

INT. DINING ROOM -- ABBIE HOUSE -- EVENING

Abbie stands at one end of the dinner table, Roger sits at the opposite end. Seated to the left of Roger is his mother, PAMELA BLADECUT, a dried-up corpse.

(NOTE: Pamela never moves nor talks, yet Abbie and Roger address and respond to her as if she were a living human being who can communicate with her family.)

Abbie holds the top of the poster and lets it unroll. The poster reads *Son of Bladecut* with a stylish animation of Roger (in his iconic burlap sac mask) standing over a silhouetted Makenzie.

ABBIE

Son of Bladecut?! Are you serious?!

ROGER

I'm sorry, but *Part-time Employee of Bladecut* just didn't have the same ring to it.

ABBIE

I still can't wrap my mind around why you chose Makenzie. He's such a fucking cunt!

ROGER

(mouth-full)

Whoa, Abbie!

Roger makes a subtle head/eye motion to his mother; Pamela remains silent and dead.

ABBIE

Sorry, Grandma.

Roger gestures with his silverware as he eats and talks.

ROGER

The series needs new legs, sweetie. Rentals are down, we're barely keeping afloat month to month. With the title alone, we'll be able to move at least a couple hundred copies in pre-sales.

ABBIE

But why Makenzie? Why not me? Is it because I'm adopted?

Roger scoffs at the suggestion.

ROGER

Because you're adopted?
(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)
 No, of course not, sweetie. It's
 because you're a girl.

ABBIE
 What?!

Roger looks over to his mother and acknowledges his verbal faux pas.

ROGER
 I'm sorry. *Woman.*

ABBIE
 That's a crock of shit. I can hack
 it better than any swinging dick on
 the circuit.

ROGER
 Okay, Abigail, now listen.

Roger pauses and winces in pain. He gently taps his chest to elicit a burp, and exhales.

ROGER (CONT'D)
 There's a way of doing things around
 here and we can't have some gir--
 woman who weighs about a hundred
 pounds soaking wet instilling fear
 into the hearts of young people.
 It's impossible!

Roger stops and turns to Pamela, his dead mother.

ROGER (CONT'D)
 I mean no insult, Ma, but she's got
 to hear it.
 (to Abbie)
 Intimidation factor aside, what if
 you needed to carry three mutilated
 corpses up to the top of a barn and
 hang them, one by one, from their
 ball sacks? How would you even--

A grandfather clock lets out an EERIE CHIME. Conversation stops. Roger gets up from the table with a slight unsteadiness.

ROGER (CONT'D)
 Duty calls.