

FADE IN:

CLOSE UP, HAUNTING FACE - EVENING

The round, blood-drained face of REVA TRANTINI fills the screen, menacing. His eyeballs swell, mesmerizing. Blood red lips speak in a thick Eastern European accent.

TRANTINI

You... are goink... to die.

Morbid silence.

A horrible, piercing SCREAM of a terrified woman.

The CAMERA pulls back slowly to reveal...

INTERIOR SOUND STAGE 1950'S - EVENING

A boom mike comes into view. Then a camera, lights, crew. Trantini sits in a chair.

In front of Trantini is AIMEE LAMARR, overly made-up in a tight, low-cut, dress. Probably once a beautiful, sexy woman, she is showing signs of age.

ROGER HERMAN (VO)

Cut!

People unfreeze, walk around the set. Their voices create a BUZZ. Roger Herman, the young, thin director, walks by.

HERMAN

(to Lamarr)

Good job. Very convincing.

Herman winks, pats Lamarr on the ass, and moves on.

TRANTINI

(sarcastic)

Yes. Vat talent! You scream vonderfully. You are a gifted actress venn you haff no lines to speak.

LAMARR

(in a thick Bronx accent)

At least when I speak, people can understand me.

TRANTINI

(angry)

People haff understood, and luffed me,  
in over vun huntred moofies.

LAMARR

And I've done nearly thirty moofies...  
movies.

With difficulty, Trantini pushes himself out of the chair.

TRANTINI

Yes, but I didn't haff to be schtupped  
by anyvun in my moofies.

LAMARR

Well who would want to see that? An old  
fart they have to prop up for his  
scenes. You make some terrifying  
vampire, gramps. Until you topple over.

Trantini's face flushes. His eyes widen. The pupils start  
swirling slowly, becoming a violent vortex.

Lamarr stands hypnotized.

Trantini begins coughing, softly, then violently. His eyes  
return to normal.

Lamarr relaxes.

Trantini bends over, falls onto Lamarr, his face buried in  
her cleavage, coughing.

LAMARR

Hey! Hey! Pervert! Get off me!

They dance around the set, him coughing, her yelling.  
Knocking things over. The crew stares, confused.

JASMINE MCKITTRICK runs over to Trantini. She is beautiful,  
dressed like a gypsy. She pulls him off of Lamarr, takes him  
in her arms.

JASMINE

Get off of him, you bitch!

Trantini collapses in Jasmine's arms. A crowd gathers.

JASMINE

Call an ambulance! He's dying. Call an ambulance!

Trantini and Jasmine drop slowly to the ground.

Roger Herman rushes to them.

An electric charge goes through the air. Everyone shivers.

HERMAN

What...

Jasmine looks up, a tear in her eye.

JASMINE

Too late.

DISSOLVE

INTERIOR VIDEO STORE - EVENING

Harsh fluorescent lighting, checkerboard tile floor, long aisles of shelves with videotapes. The store is mostly empty.

CHARLOTTE and STU, in their twenties, peruse the shelves.

STU

How about "The Beast From Twenty Thousand Fathoms?"

CHARLOTTE

No.

(beat)

How about "Love Story"?

STU

"Love Story?" Yuck. Ever see "Blood Beach?"

CHARLOTTE

How can you watch that stuff?

(beat)

Here's "The Way We Were."

STU

Gimme a break. That gooey, lovey stuff makes me puke. How about "Texas Chainsaw Massacre!"