

Man of Wax

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. CHAMBER OF HORRORS - NIGHT

Wide-eyed KYLE COBB, 11, drags his feet near the entrance of a cut-rate elementary school haunted house.

Halloween decorations sag from the brick wall. Lots of black crepe paper. A handmade sign says "Support Our Annual School Fundraiser." Horror sound effects blare from a speaker.

Small kids in costumes squeal with anticipation as they near the doors leading to the chamber of horrors.

Kyle shuffles, hesitates, looks down at his shoes.

He gets shoved from behind by TREVOR, 11, a boy dressed completely in black.

TREVOR

Chicken.

KYLE

I'm not.

TREVOR

You're crappin' your pants.

Kyle shakes his head. Alongside him swoops PATTI, 11, a pretty, dark-haired girl in a crisp red headband.

PATTI

C'mon, Kyle, it'll be fun.

Kyle's eyes shine with hope at her. He tries to smile, but he gets only halfway there.

KYLE

I know. I just get, you know--

He searches for a sign of understanding from her.

KYLE

I just get nervous.

PATTI

Don't be.

She smiles/pulls him toward the entrance. He swallows hard and follows.

TREVOR

Lead the way, dingus.

INT. CHAMBER OF HORRORS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kyle, Trevor, and Patti travel through a narrow corridor. Kyle leads them--anxious.

At the corridor's end stands THE MAN OF WAX--face like a melted candle. A bloody smock covers him--a single word scrawled upon it: Boogeyman. He holds a meat cleaver.

The Man of Wax stands statue-still. He doesn't look real.

Ten feet away, eight, six. Kyle stalls/clenches/locks up--consumed with dread. He can't walk past the Man of Wax.

Trevor shoves from behind. Angry. Violent. Impatient.

TREVOR

Go, dingus.

Kyle shakes his head: no way.

Patti gets close to his ear.

PATTI

It's okay, Kyle. I'll go first.  
Just follow me.

Kyle snaps out of it.

KYLE

No. No. I'm good.

He leans forward/takes a few steps forward.

TREVOR

It's just a statue, dumb-ass.

Kyle draws even with the Man of Wax. His legs freeze up again. He tries to pass, but he can't He gulps for air.

Wham--the Man of Wax comes alive--his cleaver slams the plywood wall, a half inch from Kyle's nose.

Splintered wood shoots into the air. The clever is embedded in the board--its sharp edge gleams.

Kyle huffs-huffs-huffs for air--nothing--no breath whatsoever--gasp--gasp.

Finally, a pained shriek--

KYLE

Real. Real ax. Real.

He retreats, crashing into Patti and Trevor. Trevor retaliates--shoving Kyle right into the Man of Wax.

Kyle's face brushes against the wax man's bloody smock. Kyle screams/bounds away. Repulsed.

KYLE

Guy's got a real ax. He's for real.

Pulling back his cleaver, the Man of Wax shakes his head. He beckons Patti, Trevor, and Kyle to pass.

Kyle balls himself up. Patti puts an arm around him. Whispers to him. Tries to soothe him.

Trevor sneers and stomps--enraged by this delay.

He takes Patti's arm and pulls her down the hall, past the Man of Wax, who takes no action.

She reaches a hand back toward Kyle, but Trevor's momentum gets her past the waxy man. In just a few steps, she and Trevor disappear down some dark corridor.

Kyle stands, takes a deep breath, closes his eyes, and rushes after her. He zooms past the Man of Wax, who has resumed his rigid, statuesque stance.

Kyle looks back at the Man of Wax. A moment drags by--and then he waves at Kyle.

Kyle runs through the corridor. Fast.

KYLE

Patti, wait up.

A quick glance back. Someone follows. The Man of Wax.

Kyle quickens his pace. No Patti. No anybody.

The upcoming area has a slow strobe effect to it--not the seizure inducing kind, but a few intermittent flashes.

Kyle glances. The Man of Wax is far down the hall.

Darkness. A flash of light. He's closer.

Darkness. A flash of light. Only steps away, the Man of Wax reaches out a hand.

Darkness.

A flash. The Man of Wax grasps Kyle.

Darkness.

Flash. Kyle twists/breaks the grasp/dashes off.

Darkness.

Flash. Kyle has come to a brick wall. He feels for an opening. There's nowhere to go.

Darkness.

Flash. The Man of Wax approaches. He swings his cleaver.

Darkness.

Flash. The cleaver strikes the wall. Kyle falls/scoots away.

Darkness.

Flash. The Man of Wax reaches for Kyle.

Darkness.

Flash. Kyle runs and finds a new darkened hallway.

Darkness.

Flash. Someone else creeps behind Kyle--a man in a SKULL MASK.

Darkness.

Flash. Kyle is surrounded. The Man of Wax is in front of him, and the Man in the Skull Mask is behind him. Kyle doesn't see the skull guy at all.

Darkness.

Flash. The Man in the Skull Mask grabs Kyle from behind.

Darkness.

Flash. The Man in the Skull Mask whips out a gun.

Darkness.

Flash. Skull Mask points the weapon at the Man of Wax.

All the lights go on in the Chamber of Horrors.

Skull Mask shouts to the Man of Wax.

SKULL MASK  
Police. Drop your weapon.

Suddenly all sorts of officers flood the area. They tackle the Man of Wax to the ground.

Skull Mask rips off his disguise/shouts into a walkie talkie-

SKULL MASK

Subject in custody. Repeat. In custody.

The Man of Wax is cuffed.

The Skull Mask undercover officer turns to Kyle.

SKULL MASK

Are you okay, son? Sit down. I'll have an EMT here in two seconds.

The Man of Wax grunts and resists as the officers pull him up.

SKULL MASK

(to Kyle)

He's been sneaking into fun houses and pulling kids out, but we got him. We had it staked out.

Kyle looks with wide eyes.

SKULL MASK

Are you okay?

The Man of Wax looks directly at Kyle. He shouts out.

MAN OF WAX

(to Kyle)

I'll be back for you, soon enough, boy. They ain't gonna have me for long.

Kyle's eyes widen.

An OFFICER pulls off the Man of Wax's mask, revealing an ugly, sweaty man.

MAN OF WAX

Might even see you tonight, once I get out.

Officers tug him away, but he has one more thought.

MAN OF WAX

Ain't no jail gonna hold me, buddy. I'll be seein' ya soon.

Patti and Trevor run into the room. She runs up to Kyle and hugs him.

Kyle is too stunned to hug her back.

The Man of Wax is pulled out of the room.

INT. KYLE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kyle doesn't sleep. He sits in bed and watches his window.

His clock registers the time: 3 a.m.

In the distance a siren sounds.

Kyle looks at the window.

He whisper to it.

KYLE

If you come for me...

He clenches a fist.

KYLE

I'll be ready.

Shadows move beyond his window. Tree branches in the night breeze. Kyle stares and waits and watches.

He watches and watches and watches...

He might never sleep again.

FADE OUT:

The End