

What the Heart Wants

By

Collin Gossel

The epic tale of vulnerable creatures throughout the universe trying to find themselves in time for Kettering Senior Prom 2016.

Starring: Addie Weyrich as Demon 1, Dancer 1 (Hype Man),  
Nancy

Brandon Zelman as Tanner, Father, Mind-Man, Virgin  
Collin Gossel as Fear-King Dumont, Bearded Man, Randy, Phil  
Dan Titmuss as Chipper the Fisherman, Rocksburg, Mother  
Mike Gulotta as Brent, Dancer 2 (demonstrator), Rich  
Patrick Mahaney as Demon 2, Daryl  
Rosie Cardozo-Weingarten as Dr. Ferris, Child, Woman

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FEAR-KING DUMONT, THE SUPERNOVA ORGASM FURY-LORD

INT. HELLSCAPE - INFINITE NIGHT

Lights snap on. Sound: fire, explosions, distant screams. A CHAIR sits downstage left. Two DEMONS wearing black stand stage right in a line, hunched and squirming, wearing smiles of malevolent joy. DEMON 1 steps forward.

DEMON 1

All hail Fear-King Dumont, The  
Supernova Orgasm Fury-Lord!

FEAR-KING DUMONT enters, screaming and wearing black, his hair disheveled, blood stains on his hands and face.

ALL DEMONS

(chanting)

Fear-King Dumont! Fear-King Dumont!

Fear-King Dumont loses his fucking mind, ripping off his shirt before licking a member of the audience. The demons cheer as he approaches and slaps them each in the face.

FEAR-KING DUMONT

(high, screeching)

We have done well today, brothers  
and sisters! The rivers of the west  
run thick with blood! Now leave me!  
I must plan tomorrow's horrors!

ALL DEMONS

Hail, Fear-King Dumont, The  
Supernova Orgasm Fury-Lord!

The Demons screech and prance off the stage, biting a single audience member as they go.

Fear-King Dumont writhes malevolently for another moment before looking around and slowly letting his face fall into melancholy. Sliding into the chair, he pauses, then adjusts his hair as if looking into a mirror.

FEAR-KING DUMONT

(regular voice)

I wish I could go to the Prom.

Dumont stares dolefully before taking a deep breath.

FEAR-KING DUMONT

Everyone goes to the Prom.

After another pause, Demon 1 screams into the room. Dumont leaps out of the chair, tearing at his hair.

DEMON 1

My apologies for the disturbance,  
sire!

FEAR-KING DUMONT

(screeching)

Never you mind! The fires of hell  
will reign down upon God's forests!

Both cackle uncontrollably. Fear-King Dumont grabs a prop sword from backstage and cuts his own tongue. Then, the pair forcibly feed the droplets of blood to an audience member.

DEMON 1

Lord, King Dumont! I come to report  
we have swayed a dozen new souls to  
our cause!

FEAR-KING DUMONT

Excellent! The air will be poison,  
none shall breathe without the icy  
grip of fear in their hearts!

Demon 1 howls with joy and exits, but not without pouring a bucket of prop fish on that same first audience member.

The instant the door closes behind Demon 1, Dumont's arms sink to his sides. He walks over to his chair and stares once more. He pushes up his cheeks.

FEAR-KING DUMONT

I mean, I'm cute. I'm not like,  
hot, but I'm cute.

Dumont pauses.

FEAR-KING DUMONT

Chad's not going to ask me though.  
Everyone loves him.

Suddenly, DEMON 2 runs in, scratching at the walls. Fear-King Dumont throws the chair to the ground. With anger, Dumont grabs a stuffed animal from backstage, rips it limb from limb with his teeth, and rubs the remains all over his body. He then retrieves a cup from backstage, puts a bunch of the stuffing into it, and drinks some. Demon 2 yelps with continued fear.

FEAR-KING DUMONT

How dare you disturb me?! What is  
the meaning of this?!

DEMON 2

(cowering)

My apologies, Dark Master Fear-King  
Dumont, The Supernova Orgasm  
Fury-Lord. I come to report a  
victory!

Pause.

FEAR-KING DUMONT

(calmly)

That sounds good. Go ahead.

DEMON 2

We've bathed an auditorium full of  
children in unholy acid!

FEAR-KING DUMONT

HaHA! Well-Done! Tell me, Demon,  
what was this dance like?

DEMON 2

Oh, so very disgusting! Melodies  
were played, streamers hung from  
vaulted ceilings, each pathetic  
dirt-monkey costumed in bright  
flowing garb!

FEAR-KING DUMONT

I wish I could have been there.

DEMON 2

(supportive)

Haha! Ha! What?

FEAR-KING DUMONT

To see their eyes widen with the  
knowledge of their approaching  
deaths!

DEMON 2

Oh yes, of course! Of course,  
Fear-King Dumont, the Supernova  
Orgasm Fury-Lord.

FEAR-KING DUMONT

Were there any survivors?!

DEMON 2

One, sire! I will fetch him!

FEAR-KING DUMONT  
 (as screechy as possible)  
 Excellent!

Fear-King Dumont hears Demon 2 to the door and closes it behind him. He leans against the door and begins stroking his wrist.

FEAR-KING DUMONT  
 (sadly)  
 A corsage.

Demon 2 and an OLD FISHERMAN burst through the curtain dragging a YOUNG MAN. After they slam him on the ground, the old fisherman retreats backstage.

FEAR-KING DUMONT  
 And who is this?!

DEMON 2  
 Sire, we've captured this fugitive from the adolescent dance and brought him here for your torture.

FEAR-KING DUMONT  
 Very well! What is your name, human?

BRENT  
 Brent.

FEAR-KING DUMONT  
 Ahh...yes...a good name. A very cute name. Like one of those glamorous youths on The OC.

DEMON 2  
 (a little uncertain, but trying to hide it)  
 Oh yes! Your name pleases Fear-King Dumont, mortal.

FEAR-KING DUMONT  
 Tell me, scum - have you ever seen this face?

BRENT  
 Uh...no.

FEAR-KING DUMONT  
 (as if joking)  
 Well, what do you think of it?

Demon 2 laughs.

BRENT  
 ....what do you mean?

FEAR-KING DUMONT  
 Say, if you had to rate it on a  
 hotness scale from 1 to 10, where  
 would it fall?

BRENT  
 Uhh...I...well, I don't know.

DEMON 2  
 Tell The Fury-Lord how hot he is,  
 worm!

BRENT  
 Well...I dunno, I guess you're  
 alright.

Dumont bellows into the sky. Demon 2 follows suit, somewhat  
 uncertainly.

FEAR-KING DUMONT  
 Even worthy of being...your Prom  
 Queen, perhaps?

BRENT  
 What?

DEMON 2  
 Tell our unholy Lord if he would be  
 Queen of Prom, Brent!

BRENT  
 I mean, we already have a Prom  
 Queen.

FEAR-KING DUMONT  
 Who?

BRENT  
 Suzie Campbell.

FEAR-KING DUMONT  
 (normal voice)  
 What, that stuck-up bitch?!

Lighting shift: Red-heavy, low. Music: The Prom Theme, a  
 slow, beautiful melody filled with melancholy. Onscreen:  
 "What the Heart Wants" slowly materializes, followed by the  
 subtitle "A Prom Story" while set changes.

## LOVING BURGLAR

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lights: Dim, intimate, white. SR doorknob jiggles. After a click, the door opens and TWO MEN wearing ski-masks creep onstage. A phone sits on a table against the wall. Several chairs are situated SL as if looking towards a television. SR, the other chairs sit at a table. Looking around, the men take off their masks.

TANNER

We've only got a few minutes before  
the alarm system reboots.

DARYL

I'll hit the living room.

TANNER

Right.

The pair separate and begin stuffing things into their bags.

DARYL

Oh my god.

TANNER

(startled)

What?

DARYL

This lady has every AC/DC album.

TANNER

(relieved)

Oh, cool.

DARYL

I love AC/DC.

TANNER

Yeah, sweet. Grab the blu-ray  
player.

Daryl makes his way to the blu-ray player.

DARYL

Oh, no way.

TANNER

What now?

DARYL

She's been watching MASH. You know that's my jam.

TANNER

That's great, Daryl, take the MASH and let's go.

DARYL

Of course. Just a really cool lady. What'd you say she does?

TANNER

I feel like you're losing focus here. Listen, that's a nice blu-ray player. Get it. I'll check the kitchen.

The men continue ransacking. When Tanner opens the SL door, a fisherman is backstage pulling up a net of prop fish. Tanner continues without noticing.

DARYL

Jackpot.

TANNER

What'd you find?

DARYL

She's a red head. PLUS her closet is filled with stylish pant-suits: color-coordinated, bought within the last year. This lady means business.

TANNER

Ok, so what's it mean?

DARYL

It means she's a keeper.

TANNER

We are robbing her, Daryl. I don't think it's meant to be.

A phone rings on the wall. Both look at it. Then, almost without thinking, Daryl picks it up.

TANNER

(whispered)

What are you doing?!



DARYL

I need to know more about her!

Tanner gestures desperately for Daryl to put the phone down.

DARYL

Hello? Yeah, sorry, Hannah's just went off to the bathroom - I'm her friend...Daryl. But hey, just between you and me, she's about to win an award at work. I'm putting together a presentation - how would you describe Hannah?

Tanner is exasperated.

DARYL

Patient, extroverted, good good. What...a bit of a slob?

(skeptical)

I don't know, her place seems clean enough for me. How many kids does she dream of having? Never mind that part.

TANNER

(whispered)

Get off the phone! Get off the phone right now!

DARYL

Listen, Justine, I can hear her coming back. What? Of course - next time! Bye!

Daryl puts down the phone.

TANNER

(shouted)

What is wrong with you?!

Daryl shushes Tanner.

DARYL

I've made contact with her parents and they've invited me to dinner. They seem really nice.

TANNER

I don't care how nice they are. I don't care how nice she is. All I care about - all you should care about - is where she keeps her valuables.

DARYL

Listen, dude. Don't take this the wrong way: you're a great robber but sometimes you can be really shallow.

TANNER

Whatever! We've got what we came for, now let's go.

Tanner begins walking out. Daryl turns towards the audience.

DARYL

No. I'm gonna wait for her to get home...and introduce myself.

TANNER

Oh really? Like "Oh, hi, I was rooting through your belongings, absconding with anything of value when I noticed you have the most beautiful blue eyes."

DARYL

It's a meet-cute.

TANNER

It most certainly is not. How cute will it be when you're arrested? How will falling in love feel behind bars, Daryl?

Daryl pauses.

DARYL

Fine. But before we go, I'm going to do something for her.

TANNER

Great, light a candle. Sweep the kitchen. I don't care, just make it quick.

DARYL

I will build her a model ship.

THE HULA HOP #1

Music: The Hula-Hop, a pre-recorded line-dance. Lights: bright, pulsing colors. While the set is being changed, two DANCERS with giant smiles enter. They pull up several audience volunteers. One dancer demonstrates the moves while the other, a Hype-Man, entices the volunteers to join in.

## HULA-HOP RECORDING

OHHHH we're gonna need a couple  
dancers to help us out for this  
one! Who wants to dance? Come on  
up! That's right, here we go!

ALRIGHT EVERYBODY, STAND ON UP  
THERE'S ONE GOOD WAY TO STAY ON TOP  
LISTEN TO THE MUSIC, LET IT DROP  
AND NOW YOU'RE DOIN' THE HULA-HOP!

PUT ONE HAND OUT IN FRONT OF YOU  
THEN SHAKE IT UP AND DOWN  
KICK IT ONCE WITH EITHER LEG  
THEN DROP AND TURN AROUND!

In the audience, a man sits with a large, fake beard.

NOW SEE THAT SLEEPING BEARDED MAN?  
SNEAK RIGHT UP TO HIM!  
STEAL HIS FANCY LEATHER WALLET  
OUT FROM RIGHT UNDER HIS CHIN!

LOOK THROUGH IT, TAKE THE CASH  
DUMP THE PICTURES OF HIS CHILDREN!  
DO A SQUARE DANCE WITH YOUR PARTNER  
AND PEACE OUT OF THE BUILDIN'!

Music fades. Dancers leave stage.

TEEHO THE GOBLIN MAN

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Lights: an even blanket of blue-tint. A cross-legged  
BUSINESSMAN sits SR, busily rifling through his papers. He  
touches an imaginary intercom.

ROCKSBURG

Linda, could you send in my next  
appointment?

LINDA

(god-Mic)

Right away, Mr. Rocksburg.

ROCKSBURG

Too loud, Linda.

LINDA,

Sorry.

A bespectacled female SCIENTIST enters, SL, with a huge  
amount of confidence. She immediately strides over to  
Rocksburg and shakes his hand eagerly.

FERRIS

Thank you for meeting with me today, Mr. Rocksburg. I have several new designs I'm sure you'll want to invest in.

ROCKSBURG

Well, let's see what you have to offer. Whenever you're ready.

While Rocksburg was speaking, Ferris has plugged a flash drive into the "computer". A powerpoint presentation titled "Changing the World" appears on the screens.

FERRIS

As you know, deforestation is a huge problem in the global community.

Ferris presses her clicker, moving the powerpoint to a picture of trees being cut down.

FERRIS

BUT what if every tree in our endangered rain-forests were implanted with a series of bio-electric sensors which could detect unnatural disturbances to an organisms living cycle.

Onscreen picture: a tiny microchip is attached to a tree. A lumberjack approaches to cut it down.

FERRIS

Once we're aware of the deforestation's location, we can take steps to prevent it. We'll immediately dispatch Teeho the Goblin Man to the GPS triangulated location to resolve the issue.

Onscreen: Teeho, a man dressed in a green wig and tight, neon clothes, attacks the lumberjack.

FERRIS

I project an almost instantaneous increase in atmospheric oxygen levels and decrease in greenhouse gases.

ROCKSBURG

(confused, but straightforward)  
Wait just a second.

FERRIS  
What's the problem?

ROCKSBURG  
I love saving the rain forests. I  
wasn't such a fan of - who was it?  
- Teeho the Goblin Man?

Pause.

FERRIS  
How do you mean?

ROCKSBURG  
(reasonable)  
Well I've never heard of Teeho the  
Goblin Man and I'm not sure what  
exactly he is.

FERRIS  
No environmentalists in here, I  
see! Perhaps you'll take the threat  
of gun violence a little more  
seriously.

Onscreen: a small man walks alone down an alleyway. A big  
man steps out of the shadows and fires a gun.

FERRIS  
Imagine if, using data accrued from  
all available technology, we could  
determine who was about to be the  
victim of a shooting.

Onscreen: the small man sits at his desk, doing paperwork.

FERRIS  
With the huge amounts of  
information now available online,  
it could be possible to predict a  
shooting even hours in advance.  
From there, it's simply a matter of  
sending Teeho the Goblin Man to  
give you one of my patented  
bullet-proof undershirts, leaving  
the threat of violence nullified  
before it ever occurs.

Onscreen: Teeho the Goblin man runs into the office and  
wrestles a vest onto the small man, causing mayhem.

ROCKSBURG  
Ok, what the hell is this?

FERRIS  
I know. Many may see the program as a gross invasion of privacy. A worthwhile risk, in my opinion, to save countless lives.

ROCKSBURG  
There's no way you honestly think that's my problem with the presentation.

FERRIS  
Well then what?

ROCKSBURG  
Teeho the Goblin Man!

FERRIS  
Oh, has he been in both of them so far?

ROCKSBURG  
Stop that! You know he has been!

FERRIS  
Alright, fine! I'll admit it!

Ferris pauses. Rocksburg looks on expectantly.

FERRIS  
I want to be Teeho the Goblin Man. I hope you'll understand that.

ROCKSBURG  
I still don't even know who Teeho the Goblin Man is! What's he doing - what's his purpose? Why are we sending him to assault strangers in an office?!

FERRIS  
Nuclear waste is a problem no one seems to have an answer for.

ROCKSBURG  
Jesus Christ!

Onscreen: several bins marked "radioactive".

FERRIS

Creating nuclear power leaves behind radioactive material which, left unchecked, could yield catastrophic effects on the surrounding population.

Onscreen: A truck drives up to several guards.

FERRIS

I've designed a process which will convert the dangerous radioactive material into safe, inert metals like iron.

ROCKSBURG

I'm sure.

FERRIS

(casually)

It's simply a matter of collecting the radioactive waste from temporary holding sites across the country and transporting them to my laboratory.

Ferris quickly clicks through pictures of the process. She passes a picture of Teeho driving the truck.

ROCKSBURG

Wait, stop!

FERRIS

What?

ROCKSBURG

Was that Teeho the Goblin Man driving the truck?

FERRIS

It couldn't be.

Ferris rewinds the powerpoint, but this time a regular man is driving the truck.

ROCKSBURG

Oh, sorry, I beg your pardon.

FERRIS

Not at all. As I was saying, once we've collected the materials and finished the relaxation process, Teeho the Goblin Man will bathe in the waste.

Onscreen: Teeho the Goblin Man bathing in a vat.

ROCKSBURG

What?! Why?

FERRIS

Safety purposes.

ROCKSBURG

Oh come on, Professor!

FERRIS

(suddenly irate)

What?! WHAT?! Do you have a problem with my dreams, Mr. Rocksburg? I'm sorry if you've never had dreams! I'm sorry if my dreams are "weird" or "unacceptable" and the only way I can bring them to life is by working them into plans to help the whole world.

ROCKSBURG

Professor, I respect your dreams, but I can't in good conscience make a multi-billion dollar investment in an idea which, from what I understand, revolves around you dressing up as a goblin man and bathing in nuclear waste.

Tense pause.

FERRIS

Fuck you.

THE HULA HOP #2

The beat blares. Same lighting and staging as Hula Hop #1. As set changes, Dancers pull up the same audience volunteers.

HULA-HOP RECORDING

AHA! THAT'S RIGHT, WE AIN'T DONE  
GET READY FOR VERSE TWO!  
YOU CAN'T STOP GETTIN' DOWN  
TIL' THE HULA-HOP IS THROUGH!

TURN REAL SLOW TO THE RIGHT  
SWING A CLUB LIKE JOHNNY CARSON  
CHA-CHA DEEP INTO THE NIGHT  
AND ALSO COMMIT ARSON.



Backstage, seen through the curtain, a FATHER, MOTHER, and CHILD sit down for dinner. The dance leaders supply materials and entice the volunteers to do everything that's being described.

DOUSE THE PANELING WITH GASOLINE  
AND PLANT SOME SMALL EXPLOSIVES  
DROP A LIT MATCH ON THE GROUND  
THEN SHAKE A LEG IN HEARTY DOSES

Lighting shifts to red. Fire sounds. Family tries to escape.

THE FLAMES FLY HIGH INTO THE NIGHT  
ALL YOU LADIES, GIVE A SHOUT!  
YOU'VE ALREADY NAILED ALL THE DOORS  
SO THE FAMILY CAN'T GET OUT!

The family falls to the ground. The doors and curtains shut so you can't see them.

FLESH IS BURNING, DON'T LOOK BACK!  
THE COPS ARE ON THEIR WAY!  
YOU'RE REALLY NAILING THE HULA-HOP  
WHAT MORE IS THERE TO SAY?!

THE HYPNOTIST

INT. STAGE - EVENING

Lights: Heavy white CS, shadowy wings. Sitting center, a WOMAN, eyes closed, imitates a chicken. MIND-MAN, standing SL, snaps. The woman's eyes fly open, and she looks down at herself as if unsure what she's doing.

WOMAN

What happened, Mind-Man?

MIND-MAN

The power of hypnotism happened!  
Ladies and gentlemen, give her a  
round of applause!

The young lady returns to her seat confusedly.

MIND-MAN

Could I get another volunteer from  
the audience? Hmm, how about you  
sir? That's right, come on up! Give  
him a hand, ladies and gentlemen!

A snarky MAN goes up on stage and waves back to his friends.

MIND-MAN

Take a seat right here, sir! What's  
your name?

RANDY

Randy.

MIND-MAN

Well, Randy, I want you to look at my finger as I count down from 3. Ready? 3, 2, 1.

Mind-Man snaps. Randy suddenly sits upright, eyes closed.

MIND-MAN

Now, Randy, you are completely under my control, correct?

RANDY

(in a trance)

Yes, Mind-Man.

MIND-MAN

Prove it! Tell us a secret from your life!

RANDY

I like the feel of women's underwear.

MIND-MAN

(laughing)

Is that so? Well, Randy-

RANDY

I wait until my wife goes to work and I dress in her clothes.

MIND-MAN

Take it easy, Randy.

(laughing, to audience)

Looks like Randy had to get something off his chest, folks. Randy, enough about that. Tell me-

RANDY

I have regular sex with a man who found me on a cross-dressing site.

MIND-MAN

Oh wow. Ran-

RANDY

I believe I have contracted the HIV virus, but I can't tell Jennifer because she would take the kids if she left me.

MIND-MAN

Randy, look me in the eye, I'm  
going to count back up to 3 ready  
1, 2, 3!

Mind-Man hastily snaps. Randy flashes back to normal.

MIND-MAN

Randy, go ahead and take your seat.

RANDY

Sure, whatever.

A gnarled old fisherman, sneaking over a chair in the audience, falls onstage then scurries back into the shadows.

MIND-MAN

Just a small speedbump, ladies and gentlemen. Could I have another volunteer from the audience? You there, come on up!

A WOMAN steps up from the audience.

MIND-MAN

What's your name?

NANCY

Nancy.

MIND-MAN

And you don't mind being hypnotised, Nancy?

NANCY

Not at all. I've got nothing to hide.

MIND-MAN

Excellent, you know the drill. 3,  
2, 1!

Mind-Man snaps.

MIND-MAN

Alright, Nancy, just to make sure you're under, how old are you?

NANCY

I abandoned my child on a stranger's doorstep.

MIND-MAN  
 (pointing to eyes)  
 Nancy, right back here!

NANCY  
 I think about her every day.

MIND-MAN  
 1, 2, 3!

Nancy comes back to life.

MIND-MAN  
 Go ahead and take your seat, Nancy!

Nancy confusedly heads to her seat.

MIND-MAN  
 Listen, I don't know what kind of  
 joke someone's trying to pull, but  
 alright! You got me. I'd now like  
 to ask for an audience volunteer  
 who doesn't have any dark or  
 terrifying horrors happening in  
 their life. Earlier, I made someone  
 act like a chicken. That's a  
 classic. The evening is supposed to  
 be funny. Light. Anyone? You sir?  
 Come on up.

A jovial MAN takes the stage.

MIND-MAN  
 What's your name?

RICH  
 (kind as can be)  
 Rich. I killed my ex-wife Cheryl  
 with an axe.

MIND-MAN  
 Damn it, Rich! Take your seat!

Rich goes back to his seat. Mind-Man gestures at PHIL, a  
 random audience member.

MIND-MAN  
 Listen, I've got this great bit  
 where I hypnotize someone to dance  
 like Madonna. Wouldn't you like to  
 see that, sir?

PHIL

Once, when I was drunk, I gave a dog a handjob.

MIND-MAN

Oh dear. Look, whoever's in the booth, do you think we could get a quick intermission?

GRIFFIN

(god-Mic)

I took a shit on a newborn baby because it wouldn't stop crying.

MIND-MAN

Well, oh my. What about you, sir, what's your name?

DARYL

Daryl.

MIND-MAN

Ok, Daryl, anything you want to admit?

DARYL

The woman I love doesn't even know I exist.

MIND-MAN

Well that's not so bad. Do you work together?

DARYL

I robbed her house.

MIND-MAN

Oh, come on, Daryl!

DARYL

But I love her! It's true!

MIND-MAN

(much calmer)

Well listen, Daryl. Sometimes love isn't a fairy tale.

Music: Prom 2016 theme plays quietly on piano.

MIND-MAN

Sometimes it's messy. Sometimes it's strange. I'm in no position to tell you what works and what

(MORE)

MIND-MAN (cont'd)  
 doesn't. I have chlamydia. But I do  
 know this - if you don't give it a  
 shot, it will never happen. You  
 have to put yourself out there. Put  
 it all on the line. Tell her how  
 you feel so you can move on - one  
 way or the other. Do you  
 understand, Daryl?

HULA HOP #3

Same staging as first two Hula Hops. As dance progresses,  
 Hype-Man may whisper instructions to volunteers.

HULA-HOP RECORDING  
 HEYA! WE'RE BACK FOR ANOTHER ROUND!  
 YOU KNOW WHAT WE HAVE TO DO:  
 (Satanic voice)  
 SUMMON THE DARK LORD!

DANCE AND STUFF  
 THEN DRAW A PENTAGRAM ON THE GROUND  
 WHILE YOU DO THAT, I'LL WAIT  
 ...  
 GREAT!

The dancers entice the volunteers to do all of this with  
 paper and chalk from backstage.

NOW ACT LIKE YOU'VE GOT ANTS IN  
 YOUR PANTS  
 AND DO A LITTLE MONKEY DANCE!  
 AND SACRIFICE THIS VIRGIN!

The dancers drag a VIRGIN and a fake knife onto the stage.

HULA-HOP RECORDING  
 TAKE THE KNIFE MADE OUT OF RAM HORN  
 SOAKED IN THE BLOOD OF A GOAT  
 AND CUT THE VIRGIN UP AND DOWN  
 FROM THE NAVAL TO THE THROAT!

WE'LL WAIT!  
 ...  
 GREAT!

NOW REPEAT AFTER ME!  
 (deep, possessed voice)  
 SIT DOMINUS INTER NOS OBSCURUM  
 POTESIT CADERE SUB CIVITATIS ACR!

VERY GOOD, REAL NICE JOB!  
 HUMANS, EARTH, AND FUNGUS!

(MORE)

HULA-HOP RECORDING (cont'd)  
 THE END OF DAYS IS NEAR AT HAND!  
 THE DARK ONE WALKS AMONG US!

Thunder roars over the beat. Fear-King Dumont enters, drops a jello mold on the audience member tormented earlier, leaves.

The Hula Hop continues to play. Lighting morphs into:

PROM

INT. FIELD HOUSE - EVENING

Lights: Wide, white. A punch bowl is set up SL. A banner hangs on the back wall: KETTERING SENIOR PROM 2016. Dr. Ferris, dressed casually, stands by the punch bowl all alone. The two Hula-Hop dancers grab some cups and bop their way over to downstage right.

Suddenly, Daryl bursts through the door, SR.

DARYL

Hey! Lady!

All eyes swing toward Daryl. RECORD SCRATCH for a solid 10 seconds. After several moments of silence:

FERRIS

Me?

DARYL

Yes, you! I have to tell you something now, before Prom is over!

FERRIS

Uh, what?

DARYL

I love you. It's true. I love the way you never wear your expensive jewelry. I love the way you trust the world enough to leave your doors unlocked. I love the way you have expensive televisions. I may have stole your stuff, but you stole my heart.

FERRIS

Are you the guy who stole my stuff?

DARYL

It doesn't matter anymore! I may just be a regular old career criminal, but if you agree to be with me, I can make your life the most magical adventure you've ever known.

FERRIS

What are you talking about?!

Daryl goes down on one knee, holds up a ring.

DARYL

(desperate)

Please.

FERRIS

You can't just spring this on me - at Prom - and expect me to love you back. No, robber man-

DARYL

Daryl.

FERRIS

I can't be with you. I have dreams.

Rocksburg strides in.

ROCKSBURG

Wait!

FERRIS

Rocksburg, what are you doing here?

ROCKSBURG

There is no Rocksburg.

Rocksburg rips off his jacket to reveal he is the gnarled Old Fisherman. All gasp in surprise.

DARYL

Why, it's Chipper, the gnarled old Fisherman!

CHIPPER

That's right. And though you haven't noticed, I've been watching all of you. It's time to stop pretending to be something you're not. This man loves you. He's bore his soul's truth unto you. If you

(MORE)



CHIPPER (cont'd)  
 want a chance at finding happiness,  
 you have to meet him half-way. Tell  
 him your dreams.

Ferris slowly turns towards Daryl.

FERRIS  
 I want to meet a man who orders too  
 much food. Who likes going new  
 places without a plan. I want to  
 live in a white house just big  
 enough for the two of us, a baby,  
 and Teeho the Goblin Man, and a  
 dog. The summers will be much too  
 hot, the winters far too cold, but  
 we'll all be happy together. And  
 the clouds will seem like they  
 never end.

Daryl stands in silence for several seconds.

DARYL  
 There was a thing like right in  
 there.

FERRIS  
 That's my dream.

DARYL  
 Who's Teeho the Goblin Man?

FERRIS  
I'm Teeho the Goblin Man!

Ferris takes Teeho's wig out of her bag and puts it on.  
 Everyone gasps. One person throws a bunch of sparkles on  
 that same poor audience member.

FERRIS  
 Listen, if you wanted to leave now,  
 I would understand. I know this  
 isn't what any man would want -  
 especially at the Prom. I've just  
 always felt this way and -

Daryl kisses Ferris straight on the mouth. Applause. She  
 then pushes him away. The applause abruptly stops.

FERRIS  
 You robbed my house!

## CHIPPER

Excellent. Just as the prophesy foretold. Now, as a gnarled old Fisherman, I've been around the entire world and crossed into several hyper-dimensional states of being. During my travels, I met a man in a sea of fire. He may not be as beautiful as some, or as stereotypically feminine, but he has a big heart, and twice the passion of any I've yet laid my old eyes upon. He posses an almost fiery charisma and wants more than anything to be Prom Queen. I can think of no individual more worthy of that honor. And so, by the power invested in me by Neptune, God of the Sea, I hereby decree this year's Prom Queen shall be...Mind-Man!

Mind-Man emerges from the curtains wearing a dress and tiara, holding a bouquee, and crying. People stand up and cheer, whistling and throwing flowers. Music plays. Cheering, the crowd lifts Mind-Man onto their shoulders and exits house left.

## MIND-MAN

I have Chlymidia!

As the group disappears, the music fades. The stage is left empty. Suddenly, Fear-King Dumont bursts out SL.

## FEAR-KING DUMONT

(screeching)

Hello mortals!

He looks around.

## FEAR-KING DUMONT

Is there no one here?

He looks around again, the maniacal smile gradually fading.

## FEAR-KING DUMONT

(normal voice)

Shit.

He stands motionless for several seconds. Without warning:

FEAR-KING DUMONT  
 (singing loudly)  
 I THOUGHT I'D FOUND A WAY TO SMILE  
 HOLD OFF THE DARKNESS FOR A WHILE  
 WHEN WHO I WAS BECAME TOO MUCH  
 ALL I ASKED WAS A SIMPLE TOUCH

A piano begins to accompany him.

FEAR-KING DUMONT  
 BUT I WON'T STOP  
 I WON'T GIVE IN  
 I WON'T GIVE UP  
 I'LL STAY HARD SKINNED  
  
 AND THOUGH THE WORLD  
 SEEMS TO LAUGH  
 I KNOW MY FATE  
 I KNOW MY PATH

The rest of the cast enters from backstage and joins in.

ALL  
 (singing)  
 FOR THIS IS PROM!  
 IT'S FOR US ALL!  
 FOR ME AND YOU!  
 FOR SHORT AND TALL!

FEAR-KING DUMONT  
 (SOLO)  
 IT'S WHAT THE HEART WANTS  
 I'M HERE AT THE PROM!

ALL  
 I AM WHO I AM WITHOUT REGRET  
 I HAVEN'T GIVEN UP HOPE YET  
 THANKS TO CHIPPER, THE GNARLED OLD  
 FISHERMAN!  
 THANKS TO CHIPPER, THE GNARLED OLD  
 FISHERMAN!!

Blackout. A pre-recorded Hula-Hop leads the cast and audience through bows.