

SCABEY'S BABIES

written by

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EXT. CONDEMNED COUNTRY SHACK - DAY - ESTABLISHING

An eerie, distorted Mr. Rogers-esque tune plays as we push in on a condemned house in the middle of nowhere.

Someone looks 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 taped to the walls alongside magazine picture clippings with the eyes scratched out.

PAPA SCABEY looks through the hole in the boarded up window - 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 his gun down -- 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.

(beat)

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 GABEY.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)

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

Papa Scabey moves a joystick to adjust the camera -- reveals MAEBY. She sits 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.

(MORE)

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)
We'll see her settled in soon
enough, right babies?

Papa Scabey wheels away from the monitor.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Papa Scabey wheels to the kitchen -- a disgusting mess.

PAPA SCABEY
Before we feed the babies it's
important that your papa, mama,
grandpappys, 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.

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 -- licking 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'!

Papa Scabey scoops up some of his 'breakfast' and places it
in a dirty bowl -- pops the bowl into the microwave and sets
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!

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dabey and Gabey are still sound asleep despite the sound of
wheels scraping from above -- Maeby shudders.

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 violently pounds on the closet door.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)
Oh! I think that's her now!

He opens the closet door to reveal the MILK MAID, a scared,
sickly young woman tied up and hooked 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 looks at the half-empty bottle of milk.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)
Less than ideal, but it'll have to
do. Thank you, Milk Maid!

Papa Scabey slams 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 grabs his breakfast bowl from 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 -- mixes it around and takes a bite with a
dirty, old spoon he grabbed from 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 -- stops by a heavily secured door.

PAPA SCABEY
 Time to feed the babies, babies!

Papa Scabey begins unlocking the many locks... It takes a little while -- the eerie music caught in a loop.

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

A few more complex locks finishing off with a retinal scan -- the door finally opens.

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

Papa Scabey slowly struggles to stand up out of his chair. His clothes crusted onto it, but he manages to peel himself free -- 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 Gabey wake up, eager to greet their 'Papa'.

They're too far gone.

DABEY	GABEY
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 Gabey with bleach until they calm themselves.

DABEY
Sorry, Papa! Please don't
punish us, Papa!

GABEY
We're bad little babies,
Papa!

PAPA SCABEY
Hope you babies are hungry! Milk
time!

DABEY
Yay! Papa got us milk!

GABEY
Milky, milky, milky!

Papa Scabey sits down near Dabey.

PAPA SCABEY
You're first, Dabey!

Dabey excitedly crawls to sit on Papa's lap.

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

PAPA SCABEY
Hush, Gabey! You'll have your turn!

GABEY
But-

PAPA SCABEY
I SAID HUSH!

Papa Scabey threatens Gabey with the bleach bottle again --
Gabey stands down, whimpers.

With Dabey content on his lap, Papa Scabey takes his shirt
off, placing the bottle near his breast, 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 waste bucket.

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

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

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

PAPA SCABEY
 It's okay, Gabey.

Papa Scabey shoves a bottle in Gabey's mouth. Gabey coughs
 and chokes.

GABEY
 The milk hurts, Papa!

PAPA SCABEY
 Ah, whoopsie!

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

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

Gabey nods as he sucks down on some milk.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)
 (to camera)
 Gabey 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 Gabey)
 Okay, save some for your sister.

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

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

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 Gabey 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 -- but Maeby seemingly gives in and nods.

PAPA SCABEY (CONT'D)
Good.

Papa Scabey sits down next to Maeby -- Maeby slowly,
strategically crawls into his lap.

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 swings behind Papa Scabey -- CHOKES him with the CHAIN
she 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!

Gabey 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, until -- lights out.

Maeby takes the keys from him and unlocks the other chains.

MAEBY (CONT'D)

Come on! Let's get the hell out of here!

Gabey 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 -- whimpering and nudging Papa Scabey with his nose like he's in The Lion King.

DABEY (CONT'D)

Wake up, Papa.

MAEBY

Come on!

She tugs Gabey's chain -- he snarls at her before returning to the milk puddle.

Maeby looks at them with pity, throws her hands up -- leaves them behind as she runs upstairs.

The eerie credits theme plays as fake credits roll over the scene -- over the music we hear doors slamming, an engine starting, a car peeling out.

Dabey curls up next to Papa Scabey as Gabey licks up what's left of the milk.

As the credits come to an end, Papa Scabey's hand twitches.

THE END