

OLD MONSTERS NEVER DIE

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FADE IN ON:

**INT. NURSING HOME ROOM - NIGHT**

As chilling as a morgue. Decay lingers in antiseptic air.

A monitor beeps. Air hisses through limp tubes to a mask.

The PATIENT attached to it lies both in bed and shadow;  
their face turned to a nondescript wall.

ROGER (30s, hefty - battered jacket over attendant scrubs)  
eyes a metal tray of untouched food.

ROGER

Didn't eat again? No surprise.  
Canned peaches suck. Our meatloaf,  
too. But if you're gonna die, best  
do it before Thursday rolls around.  
You think Ensure is bad? The egg  
salad here'll make what's left of  
your stomach turn.

Roger steals a Sanka off the tray. Gulps it down and chokes.

ROGER

That's almost as cold as you.  
Gross!

Rolling a cart across the room, Roger makes a half-hearted  
gesture of cleaning up. Dusts one spot. Fluffs the curtains.

Curiosity pulls him towards the dresser. On top of that: A  
GIFT BOX. And a card labeled, "With Love. Mom."

Roger side-eyes the patient: still out cold. He glances  
towards the exit. No sign of life in the hall.

ROGER

Ain't no sin in just lookin', no?

Peeking in the box, he snickers at the contents.

ROGER

Your momma knows you're in a coma.  
That's awful optimistic of her,  
bud.

FOOTSTEPS at the door. Caught red handed, Roger whips around.

ROGER

I ain't stealing. Mr. Futterman's got dementia. Anything he told you is a lie!

In the doorway: MANGUS (50s). Paisley scrubs lend color to his skinny frame - in stark contrast to his tired face.

MANGUS

Roger Altra, one more violation and I'm dropping a dime to your union. How many times do I have to warn you? No window shopping in patient rooms!

Roger gulps, slides the food tray onto his cart.

ROGER

Warn me for what, cleaning up? I'm almost done!

MANGUS

Listen, my blood sugar's running on empty. Candy's out. I'm heading to the vending machine upstairs. Watch the desk while I'm gone?

Roger beams - that's his out!

ROGER

Your wish is my command, Chief. Anything you want!

MANGUS

Oh, and when I'm back: drop in on Room 239-B before shift ends?

ROGER

The guy who thinks he's Captain Kirk? He sits into that chair like it's the bridge command all damned day. Even when he shits, he never moves!

MANGUS

I know. But today, his sister blessed us with a visit.

ROGER

239-B has kin? Never knew.

MANGUS

Not the *good* kind. She was down right hysterical.

MANGUS (CONT'D)

Kept screaming we were "making a mistake" by keeping him here.  
Security had to escort her out.

ROGER

(sarcastic)  
Gotta love family.

MANGUS

Typical. It's not like she visited him for Christmas, or Thanksgiving. Today of all days? That's fucked up.

Magnus rolls his eyes, shuffles off.

Left alone, Roger eyes the box. Does he dare? Giving into temptation, he tiptoes forward.

In the shadows behind him: the patient in bed bolts upright!

A featureless dark silhouette, the patient slips the oxygen mask from his face. Extends a gray foot towards the floor.

A hand reaches into the cleaning cart, steals the food tray.

At the dresser, unaware Roger hums. He dips into the gift box.

ROGER

Christmas came early for my kid!

BEEEEEP. The monitor disconnects.

A pale, large hand lands on Roger, pins his arm down.

Roger's head snaps up, stares into the mirror. Reflecting:

His patient, still in shadow. Wispy hair juts from a nearly bald head.

ROGER

Flying fucktards. You're awake?

A flash of light. With explosive force, the patient swings...  
The metal food tray at Roger's neck!

With a grotesquely effective result.

Roger's DECAPITATED HEAD flies through the air, thuds off a wall. Dead eyes frozen in horror (and guilt.)

For one bizarrely comical moment, his body remains upright. Blood spurts from the clean, expert cut at his neck.

As the torso crumples, the patient slides Roger's jacket off.

Reaching into the box, Patient X removes...

A HOCKEY MASK. Breathing heavy, he slips it on. Pulling gloves from the box, he puts them on along with Roger's coat.

Still in shadow, he steps over Roger's twitching corpse and an expanding pool of blood.

Towards a door which reads: Room 281-A. J. Voorhees.

**INT. NURSING HOOME HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The ceiling light flickers - a florescent bulb spitting the last bit of energy it has left to the world.

The lamp at the empty Nurse's desk contributes some extra light. BED PANS line a counter, recently cleaned.

Next to a sad, plastic old Jack O'Lantern prop.

Creepy music plays overhead, like a horror movie score.

**POV THROUGH HOCKEY MASK:**

Jason (admit it, we know who this is) peers down a claustrophobic corridor.

With all the residents asleep, it's abandoned: creepy WHEELCHAIRS, IV STANDS, and WALKERS own this place.

Jason takes a step forward.

An impatient hand swings him around.

Magnus has returned - and he's pissed. Mouth half full of Twinkie, he snarls.

MANGUS

Roger, I TOLD you, save the pranks  
for April Fools Day. And keep your  
grubby paws off senior stuff!

Spotting the blood on Roger's coat, Magnus stops.

MANGUS

Geezus. Did Room 281 code?

A gloved hand shoots out.

Magnus gets his answer: an IV pole through his gut!

The improvised spear pins him to the nurse's deck. He flutters, like an insect specimen.

Choking on bloody Twinkie bits, Magnus knocks the desk lamp to the ground!

Leaving only the florescent, flickering overhead. An eerie strobe effect for sure.

MANGUS

(gasps)

Roger, I wasn't *really* gonna call your union...

He gurgles, droops. Jason pokes Magnus. Yup. He's gone.

Silence finally. But not long. An elderly voice squeaks behind Jason.

MR. FUTTERMAN (O.S.)

Magnus, you half brained fart! You coming to change my bed pan or what? I rang for assistance *this morning!* You know how much it stinks in there?

Breathing even heavier, Jason swings around to confront:

A robe and bunny slipper clad MR. FUTTERMAN. Seventies; a cane in his feeble, bird-like hand.

One look at Jason, and Futterman flips out.

MR. FUTTERMAN

Roger? Fuck off, sonny boy. Last time you "helped me", my Rolex watch disappeared. From now on, the only one I'm letting near my family jewels is Nurse Sarah from the morning shift, and...

Futterman's eyes slide to Magnus' pinned corpse.

MR. FUTTERMAN

(gasps)

Magnus!!

Jason grabs a bed pan, and SNAPS it in two with his hands! Creating a makeshift scythe.

From the effort, Jason doubles over and groans. Looks like he *did* need oxygen after all.

He staggers towards Futterman.

The old man shrieks and flees. Though at his age, the escape's molasses slow.

MR. FUTTERMAN

Help, Help! Is anyone alive?

Futterman bangs on doors with his cane. In Room 237-S, someone snores.

Jason stumbles after him; trails blood along the floor.

Slip-sliding, Fetterman swings around the corner.

### **YET ANOTHER HALLWAY**

Jason follows. Creepy music crescendos in his wake...

As Jason slows and wheezes - it does, too.

Seizing an AIR TANK from a corner, he slips a new oxygen mask over his hockey "face."

It's a comical, surreal look. Air hisses through blood stained hockey mask holes. Breathing freer, Jason speeds up.

Futterman collapses into a wheelchair. As he pants, inspiration hits. This is just the get-away car he needs!

Rubber tires squeal. Wheels wobble. The chair swerves.

MR. FUTTERMAN

God damned foreign wheelchairs!

Sweeping out an arm, he knocks a walker into Jason's path to slow him down.

Jason trips; collapses in a tangle of oxygen tubes and metal. CRASH! Futterman fist pumps.

MR. FUTTERMAN

Boo-yah! Got you good, you nursing home hood! I may be old, but pinch property from me again, and this old coot'll take YOU out to pasture.

Triumphant, he turns from Jason. BUMP.

A NEW FIGURE looms over Futterman and his wheelchair.

Eerily quiet, in a white painted William Shatner mask. The open door behind him: 6B. M. Meyers.

Futterman fixes MICHAEL with an evil eye.

MR. FUTTERMAN

6B, you're exercising? Good. You see what Roger did? I need you as my witness. My daughter doesn't believe me anymore...

Michael grabs a STEAK KNIFE from a nearby food cart, and slashes the wheelchair tires. HISS.

Jason leans against the walker to catch his breath.

Michael grabs Futterman's robe collar, lifts him from the wheelchair with one hand. The old man's slippers dangle.

The ever present music morphs into a familiar CHIME...

In the air, Futterman twists back towards Jason.

MR. FUTTERMAN

Roger, don't be such an asshole.  
Stop this. It's your job to help!

Jason shakes his head. Sucks oxygen through his mask.

Myers cocks his head. "May I"?

Jason gestures with his hands. "He's all yours."

With one desperate burst of rebellion, Futterman pokes fingers through Michael's mask. The eye gouge scores!

Myers grunts and drops Futterman. The old man whoops.

MR. FUTTERMAN

You're not going to get away with this. I'm lodging an abuse complaint with the Health Department tonight!

Running to the first door he sees, Futterman darts inside. As it closes, the sign on it's revealed: "BASEMENT."

MR. FUTTERMAN (O.S.)

Oh, fiddlesticks! Magnus? I'm lost again!

Jason and Meyers makes eye contact through their masks, shake hands. Shoot rock-paper-scissors.

It's game on. Once more!

FINAL FADE OUT: