

SCABEY'S BABIES

written by

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EXT. CONDEMNED COUNTRY SHACK - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A dreary morning. Slow-zoom on what appears to be a condemned house in the middle of nowhere. Shallow graves are all around. **An eerie, sometimes distorted Mr. Rogers-esque tune plays out.**

We see someone look through a hole in the boarded-up window.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The inside of the house doesn't look much better. Newspaper clippings about missing people are taped to the walls alongside magazine picture clippings with the eyes cut or scratched out. All sorts of junk on the ground.

PAPA SCABEY looks through the hole in the boarded up window. He turns around to meet the camera. Something is clearly off with this man.

PAPA SCABEY

Ah, good morning, babies. Didn't hear you come in. I thought I told you last week that good babies knock first, but I'll let it slide... This time.

Papa Scabey sets down his gun and turns to face another camera.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)

Welcome to 'Scabey's Babies'. I'm Papa Scabey and today we're going to learn how to make breakfast. But first let's check in on my babies... Oh, not *you-babies*, my babies! Let's look at the baby monitor and see if they're up yet.

Papa Scabey rolls in his desk chair to his monitoring system. On the screen we see two sleeping adults chained up. DABEY and GAYBY.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)

There's my babies! Looks like my baby boys, Dabey and Gayby are sound asleep. But how about their little sister?

Papa Scabey uses a joystick to move his camera to reveal MAEBY. She's sitting with her head buried between her knees.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)
 There's Maeby! She's the newest
 Scabey's Baby and still adjusting
 to her new home. We'll see her
 settled in soon enough, right
 babies?

Papa Scabey wheels away from the monitor.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Papa Scabey wheels himself into the kitchen. It's also a
 disgusting mess.

PAPA SCABEY
 Before we feed the babies it's
 important that your papa, mama,
 grandparents, or whoever has a
 proper meal first. Let's start with
 a few eggs.

Papa Scabey reaches into his nasty fridge.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)
 Can you help me find the eggs?

A beat.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)
 That's right! Good babies! You're
 so smart and special to me. I love
 all of my babies so much!

Papa Scabey grabs the carton of eggs and dumps them into a
 pot, shells and all.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)
 What should we add next, babies?

A beat.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)
 That's right! Ground beef! Luckily
 it's been thawing out all night.

There's a pile of near-rotten ground beef on the counter.
 Papa Scabey swats the flies away and dumps the beef into the
 pot.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)
 Just needs a few more ingredients!

Papa Scabey dumps ketchup, sugar, and starch to the bowl.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)

Now we just need to mix them together, babies!

Papa Scabey punches the ingredients in the pot and hand-mixes them together. He licks his hands when he's done.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)

Normally I'd let my babies lick my hands, but sometimes Papa wants a treat. Let's get cookin' now.

Papa Scabey scoops up some of his 'breakfast' and places it in a dirty bowl. He pops the bowl into the microwave and cooks it for ten minutes.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)

While that cooks, let's get breakfast ready for the babies.

Papa Scabey wheels away.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)

Now any new babies today might be wondering why I roll around in this chair? Well, it's easier on these old floorboards. Don't want to wake my babies up!

He resumes wheeling away.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dabey and Gayby are still sound asleep despite the **sound of wheels scraping from above**. Maeby shudders at the sound.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Papa Scabey wheels over to a closet door.

PAPA SCABEY

Now what do babies have for breakfast?

A beat.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)

That's right! Mommy's milk! Sadly, my babies' moms are no longer with us. No, they're likely burning in the pits of Hell for their sins! But that's what the milk maid is for! I wonder if she's almost here?

Papa Scabey suddenly and violently knocks on the closet door.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)

Oh! I think that's her now!

Papa Scabey opens the closet door to reveal the MILK MAID, a scared, sickly young woman tied up and hooked up to a breast pump. The dry, smeared eyeliner implies she's been crying in here for a long time.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)

Good morning, Milk Maid! Got some milk for me?

The Milk Maid can only **mumble** through her ball gag.

Papa Scabey takes a look at a bottle of milk.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)

Less than ideal, but it'll have to do. Thank you, Milk Maid!

Papa Scabey closes the closet door to **muffled screams**.

The microwave **beeps** off-screen.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)

Ope! Soup's on!

Papa Scabey wheels away.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Papa Scabey takes his breakfast bowl out of the microwave.

PAPA SCABEY

Now normally you want to give it a few minutes to cool off, but if I'm being honest, babies, Papa's built up quite the appetite! And luckily we can cool it down with the final ingredient!

Papa Scabey dumps some of the Milk Maid's milk in his breakfast bowl. He mixes it around and takes a bite with a dirty, old spoon he grabbed out of the overflowed sink.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)

Yum! Nothing like a balanced breakfast to start the day, eh babies?

Angle-on the pot of raw ingredients.

PAPA SCABEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Don't worry, babies. We'll let that
 ferment a bit and have it ready for
 dinner.

Back-on Papa Scabey.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)
 And who knows? Maybe I'll share
 some with the Milk Maid... if she
 can get her milk quota back up.

A dead-eyed stare as he takes another bite.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Papa Scabey wheels back into the living room, this time by a
 heavily secured basement door.

PAPA SCABEY
 Time to feed the babies, babies!

Papa Scabey begins unlocking the many locks. It takes a
 little while.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)
 Gotta keep my babies safe!

A few more complex locks finishing off with a retinal scan.
 The door finally unlocks. He opens it.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)
 Good morning, babies! Time for
 brekky!

Papa Scabey slowly struggles to stand up out of his chair.
 Some of his clothes are crusted onto it, but he manages to
 break free. He slowly steps down the basement stairs.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Papa Scabey slowly descends the steps. Milk bottle in one
 hand, a bleach spray bottle in the other.

Dabey and Gayby wake up and are eager to greet their 'Papa'.
 They're too far gone.

DABEY	GAYBY
Papa! Yay! It's Papa! I love you, Papa! Papa!	Me hungry, Papa! Good morning, Papa! You're the best, Papa!

No reaction from Maeby.

PAPA SCABEY
Hush, babies! Simmer down!

Papa Scabey sprays Dabey and Gayby with bleach until they calm themselves.

DABEY	GAYBY
Sorry, Papa! Please don't punish us, Papa!	We're bad little babies, Papa!

PAPA SCABEY
Hope you babies are hungry! Milk
time!

DABEY	GAYBY
Yay! Papa got us milk!	Milky, milky, milky!

Papa Scabey sits down near Dabey.

PAPA SCABEY
You're first, Dabey!

Dabey excitedly rushes over to sit on Papa's lap.

GAYBY
Aw, no fair! Why does Dabey always
get to eat first!

PAPA SCABEY
Quiet, Gayby! You'll have your
turn!

GAYBY
But-

PAPA SCABEY
I SAID QUIET!!!

Papa Scabey threatens Gayby with the bleach bottle again, but Gayby stands down and **whimpers** a bit.

With Dabey content on his lap, Papa Scabey takes his shirt off for some reason and feeds Dabey with the bottle of milk.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)
Good, good. Eat up, Dabey.
(turns to 'camera')
Dabey is the most powerful Scabey
baby, so he needs the most milk to
keep him nice and strong!

A few more sips from Dabey.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)
 Okay, that's enough.

Dabey stops.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)
 Now say your morning prayers while
 I feed your brother.

Dabey gets off Papa's lap and **prays** at his pile of blankets.

Papa Scabey shimmies down to Gayby who can't wait for his
 turn. Gayby crawls into his Papa's lap.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)
 Okay, Gayby! Promise to stop
 misbehaving?

GAYBY
 Yes, Papa! I'm sorry for being a
 bad baby, Papa!

PAPA SCABEY
 It's okay, Gayby.

Papa Scabey shoves a bottle in Gayby's mouth. Gayby starts to
cough and choke.

GAYBY
 The milk hurts, Papa!

PAPA SCABEY
 Ah, whoopsie!

Papa Scabey realizes Gayby was sucking on the bleach bottle
 and switches it for the milk bottle.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)
 Is that better, baby boy?

Gayby nods as he sucks down on some milk.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)
 (to camera)
 Gayby is the most sickly of the
 Scabey babies, so it's important he
 gets his fill of milk. But not too
 much or else his body will reject
 the milk and he'll lose out on the
 vital nutrients he needs to
 survive!
 (to Gayby)
 Okay, save some for your sister.

MAEBY (O.S.)
I'm not his sister.

The music stops. A moment of tension. Papa Scabey stands up.

PAPA SCABEY
What did you just say?!

MAEBY
I'm not his sister. You're not my
'papa'. You're fucking insane!

Papa Scabey licks his chapped lips as Dabey and Gayby cower in fear of Papa's wrath.

PAPA SCABEY
Sounds like someone's a cranky baby
this morning. Speak out against me
again and you'll suffer the
consequences. Don't you want to
eat, Maeby? Don't you hunger for
mommy's milky?

A tense stare down before Maeby finally nods.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)
Good.

Papa Scabey sits down next to Maeby. Maeby slowly crawls into his lap and gets ready for her bottle.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)
(to the camera)
Like I said, Maeby is the newest
Scabey baby so she's still learning
how to behave. Since she's so new
she definitely needs her mommy
milk, but we can't give her too
much or else she'll get fat and we
can't have that-

Maeby suddenly swings behind Papa Scabey and chokes him with the chain that she somehow managed to slip out from.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)
NOOO!!! BAD BABY!!!

The milk bottle drops and spills out on the floor.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)
HELP ME, BABY BOYS!

Gayby laps up all of the floor-milk he can get while Dabey **prays louder and faster.**

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)
 YOU'LL BE PUNISHED IN HELLFIRE FOR
 THIS, MAEBY!

MAEBY
 That's NOT my name, you sick fuck!

Papa Scabey **struggles** for a bit longer before he's finally done for.

Maeby takes the keys from him and unlocks the chains for Dabey and Gayby.

MAEBY (CONT'D)
 Come on! Let's get the hell out of
 here!

Gayby continues to lap up milk while Dabey watches Papa.

DABEY
 B-but Papa!

MAEBY
 He can't hurt you anymore! He's
 gone!

DABEY
 Papa?!

Dabey rushes over to Papa Scabey's side. He **whimpers** and nudges Papa Scabey with his nose.

DABEY (CONT'D)
 Wake up, Papa.

MAEBY
 Come on!

She pulls on Gayby's chain, but he turns around to **snarl** at her before going back for the milk puddle.

Maeby looks at them with pity before throwing her hands up and running upstairs. She leaves without them.

The **eerie credits theme plays** as fake credits roll over the scene. We hear **doors slamming** upstairs and eventually a car **starting** and **peeling out**.

Dabey curls up next to Papa Scabey as Gayby continues lapping up the milk puddle.

As the credits come to an end, Papa Scabey wakes up.

THE END.