

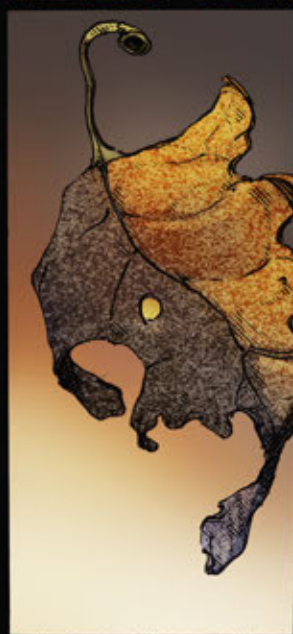
ACT ONE: BAD PLACE ALONE



AUTUMN LEAVES, YELLOW AND ORANGE AND RED, TUMBLE DOWN THE EMPTY STREET, BLOWN BY A SUDDEN CHILL GUST OF OCTOBER WIND.



MIST GATHERS IN THE SIDE STREETS, BLURRING THE LIGHT FROM THE SODIUM STREET-LAMPS AS ONE AFTER ANOTHER THEY FLICKER ON, DISTURBING THE TWILIGHT.



A BURST OF COLOR AND NOISE INTRUDES, NOW.



AND HE GOES AWAY. THEN SHE HEARS SOMETHING THAT MIGHT BE A SCREAM.

AND SHE DOESN'T HEAR ANYTHING ELSE. EXCEPT PRETTY SOON THERE'S THIS WEIRD NOISE ON THE ROOF OF THE CAR. LIKE, DRIP, DRIP, DRIP.



BUT SHE STAYS PUT, EVEN THOUGH SHE'S, LIKE, REALLY SCARED.

THIS IS GOING TO BE GROSS, ISN'T IT?



STEVEN, DON'T BE A WEENIE.

I'M NOT A WEENIE.

'COURSE YOU'RE NOT A WEENIE. YOU'RE A WUSS. CARRY ON, JACOB.



BOYS AMBLE DOWN MAIN STREET IN LOUD, BRIGHT COLORS, AN ASSORTMENT OF SWEATERS, FOOTBALL SHIRTS, JEANS, AND RAINCOATS, OF BAGS OF BOOKS AND NEON SNEAKERS.

LISTEN TO THEM:

...OKAY, SO, LIKE, HER BOYFRIEND SAYS TO HER TO LOCK THE DOORS AFTER HIM, BECAUSE, LIKE, HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT'S OUT THERE.

AND SHE REMINDS HIM OF WHAT THEY HEARD ON THE RADIO-- ABOUT THE ESCAPED KILLER ON THE LOOSE--

--BUT HE JUST LAUGHS, POINTS OUT THAT IF HE DOESN'T GET SOME GAS IN THE CAR AND GET HER HOME BY MIDNIGHT, THEN HER DAD REALLY WILL KILL HIM.



SO HE GETS OUT.

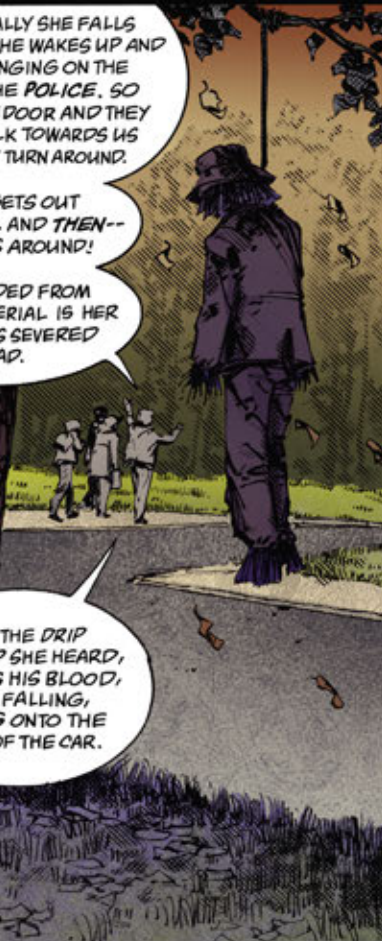
AND HE MAKES HER LOCK THE DOOR AND PROMISE NOT TO OPEN IT FOR ANYONE.

SO, LIKE, FINALLY SHE FALLS ASLEEP. AND SHE WAKES UP AND SOMEONE'S BANGING ON THE WINDOW. IT'S THE POLICE. SO SHE OPENS THE DOOR AND THEY SAY, JUST WALK TOWARDS US AND DON'T TURN AROUND.

SO SHE GETS OUT OF THE CAR. AND THEN-- SHE TURNS AROUND!

SUSPENDED FROM THE RADIO AERIAL IS HER BOYFRIEND'S SEVERED HEAD.

AND THE DRIP DRIP DRIP SHE HEARD, THAT WAS HIS BLOOD, FALLING, FALLING, FALLING ONTO THE ROOF OF THE CAR.

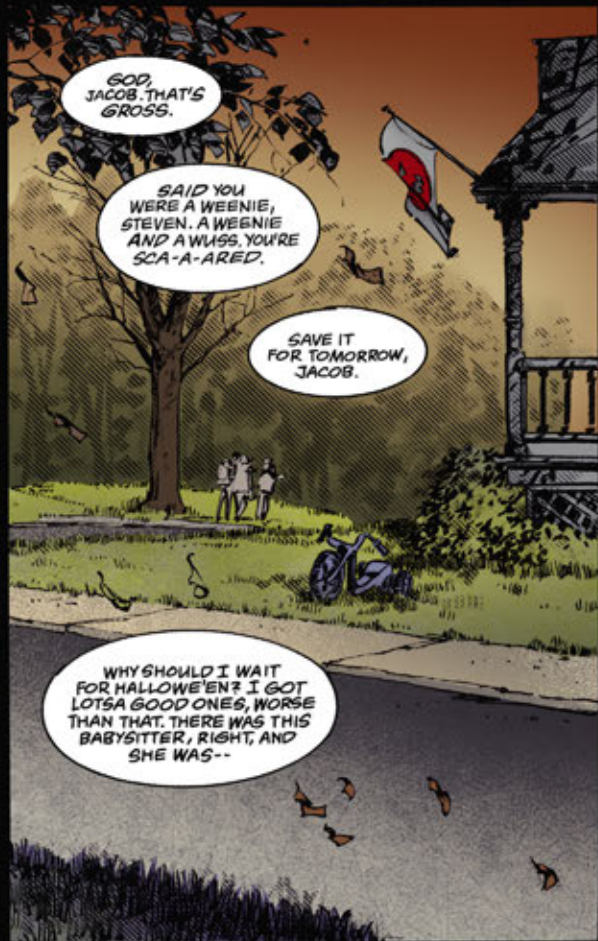


GOD, JACOB. THAT'S GROSS.

SAID YOU WERE A WEEBIE, STEVEN. A WEEBIE AND A WUSS, YOU'RE SCA-A-ARED.

SAVE IT FOR TOMORROW, JACOB.

WHY SHOULD I WAIT FOR HALLOWE'EN? I GOT LOTS A GOOD ONES, WORSE THAN THAT. THERE WAS THIS BABYSITTER, RIGHT, AND SHE WAS--





HEY--
WHAT'S
THAT?

OVER THERE? THERE'S
NOTHING
OVER
THERE.

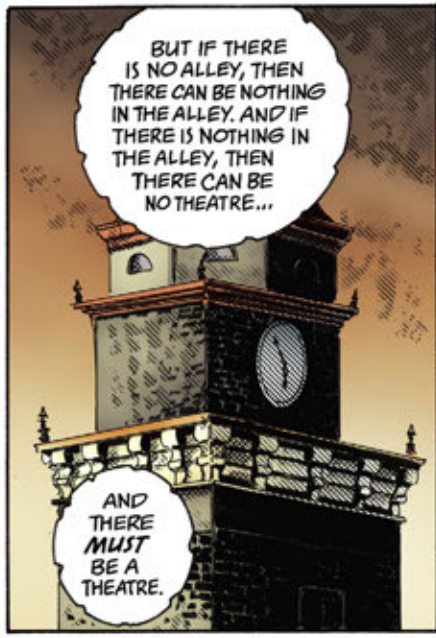
TOWN HALL

I SAW
SOMETHING.
DOWN THAT
ALLEY.



THERE ISN'T
AN ALLEY DOWN
THERE.

POX DRUGS



BUT IF THERE
IS NO ALLEY, THEN
THERE CAN BE NOTHING
IN THE ALLEY. AND IF
THERE IS NOTHING IN
THE ALLEY, THEN
THERE CAN BE
NO THEATRE...

AND
THERE
MUST
BE A
THEATRE.



MUSTN'T
THERE?

HUH?
WHO SAID
THAT?

WHO
SAID
WHAT?



"SOMETHING ABOUT
A THEATER."

"UH-OH. STEVEN'S LOSING IT.
PRETTY SOON DER MEN VIZ DER
VITE COATS VILL COME TO TAKE
HIM OFF VERE HE CANNOT
HURT HIMSELF..."



"SHUT UP, JAKE."



WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

I THINK IT'S WEIRD.



STEVEN!
JACOB! KYLE!
LOOK AT THIS!



THE GRANDEST GOOG-NOL, HUH? WHAT THE HELL IS THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?