

BUGMAN

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BEGMAN FARMS - COACHELLA VALLEY - DAY (1982)

A breeze drifts through avenues of date palms. A windmill creaks a quarter turn. A lone bird trills for a lover. A lizard scampers over a scalded rock.

A weathered farmer (65) sits on a tractor smoking his pipe contentedly. "Purple People Eater" plays on his transistor radio. His shirt tells us he's DICKY. He nods agreeably at the blueness of the sky.

A FLAMING METEOR sizzles through the air and slams into the far end of the orchard. Trees burst into flame as a shockwave rips through the orchard, coating the farmer in a thick layer of dust.

Dicky thumbs dirt off his spectacles. Through the smoke cloud a creature thrashes wildly as spasms wrack it's multi-limbed body. It disappears as--

--TAURUS (25), a hirsute muscle-bound beast of a man, staggers out of the smoke. Behind him is GABRIELLE (25), a petite woman with translucent alabaster skin. She slumps to the ground cradling a bundle of rags. Beside her is a shell-shocked young girl, BOADICEA (11).

Taurus dances around Gabrielle, wiggling his rump in her face and waving his hands. His honey bee dance stops abruptly when he spots Dicky.

Taurus grabs the bundle of rags and storms over to the farmer. He lets loose a tirade of CLICKS, POPS and WHISTLES and repeats his dance, wiggling his ass and thrusting his pelvis aggressively at the old farmer.

Dicky smokes, silently.

Taurus forces the bundle of rags into Dicky's hands.

TAURUS

Arturus.

Gabrielle lets loose a PIERCING SCREAM that cracks Dicky's glasses. She struggles as Taurus drags her and Boadicea away.

Dicky peeks inside the bundle of rags.

It's moving.

EXT. CRAWL SPACE UNDER A HOUSE - DAY (THE PRESENT)

Squirming into the dark crawl space is ARTHUR (30), a skittish oddball with a meek but hopeful smile.

He offers a bite of chocolate to the darkness.

ARTHUR

Come on. I know you're in there.
No need to be frightened.

Arthur pulls his hand back gently - a WOOLLY BEAR CATERPILLAR is munching on the chocolate.

LANETTE (V.O.)

Hey, amigo--

EXT. SUBURBAN DRIVEWAY - DAY

Arthur backs out of the crawl space. LANETTE, a real estate agent with a penchant for power suits stands over him.

LANETTE

-- andele, ok? Arriba por favor?

LANETTE grimaces as Arthur strokes the caterpillar.

ARTHUR

Oh, hey. I have good news. We don't have to kill them! I just have to find a dark preferably wooded area. They like dandelions actually...

LANETTE

Relocate? You no comprendez muchacho.

ARTHUR

I'm not Spanish--

LANETTE

Senorita blanca is selling la casa, si? I don't want those little shits hanging around stinging my clients, busting my comish. Muerto, capiche?

ARTHUR

Si, si, but there's no need. I can have them gone from here in a few hours--

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LANETTE

Jose, grande quesada blanca says
kill the bugs. Got it? Jesús...

LANETTE hops into her Beamer and drives away, Helen Reddy's "I Am Woman" blaring.

Arthur rummages through the glove box. Among the candy, plastic insect toys, and sugar cubes he finds a box of matches. He empties it and puts the caterpillar inside.

ARTHUR

Don't you worry little fella.
Mind your head.

An OBNOXIOUS GIRL (8) with pigtails, braces, and an evil grin tugs on Arthur's shirt. She's been watching him.

OBNOXIOUS GIRL

Whatcha got mister bugman?

Arthur turns to greet her with a big friendly smile.

ARTHUR

Oh! Hey there little... you.
This? It's a Woolly Bear
Caterpillar.

Arthur shows her the matchbox.

OBNOXIOUS GIRL

Ew.

ARTHUR

No, it's beautiful! They
transform into Tiger Moths, with
big bold wings and bright colors.
So pretty. So... peaceful--

She knocks the box out of his hand and stomps on it.

ARTHUR (cont'd)

You killed it you monster!

OBNOXIOUS GIRL

Now it's a dead Caterpater! HA HA
HA!

The girl runs into the house laughing. Arthur picks up the squashed caterpillar.

ARTHUR

Sorry little buddy--

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-- his phone rings.

ARTHUR (cont'd)
Hello? Yes, this is Arthur
Begman.

EXT. CEMETERY - GRAVESIDE - DAY

A chill wind blows through rows of gravestones.

One of them reads "Dicky Begman". A new headstone next to it reads "Helen Begman". A coffin sits beside it.

Arthur places a "MOM" wreath on a coffin and takes a handful of dirt from the mound.

CHATTERING, WHISPERING, SWARMING VOICES surge over Arthur. He turns around-- no one behind him except--

-- AUNT EDNA, a tiny old lady with a varnished face. She sucks on a Virginia Slim and watches Arthur with disdain. Next to her, a BORED PRIEST is caught mid-yawn.

BORED PRIEST
(to Arthur)
You can throw that in now.

Dirt hits the coffin.

EXT. CEMETERY - ROAD - LATER

Arthur helps AUNT EDNA into her Lincoln Town Car.

AUNT EDNA
You know she always said you were her special boy Arthur. She loved you as if you were her own son.

ARTHUR
Thanks Aunt Edna. I just wish we could have-- wait, what?

AUNT EDNA
Too bad she died before you could make something of yourself.

ARTHUR
What do you mean as if I were her own son?

She pushes a moldy file box into his hands.

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AUNT EDNA

Here. My sister dragged me around for 30 years collecting this shit. We could have been playing Pinochle with the girls.

Edna gets in the car and starts it up.

ARTHUR

What is it?

AUNT EDNA

What kind of fool never heard of Pinochle?

ARTHUR

I mean what's in the box?

AUNT EDNA

Oh. You're adopted. See ya kid.

She drives away, swiping the mirror off Arthur's van.

CHATTERING, WHISPERING, SWARMING VOICES. The echoes crescendo. Arthur spins round--

ARTHUR

QUIET!

Crows scatter as his cry rings out across the empty graveyard.

EXT. THE SOLAR SYSTEM - NIGHT

Arthur's voice echoes out into space.

ARTHUR (V.O.)

QUIET!

His voice carries through earth's atmosphere, out past the moon, then Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and on into the nothingness at the edge of the solar system.

EXT. THE OORT CLOUD - NIGHT

Millions of icy, primordial rocks in an endless cycle around our distant sun.

ARTHUR (V.O.)

QUIET!

Arthur's voice ripples through the ancient rocks. Then--

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-- An asteroid explodes as a CRYSTALLOID ENTITY smashes through it, charging towards earth.

INT. PARISH RECTORY - NIGHT

MRS. DALTON, an ancient char lady, shakily places a tray on the table and pours tea everywhere but the cups.

FATHER O'FLANAGAN, an old Irish priest, stays her hand.

FATHER O'FLANAGAN
I'll take it from here Mrs
Dalton.

Mrs. Dalton grabs a handful cookies and hobbles out.

Also at the table are SHERIFF THOMPSON and DEPUTY DAVIS.

FATHER O'FLANAGAN (cont'd)
Would you share a dram with me,
Sheriff?

O'Flanagan takes a bottle of whisky from a cupboard and puts three glasses on the table. Davis covers his glass.

DEPUTY DAVIS
No thank you Father O'Flanagan--

O'Flanagan pushes his hands away and pours.

FATHER O'FLANAGAN
Ah come on now son. The blood of
Christ and all that.

SHERIFF THOMPSON
Never trust a man who doesn't
drink, eh Father?

FATHER O'FLANAGAN
For did the lord himself not
offer wine and milk without
price? Now--

O'Flanagan flashes an amiable smile at the Sheriff.

FATHER O'FLANAGAN (cont'd)
-- Now, about these sordid
rumors. Can we at least agree
that that there is nothing
legally wrong with a man of the
cloth purchasing a massage from a
young professional Asian lady?

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CONTINUED:

-- A loud CRASH from outside as the CRYSTALLOID ENTITY smashes into the church.

FATHER O'FLANAGAN (cont'd)
 Jesus Shittin' Christ, what the
 hell was that?

EXT. O'FLANAGAN'S CHURCH - NIGHT

The men rush out of the rectory to see a smoldering hole in the church roof.

FATHER O'FLANAGAN
 Hell's bells, we just paid for
 that bloody roof!

They run into the church.

INT. O'FLANAGAN'S CHURCH - NIGHT

The altar has been flattened by the CRYSTALLOID ENTITY.

FATHER O'FLANAGAN
 Joseph's balls on a wagon, what
 is that?

A chunk of crystal crashes to the floor, revealing an inner chamber crackling with electricity.

Inside are four sleeping naked men surrounding a fifth body encased in crystal.

DUNG - a fat, stubby-armed man, slick with grease from being crammed into the entity.

RHINO - thick, muscular, man with a back so broad it looks like a shell.

HORNET - a thin, hairless man with yellow-tinted skin and slanted black eyes.

MOTH - a spindly man with bulging eyes. His 7 foot tall frame is twisted awkwardly to fit in his pod.

The cops draw their guns as a jolt of electricity surges through the ENTITY and wakes the men.

Hornet immediately staggers to the Holy Font, grabs the heavy stone bowl like it's nothing and chugs the water.

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CONTINUED:

SHERIFF THOMPSON

I don't know what you are but you
better step back and put down--

-- Leaving just a blur, HORNET drops the font, grabs the Sheriff, and crashes through a stained glass window, taking him out into the night SCREAMING.

Deputy Davis panics, and starts FIRING at the naked men.

DEPUTY DAVIS

Father! Run--

RHINO slams into the Deputy, catapulting him across the church into the crucifix above the door. The deputy drops to the ground, back broken, and watches helplessly as the crucifix falls and crushes him.

FATHER O'FLANAGAN

Jesus wept--

Father O'Flanagan turns to run-- a powerful, sinewy naked man lands in front of him - the fifth body in the entity.

He seethes with contempt, his wide set eyes are silvery black pits that ooze malice. This is STAGO.

FATHER O'FLANAGAN (cont'd)

Judas on a chariot, it's Lucifer
himself.

STAGO

Lucifer? Never heard of him.

EXT. O'FLANAGAN'S CHURCH - NIGHT

SCREAMS echo out from the church.

INT. ARTHUR'S VAN - DAY

Aunt Edna's box sits on the passenger seat.

ARTHUR

Adopted. Adopted?

Arthur rifles through the box, finding notebooks and yellowing scraps of paperwork. He inspects a few canisters of processed Super 8 film. Each canister is labeled "Gabrielle".

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CONTINUED:

Arthur picks up a scrapbook. He feels the embossed name on it: "Arthur".

IN THE SCRAPBOOK

Each page has a single Polaroid:

Arthur, 5, grinning and holding a jar of fireflies.

Arthur, 7, measuring a grasshopper with a wooden ruler.

Arthur, 10, playing with an Ant Farm.

CHATTERING, WHISPERING, SWARMING VOICES.

ARTHUR

I hear you!

Arthur whips round and looks back into the van. Nothing.

INT. O'FLANAGAN'S CHURCH - DAY

Stago kneels in front of the fallen crucifix. He's wearing Father O'Flanagan's cassock.

His black eyes flip open.

STAGO

I hear you too.

Stago stands and turns to face his men.

Rhino is wearing the Deputy's uniform. Dung is struggling to button Mrs. Dalton's housecoat across his bulbous belly. Moth extends out of the Sheriff's uniform.

Hornet is proudly naked, peeing acid into the holy font.

STAGO (cont'd)

Somewhere on this... pathetic
rock hide the cowardly remnants
of the Odonata royal family.

The men hiss is disgust.

STAGO (cont'd)

For 30 years these gutless
traitors have hidden the Prophecy
Child from my justice. But no
more! I am close! They think I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAGO (cont'd)
cannot hear his pitiful mewling,
but the Hive hears all!

The men thump their chests in approval.

STAGO (cont'd)
I, Stago Mantodea, spawned from
the great family that seized
control of our planet, will end
the threat this child has hung
over our heads. No longer will
our Queen fear the coming of the
prophecy! No longer will--

HORNET
-- Holy Scarabia, how many more
times are we going to hear this?
Kill the kid! End the prophecy!
Am I the only one here who
thought life was pre-tty good
under old King Odonata?

-- Hornet's head slides off his shoulders and splashes
and into the font.

RHINO
BINGO!

STAGO
Any more comments? Suggestions?

Moth giggles insanely.

DUNG
HUNGRY.

INT. SQUISH'EM - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

A locker door opens. Inside are several boxes of candy
and neatly stacked books on entomology.

Arthur places Aunt Edna's box on the bottom shelf then
eats a single M&M from a bag and closes the locker door.

He opens the locker again, shoves another M&M in his
mouth, slams the door with finality, and exits.

He returns, opens the locker door, and downs the entire
bag. He slams the door shut revealing--

MR. BUMGARTEN, a 4'11 inch bald spitfire tyrant
quivering with rage in his Cuban heels.

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