

TALES FROM THE CRYPTKEEPER

"A LITTLE BODY WORK"

Written by
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Based on the story
"Death Wagon"



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FIRST DRAFT
May 3, 1993



Illustrations on pages 1, 3, 4, 7, 14, 17, 19, 21, 23, 24, 27, 29, 30, 31, 32, 35, 38, and 40 are production drawings and cells from the animated television show that originally aired on October 9, 1993, during season 1, episode 4. (© 1993 Tales from the Crypt Holdings)

Illustrations on pages 5, 11, 13, 26, 33, 36, and this page are by Erik Doescher from the Scholastic Inc. book *Tales from the Cryptkeeper: "Gone Fishin'" and "A Little Body of Work,"* adapted by Jane B. Mason. (© 1995 Tales from the Crypt Holdings)



TALES FROM THE CRYPTKEEPER: "A LITTLE BODY WORK"

FADE IN:

INT. CRYPTKEEPER'S LAIR - LIVE ACTION

The CRYPTKEEPER sits at his desk, dialing his phone - a Mickey Mouse phone, which is now only a skeleton, including big circular bones for ears. He speaks impatiently.

CRYPTKEEPER

Hello... Hearse Rent-a-Car? I hear your cars are to die for. I'm looking for a vehicle with some spirit - preferably a Fury or a Gremlin - a strong choke, a killer stereo...

(looks over to a pile of skulls)

(MORE)

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CRYPTKEEPER (CONT'D)

...and plenty of headroom. Yes,
I'll hold...

The Cryptkeeper sighs as HOLD MUSIC drifts from the phone - a droning funeral march. He looks to the CAMERA, put out.

CRYPTKEEPER

Hello, kiddies. I'm in a foul mood today because my car has died.

(scoffs)

I've never let a little thing like death slow me down!

The HOLD MUSIC drifting out of the phone changes, to a cheerful version of 'Puff the Magic Dragon'. The Cryptkeeper groans, shoving the receiver to one side before continuing.

CRYPTKEEPER

Today's tale of terror comes straight from one of the most terrifying places on earth. A place so horrifying that those who manage to survive it never forget the torture they endured...

As the Cryptkeeper speaks we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DARK CORRIDOR - ANIMATION

Shuffling figures lurch slowly through the murky gloom. We can see little of their faces - their features sunken, skin lifeless and pale, eyes unfocused. Shoulders slumped, they shuffle down the corridor like an army of zombies, feet scuffling along the floor. The Cryptkeeper continues.

CRYPTKEEPER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... Where zombies walk the halls,
and the screams of the tormented
echo from behind closed doors. Of
course I'm talking about... HIGH
SCHOOL!

The lights come up to reveal a typical school hallway filled with bored kids on their way to class.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:



PAN TO a classroom, sign on the door reading 'AUTO SHOP' as the Cryptkeeper's maniacal laugh carries us into...

INT. AUTO SHOP CLASS - DAY

The room is filled with various high tech machines and gadgets. Lightning flashes through the windows. Cars lie still under shroud-like tarps. You could mistake it for Frankenstein's laboratory. Class in session, kids milling about the room working on various projects like mad surgeons, their white lab coats stained with oil and grease.

PAN TO where KEVIN CARTER works under the hood of his beat up red '67 Mustang 2 x 2. The car's a greasy, rusty mess, and at the moment, so's Kevin. He works on the car lovingly, hands caressing the crud-cased carburetor as he works on trying to bring it back to life.

KEVIN

Okay, baby - this won't hurt a bit... they call me mad in shop class, but I will make you run again. You'd like that, wouldn't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:



Suddenly a TREMENDOUS BLAST from the horn makes Kevin jump, banging his head on the hood. Kevin rubs his head, staring in disbelief at the car, as though it had answered him.

KEVIN

What the...?!?

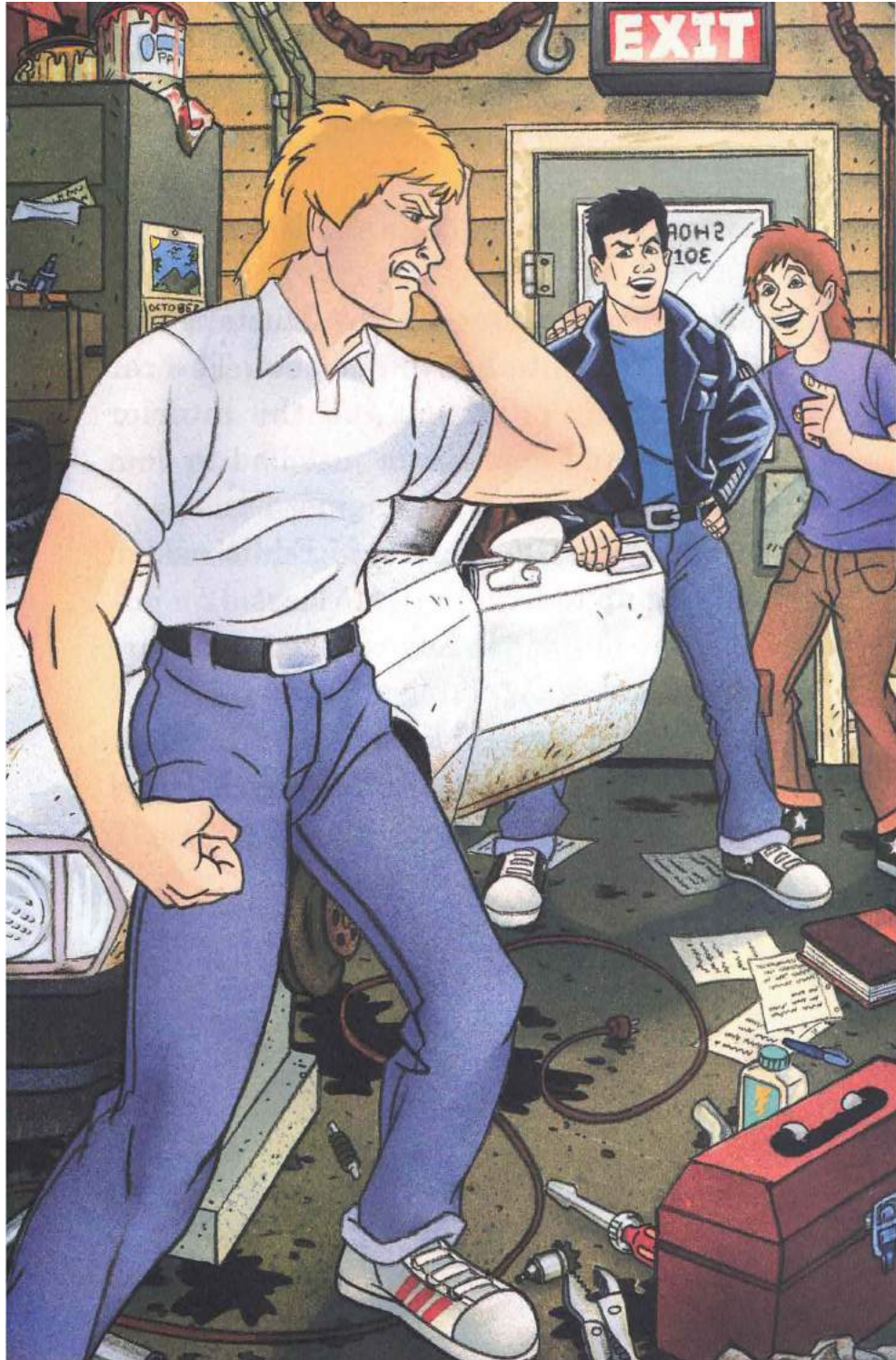
Kevin looks up to see the smarmy, toothy grin of EDDIE CRAIG, face distorted in the Mustang's cracked windshield as he laughs nastily. As Eddie climbs out of the car, we see that Eddie is a textbook juvenile delinquent, complete with leather jacket, torn jeans, greasy hair and motorcycle boots. He plays dumb, Kevin glaring at him angrily.

EDDIE

Gee, I'm sorry, Kev. Who'd have thought the horn would be the only thing on this car that works?

Eddie also comes with his own lackey, in the form of HERMAN SHERMAN, a short, rat-faced kid who nods at everything Eddie says, repeating all his best lines and laughing at all his 'jokes'. Like now.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

HERMAN

... Horn's the only thing that works. Good one, Eddie...

Eddie's smarmy grin grows as he circles Kevin's car, giving it the once-over.

EDDIE

So you bought this heap out at the auto graveyard, huh? Shoulda left it buried.

HERMAN

... Buried. Ha!

EDDIE

You know, I can get you a deal on some used parts, if you're interested. A real HOT deal, if you get my meaning...

HERMAN

(blankly)
I don't get it...
(Eddie elbows him, hard)
... Oh yeah - HOT! I get it. Ha ha...

EDDIE

But, uh, from the looks of this baby, I'd say you're gonna need a whole new car.

Eddie and Herman crack up, nudging each other. Kevin just grins confidently, giving the Mustang an affectionate pat.

KEVIN

I don't need any used parts. I'm going to totally rebuild her, bumper to bumper. Everything will be 100% original.

Hearing this, Eddie and Herman laugh even harder.

EDDIE

Original? It'll take years just to scrape the rust off this thing! It's a pile of junk!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Eddie sticks his head under the hood, checking out the rusty engine. As he does we notice that the Mustang's grill seems to be snarling, its headlights watching Eddie. Is it just a trick of the light? Suddenly the hood slams down of its own accord, nearly taking Eddie's head off.

Eddie takes a surprised step backward, stumbling onto a mechanic's 'creeper'. He lets out a cry, everyone turning to watch as skateboards backwards across the floor - just past a sign on the wall which reads 'NO SKATEBOARDING'.

Jumping out of the way, Herman bumps a stack of used tires, sending them cascading down on his head - revealing a sign reading 'NO KNOCKING OVER TIRES'.

The 'creeper' finally slams into a tool box, flipping Eddie into the air, landing hard with his butt in a half-filled oil change pan - directly beneath a sign reading 'NO LANDING ON OIL PANS'. The class goes nuts, kids doubling over with laughter.

Tossing tires aside, Eddie struggles to his feet, glaring at Kevin furiously. Even Herman stays under the pile of tires, gazing up at his friend through a hole in the rubber rather than risk coming under his wrath.



(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

EDDIE

That hunk of junk is a menace to society! You're never gonna get it working, you hear me? Besides, I'm gonna fix up a car - and it'll be twice as nice as yours!

Still burning mad, Eddie stalks out of the class - his oil-soaked jeans making embarrassing GOOSHING and SHLURPING sounds as he walks. Herman crawls out from under the tires, scampering after him.

HERMAN

You okay, Eddie? You need me to do your laundry again...?

The rest of the kids return to work. Kevin turns back to his Mustang, patting it on the hood encouragingly.

KEVIN

Don't listen to them. I'll get you running again. It's just gonna take a little time and patience. And I've got a lot of both.

The front of Kevin's Mustang has subtly changed once again, now appearing to grin happily up at him as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A sign out front reads 'Harvey Kurtzman Memorial High School', and in smaller letters underneath, 'Where students enter as children, but come out taller'. A Winter into Spring transition. Snow melts. Flowers bloom. Birds chirp. The first graffiti appears on the side of the buildings.

CUT TO:

INT. AUTO SHOP CLASS - DAY

Eddie and Herman toil under the hood of Eddie's '71 Camaro - Herman's feet dangling six inches off the floor as he leans into the engine compartment. The car is done in two-tone primer, but has all the cool accessories - dingle balls, fuzzy dice, pregnant hood, leopard skin seat covers, pipe organ speakers in the back window, welded chain steering wheel, and shag carpeting on the dashboard. The motor is running - sort of.

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CONTINUED:

HERMAN

Just needs a little tweak...

Herman jabs a screwdriver into a mass of engine parts, causing the engine to COUGH, BANG and DIE. A cloud of thick smoke rises from under the hood, Eddie and Herman reeling. Coughing and hacking, a sign on the wall reads 'NO TWEAKING'. Eddie leans against the car for support when suddenly WHOOSH! He is doused with a spray of white foam. He looks up to see Herman holding a fire extinguisher, a sheepish expression on his face. Once again, the rest of the class laughs hysterically at Eddie's misfortune, angering him. He whips around, targeting Kevin, who stops sanding his car, pushing his protective goggles up on his forehead as Eddie barks at him.

EDDIE

What're you looking at, twerp?

KEVIN

The world's biggest ice cream cone?

This sends the rest of the kids into new gales of laughter. Face red, Eddie stomps over to Kevin. We see that he Mustang is practically finished. Eddie sizes it up. Most of the body's been sanded down to metal, ready for primer and paint. The interior is immaculate. A few engine parts sit nearby, looking like new and ready for installation. Irritated by Kevin's success, Eddie sneers at him.

EDDIE

So - almost done?

KEVIN

Almost.

EDDIE

Ready for the big day?

KEVIN

(confused)

What big day?

Eddie acts stunned and insulted, putting on a big show for the rest of the class. Herman scurries up, still wiping foam off his hands.

EDDIE

Oh, don't tell me you forgot! Our challenge. The bet. The race.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Kevin just grins, shaking his head and speaking calmly. The Mustang seems to be eyeing Eddie suspiciously.

KEVIN

I'm not racing you, Eddie. I
didn't spend all this time fixing
up my car just to wreck it.

Eddie's eyes narrow as he steps up, going nose to nose with Kevin. He bends him backward over the fender, shouting into his face.

EDDIE

You don't want to race 'cuz you're
CHICKEN, and this junk box has got
NO GUTS!

Never taking his eyes off Kevin, Eddie snaps his finger at Herman, who bends the Mustang's antenna in half. The car almost seems to wince in pain. Now Kevin's mad. He shoves Eddie aside, lunging for Herman. Herman jumps back, falling into Eddie's Camaro. The fire extinguisher goes off again, filling the interior of the car with foam. covered in foam, Herman gives Eddie an apologetic shrug. Kevin turns, nailing Eddie with a cold Clint Eastwood stare.

KEVIN

You want to race? You're on. One
week from tonight.

EDDIE

(shark grin)
Perfect.

WIPE TO:

INT. AUTO SHOP CLASS - LATER

After school, the classroom is creepy and deserted. Lightning flashes through the window, casting an eerie spotlight on Eddie's Camaro. Eddie stands impatiently next to the car, which is raised on a lift, ala 'Frankenstein', with wires trailing out of the open hood as the engine isles sickly. Eddie motions over to Herman, who stands near a diagnostic machine, waiting nervously like Igor.

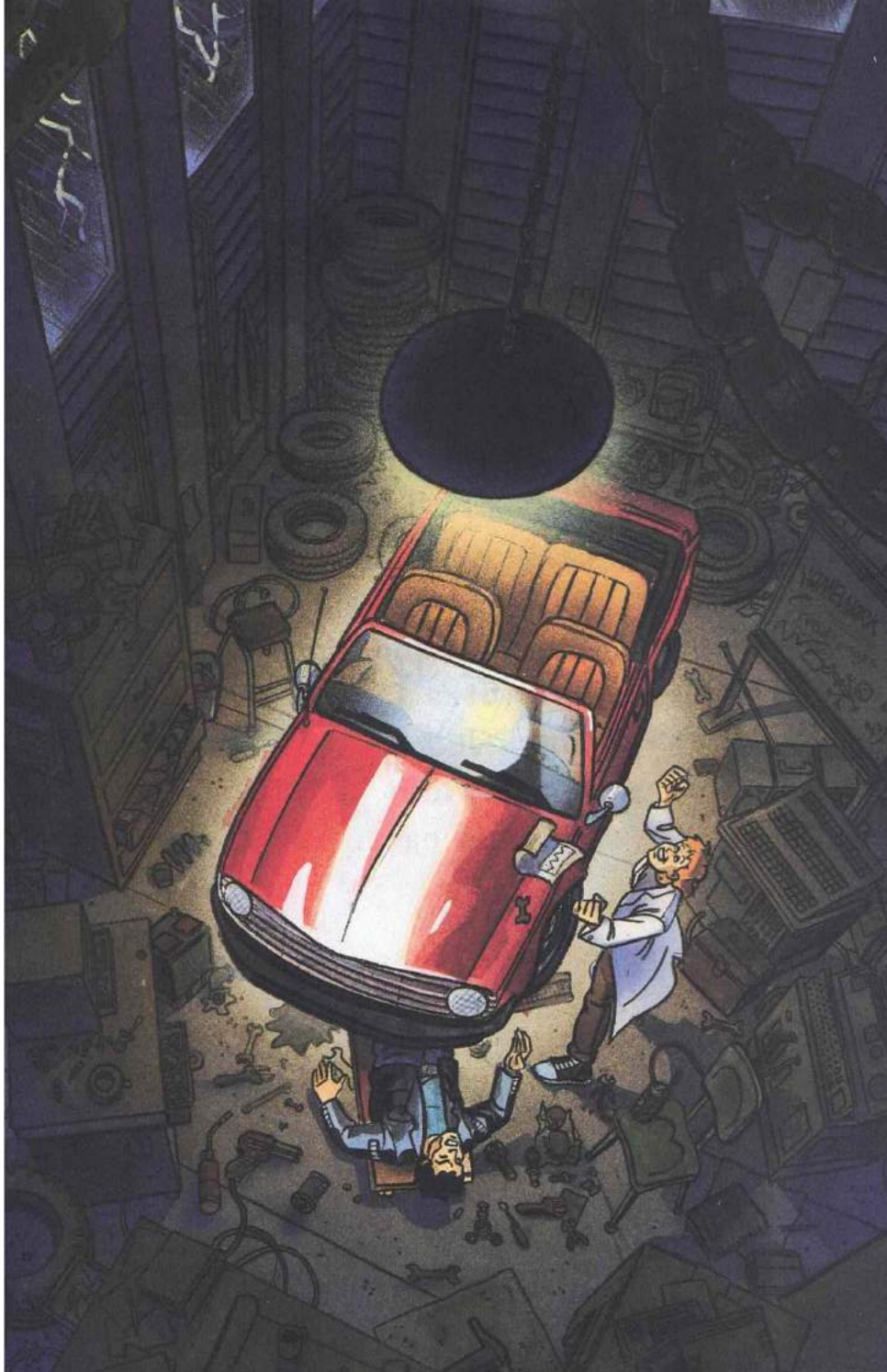
EDDIE

Pull the switch!

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11.



(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Herman pulls the switch, the machine crackling to life. Eddie laughs maniacally as the diagnostic machine prints out the data.

EDDIE

It's alive! It's alive!!!

He waits expectantly as Herman rips the results from the computer.

HERMAN

(shaking his head)

This thing's dead.

EDDIE

What do you mean, dead?

HERMAN

I mean maybe we should have concentrated less on dingle balls and more on engine parts.

(scans results)

The carb's ready for a retirement home, you can almost see through the brake shoes, the head's cracked, the linkage is trashed, and a couple of tie rod ends wouldn't hurt, either. What're we gonna do, Eddie?

Eddie grins, draping an arm around Herman's shoulders.

EDDIE

What we always do, toad-boy.

HERMAN

(worried)

But we're not talkin' hub caps and chrome here, Eddie. We're talking major GUTS!

Eddie's grin spreads as he leans in close to Herman's face. His arm tightens around Herman's neck, causing his face to redden as he struggles to breathe.

EDDIE

No guts... no glory, right, Hermy?

Herman can only nod, looking up at Eddie with watering eyes as we...

WIPE TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL DRIVEWAY - NIGHT



Late night. The storm has passed, the clouds separating to reveal a bright full moon.

Eddie and Herman have a GREEN CAR jacked up, and are in the process of quietly removing the rear brakes. A 'BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY' sticker is on the bumper.

Eddie does the work while Herman nervously keeps watch. Herman glances into the car, reaching through the open driver's window and grabbing an unlocked 'Club' off the steering wheel.

HERMAN

Hey, look at this.

EDDIE

Whadda' we need that for?

HERMAN

It's a deterrent to thieves.

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CONTINUED:

14.



(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Eddie just shakes his head as he returns to work, Herman whispering to him worriedly.

HERMAN

I just don't know about this,
Eddie. Stealing the brakes. What
if somebody gets hurt?

Eddie rolls his eyes as though Herman were a moron.

EDDIE

I'm only taking the rear brakes,
dufus. They've still got the
front ones. So quit worrying.

Eddie hands the brake shoes to Herman, who stuffs them into a duffel bag, before replacing the tire with the speed and skill of a pit boss. Herman crosses 'brake shoes' off a list of parts, stuffing it into his coat pocket as Eddie lowers the jack.

HERMAN

I sure hope you're right, Eddie...

They disappear into the night. The silence is replaced by a GROWING SCREECH as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The SCREECH continues as the GREEN CAR careens wildly INTO SHOT, completely out of control. It swerves THROUGH SHOT, pedestrians scattering out of the way.

PEDESTRIAN #1

Look out!

There is a tremendous CRASH from O.S., the car's bumper SMASHING into frame. It's battered and twisted - the 'BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY' bumper sticker shredded and torn. We hear voices O.S. as we slowly ZOOM INTO the crushed bumper.

VOICE #1 (O.S.)

Oh, wow! Are you okay?

DRIVER (O.S.)

I'm okay. But my car... the
brakes just went!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE #2 (O.S.)
You're lucky, man. This car is
totaled!

Ominous MUSIC STING as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Eddie and Herman remove the front brakes off a BLUE CAR. Herman holds the duffel bag open while Eddie tosses the brake shoes into it as though he were shooting a basketball. He sinks both shots, the boys laughing.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The BLUE CAR is crushed up against the highway guardrail. The STUNNED DRIVER gives his report to a POLICE OFFICER, gesturing wildly to his battered car.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Herman stands next to a WHITE CAR which has been jacked up, keeping watch. Eddie climbs out from under the car, steering box in hand. He and Herman high five, Herman wincing and blowing on his reddened hand when Eddie isn't looking.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The WHITE CAR is wrapped around a tree by the side of the road. The DRIVER stands nearby, shaking his head in disbelief as a couple of GOOD SAMARITANS try to comfort him.

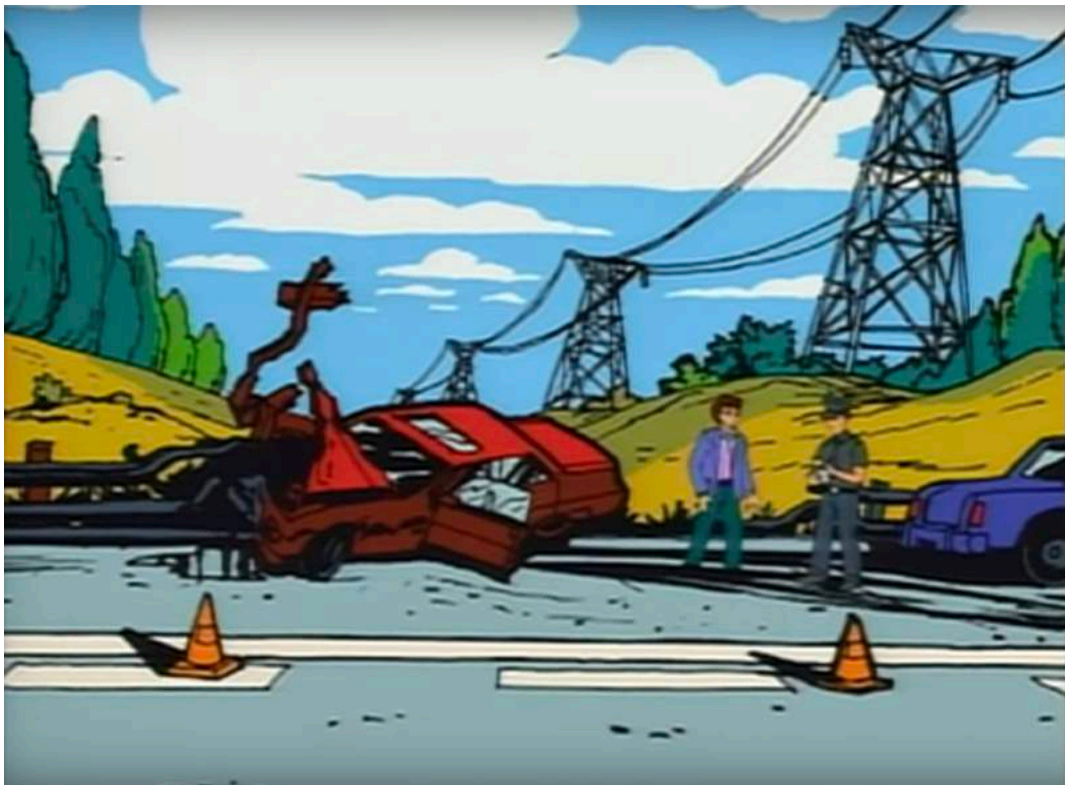
CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Eddie and Herman steal nuts and bolts from a YELLOW CAR, Eddie working on the tires while Herman's under the hood.

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(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Finished, they toss the stolen parts into a duffel bag and quietly close the car's hood. As they scurry away, Eddie passes a small 'NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH' sign tacked to a fence. Snickering, he grabs the sign, tossing it into the duffel bag.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

The YELLOW CAR motors down the street, everything seems fine... until it starts to fall apart. First the rear bumper falls off. Then the fenders. The hood flies open. The trunk does likewise. All four doors tumble off onto the roadway. And finally the wheels come off, the YELLOW CAR SCRAPING down the street, sparks flying. As it passes OUT OF SHOT we hear a tremendous CRASH. The steering wheel rolls INTO FRAME, circling to a slow stop when suddenly POOF! The air bag deploys, then deflates.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUTO GRAVEYARD - DAY

A FUNERAL MARCH plays as the GREEN, WHITE, BLUE and YELLOW cars are all towed somberly into the auto graveyard, taking their place amongst the twisted remains of the other wrecked cars.

WIPE TO:

INT. AUTO SHOP CLASS - DAY

Once again, lightning flashes in the windows. Eddie is under his 'Frankenstein'-like Camaro, installing one of his "new" parts.

The car's a monstrosity, a collection of mis-matched parts from different cars pieced together from different years and different models of cars.

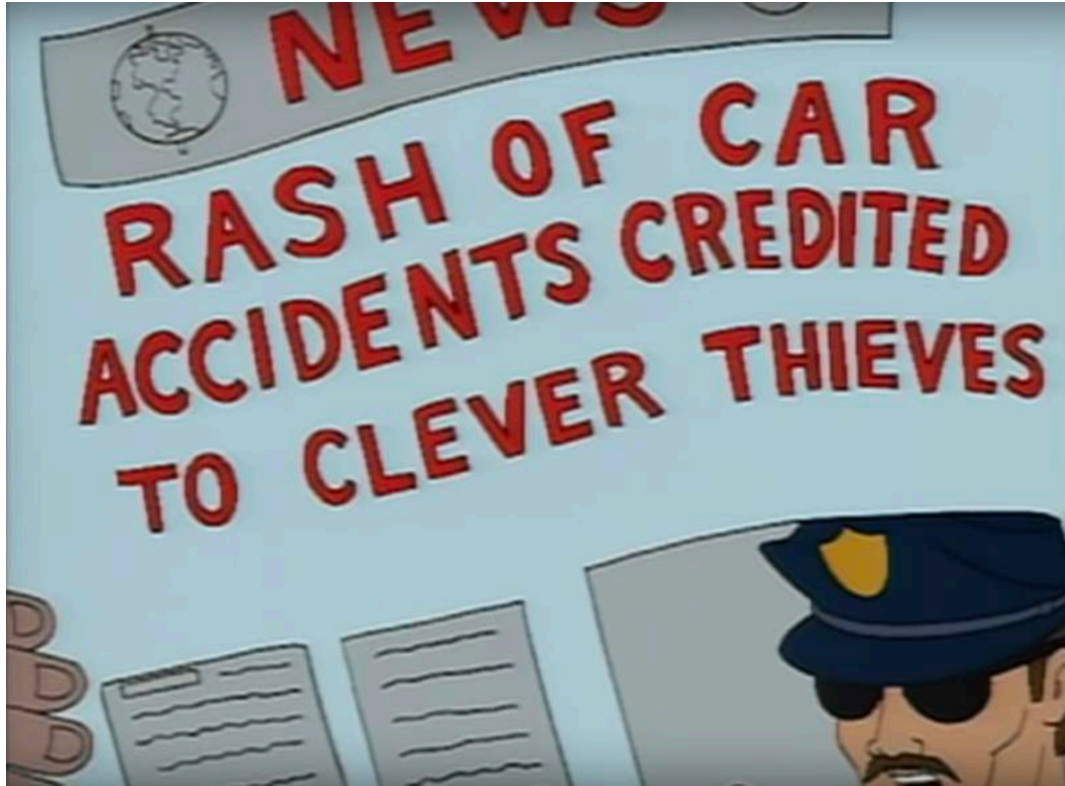
A grotesque whale-tail spoiler rises from the rear, with big, flared fenders over each wheel well - all attached with thick clumps of Bondo putty. Topping it all off is a bowling trophy figure serving as the hood ornament.

Finished, Eddie rolls out on the creeper, only to find himself face to face with the local newspaper.

The paper FILLS THE SCREEN as Herman's nervous voice reads the headline.

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CONTINUED:



HERMAN (O.S.)

'Rash of Car Accidents Credited to
Clever Thieves'!

A headline underneath reads 'MYSTERIOUS LIGHTING STORMS
PLAGUE KURTZMAN HIGH'. The paper is PULLED AWAY to
reveal Herman's panicked face.

HERMAN

That's us! I don't remember
stealing any 'clevers', but it's
gotta be us.

Ignoring the newspaper in Herman's hands, Eddie gets up
and moves to the acetylene torch.

EDDIE

Trust me - if they're looking for
'clever thieves' then you've got
nothing to worry about.

Herman scurries after him, unable to take his eyes from
the front page.

HERMAN

But Eddie, they checked out the
cars.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HERMAN (CONT'D)

They know they crashed because we took the parts from them! We're lucky no one got hurt!

EDDIE

Does it say we took the parts?

HERMAN

Practically!

Suddenly the newspaper goes up in flames, Herman jumping back in shock. Eddie just grins, the glow from the acetylene torch making him appear almost demonic.

EDDIE

Then I'd say the ones that didn't get hurt were the lucky ones.

Herman catches his breath as the remnants of the burning newspaper waft away.

HERMAN

I'm just worried. I'm just glad we only have one part left to get.

Before Eddie can answer, Kevin calls over from his Mustang, which is now painted and sparkling.

KEVIN

Hey, Mr. Badwrench, I'll need that torch when you're done. I've got a few more things to fix before I slaughter you in the race tomorrow.

Eddie looks at Kevin's car jealously.

EDDIE

Keep talking, Spud Racer. We'll see who's laughing tomorrow.

HERMAN

'Spud Racer'. Good one, Eddie... who's Spud Racer?

Eddie turns to Herman, his evil grin growing.

EDDIE

You say we have one part left to steal? I know just where to get it...

They both turn back to Kevin's car and chuckle mischievously.

INT. AUTO SHOP CLASS - NIGHT



The room is shrouded in shadow, except for a single pool of light illuminating Kevin's Mustang. Everyone else has left, leaving Kevin alone with his car. He gently rubs tanning oil into the leather upholstery with a soft cotton cloth, caressing the tender folds and creases, speaking lovingly to the now mint-conditioned automobile.

KEVIN

Almost finished. Your leather is soft, your engine's lubricated, and you're sleek and fast. You're my girl, and you're perfect...

The grill of Kevin's Mustang seems to spread into a detectable smile, its headlights sparkling lovingly. Inside the car, a seat belt subtly snakes around Kevin's waist, the radio clicking on by itself. A soft, romantic instrumental to serenade Kevin. Kevin stops massaging the seat, puzzled.

KEVIN

Hey... did I do that...
(more amused than surprised)
...or did you, girl?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grinning, Kevin removes the seat belt and switches off the radio.

KEVIN

Well, maybe I haven't got all the bugs worked out, but I can fix it in the morning...

Kevin climbs out of the car, patting the hood affectionately.

KEVIN

Just wait until tomorrow night. We'll show that creep Eddie what you're made of.

The smile on the Mustang's grill seems to grow, a beat before it's hidden from view as Kevin covers the car with a tarp. His car tucked in for the night, Kevin yawns as he walks to the exit. He gives the Mustang one last, loving look.

KEVIN

'Night, girl.

He steps out, closing the door behind him. PAN BACK to the car. All is calm, quiet... until suddenly the tarp is WHIPPED off, accompanied by sinister laughter. PULL BACK to reveal Eddie and Herman, who grin maliciously at Kevin's Mustang.

EDDIE

Let's go shopping.

Herman chuckles as he moves to the Mustang's hood. He tries to lift it, but it won't budge. The expression on the Mustang's grill is now one of anger and fear.

EDDIE

All we need to do is switch the good part in Kevin's car with the old, crummy part in my car. There's no way he'll win the race then.

Herman wrestles with the hood, straining, up on his tiptoes trying to raise it. Eddie steps up calmly, crowbar in hand. He jams it under the hood, prying it open roughly. The Mustang seems to wince in pain. Eddie and Herman climb under the hood, ravenously, working roughly on the helpless engine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HERMAN

But Eddie - if that part blows
it'll throw the car into a spin.
Kevin'll be lucky if he can even
walk away from something like
that.

The HORN suddenly BLASTS ON, both Eddie and Herman
smacking their heads on the hood. Angry, Eddie grabs a
wire, yanking it out and killing the horn.

EDDIE

That's Kevin's problem. Give me
the wrench.

Herman bends in front of the car to get a wrench from the
toolbox. Seeming to sense the car's anger, Herman
glances at the Mustang's grill, which seems to sneer at
him hatefully. He blinks, puzzled, when suddenly the
high beams FLARE ON, blinding him. Herman recoils,
stumbling backwards and falling hard on his butt.

HERMAN

(covering eyes)
Arrrggghhh! It's trying to blind
me!



(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

In a fit of rage Herman scrambles to his feet, snatching a hammer from the toolbox and charging toward the car. Eddie grabs him by the collar, stopping him.

EDDIE

(scoffs)

Trying to blind you? It's a car, Herman. Just because Kevin treats it like it's alive doesn't mean you have to. You want to get even? Hand me the wrench.

Herman gives the Mustang a vengeful kick as he grabs the wrench, handing it to Eddie. The Mustang glares back at the two boys furiously as we...

WIPE TO:

EXT. DESERTED COUNTRY ROAD - SUNSET

The Mustang and Camaro are side by side, headlights glaring, with Kevin and Eddie behind the wheels. The engines REV, glass-pack mufflers GROWL, and smoke billows from exhaust pipes as Kevin and Eddie exchange contemptuous sneers.



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CONTINUED:

Herman stands in the Natalie Wood spot, in front and between the cars, ready to signal the start. He and Eddie can barely keep from laughing.

As the ROAR from the engines reaches a crescendo, Kevin is surprised when the Mustang's engine SPUTTERS and dies. Frowning, he turns the key, but the car won't turn over. This gets big yukks from Eddie and Herman, who grin at each other knowingly. Kevin speaks gently to the Mustang, stroking the dashboard.

KEVIN

Come on, girl. You can do it.
For me, okay?

Kevin turns the key once more, the car straining and whining before finally coming to life. He nods to Eddie, who nods to Herman, who raises his arms above his head. Sweat beads on both Kevin and Eddie's brows as Herman lowers his arms. With a SQUEAL of tires the race is on, both cars fishtailing as they peel out.

We see the race in a series of QUICK SHOTS:

The cars' wheels KICK UP gravel... The Camaro's exhaust pipe BELCHES black smoke... Kevin SLAMS the Mustang's stick shift into gear... The Mustang's speedometer EDGES to 60 mph... Both cars race TOWARD and OVER the CAMERA... The Mustang's speedometer needle TICKLES 70 mph... Sweat pours down Eddie's face... Kevin's eyes shine with determination... The Mustang's grill is equally determined... The Speedometer needle HITS 80 mph... Eddie's boot JAMS the gas pedal to the floor... The steering wheel VIBRATES in Kevin's hands... The noses of both cars pull even.

Kevin urges the Mustang on gently.

KEVIN

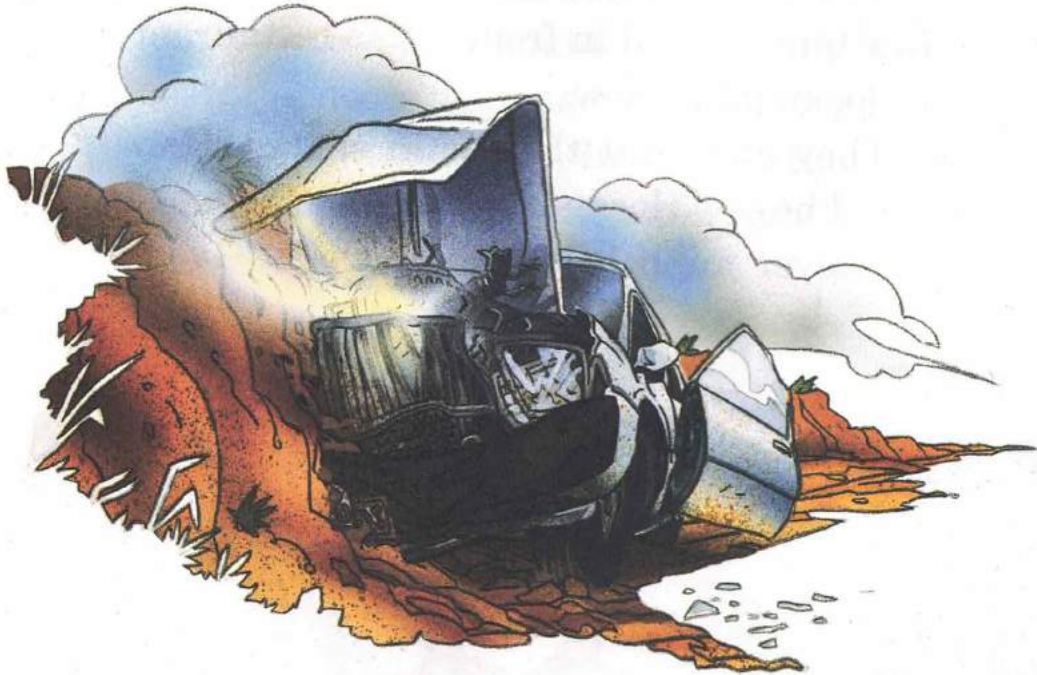
C'mon, sweetheart. You can do
it...

The Mustang responds, grill seeming to GRIMACE with pain and effort... The Mustang's speedometer needle SHAKES toward 90 mph... The noses of both cars are no longer even - the Mustang pulling ahead.

Kevin smiles, until there is a sudden BANG from under the Mustang's hood. Smoke billows from the engine compartment as the car swerves wildly. Kevin tries to regain control of the car, but there's no hope. Glancing up, he can see an embankment loom up before him through the smoke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)



At the last possible second he throws open the driver's door and bails out, rolling across the road just before the Mustang CRASHES full-speed into the embankment.

Kevin staggers to his feet, horrified to see his beloved Mustang is now a smoking pile of smashed and broken junk. Its headlights flicker, then die.

KEVIN

NO!

He starts toward it, knees weak. Reaching up, he finds a large cut on his forehead. He can only take a few steps before he stumbles and swoons, the SCREEN DISSOLVING INTO BLACKNESS.

FADE IN:

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT of a typical teen hangout, neon sign out-front identifying it as 'DONUT BURGERS'.

INT. DONUT BURGERS



Eddie and Herman stand at the counter, yukking it up after the race. They don't seem concerned about Kevin at all.

EDDIE

Did you see that? Just when he thinks he's gonna win, POOF! The engine blows!

HERMAN

(doubled over with laughter)
And then just before the car wrecks he dives out!

They both dissolve into new fits of laughter as a COUNTER GIRL steps up. She wears a hat in the shape of a hamburger with a donut for a bun.

COUNTER GIRL

Hey - Laurel and Hardy. You ready to order?

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CONTINUED:

EDDIE
(taking a deep
breath, regaining
control)
Yeah. Gimme a double jelly-filled
cheeseburger on a bearclaw.

COUNTER GIRL
You want sprinkles on that?

EDDIE
Don't be gross.

The Counter Girl moves away as Eddie and Herman resume
their gloating.

EDDIE
I finally got even with that
egghead Kevin. That guy's been
messing up the grade curve for me
since third grade. Too bad he
only got a cut forehead.

HERMAN
Did you see how he acted when he
saw his car was totaled? It was
almost like he lost his best
friend!

EDDIE
He did!

The boys howl with laughter once again. They turn to the
sound of a horn HONKING, their laughter fading as they
look out the window to see...

EXT. EDDIE & HERMAN'S POV

... Kevin's Mustang parked out front. It's in mint
condition, not a scratch on it. Eerily lit under a
street light, it seems to be staring at them.

It waits patiently, engine purring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:



INT. DONUT BURGERS

Eddie and Herman stare at the car, slack-jawed.

HERMAN
What the... How did he...

EDDIE
(furious)
Never mind how.

Eddie storms out the door, Herman scuttling after him.

EXT. DONUT BURGERS

Eddie stalks across the parking lot to his Camaro, Herman close behind.

EDDIE
Looks like he didn't learn his
lesson the first time...
(grabs crowbar from
Camaro's back seat)
... I guess we're gonna have to
teach him again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:



Eddie and Herman charge toward the Mustang, ready to trash it. They stop, though, when they notice that the car is empty. No Kevin. The radio is on, the same soft, romantic instrumental drifting out through the open windows.

Eddie and Herman stare at the Mustang, confused, as the car doors swing slowly open, beckoning them inside.

HERMAN

This has got to be some kind of
joke.

EDDIE

Yeah? Well I'm gonna have the
last laugh.

Eddie raises the crowbar to smash the Mustang's windshield. Suddenly the seat belts COME ALIVE, snaking around the boys and pulling them into the car, pinning them to the seats. Stunned, Eddie and Herman watch as the car doors SLAM shut, trapping them inside as the windows roll up and the doors lock themselves. The boys open their mouths to scream, the ROARING engine drowning out their cries.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The stick shift slams itself into gear, the Mustang SQUEALING off - flames shooting from the rear tires.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. MUSTANG - RACING - NIGHT

The Mustang rockets down the road, speedometer needle spinning.

The romantic tune on the radio WARPS and DISTORTS, becoming a ghostly cacophony of shrieks, moans and eerie laughter.

Eddie and Herman look to one another in wide-eyed disbelief - what is going on?!

Eddie glances into the rear-view mirror, only to see a ghostly reflection of himself with blank, staring dead eyes, rotting flesh, tufts of hair mixed with layers of scabs. He lets out a terrified cry as the car speeds into the inky darkness.



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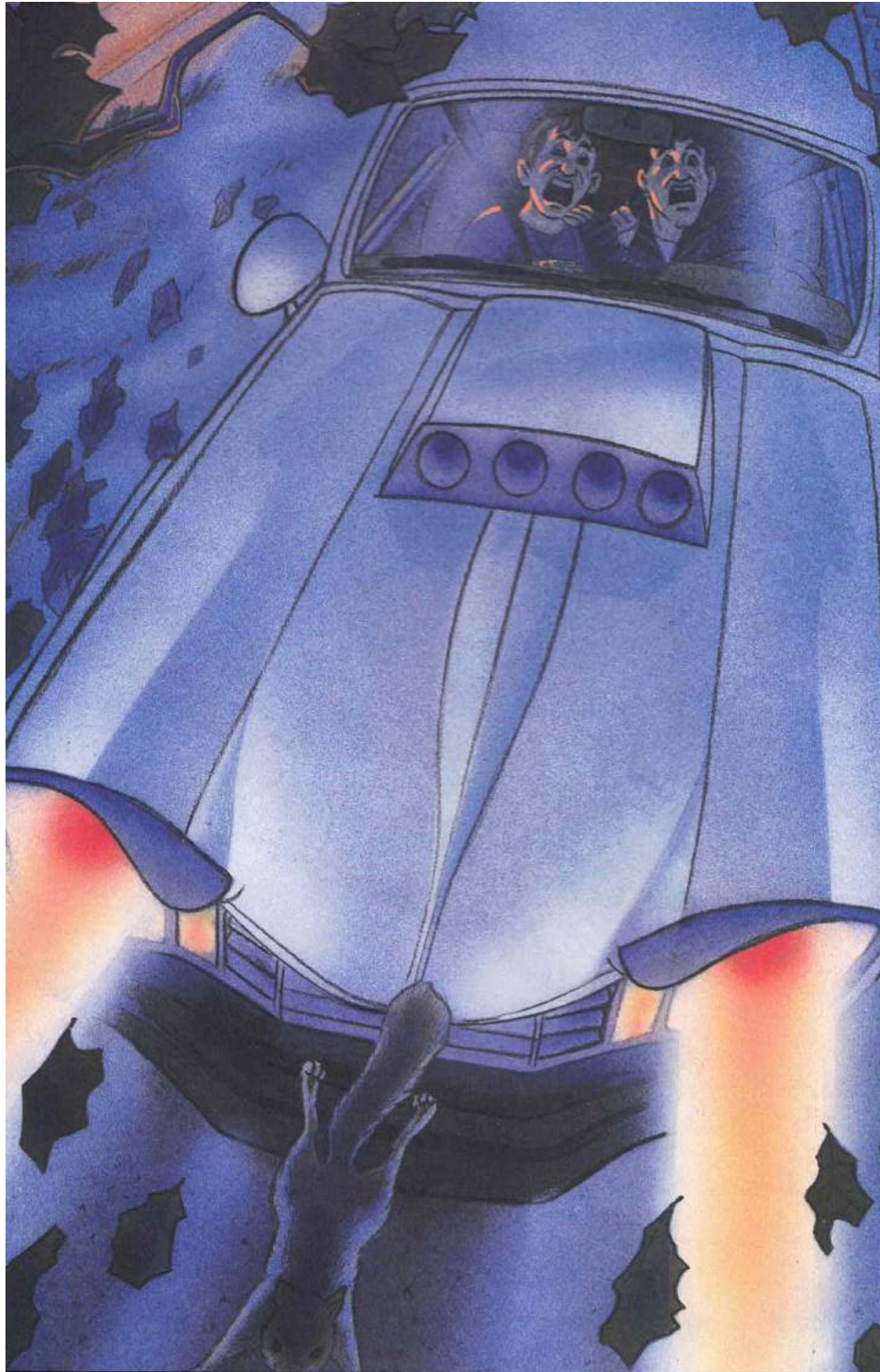


Eddie tries to slam his boot onto the brake pedal, only to pull his foot back as a huge, GAPING MOUTH emerges from the floorboards. It SNAPS at his toes with razor-sharp metallic teeth, the floor mat now a monstrous tongue licking its lips. Herman looks down in horror as the glove box BURSTS open, revealing a pair of red glowing eyes peering out at him. Herman manages to kick it shut with his knee, flattening himself back against the seat as huge dents appear on the glove box door as something POUNDS at it from inside, trying to get out.

The boys stare out the windshield as the car careens down the road, headlights illuminating a series of GHOULS standing in the roadway. They all have green, rotting skin, with tire tracks across their clothing. As the car screams toward them we see they each carry a sign: A CROSSING GUARD A holds up a 'STOP' sign... An orange-vested ROAD WORKER has a 'DANGER' sign... and a COP holds a sign which reads 'CERTAIN DEATH'. A ghostly Alfred E. Neuman holds up a 'WHAT, ME WORRY?' sign.

Eddie glances down as the Mustang's dashboard MORPHS into its own unearthly face - the oil gauge and tachometer becoming sinister eyes, the speedometer melting into a leering mouth. The car bounces up and down, like there are a thousand monsters under the hood, struggling to break free.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

The air conditioner turns on full power, BLASTING gales of snow on the boys, freezing them until their skin turns blue. Then the heater kicks on, flames LICKING from the air vents to thaw the boys out, singeing their clothes and hair.

The flames die out, a sickly red and yellow OOZE flowing like molasses through the vents. Eddie and Herman glance through the windshield in time to see...

... The GREEN CAR speeding right toward them, on a collision course. The boys close their eyes in anticipation, but the GREEN CAR sails right through them, a ghostly vision. The RED CAR and BLUE CAR follow, each making them cower and wince. The cars pass through, the boys sighing in relief - until they hear a familiar REVVING sound. They turn to see that they're now racing against Eddie's Camaro, a skull-faced ZOMBIE grinning at them from behind the wheel.

Realizing what's coming next, Eddie and Herman look out the windshield, reacting in horror when they find themselves headed straight for the same embankment Kevin plowed into while racing Eddie. They each let out an anguished cry as the Mustang careens for the embankment... which breaks into a million glass-like shards as they crash into it. To their surprise, the car suddenly stops. It falls to pieces around them, reverting back to a pile of scrap it was at the end of the race. Seat belts falling limp. Eddie and Herman leap from the wreckage to find themselves in...

EXT. AUTO GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Eddie and Herman are surrounded by mountains of old, wrecked cars. The moonlight seems to play tricks - smashed headlights stare down at the boys, grills frowning at them with broken teeth. Pitiful MOANS and GROANS come from the cars as they settle, wind WHISTLING through the rusted metal. It's like a decrepit old cemetery, full of dust and spiderwebs, with rats scurrying through the shadows. Eddie and Herman exchange terrified looks.

HERMAN

I told you, man - that car is
alive.

EDDIE

(ranting)
This isn't happening... CARS CAN'T
LIVE!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:



Suddenly the headlights of the old wrecks BLINK on, fixing Eddie and Herman in their glare. Strange, unearthly METALLIC VOICES seem to emanate from the cars. Could they actually be talking?

GREEN CAR VOICE

We need parts...

BLUE CAR VOICE

My head is cracked...

(light fixes on
Eddie's head)

...this head will work.

WHITE CAR VOICE

(on Herman's hand)

I need a hand brake...

YELLOW CAR VOICE

(on Eddie's foot)

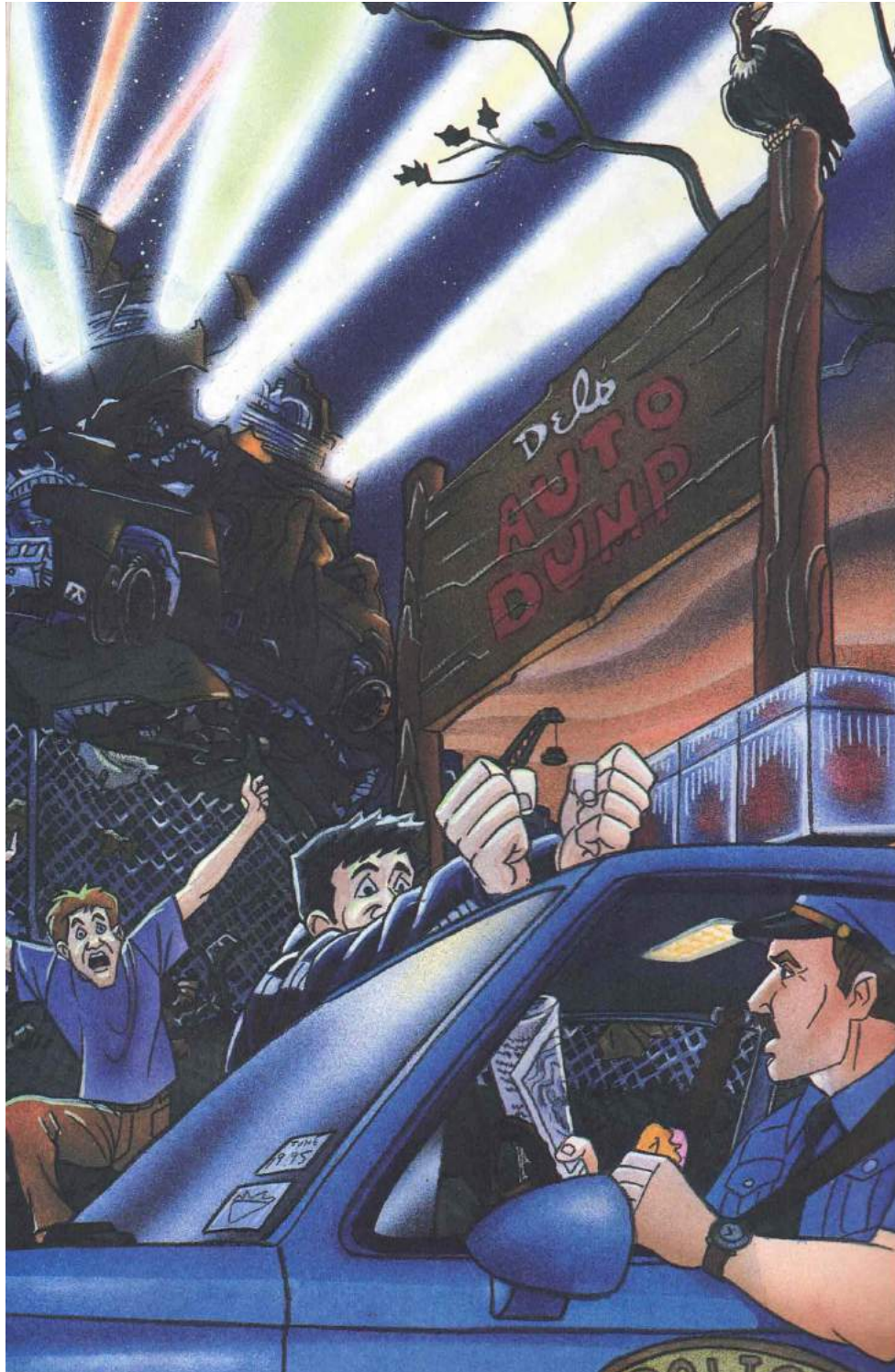
I need a foot pedal...

GREEN CAR VOICE

(on them both)

We're talking major GUTS here...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

Suddenly the long-dead auto wrecks come to life: metal zombies, sardonic smiles on their mangled grills, the rotting hanging 'flesh' of tire rubber. They rise up from the dirt and spiderwebs, advancing on the horrified youths.

This is the final straw. Eddie and Herman look to each other in terror and begin to run, the metallic voices laughing behind them. They fight to be the first through the chain-link gate, beating each other to a pulp as they spill out of the auto graveyard and retreat into the night.

EXT. AUTO GRAVEYARD

A POLICE OFFER sits parked in his car outside the gate, drinking coffee from a thermos cup and reading a newspaper with the headline 'COMICS RUINING THE MINDS OF TEENAGERS'. He hears SCREAMS and looks up to see Eddie and Herman scrambling out of the front gate.

HERMAN

The cars! They're after us!

EDDIE

Please don't let them get us!
Please!

The Police Officer steps out of the car, looking over these poor kids, their minds obviously ruined.

HERMAN

(pleading)

We took all those car parts! The
ones in the paper!

EDDIE

The crashes! It's our fault!

EDDIE

All our fault! Just don't let 'em
get us!

Disgusted, the Police Officer opens the rear passenger door of the vehicle and motions them inside.

The door swings open, Eddie and Herman looking inside the dark interior. With a STAB of ominous music, they SCREAM in fear - the last place they want to be right now is inside a car.

CUT TO:

INSERT - NEWSPAPER



The newspaper fills the screen, featuring mugshots of Eddie and Herman on the front page, with the headline reading 'CAR THIEVES WALK TO JAIL'. We PULL BACK to see we are in...

CUT TO:

INT. AUTO SHOP CLASS - DAY

The newspaper is on the floor, holding various tools and rags. Band-Aid on his forehead, Kevin works to restore an old Dodge 'Demon'. Toiling under the hood, Kevin once again coos to the car as though it were alive.

KEVIN

Yeah, she was a real beauty all right... just like you're gonna be, with the parts I managed to salvage from the wreck... and some tender loving care...

The grill of Demon seems to spread into a detectable smile, its headlights sparkling lovingly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Inside the car, the radio clicks on by itself. A soft, romantic instrumental to serenade Kevin.

KEVIN

... Yup, we're going to be quite a pair...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CRYPTKEEPER'S HEARSE - LIVE ACTION

The Cryptkeeper sits in the driver's seat, wearing a chauffeur's cap, talking to us through an open window.

CRYPTKEEPER

Well, kiddies, what did you think of Kevin's car? A real DEATH WAGON, wouldn't you say? And poor Eddie and Herman, why it practically gave them CARDiac arrest!

(laughs)

Well, as you can see, I finally got my rental car - which is fortunate because I'm attending a funeral...

We hear MUFFLED CRIES, and now notice a coffin in the back of the hearse. Someone's hands are trying to raise the lid from the inside! The Cryptkeeper smiles apologetically.

CRYPTKEEPER

Okay, so I'm a little early... Don't you just hate a backseat driver?

The Cryptkeeper laughs maniacally as we...

AMENDED ANIMATED ENDING - NELVANA:

INT. CRYPTKEEPER'S LAIR - ANIMATION

The Cryptkeeper is still on hold. He looks impatient, wondering if the line is dead. He turns o the CAMERA.

CRYPTKEEPER

I'd say Eddie and Herman's auto-body experience left them a little car sick, wouldn't you?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRYPTKEEPER (CONT'D)

Fortunately they learned their
lesson before anybody got
seriously hurt...

He checks the phone - more funereal Muzak.

CRYPTKEEPER

Nuts. Being stuck on hold drives
me crazy.

(Slams down the
phone; grabs shovel)

Maybe I'll just run down to the
graveyard and dig up a used car!
Maybe a hot little DOOM buggy just
like the one that made such an
IMPACT on Eddie and Herman. So
until next time, safe MONSTERing!

The Cryptkeeper laughs maniacally as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.



EPHEMERA:

MEMO TO "BOB SILVER" FROM "MR. R. DONNER"

PAGE TWO

General Guidelines When Writing For "TALES FROM THE CRYPT" Cartoon

- 1.) Stories should be morality plays with ironic twist endings. (Remember, the comic is only a jumping off point - please feel free to explore new ideas).
- 2.) Protagonists should be children whenever possible.
- 3.) Take advantage of animation. Let's explore visuals that we might not otherwise be able to create.
- 4.) Stress action over "talking heads". Keep lengthy exchanges to a minimum. Avoid stretches of dialogue over one page in length.
- 5.) NO GRAPHIC VIOLENCE. Gore and killing should be geared to our target audience of 6 to 12 year olds. Again, look for more visual, supernatural twists that will allow us to fully exploit the animation medium.
- 6.) NO SHOOTINGS, STABBINGS, STRANGULATIONS, ETC. In other words, NO IMITATIVE KILLINGS. Try to come up with creative/imaginative ways of "offing" our characters that kids could not duplicate at home. For example: Freezing, Sliming, Boiling in oil, or even simply implying death before a fade out.

The writing and subsequent payment for writing services on the animated "TALES FROM THE CRYPT" will be broken down in the following way:

After reviewing comics, come up with a one paragraph pitch on the comic that interests you. When you are finished, submit them to Donner/Silver Prod. for approval. If D/S & Nelvana okay your pitch you will be paid \$500 dollars and be asked to sketch out the story in outline form for which you will receive an additional \$1000 dollars. Once the outline has been approved, it will be submitted to ABC for Network and Broadcast Standards & Practices approval. At this point, you will be given network notes and proceed to draft for which you will be paid the final installment of \$4500 dollars. Any and all subsequent drafts will be subject to the same approval process.

Scripts are to be approximately 20 pages in length. In addition, please feel free to write the Crypt Keeper's intro and xtro -- each which should not exceed one page in length.

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TO: Scott Nimerfro
4000 Warner Blvd.
Bldg. 102
Burbank, CA 91522

March 16, 1993

FROM: Jeffrey Hause & David Hines
2319 Catalina Cir. #314
Oceanside, CA 92056

Scott -

Here's our one paragraph take on 'The Death Wagon' story for the 'Tales From the Crypt' cartoon.

Eddie and Herman are two young hoods, working to fix up their vintage, but beat up 60's muscle car, wanting to turn it into the hottest car on the road. One of a kind. What they *don't* want to do is get jobs to earn the money to buy the parts they need. So they venture out at night, stealing parts off parked cars to fix up their muscle car. It becomes an obsession, particularly with Eddie, who is determined to have a car that everyone'll stare at as it goes by. They don't realize that, because of the parts they're taking off the parked cars, innocent car owners are careening to their deaths the next mornings as they try to drive without brakes, steering boxes, etc. But Eddie and Herman don't care, intent on putting the finishing touches on their muscle car. As they work on their pride and joy, they fail to hear their undead victims, fresh from the grave, enter the garage...

... The next morning, the muscle car is parked on the street - completely rebuilt using the body parts of Eddie and Herman. Their skulls where the headlights should be, eyeballs in the parking lights, severed hands as door handles. And the trim? Let's just say that now it truly *is* a muscle car. One of a kind. A car that everyone'll stare at as it goes by.

There you go. Hope this is what you had in mind. By the way, when are you going to send us copies of your scripts for 'Tales From the Crypt'? We're looking forward to reading them.

Talk to you soon.

DAVE

JEFF