

MR. LONGSLEEVES

by

Mike W. Rogers

mike.rogers67@hotmail.com

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

BARBARA JANE(30) tries to control her emotions as she hurries into the room. She can't hide being out of breath.

BARBARA JANE
Baby. Get up. He found us.

MARY ELIZABETH(9) sits up, eyes closed tight. She holds out her arms for her mother to retrieve her.

MARY ELIZABETH
Mr. Longsleaves?

BARBARA JANE
Yes, Baby.

Barbara Jane picks her daughter up from under her arms.

BARBARA JANE
Now, come on. We have to get your
Grandmother.

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Barbara Jane places the keys in the ignition, then pauses. She looks at Mary Elizabeth in the rear view mirror.

BARBARA JANE
Let's not tell Nana about Mr.
Longsleaves, okay?

MARY ELIZABETH
Just going for a vacation.

BARBARA JANE
That's right, Baby.

Barbara Jane swings her arm over the passenger seat.

MARY ELIZABETH
What about all what we did?

Barbara Jane focuses on her daughter.

BARBARA JANE
Seems it didn't take.

EXT. SUBURB - NIGHT

The white reverse lights ignite. The new model station wagon rolls away from the modest three level home.

EXT. TWILIGHT NURSING FACILITY - NIGHT

The station wagon bucks to a stop outside the main entrance.

INT. TWILIGHT NURSING FACILITY - NIGHT

Barbara Jane carries Mary Elizabeth into a dark resident's room. They move past a SNORING RESIDENT in the first bed and in to the second bed.

Empty?

The bathroom light turns on.

Barbara Jane carries Mary Elizabeth to the bathroom door.

BARBARA JANE

(hushed)

Mama? You in there?

NANA BOWER (70) a mass of shadows, appears behind Barbara Jane and Mary Elizabeth.

NANA BOWER

Barbara Jane.

Barbara Jane jumps and hugs Mary Elizabeth till she SQUEAKS. She slaps Nana Bower in the arm.

BARBARA JANE

*Damn it, Momma! I could have
dropped Mary Elizabeth!*

Nana Bower grabs Mary Elizabeth hard by the cheek.

NANA BOWER

She's a Bower. She can take it.

Mary Elizabeth GROWLS and kicks her pink cowgirl boots at the air. She rips her cheek free from her Nana's grip.

BARBARA JANE

Got us a deal on Disney tickets.

Nana Bower stands stoic, not a word.

BARBARA JANE
Mary Elizabeth won't leave it be.

The silence stinks like rotten promises.

MARY ELIZABETH
We won tickets on the radio.

Nana Bower's grey face ignites.

NANA BOWER
 You did! Well, now, that's a horse
 of a different color.

Barbara Jane hikes Mary Elizabeth on her hip.

BARBARA JANE
*Hush, Momma, you'll wake up your
 roommate.*

NANA BOWER
 That old bat won't sleep better
 when she's dead!
 (PAUSE)
 Let me wrap up my embroiderin'.

Mary Elizabeth stares down on NANA BOWER'S ROOMMATE.

No more snoring?

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Barbara Jane drives with Nana Bower in the passenger seat.

Nana Bower wears cataract sunglasses over her bifocals.

Mary Elizabeth sleeps in the child seat behind them.

NANA BOWER
 So, wanna tell me why we're going
 eighty miles an hour away from
 Anaheim?

Barbara Jane looks in the rear-view at her daughter.

BARBARA JANE
 Could be nothing but I'm not taking
 any chances.

NANA BOWER
 Another boyfriend stop calling?

BARBARA JANE
 Jerrold and I have been together
 since June.

NANA BOWER
 Gosh, Honey, that's almost six
 months!

Barbara Jane takes a deep breath, concentrates on the road.

BARBARA JANE
 We were cuddling by the fire.

NANA BOWER
 That sounds nice.

BARBARA JANE
 And my leg caught fire.

Nana Bower shakes her head and CHUCKLES.

NANA BOWER
 You were together six months and it
 never came up?

BARBARA JANE
 I've been very careful.

NANA BOWER
 That will put a damper on things.

BARBARA JANE
 It really shook him up.

NANA BOWER
 So this is all on a hunch?!

Barbara Jane looks to her baby in the rear view mirror.

BARBARA JANE
 I'm not taking any more chances.

Mary Elizabeth squirms in her child seat.

MARY ELIZABETH
 Momma, I'm thirsty.

Barbara Jane stares at her mother with concern.

BARBARA JANE
 We're going to have to stop. I
 don't have anything for Mary
 Elizabeth.

Nana Bower lowers the over sized, black sunglasses.

NANA BOWER
Okay, Darling.

Nana Bower shakes her head, pushes her glasses back up.

NANA BOWER
I heard the child plain as you.

Barbara Jane takes the exit for the "REST STOP".

BARBARA JANE
Sometimes I wonder, Momma. I truly
do.

Barbara Jane pulls the station wagon to a stop under the
fluorescent lights.

INT. REST STOP - NIGHT

Barbara Jane and Mary Elizabeth walk from a fast food
counter laughing, holding sodas.

Nana Bower stands over a HOMELESS MAN who lays on the floor.
A bundle of brown fabric sits under her arm.

Barbara Jane looks at Nana Bower then to the Homeless Man.

BARBARA JANE
Have you been here the whole time?

NANA BOWER
Where the hell else would I be?

Barbara Jane nudges the Homeless Man with her shoe.

HOMELESS MAN
Err.

Barbara Jane takes a deep breath.

BARBARA JANE
Okay? Well, we better keep moving.

The three walk from the bright Rest Stop Mini-Mall.

EXT. REST STOP - NIGHT

Barbara Jane walks to the back of the station wagon.
She stops in her tracks, leans in for a closer look.
The hatchback is unlatched.

BARBARA JANE
Momma? Did you open the hatchback?

A bloody fingerprint can be seen on the rear window.

NANA BOWER
Had to get my embroiderin' shirt.

Barbara Jane scans the parking lot.

BARBARA JANE
Did you close the hatchback?

NANA BOWER
Did I raise you in a barn?

Barbara Jane slams the hatchback shut.

BARBARA JANE
Just get Mary Elizabeth back in her
seat.

The station wagon SCREECHES backward. Smoke rises from the
spinning tires. The car lurches into gear, ROARS away.

INT. STATION WAGON - (CONT. HIGHWAY) - NIGHT

Barbara Jane finishes her soda with a hollow, SLURP.

Mary Elizabeth sleeps in her car seat in the back.

Nana Bower sticks her embroiderin' needle into a postcard
taped to the glove box. A glossy suburban neighborhood. At
the top of the postcard the words read: "IF YOU LIVED
HERE..."

MARY ELIZABETH
(dreaming, scared)
Mr. Longsleaves-- no--

Nana Bower snaps her thread with her teeth.

NANA BOWER
Mr. Longsleaves?

Barbara Jane shifts in her seat.

BARBARA JANE
Just something she made up.

Nana Bower pulls the cotton fabric tight with a SNAP.

Barbara Jane jumps.

NANA BOWER
Damn it, Barbara Jane! I thought
you dealt with this thing?

Barbara Jane stares at the road ahead.

BARBARA JANE
You don't understand.

Nana Bower holds her fist next to her cheek.

NANA BOWER
Girl, I have been on this earth-

BARBARA JANE
It didn't take!

NANA BOWER
The hell you mean it didn't take?
What didn't-

Nana Bower balls up her sewing, places it on the floor.

NANA BOWER
That's preposterous.

BARBARA JANE
Only thing make sense, Mama!

NANA BOWER
We cut that Vermin from our skin!

Barbara Jane points at Nana Bower.

BARBARA JANE
No. We didn't! I told you that crap
hoodoo wouldn't work!

Nana Bower relaxes against her seat.

NANA BOWER
Worked for six months.

Barbara Jane SLAMS the steering wheel.

BARBARA JANE
Well, he's back!

Barbara Jane looks back to the sleeping Mary Elizabeth.

BARBARA JANE
I just didn't want to believe it.

Nana Bower crosses her arms, cocks her head.

NANA BOWER
Always been your problem, Barbara Jane. You think if you ignore it the whole world will just go away. How's that been workin' for ya'?

Barbara Jane grimaces at her aching palm.

BARBARA JANE
Don't make me regret taking you.

NANA BOWER
I can fend for myself.

Barbara Jane takes a deep breath, rolls her neck.

BARBARA JANE
Momma, if that were the case,
--we'd be home by now.

EXT. REST STOP - DAY

The car pulls to a slow stop in front of the Rest Stop Mini-Mall. The bathrooms are clearly visible from the car.

Barbara Jane unhooks Mary Elizabeth from her child seat.

BARBARA JANE
Okay, Baby. I can see the Women's room from here. Just run in and run back out.

Mary Elizabeth's chin drops to her chest.

MARY ELIZABETH
Alone? You're not coming with me?

Nana Bower places her cataract glasses on her tiny face.

NANA BOWER
There you go.

Barbara Jane reaches over, opens Mary Elizabeth's door.

NANA BOWER
Okay, get goin'.

Barbara Jane looks around the parking lot from her seat.

BARBARA JANE
Be quick, Baby.

Mary Elizabeth climbs from the back seat and starts to walk.

The station wagon doors CLICK locked.

Mary Elizabeth stops, thinks to turn but walks faster.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

Nana Bower works her stitchin', one eye on Mary Elizabeth.

Barbara Jane leans back to watch her mother stitch.

BARBARA JANE
Always did relax me, watching you
stitch.

Nana Bower snaps a thread with her teeth her eye's planted
on the Women's Room door.

NANA BOWER
Umm hum.

Barbara Jane closes her eyes, starts to hum a song.

Nana Bower sticks her needle in the glove box.

She holds up the shirt from her lap.

NANA BOWER
Girls been gone too long. Try on my
shirt.

Nana Bower unlocks her door.

BARBARA JANE
Momma, please don't--

SLAM

Watching her mother, Barbara Jane reaches for the glove box.

She twists off the top on a chrome kidney shaped flash.

Under her seat a pack of Salem Menthol Light 100's.

She cracks the window and lights her smoke.

Barbara Jane bites her cigarette and turns on the radio.

Tapping her cigarette against the steering wheel sends ashes on the dashboard.

Barbara Jane exhales out the window as THREE DETERMINED MEN wearing black hoodies walk past her car.

BARBARA JANE
(giggling to herself)
Sorry!

They continue walking, not talking, hands hidden.

She turns up the radio as the car fills with smoke.

COUGHING, she opens the driver side door and gets out. She fans her hands to drive out the smoke, radio full blast.

INT. MINI-MALL - DAY

Nana Bower and Mary Elizabeth emerge from the Women's Room.

EXT. REST STOP - DAY

Nana Bower marches Mary Elizabeth to the station wagon. Nana Bower now wears her brown embroiderin' shirt.

Mary Elizabeth still wears the cataract sun blockers.

The embroidery on the front of her shirt shows a neon green cactus with a pink ten-gallon hat perched on top.

NANA BOWER
I could hear you from the damn
Ladies Room! What the hell kind of
dog and pony show you trying to
assemble here Barbara Jane?!

Mary Elizabeth yanks her hand from Nana Bower's grip and climbs into the car.

BARBARA JANE
I'm sorry, Momma!

NANA BOWER
That you are, Barbara Jane. That
you are. Just get in the damn car.

Nana Bower flattens her embroiderin' shirt over her chest.

NANA BOWER

Find me the nearest Applebee's. I
gotta eat.

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

The three drive down the street light lit highway. Mary Elizabeth asleep in the back.

Barbara Jane can only keep one eye on the road. The car swerves slightly into the high-speed lane.

Nana Bower pulls her needle from the dashboard and sticks Barbara Jane in the arm.

Barbara Jane jolts up and rubs her arm, eyes wide.

BARBARA JANE

Damn it, Mama!

Barbara Jane shakes her head awake.

NANA BOWER

Don't think I don't know there was
a flask in that glove box! Dollars
to donuts it's bone dry.

Barbara Jane exercises her jaw.

BARBARA JANE

OOO, AAA, OOO, AAA, OOO, AAA.

Nana Bower sticks her again.

BARBARA JANE

Ouch, Momma, cut that out!

NANA BOWER

You cut it out. Sound like a sick
old cow. "OOO, AAA, OOO, AAA!

BARBARA JANE

Oh, Momma, I think you might have
nicked yourself with your stitchin'
needle.

NANA BOWER

What?

BARBARA JANE

Right there. You got a spot on your
sleeve.

NANA BOWER
Ah, damn it!

Nana Bower holds out her sleeve.

NANA BOWER
Well, I don't see a thing!

BARBARA JANE
Right there, Mama!

Barbara Jane pulls at the sleeve to show Nana Bower the mark. As she does, the spot becomes a stain.

Barbara Jane struggles to keep her eyes on the road.

As she pulls, the sleeve keeps giving. The blood-soaked sleeve opens like an accordion from her elbow.

The car moves into the left lane.

NANA BOWER
Well, will you look at that!

MARY ELIZABETH
Mr. Long Sleeves, Momma.

NANA BOWER
I Suppose, your right! I guess that
Hoo-Doo really didn't take!

Barbara Jane continues to pull on the sleeve.

The station wagon moves closer to the guard-rail.

Nana Bower CHUCKLES and holds up her arms.

Dark blood drips as her arms grow to fill the fabric tubes.

The pines that line the highway whip past the driver side.

Nana Bower's LAUGH becomes a COUGH, then a tremor.

Barbara Jane's knuckles go white grasping the shirt sleeve.

BARBARA JANE
Momma!

Her eyes no longer on the road.

NANA BOWER
(Latin, (translation))
Haec est mea! (This one is Mine!)

Volo autem puella! (Now, I want the child!)

Nana Bower throws her head against the headrest. A thick foam exudes from her mouth.

Sparks fly as the side panel contacts the guardrail.

A sinister smile forms that splits the corners of her mouth.

Long black hairs grow from the corners of her lips.

The demon in Nana Bower looks to the sparks in the window.

NANA BOWER
Bright light!

Her arms continue to grow in an attempt to fill the sleeves.

They fall on to the floor and collect around their feet.

The arms swell press Barbara Jane's foot on the accelerator.

The sparks increase and blind the possessed Nana Bower.

Nana Bower lets out an ear piercing SCREECH!!

Barbara Jane looks at Mary Elizabeth. Tight in her seat.

She looks down across her chest. No set belt.

With all the power she can muster, Barbara Jane forces her foot off the accelerator and slams down the brake.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The brake lights on the station wagon ignite as the car lurches to a halt.

Both Barbara Jane and Nana Bower explode out the windshield.

Nana Bowers arms dangle behind her now ten feet long.

She hits the highway a dull thud.

Her arms spread on the road like blood-soaked fire hoses.

Barbara Jane hits the asphalt and sent into a vicious roll.

Mary Elizabeth climbs out of the back seat of the car. She carries the station wagons pint-sized fire hydrant.

Her cowboy boots CLICK, CLACK down the road. She tears the plastic tag off the extinguisher's trigger.

MARY ELIZABETH

Momma!

Barbara Jane lay a mangled mess of human appendages. No blood, just broken bones under a flesh tone rubber suit.

BARBARA JANE

I'm fine! Take care of your Nana.

Mary Elizabeth runs to the end of Nana Bower's arms.

She pulls the trigger on the extinguisher.

A white cloud exudes over Nana Bower's liver-spotted hands.

The fat hands clench into fists as Nana Bower SCREECHES.

Mary Elizabeth doesn't let up.

Like a slug to salt, her fat arms retreat leaving the deflated blood-soaked fabric behind.

Nana Bower's painful SCREECH becomes a pitiful GURGLE.

Barbara Jane uses both hands to right her head on her neck.

BARBARA JANE

Remember your words, Baby Girl.

Mary Elizabeth runs after the retracting appendages spraying the fire retardant until the canister is empty.

She stands over her Nana's heaving body. Miraculously unmarred by the accident.

The corners of Nana Bowers mouth are split from her grotesque demon's smile.

The twisted demonic face on Nana Bower COUGHS and CHOKES and blood and bile shoots from her mouth.

Mary Elizabeth raises the empty extinguisher above her head.

MARY ELIZABETH

Out, out damn spot!

She swings the empty canister with both hands.

The extinguisher catches Nana Bower in the jaw.

CRACK.

BRIGHT LIGHT: FLASHBACK

INT. WELL APPOINTED HOME - NIGHT

An ASTUTE MAN (32) sits in an armchair, legs crossed, reading a hardcover history next to a floor lamp.

Behind his chair, the silhouette of Nana Bower appears.

She pulls the brown shirt sleeve tight across his throat.

He grasps the sleeve but is unable to pull it from his neck.

The Astute Man goes limp, expires.

Nana Bower raises her shirt sleeve and disappears among the shadows.

END FLASHBACK:

The force of the blow sends her head against the concrete.

THUD.

Mary Elizabeth repositions herself over Nana Bower.

Again, she raises the extinguisher above her head.

MARY ELIZABETH
Out, out damn spot!

She twists her torso like a Big-Leaguer.

CRACK!

BRIGHT LIGHT: FLASHBACK

Nana Bower's Roommate lay facing away from the door.

Eyes wide, tongue exposed, her face blue from asphyxiation.

END FLASHBACK:

Mary Elizabeth takes a good look at Nana Bower's eyes.

MARY ELIZABETH
Nope. Not yet.

She twists, then releases with reckless abandon.

MARY ELIZABETH
I said! Out! Out! Damn! Spot!

CRACK!

BRIGHT LIGHT: FLASHBACK

Nana Bower stands over the HOMELESS MAN.

Barbara Jane nudges the Homeless Man with her foot.

HOMELESS MAN

Err.

The three walk away to go back to the car.

A pool of blood forms around the homeless man.

As the car speeds away, SCREAMS are heard from inside the Mini-Mall.

END FLASHBACK:

Elbows on knees, Mary Elizabeth squints at Nana Bower.

One side of her face, the whiskers recede and grin releases.

The other half remains deformed by the chaotic grin.

BARBARA JANE

How's it going over there?

Barbara Jane works on putting her legs back straight.

SNAP!

Mary Elizabeth answers her mother without looking.

MARY ELIZABETH

Fourth times a charm!

Again she twists with the red canister over her head.

CRACK!

BRIGHT LIGHT: FLASHBACK

Nana Bower buttons her embroidering' shirt in the mirror of the Women's Room of the Rest Stop Mini-Mall.

Embroidered on the front of the brown shirt is a neon green cactus with a pink ten-gallon hat perched on top.

Mary Elizabeth peeks over the cataract glasses from a stall.

Two women stand on either side of Nana Bower.

Nana Bower pulls on her rolled sleeves and admires her work.

WOMAN #1 (35) looks to Nana Bower and smiles.

WOMAN #1
Nice handy work! Y'all from the
South West?

NANA BOWER
No, No. Just love my cactuses. Like
um' so much I gave this one a hat!

WOMAN #2 (28) SNICKERS.

Nana Bower turns to Woman #2.

NANA BOWER
Somethin' funny?

WOMAN #2
It is just that I have never heard
anyone refer to *cacti* as their
favorite anything. Quite revealing.

NANA BOWER
That so?

Nana Bower non-nonchalantly removes her stitchin' needle.

Quick as a blink, she stabs Woman #2 in the jugular.

A thin stream of blood ushers from her neck.

Woman #2 is quick to cover the wound but the blood persists.

WOMAN #2
What did you--?

Before she can finish she is on the floor, unconscious.

Woman #1 looks puzzled at the scene.

As blood pools on the floor, Woman #1 SCREAMS.

Nana Bower throws her hand over Woman #1's mouth.

NANA BOWER
Shh. You'll startle the child. Shh.

The back of her hand goes white from the force.

Woman #1's eyes go wide, then roll back.

Nana Bower smothers her down into the pool of blood.

A stall door SHUTTERS against the lock.

Nana Bower looks to Mary Elizabeth in the next stall.

NANA BOWER
 (finger to her lips)
 Shh.

She kicks open the stall door next to Mary Elizabeth.

The door SLAMS open

WOMAN #3 (O.S.)
 What are you?

Nana Bower rips the stall door from the frame.

She takes the door in both hands rams it into the stall.

NANA BOWER
 Mighty fine handy work if I do say
 so myself!

Again and again, she rams the door into the stall, until her sleeves are covered in blood.

END FLASHBACK:

Hands on knees, Mary Elizabeth stares at Nana Bower's face.

Nana Bower MOANS.

Her face goes limp. The remaining whiskers retreat.

MARY ELIZABETH
 She's all good now, Momma.

Barbara Jane grabs her collarbone and SNAP!, it's straight.

Deep abrasions in her cheek show her molars under the skin.

Her feet sit sideways. She steps on her ankles as she walks.

She lifts her right leg and CLACK!, her foot's straight.

She lifts her left leg, repeats the cranking motion, CLACK!

Nana Bower's face is flush and glistens with sweat.

NANA BOWER
 Elizabeth, what happened? I lost
 you in the lady's room.

Mary Elizabeth unbuttons Nana Bowers embroidered shirt.

She rolls the shirt so not to show the bloody sleeves.

Underneath she wears a sleeveless t-shirt.

MARY ELIZABETH
We gotcha, Nana. You're okay.

Mary Elizabeth tosses the embroiderin' shirt to her Mother.

MARY ELIZABETH
Get rid of that, Momma.

Barbara Jane grabs her bent forearm and SNAPS, it straight.

She grasps her bicep and twists her arm with a GROAN, then launches the shirt into the pines off of the highway.

A broken hip has her limp to Mary Elizabeth and Nana Bower.

Nana Bower becomes weepy with concern.

NANA BOWER
Oh, girls, he's back again!

Barbara Jane raises Nana Bower from under the arm.

BARBARA JANE
We know, Momma. Thought we could outrun him this time.

Nana Bower and Barbara Jane walk back to the station wagon.

BARBARA JANE
Momma, you're gonna have to lean against the car for a minute!

Nana Bower props herself on the trunk of the car.

NANA BOWER
Still not deaf, Barbara Jane.

Barbara Jane slams her hip on the car, corrects her posture.

She crawls in through the passenger side door.

BARBARA JANE
Mary Elizabeth help your Nana.

Barbara Jane holds out her arms to receive her mother.

Nana Bower sits low and tries to catch her breath.

Barbara Jane looks down on Nana Bower with concern.

BARBARA JANE
You gonna be okay, Momma?

Barbara Jane dabs Nana Bower's forehead with a handkerchief.

NANA BOWER
Just find me my Applebee's. The
Vermin takes so much out of me.

Mary Elizabeth climbs into her seat and buckles herself in.

Barbara Jane looks in the mirror and pulls glass from her
cheek.

MARY ELIZABETH
Then, we gotta git moving'. Dollars
to donuts that thing will be back.

BARBARA JANE
We're gonna' have to find some new
hoodoo.

MARY ELIZABETH
We should probably get another fire
extinguisher?

Nana Bower smiles at Mary Elizabeth in the back seat.

NANA BOWER
That's my girl.