he's wonderful.

JONATHAN

If I didn't know any better, I'd say you had feelings for this ape-man.

Lucy turns the locking wheel on the door. Hidgens stops her.

HIDGENS

Lucy, if Konk feels threatened by this man, I can't guarantee his safety. He makes one wrong move, this creature could tear his arms right from their sockets.

LUCY

It's fine. I'll be with him, and Konk would never do anything to hurt me.

Lucy pulls the heavy vault door open, and the three pass through it into the GREENHOUSE.

LUCY

Konk! I've brought a new... friend. Don't be shy. Come meet Jonathan.

Konk emerges from the trees, sizing up this new-comer.

KONK

Me Konk. You John-man.

LUCY

Isn't he extraordinary?

JONATHAN

(a beat, then bluntly)

Why that's a man! That's obviously a naked man!

HIDGENS

That's where you're wrong, friend!
I'm a biologist! You think I
wouldn't know if that were a man?!
He only *looks* like a man.

LUCY

The professor shaved him.

JONATHAN

Oh, well, that's rather convenient.

LUCY

He had to, to treat Konk's wounds
and... and...

HIDGENS

Apply ointment to his skin. He had
a rash all over his body.

JONATHAN

I don't see any wounds or a rash. I
see two obvious charlatans! I don't
know what you're up to, but it's
gone on for long enough! Come
along, Lucy. We're going back to
England at once!

Jonathan grabs Lucy's arm and pulls her toward the door.

KONK

Let her go!

LUCY

Konk, no!

Konk beats his chest and advances on Jonathan. At Lucy's
request, he subdues himself. Jonathan sneers.

JONATHAN

I'm not afraid of you, you stupid
man.

KONK

Konk not man! Konk animal!

JONATHAN

(*a beat*)
Well, Konk, I hunt animals...

LUCY

Jonathan!

KONK

We will see who hunt who, John-man.

LUCY

Stop it, you two! Just stop it!

JONATHAN

(to her, quietly)

Lucy! What's the matter with you?
These men are liars...

LUCY

You don't know that! You've always looked down your nose at me. But I know, with every fiber of my being, that Konk *is* the ape-man that saved me when I was a little girl. And if you love me, if you have any affection for me at all, you'll at least *try* to see him the way I do.

JONATHAN

Lucy, I will *humor* you for the time being, but when you come to see the truth...

LUCY

I *do* see the truth. About him, and about you.

JONATHAN

What's that supposed to mean?

Lucy removes a glove, revealing a ring. A ring she begins to twist from her finger.

JONATHAN

What are you doing with that engagement ring? Don't drop it on the ground! It's been in my family for generations! Lucy! Lucy!

Lucy drops the ring and storms off. Jonathan picks it up and runs after her, leaving Hidgens with Konk. The professor watches them go, then lights a cigarette.

HIDGENS

"Liar?" "Charlatan?" "Obviously a man?" What do you say to that, Konk?

He offers the cigarette to the ape-man... who drops the act, bolts upright and grabs it.

KONK

(dropping the act)

I say that was a fuckin' close one,
Hidge!

HIDGENS

Well, that's what happens when you
ad-lib... **TED!** 'Konk?' Where'd that
name come from? The Flintstones?!
We agreed the ape-man's name would
be 'Chumby.' That's the name of an
ape-man! 'Chumby!'

TED

Well, I'm sorry. Alright? I blanked
and 'Konk' was the first thing that
popped into my head!

HIDGENS

I knew *I* should've played the ape-
man and *you* should've been the
professor! It's just that the
professor seemed like such a meaty
role and... Dammit. I guess it isn't
how many lines you have, but what
you do with them.

Ted puffs the cigarette and pulls on a robe he has hidden in
a hollow stump.

TED

So sue me. I flubbed the name. Lucy
doesn't seem to mind. You see the
way she looks at me. I told you.
There's no denying the sexual
charisma that radiates from *this*.

(motions to himself)

And that's *after* you made me grow
this.

(tugs his beard)

If I had my mustache, Lucy and I
would be on our honeymoon by now.

HIDGENS

What did I say about improvising?!
There isn't gonna be a honeymoon!
As soon as you're married, and the
Stockworth fortune is ours, it's
KREEEK *(makes a slit-throat motion)*
...for Miss Union Jack. Of course
the fiancé complicates things.

TED

Yeah. Where'd that asshole come from? Hey! Maybe he's pulling a con too. Maybe he's not really British!

HIDGENS

Oh, he's British alright. Did you hear him? You can't fake an accent like that. *I'll* deal with Mr. Brisby. And you, *Konk*. You stick to the script.

POW! Deep in the WITCHWOOD, Jonathan takes his best shot at nighthawk perched on the branch of a tree. The branch splinters, but the bird flies off unscathed.

JONATHAN

Damn.

Nearby, Hidgens leans on his own rifle, lighting a stogy.

HIDGENS

Close, but no *cigar*. You're going to have to be quicker than that if you want to bag yourself a nighthawk. They are wily birds.

Unamused, Jonathan lowers his weapon and the two hunters trudge further into the forest.

JONATHAN

Speaking of wily birds, what the devil do you think you're up to, Professor Hidgens? If you are, in fact, a *real* professor. Heaven knows you don't have a *real* ape-man.

HIDGENS

Ape or not, Lucy's got a new man in her life and it's got you shitting peach-pits. Tell me, Jonathan. Is your concern for Lucy, or that sweet, sweet Stockworth estate?

JONATHAN

Why can't it be both? I fully intend on becoming Duke of Stockworth, and no half-rate professor and a shaved monkey-man are going to stand in my way.

HIDGENS

There really is no fooling you, is there, Jonathan?

(a beat)

It's true. Konk is not the Hatchetfield Ape-Man. He's just a guy named Ted.

JONATHAN

I knew it! You liar! You dirty, dirty man! You've been filling Lucy's head with nonsense for weeks. Well, when I get back to the house, I'm going to expose you...

HIDGENS

(chuckling to himself)

Haha...

JONATHAN

What's funny?

HIDGENS

Your choice of words amuses me, Jonathan. Don't you mean, "*IF* you get back to the house?"

JONATHAN

What?

HIDGENS

I may be a half-rate professor, but I can count. In case you haven't noticed, you're out of ammo, whereas my weapon is fully loaded.

Hidgens shoulders his rifle and takes aim at Jonathan.

JONATHAN

You're mad.

HIDGENS

They called me mad! They all did! But I'll tell you what would be crazy. To let a goddamn crumpet-eater fuck up my plan! But I'm a sporting gentleman. I'll give you a head start. Go ahead. Run, Johnny! Run home to your queen!

JONATHAN

Ahhh!

Jonathan takes off into the woods, running for his life.
Hidgens gives chase, stomping through the fog like a maniac.

HIDGENS

London Bridge is falling down!
Falling down! Falling down!

JONATHAN

Help me! Someone! Help me!

HIDGENS

My fair lady!!!

BANG! Hidgens fires a shot into the back of Jonathan's shoulder. He tumbles to the ground, rolling through the thorny bramble. Jonathan can't move. He's bruised and bleeding. Hidgens approaches, looming over him.

JONATHAN

Please, Professor...

Hidgens takes aim.

HIDGENS

Welcome to America, you tea-taxing
son-of-a-bitch.

BANG!!!

Back in the GREENHOUSE, Lucy is distraught. Distracted. Ted, again in the guise of Konk, kneels beside her.

TED

Lucy, what mean "fiancé?"

LUCY

It means that Jonathan and I are
set to be married.

TED

What "married?"

LUCY

It's a contract. One where two
people agree to love each other
best of all, for as long as they
live.

TED

You love John-man?

LUCY

Konk... It's complicated.

Ted takes her hand, laying it on thick.

TED

Lucy, no go with John-man. Lucy stay with Konk.

LUCY

I... I... I should really go find Jonathan.

HIDGENS

Good luck. He just... took off.

In the doorway, Hidgens stands, back from the hunt, his gun in hand.

LUCY

Took off? What do you mean?

HIDGENS

Said something about going back to England, and you being crazy, and the marriage being called off.

(completely unsympathetic)

Basically, go fuck yourself.

LUCY

No. That can't be... I've got to get this straightened out!

Lucy runs off, back to her room. Ted furrows his brow.

TED

Lucy sad.

HIDGENS

Of course she's sad. Her fiancé's feeding the worms.

TED

(realizing)

You killed him. You killed him!

HIDGENS

I took care of it. Don't worry. They'll be reunited. After you're married, the same worms'll eat her too.

TED

No. You no hurt Lucy.

HIDGENS

You going soft on me, Ted?

TED

On the contrary, my friend. Lucy makes me hard. Real hard. And I do some of my best thinking when I'm erect. I'm thinking, why does Lucy have to die at all? If I marry her, I get all the money anyway. *And* a hot wife! Who loves me!

HIDGENS

She doesn't love you, you idiot! She loves the ape-man! What are you gonna do? Pretend to be Konk for the rest of your life?

TED

Yeah! I like being Konk! As Ted, I'm nothing. When I'm Konk, I'm somebody! The missing link! I got a beautiful woman telling me I'm amazing for doing easy shit! Like pointing to the color blue. Or reading words like "cat" and "car." But that *one* test was hard. Trying to find the triangles in all those other shapes. You had Konk take that just to make me look stupid.

HIDGENS

You are stupid!
(*advancing on Ted*)
I have plans for that money, and now you think you're gonna cut me out?!
(*a beat*)
You realize what you're doing. Don't you, Ted? You're killing the show with what you're doing.

TED

Doesn't matter. *I'm* the ape-man. And there's not a damn thing you can do about it. Try to tell Lucy. You tell on me, and I'll tell on you... *murderer*.

Betrayed, Hidgens backs away, toward the door.

HIDGENS

You've forced my hand, my former friend. Prepare to be recast, Ted. Prepare to be written out.

BOOM! Thunder claps. Lightning flashes.

That night, Lucy paces across her ROOM. Her phone to her ear. She tries in vein to get ahold of her fiancé.

LUCY
Oh, Jonathan... pick up.

Out the corner of her eye, she spots a red *something* wedged in the doorway. She picks it up.

LUCY
What's this? A rose?

In the hallway outside she finds another rose. And another. A whole trail of roses left for her to follow. The flowers lead her back to the antique vaulted door with the porthole in the center. She pulls it open and steps into the GREENHOUSE.

Inside, a thousand candles flicker. Rain beats down on the glass roof. Thunder rolls in the distance. In the warm candlelight, Lucy finds Ted... wearing a tuxedo.

LUCY
Konk? You're dressed... like a man.
You look... very handsome.

TED
Konk has something for Lucy.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out...

LUCY
A ring?

He drops to one knee and takes her hand.

TED
Marry Konk, Lucy. Not John-man.
Konk love you best. Marry Konk.

LUCY
(*taken with him*)
Oh, Konk...

HIDGENS
No marry Konk, Lucy! Marry me!

From the darkness, Hidgens emerges. He's completely naked and swaying his arms over his head like an orangutan.

LUCY
Professor?

HIDGENS

Not Professor! Me am Hatchetfield
Ape-Man! Me am lost hominid
species. Missing link between homo
erectus and homo sapien!

LUCY

Professor, I'm very confused...

HIDGENS

Konk is liar! Konk is a guy named
Ted I hired!

TED

No, Lucy! Konk is Konk. Professor
should go fuck himself!

LUCY

When did you learn that vulgar
word, Konk?

HIDGENS

Him not Konk. Him Ted. Look what
hidden in Konk's stump. Oh! It's
Ted's phone!

Hidgens pulls an iPhone from the hollow stump where Ted's
hidden his things. The professor starts scrolling through
Ted's pictures & apps.

TED

Stop it...

HIDGENS

Look! Ted's Facebook. Ted's Tinder
profile. Ted's Pornhub premium
account.

LUCY

(bewildered)

Konk, what are you doing with a
phone?

TED

Uh... That not Konk's phone... Uh... Uh...
*(unable to think of an
excuse)*
Shit...

HIDGENS

It's hopeless, Ted. You never
learned how to yes-and.

TED
(*dropping the Konk voice*)
Lucy, I can explain...

LUCY
(*recoiling from Ted*)
What? No! This can't be!

HIDGENS
Oh, but it is. And *you're* not going
anywhere, I'm afraid. Not until
that Stockworth fortune is *mine*.

Before Lucy can reach the door, Hidgens retrieves a handgun
he's hidden under a fake rock. He points it at Lucy.

HIDGENS
So you can either marry one of us,
or you can die!

Lucy makes a break for it. Hidgens pulls the trigger. BANG!

TED
Lucy!!!

Ted dives into the bullet's path.

TED
Oh!!!

He goes down, blood spilling from his gut.

LUCY
Konk!

Lucy grabs Ted and drags him from the greenhouse. Before
Hidgens can get in another shot, Lucy slams the vault door
shut. She whirls the locking wheel, trapping the professor
inside. Hidgens rushes the door, and presses his face against
the porthole. There's madness in his eyes.

HIDGENS
Lucy! Open this door! Lemme
ooooout! Lemme oooouuuut!!!

He abandons the door and runs for a tall tree in the center
of the enclosure. He scurries up the thing with incredible
speed, hooting and howling like an ape.

HIDGENS
Oh oh oh oh oh AHHHHH!!!

He reaches the top of the tree and smashes the glass ceiling
with his fist. Rain pours in as he climbs out to freedom.

Outside the vaulted door, Lucy cradles the wounded Ted. His blood leaks onto the black & white tiled floor.

LUCY

Oh, Konk. Or is it... Ted?

TED

No, please... Let me die as Konk.

(looks into her eyes)

I wanna thank you, Lucy. You made me the ape-man... I never thought I could be...

LUCY

We'll get you out of here. You'll be alright... Please don't die...

(a beat, tears welling up)

I love you, Konk.

With the last of his strength, Ted reaches up a shivering hand, and touches her face.

TED

Lucy... very... beautiful...

His eyes roll back. His hand falls. He goes limp in her arms. Dead. Lucy holds him, and weeps.

Until... BANG! A nearby door explodes open. An enraged Hidgens kicks through the debris, a smoking shotgun in his arms.

HIDGENS

Lucy! I'm home!

Lucy struggles to her feet and runs for it. Professor Hidgens hobbles behind her.

She rips through the manor's winding corridors, knocking over chairs and vases behind her. Anything she can do to slow down her pursuing assailant.

LUCY

Please, Professor! Stop!!!

HIDGENS

Lucy! You got some 'splainin to do!!!

She finally reaches the front entryway. She throws open the large double-doors and hurls herself out into the storm.

Wind whips her face. Rain comes down in buckets. She bolts for the deep darkness of the Hatchetfield WITCHWOOD.

Sharp, spiny branches tear at Lucy's arms. The ground beneath her is a runny sludge, sucking her feet into the mud. Then... SNAP! Something springs up to bite her shin. One of the professor's bear traps.

LUCY

UH!!! My leg!

Lucy claws at the metal teeth that have pierced her boot and sunk into her skin. As she struggles to free herself, Higdens creeps through the subsiding rain.

HIDGENS

(out of breath)

Alright, Lucy. That's enough. I gotta admit, you gave me a better chase than Jonathan did.

LUCY

No... Please, no...

HIDGENS

Oh, stop crying. I don't have to kill you. I'll make you a deal. I'll let you live, as long as you sign this check.

The storm dies just in time for Higdens to reveal a check. He holds it out for Lucy to see.

HIDGENS

See? I'm not completely unreasonable. I'm not greedy either. All I want from you is thirty million dollars... Just enough to fund my musical.

(he's insane)

Workin' Boys! Would you like to hear the pitch? It begins with a spotlight on me...

LUCY

I'm sorry! I can't!

HIDGENS

Oh, what do you gotta do that's so important you can't spare a few minutes to listen to a pitch?

LUCY

No, I mean I can't give you any money!

HIDGENS

What?

LUCY

I spent the Stockworth fortune, in my search for the ape-man!

HIDGENS

But...

(a beat, confused)

Why was Jonathan trying to marry you?

LUCY

For my *title!* I was trying to marry *him* for *his* money! So I could continue my search!

HIDGENS

You idiot... You goddamn idiot!

As Hidgens raises his shotgun and takes aim, Lucy grabs a nearby fallen branch and swings it with all her might. WHAM!

HIDGENS

AHHH!!!

He tumbles into the mud. Lucy uses the stick to pry open the bear trap. She scrambles to the nearest tree and starts to climb as Hidgens crawls to his feet.

HIDGENS

Oh, you're gonna climb a tree now? Who do you think you are? Becky Barnes? That's a bit of Hatchetfield lore for you! One time Becky Barnes climbed a tree and didn't come down for two days! But she had to come down eventually. Just like you gotta come down. And when you do, you're gonna listen to my pitch, then I'm gonna pump your guts full of lead!

LUCY

Please! Someone! Help me!

HIDGENS

No one can hear you! You were stupid enough to follow me out here into the middle of the Witchwood!

(MORE)

HIDGENS (CONT'D)

Just like you were stupid enough to believe in the Hatchetfield Ape-Man! There is no Ape-Man! You hear me?!? There is no... Oup...

Suddenly, Hidgens is lifted into the air by a huge, hairy figure. This monstrous *thing* takes hold of the professor's arms and starts to pull.

HIDGENS

Oh god, my arms... Not my arms!!!

THWOP! Hidgens's arms are ripped clean from their sockets. He plops to the muck below with a sopping, bloody THUD.

HIDGENS

Uguuggguhgguhhh...

Above, Lucy clings to a branch for dear life. The limb snaps and she falls.

LUCY

Ahhhhhh!

But she's caught by a pair of big, strong arms, covered in thick, black fur.

LUCY

Oh my... You saved me.

WOOLY-FOOT

You fall *again*, Lucy.

She looks up into the eyes of her savior. The kind, almost-human eyes... of **WOOLY-FOOT**. The *real* Hatchetfield Ape-Man.

LUCY

It's you. It's really you! I've been looking for you all my life. Tell me, what's your name?

WOOLY-FOOT

(*a beat*)
Chumby.

LUCY

(*dreamily*)
Chumby.

Lucy curls into the ape-man's embrace, and he carries her off, into the mist...

THE END

'THE HATCHETFIELD APE-MAN'

SONG LYRICS - WRITTEN BY JEFF BLIM

Here's a lil story 'bout the Hatchetfield Ape-Man
He was born some place in the fuckin' woods
He is tall, he is short
He's good or bad at sports
The point is that nobody knows
All I know about the Hatchetfield Ape-Man
He's an ape... man
(Wooly Foot
His name is Wooly Foot)
What's that name?
(His name is Wooly Foot
He's five foot-ten or he's four foot-eight)
I remember when I met the Hatchetfield Ape-Man
(You met him?)
Yep.
(You met him?)
Uh huh.
We talked politics and how he leaned left and right
(Oooh)
Ah
(Oooh)
Ah
He has two left feet but he dances the can-can
(He can?)
Yes.
(He can?)
Are you even listening?
He weighs two dozen tons but he's rather slight
Nothin'?
(...)
Okay!
He eats meat, he eats grass,
He gets tons of ape ass
Honestly why do you care?
If you wanna know more about the Hatchetfield Ape-Man
Ask the ape... this is so stupid, he's not even real... man!
(Wooly Foot
His name is Wooly Foot
His name is Wooly Foot
He's a real nice guy that could rip off your face!)
Wait... What's that? He can rip off your face?
No he can't. That's not real. Seriously?
The Hatchetfield Ape-Man CANNOT rip off your face...

PART 2:

WatcherWorld

Written by
Nick & Matt Lang

October 10, 2020

EP1, PT2: WATCHER WORLD

A yellow AMC Pacer puttters along through the Witchwood of Hatchetfield, headed north, towards a very special place. **BILL WOODWARD** excitedly drums his fingers on the steering wheel. He turns to the passenger's seat, where his eighteen-year-old daughter, **ALICE**, sits staring at her phone.

BILL
Whatcha looking at?

ALICE
Nothing.

BILL
(a beat)
That Instagram?

ALICE
Yeah.

BILL
What's on Instagram?

ALICE
Nothing.

BILL
Okay. So... uh...
(struggling to make conversation)
I hear Watcher World's got the tallest roller coaster in the whole Midwest... The Tear-Jerker!

Alice isn't listening. She's scrolling through pictures.

ALICE
(to herself)
Ugh. This is gonna be so fun.

BILL
It is, isn't it?

ALICE
No, Dad.
(referencing her phone)
Deb's throwing a party tonight at her parents' lake house. There's gonna be a jet ski, and a keg, and I'm missing it. Why would she throw a party when she knows I'm stuck going to Watcher World?

BILL

I don't know. Maybe she's jealous of all the fun we're gonna have! Huh?!?

(sees she's really upset)

Ah, it's one party. You'll catch the next one.

ALICE

There's not gonna be a next one. Deb's grandmother is taking her to Amsterdam on Monday. Then she's going to early orientation at her art school. I might never see Deb again!

BILL

Hey, here's hoping...

(catches himself)

That that doesn't happen. But even if it does, and life takes you two in different directions, that's probably for the best. Deb'll go be a starving artist, and you'll be a doctor.

ALICE

(frustrated)

I'm gonna be a playwright, Dad.

BILL

Well, you don't know *what* you're gonna be. You got time to figure it out. The point is, you gotta give Deb some space to live her own life. It's like I always say: If you really love her, let her go.

ALICE

(shaking her head)

You are so full of...

BILL

Love and wisdom. I know. Hey! My buddy, Paul, said somebody *died* on the Tear-Jerker! They had a pre-existing heart condition, but still... We gotta ride it now!!!

At around 10am, the AMC Pacer pulls into the parking lot of... WATCHER WORLD. An aging amusement park on the edge of Hatchetfield island. Alice & Bill park and make their way to the front gate, above which is an enormous 'welcome' sign bearing an image of **BLINKY**, the Watcher World mascot.

They pass under Blinky's massive yellow eye, with it's purple iris, then Bill steps up to the ticket-booth.

TICKET-TAKER

Hello there, sir! Welcome to
 Watcher World! Ready to watch all
 your dreams come true?

BILL

Sure am. Can we get two tickets?
 One adult and one child.

ALICE

Dad, are you serious?
(to the Ticket-Taker)
 Two adults.

BILL

(hugging Alice)
 Sorry, she'll always be a child in
 my eyes.

ALICE

Dad, please stop embarrassing me.

TICKET-TAKER

Uh oh! Looks like we got a daddy-
 daughter dispute on our hands.
(to Bill)
 Tell ya what, I'm gonna go ahead
 and give you the child price. She
is your little girl, after all.

BILL

Hey, thanks!

TICKET-TAKER

Now you two go and have yourself a
 day worth watching.
(to Alice)
 And Princess. Remember. You take
 care of your daddy today. Blinky's
 got his eye on *you*.

Inside the park, hundreds of sculpted eyeballs cover the gift-shops and food stands that line the entrance arcade. Alice looks around at the creepy decor, and the masses of blissful park guests. Bill can hardly contain himself.

BILL

Okay, I'm gonna go grab a flash-
 pass. You want some Eye-Candy?

ALICE
No thanks. I'll wait here.

BILL
We're doing it!

As Bill rushes off, Alice leans against a bench and takes out a stick of gum. She notices a sign on a nearby lamppost that reads: "**Please keep our park clean. Blinky's watching.**" On the sign is an image of Blinky. Looking closer, Alice sees the creature's pupil is in fact the lens of a small security camera. She pops the gum in her mouth, tosses the wrapper to the ground, and flips off the camera.

ALICE
Fuck you, Blinky.

She turns to wander off, but bumps directly into an enormous yellow eye...

ALICE
Ah! Jesus.

It's the cyclopean costume head of a Blinky mascot. Purple fur in various shades covers his rotund form. Alice catches her breath.

ALICE
You scared the shit outta me.

BLINKY
*(covering where his ears
would be, if he had them)*
Ooh! That's a bad word.

ALICE
Sorry... Blinky.

The purple monster with one yellow eye for a head points down to Alice's gum-wrapper on the ground.

BLINKY
Aww. You make Blinky cry.

ALICE
(shrugging)
Oops.

BLINKY
(a beat, then demanding)
Pick it up.

ALICE
(Sigh)

Alice bends down to pick up her trash, the hem of her short shorts rising. Blinky watches.

BLINKY
Nice view.

ALICE
(*a beat*)
What did you just say?

BLINKY
Nothin'.

ALICE
(*backing off*)
Stay away from me, creep.

BLINKY
You don't like Blinky?

ALICE
No. I don't.

BLINKY
(*a beat*)
You'll be sorry.
(*waving*)
Bye bye.

Blinky steps back as a gaggle of park-goers passes. When they do... he's gone. Then a hand grabs Alice's shoulder...

BILL
Hey, Alice! Look what I got us!

It's Bill, holding two Blinky hats. He pulls his on. A large yellow eye with purple furry lids covers the top of his head. He offers a hat to Alice.

ALICE
I'm not wearing that.

Alice frowns, the Blinky hat on her head. She and Bill are now at the top of a hill on the Eye-Drop, a tacky, eye-themed log ride.

BILL
Alright! Here comes the drop! Put your hands up, Alice!

ALICE
No.

They go over the hill. Big splash.

Alice gets off the ride, dripping with gross theme-park water.

ALICE
Great. Now I'm soaked.

BILL
Well, there's a cure for that.

Alice stands in a gift shop, looking into a mirror at the gaudy, over-sized t-shirt she's wearing. It reads, "***I survived the Eye-Drop and all I got was this lousy t-shirt.***" Bill laughs to himself.

BILL
Haha. *That* is a good shirt.

ALICE
(*sarcastically*)
Really? I think it's kinda *lousy*.

BILL
Well, if you don't like it, pick out ano...
(*getting her joke*)
Oh ho! I didn't know you were funny!

Later, Bill munches on cotton candy. Alice drags her feet behind him. He stops and throws an arm around her.

BILL
Alice! Look! Look! There's a photo-op in front of Drowsy Town Station!

He pulls her toward an eye-covered train station, readying his phone for a selfie. She tries to worm her way out of it.

ALICE
I'll get one of you.

BILL
Naw, come here!

He leans in close to her and frames up the picture, noticing her unenthused expression.

BILL
Oh, I see. We're making pouty faces.

He does the classic "duck-lips" and snaps the pic.

BILL

There ya go. Look at us. We're models! Oh, we *gotta* gram this!

ALICE

Don't tag me in that.

BILL

Tag? How do I do that?
(*messing with his phone*)
Friend me on Instagram so I can send you this picture.

ALICE

You don't friend people. You follow them.

BILL

Well, I'd follow *you* anywhere.

ALICE

(*rolls her eyes*)
Tell me about it.

Bill finally finds her profile on his phone.

BILL

Okay, is this you? Why can't I see your posts?

ALICE

Because my account's private.

BILL

That's a good idea. Don't want Ted or his nerdy, little brother stalking you on there. How do *I* get in though?

ALICE

Dad, it's private so that *you* can't see it.

BILL

But I wanna know what's going on in your life.

ALICE

If I want you to know something, I'll tell you.

BILL

You don't tell me anything.

ALICE

Exactly.

BILL

(a beat, looking at their selfie)

You know, this really *is* a good picture. I bet you *could* be a model if you wanted. You could be *anything*. A doctor. A lawyer...

ALICE

A playwright.

BILL

Well, you got time to figure it out. There's no rush... Oh shit, shit, shit! Quick! Alice, the next show's about to start!

Bill rushes to the entrance of the WATCHER WORLD THEATER, where there's a sign displaying showtimes for "***Blinky's Watch Party! A musical extravaganza through Drowsy Town!***"

ALICE

Dad, I don't want to see some stupid kiddie show.

BILL

But, Alice... IT'S A MUSICAL!!!

Inside the theater, hundreds of screaming kids and their sweaty parents sit on long, sticky benches. The houselights dim and Alice crosses her arms...

ALICE

Wake me up when it's over.

BILL

Come on, ya humbug. You can't sleep through the show.

The **CROWD** quiets down and an **ANNOUNCER**'s voice rings out through the sound system...

ANNOUNCER

Ahoy there, boys and girls! Welcome to Blinky's Watch Party! A musical extravaganza through Drowsy Town! Please silence your cellphones and refrain from flash photography. You don't wanna blind Blinky! He's always watching!

(MORE)

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Now enough snooking around. Let's
start the show! Come on, Sniggles!

From all around the theater, the **SNIGGLES** come running in.
They're weird, antennaed people-things with fuzzy wing-arms
and purple shirts that say "Blinky" on the front.

SNIGGLETTE

Hey everybody! We're the Sniggles!
Don't be scared!

Cheery music kicks in, and they sing...

SONG: **"THE BLINKY SONG"**

SONG LYRICS - WRITTEN BY JEFF BLIM

SNIGGLE 1: Hey, Sniggles! Do you know what time it is?
SNIGGLE 2: It's time for the Blinky Song, of course!
SNIGGLE 1: That's right!
SNIGGLES: Yeah!!
SNIGGLE 1: Blinky's got those eyes that really bug out
They're red and yellowy
SNIGGLE 2: Blinky's got that fur that really spills out
And makes the town drowsy
SNIGGLE 1: In drowsy town, we shake and move,
And don't upset our boss
SNIGGLE 2: Cuz if we do, his eye gets red
SNIGGLES 1 & 2: And he might just spill our guts!
Blink Once, Blink Twice
If you get the sniggle urge to move
Blink Once, Blink Twice
If you're gonna shake your feather soon
Oh, you got to, got to, got to, got to
Get those Sniggle wings in sync!
Oh, you got to, got to, got to, got to
Move those as feet fast as you blink!
SNIGGLE 1: Alright sniggles, give me three claps!
(3 claps)
Great, now give me four!
(4 claps)
How about five?
(5 claps)
Now, don't blink.
SNIGGLE 2: If you blink, you'll wake him up.
SNIGGLE 1: And if you wake him, we die. Don't blink. Don't
you ever blink. Don't you fucking blink.
SNIGGLE 3: Oh, I blinked!
SNIGGLE 2: Yep, you woke him up.
SNIGGLE 3: Oh, no no no no no!
SNIGGLE 1: Great, we're dead.
SNIGGLES 1 & 2: In Drowsy Town, we do our best
To never ever cry
Cuz if we do, our boss gets mad

And then we don't eat for a week.

SNIGGLE 3: I'm so hungry.

SNIGGLES 1 & 2: Blink Once, Blink Twice

If you get the sniggle urge to move

Blink Once, Blink Twice

If you're gonna shake your feather soon

Oh, you got to, got to, got to, got to

Get those sniggle wings in sync!

Oh, you got to, got to, got to, got to

Move those as feet As fast

As you... Blink!

The "BLINKY SONG" ends to thunderous applause.

CROWD

YEY!

Alice watches, scratching her head.

ALICE

Okay, what are the Sniggles? Are they birds... or monsters? What am I watching and why is it so stupid?

BILL

Now you know how *I* felt when I had to sit through 'Dear Evan Hansen.'

Onstage, the bearded Sniggle-leader, **PAPA SNIGGLE**, calls out...

PAPA SNIGGLE

Alright Sniggles, last one to the snackle-shop is a rotten snoogle!

They all run off, except one pensive Sniggle who takes center-stage. Her best pal pokes his head back on and asks...

SNIGGLOTS

You coming, Snigglette?

SNIGGLETTE

Go on without me, Snigglots. I'm all snackled out.

SNIGGLOTS

Okay. See ya in a snig!

SNIGGLOTS exits and **SNIGGLETTE** turns to the audience.

SNIGGLETTE

Hey, everyone. Can I tell you something? Something I've never told anyone?

(MORE)

SNIGGLETTE (CONT'D)

(sighs)

The other Sniggles just... wouldn't understand...

She steps into a spotlight and starts to sing...

SONG: "SNOOZLE TOWN"

SONG LYRICS - WRITTEN BY JEFF BLIM

SNIGGLETTE: When I was two
 I knew just what I wanted
 A snorfle poo,
 That screamed and puffed it's haunted dreams
 As I grew up,
 I stopped being what I wanted
 A Sniggle who,
 Danced and shouted nightmare schemes
 But Snoozle Town is near
 And the Snoozle train is here
 And when I go down to Snoozle Town
 I'll know that what's lost is found
 I'll find a handsome snoog
 And snort his handsome hooves
 And we'll have two
 Snozzles that can snozzle
 Our own bayou
 Where the boogle boggles flow with goo
 But Snoozle town is near
 And the Snoozle train is here
 And when I go down to Snoozle Town
 I'll turn my Sniggle frown
 I'll break the Sniggle mold
 I'll trade these wings for gold
 No Sniggle can stop or keep me!
 That train won't leave without me!
 It can't leave... Don't leave... Without me
TRAIN CONDUCTOR: Last call for Sniggles. You coming, Snigglette?
SNIGGLETTE: I'll catch the next one.

The spotlight on Snigglette fades, revealing Snigglots standing there, staring at her.

SNIGGLOTS

(gravely serious)

You're a liar, Snigglette.

SNIGGLETTE

(confused)

What?

SNIGGLOTS

Why do you wanna leave Drowsy Town?

SNIGGLETTE
(lying, poorly)
 I... don't...

SNIGGLOTS
 Do you want to make Blinky cry?!

SNIGGLETTE
 No! I'd never do that. I never
 said...

SNIGGLOTS
*(points to her with
 menace)*
 Don't you lie to me one more time
 with that dirty, little mouth! Do
 you think Blinky's stupid? Do
 you?!?

SNIGGLETTE
 No...

SNIGGLOTS
 He's *always* watching, Snigglette.
 With a thousand eyes!

SNIGGLES
 Praise the Watcher!

Snigglette whirls around to find the other Sniggles
 surrounding her in the dark. She looks pathetically out to
 the audience. Tears stream down her face. Her voice shakes.

SNIGGLETTE
 I don't think I wanna do this show
 anymore...

SNIGGLOTS
 It doesn't matter what *any* of us
 want. Blinky's not done with you
 yet. And he's never gonna let you
 go until he's seen *everything*.

The Sniggles advance on Snigglette. She pleads...

SNIGGLETTE
 No. Please...

As terror fills her eyes... Papa Sniggle hops onstage.

PAPA SNIGGLE
 Look out, Sniggles! Drowsy Town's
 been over-run with Snuggle-Bugs!

The lights bump. All around, smiling, mechanical bug-rabbit-things pop in and out of holes in the whimsical set.

SNIGGLY

What are we gonna do, Pappa Sniggle?!

PAPA SNIGGLE

Don't you worry! I'm gonna whack those Snuggle-Bugs with this mallet!

Papa Sniggle holds up a large MALLET and the crowd goes wild.

CROWD

YEY!!!

PAPA SNIGGLE

(seeing a Snuggle-Bug)
There's one!

He brings his mallet down on one of the mechanized rabbit-things. A realistic SPLAT sound plays over the loud speakers.

PAPA SNIGGLE

There's another!

SPLAT! He whacks another Snuggle-Bug. All the Sniggles howl in delight, except Snigglette, who watches on with horror.

PAPA SNIGGLE

Ooh, that's a big one!

Papa Sniggle swings his mallet ferociously. He misses the Snuggle-Bug, and WHACKS Snigglette square in the jaw.

SNIGGLETTE

UGH!

She goes flying to the floor. Blood and a few teeth spray across the stage.

ALICE

Oh my god.

The music cuts out. The crowd goes silent. The Sniggles all look to each other, unsure of what to do. After a moment, the **DIRECTOR** of 'Blinky's Watch Party' runs onstage. He kneels beside the actress playing Snigglette. She's not moving.

DIRECTOR

Angela? Angela, are you alright?
(calling offstage)
Ruby, call the medic.

PAPA SNIGGLE
(*dropping character*)
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to...

DIRECTOR
Shut up, Jeff. You're drunk again,
aren't you?

PAPA SNIGGLE
No. I'm stone-cone slober... BLUGH...

The Papa Sniggle actor ducks behind a set-piece and pukes.
The director feels for Snigglette's pulse.

DIRECTOR
She's losing a lot of blood.

In the audience, Alice stands.

ALICE
Is that lady alright?

An **USHER** touches her shoulder.

USHER
Ma'am, please stay seated during
the performance.

Onstage, one of the Sniggles asks the director...

SNIGGLY
Is there anything I can do?

DIRECTOR
You can shut the hell up, Lauren!

Soon, the stage lights go down, the curtain closes, and the
announcer voice breaks the silence.

ANNOUNCER
Uh oh, boys and girls. Blinky's
spotted some commotion backstage.
Ya'll sit tight while we work out
them snooks.

After about thirty seconds, the houselights come up and exit
music plays. The crowd quietly gets up to leave. Alice sits.

ALICE
Okay... Dad, what the hell did we
just...

She turns to Bill, but he's been asleep for some time.

BILL
(waking up)
 Huh? Is it over? I was just resting
 my eyes.

On her way out of the theater, Alice stops by the usher to ask...

ALICE
 Hey... Um... Is that woman alright?

USHER
(a beat)
 What woman?

The usher's attention is taken by an impatient **MOTHER**.

MOTHER
 Excuse me! When's the next show?

USHER
 Fifteen minutes, ma'am.

MOTHER
(calling to her kid)
 Aaron! Aaron, get over here *right*
now or we are *leaving!*

Later, Bill and Alice sit on a bench near a food cart selling funnel cakes and churros. While Bill snacks, Alice reflects on the 'Watch Party'...

ALICE
 Either something went terribly
 wrong or that got strangely... dark.

BILL
(his mouth half-full)
 First, you don't like the show cuz
 it's for babies. Then you don't
 like it cuz it's too dark. It's
 almost as if you don't like
anything. You gonna finish that
 elephant ear?

ALICE
 No. I don't like it.

Alice hands Bill the pastry and turns to her phone.

ALICE
(seeing a post)
 Oh god no!

BILL

What? What now?

ALICE

Ziggs is going to Deb's party.

BILL

Who?

ALICE

Ziggs.

(like it's obvious)

Ziggy? This really cool, non-binary person Deb used to have a crush on.

(looking back at the phone)

And they're bringing Quiplash!

BILL

Quiplash... Is that a friend of Ziggs, or...?

ALICE

It's a game. And a well-known, teen aphrodisiac. *Of course* that's why the party is tonight. I'm not gonna be there to keep them apart, and Deb's gonna hook up with Ziggs. I just know it!

BILL

Well, then maybe Deb isn't the right girl for you.

ALICE

Look, Dad. You may have let every romantic relationship you've ever had fall apart, but I'm committed to Deb. No matter how many problems we have.

BILL

(shrugs)

I'm just saying, if there are problems...

ALICE

The *problem* is that *someone* just had to get divorced. Couldn't wait one more year. I got ripped outta school my *senior year* and shipped to Clivesdale. I hate Clivesdale! I lost all my friends. I'm gonna lose Deb. And none of it is my fault.

BILL
 You're right. It's not your fault...
 (a beat)
 It's your mother's fault. Now let's
 go ride the Tear-Jerker.

Bill and Alice stand in the massive line to ride the Tear-Jerker, the tallest roller-coaster in the whole Midwest.

Alice watches the people around them. One group catches her eye: a teenage couple, **CRAIG & ALISON**, and their third wheel, **BETH**. Craig sucks down soda from a souvenir cup while Alison squirms.

CRAIG
 Why you wiggling, babe?

ALISON
 Drank too much coke. I gotta pee.

CRAIG
 (offering it to her)
 Well, here's a cup. Pop a squat.

BETH
 Gross, Craig.

ALISON
 I can't hold it. I'll meet you guys
 at the exit.

Alison hops out of line and heads off in search of a restroom. Craig & Beth watch her go, then turn to each other.

CRAIG
 Thank god she's gone...

They embrace, necking hard. Beth pulls back to ask...

BETH
 Is this fair to do to Alison?

CRAIG
 Was it fair to *me* when she switched
 schools?

BETH
 I guess what she doesn't see won't
 hurt her.

She inserts her tongue back down his throat. Eventually, Craig notices Alice staring at him and Beth. He makes eye-contact and smiles.

CRAIG

Why don't you take a picture? It'll last longer.

Then Alice notices something about Craig. Something she's noticed about several people here in Watcher World, come to think of it. The irises of his eyes... They're purple. And as Craig smiles at her, she's filled with a distinct feeling... of dread.

Then the **OBNOXIOUS TEEN**ager running the ride calls out...

OBNOXIOUS TEEN

Single riders? We got any single riders?

ALICE

(raises her hand)
I'm a single rider.

BILL

What?

OBNOXIOUS TEEN

Right this way, ma'am.

BILL

(hushed, to Alice)
What are you doing?

ALICE

I want out of this line.

BILL

But the line's half the fun.

ALICE

Then you stay in it.

Alice rushes to the front of the line. Bill hurries after her.

BILL

(to Obnoxious Teen)
Hey. I'm a single rider too, but I wanna sit with her.

OBNOXIOUS TEEN

Slow down, sir. That's not how single rider works. You'll be placed in the next empty seat...

BILL

Get out of my way.

Bill pushes past the obnoxious teen. Alice is getting into the two-person ride vehicle with a **MAN** who seems to be **IN A HURRY**, but Bill dives into the seat beside her first.

MAN IN A HURRY
Hey, *I'm* next!

ALICE
Dad, what are you doing?

OBNOXIOUS TEEN
(*to Bill*)
Sir! I'm gonna have to call my manager, sir... Ah, forget it. We got any single riders?

The ride vehicle pulls out of the loading area as Bill angrily fastens his seatbelt and turns to Alice.

BILL
What the hell is your problem?

ALICE
What? You wanted to sit together. We're together.

BILL
Yeah, but I had to cut someone. It was embarrassing.

ALICE
Oh, *you're* embarrassed? You coulda waited twenty seconds for the next car.

BILL
I wanted to be with you. That's the whole fucking reason we're here...
(*a beat*)
What?

Bill notices Alice tensing up as the ride vehicle climbs the first (and largest) hill of the coaster.

ALICE
I just... don't like heights.

BILL
(*a beat*)
Then why the hell are we on the Tear-Jerker?! You know it's the tallest roller-coaster in the Midwest!

ALICE

Cuz you wanted to ride it! I don't even like roller-coasters!

BILL

Well, maybe I'd know that if you told me *one thing* about your life...

ERRR!!! He's stopped by the sound of the ride vehicle screeching to a halt. Beneath Bill and Alice, chains THUD and metal SCRAPES. Something CLANKS and CLATTERS, then nothing.

ALICE

Oh god. What was that?

BILL

I... I don't know.

They've stopped at the peak of the hill, 425 feet in the air. Alice starts breathing heavily as the Announcer voice plays through a nearby speaker.

ANNOUNCER

Uh oh, boys and girls! Blinky's spotted some commotion down the track a-ways. Ya'll sit tight while we work out them snooks.

ALICE

Dad... Dad...

BILL

It's okay, sweetie. It's just a technical difficulty. This happens all the time.

ALICE

Didn't you say... someone died on this ride?

BILL

(*lying*)
No. I don't think so.

ALICE

Yes, you did.

WOOSH! A powerful gust of wind blows by, shaking the entire coaster. Beneath them, beams and pillars MOAN and CREEK.

ALICE

Oh my god. Oh my god. Why is it swaying?

BILL

It's supposed to do that. It's gotta sway a *little* or the whole thing would blow over.

ALICE

It's gonna blow over?!?

KRRR! The nearby speaker, which is bolted beside another small security camera, crackles with static until the obnoxious teenage ride attendant's voice come through...

OBNOXIOUS TEEN

Hello, passengers. You may have noticed the ride has stopped. Please stay inside your cart with your seatbelt fastened. We're gonna send a maintenance guy up to get you momentarily.

ALICE

(to Bill)

What? Come to get us? Why can't we just ride it down?

BILL

It's okay. Look. There's a staircase right next to the track. We'll just walk back down the way we came.

ALICE

I can't do that!

(starts hyperventilating)

Dad, I'm having a panic attack. I need to get down. I need to get down.

BILL

Okay.

Bill looks around. He eyeballs the staircase next to the track. He looks to his daughter. She's shaking with fear. He thinks for a second... and undoes his seatbelt with a CLICK. When he starts to stand, the speaker blares...

OBNOXIOUS TEEN

Sir, please stay seated and wait for the maintenance guy...

BOOM! In the distance, thunder rumbles. Lighting flashes. The grey clouds overhead begin to drizzle RAIN. Bill shakes his head at the approaching storm.

BILL

Fuck that. Come on, Alice.

He steps out of the ride vehicle and onto the metal grated stairs. He reaches back and motions for Alice to follow.

ALICE

Dad, Dad, Dad. I can't.

BILL

We have to go now before the steps get too slippery. Come on.

Alice slowly unbuckles her belt and climbs from her seat. Bill takes hold of her left hand and reaches for her right one. It's holding her phone.

BILL

I gotcha. Gimme your hand. Put your phone in your pocket.

ALICE

It won't fit.

BILL

Okay, I'll take it.

ALICE

Here.

Alice passes her phone to Bill. He reaches around to slide it into his back pocket, but the screen is already slick with rain. The phone slips from his fingers and falls. He watches it DING past the metal grated stairs, and plummet down 425 feet. Alice, who's eyes are shut tight, hears the TING.

ALICE

What was that?

BILL

(a beat)

Nothing. Just don't look down. Look at me, okay?

Alice opens her eyes and Bill starts to lead her down the staircase. Another gust of wind SWOOSHES past. Alice grabs the hand-rail as the structure beneath them gently sways.

ALICE

Dad...

BILL

Keep moving. Look at me. I'm not gonna let you fall.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

You're America's next great
playwright, right?

(distracting her)

Tell me about the play you been
working on.

ALICE

No...

BILL

It got you a scholarship. Must be
pretty good.

Bill continues to lead Alice as she takes a deep breath...

ALICE

It's about a girl... Ahh...

BILL

(keeping her focused)

It sounds great so far. What's that
girl do? What's she been up to?

ALICE

Well... She moves to a new town...
And, uh, she's gay...

BILL

Love it.

ALICE

And she falls in love with a girl,
and I don't wanna spoil anything,
but the girl's basically a vampire...

BILL

That sounds scary.

ALICE

It's a comedy, Dad.

BILL

Sounds funny.

ALICE

But it gets a little sad because
they both die in the end. Though I
only wrote it like that to get the
scholarship. The judges are suckers
for that kind of thing. When I
actually get it produced, I want
it... to end happy.

Alice looks around. Without her even realizing it, Bill has led her back down to the Tear-Jerker's loading platform. Her muscles start to unclench, and her breathing returns to normal. She turns to her father. He smiles at her.

BILL
I'm proud of you.

ALICE
Can I... have my phone back?

BILL
(a beat)
Uh... We're gonna get you a brand new one.

ALICE
(a beat)
You dropped my phone?

BILL
Yes. I'm sorry...

ALICE
You dropped my phone?!?

BILL
Well, I was a little preoccupied!

ALICE
I need my phone! Deb is having a party at the lake house! I need to be liking her posts so she knows I'm watching her!

BILL
Jesus Christ, Alice. Would you grow up?

ALICE
I'm trying to grow up, but you won't let me! I should be at that party! Not at this shitty Disneyland knock-off! You made me come here! You made me ride that stupid ride! Why are you always ruining my life!?!?

BILL
(a beat, defeated, hurt)
You know, Alice, I love you to the moon and back. But you make it very hard for me to like you.

ALICE

Oh, so now you don't *like* me? Well,
that's fine, cuz I hate you.

Alice storms off, leaving Bill on the loading platform. Rain drizzles down onto him. All around, the entire line of park-goers has been watching the fight... with hungry, purple eyes.

Later, the storm subsides, the sun goes down, and thousands of electric bulbs light up Watcher World.

Alone and upset, Bill strolls down a midway full of carnival games. The **BARKER** at the high striker strongman game calls out to the crowd...

BARKER

Come one, come all! Test your
strength and win a doll!

Bill glances over, and the Barker points to him.

BARKER

You there, sir! Yes, sir. I'm
talking to you, sir! Step right up
and win a doll!

BILL

No, thanks.

BARKER

Oh, come on, sir. Everyone wants a
Blinky doll!

From a rack full of them, the Barker retrieves a furry, purple doll with a large yellow eye for a face. He dangles it in front of Bill.

BARKER

Tell me, sir. You got a girlfriend?
Boyfriend? Mother? Nephew? Third
cousin twice removed?

BILL

No.

BARKER

Wait a minute... You've got a
daughter, don't ya?

BILL

*(a bit suspicious of how
he knew that)*

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

Yeah... But we're not exactly speaking at the moment.

BARKER

Well, nothing says "I'm sorry and I love ya" like a Blinky doll. What do you say, sir?

BILL

(thinks about it, shrugs)
 Alright. What the hell?

BARKER

Good man. Smart man. But are you a strong man? Let's find out. Two bucks for a whack, ladies and gentlemen.

Bill takes out his wallet and hands the Barker two dollars. In return, the Barker hands Bill an enormous MALLET. It's heavy in his hands. Bill winds up, and brings the mallet down as hard as he can on the game's lever.

BILL

ERH!

POW! The lever flings a small puck up a tower towards a bell at the top. But Bill's swing must not have been very powerful because the puck doesn't even make it half-way up the tower.

BARKER

Oooh, so sorry, sir. It's harder than it looks, isn't it?

BILL

(winded)
 It sure is.

BARKER

Better luck next time.

Bill steps back and the Barker hands the mallet to the next person in line: a small child.

BARKER

And here you are, little girl.

WHACK! The child hits the lever and the puck shoots up the tower, ringing the bell with ease. DING! DING! DING!

BARKER

We have a winner, ladies and gentlemen! Here you are, my dear.

He hands the girl a Blinky doll. Bill watches. His brow furrows.

BILL
 Hey, could I give that thing
 another shot?

BARKER
 Why, of course, sir. Two bucks for
 a whack.

BILL
 Here.

Bill forks over the cash. He swings the mallet... and does even worse than before.

BARKER
 Ooooh! Pathetic!

BANG! BANG! BANG! Elsewhere, Alice holds a pellet gun to her shoulder, staring down the smoking barrel. She's just hit three bullseyes at a shooting gallery carnival game. The **COWBOY** working the booth tips back his hat, impressed...

COWBOY
 Woo. That's quite the eye you got
 there, cowgirl. Here's your prize.

He offers Alice a Blinky doll.

ALICE
 I don't want that.

MADAME IRIS
 But what *do* you want, my dear?

Alice looks over to find a small, old woman standing outside a Fortune Teller's shack. She smiles at Alice with a toothless grin, pointing to herself...

MADAME IRIS
 Madame Iris knows. Madame Iris sees
all.

ALICE
 (*sighs, rolls her eyes*)
 Go suck some crystal balls, lady.

MADAME IRIS
 Crystal balls! Crystal balls! No,
 no. I use *this*.

From beneath her starry, purple robes, **MADAME IRIS** reveals a familiar, fully intact iPhone. Alice's eyes go wide.

ALICE

My phone.

Back at the strength tester, a frustrated Bill SLAMS the mallet onto the lever with all his might... The puck hardly moves.

BARKER

Oooh. So sorry, sir. Another swing and a miss. You are a weak man, sir. A very weak man.

BILL

(*livid*)

Do you take credit cards?

BARKER

But of course, sir.

Bill jams his card into the Barker's hands.

BILL

Charge it until I win one of those goddamn dolls!

In Madame Iris's hut, Alice sits on a large pillow, scrolling through Instagram. She's furiously swiping past pic after pic of **DEB** getting closer and closer to **ZIGGS**. The two are dancing, then drinking, sharing a joint, blowing smoke into each other's mouths.

ALICE

I knew it. I knew it! Shit!

Spit sprays form Madame Iris' toothless mouth as she cackles.

MADAME IRIS

Hahaha!

ALICE

What are you laughing at?

MADAME IRIS

Not what you wanted to see, I wager.

ALICE

I shouldn't even be here. This is all *his* fault.

MADAME IRIS

It is. It is. But it's not too late. Madame Iris has foreseen it. Leave now and your love may yet be saved!

ALICE

How? My dad's not gonna let me leave. He wants to see this stupid parade.

MADAME IRIS

You don't need him. You just need his car keys.
(gravely)
 He's going to ruin your life forever if you don't put an end to it now.

From beneath her robes, Madame Iris reveals a HUNTING RIFLE. She offers it to Alice...

MADAME IRIS

What do you say, Alice? Give it a shot. For Deb.

Bill swings the mallet, to no avail. He keels over, out of breath. The Barker puts a hand on his shoulder.

BARKER

Sir. I think you've had enough, sir.

BILL

(heaving)
 I can do it.

BARKER

You've spent \$400, sir. You can buy one of these dolls in the gift shop for \$49.95.

BILL

It's for my daughter!

Bill forces himself to his feet, lifting the mallet over his head. The Barker turns to the crowd that's formed all around.

BARKER

Oooh! He can't even do it for his daughter, ladies and gentlemen! No wonder she hates his guts!

BILL

ERH!

Bill swings. The puck doesn't budge.

BARKER

He's a failure as a father!

BILL

ERH!

Again, the puck isn't moving.

BARKER

He was a failure as a husband!

BILL

ERH!

Again. Nothing.

BARKER

He's been a failure his whole
fucking life! We know! We've been
watching with a thousand eyes!!!

BILL

SHUT UP!

Bill swings the mallet, only this time he sees Alice's head on the end of the lever. Before he can stop himself, Bill smashes in his daughter's face with a bloody SPLAT!!! The lever sends the puck flying up the tower. DONG! It hits the bell so hard, the thing breaks right off.

BARKER

We have a winner, ladies and
gentlemen!

CROWD

YEY!

As the crowd goes wild, Bill drops to his knees. He pushes the mallet from the lever where he could've sworn he saw Alice's face. There's nothing there. Bill breaks down.

BILL

Alice! Oh my god. What did I just
do?

BARKER

(comforting him)

You won, sir. You're a strong man,
sir. I'm proud of you, sir.

(MORE)

BARKER (CONT'D)

(a beat)

I love you, sir.

He leans in and tenderly kisses Bill's cheek.

BILL

Just gimme my doll.

BARKER

Sir. I don't think your daughter needs a doll. I think what she needs is good, swift kick in the ass, sir. If you don't mind me saying so, sir.

BILL

(in a daze)

What?

BARKER

Ungrateful little brat. That's what she is. Why, right now, as you're busting your ass for her... always for her... she is scheming. She's going to get away from you if you let her. You know what they say about little birds leaving the nest? You have to clip their wings or they'll just... fly away.

The Barker helps Bill to his feet, and puts the mallet in his hands. All around, the crowd watches, nodding, pleased.

BARKER

The parade starts at nine, and we're all counting on you to be there, Bill. Make it a day worth watching.

Watcher World's Mainstreet is dark and empty. The park guests are nowhere to be seen. Alice stands at one end of the street, the rifle in her hands. At the other end, Bill approaches, dragging the heavy mallet behind him. He spots Alice. The two stare at each other. Bill lifts a Blinky doll into the air.

BILL

I won you this.

ALICE

I don't want it.

BILL

I thought you'd say that.

Alice shoulders the rifle.

ALICE

I want the keys to the car. And I want 'em now.

BILL

(a beat)

You know, you ruined every vacation we ever had. With your whining, and complaining. Every Christmas morning. Every Thanksgiving dinner. Every Fourth of July. All of them sacrificed on the alter of your spoiled, little ass...

BANG! The yellow eye of the Blinky doll in Bill's hand explodes into a mess of fuzz & stuffing. Alice's gun smokes.

ALICE

Next one goes through *your* eye. The keys. Now, old man!

BILL

Seems we've reached an impasse, cuz I'm not leaving until we've seen some fucking fireworks.

ALICE

I've got some fireworks for ya... Right here.

BILL

Alright. Time for some tough love.

BANG! Alice takes a shot at Bill. He jumps out of the way, tosses the Blinky doll, and grabs the mallet with both hands. As both father and daughter run to attack, the electric lights flicker on, illuminating Mainstreet. Though it seemed empty in the dark, a crowd of hundreds lines the street to watch the fight with purple eyes. Blinky himself stands atop a gift shop, and bellows...

BLINKY

Welcome to the show!!!

CROWD

YEY!!!

BANG! BANG! Alice fires at Bill. He dodges, ducking behind trash cans and lampposts. Blinky claps with fiendish delight.

BLINKY

Hehehehehe!!!

Bill reaches Alice, swings his mallet, and knocks the rifle from her hands.

ALICE

Shit!

The gun goes skidding under a park bench. Alice dives for it. Bill lumbers after her.

BILL

I'm not gonna hurt you, Alice! I'm just gonna break your goddamn legs! I'll take care of you! I'll take care of you good!

ALICE

Leave me alone!

Alice reaches for the gun. Bill brings down mallet, CRACKING the bench into splinters.

BILL

I just want you to need me!

ALICE

Get a hobby, dude!

Alice seizes the rifle and jabs the butt into Bill's stomach. He grabs his gut and falls forward. She takes off in the direction of BLINKY'S FUNHOUSE.

Soon, Bill hobbles inside, in slow pursuit of Alice. He finds himself in a darkened maze of mirrors. He limps along, calling out...

BILL

Alice... Al-pal... Where you hiding?

BANG! SMASH! A line of mirrors shatter to pieces, revealing the hidden Alice. She took the shot, but she missed.

ALICE

Dammit.

BILL

There you are!!!

Alice takes aim, but Bill reaches her before she can get in another shot. He swings his mallet. Alice rolls from it's path. SMASH! Another mirror explodes in a shower of broken glass. Alice drops the rifle to shield herself from the falling shards. She looks up to find Bill looming over her.

BILL

Okay. You're gonna stop running
from me. I'll make you stop
running... Hold you legs still!!!

Bill raises the mallet above his head, but before he brings it down, he catches himself in the mirror. He sees his own furious reflection, a purple glint in it's eyes. He stops. He looks down at his daughter. She's breathing heavily. She's shaking.

BARKER

What are you waiting for, sir? Only
two bucks for a whack.

In a nearby mirror, the Barker appears, his purple eyes glowing. In another, the Ticket-Taker.

TICKET-TAKER

I gave you the child price, sir.
Take care of her, Daddy.

PAPA SNIGGLE

Come on, Papa Sniggle! Whack that
Snuggle-Bug!

The Sniggles now fill the mirrors around Bill, chanting...

SNIGGLES

Whack her! Whack her! Whack her!

CRAIG

Fucking whack her, dude!!!

The Sniggles, and Craig, and the Barker, and the Ticket-Taker roar, demanding blood... and Bill drops the mallet. He kneels by his daughter.

BILL

She's having a panic attack. It's
alright, Alice. Look at me,
sweetheart. Look at me.

She looks into his kind, brown eyes. The Barker shakes his head.

BARKER

(none too pleased)
You weak, weak man. That's not how
it's done, sir. This is an
amusement park, sir. But not for
your amusement.

TICKET-TAKER

This is *Watcher World*, Bill.
Everything that happens here is for
his amusement. And Blinky can't
stand this contrived, sappy-dappy
bullshit!!!

SNIGGLETTE

Uh huh.

Snigglette nods with a swollen, bloody mouth. Snigglots
screams...

SNIGGLOTS

You made Blinky cry!!!

Spit flies from Madame Iris's toothless scowl.

MADAME IRIS

Blinky wants blood. And guts!

BARKER

And he will have them, sir. He'll
take them if he needs to. He's
always watching. But I guess
sometimes that's not enough.
Goodbye, sir.

All around, the reflections vanish. For a moment, there's
nothing in the mirrors but blackness. Endless blackness.
Then... SMASH!!! The mirrors all shatter and Blinky comes
running at Bill, madly, wildly...

BLINKY

HUAHAHAHAHAAA!!!

Then... BANG!!! Blinky stops dead in his tracks. He reaches
up to the bullet hole in the middle of his yellow eye.

BLINKY

(crying pathetically)
UuhhhUHUhuhh...

Alice holds the smoking rifle in one hand, and flicks off the
mascot with the other.

ALICE

Fuck you, Blinky.

She throws the gun to the floor as Blinky cries in pain. From
the wound in his eye, a gleaming purple sludge starts
spilling out. It sprays everywhere. It flows like a slimy
river. Soon the purple ooze fills the mirror maze, catching
Bill and Alice in it's current. They reach for each other.

ALICE

Dad!

BILL

Alice!

The purple goo floods the Funhouse, pushing Bill & Alice outside with massive, oily waves. They're carried by this river of slime down Mainstreet, through the Watcher World entry arcade, past the main gates, and into the parking lot.

Bill & Alice tumble to the ground as the purple goo flows past them, dispersing into the surrounding woods.

Bill looks to his daughter, jostled and covered in slime. He shakes his head and asks...

BILL

Do you remember where we parked?

Alice holds out her hand and Bill drops the car keys into it. She presses the button on the fob. In the distance they can hear a soft... BEEP BEEP.

Bill sits behind the wheel of his AMC Pacer, driving south through the Hatchetfield Witchwood. He glances over to the passenger seat, where Alice sits staring at her phone.

BILL

(a beat)

Whatcha looking at?

ALICE

(a beat)

Instagram.

BILL

(a beat)

I won't pry.

Alice finishes what she was doing. She tosses her phone into the backseat, and rolls over to get some sleep. Bill's phone PINGS with a new notification: "**Alice Woodward started following you.**" He smiles, and drives his daughter home.

THE END

'WITH A THOUSAND EYES'

SONG LYRICS - WRITTEN BY JEFF BLIM

Watch out
Cuz the world might surprise you
Again and again and again
It may be dark for now
But the light inside you will shine
From without and within
You've got to move, you've got to live
You've got to keep it positive
The signs are showing themselves
And you better be there to listen
One thousand eyes are watching
And they're watching you
And they're watching me
All of the time
I know that you're not sleeping
Cuz they're watching you
And they're watching me
All through the night
Oh, I know
I know it's hard when you're curfewed and beat,
And you're panicked inside and shut in
You've got to look inside of yourself
To dig your way out of the gloom and the glib
It's only me, it's only you,
It's only every one of them too
Oh, they can watch,
But they'll never see how we can see through them
One thousand eyes are watching
And they're watching you
And they're watching me
All of the time
I know that you're not sleeping
Cuz they're watching you
And they're watching me
All through the night
One thousand, One thousand, One thousand
Eyes on you
One thousand, One thousand, One thousand
Souls to groove
You've got to move, you've got to live
You've got to keep it positive
See the signs, yeah
All the time, yeah
You've got to move, you've got to live
You've got to keep it positive
See the signs, yeah
All the time, yeah