

GUMMY WORM

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The compact room is decently decorated for Halloween.

Clothes, trash, knocked-over ashtrays and beer cans are scattered around the room.

A horror movie is faintly heard.

Sitting on the sofa wearing a hag outfit is eighteen-year-old Marion.

The beautiful young lady takes a break from drawing in her sketchbook to wipe the tears from her eyes, smearing her makeup.

A black cat resting on a pillow in the corner wakes up.

Joel can be heard throwing things around in the back room.

The doorbell rings.

JOEL (O.S.)
(Kentucky accent)
You hear the goddamn doorbell?!

Marion sighs, shaking her head as she continues drawing.

MARION
I heard it.

The doorbell is heard again.

Footsteps are heard approaching the front door.

JOEL (O.S.)
Useless, goddamn, brat. I don't believe in this shit, but you do. You decorated my whole goddamn house, and you can't answer the fucking door?!

MARION
You'll be fine.

Joel is heard opening the front door.

CHILDREN (O.S.)
Trick or treat!

As the children laugh, the door is heard being slammed.

JOEL (O.S.)

Freeloaders. Freeloaders, preparing for their futures. A useless person--- no, a homeless person had to come up with the idea for hard-working people to give away free candy, and morons decided to make it a holiday.

(Scoffs)

"Halloween." Hell, every day is Halloween when you step outside. Weirdos are looking for handouts, and poor saps like you in that living room fall for it every time.

Joel enters the living room and pauses, taking a sip from the whiskey bottle.

He's looking at Marion disgusted.

Joel is in his mid thirties and is on the verge of being obese wearing ripped-up overalls, a dinghy T-shirt, and muddy boots.

He has a rugged mountain beard and a bald spot in the middle of his head with stringy hair on the sides.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Why is that? Why do you people feel sorry for these peasants?

Marion sighs, placing her pencil and book down to the side.

She slowly lifts her head to look at him.

MARION

You're complaining, but you took the time to dress up? Wait. You look like this every day.

JOEL

What was that?

MARION

(Chuckles softly)

I'm sorry. It's funny because you complain about people, and you're just like them. Hell, some days you look worse, and your begging is more pathetic.

JOEL

You think you're funny?

MARION
Do you think you matter?

Joel walks over to her.

JOEL
Why didn't you leave with your
mother? All you do is bitch, eat up
my food and draw in that stupid
little book.

MARION
Unfortunately, she didn't tell me
she was leaving. Otherwise, I
would've gone with her.

JOEL
There's the door. Get your little
shit and go. You'll fit perfectly
with the other ones out there.

MARION
(Sighs)
What did my mother see in you?

JOEL
A provider. A protector. A---

MARION
A freeloader. An alcoholic, she
thought she could change.

He takes a sip and then points his finger at her.

JOEL
One more. Let one more goddamn
smartass remark come out of your
mouth, and I swear to God, I'll
knock those lips clean off your
face.

The cat jumps on Marion's lap.

As she pets the cat, a gentle purr is heard.

JOEL (CONT'D)
Make sure you take that freak with
you.

Marion continues to pet the cat.

MARION
The only freak in this hellhole is
you.

(MORE)

MARION (CONT'D)

Watch what you say because cats are like humans. They never forget what you said or did.

JOEL

I don't give a fuck about a feline's memory. You want your lips knocked off?

Gently, Marion places the cat to the side before standing up.

MARION

That wouldn't be something new for you. In fact...

(Soft, low laugh)

Studies show most men can't get it up unless they beat on a woman to feel superior. They're trying to find some masculinity in their pitiful shell, which they believe is a man, but it's a woman. Isn't that right, gummy worm?

He hauls off and slaps her, causing her head to turn.

JOEL

Foul mouth, little tramp! You get that bullshit directly from your mother. It's a good thing she's not here because---

The doorbell is heard.

JOEL (CONT'D)

You wait. Before I kick you the fuck out, you're gonna show me some respect.

With her head still turned, Marion releases a low laugh.

MARION

Somebody is going to show some respect.

He gets ready to speak, and the doorbell is heard again.

Frustrated, he takes a deep swig, and then places the bottle down before heading to the front door.

JOEL

Goddamn freeloaders. I'll be glad when this day is over because---

He opens the door, and there's a bag filled with shit and meat burning on the decrepit porch.

JOEL (CONT'D)
You worthless bastards!

He hurries into the filthy kitchen and quickly fills a dirty pitcher with water.

Making his way back to the front door spewing cuss words, when he stops to pay attention, he notices the fire is extinguished.

With a dumbfounded look, he closes the door.

Standing there for a few seconds, he finally heads back into the living room, ready to finish his argument, but Marion and the cat are gone.

JOEL (CONT'D)
I hope you're getting your things
so you can get out!

The eerie laughter of his dead wife Mildred is heard.

He looks around, confused.

MILDRED (V.O.)
Did the smell remind you of
something?

JOEL
What the fuck?

MILDRED (V.O.)
The big man isn't scared, is he?

JOEL
Okay. Okay, you think you're funny?

He storms towards Marion's bedroom and bursts in, only to be surprised again because the room is empty.

JOEL (CONT'D)
What's going on?

MILDRED (V.O.)
(Creepy laugh)
Who are you looking for?

JOEL
I know. I... I know what's going
on?

MILDRED (V.O.)
Run to it. That's all you were good
for.

(Evil laugh)
Some men can't resolve situations
without a boost of liquid courage.

Joel quickly goes to the living room and immediately picks
up the bottle, taking a deep swig.

Letting the burning sensation marinate, he slowly starts to
smile, and then...

MILDRED (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That's the same smile you had when
you got rid of your so-called
problem.

JOEL
Shut up. Shut up, shut up, shut up!

MILDRED (V.O.)
Are you feeling bad, gummy worm?

Joel covers his face and screams.

Slowly moving his hands down, he's smiling, until he opens
his eyes and a deep gasp of fear is released.

He's standing in the burned-up living room.

On the floor is the body of his dead wife who was three
months pregnant.

She's been mutilated and burned.

In the corner is a dead, mutilated, burnt cat.

Joel steps back in fear.

JOEL
No. No, this didn't happen.

MILDRED (V.O.)
It happened, gummy worm. You took
the life of a talented artist and
possibly one in the making. And for
what? Because you couldn't satisfy
your wife? Because you couldn't
compromise, always using violence.

JOEL
God, no. No, I didn't---

A partially burned, mutilated hand slams down hard on his shoulder, and it causes him to turn around and scream, falling on the floor.

The grotesque body of Mildred is standing in front of him with a large gash in her stomach with small baby hands coming out.

Perched on her shoulder is a horrifying cat with glowing white eyes.

Joel is on the floor panting in fear, wide-eyed.

Mildred reaches inside her stomach and slowly pulls out a bloody butcher knife.

MILDRED

Let's take care of the real
problem, gummy worm.

She raises the knife prepared to attack him, and Joel releases a scream of fear.

In reality, the sound of the doorbell being rung is heard.

After a few more rings, it stops.

Joel is on the sofa wearing a dinghy T-shirt and his blood-soaked boxers with gummy worms sticking out.

A look of pain and fear is on his face.

On the floor is the butcher knife he used to remove his penis, along with a knocked-over liquor bottle and his penis.

On the table is Mildred's open sketchbook.

It's a picture of a mother holding her child, with a cat watching over them in the background.

END CREDITS: