

HE DID THE MASH!

Written By

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Based on "Monster Mash: Half Dead In Hollywood"
By Bobby "Boris" Pickett

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The following is based on Mr. Pickett's self-published memoir, which is unedited, un-fact checked, and completely insane.

While it is unknown how much of this story is true, one thing is for certain:

The songs featured in this script are 100% real...

...Yes, even
"The Monster Rap."

INT. OLD TIME MOVIE PALACE- NIGHT

DICK CLARK, host of "American Bandstand," emerges from closed red curtains.

NOTE: The following is filmed like the introduction scene of 1931's "Frankenstein."

DICK CLARK

Hello, I'm beloved pop culture icon Dick Clark. I'm here to introduce a tale about someone... A bit less beloved. It's the tale of Bobby Pickett, a simple man who wound up recording one of the most popular songs of all time.

He shivers as if recalling a truly terrifying monster.

DICK CLARK (CONT'D)

It is a strange tale, indeed! Filled with illicit sex, drug addiction, and a novelty Halloween song played over and over again. And again. I think it will thrill you. It may even horrify you! So if you do not care to subject your nerves and loins to such a strain, well... We warned you...

The curtain parts and the FILM starts. The **TITLE** flashes onscreen in OLD SCHOOL HORROR MOVIE FONT:

HE.... DID.... THE MASH!

During the credits, we see various BLACK & WHITE MOVIE MONSTERS (**DRACULA, WOLFMAN, FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER**, etc) as a 50's Horror Score rendition of "**The Monster Mash**" plays.

As a Mad Scientist jolts his Monster, the monster begins to DANCE. The other monsters soon join and a MONSTER DANCE PARTY is in full effect, with various 1960's shimmying dance moves.

PAN BACK FROM THE SCREEN to the AUDIENCE in the theater, all in 1940's dress, looking truly terrified.

SUPER: CAPITAL THEATER, SOMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS. 1947.

As we pan down a row of terrified theater patrons, a YOUNG BOY sits riveted, excitedly shoveling popcorn into his mouth.

This is YOUNG BOBBY PICKETT, age nine.

As Boris Karloff in "**Bride of Frankenstein**" plays on the big screen, TWO BOYS nudge Bobby from the row behind him.

BOY 1
Hey Bobby! How many times you seen
this one?

Bobby turns around and shrugs.

YOUNG BOBBY
I don't know. Maybe fifteen?

BOY 2
(Sneering)
What a weirdo. I bet he's got pictures
of Bela and Boris in his wallet!

Bobby raises his eyebrow and wiggles his fingers at the screen.

YOUNG BOBBY
(Mad Scientist Voice)
Shhh! It's aliiive!

The boys laugh, out of both amusement and unease.

BOY 1
That was pretty good!

BOY 2
Pssht, maybe you should jump up into
this cruddy movie where you belong.

Bobby's eyebrow remains raised, intrigued. As the movie ends, Bobby bounces out of his seat and runs out of the theater.

INT. CAPITAL THEATER PROJECTION ROOM- MOMENTS LATER

Bobby bursts through the door to find an empty room.

YOUNG BOBBY
Pop? You in here?

CHARLEY PICKETT, 34, stocky but handsome, nervously emerges from an office door, sweaty with his shirt collar askew.

CHARLEY
Bob! I told you pal, you gotta
knock first!

YOUNG BOBBY
Sorry, I forgot.

CHARLEY

Then go and do it again, for Crissakes!

As Bobby goes back to the door, Charley looks into his office where a HALF NAKED WOMAN fumbles for her lobby girl outfit.

Bobby knocks. Charley takes a breath as he closes his office door and lets Bobby back in.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Alright, now what is it?

YOUNG BOBBY

Mom said we have to be home for dinner before six.

Charley slowly looks toward his closed office door.

CHARLEY

Hey, tell you what? How about you watch the feature one more time?

YOUNG BOBBY

You'd let me do that?!

CHARLEY

Sure, sure! In fact, get yourself a box of JuJuBes.

He flicks him a nickel. Bobby looks overjoyed.

YOUNG BOBBY

Thanks, Pop!

Charley smiles. As Bobby exits, he sighs a sigh of relief. He opens his office door.

CHARLEY

Not so fast, doll. We're back in business!

The girl giggles as Charley closes the door.

EXT. CAPITAL THEATER- NIGHT

Bobby watches as Charley switches the titles on the marquee.

YOUNG BOBBY

How come there's no horror show next week?

CHARLEY

They're out of style. People these days want musicals or westerns or other crap like that.

Bobby looks down, nervous.

YOUNG BOBBY

Hey Pop, can I ask you something?

Charley freezes as one of the marquee letters falls to the ground.

CHARLEY

Is this about what you saw upstairs? I was just helping Betsy clean some popcorn stains off her blouse. That's all, capeesh?!

YOUNG BOBBY

It's not that. Do you think one day... I could be in a movie?

Charley once again looks relieved.

CHARLEY

Oh... Well, I guess anything's possible. Just make sure whatever you do, you've got some pocket money.

YOUNG BOBBY

What do you mean?

CHARLEY

That means after you pay your bills, you still have enough scratch to treat a gal to some dinner and drinks. A man ain't nothing unless he's got some pocket money. If you got that, you can do whatever the hell you want.

As the last marquee letter is put up, he claps his hands.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Now, what do you say if your mother asks why we were late?

YOUNG BOBBY

We stopped at a diner and bought meals for some soldiers?

Charley gives him a big grin as he tousles his hair.

CHARLEY

Atta boy.

He puts Bobby on his shoulders as they walk off. FADE TO...

INT. IRISH AMERICAN CLUB- NIGHT- 1960

A SINGER croons "Walkin' My Baby Back Home" on-stage under a TALENT SHOW sign.

SUPER: THIRTEEN YEARS LATER...

AT THE BAR, BOBBY PICKETT, 22, round faced but dashing in his military uniform, sips a beer. A PRETTY GIRL sidles up next to him at the bar.

GIRL AT BAR

Hi, Martini please?

BOBBY

(To Bartender)

That's on me.

The girl looks at him and smiles.

GIRL AT BAR

Thank you kindly, soldier.

BOBBY

My pleasure. It sure is nice to be in the company of pretty girls like yourself again.

GIRL AT BAR

Where were you stationed?

BOBBY

Korea. I just got back, actually.

GIRL AT BAR

Wow. What was it like?

Bobby takes a dramatic pause while sipping his drink.

BOBBY

Where do I begin?

BEGIN MONTAGE- BOBBY OVERSEAS IN KOREA... POST-WAR KOREA.

-Bobby DOZES OFF while on GUARD DUTY.

BOBBY (V.O.)
Before my tour, I'm not sure I knew
what it was like to truly be a man.

-Bobby NAPS while on duty supervising a switchboard office.

BOBBY (V.O.)
To be on the precipice of death on
a daily basis...

-Bobby lies on a pile of duffel bags in the back of a moving
caravan vehicle, vigorously MASTURBATING to a Playboy.

BOBBY (V.O.)
To grasp the futility of war...

-Bobby and his fellow soldiers enter a KOREAN WHOREHOUSE.

BOBBY (V.O.)
Because when you get right down to
it, us and the Koreans, we're not
so different after all.

-RAPID FIRE SHOTS of Bobby having sex with a variety of
KOREAN PROSTITUTES.

INT. KOREAN WHOREHOUSE- DAWN

As a few other SOLDIERS lounge around watching television,
Bobby emerges from a room, dabbing his brow with a towel.

SOLDIER 1
Have a nice ride, Pickett?

BOBBY
I did indeed. Well worth the wait!

As another soldier exits for his turn, Bobby joins the
remaining soldiers on a dingy couch.

SOLDIER 2
Goddamnit! I can't wait to watch TV
that isn't dubbed in gibberish.

SOLDIER 3
Oh, to be able to stroke it to
Annette Funicello in peace!

Bobby motions to the TV with a tiny little grin.

BOBBY
You know, fellas, one day it's
gonna be me on that television.

The soldiers are balk at this.

SOLIDER 3

The hell you talking about, Pickett?

BOBBY

I'm going to be rich and famous,
that's what I'm talking about.

SOLIDER 1

Yeah right, doing what?

BOBBY

I don't know yet... But mark my
words. Bobby Pickett is going to be
a household name!

The soldiers look at Bobby, who watches the screen with
hungry eyes.

INT. ARMY BARRACKS- NIGHT

Bobby and his fellow soldiers watch BERT HAYMAN, a hacky
stand-up comedian, wearing a big BOW TIE over his uniform.

BOBBY (V.O.)

The only moments of solace we
soldiers had was the occasional
night of entertainment.

BERT HAYMAN

And now, gentlemen and gentlemen,
since the USO can't afford actual
cinematic entertainment, here are my
renditions of your favorite films!
First, Frankenstein.

He flicks some imaginary switches, turns around and gives a
Frankenstein-grunt.

BERT HAYMAN (CONT'D)

(Mad Scientist Voice)

It's Aliiiiive!

This gets a decent amount of laughter, but Bobby, sitting in
the front row, is absolutely ENTHRALLED.

BERT HAYMAN (CONT'D)

You know, my wife and The Mummy
have something in common. They both
once said...

He gives the crowd a Boris Karloff Glare.

BERT HAYMAN (CONT'D)
 (Boris Karloff Voice)
 I dislike being touched... An
 Eastern prejudice.

Another tepid response, but Bobby eats it up.

AFTER THE SHOW, Bobby approaches Bert gathering his props.

BOBBY
 Hey, great show!

Bert barely registers the compliment.

BERT HAYMAN
 Oh, thanks kid. I just got done
 wiping the mothballs off it.

BOBBY
 How long did it take you to write?

BERT HAYMAN
 (Scoffing)
 Write? I stole that whole act from
 Jack Carter. He's been doing that
 schtick in Vegas for years.

Bobby looks surprised by this.

BOBBY
 Really?

BERT HAYMAN
 Of course. It's show business, kid.
 You do what you do to get by.

Bobby takes this in with a determined smile.

INT. IRISH AMERICAN CLUB- NIGHT

Bobby finishes his beer as the Pretty Girl fawns over him.

BOBBY
 By the time I came home, my version
 of the act was even better.

GIRL AT BAR
 Wow! Are you performing tonight?!

BOBBY
 Oh no, I'm just here to enjoy the show.

A FRAZZLED YOUNG MAN hustles up to the table.

FRAZZLED YOUNG MAN

Bobby! We're running short tonight.
You have to go up and do your act,
I'm begging you!

Bobby gives him a confident smirk.

BOBBY

Fine... But this is the last time.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Next up, Mr. Bobby Pickett!

Bobby walks onstage to scattered applause.

BOBBY

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen.
And now, my one man rendition of my
favorite movie monsters.

Bobby turns around and transforms into Boris Karloff.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(Solid Karloff Voice)

Igor! Get in here, you idiot!

He hobbles away from the microphone as Igor.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(Igor Voice)

Yes, master?!

He transforms back to Karloff.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Pull the switch!

He turns back into Igor, pulls the imaginary switch, and then
transforms into Karloff's Monster, squirming and screaming.

He comes back to the microphone as the Mad Scientist..

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Yes! IT'S ALIIIIIVE!

The crowd laughs and applauds. The Pretty Girl wipes tears
from her eyes, laughing so hard. She turns to the BARTENDER.

GIRL AT BAR

Can you believe how good he is?!

The bartender smiles through gritted teeth.

FLASHBACK- THREE WEEKS AGO

-The bartender and a SECOND GIRL watch Bobby onstage.

SECOND GIRL
He sounds just like them!

The bartender shakes his head with a laugh.

FLASHBACK- TWO WEEKS AGO

-A THIRD GIRL laughs while the bartender looks confused.

THIRD GIRL
He's incredible!

The bartender forces a nod.

FLASHBACK- ONE WEEK AGO

-As a FOURTH GIRL watches Bobby's act, the Bartender busies himself at the other side of the bar.

END OF FLASHBACKS. Bobby finishes his act to lively applause.

BOBBY
(Karloff Voice)
Thank you, boys and ghouls.

BIG LAUGH. It's the sixties, so that still kills.

INT. SOMERVILLE DINER- THE NEXT DAY

Bobby enters to find the Frazzled Young Man from the bar sipping a coffee. This is NED ORMOND, 22, a loyal runt.

Bobby pats him on the back as he takes his seat in the booth.

BOBBY
Thanks for the assist, Neddy Boy.

NED
At the rate you're going, there aren't going to be any more girls in town for you to bed!

A waitress comes over and pours Bobby some coffee.

BOBBY
You know, Neddy, I think it's time for the big move.

NED
What do you mean?

Bobby gives him what he thinks is a "Movie Star Smile."

BOBBY

Hollywood. I'm tired of the talent shows. It's high time I get rich and famous!

Ned shakes his head with a happy little chuckle.

NED

If there's anyone in this town full of schmos that could do that, it's you.

Bobby grins, because he clearly agrees.

BOBBY

I knew you'd feel that way. Now how's about coming with me?

Ned gives Bobby a concerned look.

NED

Hang on. You want me to come with you to Hollywood?!

BOBBY

Of course! You're my right hand man. How else would I have screwed both of the Cavanaugh sisters without you?

NED

Yeah, but that's small potatoes, Hollywood is the big time!

BOBBY

Which is why I'd need you all the more. Come on, think of all the beautiful beach bunnies you could meet. Besides, you just said this town's full of schmos.

NED

It is! And I'm King Schmo!

Bobby tastes blood. He goes in for the kill.

BOBBY

All I know is, if I succeed, you succeed. If I don't, you can always reclaim your Schmo crown.

Ned shakes his head before looking out at the SLUDGY WINTER WEATHER outside.

NED

You're lucky you asked me in January.

Bobby grins.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA- DAY

Bobby and Ned drive in a beat-up convertible towards Tinsel Town, taking in the sites, the sounds, etc.

SUPER- MARCH, 1961

EXT. STUDIO LOT- DAY

Bobby walks up to the SECURITY GATE as a FANCY CAR pulls up. A GUARD stops him.

SECURITY GUARD

May I help you?

BOBBY

Hello there. My name is Bobby Pickett, and I'm looking to get started in show business!

The Security Guard looks at him blankly.

SECURITY GUARD

Um... That's not happening today, sir.

BOBBY

Is there a day when it is happening?

We hear a CHUCKLE in the fancy car.

VOICE (O.S.)

Wait a second!

Bobby looks into the car to see a BIG TIME EXECUTIVE.

BIG TIME EXECUTIVE

Hey kid... What's your name?

Bobby's eyes light up.

BOBBY

Bobby Pickett, sir!

BIG TIME EXECUTIVE

Alright, Bobby... So wow me.

Bobby stares back at Bill with a frozen smile.

BOBBY
How shall I wow you, sir?

BIG TIME EXECUTIVE
Tell me what you've done out here.

BOBBY
Oh, why nothing yet!

The executive's enthusiasm wanes as he puffs a cigar.

BIG TIME EXECUTIVE
Hm... That's not much, is it?

Bobby's enthusiasm wanes as well.

BOBBY
No, I suppose not.

BIG TIME EXECUTIVE
You gotta prove your worth out
here, son. Good luck to you!

The car drives off as Bobby looks helplessly onto the lot.

INT. BOARDNER'S BAR- NIGHT

A BARTENDER serves a dejected looking Bobby and Ned in a dimly lit Hollywood dive bar.

BARTENDER
What can I get you boys?

BOBBY
One Budweiser, please.

BARTENDER
And for you?

Ned reddens with embarrassment.

NED
That's um... That's for both of us?

The Bartender nods as Ned hangs his head down. Bobby spots a pretty girl alone at the other side of the bar

BOBBY
I'd give anything to buy her a
drink.

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

This is the longest I've gone
without a girl, It's killing me!

NED

I know, but it's not back home.
You're not just gonna stumble into
success here. It's going to take
some honest to God work.

The Bartender places TWO BEERS in front of them.

NED (CONT'D)

Excuse me, we only ordered one.

The Bartender points towards a corner of the bar.

BARTENDER

Those boys in the corner send their
regards.

Bobby and Ned look over to a group of guys toasting their
beers with big smiles.

BOBBY

Well I'll be damned... Lenny Capizzi!

CLOSE on LENNY CAPIZZI, 21, cocky in a tight black suit as he
waves Bobby and Ned over.

LATER, Bobby and Ned sit with Lenny, BILLY, 24, his heavy-set
brother and their pals RON and LOU, who won't say much.

LENNY

Look at this mook! We heard you moved
out West, I figured we'd find you at
some watering hole sooner or later.

NED

Are you guys from Boston too?

BOBBY

You criminals wouldn't know Neddy,
he want to "private school."

All the guys make a big "hoity toity" fuss at the idea of
private school.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

We all went to Somerville High
together. Billy used to win all the
talent shows with his crooning.

LENNY

Damn straight! He's our Golden
Goose, the Round Mound of Sound!

He jiggles Billy's belly, who chuckles, used to it.

BOBBY

What are you guys doing out here?

BILLY

Lenny convinced us to go west and
try to make it as a singing group.
We're called The Cordials.

LENNY

Though we just hit a little snag. We
lost our baritone last week. Dingbat
went and got himself hitched.

Bobby's gears start turning.

BOBBY

You know, I have a pretty decent
singing voice. Maybe I could take
his place?

LENNY

That would be incredible! Hey,
how's that for fate?!

All the boys cheer as Ned leans into Bobby, concerned.

NED

Bob, you can't sing. Remember that
night you sang "Angel Eyes" and
cleared the whole bar?

Bobby shushes Ned.

BOBBY

Relax. The rest of them will drown me
out. Plus, it could be nice to get my
mug in front of some crowds again.

He turns back to Lenny.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You guys got any gigs lined up?

BILLY

Yessir. We sing at Alvolturno's
every Friday night.

NED
What's the pay?

LENNY
Supper, sometimes an appetizer if
it ain't too busy.

Bobby and Ned both look thrilled at the idea of free food.

INT. ALVOLTURNO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT- NIGHT

The Cordials perform the 50's classic "**Little Darlin'**" for a sparse crowd. Billy hits the high notes PERFECTLY. The rest of the group is merely capable.

BILLY
(Singing His Heart Out)
*Well no way-ah! That my love-ah!
Was just-ah! For you! Woo-hOO-oooh!*

Bobby looks out in the audience. A man up front YAWNS hard. He nods, and steps forward with a mischievous eyebrow raise.

BOBBY
(Karloff Voice)
*My darling... I need you... To call
my own... And never do wrong!*

The audience slowly starts giggling. Billy, now singing back-up, shoots daggers at Bobby.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
*To hold in mine/your little hand.
I'll know too soon that all is so
grand.*

He makes a pained Karloff grimacing face.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
PLEASE hold my hand!

The audience ROARS with laughter. Billy looks both pissed and delighted as they finish the song to wild applause.

EXT. ALVOLTURNO'S- LATER THAT NIGHT

As The Cordials smoke in the alley, Billy approaches Bobby.

BILLY
Hey Bob? Next time, please do your
part without that silly voice.

Lenny overhears this and makes his way over.

LENNY

What are you, nuts?! That was the best reaction we ever got!

BILLY

I'm just trying to be taken seriously.

LENNY

Well maybe if you weren't a rotund fuckin' meatball, we'd be on the front page of Billboard!

Billy and Lenny start scrapping in the alley. Bobby inches out toward the street to finish his cigarette.

VOICE (V.O.)

Hey, Boris.

Bobby turns to see KELLY MCDANIEL, 28, a confident blonde, lighting her cigarette with a rehearsed grace.

KELLY

That was a fun number. Kept me from succumbing to absolute boredom.

As she smokes, Bobby looks her over.

BOBBY

Why thank you. Say, has anyone ever told you that you are the spitting image of Peggy Lee?!

KELLY

(Flirting Hard)

It's come up. Hi, I'm Kelly.

BOBBY

Hello, Kelly. I'm Bobby Pickett.

He gives her a confident hand shake.

KELLY

Shaking a girl's hand on the first date? You're a forward type.

As Bobby stammers, she lets him off the hook.

KELLY (CONT'D)

So Bobby Pickett, I'm having a little soiree at my place tomorrow. Do you think you and your friends would care to attend?

Bobby grins as he holds out his arm.

BOBBY

On behalf of my band of miscreants,
I graciously accept your offer!

She laughs as she links her arm with his.

INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT- THE NEXT EVENING

As Billy sings to a group of delighted party-goers, Ned and the other Cordials soak up the free booze in the kitchen.

Lenny looks around at the classy apartment decor.

LENNY

What a swanky dump!

NED

That's Bobby for you. Always stumbling
into the best of situations.

LENNY

Tell me about it. He could get
punched in the face and find a
hundred dollar bill and a big-titted
blonde on the way down to the ground.

Ned blushes as a shocked looking girl leaves the room.

NED

I like how I said it better.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PARTY, Kelly and Bobby sit on a love seat, in full flirting mode.

BOBBY

So Kelly, what do you do?

Kelly looks away, narrowly avoiding the question.

KELLY

Oh, I take jobs here and there.

BOBBY

What kind of jobs? In show biz?

Kelly inches close to him with her seduction face.

KELLY

The work doesn't matter. All that
matters is the reward... The...

She pushes him onto a chair and sits on his lap.

KELLY (CONT'D)
 ...Lap of luxury.

Bobby gives her a wide horny smirk.

BOBBY
 You have my undivided attention.

As she nibbles on his ear, Lenny sidles up and leans into Bobby's other side.

LENNY
 Hey Bob-o, I was thinking. What if we did a whole song with you doing that spooky voice?!

Bobby tries to subtly swat Lenny away.

LENNY (CONT'D)
 I'm serious! Those shitty little novelty records sell like hot cakes!

BOBBY
 Not right now.

He motions to Kelly.

LENNY
 Oh, of course. Get to business. But hey, think about it!

He pats his shoulder as he leaves. Bobby turns back to Kelly.

BOBBY
 And now, back to our regularly scheduled program.

He and Kelly KISS.

IN THE KITCHEN, Billy talks with a CHATTY BRUNETTE.

CHATTY BRUNETTE
 You guys have to meet my friend Gary. He's a producer, and he's always looking for new groups. He even had his own number one hit!

Billy and the other Cordials' ears perk up.

BILLY
Really? What was it?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GARY PAXTON'S OFFICE- DAY

The Cordials sit across from GARY PAXTON, 27, a showbiz weasel with his hair just a little too greasy for 1961.

He BEAMS as he plays his song, "**ALLEY-OOP!**" on his Hi-Fi. Even for a 60's novelty song, it's pretty terrible.

GARY PAXTON ON STEREO
*He's the king of the jungle jive!
Look at that caveman go!*

SINGERS ON STEREO
Alley-Oop! Oop! Oop Oop!

The Cordials look at each other in various levels of bemusement as Gary lowers the volume.

GARY PAXTON
And that, my friends, took me to
the top of the carts.

The guys all mumble mild utterances of disbelief.

GARY PAXTON (CONT'D)
I played that to let you know I'm
not some run of the mill industry
hard-on. I make hit records.

Gary sits behind his desk and puts his arms behind his head.

GARY PAXTON (CONT'D)
So, you guys are a harmony act, huh?

LENNY
Yes, sir.

GARY PAXTON
Hmm... Like those Four Seasons boys.

LENNY
Yeah, but, you know... Plus one.

Gary nods.

GARY PAXTON
Yeah... Yeah, I can see that.

He leans in closer to the group.

GARY PAXTON (CONT'D)
 Tell you what, I'll give you a try
 out. Come to my studio tomorrow
 morning, we'll see what happens.

The boys now look at each other in rising exaltation.

INT. CAPIZZI HOUSE- LATER THAT NIGHT

The Cordials pop open a couple bottles of champagne in a house clearly only occupied by twentysomething boys.

LENNY
 We made it, boys! Salud!

They cheers their glasses.

SERIES OF SHOTS of them drinking and partying all night.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RECORDING STUDIO- MORNING

Gary sits around waiting. Not long after that, The Cordials stumble in, led by Billy. They look VERY hungover.

GARY PAXTON
 Jesus. You boys look like a pack of
 party vampires.

BOBBY
 Perhaps we partook in the celebratory
 bubbly a bit prematurely.

Lenny clutches his mouth and scrambles for a nearby trash bin where he VOMITS.

BILLY
 ...So what should we sing?

Gary calmly but firmly nods to the door. Billy helps Lenny to stand up as they sadly head for the exit.

INT. FANCY DEPARTMENT STORE- DAY- FALL 1961

Bobby tries on a FANCY SUIT COAT as Kelly sits and watches.

BOBBY
 This is a bit out of my price range.

KELLY

Don't worry about it. It's my treat.

BOBBY

Oh, I couldn't ask you to do that.

KELLY

Sweetie, if you want to be successful,
you have to look the part.

Bobby nods as he looks back at the mirror.

BOBBY

I do look pretty spiffy in this.

Kelly comes up from behind him and hugs him.

KELLY

Like a sun-kissed hunk of
California beefcake!

Bobby beams as he takes the suit coat off.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Now that you've got the look, I can
take you out on the town. Introduce
you to very important people.

BOBBY

How exactly do you know these
important people?

Kelly stops in her track. The moment has come.

KELLY

Bobby... Take a seat.

Bobby sits next to her on a bench, still unassuming.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I... Let's just say I'm a
professional dater.

Bobby doesn't seem to register this.

KELLY (CONT'D)

A lady of the evening?

Still not registering with Bobby.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Bobby, I'm a call girl... A hooker?

Bobby's eyes FINALLY widen with recognition.

BOBBY

Oh... Oh!

KELLY

But I'm strictly high class. I only work with wealthy clients. I'm not out there selling it on the streets!

She looks for a response from Bobby, but he's still shocked.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Oh Bobby, please don't be mad at me. I never wanted to hurt you.

Bobby shakes off his shock and

BOBBY

No, it's okay. So your clients, they're famous, right?

KELLY

Um... A lot of them, yes.

Bobby looks less disturbed by this news and more intrigued.

BOBBY

Do you think any of them could help me, you know, get my foot in the door?

Kelly smiles, immediately relieved.

KELLY

Of course! And just so you know, you can sleep with other people too! But... I don't know, I feel like you and me make a fitting pair.

Bobby sweetly takes her hand.

BOBBY

Kelly... I think this is as perfect an arrangement as can be.

Kelly can't help but smile as she kisses him on the cheek.

KELLY

You are really something, Bobby Pickett. Now let's get you ready to schmooze!

INT. HIGH CLASS NIGHTCLUB- NIGHT

A very well-dressed Bobby mingles at a table of elders. He turns to ARNOLD ROSE, a comically old man with a cigar.

ARNOLD ROSE
So you wanna be an actor, do you?

BOBBY
Yes, sir. More than anything.

ARNOLD ROSE
You've got a solid face. How's 'bout I get you some auditions, whaddaya say?!

BOBBY
That would be wonderful!

Bobby looks up to see Kelly emerges from the bathroom with a very satisfied OLD MAN CLIENT. She gives Bobby a bored eye roll while gesturing to the sweaty old man.

Bobby flashes her a smile and gives her a THUMBS UP.

INT. AUDITION ROOM- DAY

Bobby finishes a commercial audition.

BOBBY
(Very Wooden)
So try Wilkin's Coffee... Won't you?

The Casting Director doesn't even look up from their sheet.

CASTING DIRECTOR
Thanks so much.

BOBBY
(Very Proudly)
No, thank you!

He exits with all the confidence in the world.

EXT. STUDIO- MOMENTS LATER

Bobby excitedly dials in a phone booth.

BOBBY
Arnold Rose, please! Checking in
after my first Hollywood audition!

His cheerful demeanor slowly drains from his face.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

...When?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FUNERAL HOME- DAY

Bobby looks down at Arnold, his agent, DEAD in a casket.

INT. KELLY'S CAR- LATER THAT DAY

Kelly drives a morose-looking Bobby.

BOBBY

I don't get it. Every single chance I
get just slips through my fingers.

KELLY

You just have to be patient,
sweetie. It took Spencer Tracy years
to make it, and now look at him.
He's one of my biggest tippers!

Bobby smiles at this, but still looks sad.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Trust me, once you find your way
in, you'll be unstoppable.

Chubby Checker's "**The Twist**" comes on the radio.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Ugh, not this song again. It's so
silly, the stupid little songs that
become popular.

Bobby over to Kelly, his eyebrow slowly beginning its
mischievous raise.

INT. CAPIZZI HOUSE- DAY- MARCH 1962

After a bit of knocking, Lenny, looking like hell in boxers
and an undershirt, staggers to answer the door.

He opens it to reveal Bobby.

BOBBY

(Karloff Voice)

Leonard... Let's make a record.

Lenny holds up his finger and quickly runs to the bathroom. Bobby waits with a smile as he hears VOMITING. Lenny soon returns to the front door, wiping his mouth.

LENNY

Yeah, okay.

LATER, Lenny futzes with chords on the piano in the living room as Bobby paces back and forth.

LENNY (CONT'D)

So maybe you're singing about a monster dance craze. Like the Loco-Motion, or something like that.

BOBBY

I like that. Perhaps the Stomp!

Lenny winces at this.

LENNY

Nah, it's gotta be something that flows. Let's start with this.

He plays a familiar chord progression. Bobby bobs his head.

BOBBY

(Karloff Voice)

Hmm... I was working in the lab late one night. When my eyes beheld an awful sight.

LENNY

--An eerie sight. Spookier.

BOBBY

My monster from his slab began to rise.... And suddenly...

LENNY

To my surprise!

Lenny and Bobby look at each other, something is cooking.

BOBBY

...He did the twist!

Lenny stops playing.

LENNY

No, man! The twist is old news!

BOBBY

Well what's a newer dance?

LENNY
There's the Monkey, the Dog, the
Mashed Potato...

BOBBY
Hm... He did the Mashed--

LENNY
--The Mash! Now that's punchy!

BOBBY
Yes, the... Monster Mash!

Lenny's jaw drops.

LENNY
Holy shit.

CLOSE on the CLOCK, which shows the time around **12:00PM.**

SERIES OF SHOTS- BOBBY AND LENNY WRITE THE SONG

-Lenny writes down lines as he goes back to playing.

-Bobby acts out his parts, Boris, Dracula, etc.

-Eventually, Lenny writes down the last line of the song.

LENNY (CONT'D)
There! Finally, it's done.

PAN OVER to the clock, which shows the time around **12:33PM.**

LENNY (CONT'D)
Let's lay it down.

He presses RECORD on a Four Track. He swivels to the piano as Bobby leans in towards the microphone.

Lenny plunks the chords, and Bobby begins to sing.

BOBBY
*I was working in the lab late one
night/when my eyes beheld an eerie
sight/for my monster on his slab
began to rise/and suddenly to my
surprise.*

LENNY
He did the mash!

BOBBY
He did the Monster Mash.

LENNY
The Monster Mash!

BOBBY
It was a graveyard smash!

LENNY
He did the Mash!

BOBBY
It caught on in a flash!

LENNY
He did the mash!

BOBBY
He did the Monster Mash!

As Lenny "oohs" in the background, Bobby really starts to vamp it up.

INTERCUT THIS FOOTAGE WITH SHOTS OF THE MONSTER PARTY FROM THE OPENING SCENE.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
The zombies were having fun/The party had just begun./The Guests included Wolfman/Dracula and his son!

AT THE MONSTER PARTY, Frankenstein's Monster and Wolfman convince Dracula to join in on their silly 60's Dance.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Now everything's cool, Drac's a part of the band/And my Monster Mash is the hit of the land/For you the living, this mash was meant too/When you get to my door, tell them Boris sent you!

LENNY
Wa-oooh! Monster Mash! (X4)

Bobby contorts his body to be Igor.

BOBBY
(Igor Voice)
Ughhhh... MASH GOOD! MASH GOOD!

PAN OUT of the house to Bobby dragging around as Igor and Lenny happily plonking away on the piano.

INT. GARY PAXTON'S OFFICE- DAY

Bobby and Lenny sit across from Gary as he finishes listening to the demo. He presses STOP, and stares at them.

GARY PAXTON
Boys... This is a hit record!

Bobby and Lenny look relieved.

GARY PAXTON (CONT'D)
This is going to be big. The
Chipmunks big. Purple Goddamn People
Eater big! Let me book the studio
this weekend. We'll call you
Bobby "Boris" Pickett... And The
Cryptkickers!

LENNY
But there isn't a band, it's just me.

GARY PAXTON
Who cares, it pops! Trust me, boys.
After this, every door will be open

Bobby gives a defiant nod and holds out his hand.

BOBBY
Sounds good to me!

GARY PAXTON
But this time, maybe save the
champagne for after we record.

Lenny rolls his eyes.

LENNY
Whatever you say, Officer.

Both Gary and Bobby look nervously at each other.

EXT. LENNY'S HOUSE- DAY

Bobby and Ned pull up in Ned's beat-up car. Bobby looks nervous as Ned beeps his horn. Nothing happens.

BOBBY
He'll be out in a second, I'm sure.

He looks up at Lenny's house as Ned beeps again. No response.

NED
Ten bucks says he's passed out drunk.

Bobby gets out and goes to the door, ringing the bell and knocking on the door.

BOBBY

Lenny?! We're recording today!

A NEIGHBOR watering his plants pokes his head over the fence.

NEIGHBOR

Your friend there had a long night.
He upchucked all over my azaleas.

Bobby looks both enraged and terrified of another blown opportunity. He swallows hard and pastes on a driven glare.

BOBBY

If you see him, tell him that if he
doesn't hurry up and get to the
studio, we're recording without him.

NEIGHBOR

I'm not going to do that.

Bobby shrugs this off as he runs back to the car. The Neighbor winces and sprays a vomit stain off his fence.

EXT. ARGYLE RECORDING STUDIO- LATER THAT MORNING

Bobby stands by the car, nervously pressing out the wrinkles in his suit as Ned comes up beside him.

NED

So, are you ready?

Bobby puts on a Sinatra-esque FEDORA and tilts it with an eyebrow raise as he takes a deep breath.

BOBBY

Yeah. Let's do it.

He slowly makes his way towards the studio...

INT. ARGYLE RECORDING STUDIO-CONTINUOUS

...Where Gary and a bevy of sweaty men in untucked short-sleeved dress shirts prep for the recording.

GARY PAXTON

Bobby! Right on time. Where's your
other half?

BOBBY

Lenny is... Indisposed, at the moment.

Gary shrugs, unfazed as he puts his arm around Bobby.

GARY PAXTON

Oh well, there goes his producer's credit. C'mon, I'll show you around.

BOBBY

Don't we need someone to sing back-up?

GARY PAXTON

I've got it covered. Along with Darlene over here.

He points to DARLENE LOVE filing her nails in the corner.

GARY PAXTON (CONT'D)

Great girl, works with Phil Spector. Huge skeev but his tunes are dynamite!

He takes his arm from around Bobby and claps his hands.

GARY PAXTON (CONT'D)

Alright, gang. Places!

Darlene leans in towards the idle DRUMMER and BASS PLAYER

DARLENE LOVE

What the hell kind of a song is this, anyway?

BASS PLAYER

A piece of shit. But it's a paycheck.

He looks over at Gary laying out some WOODEN PLANKS.

GARY PAXTON

I thought we could start with some spooky sound effects.

He STOMPS on the planks.

GARY PAXTON (CONT'D)

Give it a try.

Bobby smiles and jumps on the planks. Gary signals to the engineer to start recording.

GARY PAXTON (CONT'D)

Beautiful. Let's lay it down!

SERIES OF SHOTS- THE "MONSTER MASH" RECORDING

-Gary holds a wooden block with a rusty nail up to the mic. As he pulls out the nail, it sounds like a CREAKY OLD COFFIN.

-Bobby blows BUBBLES into a glass of water close to the mic.

-Gary drops some CHAINS on the floor over and over again.

-Bobby steps up the microphone. He's poised and ready.

BOBBY

From my laboratory in the castle east.

-The drummer plays a steady beat.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

*To the master bedroom where the
vampires feast.*

-The bass player keeps time.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

*The ghouls all came from their
humble abodes.*

-Gary himself plonks away on the piano.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

To get a jolt from my electrodes!

-Darlene and Gary sing their back up vocals.

DARLENE & GARY

They did the mash!

BOBBY

They did the Monster Mash.

Darlene gives a SPLIT SECOND EYE ROLL as she takes a breath.

DARLENE & GARY

The Monster Mash!

BOBBY

It was a graveyard smash.

IN THE BACK OF THE STUDIO, Lenny enters, hungover. He takes a moment to take in his surroundings with a scowl.

LENNY

What the hell's going on?!

Gary looks to the engineer and gives him a CUT motion. Bobby turns around to see Lenny.

BOBBY

Lenny, where have you been?

LENNY

Where have I been?! You were supposed to pick me up a half hour ago!

Bobby looks truly confused as Ned rushes over to Lenny.

NED

Actually, Bobby and I went to pick you up at noon, but you never came out.

LENNY

That's bullshit! Gary said the recording was at two, not noon!

Gary, looking a little devious, shakes his head.

GARY PAXTON

Perhaps you misheard me, Mr. Capizzi. The session was always at noon.

Lenny kicks over a chair.

LENNY

You fucking liar! What are you trying to do, take away my cut?!

GARY PAXTON

Nothing of the sort. Perhaps your imbibing impaired your memory?

As Lenny charges at Gary, Ned breaks it up.

NED

Guys, please! Lenny, you are the co-writer of this song, you will get your share, okay?!

Gary gives the nod of a man whose plan was foiled.

GARY PAXTON

I don't know who the hell this little guy is, but he's right. Now come on, boys, let's make a hit record!

Lenny, red faced, gives him a nod. Bobby gives Ned a quick "thank you" from the booth as Ned gives him a thumbs up.

As Bobby gets ready to sing again, Gary leans into Ned.

GARY PAXTON (CONT'D)
I can't wait for the labels to hear
this. They're going to flip.

INT. LABEL OFFICE- DAY

Gary bobs his head to the recording as a LABEL HEAD sits,
stone-faced. He stops the tape.

LABEL HEAD
Gary, I'm going to give you some
advice: Destroy this recording.

Gary's smile slowly fades into shock.

GARY PAXTON
I'm sorry?

LABEL HEAD
This is trash. Pure and simple.

Gary shakes his head, defiant.

GARY PAXTON
No. You're wrong, This tune is going
to be bigger than any song your dinky
little label will ever put out!

LABEL HEAD
If that ends up being true, Mr.
Paxton, then we truly live in a
culture-less society.

Gary gives him a gruff nod as he heads for the door.

SERIES OF SHOTS- LABELS TURNING DOWN GARY

-A CAPITOL RECORDS REP shakes his head.

CAPITOL RECORDS REP
Nope.

-A MERCURY RECORDS REP shakes his head, a bit harder.

MERCURY RECORDS REP
Oh God, no. No.

-An MCA RECORDS REP glares at Gary.

MCA RECORDS REP
Wow, Gary. Wow. Just, sincerely,
from the bottom of my heart, fuck
you for making me listen to that.

PAN OVER to Gary, smiling but simmering with rage.

GARY PAXTON
Fuck you right back!

He grabs his recording and pushes a few things off the Rep's desk in the process.

EXT. GARY'S OFFICE- DAY- JULY 1962

Bobby and Ned help Gary load up his sleek convertible with boxes of "Monster Mash" 45's.

NED
But I thought none of the labels wanted to put out the song.

GARY PAXTON
Forget 'em! The suits never know what the kids like until it's too late. We need to get this to the people who want to hear it.

He slams the trunk and gets into the driver's seat.

GARY PAXTON (CONT'D)
Trust me, boys. By the time I'm back we'll be on every station in town!

He waves as he speeds off. Ned and Bobby stand in its wake.

BOBBY
Do you think he knows what he's doing?

NED
Yeah. I don't know if that's a good thing though.

BEGIN GARY SELLING THE MASH MONTAGE.

-As a peppy 60's pop song plays (a la "WHITE SILVER SANDS"), Gary speeds down the Pacific Coast Highway with purpose.

-Gary sits with a RADIO DJ, pitching the song.

GARY PAXTON
Sure this song is stupid. But you know who else is stupid? Every snot-nosed kid out there listening! And stupid connects with stupid, am I right?

The DJ nods in agreement, taking the record from a satisfied looking Gary.

-Gary walks down a hall with another RADIO STATION OWNER.

RADIO STATION OWNER
I don't know, do you really think
people will call in to request it?

GARY PAXTON
You have my word. Now if you'll
excuse me, I have some meetings.

-MOMENTS LATER, Gary speeds off from the station to find a PHONE BOOTH. He calls the radio station he just left.

GARY PAXTON (CONT'D)
(Bad Teen Voice)
Hi, can I hear that Monster Mash
song again?!

-SHOT of Gary at another phone booth.

GARY PAXTON (CONT'D)
(Unconvincing Girl Voice)
The Monster Mash is totally a gas!

-SHOT of Gary at a third phone booth.

GARY PAXTON (CONT'D)
(Terrible Child Voice)
Play that spooky Monster song!

RADIO DJ (V.O.)
You mean "The Monster Mash?"

GARY PAXTON
Wow, what a catchy title!

-INTERCUT shots of DJ's playing the song with Gary driving in his convertible with a diminishing stack of 45's.

-In his car, Gary finds his box of 45's in his front seat empty. He smiles, tosses it in the lot, and drives away.

EXT. LOS FELIZ BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES- NIGHT- AUGUST, 1962.

Kelly and Bobby sit in her car, stopped at a red light. Bobby nuzzles up next to Kelly as she giggles.

KELLY
Cut it out, Romeo. We're almost home.

BOBBY

No! Let the cacophony of angry motorists score our moans.

Kelly pushes him off with a smile as Bobby turns the knob on the radio.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Perhaps you just need the right music for the lover's hour.

He tunes the stations and hears a recognizable sound for a second before changing the station.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Wait a minute...

He tunes back to hear the end of "**The Monster Mash.**"

KELLY

Bobby... Is this your song?!

Bobby, stunned, nods his head yes.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Oh my god!

She turns the volume all the way up. As the light turns green, cars start beeping. She pokes her head out the window.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Fuck you! My boyfriend's on the radio!

As the song fades out, Bobby can't shake the smile off his face.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

Oooh, that's "The Monster Mash," a spooky little tune by Bobby Pickett! I'll tell you what folks, I think that song is going to be a monster hit!

Bobby looks like he's about to cry. The beeping continues.

BOBBY

He did it... He really did it.

KELLY

Oh, baby, I'm so proud of you!

She leans in and nibbles his ear.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Now how about I let you go where Morey Amsterdam never could?

Bobby raises his eyebrow.

BOBBY
Fame has its privileges.

They start making out. PAN BACK to see a flurry of frustrated BEEPING MOTORISTS behind them.

INT. BOARDNER'S BAR- NIGHT

Bobby and Ned sit in the same dive bar, but now with expensive looking martinis in front of them.

NED
But what does a manager even do?

BOBBY
Exactly what you have been doing.
Looking out for me.

NED
Yeah, but I don't have any showbiz connections. Won't I slow you down?

BOBBY
Come on, there's no slowing me down!
Besides, you believed in me when nobody else knew who I was. You're very important to me, Neddy boy.

Ned blushes a bit, not prepared for this.

NED
We look out for each other, that's what Somerville Schmos do...
Alright. I'll do it.

They shake hands, hug, then sip their martinis.

NED (CONT'D)
Hm... I thought these would taste good, but they actually taste like piss.

BOBBY
Agreed. Barkeep, two Budweisers?

INT. GARY PAXTON'S OFFICE- DAY

Bobby, Ned, and Lenny sit in front of a VERY excited Gary.

GARY PAXTON

We're a hit, boys. Which means it's time to strike! I got you booked on some record hops. You show up, sing the tune, sling the record, and you're off.

LENNY

When do we leave?

GARY PAXTON

Now hang on, Rip Van Winkle... I say that 'cause of his sleeping habits!

No one laughs at this.

GARY PAXTON (CONT'D)

While Bobby's away, I need you here, working on the LP. We need that ready to record as soon as Bobby returns so we can get it out in time for Halloween!

LENNY

(Unenthusiastic)

You want more monster songs?

GARY PAXTON

Monsters, mummies, wolfmen! The sky's the goddamn limit!

Lenny fumes as he rolls his head back in his chair.

NED

Don't worry, Gary. I'll make sure Bobby doesn't get into too much trouble on the road.

Gary shakes his head, beyond disappointed.

GARY PAXTON

Are you kidding?! You've gotta make sure you get him all the cooch he can handle!

Bobby looks intrigued by this. Lenny looks PISSED.

BOBBY

You really think this song is going to get me laid?

GARY PAXTON

Bobby, this is America. If you're famous, girls will schtup you. It's the great equalizer!

CLOSE on Bobby's mischievous raising eyebrow.

INT. SAN DIEGO RECORD HOP- NIGHT

Bobby and Ned sit at a clearly unpopular autograph table.

BOBBY

I don't get it. Gary said the women
would be flocking to me.

NED

I can't say I blame them. If I heard
the song without knowing you, I'd think
you'd look like a creepy old man.

BOBBY

Hey, you're right!

He sees a cute RECORD HOP GIRL walk past.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Go tell that girl who I am.

Ned frowns.

NED

Why?

BOBBY

I can't go and do it myself, I'll
look too desperate.

NED

What about Kelly?

BOBBY

We have an understanding. Come on,
Ned. It's just like the talent
shows back home. Please?

Ned eventually sighs and goes after the girl.

Bobby pretends to busy himself as Ned points over. The girl
looks over, and with an intrigued face, approaches.

RECORD HOP GIRL

Hi, are you really the guy that
sings "The Monster Mash?!"

Bobby looks up with a vampy smile.

BOBBY
 (Karloff Voice)
 Indeed I am. Bobby... "Boris" Pickett.

She excitedly shakes his hand.

RECORD HOP GIRL
 Wow! I thought you'd be old and gross!

Bobby smirks.

BEGIN TOUR HOOK-UPS MONTAGE SET TO A SEXY JOHNNY MATHIS TUNE

-As Bobby sings on-stage, Ned hypes him up to girls backstage.

-Bobby leads a girl to his hotel room.

HOOK UP 1
 I can't believe how young you are!

-Bobby MAKES OUT with a girl backstage.

HOOK UP 2
 You're much hunkier than I thought
 you'd be!

-Bobby fucks a girl doggy-style in Ned's car (while Ned
 stands off to the side smoking a cigarette.)

HOOK UP 3
 (Through Sex Noises)
 I'm so! Glad! You're not! Ugly!

-Bobby spots a PRETTY FANGIRL in the front row. He motions to
 Ned off-stage. Ned nods, and quickly makes his way through
 the audience to her and whispers in her ear.

The Fangirl looks up towards Bobby, who adorably shrugs. She
 thinks to herself.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FANGIRL'S BEDROOM- MORNING

Bobby wakes up next to the sleeping Fangirl. He gathers his
 clothes and heads for the door as the floor SQUEAKS.
 She stirs and looks up to see Bobby by the door.

FANGIRL
 Hey... Could you not tell anyone we
 did this? It's kind of embarrassing.

Bobby nods, a bit ashamed.

BOBBY
 Certainly. Goodbye... You.

He heads for the door as she holds a pillow to her face.

FANGIRL
 I can't believe I went all the way
 with the "Monster Mash" guy.

EXT. DESERT REST STOP- MORNING

Bobby and Ned squish together in a PHONE BOOTH, the phone
 right in between them.

BOBBY
 I don't understand, why would it be
 banned in England?

INT. GARY PAXTON'S OFFICE- INTERCUT

Gary takes the call with his feet up on his desk.

GARY PAXTON
 I don't know, something about it
 being "offensive" to those limey
 fruits. But who cares! "The Mash" is
 unstoppable here. I was even in the
 room when Elvis himself heard it for
 the very first time.

BOBBY
 Really?! What did he think?

Gary thinks to himself.

FLASHBACK- INT. ELVIS' MANSION- NIGHT

Gary and a bunch of party-goers sit in the living room,
 listening to the stereo.

PARTY-GOER
 Hey, Elvis! What do you think of
 Gary's monster tune?

PAN OVER to ELVIS PRESLEY (shot from the back, so his face is
 never seen) who visibly shudders.

ELVIS PRESLEY
 Heck, that's the dumbest thing I ever
 heard!

Gary fake laughs at this as he shakes his head.

GARY PAXTON
 (Murmuring)
 You dumb fucking hick.

END OF FLASHBACK as Gary pastes on his fake smile.

GARY PAXTON (CONT'D)
 Who cares what he thinks?! What
 matters is he knows about it!

NED
 Gary, it's Ned. Is it time that we
 talk about royalties?

Gary takes his phone and walks over to the other side of the room where Lenny sits, bored and angsty.

GARY PAXTON
 We'll straighten that out once you're
 back to record. Lenny's here too. I
 was hoping to hear some demos, but I
 guess he has "writer's block."

CLOSE on Lenny's sunken eyes.

RAPID SERIES OF SHOTS- WHAT LENNY HAS BEEN UP TO.

We see Lenny sleeping, drinking, and partying.

-Lenny flirts with a girl at the bar.

LENNY
 You know the Monster Mash? I wrote it.

She walks away, unimpressed.

LENNY (CONT'D)
 Bitch!

BACK IN THE OFFICE, he stammers.

LENNY (CONT'D)
 I need Bobby in the room with me,
 you know, for chemistry's sake.

Gary shakes his head.

GARY PAXTON
 I don't want to rush you boys, but
 we need this ready to be pressed by
 the end of the month.

BOBBY
 What kind of stuff should we write?

GARY PAXTON

Who cares?! If they like anything else, it's incidental! And since I knew Numb Nuts Capizzi wouldn't have anything to show today, I wrote one to get you started. A little holiday sequel...

He looks down at the sheet music for "MONSTER'S HOLIDAY."

INT. RECORDING STUDIO- NIGHT- SEPTEMBER, 1962.

Gary cues up the music for "MONSTER'S HOLIDAY" which starts with a "Jingle Bells" intro and then transitions to the EXACT SAME MUSIC as "The Monster Mash."

Bobby stands in the booth, giving it his all.

BOBBY

*'Twas the night before Christmas
when all through the castle/my
monsters were having a Yuletide
hassle/The tree was all trimmed in
ghoulish things/like werewolf fangs
and vampire wings!*

Ned stands by Gary, wincing at the terrible lines.

NED

I feel like people are going to realize it's the same exact song.

GARY PAXTON

Trust me, Ned. People don't want something different. They're calmed by familiarity.

BACK UP SINGERS

*It was a monster's holiday!
(X2)*

BOBBY

*And it all ended well... And
Santa was real swell!*

INT. REHEARSAL STUDIO- DAY

As Ned naps in the background, Lenny lazily plunks away on a piano as Bobby writes titles on a CHALKBOARD.

BOBBY

Okay, we have "The Blood Bank Blues,"
"The Sinister Stomp..." What else?

LENNY

I can't believe we have to write
this horseshit.

Bobby turns to Lenny, finally annoyed.

BOBBY

Well... This was all your idea.

LENNY

Yeah, to make a quick buck. I wasn't
interested in making novelty songs a
career. I'm a goddamn artist!

Ned stirs and stifles a laugh at this.

BOBBY

Gary said this is just the first
step.

LENNY

Bullshit! He's wringing everything
he can get out of us before we're
worthless!

NED

You guys are already obligated to
do this. The least you can do is
try to make it somewhat decent.

Lenny throws his hands up. He has no argument.

LENNY

Whatever. Let's just get this done.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO- DAY

Bobby records "**ME & MY MUMMY**," a pleasant if forgettable doo-
wop number that does not sound just like "The Monster Mash."

BOBBY

*I saw the face of the mummy last
night, well-ell-ell!*

Lenny rolls his eyes as he takes a long swig of a beer.

INT. RECORD PRESSING PLANT- DAY

"THE ORIGINAL MONSTER MASH" LP is being pressed.

BOBBY (V.O.)
*I fell in love with this hideous
 sight.*

CLOSE on the very rushed-looking, lame "spooky" album cover.

INT. RECORD STORE- DAY

TIME LAPSE of a number of customers buying the record in a store decorated for Halloween.

BOBBY (V.O.)
*The bandage unraveled/decayed flesh
 I did see...*

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO- EVENING- OCTOBER, 1962.

Bobby and Ned walk onto the set of "AMERICAN BANDSTAND."

BOBBY (V.O.)
*It's just me and my mummy, my mummy
 and me!*

NED
 Wow, it's a lot smaller in here
 than I thought.

K. TERRY, 25, a no-nonsense (and according to Bobby's memoir, *voluptuous*) female executive makes a bee-line for them.

K. TERRY
 Mr. Pickett? K. Terry, Promotions
 for the label. Welcome to "American
 Bandstand."

BOBBY
 Thank you so much for having us,
 Ms. Terry. It's an honor.

K. TERRY
 Congratulations on the album. It's
 one of the highest selling novelty
 records I've ever seen.

BOBBY
 It's a bit silly, I know.

K. TERRY
 Hey, what sells, sells. Let me show
 you to your dressing room.

She guides Bobby to the backstage area.

K. TERRY (CONT'D)
 Oh, and if you can, I'd steer clear
 of Mr. Clark until your performance.

BOBBY
 Oh? Why's that?

They pass by DICK CLARK'S OFFICE, it's door slightly ajar.
 INSIDE, Dick Clark looks over the show's line-up.

DICK CLARK
 Who the hell is Bobby Pickett?

ASSISTANT
 He sings "The Monster Mash?"

Dick Clark shakes his head with disgust.

DICK CLARK
 Jesus Christ. It's official, the
 world has run out of talent.

LATER, with the cameras on and the audience in place, Dick
 Clark turns to the camera with a big smile.

DICK CLARK (CONT'D)
 And now with a fun little number
 that's creeping up the charts, Mr.
 Bobby Pickett!

The crowd cheers as Bobby, in a nice suit, performs "**The
 Monster Mash,**" really hamming it up with facial contortions.

CLOSE on Dick Clark. He looks around at all the teenagers
 enjoying it with a frozen smile masking his clear rage.

INT. SOMERVILLE BAR- CONTINUOUS

A grey-templed Charley Pickett sips a beer as he looks up at
 the TV.

CHARLEY
 Holy shit! That's my son!

An aged BARFLY at the end of the bar also looks up.

BARFLY
 Your son sings that song?

CHARLEY
 Sure does. I taught him everything
 he knows.

The Barfly changes her posture, giving Charley an inviting nod. Charley quickly raises his glass to the TV.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)
Attaboy, kid.

Charley turns back and saunters over to the Barfly.

INT. BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM- LATER THAT NIGHT

As Bobby gets changed, he watches a replay of his performance on a monitor. K. Terry knocks on the door.

K. TERRY
Great job tonight.

BOBBY
Oh, thanks. It's not so hard,
really, just mouthing along.

He points to the monitor, where he mugs and makes far-too-exaggerated faces during his performance.

K. TERRY
Hey why do you do all that weird
stuff with your face? I mean,
you're a handsome guy, but when you
sing you look so... Ugly.

Bobby chuckles.

BOBBY
All part of my little plan.

K. TERRY
What do you mean?

BOBBY
That's to show my versatility. If I
can be ugly singing The Mash, then
when I'm doing more serious work,
out comes the handsome face!

K. TERRY
Hm... So you don't want to sing
monster songs the rest of your life?

BOBBY
God, no! This is just a stepping
stone for me, you know?

K. Terry looks at him, and nods, clearly interested.

K. TERRY
 Maybe you'd want to go over those
 career plans with me? Say, over
 dinner?

As Bobby looks intrigued, K. Terry looks at the monitor where
 he's making a DISGUSTING IGOR FACE.

K. TERRY (CONT'D)
 Provided you never make that face again.

BOBBY
 Only in the throes of passion!

As he raises his eyebrow, she laughs in spite of herself.

INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT- LATER THAT NIGHT

Kelly opens the front door to see TWO NAKED BODIES writhing
 on the couch.

KELLY
 Bobby?

Bobby looks up from kissing K. Terry's neck to look at Kelly.
 She gives him a look of confusion and amusement.

BOBBY
 Oh... Kelly, this is K. K, this is
 Kelly.

K. TERRY
 Oh... Hi...

BOBBY
 I thought you were working tonight.

KELLY
 No. I had my weekly session with
 Desi, but his manager wants him to
 try and reconcile with Lucy.

BOBBY
 Oh, that's nice for them, at least.

Kelly notices Bobby is still thrusting.

KELLY
 Hey, do you think maybe you two
 could stop doing that for a moment?

LATER, Bobby and Kelly sit on opposite sides of the living
 room, both taking in the awkwardness in the silence.

KELLY (CONT'D)
What's going on with us exactly?

Bobby comes and sits down on the couch.

BOBBY
I thought we agreed to not be exclusive. Has that changed?

KELLY
No... I'm sorry, this sounds so silly. Just this weekend I slept with most of the Los Angeles Dodgers.

BOBBY
I'm sure they needed to let off some steam after this season.

Kelly smiles weakly at his joke.

KELLY
But it's kind of weird, caring for someone so much and living the lives we lead, isn't it?

BOBBY
I guess that's what we signed up for.

Kelly stealthily wipes away a tear. Bobby gives her an understanding nod as he puts his arm around her.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I do love you, Kelly. But maybe we both need a little time before we settle down. And if we find each other after that, we'll know for sure.

KELLY
I guess we are still deep in our wild years, aren't we?

Kelly shakes her head with a chuckle.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Why do you always say the exact stupid thing to make me feel better?

Kelly sweetly kisses him. It's clear they feel something, but it's not quite right.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Can I ask you something? It honestly never bothered you, me being with all those men?

Bobby shows a slight pang but quickly shakes it off.

BOBBY

You do what you have to do.
Everybody needs some pocket money.

Kelly, wiping away a final wave of tears, rests her head on Bobby's shoulder as he tries to register the moment.

INT. HOLLYWOOD NIGHT CLUB- NIGHT- OCTOBER 31ST, 1962

Ned leads Bobby up to a classy stage decorated for Halloween.

NED

So you'll be singing live tonight,
if that's alright with you.

He notices a very cute WAITRESS.

BOBBY

Very nice...

NED

This is the band that'll be backing
you. They're called The Beach Boys.

He points to THE BEACH BOYS, in matching striped shirts.
BRIAN WILSON, impossibly baby faced, holds out his hand.

BRIAN WILSON

Pleased to meet you, Mr. Pickett!
"The Monster Mash" is quite a song.
We're honored to play it with you.

Bobby shakes his hand without looking in his direction.

BOBBY

Yeah, great, thanks.

He breaks the handshake and heads straight for the waitress.
As he leaves, fellow Beach Boy MIKE LOVE shakes his head.

MIKE LOVE

Man, what a fucking prick!

LATER THAT NIGHT, Bobby and The Beach Boys play "**The Monster Mash**" for a packed house of people in Halloween costumes.

The Beach Boys' harmonize on the outro and sound truly beautiful as Bobby hams it up as he grunts and growls.

BOBBY
*MASH GOOD! Easy Igor, you impetuous
 young boy...*

He takes a BIG BOW without acknowledging The Beach Boys, who stand in the back, impatient and angry. He looks out into the crowd where Ned, Gary, and K. Terry wildly applauding.

CLOSE on Bobby's satisfied grin. He's made it.

TIME LAPSE OF MONTHS BEING TORN OFF A CALENDAR...

INT. BANK- DAY- MARCH, 1963.

Bobby walks up to a TELLER with a palpable smugness.

BOBBY
 I'd like to withdraw three hundred dollars, please. The name's Bobby Pickett. Yes, that Bobby Pickett.

The Teller sort of registers this.

TELLER
 Certainly, Mr. Pickett.

She checks his account and looks back at him, a bit uneasy.

TELLER (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry, there's only one hundred and fifty dollars in that account.

Bobby squints as if processing this information.

TELLER (CONT'D)
 Did you want to take out that amount?

BOBBY
 No, I'll... Leave it be for the time being.

He gives her a head nod before quickly scurrying for the exit.

INT. TALLYRAND DINER- LATER THAT DAY

Bobby sits across from Ned and a fuming Lenny.

NED

Alright, so here's the deal. We haven't gotten royalty checks from Gary yet. The money we were living off was strictly from the tour.

BOBBY

Is that... Unusual?

NED

How should I know? You're my only client!

Lenny slams his fist down.

LENNY

Goddamnit! I knew it, that little prick is robbing us blind.

NED

We don't know that for certain. Let's just give him a call, and get this straightened out once and for all.

LATER, Ned stands in a phone booth and dials. Bobby and Lenny lean in to listen as the phone rings.

VOICE (V.O.)

We're sorry. You've reached a number that has been disconnected...

BOBBY

Well that's not good, is it?

EXT. GARY PAXTON'S OFFICE- LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Bobby, Ned and Lenny pull up in Ned's car to find Gary starting his car in the parking lot.

BOBBY

Gary, hey!

Gary avoids eye contact and quickly peels out of the lot.

LENNY

After him. Now!

Ned speeds off after Gary's car.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD- CONTINUOUS

Bobby and the boys tail Gary, who swerves from lane to lane.

Eventually, they are side by side stuck at a light. Gary, CLEARLY pissed, hits his steering wheel before plastering on a fake smile and turning to face them.

GARY PAXTON
Boys! What's shakin'?

EXT. ARBY'S ON SUNSET- MOMENTS LATER

Gary makes delighted moans as he eats a gross Arby's sandwich. The other three stand around him with their arms crossed.

GARY PAXTON
Man, I knew Beef and Cheddar were both good but together? Wow!

LENNY
Why were you avoiding us, Gary?

GARY PAXTON
Nobody's avoiding anybody, bub! You simply caught me during a bit of a lunch hankering.

NED
Where's our royalty money, Gary?

GARY PAXTON
It's coming! I'm just waiting for the bean counters sort it out. I'll put a rush on it and get those checks cut tomorrow.

LENNY
Not good enough. I want my money, and I want it now.

GARY PAXTON
You know, you boys are a tad ungrateful. If it wasn't for me busting my ass around town, it'd be you inside that Arby's making these delicious sandwiches.

Lenny swats the sandwich out of Gary's hands.

GARY PAXTON (CONT'D)
Well that's just a waste of food. Chinamen would kill for that!

LENNY

I'll make you a deal. You write me a check now, you never have to deal with me again.

BOBBY

Lenny, what are you talking about?

LENNY

I mean I'm out. I'm done with this monster shit. I need to go make an actual name for myself, and it's not going to be as your shadow.

Gary, now with an evil glint in his eye, reaches into his car's glove compartment and pulls out a checkbook.

GARY PAXTON

You got stones, Capizzi. Here.

He writes a check and hands it to Lenny. Lenny looks at it with a forceful nod.

LENNY

I can live with that.

NED

Lenny, if you take that, then that's it! No more royalties, nothing!

Lenny scoffs as he walks toward the intersection.

LENNY

Ned, no offense, but you should cash out while you can. It was a fun ride, but it's over. Take care.

As Lenny walks away, Gary shakes his head and slowly inches his way back towards the Arby's.

INT. DAN TANA'S RESTAURANT- NIGHT

Bobby looks a bit down while sitting with K. Terry and Ned at a bustling West Hollywood nightspot.

K. TERRY

It's fate, honey. It's telling you it's time to spread your wings and fly as far from that song as you can!

NED

Are you sure that's wise? That song has been the only thing keeping us fed for months.

K. TERRY

Bobby has a career to build here, Ned. He has to prove he's not just a novelty. And the best way to do that is to record some straight songs. Show the world what the real Bobby Pickett sings like.

Both Bobby and Ned look confused by this.

NED

Hang on. You want him to sing actual songs?

K. TERRY

Of course! What else would he do?

BOBBY

I always saw myself as an actor.

K. TERRY

Sweetie, that's not how this business works. Before this town can take you seriously as an actor, they need to take you seriously as a musician.

BOBBY

Hm... I guess that makes sense.

NED

Are you crazy? It doesn't at all!

BOBBY

What do you mean?

NED

Because you're not a musician! Lenny, despite being a stinking drunk, was the one that wrote all the songs.

K. Terry waves this off.

K. TERRY

That's no problem. We have plenty of people to help with that. What do you say, Bobby? Are you ready for your life to truly begin?

Bobby nods, his inspiration returning.

BOBBY
Let's do it!

Ned silently throws his hands up in defeat.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO- DAY- SEPTEMBER, 1963

Bobby takes a deep breath as he stands in front of the microphone. K. Terry and Ned stand behind an engineer.

RECORDING ENGINEER
Okay, "Gotta Leave This Town," by
Bobby Pickett, take one.

NED
May God help us all.

K. Terry slugs Ned on the arm as "**GOTTA LEAVE THIS TOWN,**" a very pompous 60's pop song plays. Bobby bobs his head along, ready to give it his all.

NOTE: HIS REAL SINGING VOICE IS SINCERE BUT TRULY AWFUL.

BOBBY
*Gotta leave this town! Before the
sun goes down! Gotta find my place!
Gotta win the race!*

He makes dramatic fists in the booth, really committing.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
*My hands are sore and my back is
wet. What I'm sweating for I know
I'll never get. Gotta gooooo-0000!*

In the booth, Ned makes a sour face.

NED
"My back is wet?" Good Lord...

K. TERRY
He's finding his footing. Just give
him some time.

LATER, Bobby sings along with a small chorus of cheesy white back-up singers as the song "**GRADUATION DAY**" plays.

CHEESY BACK-UP SINGERS
Graduation...Gradu-AYY-tion...

BOBBY

*It's a time for joy, a time for
tears, a time we'll treasure
through the years.*

The Back Up Singers DROWN OUT his terrible voice.

BOBBY & SINGERS

We'll remember always/Graduation Day!

K. Terry and Ned are both sitting behind the engineer, falling asleep. K jolts awake and gives him a thumbs up.

Bobby looks MISERABLE as he continues this treacly song.

BOBBY

*At the senior prom, we danced 'til
three/and there you gave your heart
to meeeee....*

He looks to the corner of the studio, where **DRACULA, WOLFMAN,** and **FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER** all hang their heads in shame.

INT. RADIO STATION DJ BOOTH- MORNING

Bobby sits next to a BORED DJ as the song fades out.

BORED DJ

That's "Graduation Day" by Bobby Pickett, who's in the studio with us today. Now Bobby, being in the music business, do you ever find yourself bumping into the other Bobby Pickett?

BOBBY

I'm... I'm not sure what you mean.

BORED DJ

You know, that old guy who sings "The Monster Mash?"

Bobby grits his teeth as he leans into the mic.

BOBBY

Actually...
(Karloff Voice)
That is me...

The DJ perks up and roars with laughter.

BORED DJ
Well how 'bout that! Bobby "Boris"
Pickett in the studio! We'll be
right back!

The mics go off and the DJ leans in.

BORED DJ (CONT'D)
Hey, Take it from me, man. Stick to
the spooky tunes. People love 'em!

Bobby looks annoyed as he gives him a nod.

EXT. STUDIO LOT- DAY- JULY 1964

Bobby and K. Terry pull up in a nice convertible to the gate
where the same Security Guard stands.

SECURITY GUARD
Name?

BOBBY
Bobby Pickett.

The Security Guard takes a little too long to find his name.
But soon, the gate opens. Bobby sighs in relief.

K. TERRY
You see? You're legit now.

BOBBY
You really think so?

K. TERRY
Without question. You've got a
resumé now. You're not just some
funny voice. You are going to be a
star, do you hear me?

As they park, she gives him a supportive peck on the cheek.

BOBBY
Thanks... Well, here goes nothing.

He hops out of the car as K. Terry gives him a big thumbs up.

INT. CASTING OFFICE- MINUTES LATER

A CASTING DIRECTOR gives Bobby's resumé a look.

CASTING DIRECTOR
 Okay, Mr. Pickett... Wait, did you
 really sing "The Monster Mash?"

BOBBY
 (Karloff Voice)
 I did indeed!

The Casting Director shakes their head.

CASTING DIRECTOR
 Sorry. This role is for a beach
 hunk, not a... You know, novelty
 monster singer?

Bobby's confidence level plummets in mere seconds as he
 starts to stammer.

BOBBY
 But I'm not just that song. I can
 do other voices too.
 (Bad Surfer Voice)
 Let's catch some rays, dudes!

CASTING DIRECTOR
 ...Sorry, no.

BOBBY
 Please, I know I can do this.

The Casting Director shakes their head again.

CASTING DIRECTOR
 Sorry kid. You're just too weird for
 this part. Thanks for coming in.

An ASSISTANT opens the door for Bobby to exit through. He
 hangs his head down and walks off.

INT. GARY PAXTON'S OFFICE- DAY- SUMMER, 1965.

A frustrated looking Bobby and Ned sit in front of Gary.

BOBBY
 I told you, I'm not doing any more
 novelty songs.

GARY PAXTON
 Oh that's right. I heard your
 little graduation tune. Or what I
 heard before I fucking fell asleep!

Ned chuckles at this. Bobby glares.

GARY PAXTON (CONT'D)

I'm trying to keep you relevant here, bub. You've still got a little name value, why not put it to good use and record another monster song before it's too late?

NED

We could use the money, Bobby. It makes sense. You don't turn your back on the girl that brought you to the dance.

GARY PAXTON

Yeah, you still gotta take her home and give her the fucking business!

Bobby rolls his eyes before letting out a deep sigh.

BOBBY

Fine... What do you want me to do?

Gary stands up with purpose.

GARY PAXTON

The times have changed. It's time for an update...

INT. AMERICAN BANDSTAND STUDIOS- EVENING- HALLOWEEN, 1965

Bobby and K. Terry wait backstage as the stage is set up.

K. TERRY

I really don't know about this. It's such a step backwards.

Bobby turns to face her, looking pretty flustered.

BOBBY

I know it's not ideal, but I need to make some money.

K. TERRY

But I thought you wanted more than this! This town will never take you seriously if you don't stop doing these stupid monster songs!

BOBBY

Well... I--

A STAGE MANAGER comes up to Bobby.

STAGE MANAGER
Okay, Mr. Pickett, places.

K takes his hands.

K. TERRY
I'm sorry. That was unfair of me...
Good luck out there, okay?

She gives him a quick peck. Bobby looks pretty shook up as he walks out to the stage. K's face fill with sadness. She knows what's about to happen.

IN THE AUDIENCE, Dick Clark and a stagehand prepare to shoot.

DICK CLARK
Okay who's next...

He looks down at his notes.

DICK CLARK (CONT'D)
Oh Jesus Christ. Wasn't that song
over and done with years ago?!

The stagehand whispers in his ear.

DICK CLARK (CONT'D)
Yikes... This can't end well.

As he's given the signal, Dick Clark turns to the camera with toothy smile.

DICK CLARK (CONT'D)
Ladies and Gentlemen, here's that
kooky cat, Mr. Bobby Pickett!

The crowd CHEERS as we see Bobby, looking very stiff in his too-tight suit, standing in front of an OCTOPUS MONSTER PUPPET.

BOBBY
*My name is Boris, and back in '62,
the Cryptkickers and I brought the
Monster Mash to you.*

Ned and K. Terry watch the action from behind a camera like it's the last play of the Super Bowl.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
*But now it's a different bag, and
mashing is a drag. When the lights grow
dim... We now do the Monster Swim!*

"THE MONSTER SWIM" plays. It sounds **EXACTLY LIKE "THE MONSTER MASH"** save for some cheesy over-dubbed horns.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
*It's something like the Zombie but
 not so slow/ a lot like the
 Gravedigger but not so low...*

Ned takes a deep breath. Hoo boy, this isn't working.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
*We can't do The Monkey or even The
 Dog, because they've both been
 eaten... By The Blob!*

BACK UP SINGERS (O.S.)
We Do The Swim!

BOBBY
It's a poolside smash!

BACK UP SINGERS
The Monster Swim!

BOBBY
It's bigger than the mash!

Bobby does a TERRIBLE swim dance move. He could not look less comfortable or dynamic.

PAN to the audience of bored looking teenagers, and a devilishly smirking Dick Clark.

DICK CLARK
 (Under His Breath)
 Curtains, my boy. Curtains.

Bobby finishes the song with an endless supply of FLOP SWEAT.

BOBBY
*Mm... Swim good! The Swim is a gas!
 It's better than the mash!*

As the song ends, it takes a moment before the audience politely claps. Bobby takes a bow, his sweat slicking the floor.

He looks over to the monitor. Ned looks embarrassed, while K. Terry is GONE. As stagehands rush in to change the set, Bobby looks up as the spotlight SLOWLY FADES...

EXT. CAPIZZI HOUSE- DAY- FEBRUARY, 1966.

Bobby sits on the porch at a backyard party. The house, once a swinging bachelor pad, is now a sorry shamble.

Lenny and a gaggle of soon-to-be hippies pass a joint around as Bobby nervously tears the label off his beer.

LENNY

Why so glum, Bob-o? I mean, besides being chewed up and spit out by that piece of shit Paxton just like I told you you would!

His friends laugh at this as Bobby looks down, dejected.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Come on, I'm kidding. Here, you need this more than I do.

BOBBY

I don't think one hit will do it.

LENNY

You need something stronger? Hey, Mikesell!

A young, long-haired creep slowly makes his way through the sliding glass door. This is MIKE MIKESELL.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Mikesell here can get you whatever you want. Uppers, downers, mind expanders? He's got it all.

Bobby's eyebrow slowly arches.

BOBBY

Mind expanders?

Mikesell grins as he holds out some sugar cubes.

MIKESELL

LSD-25. You ever done it?

Bobby shakes his head.

MIKESELL (CONT'D)

Allow me to be your guide.

EXT. THE WOODS- MOMENTS LATER

Bobby and Mikesell swallow the cubes in the woods behind the house. Bobby looks himself up and down and shrugs.

BOBBY

I don't think it's working.

MIKESELL
Give it some time.

Bobby sighs and scans the woods. Soon, he sees a shadowy figure hide behind a tree.

BOBBY
What was that?!

Bobby chases the figure. As he looks behind the tree, he sees a **HIPPIE WOLFMAN**, wearing tie-dye. His eyes widen with joy. Mikesell looks on with a grin.

MIKESELL
What do you see?

BOBBY
...It's a Monster Man Jam!

SERIES OF SHOTS- BOBBY TRIPS WITH MONSTERS SET TO "**MONSTER MAN JAM**," his attempt at a 70's rock "Monster Mash."

-Bobby and **HIPPIE WOLFMAN** frolic through the woods.

SINGERS (V.O.)
*It was a Monster Man Jam! On
Halloween Night!*

-Bobby and **HIPPIE FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER** give peace signs.

BOBBY (V.O.)
*A gathering of groovy heads... Out
of sight!*

-Bobby paints a flower on **HIPPIE DRACULA'S** face.

SINGERS (V.O.)
*It was a monster rock fest. A
battle of the bands!*

-As Bobby and Mikesell do more LSD. PAN OUT to see a circle of **HIPPIE MONSTERS** holding hands in a circle around them.

SINGERS (V.O.)
Even the zombies were holding hands!

BOBBY (V.O.)
Far out, man!

A PSYCHEDELIC LIQUID LIGHT SHOW engulfs the picture...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEACH HOUSE- VENICE, CA- 1970

The sun shines in on a bedroom through the blinds. A body rouses. A man with long hair and a beard squints as he rises.

This is Bobby, now in FULL ON HIPPIE MODE.

SUPER: FOUR YEARS LATER...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Mm, good morning, babe.

A hand (with a WEDDING RING on it) strokes Bobby's back. He turns around to see JOAN, his flighty, earth-goddess wife.

JOAN
You're up early.

BOBBY
I've got an early shift today.

JOAN
Drag. Guess it's just me and Jed today.

We hear CRIES from across the room. The camera follows Joan as she goes to a crib to pick up JED, their infant son. Bobby takes this diversion as a way to get out the door.

BOBBY
I'll be back later tonight.

JOAN
Far out.

She waits for a kiss, but Bobby heads out the door. Even for an understanding hippie, she looks dejected.

EXT. ELYSIAN FIELDS NUDIST COLONY- LATER THAT DAY

Bobby (clothed in a groundskeeping outfit) pulls weeds in a garden. He watches some NAKED HIPPIE WOMEN sunbathing nearby. One of them makes eye contact and gives a peace sign.

He raises his eyebrow.

SMASH CUT TO:

LATER, Bobby and the woman lie on a towel, post-sex.

HIPPIE WOMAN
By the way, I'm Ariel.

BOBBY
Hello, Ariel, I'm Bobby Pickett.

INT. MIKESELL'S BEACH HOUSE- DAY- 1970

Mikesell and Bobby smoke a joint in a cluttered but scenic beach house living room. Mikesell reads from a notebook.

MIKESELL
"Somewhere in the ever-present
beauty of your face, I saw an ever-
changing pattern of a never-
ending...Grace."

Bobby attempts to give Mikesell a supportive nod.

BOBBY
(Unconvincing)
Groovy, man. Groovy.

MIKESELL
Hey, shouldn't you be getting back
to your old lady soon?

BOBBY
I don't know... We've been fighting a
lot. To be honest, neither of us
really want to take responsibility
for Jed. It's become a bit of a mess.

Mikesell has taken a huge hit and exhales.

MIKESELL
What's that?

BOBBY
Never mind.

A KNOCK at the door.

MIKESELL
Finally, some customers.

He gets up and opens the door.

MIKESELL (CONT'D)
Harry! Jack! Good to see you boys.

In the doorway stand HARRY DEAN STANTON and JACK NICHOLSON,
young, dashing, and brooding.

HARRY DEAN STANTON
 Always a pleasure, Mikey. Shall we
 do business?

MIKESELL
 Let me get my "briefcase." Take a
 seat, hang with Bobby here.

As Mikesell dashes upstairs, Bobby gives them a Peace Sign.
 Harry and Jack nod to him as they sit on the couch.

JACK NICHOLSON
 So Bobby... What exactly is it that
 you do?

BOBBY
 Oh, a bit of everything I suppose.
 Acting, singing, you know...

HARRY DEAN STANTON
 He sang "The Monster Mash."
 Remember that one?

Jack looks unimpressed.

JACK NICHOLSON
 Yeah... But what do you do?!

BOBBY
 I'm not sure I understand.

JACK NICHOLSON
 What's your fuckin' reason to get
 out of bed in the morning, man?!

Bobby thinks this over, clearly intimidated by Jack.

BOBBY
 ...Women, I suppose.

JACK NICHOLSON
 They've got those in Bismarck, North
 Dakota, man. Why are you here?!

HARRY DEAN STANTON
 Easy, Irish! Give the guy a break.

Bobby stammers as Mikesell rushes in, rolling a big joint.

MIKESELL
 Hey, it's getting heated here. How
 about we smoke up and calm down?

BOBBY

That's alright. I should be going.

He gives the room a nervous nod as he runs out the door. Jack shakes his head as he sinks back into the couch.

JACK NICHOLSON

It's a simple question, man. You gotta be able to answer it! Fuck!

EXT. BOBBY'S BEACH HOUSE- LATER THAT NIGHT

Bobby walks up the path to his front door. He sees Joan inside, watching TV, with Jed playing with toys on the floor. He quickly ducks out of view.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN- MOMENTS LATER

Bobby sits on the beach, taking swigs from a beer. He sees the lights turn off in his house. He finishes his beer and heads up toward his hopefully sleeping family.

INT. BOARDNER'S BAR- AFTERNOON

Bobby sits with Ned, now wearing a drab office drone suit.

BOBBY

I feel like I don't have to ask, but... Any offers?

Ned shakes his head.

NED

I reached out to Gary, but it looks like he switched offices again.

BOBBY

At least he's consistent.

NED

At this point, with the nine-to-five, I don't think I've been much of a manager.

BOBBY

That's okay. I suppose I'm not much of a client. I tell you, these last few years have not been my finest.

NED

I know it's not what you want to hear, but... Maybe it's time to get yourself a job?

BOBBY

I have a job.

NED

Groundskeeping at a nudist colony twice a week isn't quite what I'd call employment.

BOBBY

...Do you think I'll ever be successful again, Neddy?

NED

You already are a success. You've got a wife, a kid. That's most people's definition of success.

Bobby scoffs. The first sign of bitterness we've seen in him.

BOBBY

But that's not what my life was supposed to be.

NED

Well, what do you want it to be?

BOBBY

I don't know, I just... I don't want to know the only significant part of my life is already over.

Ned looks at Bobby. Even with the long hair and beard, he looks small and scared.

NED

Hey, come on. You recorded a hit song. How many schmos from our hometown can say they did that?

Bobby concedes this point.

NED (CONT'D)

In the meantime, maybe the universe is telling you to find another path.

Bobby gives Ned the tiniest grin.

BOBBY

Now who's the hippie?

Ned playfully shoves him as a phone rings behind the bar. The Bartender answers it and turns to Bobby.

BARTENDER
Hey Bobby, you got a call.

Bobby looks intrigued as he reaches for the phone.

BOBBY
Bobby Pickett.

JOAN (V.O.)
(Through Tears)
Bobby... You need to come home...

The brief moment of joy drains from Bobby's face.

EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE- LATER THAT DAY

Bobby pulls up to see POLICE and an AMBULANCE. As he rushes out of his car, he sees Joan to the side, weeping.

POLICE OFFICER
Mr. Pickett, your wife was watching your son play by the beach. She got to talking to someone and lost sight, and Jed... He drowned.

CLOSE on Bobby, completely unable to process the grief.

BOBBY
...Jed is dead?

Both the sound and color fade out of the picture as Bobby hangs his head down. PAN OUT on this devastating moment...

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET- DAY- 1973

A BUSINESSMAN hails a cab, which pulls right up.

SUPER: THREE YEARS LATER...

BUSINESSMAN
Union Station, and hurry.

The businessman looks at the Driver ID: ROBERT G. PICKETT.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)
Heh, Bobby Pickett, like that
Monster Mash guy?!

PAN OVER to Bobby, his face obscured by his tilted scally cap.

BOBBY
 (Slight Karloff Voice)
 Sort of like that...

The car drives off.

INT. TAXI STAND- DAY- 1973

Bobby sits in the break room, eating a banana. He's clean-shaven again, but that youthful spark is gone. His eyes are sunken, like a man twice his age.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
 Pickett! You got a message. Some
 broad named the letter K?

Bobby's eyes bulge at this news.

MOMENTS LATER, Bobby stands at a payphone.

BOBBY
 Been a long time, K.

K. TERRY (O.S.)
 I know sweetie, but you know the
 business. It's peaks and valleys.

Bobby looks down at the scummy floor of the taxi stand.

BOBBY
 I do know, yes.

K. TERRY (O.S.)
 I wanted to reach out when...

BOBBY
 (Batting It Away)
 Yes, yes...

The camera lingers on Bobby's hand. No wedding ring.

K. TERRY (O.S.)
 I was calling with some good news.
 "The Monster Mash" is apparently back
 on the charts.

Bobby looks very confused.

BOBBY
 I'm sorry, I don't understand.

K. TERRY (O.S.)

It usually creeps onto the charts every October, no pun intended. But one of those nostalgia shows picked it up, and now it's one of the most-played songs in the country!

BOBBY

Wow... I had no idea.

K. TERRY (O.S.)

Has Gary reached out about re-release royalties? It could be a nice payday.

Bobby scans the dingy taxi stand, where various drivers eat and nap. One is straight up JERKING OFF on a couch. He turns his attention back to the phone call.

BOBBY

I don't believe he has.

INT. GARY PAXTON'S OFFICE- DAY

A shell-shocked looking Bobby sits in front of Gary Paxton, with his big fake grin and new long sideburns.

GARY PAXTON

Bobby, my prodigal son! Give me a big fucking hug!

Gary gives Bobby a vice-like hug.

GARY PAXTON (CONT'D)

Do you know how rare it is to chart like this twice?! The UK even unbanned it, those little fops, which means sales are going to triple!

BOBBY

About that, I still haven't received the money from--

GARY PAXTON

--I know, I'm a little grub worm! Now let's talk touring. We need to get the you on the revival circuit ASAP.

BOBBY

I don't know, Gary. I'm not sure if I'm up to it right now.

Gary sits on his desk and attempts to look sympathetic.

GARY PAXTON

Hey look, I know. You had some tragedy in your life. And you know what? That stinks! But I think the best remedy for that broken heart of yours is to get back in the spotlight and do what you do best!

CLOSE on Bobby, the gears slowly turning again.

BOBBY

I suppose it could be a nice distraction.

GARY PAXTON

That's the spirit! C'mere!

He holds out his hand for a high five. Bobby half-smiles and slaps his hand.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Bobby sits in a tattered arm chair in his cluttered, hasn't-been-cleaned-in-years apartment.

BOBBY

I know we all have different ventures now, but even so, it could be a good source of income for a couple months. What do you say?

PAN OVER to Ned, in a nice enough suit, looking skeptical.

NED

I suppose I can ask my office for some time off, but... I'm sorry, what's he doing here exactly?

PAN OVER to Mikesell, rolling a humongous spliff.

MIKESELL

I'm Bobby's new manager.

Ned looks simultaneously amused and aghast at this.

NED

I'm sorry, what?

BOBBY

I've divided the responsibilities. You're the tour manager, and Mike is my personal manager.

NED
What's the difference?

MIKESELL
Easy, chief. You work, I play.

NED
I don't think it's any manager's responsibility to "play." Bobby, I want to help, but I'm not going to baby-sit you and a guy you met buying drugs in the woods.

Mikesell coughs on a huge puff of weed. Bobby walks over to Ned and puts his hand on his shoulder.

BOBBY
Ned, please... This could be my last chance to get myself back on track. What do you say, will you help me?

Ned rolls his eyes as he pats Bobby on his arm.

NED
Okay... Okay, I'm in.

Bobby and Ned hug. Mikesell coughs hard in the background.

INT. TV STUDIO- NIGHT

Bobby (looking a little worn down, but fairly content) performs "**The Monster Mash**" for a receptive audience.

BOBBY
*Out from his coffin Drac's voice
did ring/Seems he was troubled by
just one thing.*

PAN THROUGH THE AUDIENCE to see Dick Clark, now with bigger sideburns, silently fuming while holding a microphone.

DICK CLARK
(Muttering)
What is wrong with this country?!

BOBBY (O.S.)
*Whatever happened to my
Transylvania Twist?!*

SINGERS (O.S.)
It's now The Mash!

BEGIN THE MONSTER MASH REVIVAL TOUR MONTAGE

-Bobby, Ned, Mikesell, and a small band lounge in a cramped Winnebago as they cruise down the highway.

-Bobby performs the song to smaller (and older) crowds.

IN NUMEROUS CROWDS, Mikesell happily flirts with a group of girls and nudges them towards Bobby.

-As Ned looks over the itinerary in the bus, we see Bobby and Mikesell hooking up with groupies in the bunks behind him.

Ned tries to jam his ears with earplugs/headphones, but Mikesell's SEX GRUNTS are far too loud.

EXT. TOUR BUS PARKING LOT- LATER THAT SUMMER

As Ned gathers his bags, Bobby emerges from the bus, already way too high.

NED

Alright. Time to head back to the real world.

BOBBY

This was fun though, right? Like old times.

Ned puts on a faux-pleased face for Bobby.

NED

Yeah. Just like old times. Are you going to be okay?

BOBBY

Of course! Mikesell and I have got some big plans. Get ready to see this mug on the big screen, where it belongs!

NED

I hope I do. Good luck out there, Bob.

Ned hugs him, but Bobby is too high to see it's a sad hug. He watches Ned walk off as Mikesell pops up behind him.

MIKESELL

Now that the Professor is gone, what do you say we light up and strategize?

SERIES OF SHOTS- MIKESELL AS BOBBY'S MANAGER MONTAGE

-Mikesell and Bobby sit in a cruddy diner.

MIKESELL (CONT'D)
I got you a part in a movie! It's
called "Chrome & Hot Leather."
Don't worry. It's not a porno.

Bobby looks relieved.

-Bobby looks at listings for acting classes, crossing out the more expensive options.

-Mikesell hands Bobby a script at the beach.

MIKESELL (CONT'D)
My buddy wrote this beach movie,
"It's A Bikini World." Don't worry,
it's not a porno.

-Bobby shows up for a Open Casting Call, the line out the door with younger, more handsome men. He rolls his eyes.

-Mikesell guides Bobby into his living room where a FILM SHOOT is being set up.

MIKESELL (CONT'D)
I told them they could shoot their
movie here if they put you in it,
but um... This one is a porno?

Bobby looks over at the PORN ACTRESS in her bikini...

LATER, Bobby makes out with the actress when a group of ACTORS SPRAYPAINTED GREEN take Bobby away kicking and screaming.

BOBBY
(Karloff-Esque)
Curse you, Horny MoonMen From Mars!

INT. MIKESELL'S HOUSE- DAY- SUMMER 1973

Bobby and Mikesell sit in the living room in a stoned daze.

BOBBY
So I was had this idea for a
musical I could star in. Maybe use
some of the old monster songs for
it. What do you think?

Mikesell lets out a puff of smoke with a shrug.

MIKESELL

I don't know, man. Whatever you want to do.

Bobby looks as concerned as a very high person can look.

BOBBY

I kind of need some help here. The tour money is almost gone, and I need to make rent.

Mikesell thinks far too hard for far too long. Suddenly...

MIKESELL

I've got a friend who's always looking for help with his business. Maybe we could do that until the juices start flowing again?

Bobby is just sober enough to give him a considerable nod.

INT. FROLIC ROOM- NIGHT

Bobby and Mikesell sit at another Hollywood dive with PHIL KAUFMAN, a guy even shadier-looking than Mikesell.

MIKESELL

Bobby, this is my old roommate Phil Kaufman.

BOBBY

Oh, from that house in the valley?

PHIL KAUFMAN

Close. Terminal Island Prison.

Bobby's eyes widen in slight fear as Phil takes out a sheet of paper with extensive plans on it.

PHIL KAUFMAN (CONT'D)

Anyway, you guys will be taking a little trip to Costa Rica.

BOBBY

Costa Rica? For what?

It takes him a moment.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Oh. Oh-- Oh...

MIKESELL

Are we going to need guns?

PHIL KAUFMAN
Are you fucking crazy?! Of course
you'll need guns!

CLOSE on Bobby's nervous, sweaty face.

BOBBY (V.O.)
"Dear Pop..."

EXT. LOS ANGELES JUNKYARD- NIGHT

Mikesell and Bobby buy a busted old Jaguar.

BOBBY (V.O.)
"Things have been slow as of late,
as my royalty checks have been few
and far between."

EXT. U.S. BORDER- DAY

A GUARD stops Bobby and Mikesell's car.

BOBBY (V.O.)
"Luckily, my manager has lined up
some interesting new gigs."

GUARD
What is the nature of your visit?

Mikesell (with his hair pulled back to look semi-presentable)
hands over some false-looking documents.

MIKESELL
Research trip for the UCLA
Chemistry department.

GUARD
Oh I'm sure of that. See you soon,
"Doctor."

Mikesell gives Bobby a too enthusiastic thumbs up.

EXT. COSTA RICA- DAY

Bobby and Mikesell slowly drive down a VERY seedy street.

BOBBY (V.O.)
"First up is a holding share in an
up and coming courier business."

Bobby makes eye contact with a disgruntled LOCAL, who gives him a THROAT SLIT motion.

BOBBY
Could you perhaps drive a bit faster?

EXT. SEEDY COSTA RICAN MOTEL- NIGHT

Bobby sits nervously in the car outside, watching Mikesell shake hands in the window of a side room.

BOBBY (V.O.)
"It's not the most glamorous job,
but it is allowing me to explore
this great hemisphere."

Mikesell comes running out with a suitcase as a TERRIFYING FAT MAN runs after him with a gun.

MIKESELL
Go! Go!

Bobby shifts the car into Drive. Mikesell leaps into the car as SHOTS ARE FIRED, just missing them.

BOBBY (V.O.)
"And of course, it's nice to have some
pocket money to spend on my dates."

INT. COSTA RICAN WHOREHOUSE- NIGHT

As a glum-looking Bobby gets a BLOW JOB, a naked Mikesell walks over with his naked ESCORT.

MIKESELL
Bobby, this is Lucelena and...
Well, we're getting hitched!

EXT. COSTA RICAN WHOREHOUSE- THE NEXT MORNING

Bobby and Mikesell load vials of COCAINE into the gas tanks.

BOBBY (V.O.)
"I do miss the creative life though,
and hope to get back to it soon."

EXT. U.S. BORDER- DAY

Bobby and Mikesell stand nervously at the BORDER, where the same guard inspects every inch of their car.

GUARD

No, there has to be something.

He checks the backseat once more. He backs out of the car and turns to face them with a scowl on his face.

GUARD (CONT'D)

...You're free to go.

Bobby and Mikesell both let out INTENSE SIGHS OF RELIEF.

GUARD (CONT'D)

I wish I could arrest you for that.

INT. PHIL KAUFMAN'S GARAGE- NIGHT

Bobby and Mikesell watch Phil's crew disassemble the tanks.

BOBBY (V.O.)

"Hopefully this time next year, I'll be back on top again! Love, Bobby."

Phil twists open the plastic tubes to pour the cocaine on his kitchen table. He sniffs the air.

PHIL KAUFMAN

This shit smells like gas. Why is my stuff soaked with gas?!

BOBBY

Well... It has been in gas tanks for a couple days now?

Phil glares at him.

EXT. PHIL KAUFMAN'S GARAGE- MOMENTS LATER

Bobby and Mikesell walk out, upset.

BOBBY

How were we supposed to know the vials we used weren't strong enough?

MIKESELL

Don't worry. We'll do better next time.

Bobby turns to Mikesell in disbelief.

BOBBY

Next time?

RAPID SERIES OF SHOTS- BOBBY AND MIKESELL'S ADDITIONAL TRIPS

-As Bobby and Mikesell drive back and forth across the border, we see them make various drops and deals.

Bobby watches Mikesell snort HEROIN while driving. He looks oddly fine with it.

Bobby snorts more and more of the product. As he does, the Customs Guards, Dealers, and Locals morph into **WOLFMEN, VAMPIRES,** and other **MONSTERS.**

As he has sex with another Costa Rican prostitute, he looks down to see she's become a disgusting rotting **MUMMY!**

He screams and leaps off the bed.

INT. BOARDNER'S- NIGHT

Ned sits next to a very jittery looking Bobby. Ned looks to be silently processing information.

NED

...A Costa Rican drug runner?

BOBBY

I... Well... You make it sound worse than it is.

NED

Jesus, man...

BOBBY

It's fine! We can't even go back to that town. It burned to the ground.

Ned hangs his head down on the bar.

NED

Bobby, I know you've had a rough go of it, but even you have to see how dangerous and stupid this is.

BOBBY

I know it's stupid, but... What else am I supposed to do?

NED

Anything! Literally anything else but get involved in this!

BOBBY

Give me a break, Neddy. It's not like the last decade has been particularly kind to me.

NED

I know that, but you can't keep using that as an excuse! Sometimes I feel like... Like luck ruined you before you ever had a chance to figure yourself out.

BOBBY

If I had luck, I wouldn't be where I am right now.

NED

You had a number one song within a year of living here and you can't even sing! That's dumb luck! But you when you don't work at it, luck just runs out. It's like, you never learned how to struggle.

Bobby looks away, hurt and offended.

BOBBY

I haven't learned how to struggle? I've been broke for most of my adult life, I'm divorced, my son... Do not tell me I don't know how to struggle!

NED

But you don't! Whenever things get tough, you just look the other way.

BOBBY

I'm just doing whatever I can until I catch the next break.

NED

You've caught every break you can get! The breaks have never been the problem. You can't just keep waiting on people to take care of you.

Bobby stammers, looking down angrily at his drink.

NED (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but I can't spend my off-hours trying to help you re-launch this dream because I feel bad for you. You don't even know what your dream is anymore. And... Maybe you never did.

Bobby looks very wounded by this as Ned looks at his watch.

NED (CONT'D)
 I have to get up early tomorrow, so
 I'm going home. I suggest you do
 the same. Goodnight, Bobby.

Ned exits as we see Bobby in the reflection of a mirror
 behind the bar, faded and old, angrily downing his drink.

INT. MIKESELL'S HOUSE- DAY- 1975

Bobby packs a bag as Mikesell knocks on his door.

MIKESELL
 Where are you going again?

BOBBY
 Visiting some family back home.

MIKESELL
 Wanna do some work while you're there?

BOBBY
 Sure. Where would I be performing?

Mikesell tosses him a bag of weed.

MIKESELL
 If you can move this weed, it could
 fund your whole trip.

Bobby looks down at the weed with a sigh.

BOBBY
 Fine... How much should I--

He looks up to see Mikesell in his doorway INJECTING HEROIN.

MIKESELL
 What's up now?

Bobby looks at the bag of weed.

BOBBY
 I guess it's really not that much.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SOMERVILLE COUNTY JAIL- NIGHT

Bobby stands behind bars, clearly very embarrassed as a
 LAUGHING COP shakes his head.

LAUGHING COP

I gotta tell you, pal. We've been running that sting for months, but nobody ever falls for it.

Another cop dressed like a HIPPIE joins him at the cell, taking off his very phony-looking wig.

HIPPIE COP

I can't believe someone finally fell for Hippie Johnny! Everyone here owes me five bucks!

As Bobby hangs his head down, the first Police Officer looks over his file.

LAUGHING COP

Wait... Bobby Pickett... As in--

BOBBY

--Yes, "The Monster Mash."

LAUGHING COP

I was gonna ask if you were related to Charley Pickett.

Bobby blushes, mortified, as he nods yes.

EXT. SOMERVILLE COUNTY JAIL- LATER THAT NIGHT

Charley, looking old, bloated and frail, walks a miserable-looking Bobby out of the jail.

BOBBY

Pop... I'm so sorry.

Charley looks at his son and gives him a forgiving grin.

CHARLEY

Come on, ya vagrant. Let's get a drink.

Charley sweetly puts his arm around Bobby as they walk.

INT. SOMERVILLE BAR- LATER THAT NIGHT

As Charley sinks a beer, Bobby forlornly stares down his glass.

CHARLEY

So you got pinched. Big deal.
You're lucky it was here and not
while you were plugging them Costa
Rican whores.

Charley marvels at the thought of these women.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Spanish women... Hell, the most
exotic chick I ever banged was a
Jew broad from Natick.

He looks at Bobby, who is wiping tears from his eyes.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Hey, don't start bawling in here. The
clientele would not approve.

BOBBY

I'm sorry... Maybe this is sign. That
it's time to grow up and move on.

Charley comes over and puts his arm around his son.

CHARLEY

Son... That's horseshit. When I got
married to your mother, I thought my
best days were behind me. I was dead
fucking wrong.

He motions to himself. He's a mess, but his confidence almost
convinces us otherwise.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

I know you've had a shit storm rain
down on you. I mean, for Crissakes, I
never even got to meet my grandson,
the little guy...

Charley sucks up an emotional pang and puffs out his chest.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

But in the end, that makes you
bulletproof! You're really gonna
give up now after you've made
yourself indestructible?

Bobby's head nods are becoming more and more confident.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Trust me, son. As long as you've got
that Pickett Charm, you can do
anything you want!

Bobby smiles through the pain as he holds his beer up.

BOBBY
 ...To the Pickett Charm!

They clink bottles as Charley checks out a YOUNG BARFLY.

CHARLEY
 Speaking of which, I'm going to go
 use it on that choice cut over there.

Bobby takes another look at her.

BOBBY
 Hey, I know her. We went to middle
 school together.

CHARLEY
 Welp, better I nail her now rather
 than then, am I right?!

He slaps Bobby on the shoulder before heading over. Bobby
 watches his father hit on his old classmate with a smile,
 not absorbing any of the grossness around him.

We hear the faint sounds of shimmery DISCO MUSIC...

EXT. FANCY ROOFTOP PARTY- NIGHT

SUPER- NEW YORK CITY- FOUR YEARS LATER...

As a bunch of DISCO DANCERS take the dance floor, Bobby,
 looking old but refreshed, flirts with a YOUNG INGENUE.

YOUNG INGENUE
 Wow, that was you? I thought the
 guy that sang that was like seventy-
 five or something!

BOBBY
 (Laying On The Karloff)
 Au Contraire. That was me...

YOUNG INGENUE
 So what are you doing here?!

BOBBY
 I'm starting over. Los Angeles was
 nice, but New York has given me a
 fertile new creative ground.

Bobby puffs out his chest like his father and beams.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I actually just finished writing my first musical, which should be on Broadway in no time.

YOUNG INGENUE

Wow! Is there a role for me?

Bobby hesitates to answer while maintaining a cocky smile.

BOBBY

Perhaps we can do a private reading later this evening.

Bobby and the Ingenue look around at the party, which seems to be breaking up. He raises his mischievous eyebrow.

EXT. PARTY APARTMENT- MOMENTS LATER

Bobby leads the Ingenue over to a parked limousine.

YOUNG INGENUE

Wow, how fancy!

Bobby smirks as he puts on a DRIVING CAP and opens the back seat door for a group of partiers. The Ingenue's face falls.

YOUNG INGENUE (CONT'D)

Wait... You're the driver?

BOBBY

Yes, but don't worry, all their stops are on our way! Now come, your chariot awaits!

She looks at him with a definitive look of pity.

YOUNG INGENUE

Um... I'm going to... Bye.

She runs off just as his passengers pile in, ready to keep the night going. Bobby sighs and gets into the driver's seat

INT. LIMO- LATER THAT NIGHT

As passengers drink, snort coke, and make out in the backseat, Bobby drives in the front, sad and alone. "**MAKIN' IT**," a peppy disco classic, comes on the radio. Bobby starts bobbing his head to the music, getting his spark back.

He looks back at the back seat to see DISCO-FIED versions of **DRACULA & FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER. THE WOLFMAN**, in "SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER" garb, gives Bobby a little disco hand-shimmy.

Bobby grins once again as he focuses back on the road.

INT. TINY NEW YORK THEATER SPACE- DAY

Bobby inspects the space with the THEATER OWNER, who is wholly uninterested in Bobby.

THEATER OWNER
So what's your show again?

BOBBY
It's a horror musical about two lovers who stumble upon a haunted castle, and after the bridge goes out, they have to spend the night.

THEATER OWNER
And what's it called?

Bobby beams proudly.

BOBBY
"I'm Sorry, The Bridge Is Out...
You'll Have To Spend The Night!"

THEATER OWNER
You know that's not going to fit on the marquee, right?

Bobby stops in his tracks. He hadn't thought of that.

EXT. TINY NEW YORK THEATER SPACE- NIGHT

CLOSE on MARQUEE: **BOBBY "BORIS" PICKETT IN "I'M SORRY..."**

INSIDE THE THEATER, we see Bobby onstage dressed as a Mad Scientist, guiding TWO YOUNG ACTORS on-stage.

MALE ACTOR
Hi, we were wondering if we could use your phone?

Bobby mugs shamelessly to no response.

BOBBY
(Karloff Voice)
Oh I'm sorry, the Bridge is out...
You'll have to spend the night!

A SMALL BAND plays the **TITLE SONG**, which again, is 100% real. As Bobby bobs along, actors in cheap DRACULA, FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER, and WOLFMAN costumes dance around them.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

*I'm sorry, the bridge is out.
You'll have to spend the night! No
ferry, no other routes, no planes,
no trains, no flights!*

PAN OVER to the six or seven audience members in the shadows.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

*You're welcome to stay as long as
you please, and we'll find a way to
put your mind at ease!*

Bobby and the other Monsters form a lazy kick line.

BOBBY & THE MONSTERS

*But you'll have to spend. Yes
you'll have to spend! Yes you'll
have toooo spend theeee nighttttt!*

They mug in their final positions.

BOBBY & THE MONSTERS (CONT'D)

We're sorry, the bridge is out!

END OF MUSIC. The faintest of polite applause.

FEMALE ACTOR

...Did they say spend the night?

MALE ACTOR

You heard them... The bridge is out.

EXT. THEATER- LATER THAT NIGHT

Bobby, looking fairly disappointed, exits with his props.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Say, weren't you in The Cordials?!

Bobby turns around to see KELLY, twenty years older, but still sly and youthful.

KELLY

Got time for a moonlit stroll with
an old flame?

LATER, Bobby and Kelly happily stroll down a side street.

KELLY (CONT'D)

So you actually wrote that whole thing yourself?

BOBBY

I had some help, but yeah. I figured, I'm in my forties, maybe it's time to apply myself.

Kelly laughs at this as she grips onto his arm.

KELLY

I'm surprised. I thought you'd be in Los Angeles forever.

BOBBY

Too many bad memories there now.

KELLY

I hear you. By the end of the sixties, I had gone right off the deep end. So I ended up here, met my husband, even changed my name.

BOBBY

To what?

KELLY

Mona. I think it suits my mystique, don't you think?

BOBBY

Quite... "Mona..."

KELLY

My husband loved Mona... Until he found out about Kelly and her "Wild Years." He left shortly after that, leaving this old Hollywood whore to a fate worse than death.

BOBBY

What?

KELLY

A life in Westport, Connecticut.

Bobby laughs, mocking shock.

BOBBY

Oh dear God... The horror!

KELLY

If you're not busy tomorrow night,
maybe you could come visit?

BOBBY

That would be lovely, but I have to
work.

KELLY

Doing what exactly?

BOBBY

(Slightly Embarrassed)
I'm a chauffeur for Lucky's
Limousine Services...

KELLY

Hmm... Do you think I could sweet
talk Lucky into rerouting you?

She squeezes his hand. Bobby smiles and squeezes back.

ESTABLISHING- KELLY'S HOUSE- NIGHT

A far too fancy mansion with Bobby's limo parked out front.

INT. KELLY'S BEDROOM- CONTINUOUS

Bobby and Kelly lie half-naked in bed, holding each other.

KELLY

That was the most action this house
has seen in years.

BOBBY

I forgot how fun that is with you.
Truly you are one of the greats!

Kelly laughs and nuzzles closer to Bobby.

KELLY

This makes sense, doesn't it?

BOBBY

What do you mean?

KELLY

You and me, together again. Sometimes
I think of the person I was twenty
years ago, and I can't even believe
that was me!

(MORE)

KELLY (CONT'D)

But then, here you are, someone that went through the same things, who understands me.

CLOSE on Bobby, getting nervous.

BOBBY

...Sure...

KELLY

And now that I have this house... We could finally have that life we thought about all those years ago.

BOBBY

Kelly... I don't think I can do that.

Kelly turns to him, squinting as if she misheard him.

KELLY

...Why?

BOBBY

I can't just throw everything away. I still have a career.

KELLY

Bobby... You've never had a "career." You've lived off of one song you did two decades ago.

BOBBY

I know it doesn't make much sense. And you're a wonderful woman, but... That settled life, I don't know if I can ever do it again.

Kelly sits up in bed and keeps her distance from Bobby.

KELLY

Bobby, you don't get it. This is your chance. Please don't be too proud. We could be very happy!

Bobby tries looking at her, but looks away, ashamed.

BOBBY

I'm sorry... I-- I can't. I wish--

Kelly, through a wave of tears, points to the door.

KELLY

You should go.

Bobby sadly nods and slowly slips out of her bed.

KELLY (CONT'D)
I really hate to think of where
you'll be the moment you realize
what you gave up. Goodbye, Bobby.

As Bobby goes to say one more thing, he can't find the words.
A TINNY, cheap-sounding 80's RAP BEAT starts up...

INT. SHODDY RECORDING STUDIO- DAY

Bobby, looking more hopeless than ever, stands in front of a
microphone as a bored engineer cues up "**THE MONSTER RAP.**"

SUPER: THE EIGHTIES...

BOBBY
(Very Poorly Rapping)
*Still working in the lab, late
these nights/My eyes grown used to
eerie sights/I've created a monster
who can dance and walk/but I
couldn't teach him how to talk.*

He's giving it his all, but it's a tuneless disaster.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
(Igor Voice)
*Master get hip! Don't be a sap!
Teach the creature to Monster Rap!*

Bobby does a very square dance along to the chorus.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
*You gotta... Shock the body!
Shock the body body! Shock the body
body shock! URGHHHHHHHH!*

Bobby catches his breath. CLOSE on his graying temples, as he
holds his weary head.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET- DAY- WINTER- 1988

Bobby dons a PAPER HAT while manning a HOT DOG CART.

BOBBY
Best dogs in town! Two bucks!

A CUSTOMER approaches.

CUSTOMER
One with extra sauerkraut.

BOBBY
Right away, sir.

As Bobby gets the hot dog ready, "**KOKOMO**" by THE BEACH BOYS plays on his transistor radio. The customer bobs his head.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
They're good men. I know them, we played a show together years ago.

The Customer looks at him, confused.

CUSTOMER
What?

BOBBY
...That'll be two bucks.

The Customer nods as Bobby hands over the hot dog.

INT. BOBBY'S NEW YORK APARTMENT- LATER THAT NIGHT

Bobby enters his barely furnished apartment to hear his phone ringing before it goes to his answering machine.

BOBBY (V.O.)
This is Bobby Pickett. Leave a message, or face the ghoulish consequences!

BEEP.

CHARLEY (V.O.)
Hey kid... It's the call nobody wants to make...

INT. HOSPITAL- THE NEXT DAY

Bobby walks down the hall. He looks in one room and sees **DRACULA** and **WOLFMAN**, hooked up to IV's, looking very sickly.

Across the room, a priest reads **FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER** his LAST RITES. Bobby holds his hands to his face, shaking it off.

CHARLEY (O.S.)
There he is.

Bobby looks in the room to find Charley sitting in his bed. It's clear he doesn't have long. He gives Bobby a weak grin.

BOBBY

Hey Pop...

Bobby comes and sits at the foot of his bed.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

So what's the prognosis?

CHARLEY

They found a whole mess of stuff.
It's not gonna be too long...

Bobby sadly nods as he takes Charley's hand. Charley leans in, as if to whisper words of wisdom.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

You know... My nurse has got a pair
of tits that'll pop your eyes out!

Bobby laughs with tears in his eyes as Charley wheezes.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

I'm glad you're here, kid. It gets
a little lonely. You end up
thinking too damn much.

Charley gazes out the window with a wistful smile.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

I'm proud of you, Bobby. Always
have been.

BOBBY

There hasn't been much to be proud
of lately.

CHARLEY

Never underestimate that Pickett
Charm, my boy. It'll work its magic
again, sooner or later.

A NURSE with large breasts walks past the doorway. Charley nudges Bobby.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

See what I mean?

Bobby laughs. Charley smiles as he looks up to the sky.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

I'm the goddamn father of Dracula!

Bobby laughs as he squints, trying to process this.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)
I think the morphine has kicked
in... I love you, kid.

Bobby wipes away a few tears.

BOBBY
I love you too...

He holds Charley's hand as they stare longingly out the window.

EXT. CEMETERY- DAY

Bobby and a small group of mourners watch as Charley's casket is lowered. As the crowd disperses, Bobby stands alone, his head bowed down.

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS SUBURBS- DAY- 1991

Bobby strolls down a quiet street in a coat and scally cap.

SUPER: MARCH, 1991

He passes by a GOLF COURSE with a COURSE SUPERINTENDANT WANTED sign hung by the entrance. He raises his eyebrow.

VOICE (O.S.)
And what experience do you have?

INT. GOLF COURSE OFFICE- MINUTES LATER

Bobby sits across from the GOLF COURSE MANAGER.

BOBBY
Let's see. I've been a driver, a groundskeeper, an international courier. Also I was a professional singer and actor for thirty years.

The Manager writes all this down without any emotion.

GOLF COURSE MANAGER
Can you drive a cart?

BOBBY
...Yes, I believe I can.

SERIES OF SHOTS-BOBBY THE WORKING MAN

-Bobby shags balls in a golf cart on the driving range.

-Bobby happily picks up litter around the clubhouse.

-Bobby polices the course on his cart, very much in charge.

-Bobby eats lunch and holds court with his co-workers.

-As Bobby drives back to the clubhouse, a man in the distance waits for him.

As he drives closer, it's clear who the old man waving at him is. Bobby smiles, tears in his eyes.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Neddy...

EXT. CLUBHOUSE PATIO- MINUTES LATER

Bobby and Ned sit at a patio table, sipping Budweisers.

NED

Seems like you're doing well.

BOBBY

I am. Having a concrete place to be every day, an actual job, not just for pocket money... It suits me more than I ever thought it would.

NED

I bet you miss the groupies though.

BOBBY

(Grinning)

You haven't met Mrs. Henderson...

He points to an OLD WOMAN on the driving range, who gives Bobby a flirty wave. Ned laughs as he shakes his head.

NED

So did you hear about Gary Paxton?

BOBBY

No. What happened?

Ned lets out an evil little chuckle.

INT. NASHVILLE STUDIO- DAY- 1987

An older (but no less weaselly) Gary Paxton argues with a COUNTRY SINGER.

NED (V.O.)

He moved to Nashville after he ran out of people to screw over in LA.

GARY PAXTON

Your check is being cut as we speak, bub! So ease up on this country bumpkin shit and relax!

EXT. NASHVILLE STUDIO- NIGHT

Gary sneaks out of the studio with a sly smile on his face.

NED (V.O.)

I guess he tried skipping out with some country singer's royalties. But they handle things a bit differently down there.

IN THE SHADOWS, A man waits with a GUN. BAM! Gary goes down with a BULLET IN HIS BACK.

BACK AT THE GOLF COURSE, Bobby's jaw drops.

BOBBY

Dear God, is he dead?!

NED

No, somehow he lived. But I guess he finally got some payback. Which is why I'm here today.

BOBBY

What are you talking about?

Ned pulls out a folded piece of paper.

NED

Some kid reached out to me thinking I was still your manager. Apparently the "Mash" recording was sold off, and the new label wanted to get in touch with you regarding some "exciting opportunities."

Bobby's eyes momentarily gleam, but he waves this off.

BOBBY

I don't know. I believe that life is finally behind me now.

NED

Even so, you should give them a call. Sounds like it could be some real money. And I don't mean Gary's table scraps, I mean real money.

Bobby laughs, almost in disbelief.

BOBBY

How much blood could possibly be left in that little stone, anyway?!

NED

Are you kidding? How many Christmas songs are there, hundreds? How many Halloween songs can you name off the top of your head? It's the National Anthem of Halloween, my friend. Like it or not, it's not going away.

Bobby takes this in as Ned looks out at the golf course.

NED (CONT'D)

Wow, did Mrs. Henderson just unbutton her blouse a bit?

Bobby gives Ned his old mischievous eyebrow raise.

INT. AGENT'S OFFICE, NEW YORK- DAY- SPRING 1992

Bobby sits across from STUART, an excited young agent.

STUART

Mr. Pickett, were you aware that your old contract forbid the licensing of "The Monster Mash?" That means all the movies and shows that wanted to use your song were automatically denied.

BOBBY

No, I-- I had no idea.

STUART

Anyway, now that we're in charge, we've amended that, and the results have been very fruitful...

He slides a check across the desk.

STUART (CONT'D)

Here's a taste of your future.

Bobby's jaw drops at the sight of the check.

BOBBY

...Is this real?

STUART

Yep. Every Halloween special, commercial, hell, any baseball team that wants to play it on the organ, they're paying top dollar!

BOBBY

Wow. This was very needed. Thank you, Stuart.

STUART

Don't thank me just yet. Do you know how many people have been trying to book you lately?

BOBBY

Book me?

STUART

Sure! Horror conventions, nostalgia tours, state fairs. They're foaming at the mouth! I don't know who your last manager was, but they did a pretty lousy job keeping you working.

BOBBY

I suppose between getting me gigs and heroin, he chose heroin.

Stuart nods, not missing a beat.

STUART

Anyway, there's a Golden Oldies tour this fall. And they want Bobby "Boris" Pickett to make his triumphant return to rock and roll!

Bobby nods excitedly but nervously.

BOBBY

I'm not sure I can tour at my age.

STUART

That's what makes this so sweet. You go onstage, sing the song, bow, and you're done. We're talking three minutes of work a night!

Bobby looks down at the schedule, and back up at Stuart.

STUART (CONT'D)

What do you say, Bobby? Are we in business?

Bobby shakes his head, letting out a stunned little chuckle.

EXT. STUDIO LOT- DAY

Bobby and Stuart pull up to the gate, where a YOUNG SECURITY GUARD immediately and happily waves them through. Bobby looks behind him at the gate with tears in his eyes.

INT. GOLDEN OLDIES STAGE- DAY

Bobby and Stuart wait in the wings as cameras are set up. Bobby dons a WHITE LAB COAT, with some fake blood stains. He looks at his reflection in the mirror.

BOBBY

This is so strange.

STUART

What's that?

BOBBY

For the first time, I actually look old enough to sing the song.

Stuart pats him on the back.

STUART

Well get ready. This special is going to put the tour on the map!

PAN OVER to OLDER DICK CLARK, going over cue cards in front of the camera.

DICK CLARK

So join us on a trip to yesteryear, featuring Tiny Tim, Mickey Dolenz, and Bobby...

He glares at the cue card.

DICK CLARK (CONT'D)

You have got to be fucking kidding--

SMASH CUT TO:

Dick Clark onstage, with his patented aged fake smile.

DICK CLARK (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen, Bobby Pickett!

BEGIN BOBBY'S THIRD CHANCE MONTAGE SET TO "THE MONSTER MASH"

- Bobby performs for a small but appreciate Oldies audience.
- Bobby sings at a Horror Convention to an army of costumed fans.
- Bobby and TINY TIM, ukulele in hand, joke as they do a sound check at a state fair.
- Bobby performs onstage at the fair. His hamminess and age finally intersect to a perfect Mash performance.

END OF MONTAGE

EZT. SPOOKYWORLD AMUSEMENT PARK- NIGHT- FALL 1995

Bobby, in his bloodied lab coat (now with a toy spider attached), eats a corn dog and fries at a picnic table.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Mr. Pickett?

Bobby turns around to see NANCY, 30's, an earthy young woman.

NANCY
I just wanted to say great show.

BOBBY
Oh, thank you. It's always a good time performing at fine horror establishments such as Spookyworld!

Nancy nervously chuckles.

NANCY
I'm Nancy. Nancy Joy.

BOBBY
Nice to meet you, Nancy. I'm Bobby Pickett, and this is my faithful pet, Igor.

He reaches into his pocket, and soon the toy spider on his shoulder starts moving back and forth.

NANCY
Is it... May I sit down?

Bobby motions for her to join him.

NANCY (CONT'D)

This is sort of a weird question
but... Is it possible you were in
Seattle thirty three years ago?

Bobby scrunches his face as he thinks this over.

BOBBY

I believe I was touring around
there at the time...

He looks at Nancy, who is now blushing.

NANCY

Um... So, I was given up for
adoption. And this year, I was able
to find my birth mother...

FLASHBACK- INT. SEATTLE HOUSE- EARLIER THAT YEAR

Nancy sips tea in the living room with JUDY, 50s, a woman
with a familiar face.

NANCY (V.O.)

She was overjoyed to meet me...
Until I asked who my father was.

CLOSE ON JUDY, TERRIFIED.

FLASHBACK SHOT OF JUDY AS THE FANGIRL BOBBY SNUCK OUT ON.

BACK TO JUDY IN 1996, taking a big gulp of tea.

JUDY

Um... And please do not judge me
for this... Do you know the song
"The Monster Mash?"

EXT. SPOOKYWORLD AMUSEMENT PARK- NIGHT- 1996

Bobby looks absolutely stunned as Nancy finishes her story.

NANCY

So, pending a blood test... I'm
kind of your daughter?

Bobby rises to his feet, stammering.

BOBBY

Nancy... My God, I-- This is so
unexpected...

ELVIRA, MISTRESS OF THE DARK enters from the stage door and walks in between Nancy and Bobby's moment.

ELVIRA, MISTRESS OF THE DARK
Ugh, that walkaround Beetlejuice
just tried to nuzzle my tits!

BOBBY
Elvira, could you give us a moment?

Elvira nods and snickers.

ELVIRA, MISTRESS OF THE DARK
Boy, Bobby, I guess you're never
too old to seal the deal.

She saunters back to the stage door.

BOBBY
What do we do now?

Bobby and Nancy look at each other with widening smiles.

INT. NANCY'S HOUSE- LATER THAT YEAR

Nancy opens the door to Bobby holding a bottle of wine.

NANCY
You made it! Kids, he's here!

She takes Bobby by the arm as her HUSBAND emerges from the living room with TWO CHILDREN.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Bobby, this is my husband Dave, and
our kids, Jordan and Olivia.

Bobby and Dave shake hands as Jordan tugs on his shirt.

JORDAN
Did you really sing "Monster Mash?!"

Bobby does his eyebrow raise and gets down close to Jordan.

BOBBY
(Karloff Voice)
I don't just sing it, my boy. It
was my creation!

Jordan giggles as Olivia hides behind Nancy.

OLIVIA
Mommy, New Grandpa is scary!

CLOSE on Bobby, practically melting by being called "Grandpa."

LATER, as Nancy and Dave clear the dinner table, Bobby plays with Jordan and Olivia in the living room.

BOBBY
(Monster Voice)
URRGHH! Jordan and Olivia good!

He lurches towards them in play-attack mode. The kids cackle and scream as their parents watch happily from the dining room.

EXT. NANCY'S FRONT PORCH- LATER THAT NIGHT

Bobby and Nancy sip wine as they sit on a porch swing.

NANCY
The kids love you. It's so nice to
have a new member of the family.

Bobby looks away, briefly overcome with emotion.

BOBBY
You know, I thought after Joan and
Jed, I'd never have a family again.

Nancy lovingly holds his hand.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
And then, by being an irresponsible
idiot, look what I end up with.

Bobby happily shakes his head.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
My whole life, everything I've had, all
because of one half hour in 1962.

NANCY
Pretty impressive if you ask me.

Bobby laughs.

BOBBY
Well here's to stumbling into more
good fortune than I ever deserved.

They clink their glasses.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TINY STUDIO- DAY

A DIRECTOR and ENGINEER set up a shitty computer microphone.

SUPER: OCTOBER, 2004

ENGINEER

Okay, Bobby, we should be ready to record in just a second.

WIDEN to reveal Bobby, old and weak-looking, but happy, sitting next to them as he gives them a nod.

BOBBY

By all means, take your time.

DIRECTOR

Thanks so much for doing this. Your voice will really give us a boost.

BOBBY

It's my absolute pleasure.

DIRECTOR

You must get pretty tired of singing this all the time, huh?

BOBBY

Oh not at all. Sure, if you told me forty years ago that I'd still be singing this tune in the twenty first century, I would have laughed you out of the room! But I'm glad I get to do it. Some people never get to do anything.

DIRECTOR

Yeah... So do you want to try a take?

BOBBY

Let's do it.

DIRECTOR

Okay! Bobby "Boris" Pickett, "The Climate Mash," take one!

They cue him in, and a very poorly synthesized version of "The Monster Mash" start playing.

They point to him, and he excitedly gets into it.

VIDEO: GODAWFUL FLASH ANIMATION VIDEO FOR "THE CLIMATE MASH," FEATURING AN ANIMATED GEORGE W. BUSH PLAYS OVER THIS.

BOBBY

*We were hiking past the White House
late one night/when our eyes beheld
an eerie sight/ The President
appeared with folks very strange,
the zombies and vampires of Global
Climate Change!*

SINGERS (V.O.)

The Climate Mash! (X4)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

*They're doing the Climate
Mash/Real science is
bash/solutions are trash/And
they do it for the cash!*

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT- DAY

Bobby and Ned, both old and weak but well-dressed in suits, sit in Bobby's modest apartment as they watch the terrible "Climate Mash" cartoon

NED

I officially take back anything bad
I ever said about "Graduation Day."

They both chuckle as Bobby clicks out of the video.

BOBBY

I'm so glad you could make it down
for this. It means the world.

NED

Of course, pal. How could I miss it?

BOBBY

It's funny, in the grand scheme of
things, no matter the fights, the
lack of funds...

NED

The South American drug runs...

Bobby laughs and shakes his head.

BOBBY

Even through all that, you were
always there for me.

Ned gives Bobby's hand a loving squeeze.

NED

What do you expect? Somerville
Schmos stick together.

Bobby looks over to Nancy, also well-dressed in the hallway.

NANCY

Dad? Are you ready to go?

Bobby reaches for his bloodied lab coat and turns to Nancy.

BOBBY

Indeed I am.

EXT. SOMERVILLE TOWN CENTER- NIGHT- HALLOWEEN, 2004

THE MAYOR presents a plaque to Bobby, now wearing his lab coat over his suit.

THE MAYOR

In honor of his graveyard smash, we would like to present Bobby "Boris" Pickett with this stake to the city!

The crowd APPLAUDS as Bobby holds up the plaque. In the crowd we see Ned and Nancy alongside her family, applauding wildly.

BOBBY

I'd like to thank the Mayor here, for digging me up to accept this great honor. And now, if you don't mind, I'd like to perform a little medley of my hit.

The crowd politely laughs as a band dressed as monsters sets up onstage.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

This is a song that Elvis Presley, the King himself, once called the dumbest thing he'd ever heard.

The crowd laughs hard at this.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(Karloff Voice)

So if you're out there listening tonight, Elvis... I'm still here!

BIG LAUGH as the Monster Band kicks into "The Monster Mash."

As Bobby sings "The Mash," we see a **SCROLLING TEXT**:

Bobby Pickett died on April 25, 2007, of complications from Leukemia. He remained close to Ned and his newfound family until the day he died.

"The Monster Mash" continues to return every October, making it one of the most successfully charting songs of all time.

To this day, no other song has come close to taking its title as the National Anthem of Halloween...

ONSTAGE, Bobby finishes "The Mash" to WILD APPLAUSE.

In the crowd, old aged versions of **DRACULA, WOLFMAN, and FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER** cheer.

Frankenstein's Monster wipes a tear from his eye.

Bobby gives them a mischievous eyebrow raise as we

FADE TO BLACK.