

BLACK SCREEN

SUPERIMPOSE: United They Stand...

INT. LIVING, MANSION - MORNING

With an omnipresent scowl, a SPHYNX CAT named PHARAH purr-sues a BRIGHT RED DOT that zigzags through the legs of chairs and through a throw rug burrito.

Once out the other end, Pharah leaps on a table, where a CHESS BOARD is set.

The WHITE PIECES appear to have the advantage until the back end of Pharah's tail legally slides the BLACK QUEEN into the WHITE KINGS vicinity - CHECKMATE!

Pharah is then enticed across a support beam to bat off BEER BOTTLES that block her path, while the sound of shattering glass mystifyingly never arrives.

At lumbers end, Pharah stops for a cleaning while on the ground below an ASIAN WOMAN employs a HEAVY KETTLE BELL to perform impressively DEEP SQUATS. Her name is BRUNETTE.

And she's ONE OF THREE unrelated women collectively known as the WEIRD SISTERS.

They lock eyes before Brunette lifts the kettle bell overhead creating a provisional platform for the cat to leap off.

INT. KITCHEN

Pharah lands on an OPEN REFRIGERATOR DOOR.

For a moment, she gets distracted by the chilling treats before traversing to the refrigerators ROOF. Where she KNOCKS OVER numerous CEREAL BOXES and SNACK BAGS.

Before they crash onto the ground, each and every falling object gets ensnared by an EXTRA LARGE BUTTERFLY NET wielded by an AFRICAN WOMAN sporting a full bloom of SCARLET HAIR. Her name is REDHEAD.

The feline finally takes a harrowing leaps atop a HEAD and slides down its cascade of JET BLACK HAIR divided by a lonesome STREAK OF WHITE.

At long last, the red dot circles around Pharah's destination. Her goal. Her reward - a LARGE OIL SOAKED SARDINE draped over a bed of CANNED TUNA.

A hand gives Pharah a nice neck scratch before rising to the counter top. Where a WOMAN with an ashen colored face and a body made from a HODGEPODGE OF PARTS prepares to engage an UNOPENED JAR OF PICKLES. Her name is THE BRIDE.

THE BRIDE
She's ready.

INT. LIVING ROOM

A FAIR-HAIRED EUROPEAN WOMAN gleefully leaps off a ladder. Upon landing she performs an adorable happy dance before blowing imaginary smoke off the tip of a RED LASER POINTER. Her name is BLONDE.

BLONDE
Yeah, she is.

INT. KITCHEN

After sharing a smile, the Bride brushes back her long jet black hair and cracks her knuckles before TWISTING at the PICKLE JAR LID until it surrenders its goodness with a satisfying... POP!

But before a gherkin can be grabbed, a ringing CELL PHONE compels her to seize a PENCIL AND PAPER.

THE BRIDE
(answering phone)
Hi honey--

FRANKENSTEIN (V.O.)
We got the bitch!

BLACK SCREEN

SUPERIMPOSE: Setting The Stage

EXT. OPERA THEATER - NIGHT

A brilliant moon hangs in the sky as an angelic voice wafts through the air.

INT. STAGE, OPERA THEATER

Inside we find the source of the symphony, a MAN is swathed for a lavish VENETIAN MASQUERADE with a matching PORCELAIN MASK. His name is the PHANTOM.

And he has the odd habit of calling all women CHRISTINE.

PHANTOM

Did you adore my croon Christine?

A longing look guides us center stage where a woman named SARAH balances atop a FOUR LEGGED STOOL with her HANDS TIED behind her back and a NOOSE AROUND HER NECK.

SARAH

I keep telling you my name is Sarah!

PHANTOM

You loved it! Why that fills my tortured heart with unbridled bliss.

(pause)

Isn't it simply unfathomable that Christine would depart such a voice? But luckily my little humped friend came across you.

(pause)

Isn't that correct Christine?

(Sarah rolls her eyes)

Now...

With a sudden burst of inspiration he quickly scrawls on a piece of parchment and proudly walks it over.

PHANTOM (CONT'D)

...Do me the honor of singing this.

To Sarah's face, he holds the parchment littered with lyrics written like a doctors prescription.

SARAH

How is that possible?

PHANTOM

Wonderfully mellifluous. Your music of tonight, trembles through loins and ignites my ear.

He ballroom spins toward an ORGAN nestled nearby.

PHANTOM (CONT'D)

Which leads us to your concluding test. An ability to perform under pressure.

His long coattails get fluffed to safety before taking a seat. A silent anticipation coats the theater as the Phantoms fingers hover over organ keys... And begins to play SCALES.

PHANTOM (CONT'D)
Do. Re. Mi.

A look back insists on Sarah's participation.

SARAH
(in unison with Phantom)
Fa. So. La. Ti. Do

PHANTOM (O.S.)
Do.

Phantom hangs on the final note for so long that Sarah runs out of breath. And just like that... BLAM! The Phantom fires a single shot over his shoulder and behind his back.

SARAH
No--

The bullet blows off a stool leg causing a sudden shift in weight that instantly brings about bulging veins and watery eyes. A panicked Sarah desperately tries to alleviate the pressure accumulating around her neck.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Please.

Her feet slide across the surface as the stool continues to wobble, until at last an unsteady balance is secured as the Phantom continues to hold the same single note.

PHANTOM
Fair warning. For every false note
a supplementary leg gets blown off.
Until...
(you get the idea)
Now let us resume. Do. Re. Mi.
(bangs on keys)
Fa-uck!

Through the impossibly polished organ pipes Phantom sees an unsightly sight. Turning just in time to witness Sarah running free from constraints while the silhouette of another WOMAN confidently stands before him.

SARAH (O.S.)
Thanks!

A THUMBS UP is given in return as the mystery woman steps into a SPOTLIGHT that accentuates a very fashionable BLOUSE, SKIRT, PANTS combo that features; padded joints, appendages in leather and a neck shielded by chain mail. She's prepared for combat. And her name is VANESSA HELSING.

HELISING
 (observing empty theater)
 Looks like another sell out.
 Luckily I got my ticket from a
 scalper.

She pulls a HUNTING KNIFE that the Phantom's shorn hairline
 knows all to well.

PHANTOM
 How dare you Christine?
 (rises from bench)
 First you seize away Christine. And
 now toss slights in my hallowed
 domicile?

A step forward backs Phantom away.

HELISING
 First off, I didn't take Christine.

Phantom continues his casual retreat, beaconing his pursuer
 forward while doing his best to hide his true intent.

HELISING (CONT'D)
 She ran away.

SCAFFOLD, OPERA THEATER

Because hidden up above is a MAN of misshapen figure dressed
 in BEGGAR CLOTHES that accommodates a massive HUMP pulsating
 on his back. His name is HUNCHBACK.

HELISING (O.S.)
 And it's not my fault you couldn't
 hit her high notes.

HUNCKBACK
 Not yet. He'll get hit.

And he's in dispute with a MAN of TWO HEADS with dissimilar
 personalities, that control a body of contrasting sides.

The LEFT is well groomed with an average build and a calm
 demeanor. The RIGHT, is near ape hairy with disproportionate
 muscles and quick to anger. His name is JEKYLL & HYDE.

HYDE
 (threatening fist)
 You'll get hit.

JEKYLL
 Hey. That's not nice.

STAGE, OPERA THEATER

Phantom keeps backing away until... CRASH!

HELSING

Now secondly--

A large STRUCTURE OF LIGHTS fall from the ceiling, narrowly missing the intended target while trapping Phantom's right leg under a steel beam.

PHANTOM

(trying to wiggle free)

Ah, my appendage!

An angry stare is directed at the pair of shadows milling about above.

HELSING

Is this what you theater folk mean about breaking a leg?

PHANTOM

How dare you make light of a vaunted stage tradition.

He reaches for his fallen GUN but it gets kicked away.

PHANTOM (CONT'D)

(struggles to get free)

I said stage tradition!

HELSING

Yeah.

From above, a pair of BANDAGES slither behind Helsing like.

HELSING (CONT'D)

I heard you the first time--

The bandages coil around her wrists, shoulders and torso before hoisting her off the ground like a MARIONETTE.

We follow the source of Helsing's confinement and find a MAN perched on a rafter wrapped in MYSTICAL BANDAGES that obey his commands. His name is MUMMY.

MUMMY

Anaconda!

Without warning the lights dim and ATMOSPHERIC MIST begins to layer across the stage. A TRAP DOOR opens and out comes a MAN of lean muscle, pretty boy looks and long silky hair.

He wears a PUFFY SHIRT over his chest, a black CAPE over his back and an entitled look on his face. His name is DRACULA.

DRACULA
Damn it Phantom!

He fiercely swipes at the mist that accompanies his arrival.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
I said no theatrics.

PHANTOM
(still trapped)
It cannot be contained. Theatrics
pump through my veins.

HELSING
What the hell is going on--

Dracula swiftly lunges at Helsing, grabbing her shoulders to stare deeply into the windows of her soul.

DRACULA
Look at me.

He decries with a club boy smolder.

HELSING
No.

A fierce foot finds a face.

DRACULA
Ack! Control her, damn it.

An arm wiggles free.

MUMMY
I'm trying.

And a hand grabs a BROKEN STOOL LEG to plunge into Dracula's chest. But the wood SPLINTERS on contact, tearing the shirt - revealing a METAL PLATE underneath.

HELSING
Well, shit.

The bandages wrap tighter while the tips pull eyelids wide.

DRACULA
Now. Look at me.

He insists with his NEW-BOYFRIEND VOICE. She strains to resist his charms but eventually succumbs.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

And relax.

SCAFFOLD, OPERA THEATER

Hunchback is clinging for dear life on Jekyll & Hyde's back.

HYDE

(reaching)

Wait till I get my hands on you.

HUNCHBACK

You'll ruin the plan.

Hyde reaches for Hunchback with even greater aggression spinning wildly in the process.

STAGE, OPERA THEATER

LIGHTS, SANDBAGS and a Hunchback still tussling with Hyde fall around Dracula, but his gaze remains unfazed as he begins placing a pair of HANDCUFFS around Helsing's wrists.

PHANTOM

(referring to structure)

Whom caused this?

HUNCHBACK

(struggling)

It was the big guy.

JEKYLL

Not me.

HYDE

(fiendish smile)

My hand slipped.

PHANTOM

Why you rascalion.

With renewed vigor Phantom starts lifting his obstruction while his eyes remained locked on target.

DRACULA

It's okay. You can trust me.

The handcuffs are inches from cinching.

HELSING

I can trust you.

MUMMY

No, get back!

Hunchback and Hyde's scuffle bumps into Dracula causing his head to BONK Helsing and knocks Mummy to the floor.

DRACULA

You idiots!

HELSING

(severing the trance)

What the?

Once Helsing adjusts back to reality she knifes through Mummy's bandages. He screams in pain as the SEVERED BANDAGES FALL LIFELESSLY to the floor.

Phantom pulls another GUN from his boot - taking aim.

PHANTOM

You shall pay for your tomfoolery!

Helsing grabs Hunchback and SQUEEZES HIS HUMP like the worlds largest zit until it explodes in a massive CLOUDBURST OF GOOEY OOZING PUSS that offers cover for a hasty exit.

But Dracula grabs at her SHIRT, hoping to restrain but he slips on some hump-juice and falls.

HELSING

(a look back)

Almost got me.

Dracula tries to pursue the escaping Helsing but comically slips again.

DRACULA

Release the hound!

EXT. CITY PARK

From a large gathering of foilage a mammoth CANINE SNOUT protrudes. It inches closer to the butt of a fluffy white POODLE and takes a long satisfying sniff.

The poodle yelps and its OWNER cowers in fear as a massive mound of shaggy fur and jagged teeth steps forward on hind legs. His name is WOLFMAN.

But his mind teeters more toward dog.

WOLFMAN
 (head tilt)
 Play catch?

The Owner attempts to flee, but all paths of escape get innocently cut off by the bounding Wolfman.

WOLFMAN (CONT'D)
 Belly rub?
 (bound)
 Head scratch?
 (bound)
 Snacky--

His puppy like exuberance comes to an abrupt end when his DOG TAG starts to strobe. Presto, he sits attentively to receive a message only his ears can perceive.

As soon as the strobe stops, Wolfman snaps back up.

WOLFMAN (CONT'D)
 A-woooo!

And runs down the street, COLLIDING WITH A CAR without breaking stride.

INT. STAGE, OPERA THEATER

Wolfman arrives.

WOLFMAN
 A-woo--

But gets temporarily stuck in the doorway.

After a bit of wiggle, Wolfman frees himself and gleefully scampers to the puss soaked Phantom.

WOLFMAN (CONT'D)
 (licking)
 Is this a snack? Snack for me? Nom, nom, nom.

PHANTOM
 Unhand me hound.

He shoves away Wolfman who turns his attention to Dracula.

WOLFMAN
 (humping Dracula's leg)
 Is this a dog?

DRACULA
Stop it. And smell this.

He pushes Wolfman off to present a piece of Helsing's shirt.

WOLFMAN
Snack!

Wolfman starts CHEWING on the shirt piece.

DRACULA
No.
(smacks snout)
It's a piece of shirt--

WOLFMAN
A piece of shit? Nom, nom, nom.

With even greater gusto Wolfman resumes chewing, forcing Dracula to YANK ON HIS TAIL.

DRACULA
No. Bad dog.

Hearing the worst sequence of words possible causes Wolfman's tail to cradle between his legs.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
Smell and fetch.

WOLFMAN
Ooookay.

EXT. STREET CORNER

Helsing opens the DRIVER SIDE DOOR to her VEHICLE but before she can get inside, it appears to CLOSE on its own volition.

She peers inside to witness a KEY FLOATING in the air. It's INVISIBLE MAN. And he speaks through a COMMUNICATOR that recites in a STEPHEN HAWKING computer voice.

INVISIBLE MAN
Looking for these?

In mocking fashion, the key jingles on a ring, followed by a SINGLE HONK from the car horn.

And then in a great display of spatial awareness Helsing DODGES to her RIGHT, avoiding a BLIND SIDE ATTACK from Wolfman. He slams headfirst into the car, crumpling the metal and knocking him loopy.

The impromptu impact activates the AIR BAGS that K.O's an unsuspecting Invisible Man, causing him to drop the key.

Helsing opens the door and stabs the AIR BAG with her knife, so she can pull Invisible Man out so she can jump in.

When she peels away, her screeching tires inadvertently awakens her enemies.

WOLFMAN

Where'd she go?

He catches a scent and is ready to chase until Invisible Man grabs his ankles.

WOLFMAN (CONT'D)

Lemme at 'er. Lemme at 'er.

INVISIBLE MAN

Calm yourself.

Wolfman refuses to listen so he gives Invisible Man a harmless nibble to set himself free.

WOLFMAN

You taste like girl.

He pursues, leaving Invisible Man smacking the ground in absolute frustration.

INT. BATHROOM, MANSION

A work station that includes two laptops, a receiver and a modified sonar machine sits on an ABOVE THE BED TABLE hanging over a bathtub.

Working this station, laying half submerged in water is an odd looking organism with a humanoid top half and fish like bottom. Its body is covered in scales and breathes from both a BLOWHOLE and GILLS. Its name is CREATURE.

And it communicates with sound emanating from its numerous body orifices.

CREATURE

(subtitled)

The dog is chasing the mailman.

INT. MONSTER TRUCK

A PAIR OF BOLTS jutting from a neck glow in sequence. Once the strobe ends a GREEN HAND shifts a gear knob into drive.

EXT. OPERA THEATER

A BLACK HEARSE sitting on MONSTER TRUCK TIRES pulls up to the puss covered Monsters.

Its tinted windows roll down, revealing a MAN with a lumbering frame constructed from assorted body parts slotted into joints like an ACTION FIGURE. His name is FRANKENSTEIN.

FRANKENSTEIN

Get in losers.

MUMMY

Shotgun!

MONSTERS

(various)

Damn it. Curses. Oh well. Drats.

INT. MONSTER TRUCK

Mummy takes his rightful place in the front while the others must pile into the back.

PHANTOM

This horseless carriage has immense headroom.

FRANKENSTEIN

Yeah. Just like your Mom's throat.

EXT. OPERA THEATER

The Monster Truck peels away with a velocity that causes its gigantic pair of GREEN TRUCK NUTS to clang back and forth.

FRANKENSTEIN (O.S.)

Just like your Mom's throat.