

GOATMAN

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FADE IN :

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Halloween decorations. Orange lights fade up under the front desk. The CLERK, late 20s, tall and lean, slick black hair, wears a white masquerade mask. It's a woman, but very androgynous. Her shadow has horns. She looks directly at us :

CLERK

Welcome to the Lezaza Hotel.

He points to his left. A sign mysteriously creeps up into a pool of light. The announcement reads ANNUAL HALLOWEEN BALLROOM PARTY! LIVE SEANCE AT MIDNIGHT! DANCING AND DRINK!

CLERK

After you check in, please don't leave early. Please don't be late.

Orange lights fade. Clerk disappears with the darkness.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT

A costume party. Wall to wall cheesy novelty season music. SARA (red dress and domino mask) and MARTY (black raven mask) both early 20s, among the crowd. People dance, mingle.

LADIES BATHROOM

Sara adjusts her hair and makeup along with two other women. CANDY STRIPE NURSE and a ZOMBIE BRIDE (both mid 20s) Zombie Bride forgets her compact and leaves.

SARA

Hey, Zombie Bride. Hold up.

Zombie Bride's fake owl-like eyebrows, gives her a odd look as she glances back.

Sara holds up the compact.

SARA

Don't leave home without it.

Zombie Bride strides over. Smiles. Swipes the compact. Sara stands there, surprised. Zombie Bride exits.

SARA
Well "fang you" too.

Candy Striped Nurse shrugs.

SARA
(to herself)
Guess she's the life of the party.
(to Candy Striped Nurse)
Your costume's better.

Candy Striped Nurse applies another coat of lipstick. Her lips juicy red. Puckers up.

BALLROOM

Clock shows ten to midnight.

Zombie Bride from a table over watches Sara and Marty. Zombie Bride focuses on the black and orange wrapped candies Marty devours every few seconds in between shots of booze.

MARTY
Hang on just a minute.

Marty raises an index finger, a great idea. He gets down on a knee. Gives Sara a matching spider ring.

MARTY
Sara, would you be my vampire
bride?

SARA
Yes, Marty, I'll marry you.

Already toasted. Ghoul-ish BRETT (20s) sneaks up behind Zombie Bride.

ZOMBIE BRIDE
Cold bitch.

Brett stops in his tracks.

ZOMBIE BRIDE
What does he see in her? Bitch
would a hid her face if she knew I
was here.

Brett looks to Marty and Sara.

BRETT
Those two? You know them?

ZOMBIE BRIDE
James Hand and Bethany Bitchmond.

Brett double-takes. Laughs.

BRETT
Beth's here alright. But that ain't her. Think her name's Sara. And his name is Marty. That I do know.

ZOMBIE BRIDE
Looks just like them.

BRETT
It's not them. See table six?
That's Beth over there, sixties dress. Jimmy's the jock.

ZOMBIE BRIDE
Jimmy's a jerk off going with her.

BRETT
Want to meet them? Marty and Sara?

Marty and Sara leave. They go over to a corner, make out.

ZOMBIE BRIDE
Looks like they have other plans.

LOBBY

Marty and Sara look around. There's nobody at the front desk. Marty rings the bell.

MARTY
Where is everyone?

SARA
You should have booked a room.

MARTY
Maybe we should stick around for the seance thing. I bet that's where everyone is, back in there. Paid our tickets, might as well -

BALLROOM

Music dies. Crowd gets off the dance floor. The Clerk approaches.

When all focus is on her, she motions to a crescent table with beeswax goat skull candles, a big, thick book and a silver chalice.

The Clerk holds up six red tickets in her right hand. Holds them up. Like a ringleader in a circus -

CLERK

Six. I have six.

A hidden fog machine pumps around the 'altar'. A few tables away, Brett whistles with approval. The Clerk shoots him a dirty look.

CLERK

Do not interrupt the ceremony!

A Dark figure emerges from the depths of the fog. MIRI (30s) in a white wig and a costume that is half fairy princess and the other wicked witch. Her eyes open. Snake-eye contacts, obviously.

Miri's left arm makes a chopping motion. The Book opens by itself. Light applause from the crowd.

Clerk motions to keep the cheers down.

CLERK

Six tickets!

HECKLER

Seven!

Clerk looks around, spots the drunk HECKLER. A red ticket slips out from Clerk's right sleeve and into his hand. Holds up the extra ticket with a grin.

CLERK

Seven it is!

LOBBY

Marty peers in the door to the ballroom. Sara taps him on the shoulder. He waves her off.

MARTY

That was a neat trick.

SARA

Forget it. Let's just get out of here.

MARTY

You sure?

SARA

Sure I'm sure.

CLERK (O.C.)

Miss Medium Meri, what do the spirits require?

MARTY

I want to see what they do.

SARA

No. We go and go now or we just don't go. What's it going to be?

Marty shrugs. Leaves.

MARTY

Should have gotten a room.

BALLROOM

Still being theatrical, Miri's fingers glide over the pages of the book.

MIRI

(trance-like)

Seven tickets. For this is the doorway, and these are the keys.

BRETT

Must be some kind of door prize.

EXT. CORVIN BRIDGE - NIGHT

A partially rusted car sits isolated.

INSIDE THE CAR

Still Dressed in their costumes, Sara and Marty thrust between hits of a shared cigarette.

INT. HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Miri takes a step back. She's engulfed by the fog. Brett, Zombie Girl, BETHANIE. JAMES and Candy Stripe are the only people in the room **not** rising up like ghosts.

The moans of the occupants, including Miri and Clerk, echo with madness. Costume masks slip off randomly, revealing blank, gaunt, eye-less faces.

The people in the air turn into light. The poltergeists phase into the ceiling. GOATMAN emerges from the fog in place of Miri. Goatman's silhouette holds up his left hand.

CLERK

Yes. I also count five.

EXT. CORVIN BRIDGE - NIGHT

INSIDE THE CAR

Sara helps Marty take off his shirt. A plastic spider-ring dangles off his right middle finger. During the act, and unnoticed, the keys fall out of the ignition.

Sara tosses the shirt in the backseat. He straightens his ring. She raises her left index finger. Mouths "one second"

Goatman's shadow hovers near the car. His GOAT MASK reflects in the window. Creeps closer each second. Arms at his side. No weapons, real or fake. He's tall and lean.

Sara stretches back. Grasps her mask and slips it on. Giggles. She playfully takes the cigarette from his mouth and takes a long hit.

Marty bumps the back of his head. He forgets about the inconvenience as she places his mask over his head. His hands caress her hips.

Sara belts out a scream. Marty bangs his brains again. This time they see the peeping tom. Both laugh. Sara turns down the music. Taps the automatic roll down button.

SARA

Yeah, Happy Halloween. See something special?

They get a good look at Goatman. Chest covered white wool tattoos, most of which depict sleeping human eyes and rune symbols. His legs hairy white to match his mask. Hoofed feet. This crazy kook has gone to no expense in his costume.

He's done such a good job on this that it *looks* real.

Marty opens the door. Goatman grabs him, throws him. Marty eats dirt.

SARA

Hey!

Goatman steps on Marty's back. Bends down, chokes him. Marty gags. Goatman pulls Marty up by the neck, headlocks him. Marty struggles, worms around, frantic. He can't speak. His neck CRACKS. Sara takes a step back.

Two of the sleeping eye tattoos on Goatman's bare back open. Another two from his legs.

Sara stumbles, trips over herself. Bangs her head on the car door. Those eyes blink. *They are real. But they can't be!*

Goatman squeezes harder. Another SNAP. A streak of blood spits out of the corner of Marty's mouth.

Marty's own eyes bulge, his body limp. Goatman eases the body to the pavement.

An apple wine bottle falls out of the car. It lands beside Sara. Rolls away from her, towards Goatman, who stops it with his left hoof.

Sara freezes in fear.

Goatman's hoof presses.

The bottle cracks.

Goatman shows no reaction

when he flattens it to concrete.

Sara jumps back into the car.

Slams the door shut. Hammers the automatic button!

Sara locks the doors!

The window goes up, closes just in time.

Goatman taps on the roof.

Makes a Devil's Horn hand gesture.

Lets the bloody hand streak down the window.

Sara screams.

She can't find the keys!

Goatman huffs. Bares Jagged teeth. A burst of cold air bellows around him.

SARA

The hell are the keys!

She spots them on the floor.

Scoops them up.

Plunges the ignition key in -

SMASH! Glass and blood showers Sara as Goatman shoves Marty head first into the driver's side window! Marty's mangled face hangs just over her lap.

EXT. CORVIN BRIDGE

Sara squirms away, kicks out.

Bails on the passenger side. Drops to the ground.

Gets up. Runs as best she can -

Her high heels do her no favors as they clickety-click during her escape.

Sara dares to look back every few seconds. Goatman rips Marty out of the car. Lets him fall. Sara gets some distance between her and the car. Goatman bends over Marty's body.

It's tough to know exactly what he's doing. Music fades, cuts off. Street lights are of no help. The car and the shadows obscure Goatman's activities. Goatman tosses aside Marty's right shoe.

The heels snap. Sara discards them. Further away, but -

INSERT

Keys in the ignition.

IPhone left under Marty's shirt.

BACK TO SCENE

Sara's eyes widen.

Goatman heaves, pulls. Blood pools around him. Tosses bloody ivory bat (Marty's femur leg bone) in backseat of car.

Gets in. Door still open, sets the gear in reverse and creeps up to Sara.

Tail lights get closer--

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Traffic lights blink red. A DON'T WALK sign flashes. Sara hobbles. Few cars around. She puts her hand on one of them. An alarm echoes between buildings.

SARA

Come on! Someone!

She looks around. *You should be scared*

All alone except for the crazy psycho in Marty's car.

Still in reverse. Five miles an hour. Coming for her.

SARA

Anyone!

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Darkness greets Sara as she bursts in. As she scurries ahead, only a few overhead night lights guide the way. Empty chairs. Nobody at the front desk.

SARA

Is anyone here? Where is everyone?

She glances over her shoulder. The shadow of Goatman falls on the door. He's got a long white bone with smeared blood in his left hand.

SARA

I need help!

Sara hustles past the front desk to the Ballroom past the poster display.

Goatman enters the revolving door.

BALLROOM

Not as festive as it was earlier. Only the remains of confetti, discarded food and drink. Four people, passed out on the floor. Party's over.

Sara comes up to the first person. Brett. Axe in his back right shoulder. Sara puts her hand over her mouth. Off in the middle of the dance floor JAMES. Not moving.

The next body she backs into. BETHANIE. She's missing her head. sara's eyes go wide. Tears roll down her face.

Sara walks around. On further inspection, she finds Zombie Bride with the crazy eyebrows. Costume torn, chest draped in blood. Blank stare right back at Sara.

Goo drips on Sara. She dares to gaze up. The CLERK, his ghost-body phasing into the ceiling. Leaves behind a clear slime. Most of the ceiling is covered in the same stuff.

Goatman stands by the entrance. He simply *appears*.

SARA

Who are you? What do you want?

Goatman lifts Marty's leg bone.

Meat still around parts of it.

Goatman chomps down, rips the meat off.

Chews. Slow.

Side steps to a corner.

Thrusts the end of the bone into something. Lifts to reveal the Count's severed head, now at the end of his new stick.

SARA

Stay away from me! Stay the hell
away from me!

The severed head's mouth opens and gives a deep **moan**.

Yellow puss pumps from the nose and eyes. The face sags. It melts like plastic, exposes the skull.

Goatman approaches Sara. Taunts her with the head and bone like a mad puppeteer.

Goatman stakes the bone and severed head in the body of the Zombie Bride.

SARA

This can't be real!

Goatman snarls. Steps on Brett, pulls the axe.

Yanks it out of the corpse. Brett's body jerks. Blood drizzles from the blade.

KITCHEN

Sara scrambles in. The entire area, not counting the stainless steel tables, stoves and utensils is snow white.

The bleached light reveals

No bodies here. No blood. A word haphazardly written in lipstick SEANCE.

An assortment of alcohol bottles, near an empty punch bowl, candy corn and black and orange peanut butter kisses on a counter. A partially open serving window above them. Metal grate. Open Padlock.

Sara pulls up carts, tables and a trash can to barricade the door. It takes her a moment to realize that the light in here aren't coming from the lamps above.

She grabs a butcher knife. Ready for Goatman.

A distorted *SCREECH* on the other side of the door.

BALLROOM

Goatman drags the axe blade on the door.

Leaves a streak of blood.

Taps on the door with the axe. A cadence.

Goatman looks right. Curious.

His monster eyes in his back open, peer right.

KITCHEN

Tap... Tap... Tap.

Sara hears Goatman step back. A mixture of fear and rage fills her face.

The door...

Wait... The door... any second now...

SARA

*What the fuck is taking you so
goddamn -*

The Axe **smashes** into the row of bottles and other goods on the counter near the serving window. If it was a bowling ball it would be a strike. Goatman takes the axe back.

Sara darts towards the serving window. The crunch of glass under her feet. She shuts the metal grate. Backs away. Takes a breath.

Stares at the metal grate.

Goatman's left hand, trapped under the grate. Fingers wiggle.

Sara hurries forward, a last minute afterthought. She snaps the padlock closed.

Steps back. Heart rate fast.

Beads of sweat trickle on her face. Considers the knife in her hand. Goatman's trapped hand.

The knife...

the hand...

Lunges. Slices off the pinky!

SARA

Feel any better now, son of a bitch!

Goatman's hand slowly turns upright. Skin and hair shred off in the process. Sara doesn't like this. She jams the knife in the palm of Goatman's hand. Retracts.

SARA

Hope you like that, bastard!

Green goo and maggots ooze out from Goatman's hand. The hand pulls back, clenches the grate. Goatman grunts.

Sara holds the knife up.

With a power yank, Goatman opens the grate. The padlock snaps like a rotted dry twig. The monster shoves himself through the narrow opening, and the axe follows him. He lands in a big **thump**. Scrambles to his feet.

Sara swipes the knife left and right. Keeps Goatman at bay. Goatman not bothered. Growls.

One swing of the axe knocks into pots and cleavers.

Sara retreats. There's nowhere to go but -

FREEZER

Confined space. Sara slams the door. Knife held defensively. She slumps to the floor right next to CANDY STRIPER NURSE, passed out, speckled in blood. Candy Striped Nurse holds her cherry lipstick in her right hand.

A message on the wall behind her CANT LEAVE.

SARA

Wake up!

No response. Sara checks Candy Stripe Nurse's pulse. Message written on the woman's arm. MORNING.

Tap... Tap... Tap...

KITCHEN

Wall clock read ten to six. Sara peers out of the freezer door. Goatman isn't there.

Looks around. Clear.

She eases Candy Nurse in a fireman carry and helps her towards the back. There isn't any back door.

Hesitation. Sara stares at the front entrance of the kitchen. Gathers herself. Moves forward.

BALLROOM

Along with Candy Striped Nurse, she moves around the carnage. From the far corner, *Goatman* stands up. Hard to see him, but his shadow is unmistakable. He still has the axe.

EXT. HOTEL - EARLY MORNING

The two women exit. Sara stops in front of Marty's car. Looks inside. Keys are in it. She puts Candy Stripe Nurse in the car. Goes to the backseat. Retrieves the iPhone. Hits 911.

Looks back to the hotel. Goatman by the revolving door. The hotel fades away like a ghost in the night.

FADE TO BLACK