

"RUDOLF"

A screenplay by

Marco Leon

"RUDOLF"

INSERT TITLE: "FIRST DAY".

FADE IN:

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Darkness. The Christmas party upstairs can barely be heard down here: muffled, muted. All the chatting, the glasses twinkling, the forks on plates, laughter, music. Muffled.

The sounds grow louder as the cellar door opens, and light casts down -dim and yellowish- on RUDOLF, who hangs limply from the wall, chained by the wrists. He wears dirty clothes, stained, jagged and tattered except for his bright-red, brand-new Santa hat.

JEREMY stumbles down the creaky steps, beer in hand. It doesn't seem easy in his state, but he finally makes it all the way down. Jeremy stands facing RUDOLF and then...

...KICKS HIM IN THE NUTS. Way Hard.

Rudolf MOANS in pain, and WRITHES against the wall, HOWLS.

Jeremy nods drunkenly, turns around, stumbles back up the stairs -still spilling his beer some, and closes the cellar door back.

All is darkness again.

FADE OUT.

INSER TITLE: "SECOND DAY".

FADE IN:

INT. CELLAR - MORNING

The cellar door opens again. It sounds like early morning this time; the light falls lazily on Rudolf, who slowly musters the strength to lift his hanging head up and look. He still wears the Santa hat.

Down comes Jeremy: in pajamas, yawning, coffee cup in hand.

Once there, he looks up and faces Rudolf again. Yup, there he is: still hanging from the wall, chained by the wrists. Jeremy rubs his eyes. Rudolf moans softly. Jeremy smacks his mouth lazily.

THEN PUNCHES RUDOLF IN THE GUT. The coffee spills on the floor, Rudolf SCREAMS, then JEREMY PUNCHES AGAIN. Rudolf is unable to scream; having no air left on his lungs he just mouths like a fish. That's when Jeremy KICKS HIM IN THE NUTS. Voicelessly, Rudolf jerks against the wall, shaking like a

snake, his face scrunched up, veins popping up.

Jeremy smiles. The coffee-stained pajamas don't seem to bother him much. He's in a chipper mood now. He nods, turns around, walks up the cellar staircase and closes the door.

Darkness. Only the rustling sound of Rudolf's chains and his butt rubbing up and down against the wall can be heard.

FADE OUT.

INSERT TITLE: "THIRD DAY"

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

The cellar door opens; the yellow light casts on Rudolf again. Rudolf's skin has a sickly bluish hue, and there are trails of slime, -maybe blood- oozing out his lips and nose. His eyes are a vacuous grey; his greasy hair falls in curls over the gruesome, rotting gash in his forehead. There is a puddle of something blackish under his feet. He still wears the brand-new Santa hat.

Jeremy walks down the staircase as he loosens the tie around his neck; then discards it. He seems tired. He runs a hand over his hair, fussing it on purpose. Exhales.

Finally he faces up to Rudolf again. Jeremy mutters something as he undoes the buttons of his shirt's wrists and rolls up his sleeves.

JEREMY

(mimicking in falsetto voice, bobbing his head sideways)

Did you know Accounts Receivable cuts on Tuesdays?

(regular, angry voice)

CUT THIS!

Jeremy punches Rudolf's face as hard as he can. It's a good right hook; the respectable-sounding smack turns the poor bastard's face all the way around to the left, and it bounces on the wall.

JEREMY

Cut my Expense Report!

SMACK!! The left hook turns Rudolf's face now all the way to the right. Rudolf rolls his eyes and blinks as if trying to hold on to consciousness, when:

JEREMY

Do I have a receipt?

(RIGHT HOOK!!)

Why yes, I do!!

(LEFT JAB TO THE GUT!!)

Want a copy?

(RIGHT JAB TO THE GUT!!)

And for my records...

(Step back, then KICK TO THE BALLS!!)

Jeremy stands there for a minute, recovering his breath, flexing his fingers, as Rudolf spasms silently.

A long moment passes. Jeremy is still breathing deeply, nodding to himself; but now there's a slow smile creeping across his face. Yes, yes. He looks up to Rudolf. He nods again.

JEREMY

You know... this kind of works...

Jeremy breathes in deep, his head still bobbing a little. Points to Rudolf again, shaking his finger like a man who's about to share a bright idea.

JEREMY

You know...

Jeremy turns, walks up the cellar staircase again, and closes the door.

FADE OUT.

Rudolf HOWLS!!

INSERT TITLE: "FOURTH DAY".

FADE IN:

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

The cellar door opens.

TOM

I shit-you-not Jeremy, I'm really this-close from turning away and hitting the road if-

JEREMY

Don't chicken out on me now, man!! I'm telling you: it's safe, it's chained up!

Jeremy makes it all the way down, but Tom freezes halfway on the stairs, staring:

TOM

Jesus...

JEREMY

Nope, Santa. I call him Rudolf, actually. Just...

(shrugs)

Tom slowly walks down, his eyes wide like plates.

Rudolf looks up and blackish slime oozes out his mouth.

TOM

Jesus, Jeremy!! He's alive!!

JEREMY

Of course he's not! I mean, look at him!!

TOM

You're not playing a really, really sick joke on me man, are you?

Jeremy reaches up and adjusts the Santa hat on Rudolf's head. Pats it.

TOM

I mean, honest-to-God, this is a real, living -I mean, unliving, whatever... z-zom-

JEREMY

Listen, did you bring the knife?

TOM

I... I...

JEREMY

You always had that fantasy, right? You always wanted to know what it feels like, right? So there. Wish granted.

Tom has a switchblade in his hands. Trembling.

TOM

It was just a fantasy, Jer... I would never-

JEREMY

But it doesn't matter anymore, he's already dead! He's not a person!

TOM

Look, I was drunk when I said that, okay? And I'd nev-

JEREMY

Gimme that!

Jeremy swipes the knife from Tom's horrified hands. Then he looks up at Rudolf, and smirks. Rudolf's moan suddenly turns into a SHRIEK as Jeremy STABS HIM in the chest. The shriek

staggers, as Jeremy follows up with three more stabs, full-fisted and over the head, psycho-style.

Tom is covering his mouth, shocked, horrified.

Then Jeremy one-twos Rudolf's jaw, follows with an uppercut, two jabs at the gut and...

JEREMY

... and I love this part...

... A KICK IN THE NUTS!

Jeremy stands back, gasping, but smiling. He pats on Tom's shoulder and nods at him.

JEREMY

Pretty good, eh?

Rudolf squirms on his chains like a worm on a fishing hook.

Tom stares at it, at first horrified, but slowly, ever so slowly, begins to smile.

TOM

I mean... I mean, its wrong and all, but...

Rudolf rubs his butt up and down on the wall, jerks his head up and down, mouthing voicelessly, the cotton ball of the Santa hat bouncing about.

Jeremy chuckles, pats on Tom's back.

JEREMY

It's funny, c'mon!

TOM

Heh. I guess... heh-

Tom is now chuckling.

TOM

Oh man, I'll go to hell for this, but goddamnit-it's funny!

JEREMY

A kick in the balls is ALWAYS funny man! That's a law of the universe somewhere!

The chuckling of the two men slowly turns into full blown laughter...

TOM

Gotta tell the boys about this!

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Tom, in quite the chipper mood today, stands on a box and

holds Rudolf's head in a choke hold, while JIMMY uses a funnel to drown the zombie with a 2-liter Diet Coke. Grinning, Jeremy nods approvingly and holds a brown bag. Finally done, Jimmy throws away the empty bottle.

JIMMY

Alright, that's the fifth one
ya'll! Give it to him Jer!!

JEREMY

Heeeere comes the Meeentoossss!!

INSERT TITLE: "FIFTH DAY"

Jeremy shoves what seems like two dozen *Mentos* mints out of the brown bag and into Rudolf's mouth. Tom jumps off the box, Jimmy backs up and Jeremy falls backwards on his butt as Rudolf becomes a soda fountain! His limbs shake furiously as foamy coke bursts out of every orifice like a science-project volcano gone terribly, terribly wrong.

The men cheer and laugh victoriously!

JIMMY

Man, you gotta start charging
cover for this shit!!

JEREMY

Seriously, eh? Man, I'm all day
in the office waiting to come
back home to this!

TOM

You know, if you turned it over
to the government... some
scientists, or doctors or
something...

Jimmy and Jeremy stare at Tom for a moment.

JEREMY, TOM, JIMMY

Naaah!

JEREMY

So hey, Tom, are you gonna do it
this time?

TOM

Hell yeah, I spent all day
thinking about it!

JEREMY

You too huh?

TOM

Actually, I -really- thought
about it. Check this out.

Tom reaches into his suitcase, and produces a rubber Halloween mask of Osama Bin Laden.

JEREMY, JIMMY

Oooh!!

JIMMY

No you didn't!!

TOM

Hell yes I did. And I got a long list of masks I'm gonna bring after tonight...

JEREMY

Gimme.

Jeremy takes the mask, hops on the box, swipes away the Santa hat from Rudolf (who's still *issuing* soda through the nose) and replaces it with the rubber Bin Laden. Soda spills underneath the rubber edges. Rudolf spasms every now and then.

JEREMY

Ain't he a beaut?

TOM

You fucking bastard!!

Tom stabs the knife DEEP into Rudolf's gut. Jeremy didn't even have time to step off the box.

JEREMY

Whoah, man-

TOM

You camel-fucking, (STAB), shit-eating (STAB), coward terrorist BASTARD! (STAB!)

Jimmy and Jeremy look at each other, then to Tom as Tom stares into the writhing body with the rubber mask. Hyperventilating.

JEREMY

Hey. Hey Tom. Hey man. Easy chief...

Jeremy pulls Tom back with a hand on his shoulder. Tom breathes heavy.

JEREMY

It's just a zombie...

JIMMY

Tom's got a point though.

Jimmy then CROSSES RUDOLF'S FACE with a left hook. Red liquid pours out under the mask, mixed with the soda. Jimmy follows

up with a right hook, then an over-head to the noggin.

JIMMY

I always wanted (GUT PUNCH) to
do this (GUT PUNCH).

Watching his two friends breathing heavy, red and flustered, Tom shrugs and kicks Rudolf in the balls. Then throws his arms around his friends' shoulders and walks them towards the staircase.

JEREMY

C'mon, let's get a drink.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

INSERT TITLE: "SIXTH DAY"

Jeremy stands at the top of the staircase, collecting a 20 dollar bill from FREDERICK who pays up, then steps inside with a Richard Nixon rubber mask in one hand, and a grocery bag with six cucumbers in the other.

JEREMY

Enjoy it man. Oh, and stay
afterwards for Jimmy and the
Diet-Coke and Mentos show!

FREDERICK

You got it. Just give me good 10
minutes...

MONTAGE - TO THE MUSIC OF "12 DAYS OF CHRISTMAS"

A) (INSERT TITLE: "SEVENTH DAY") RICHARD shocks Rudolf (now wearing a Rumsfeld mask) with a taser gun, checks his wrist-watch chronometer: it's been seven continuous minutes.

QUICK CUTS: of Jeremy getting paid, mixed with all new angles of all previous tortures ending with Jeremy kicking Rudolf in the ba-ah-AH-alls.

B) (INSERT TITLE: "EIGHT DAY") MICHAEL drops a scorpion in Rudolf's pants, grins, and picks up another from his bag which has seven left.

QUICK CUTS: of Jeremy getting paid, mixed with all new angles of all previous tortures ending with Jeremy kicking Rudolf in the ba-ah-AH-alls.

C) (INSERT TITLE: "NINTH DAY") Rudolf has the left half of a wedding polaroid torn in two, stuck with duct tape on his forehead. PETER shoves love letters down Rudolf's mouth.

QUICK CUTS: of Jeremy getting paid, mixed with all new angles of all previous tortures ending with Jeremy kicking Rudolf in the ba-ah-AH-alls.

D) (INSERT TITLE: "TENTH DAY") JEREMIAH uses pliers to break Rudolf's fingers. Rudolf was given an artsy beret this time, and paint brushes on his front jacket pocket.

QUICK CUTS: of Jeremy getting paid, mixed with all new angles of all previous tortures ending with Jeremy kicking Rudolf in the ba-ah-AH-alls.

E) (INSERT TITLE: "ELEVENTH DAY") JOE grins to Jeremy by the door, as he whips out 11 CDs of FOX News' Glenn Beck, and earphones. Jeremy winces.

QUICK CUTS: of Jeremy getting paid, mixed with all new angles of all previous tortures ending with Jeremy kicking Rudolf in the balls, this time in SLOW MOTION.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Rudolf howls and writhes, and slams his head hard against the wall to try to shake the earphones off. Jeremy looks to Joe, somewhat appalled by Joe's sadism.

JEREMY

Okay, that's enough for tonight
man, lets save some for
tomorrow, eh?

Joe, giggling, removes the earphones from Rudolf, and as he does so, he gets his INDEX FINGER BITTEN OFF!

JOE

AAAAH!! AAAAHHH!!! JESUS!!!

JEREMY

Oh my God! He had never done
that before!

Indeed, Rudolph has a killer-demonic look in his eyes now. He grunts and gnarls, and yanks from the chains in the wall with all his might. Joe continues to scream...

JEREMY

I think that finally did it! Oh
my God, we crossed the line!

Such is Rudolf's rage, that he TEARS OFF his own wrists from the chain, breaking free! His dismembered hands fall on the muddy floor. Joe too falls terrified, and Rudolf falls on him and chomps on his forehead. Jeremy backs off to a corner, trembling, holding his palms up, shaking his head...

JEREMY

No-no... listen, we thought you

didn't feel- I mean... we thought...
you know, you're dead! You're
dead anyway!

Rudolf shambles menacingly towards Jeremy. Then stops. Turns to stare at the floor behind him, littered with beer cans and cucumbers, and the mask of Richard Nixon.

Rudolf... has an idea.

FADE OUT.

INSERT TITLE: "TWELFTH DAY"

FADE IN:

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Frederick shows up and hands Jimmy 20 bucks. He has his grocery bag with cucumbers by his side.

FREDERICK

Hey, where's Jeremy tonight?

JIMMY

I dunno, he had stuff to do I guess. Things are getting pretty rough with Rudolf, you know...

FREDERICK

Really? That Glenn Beck CD thing?

JIMMY

Not just that. Tonight I found someone had cut off his tongue yesterday and left it on the floor. Pretty dark what some of us carry inside, you know?

FREDERICK

I bet. Well, tongue or not, Mr. Nixon and I have an appointment tonight, Jimmy. If you excuse us...

JIMMY

Sure, have fun. He already has the mask on, it's been on since I arrived.

FREDERICK

Well, it sure helps suspend disbelief!

EXT. JEREMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We leave behind the haunting shrieks and howls of pain that emerge from this house's basement, to a cool and quiet night outside. A trail of blood drips leads from the back door storm drain and across the street..

EXT. CORN FIELDS - NIGHT

... through corn fields and...

EXT. MEADOW - NIGHT

... meadows by the lake, and towards the bare feet of...

...Rudolf who shambles slowly, and as best he can (considering he has no hands), adjusts his Santa hat on his head. He laughs, gutturally, and walks towards the rising sun.