THE NIGHTMAN COMETH: THE MOVIE

ACT I

SCENE 1: THE PROLOGUE

EXT. NIGHTLAND - SHROUDED OVERLOOK - NIGHT

A sweeping, moody shot across a jagged, perpetual-twilight kingdom. Bruised purple clouds choke out the stars above a sprawling, soot-stained metropolis of gothic spires and cramped tenement blocks.

Perched on a crumbling obsidian gargoyle overlooking the city sits an ECCENTRIC SHAMANESS, draped in mismatched velvet shawls, clanking brass bangles, and a crooked feather headdress, clutching a smoking incense burner like a microphone. She radiates chaotic, dramatic gravitas in the exact vein of Artemis.

She turns abruptly to the camera, locking eyes with the audience, her voice booming with theatrical mystery.

SHAMANESS

Welcome... to the Nightland. A realm once bathed in golden warmth, now smothered under eternal shadow.

She waves a hand through the incense smoke, conjuring shimmering, shadowy visions of the kingdom's fall in the mist.

SHAMANESS (CONT'D)

Behold its rightful sovereign, Fair Princess Waitress! Waitress of all Princes, and Princess of all Waiters! Deposed from her throne and forced into menial labor as the personal slave to the dark lord who stole the sun... the nefarious Nightman!

In the smoke, the silhouette of the cat-eyed Nightman hisses, unleashing hordes of brutish trolls across the cobblestone streets.

SHAMANESS (CONT'D)

And with his army of trolls, the Nightman enslaved all the little tiny boys and girls of the kingdom! Keeping them locked away in squalid apartments until the dark lord himself cometh to claim them... though by ancient, binding dark law, he must first pay a toll to those trolls if he ever wishes to enter those boys' souls!

She leans dangerously close to the lens, narrowing her eyes in a dramatic squint.

SHAMANESS (CONT'D)

I’m gonna take my clothes off in a second if this monologue doesn't hook you, so pay attention!

She clears her throat, snapping back into solemn prophecy, pointing down toward a dilapidated apartment building in the slums below.

SHAMANESS (CONT'D)

For in one cramped, miserable hole of an apartment lives a boy who dreams of the sun... and the destiny that awaits him!

The camera plunges off the gargoyle, diving rapidly through the purple fog straight toward a dimly lit apartment window.

SMASH CUT TO:

SCENE 2: "I'VE GOT A TROLL IN MY HOLE (OF AN APARTMENT)" (EXPANDED ENSEMBLE)

INT. ANTONIO’S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

THE BOY

Oh No! Antonio the troll is coming home! I gotta make things all clean before he dirties it up again!

The heavy front door slams open. ANTONIO THE TROLL lumbers in, wearing a stained leather enforcer vest over a mustard-yellow undershirt. He lugs a burlap sack clinking with coins, dropping it onto the thrift-store coffee table with a heavy thud.

Before taking a single step further, Antonio stops at the light switch by the door. With dead-eyed, unblinking stillness, he flicks the living room light switch on, off, on, off, on, off, three exact times, muttering quietly under his breath.

THE BOY

Master Antonio, why must you ALWAYS do that awful ritual?

ANTONIO

So you don't die,you little twerp! If you go belly up,who's going to massage my moles and suck the pus out of my blackheads?

LEAD BOY

I-I dont know? You could do that....yourself?

ANTONIO

I could do that...yeah....BUT I DON'T WANNA!!! Not when I have you as my slave,Boy! Now repeat after me, You are my slave!

LEAD BOY

I am not your slave

ANTONIO

What was that?

LEAD BOY

I AM YOUR SLAVE!!!

ANTONIO

That's what I thought! And you are my little tiny baby boy!!!!

LEAD BOY

I am not your little tiny baby boy....

ANTONIO

What was that slave? I couldn't Hear you! Should I get my Boy Bashing Stick?

LEAD BOY

I AM A BOY,A LITTLE TINY BABY BOY,AND I AM YOUR SLAVE YOU HEAR ME!!!! I AM YOUR LITTLE BOY SLAVE!!!

ANTONIO

Finally you're making sense! Now get back to scritching and scratching my itchy witchy toes boy!!!

He slumps into his favorite cracked-vinyl recliner, pulling a tarnished silver pocketknife, his trusty toe knife, from his belt. He kicks off his muddy boots, propping two massive, gnarled, yellow-nailed troll feet onto the coffee table.

Antonio begins casually digging under a thick toenail with the blade while counting gold coins out of the sack with his other hand.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)
(staring straight through the Boy, never blinking)
Hey! Tiny! Bring the scratcher over here, my dogs are barking. These itchy-witchy toes are killing me. And if you miss a spot between the fourth and fifth, I’m gonna eat your butt. Right in the living room. I’ll have your little boy butt sitting in my troll stomach before the Nightman even gets here.

From the cramped kitchenette steps the LEAD BOY (the Little Boy), wearing patched pajamas and holding a tattered feather duster. He stares at Antonio's feet in pure disgust.

A gritty, upright bassline and a jaunty, off-kilter tavern accordion kick in. The Boy trudges over, grabs a long wooden back-scratcher off the end table, and begins awkwardly scraping the bottom of Antonio’s scaly foot at full arm's length.

LEAD BOY (SINGING):
I’ve got a troll in my hole

ANTONIO (SINGING):
(grinning, digging deeper with the blade)
That's right!

LEAD BOY (SINGING):
My hole of an apartment

ANTONIO (SINGING):
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I control your soul
That's my department!

Antonio tosses a gold coin into his bowl of lukewarm soup and leans back, wiggling his toes so the Boy has to scrub harder.

LEAD BOY (SINGING):
Everywhere there's trolls living, living in our holes

ANTONIO (SINGING):

Right up your hole there!

LEAD BOY (SINGING):

Make you eat their moles, make you rub their fat rolls

ANTONIO (SINGING):

Make you scrub their bowls!

LEAD BOY (SINGING):

And all of this and more!

ANTONIO (SINGING):

Yeah!

LEAD BOY & ANTONIO (SINGING):

I've got a troll in my hole
He's got a troll in his hole!

EXT. NIGHTLAND - SOOT SLUMS TENEMENT BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

As the accordion and upright bass swell, the camera pulls backward right through the apartment’s cracked, soot-stained window, revealing a towering, multi-story Little Shop of Horrors-style tenement street bathed in flickering purple gaslight.

The entire building is a vertical beehive of misery. Dozens of windows fly open across four stories. In every cramped, dimly lit apartment, OTHER LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS lean out over rusted fire escapes, scrubbing laundry, dumping chamber pots, and dodging flying boots as their own hulking TROLL LANDLORDS loom behind them.

KID #1 (GIRL ON 2ND FLOOR FIRE ESCAPE, SINGING):

(wringing out a filthy rag over the street)

Every morning at six, when the dark smog rolls,
I gotta wake up and shave all the hair off my troll's!

TROLL #1 (LEANING OUT BEHIND HER, GROWLING):

(holding a rusty straight razor)

Missed a patch on my back, ya little runt!

KID #2 (BOY ON 3RD FLOOR STOOP, SINGING):

(carrying three overflowing buckets of slop)

I don't get any dinner, I don't get any sleep,
Just a cot by the boiler where the sewer rats creep!

TROLL ENSEMBLE (SINGING, DEEP, GRITTY DOO-WOP HARMONY):

(banging cleavers and lead pipes on fire escape railings)
Mop up the slop, down in the hole!
Better scrub up that floor if you value your soul!

EXT. NIGHTLAND - COBBLESTONE ALLEY & SHADOW DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

The Lead Boy bolts out of Antonio’s front door with an empty slop bucket to dump at the curb, instantly swept into a choreographed street-wide musical number!

The ECCENTRIC SHAMANESS and her two crooked, mossy-skinned GHOULETTE SERVANTS (the Little Shop Greek chorus, draped in tattered velvet shawls and clanking brass bangles) strut out from behind a steaming dumpster, harmonizing into her smoking incense burner and a rusted megaphone.

SHAMANESS & GHOULETTES (SINGING, MOTOWN GIRL-GROUP SWAGGER):

Look at these kids!
(Trolls: Down in the hole!)
Trapped in the dark!
(Trolls: Paying the toll!)
Born in the grime where the sun never shines,
And the Nightman owns every soul!

LEAD BOY (SINGING, CENTER STREET, SURROUNDED BY NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS):

I’ve got a troll in my hole!
(ALL KIDS: My hole of an apartment!)
And he controls my soul!
(ALL TROLLS FROM WINDOWS: That’s my department!)

ALL KIDS (SINGING, CHOREOGRAPHED BUCKET-AND-BROOM DANCE):

Everywhere there’s trolls living, living in our shitholes!
Making you eat their moles, making you rub their fat rolls!

ALL TROLLS (LEANING OUT OF TENEMENT WINDOWS, ROARING):

Make you scrub their bowls!

FULL STREET ENSEMBLE (KIDS, TROLLS, GOBLIN VENDORS, SHAMANESS & GHOULETTES):

And all of this and more!
I’ve got a troll in my hole!
(Trolls: He’s got a troll in his hole!)
Living in this dark, miserable hole!

INT. ANTONIO’S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The camera rockets back up through Antonio’s window just in time for the chaotic, clattering finale, where Antonio flourishes his toe knife triumphantly in the air, and accidentally brings it straight down onto his own big toe.

ANTONIO

(spoken, yelping)
Ooh! Botched it! Botched toe! That's a botched toe! Quick, grab me some trash to plug up the cut!

The Lead Boy frantically grabs a crumpled scroll-decree and a greasy napkin from the coffee table, shoving them onto Antonio’s bleeding toe as the accordion hits one final, sour chord.

Antonio leans back, sighing in relief with his trash-plugged toe, and waves a dismissive hand toward the cramped bedroom.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

(spoken)
Alright, beat it. Go to sleep before the boss gets here.

The Lead Boy hesitates at the cracked bedroom door, looking back nervously at the recliner.

LEAD BOY

Can I... can I have one thing to help me go to sleep? The little book my father gave to me when I was very little... before the Nightman murdered him with his massive, meaty hands?

Antonio pauses, glaring at the Boy with dead-eyed stillness before letting out a raspy, mocking laugh. He pulls a battered, tattered picture book with a faded golden sun on the cover out from under a stack of unpaid bills and tosses it across the rug.

ANTONIO

Oh, that stupid little fairy tale about how the Dayman will come and bring back the sun? Ha, fat chance! Here, I’ll give it to ya, just to bring up your hopes so the Nightman can crush ’em with his muscular, ginormous,fire-breathin' MAGNUM paws!

Antonio reaches over to the bedroom wall switch and frantically flicks it on, off, on, off, on, off, three exact times, muttering under his breath before slamming the bedroom door shut.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

(through the door)

One, two, three. Sleep tight, ya little brat!

INT. ANTONIO’S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the dark, bruised moonlight bleeding through the blinds, the Lead Boy scrambles onto his sagging mattress and clutches the battered storybook to his chest. He flips open the yellowed pages, revealing a crude, glowing illustration of a heroic figure in a silver-and-black suit defeating a shadow monster beneath a blazing sun.

His eyelids grow heavy as the faint golden ink begins to shimmer.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE 3: "TINY BOY, BABY BOY" (THE ROYAL BALL DREAM)

INT. DREAM REALM - GRAND ROYAL BALLROOM - NIGHT

The glowing golden ink of the father’s storybook expands outward, enveloping the room in sweeping, sun-drenched, animated-Disney-style splendor.

We are inside a towering, gilded marble ballroom bathed in warm candlelight. In the center of the polished floor sits a lavish banquet table, where the LEAD BOY, now wearing the shimmering silver-and-black Dayman suit with ruffled cuffs, sits hunched over the exact same battered fairy-tale book.

Perched on the tablecloth beside his elbows are a trio of cheerful, Cinderella-style anthropomorphic cartoon rats and raccoons wearing tiny velvet vests and dresses, squeaking softly, nodding along as he turns the pages, and polishing his silver cufflinks with tiny handkerchiefs.

At a gleaming, ornate golden espresso bar at the edge of the dance floor stands FAIR PRINCESS WAITRESS, radiant in a flowing, off-the-shoulder golden ballgown and sparkling diamond tiara, gracefully steaming a carafe of royal coffee with sweeping, fairy-tale elegance.

The camera executes a dizzying, virtual Beauty and the Beast-style crane swoop around the chandelier as lush, romantic orchestral strings swell!

Princess Waitress looks up from her steaming coffee carafe, locking eyes with the Lead Boy across the ballroom floor, pressing a hand dramatically to her chest.

PRINCESS WAITRESS
(spoken over music, breathless)
What is this strange feeling?

LEAD BOY
(looking up from his storybook, awestruck)
I feel so strange inside!

PRINCESS WAITRESS
(gliding gracefully toward his table)
It's so strange, but appealing!

LEAD BOY
(standing up, puffing out his ruffled silver-and-black chest)
I feel... good. Oh!

Princess Waitress takes his hands, pulling him onto the grand marble dance floor as the strings swell into a lush, sweeping Disney ballad!

PRINCESS WAITRESS (SINGING):
Tiny Boy,
Little Boy,
Baby Boy,
I need you.
Tiny Boy,
Little Boy,
I want to
Touch you, boy,
I need you, boy.
Tiny Boy,
Little Boy,
Baby Boy,
I need you.
Tiny Boy,
Little Boy,
Want to make
Love to you, boy,
Boy, oh boy,
Boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy,
Oh boy!

LEAD BOY (SUNG OVER THE PRINCESS' REFRAIN, SOARING TENOR):

If you only knew
What I'd do to you
If I was that boy
That's inside of you!
If you only knew
What I'd do to you
If I was that boy
That's inside of you,
Inside,
Inside,
Inside of my mind!

EXTENDED INSTRUMENTAL DANCE SEQUENCE:

The orchestra swells into a joyful, sweeping classical waltz interlude! The Lead Boy spins Princess Waitress across the gilded marble floor, while down at their feet, the little cute cartoon rats link paws and mirror their exact ballroom steps, twirling and bowing in tiny velvet vests!

As the music reaches a grand, breathless crescendo, the Lead Boy dips Princess Waitress beneath a shower of golden sunbeams. They lock eyes, smiling blissfully.

PRINCESS WAITRESS & LEAD BOY

(spoken together)

Oh boy!

The final orchestral note holds, and instantly warps into a sour, echoing minor chord. The little cartoon rats squeak in terror, scurrying under the banquet table as bruised, freezing purple shadows crack the ballroom floor.

SMASH CUT TO:

SCENE 4: THE MIDNIGHT "TROLL TOLL"

INT. ANTONIO’S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cold, bruised moonlight bleeds through bent Venetian blinds onto the cramped, trash-strewn living room. Through the cracked bedroom door, the Lead Boy lies curled under his thin blanket, fast asleep, a faint smile still lingering from his dream.

At the front door, three deadbolts click open one by one. Not by a key, by shadow.

A thick, freezing fog rolls under the threshold. From the gloom steps the NIGHTMAN. Tall, draped in tattered midnight silk and scarred leather, with glowing, cat-like yellow eyes and claws flexed in a rigid karate ready-stance. He hisses softly, gliding toward the bedroom hallway.

Suddenly, a massive shadow blocks the narrow corridor.

ANTONIO THE TROLL stands in stained sweatpants and a ratty bathrobe, clutching a battered clipboard and a mug of lukewarm coffee, a greasy napkin still stuffed between his toes.

ANTONIO

(raspy, unimpressed)

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Back up, Boss. Watch the linoleum, I just mopped on Tuesday.

The Nightman stops dead, his yellow eyes narrowing into furious slits.

NIGHTMAN

Step aside, creature. The darkness thickens. The boy’s soul is ripe for the taking.

ANTONIO

Yeah, well, my rent’s ripe for the paying, boss, and my direct deposit hasn't hit since the last blood moon. You want down this hallway? Let's talk compensation, did you bring….The Toll?

Antonio drops the clipboard onto the coffee table with a heavy thud. A jaunty, ragtime-style upright piano chord, completely out of place in the gothic gloom, echoes from nowhere.

ANTONIO (SINGING):

You gotta pay the Troll Toll
If you wanna get into that boy's soul!
You gotta pay the Troll Toll to get in!

The Nightman recoils, genuinely irritated, dropping his menacing karate stance to pinch the bridge of his nose.

NIGHTMAN

(spoken, annoyed)

Antonio, we went over this at the quarterly dark council. You're salaried! You get dental, you get a dungeon stipend...

ANTONIO

(spoken, interrupting)

Dental doesn't cover wisdom teeth, Nightman! And I’ve been pulling double shifts enslaving the youth of the Nightland while you float around hissing at the moon!

Antonio kicks open a hallway closet door, revealing a tiny, velvet-draped stage light that snaps on, illuminating him like a seedy cabaret singer.

ANTONIO (SINGING):

You want the baby boy's soul?
You gotta pay the Troll Toll!
You gotta pay the Troll Toll to get in!

The Nightman’s eyes flare with blinding yellow fire. Shadows whip violently around the living room, rattling the cheap framed posters on the wall. He lunges forward into a dramatic rock-opera stance, hissing with pure theatrical rage.

NIGHTMAN (SINGING):

Confound your lousy Troll Toll!
I could reduce you to ash at any moment, you old droll!

The room freezes. The box fan stops spinning, the shadows coiling around Antonio like vipers ready to strike. Antonio gulps, gripping his lukewarm coffee mug as a shield.

Then, the Nightman’s posture softens into a grand, benevolent flourish.

NIGHTMAN (SINGING):

But to endow my loyal servants...
That is my goal!

ANTONIO (SINGING):

(beaming, holding out a massive palm)

Oh, I'm the top enforcer of your evil regime,
I keep him locked up while he’s having his dream!
So open up that shadow cloak and fork out the gold,
Or you can stand out in the hallway freezing cold!
TROLL TOLL!

LITTLE BOY

WHAT YOU SAY????

ANTIONIO

TROLL TOLL!

NIGHTMAN

HEY HEY HEEEEEEEEEY!

ANTONIO

TROLLLL TOOOOOOLLLLLL!

The Nightman lets out a long, theatrical sigh. He reaches into his midnight-black cloak and pulls out a heavy, velvet pouch stamped with a glowing skull, alongside a crumpled paper paystub, slapping them into Antonio’s palm.

NIGHTMAN

(spoken, bitter)

There. Overtime included. Don't spend it all on scratch-offs and goblin meat.

Antonio bites a gold coin, checks the tax deductions on the stub, and steps aside, gesturing grandly toward the cracked bedroom door.

ANTONIO (SINGING):

(soft, triumphant)

Troll Toll...

The Nightman slides past him into the darkness toward the bedroom door, raising his claws as the shadows swallow the frame. Inside the bedroom, the Lead Boy’s eyes snap open in the dark, wide with terror.

SMASH CUT TO:

SCENE 5: "NIGHTMAN (EMPEROR OF EVERYONE)" & PART 1 OF "IT'S NATURE, SHIT HAPPENS"

INT. NIGHTMAN'S SHADOW SANCTUM - THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

The heavy obsidian doors slam shut behind the Lead Boy, sealing out the bruised moonlight. He stands alone in the center of a cavernous, gothic hall before a colossal throne forged from black iron and shattered sundials.

Suddenly, a thunderous, minor-key pipe organ blasts from the shadows, joined by distorted electric guitars and heavy war drums. Torches flare with sickly purple fire as a choir of armored TROLL ENFORCERS steps forward, beating their war hammers in rhythm as the NIGHTMAN rises from the darkness.

TROLL CHORUS & NIGHTMAN (SINGING):

Nightman! (ah-ah-ah!)
Leader of the Trollmen! (ah-ah-ah!)
EMPEROR of the Darklands! (ah-ah-ah!)
RULER of the Nightland,
And Master of everyone!

The Nightman leaps down from the throne dais, landing in a rigid, cat-like karate stance and stalking down the red carpet.

NIGHTMAN (SINGING):

I'm the sovereign of the shadows,
And the thief of every sun,
I'm the nightman, nightman, nightman!

TROLL CHORUS (SINGING):

Nightman! (ah-ah-ah!)
Leader of the Trollmen! (ah-ah-ah!)
Emperor of the Darklands! (ah-ah-ah!)
Ruler of the Nightland,
And Master of everyone!

NIGHTMAN (SINGING):

(circling the Boy, hissing)
The princess scrubs my Obsidian floors,
The trolls collect my fee!
Every boy and girl in chain up doors
Will bow their knees to me!

FULL ENSEMBLE (SINGING):

Nightman! (ah-ah-ah!)
Leader of the Trollmen! (ah-ah-ah!)
Emperor of the Darklands! (ah-ah-ah!)
Ruler of the Nightland,
And Master of everyone!

The final organ chord echoes and dies into dead silence. The Lead Boy trembles, gripping his threadbare tunic, before finding his voice.

LEAD BOY

(squealing, defiant)
Your time is limited, Nightman! Soon... the sun will rise again... and daylight will return to the world!

The Nightman pauses, then slowly raises both of his hands into a shaft of cold moonlight, spreading his fingers wide with bizarre, self-conscious pride.

NIGHTMAN

(hissing, theatrical)
A fairy tale, my dear, little tiny boy! With my large, enormous, muscularly huge hands, I have stolen the sun... and it shall never rise in my meaty palms!

He clenches both fists tightly, striking an overly dramatic karate pose.

LEAD BOY

(calling out)

Why?! Why are you so evil, Nightman?! Why enslave the Princess, why lock us up with trolls, why steal the sun?!

The Nightman drops his karate pose, tilting his head with a casual, cat-eyed shrug, and smooths out the lapels of his cloak.

NIGHTMAN

You want to know why?
The answer is simply
[Before the lead boy and even speak, Nightman Shushes him]
Yeah, that's right, I'm the Nightman. But I'm not just a "bad guy," all right? I wrote a little song so you can understand me a little more better.
Goes a little something like this...

The Nightman turns his back dramatically to the Boy as a moody, solitary acoustic guitar strums a single somber chord.

NIGHTMAN (SINGING):

Some people are born skinny, some people are born fat,
Some people are born EVIL WITH THE EYES OF A CAT...

The Nightman whips back around, arms thrown wide in a grand finish. The guitar stops. Dead silence hangs in the hall. The Boy blinks slowly.

LEAD BOY

That's... that's it, dude?

NIGHTMAN

(dropping the pose, casual)

Yeah, pretty much.

LEAD BOY

I thought there would be something more, like, your parents abused you, or you were poor, or something.

NIGHTMAN

(shrugging)

Nah, that's really it. I mean, I could add more lyrics to explain my point more later if you...

LEAD BOY

(waving a hand)

No, man, it's fine, it's cool. I just thought there would be more... exposition?

The Nightman narrows his yellow cat-eyes, squinting suspiciously at the Boy.

NIGHTMAN

How does a little tiny baby boy like you know such big words?

LEAD BOY

(defensive, squealing)

BECAUSE MY TROLL MAKES ME READ THE NEWSPAPER TO HIM, OKAY?!

NIGHTMAN

(nodding slowly, holding up his meaty hands)

Got it. Next time we meet, or maybe after that, I'll come back to you with more lyrics, okay?

The Nightman glances at a tiny pocket watch tucked into his leather vest, winces, and swirls his midnight cloak, vanishing into a puff of purple smoke.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE 6: "JUST TO BE CLEAR"

INT. NIGHTLAND CITADEL - ROYAL COFFEEHOUSE - DAY

The purple smoke dissolves into the harsh, fluorescent gloom of the morning after, a cavernous gothic hall converted into an understaffed tavern.

FAIR PRINCESS WAITRESS, wearing a tattered ballgown beneath a stained canvas apron, a crooked silver tiara perched on her messy hair, scrubs a burnt pot behind the counter, absentmindedly humming a slow, stripped-down melody: unmistakably "Tiny Boy, Baby Boy."

The heavy iron doors creak open. The LEAD BOY enters, still rattled from the night before, lugging an oversized burlap sack and a crumpled grocery list from Antonio. He freezes the second he hears her humming. Dropping the sack, he marches up to the counter and drops onto one knee.

LEAD BOY

Fairest Princess Waitress of Nightland... Princess of Waiters and Waitress of Princes... will you be my bride?

Princess Waitress stops scrubbing, staring down at him deadpan with a dripping sponge.

PRINCESS WAITRESS

Ew, no. You’re but a little boy, a slave to a troll! Your soul is to the Nightman, not me. Gross!

LEAD BOY

(stammering, crestfallen)

But... in my dreams... you sang to me! "Tiny boy, little boy, tiny boy you need me?" I just heard you humming it!

Princess Waitress’s eyes go wide with sudden panic, glancing nervously at the goblin line cooks and armored troll guards in the corner.

PRINCESS WAITRESS

(loud, defensive)

I did not sing that song... at all! Get away!

She vaults over the sticky counter, grabs a tarnished brass megaphone, and steps onto a wooden milk crate in the center of the tavern floor as a frantic, upbeat jazz-vamp kicks in.

PRINCESS WAITRESS (SINGING):

Attention all citizens of NIGHTLAND, AHEM….just to be clear!
I did not write that song that he’s talking about!
And I did not have sex with this boy,
Or any child, or any minor,
Just to be clear!

She strikes an overly dramatic pageant pose on the milk crate, gesturing toward the troll guards and goblin patrons.

PRINCESS WAITRESS (SINGING):

Most men find me to be an eight or a nine out of ten,
And I am available to any interested men
Who’d like to get my number after my shift!
I’ll be taking dates out in the royal parking lot!
HIV test prefeeerrrred!
Just to be clear!
Just to be clear!
Just to be clear!

The music ends on a sharp brass sting. Princess Waitress hops off the crate, shoves a brown paper bag of Antonio’s supplies into the Lead Boy’s chest, and points toward the exit.

PRINCESS WAITRESS

(spoken, breathless)

Take your troll’s oat milk and get out of my citadel before I call the shadow guards!

The Lead Boy clutches the bag, utterly humiliated, and backs out the iron doors as Princess Waitress furiously resumes scrubbing the counter, making a point to whistle a completely different, aggressively generic tune.

END OF ACT I

THE NIGHTMAN COMETH: THE MOVIE
ACT II

SCENE 7: "NIGHTMAN, SNEAKY AND MEAN" (GOBLIN KING PARODY) & "THE PROPOSAL"

INT. ANTONIO’S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The cramped, shadow-drenched bedroom. Rain lashes against the cracked windowpane, casting trembling bars of purple light across the floor.

The LEAD BOY sits huddled on the edge of his sagging mattress, still clutching the crumpled paper bag from the Royal Coffeehouse, humiliated by Princess Waitress's rejection, bruised by his encounter in the Nightman's throne room, and haunted by the memory of the Nightman's massive, meaty hands.

He stares into the shadows in the corner of the room. A haunting, minor-key electric piano riff begins to pulse: dark, hypnotic, and deeply conflicted.

LEAD BOY (SINGING):

Nightman, sneaky and mean,
Spider inside my dreams, I think I love you...
You make me wanna cry,
You make me wanna die,
I love you, I love you, I love you,
I love you, Nightman...

As the drums kick in, the dingy bedroom walls dissolve into a feverish, strobe-lit FANTASY SEQUENCE.

INT. SHADOWY DREAMSCAPE - LABYRINTH DUNGEON - CONTINUOUS

Thick purple fog swirls across an impossible, M.C. Escher-style staircase suspended in starry darkness. Flanking the floating steps are towering iron birdcages dangling from heavy chains, packed with little tiny boys and girls in patched pajamas, rattling the bars.

Dramatic spotlights slice through the haze as the NIGHTMAN, wearing a towering, spiky 1980s rock-star wig over his cat-eyes and a billowing midnight-velvet tunic, descends on invisible wires, effortlessly rolling shimmering glass crystal orbs across his large, muscularly huge hands.

The LEAD BOY stands trapped in a central suspended cage as the music shifts into a bouncy, glittering 1980s synth-pop groove, parodying Jareth’s "Magic Dance."

NIGHTMAN (SINGING, DRAMATIC BOWIE CROON):

You remind me of the boy!

LEAD BOY (SINGING, RATTLING HIS CAGE BARS):

What boy?

NIGHTMAN (SINGING):

The boy with the soul!

LEAD BOY (SINGING):

What soul?

NIGHTMAN (SINGING):

The soul that I paid with the toll!

LEAD BOY (SINGING):

Paid who?

NIGHTMAN (SINGING):

Antonio the troll!

The Nightman flourishes his meaty hands, tossing shimmering crystal orbs into the fog as Labyrinth-style puppet ghouls, bog-trolls, and goblins, including Goblin Vic Vinegar, Ghoul Hugh Honey, Bog-Troll Mantis Toboggan, and Banshee Crazy Paddy, swarm over the hanging cages, poking sticks through the bars, dumping buckets of slime, and cackling at the captive children.

NIGHTMAN (SINGING):

I saw my baby, crying hard as babes could cry,
What could I do?
My cat-eyes had gone dry!
So I stole the sun right out of the sky!

The Nightman sweeps down to the central cage, throwing his midnight cloak wide and pointing a clawed finger straight at the Lead Boy.

NIGHTMAN (SHOUTING OVER THE SYNTHS):

BEHOLD!

FLASH! A burst of dark purple lightning hits the cage! The iron bars melt away, and the Lead Boy drops onto the floating staircase transformed into a miniature dark-lord protégé: wearing slick black silk pajamas cinched by a badass karate black belt, slicked-back jet-black hair, and glowing yellow cat-eyes!

Goblin Vic Vinegar and Ghoul Hugh Honey gasp in awe, tossing slime buckets aside to cheer as the Nightman and his newly cat-eyed protégé lock into a synchronized, high-kick martial-arts dance down the M.C. Escher stairs!

NIGHTMAN (SINGING, SOARING 80S ARENA ROCK):

JUST TWO MEN SHARING THE NIGHT!

LEAD BOY (SINGING, HISSING, STRIKING A KARATE POSE):

IT MIGHT SEEM WRONG, BUT IT FEELS RIGHT!

NIGHTMAN & LEAD BOY (DUET, POWER BALLAD HARMONY):

It’s just two men sharing each other!
It’s just two men like loving brothers!
One on top and one on bottom!
One inside and one is out!
One is screaming he’s so happy!
The other’s screaming a passionate shout!

The goblins, ghouls, and captive children rattle the cages in wild rhythmic percussion as wind machines whip the Nightman's spiky wig and the Boy's slicked-back black hair into a frenzy!

LEAD BOY & NIGHTMAN (DUET):

It’s the Nightman!
The feeling’s so wrong and right, man!
They’re feeling so wrong and right, man!
I can’t fight you, man,
When you come inside me
And pin me down with your strong hands,
And I become The Night,
The passionately passionate Nightman!

The glittering synth-rock fantasy shatters like glass.

INT. ANTONIO’S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Lead Boy gasps awake in his dark, rain-streaked bedroom, back in his ragged patched pajamas, his slicked-back hair and cat-eyes gone, leaving him trembling on the sagging mattress as Antonio’s muffled snores rumble through the drywall.

He stares out the cracked window toward the obsidian spires of the Nightman's citadel, speaking softly into the gloom.

LEAD BOY

(longing, conflicted)

I miss you, Nightman... but I don't belong to you.
They left me in a world of darkness without your
sexy hands... and I miss you, Nightman, so bad...

Suddenly, BLAM!

A blinding, almost painful burst of pure golden sunlight explodes through the ceiling of the tiny bedroom, blowing away the purple shadows and turning the peeling wallpaper into shimmering gold.

A choir of angelic synths and upbeat, triumphant piano chords swells from the glare. Descending from the light in a pristine, blindingly bright yellow three-piece suit is the DREAM DAYMAN, radiating manic, earnest solar energy. He lands lightly on the linoleum floor, holding a real, heavy steel revolver in one hand and extending his other hand toward the Boy.

DREAM DAYMAN (SINGING):

I am you, little boy,
Yes, little baby boy, yes, you are me!
Now you are a boy,
But soon you'll be a man!

The Boy gasps, shielding his eyes from the suit's glare, scrambling off the mattress toward him.

DREAM DAYMAN (SINGING):

To fight the Nightman, become the Dayman,
Take this gun, and then take my hand!
So if you want to save your true love man,
Will you become me?
Come on down and be the Dayman,
And then save all of Nightland!
Please say yes and kill that troll man,
Will you become me?

The music swells to a bright, euphoric crescendo. The Dayman holds the revolver and his outstretched hand steady between them, and the Lead Boy reaches out, grabbing both the gun and the Dayman's hand as golden light engulfs the bedroom, causing the boy to transform into a man.

SMASH CUT TO:

SCENE 8: EATING LEAD, ANTONIO

INT. ANTONIO’S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Cold, bruised daylight filters through the Venetian blinds.

ANTONIO THE TROLL is already slumped in his cracked-vinyl recliner, wearing his stained undershirt and sweatpants, digging beneath a thick yellow toenail with his trusty toe knife.

Through the cracked bedroom door, the Lead Boy lies motionless under his thin blanket, eyes shut tight, pretending to be fast asleep.

Antonio groans, wiggling his gnarled feet on the coffee table, and snaps his fingers loudly toward the bedroom without blinking.

ANTONIO

Hello, boy. Come over here and scratch my itchy-witchy toesy-woesies.

Silence from the bedroom.

Inside, the Boy's eyes snap open: calm, focused, and entirely fearless. He throws back the thin blanket and stands up beside the mattress.

With one sharp, theatrical yank, he rips off his patched pajamas, revealing underneath the shimmering silver-and-black Dayman suit, complete with ruffled cuffs, metallic trim, and a heavy steel revolver tucked snugly into the waistband.

He steps out into the living room doorway, standing tall in a rigid, dramatic martial-arts silhouette.

MAN-BOY

No.

Antonio pauses mid-scrape with his toe knife, staring straight through the Man-Boy with dead-eyed, unblinking stillness.

ANTONIO

What? Get over here.

MAN-BOY

No, Antonio.

A sudden wave of neurotic panic flashes behind Antonio’s unblinking eyes. He reaches out to the chipped table lamp beside his recliner and frantically clicks the switch on, off, on, off, on, off, three exact times, muttering under his breath so the Boy doesn't drop dead before he can punish him.

ANTONIO

One, two, three... so you don't die…. After I beat your sorry ass half to death (snapping back to dead-eyed menace) I control you BOY, and I'll punish you so hard you won't know what hit you.

MAN-BOY

You control nothing troll. I am not your slave anymore, and I'm not that small meek child, that boy you abused for so long. I am now a man, see? From a weak pathetic postage stamp twink… To the muscle-bound skyscraper freak of a man now before you! I was transformed... by the strong... musky power of true love. For I am now... The Dayman.

Antonio stares at the ruffled cuffs, the metallic silver trim, and the Man-Boy's dead-serious expression.

ANTONIO

What the hell is that?

MAN-BOY / DAYMAN

You know what it is, bitch.

In one smooth, deadpan motion, the Man-Boy/Dayman pulls the heavy steel revolver from his waistband and aims it straight at Antonio’s chest.

Antonio doesn't even flinch. He just leans forward in his recliner, locking his unblinking gaze onto the Man-Boy with pure, monotone prison-troll intensity.

ANTONIO

(deadpan, menacing)

Put that down, or I’ll stick things up your butt. I will eat your butt until the room stinks... until my stomach is... full of butt.

The Man-Boy cocks the hammer of the revolver with a crisp metallic click, smirking coldly.

MAN-BOY / DAYMAN

The only thing you're eating is lead, Antonio.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Smoke curls from the barrel as Antonio slumps back into the cracked vinyl, his hand twitching once toward the lamp switch ("One...Twoooooo") before going completely still, his toe knife clattering onto the linoleum floor.

The Man-Boy calmly blows smoke off the tip of the revolver, holsters it in his silver-and-black belt, and marches straight out the front door into the streets of the Nightland.

CUT TO:

SCENE 9: THE RANSACKED COFFEEHOUSE & THE MAGICAL VHS

EXT. NIGHTLAND STREETS - DAY

Striding down the soot-stained cobblestone streets in his shimmering silver-and-black Dayman suit, the newly transformed MAN-BOY radiates unstoppable, delusional confidence.

Goblins and shadow-citizens dive out of his path as an upbeat, triumphant reprise of the "Tiny Boy, Baby Boy" melody swells from an unseen orchestra. He dances down the street, striking theatrical martial-arts poses and singing to the sky.

MAN-BOY / DAYMAN (SINGING):

Waitress P, marry me,
If you please, listen to my pleads
Waitress P, marry me, now that I’m a man now!
If only you could see
The man that became me,
What I’d do to you,
If then us were we...

He bursts triumphantly through the heavy iron doors of the Royal Coffeehouse, arms thrown wide for his grand romantic arrival.

INT. NIGHTLAND CITADEL - ROYAL COFFEEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He freezes dead in his tracks, screaming in a high pitched girly voice.

The music cuts off with a harsh, jarring screech. The coffeehouse is completely ransacked. Sticky laminate booths are overturned, shattered glass litters the floor, the sputtering espresso machine lies smashed in pieces, and Princess Waitress's stained apron is torn in half beside a toppled milk crate.

MAN-BOY / DAYMAN

(breathless, panicked)
Princess?! Waitress P?!

Amid the wreckage on the counter sits a single, ominously glowing black magical VHS tape, stamped with the Nightman’s yellow cat-eye insignia. Next to the shattered cash register rests a dusty, fortune-teller’s crystal ball with a built-in VCR slot.

The Man-Boy rushes over, grabs the magical VHS tape, and shoves it into the base of the crystal ball. Static crackles across the glass sphere before resolving into a grainy, low-budget hostage broadcast from inside the Nightman’s Shadow Sanctum.

ON THE CRYSTAL BALL:

The NIGHTMAN stands beside his obsidian throne, wearing a dramatic black tuxedo cape and flexing his meaty hands, while FAIR PRINCESS WAITRESS sits tied to a gothic chair behind him, gagged with a dish towel, glaring furiously and rolling her eyes.

NIGHTMAN (ON CRYSTAL BALL)

(hissing, theatrical)

Greetings, little tiny baby boy! When I peered into your dreams and entered your soul, not just your hole of an apartment, your soul, I saw your pathetic love for Fair Princess Waitress!

The Nightman leans closer to the lens, his yellow cat-eyes flaring with smug malice.

NIGHTMAN (ON CRYSTAL BALL) (CONT'D)

And knowing the ancient prophecy, that a boy would become the Dayman, marry the Princess Waitress, and defeat me, I have taken matters into my own large, muscularly huge hands! Tonight, under the blood moon, I shall marry the Princess myself... sealing the prophecy forever so the sun will never rise again!

PRINCESS

(The princess in a bird cage)

HELP ME DAYMAN, YOU'RE MY ONLY HOPE

NIGHTMAN

SHUT UP, BIRD!

The Nightman lets out a long, theatrical villain laugh, then awkwardly reaches forward off-camera to press the stop button. The crystal ball clicks and goes dark, ejecting the magical VHS tape with a loud clunk.

The Man-Boy stands frozen beside the ejected tape, clutching his steel revolver as panic sets in. Suddenly, a blinding, golden shaft of sunlight bursts through the shattered stained-glass ceiling, illuminating the wreckage.

The yellow-suited Dream Dayman steps out of the glare, radiating urgent, manic solar energy.

DREAM DAYMAN

(To nightman sneaky and mean)

DAYMAN, CHAMPION OF ME
THE ANSWER IS CLEAR TO SEE!
(fast, intense)
Listen to me, man-boy! Put the piece away! Mortal lead won't even scratch the Nightman’s shadow-flesh!

MAN-BOY / DAYMAN

(panicked)

What?! Then how do I stop the wedding?!

DREAM DAYMAN

You need ancient, forbidden martial arts! Seek out the Shamaness on the edge of the Nightland. She knows the way to his castle, and she will give you the sacred training you need to become a true master of karate and friendship!

With a deafening chime, the golden beam snaps shut, leaving the Man-Boy alone in the wrecked tavern.

SMASH CUT TO:

SCENE 10: ALLEYWAY AMBUSH & THE SHAMANESS'S VAN

EXT. NIGHTLAND - COBBLESTONE ALLEYWAY - DAY

The Man-Boy bursts out of the coffeehouse in his silver-and-black suit, sprinting down the foggy, soot-stained streets.

Suddenly, snarls echo from the shadows. From behind overturned dumpsters and crumbling gargoyles lunge a horde of armed trolls, screeching green ghouls, and feral goblins, blocking the street with rusted cleavers and war hammers.

MAN-BOY / DAYMAN

(dropping into a sloppy, untrained karate stance)

Back off, creatures of the dark! Hiyah!

He fires two warning shots into the air: BANG! BANG! Scattering a few goblins, then wildly swings a clumsy, uncoordinated karate chop at a charging troll. The troll easily whacks him, with a rat bashing bat backward onto the cobblestones.

Just as the green ghouls and trolls close in for the kill:

SCREEEEECH! HONK-HONK!

Headlights pierce the purple fog. A rusted, 1980s conversion van, covered in psychedelic airbrushed murals of sunbeams, wolves, and mystical runes, barrels straight down the alleyway at sixty miles an hour!

CRASH! THUD! CRUNCH!

The van plows straight through the horde, sending trolls, green ghouls, and goblins flying like bowling pins into trash cans and brick walls.

The van fishtails to a smoking halt beside the bruised Man-Boy. The side sliding door flies open with a metallic rattle. Behind the wheel sits the ECCENTRIC SHAMANESS, wearing her crooked feather headdress, clanking brass bangles, and oversized tinted driving glasses, gripping a smoking incense stick like a cigarette.

SHAMANESS

WILD CARD BITCHES!!! YeeeeeeeHaaaaawwwwww

(leaning across the passenger seat, yelling)

Get in, you little idiot! We’ve got a blood moon to beat and your karate form is garbage!

The Man-Boy scrambles off the cobblestones, dives into the back of the van, and slams the sliding door shut as the Shamaness floors the gas, peeling out over a groaning goblin toward the jagged mountains of the Nightman's castle.

SMASH CUT TO:

SCENE 11: "SOME KARATE FOR YOUR SOUL" (TRAINING MONTAGE)

EXT. NIGHTLAND - JAGGED MOUNTAIN PASS - DUSK

The Shamaness’s conversion van skids to a dusty halt on a windswept obsidian cliff overlooking the Nightman’s towering gothic castle in the distance.

The sliding door rattles open. The SHAMANESS steps out, holding a wooden broomstick and a crumpled paperback martial-arts manual, gesturing for the MAN-BOY to follow.

SHAMANESS

(deadpan, theatrical)

Alright, listen up! Mortal bullets bounce right off the Nightman’s shadow-skin, and right now you fight like a drunken pigeon. Before we crash this wedding, I’m gonna put some karate in your soul!

MAN-BOY

(whiney)

But that doesn't make any SENSE!!!!

SHAMANESS

Oh it will sweet little man-child... through the steamy creamy power, of SONG!

A gritty, upright bassline and a jaunty, upbeat tavern accordion kick in: the exact infectious melody of "There's a Troll in My Hole (of an Apartment)," now played at a brisk, 1980s training-montage tempo!

MAN-BOY / DAYMAN (SINGING):

(striking a stiff, awkward chop)

That’s right!

SHAMANESS (SINGING):

To make your body and your spirit whole!

MAN-BOY / DAYMAN (SINGING):

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!
I’ll master the kick and the punch!
Before the Nightman eats his wedding brunch!

MONTAGE: TRAINING SEQUENCE:

- **THE CLIFFSIDE:** The Shamaness violently whacks the Man-Boy’s shins with the broomstick every time he drops his guard, forcing him into wildly exaggerated, overly dramatic karate stances against the purple twilight sky.

SHAMANESS (SINGING):
Everywhere there’s ghouls creeping, creeping in the night!

MAN-BOY / DAYMAN (SINGING):
Right up in the shadows!

SHAMANESS (SINGING):
Gotta block their claws, gotta learn to use the light!

MAN-BOY / DAYMAN (SINGING):
Make ’em feel the burn!

SHAMANESS (SINGING):
And friendship too, of course!

MAN-BOY / DAYMAN (SINGING):
Yeah!

SHAMANESS & MAN-BOY (SINGING):
We put some karate in his soul!
I’ve got some karate in my soul!

- **OUTSIDE THE VAN:** The Man-Boy attempts to chop a stack of cinderblocks in half, hurts his hand, screams silently, then frantically kicks the stack over instead while the Shamaness nods approvingly and takes a drag of her incense stick.
- **THE ROOF OF THE VAN:** Silhouetted against the rising blood moon, the Man-Boy balances on one foot on the van’s roof rack, wildly windmilling his arms in rapid-fire, nonsensical karate blocks while the Shamaness blasts the van’s horn in rhythm.

SHAMANESS (SINGING):
Put some karate in your soul,
Take back the sun that the Nightman stole!

MAN-BOY / DAYMAN (SINGING):
I’ve got the moves in my heart,
Now I’m gonna tear that dark lord apart!

SHAMANESS (SINGING):
Everywhere there’s trolls waiting!

MAN-BOY / DAYMAN (SINGING):
Yeah!

SHAMANESS (SINGING):
Waiting at the castle gate!

MAN-BOY / DAYMAN (SINGING):
That’s right, at the castle gate!

SHAMANESS (SINGING):
Making you kick their shins, making you spin and grin!

MAN-BOY / DAYMAN (SINGING):
And let the daylight in!

SHAMANESS (SINGING):
This and more!

MAN-BOY / DAYMAN (SINGING):
I’ve got karate in my soul!

The music hits a triumphant, clattering finale as the Man-Boy leaps off the roof of the van, landing in a rigid, dead-serious karate ready-stance, eyes blazing with newfound confidence.

The Shamaness tosses her incense stick aside, climbs back into the driver's seat, and revs the engine.

SHAMANESS
(spoken, yelling out the window)
You’re ready, kid! Hop in, let’s go ruin a wedding!

END OF ACT II

THE NIGHTMAN COMETH: THE MOVIE
ACT III

SCENE 12: HUNGOVER ADVICE & "KILL THE NIGHTMAN"

EXT. NIGHTMAN’S CASTLE - OUTER COURTYARD - NIGHT

The Shamaness’s psychedelic conversion van barrels through the rusted iron castle gates, fishtailing across the obsidian courtyard before slamming into a stone gargoyle fountain with a loud CRUNCH.

Steam hisses from the hood. Inside the cab, empty pitchers of sangria and half-crushed champagne bottles roll across the dashboard.

The MAN-BOY (still in his silver-and-black suit) kicks open the side sliding door and leaps out into a ready-stance, looking back at the driver's seat.

MAN-BOY
Come on, Shamaness! The blood moon is rising! Let's take him down!

The SHAMANESS rolls down the driver's window halfway, her feather headdress drooping sideways over one eye, clutching a giant plastic goblet of sangria.

SHAMANESS
(heavily slurred, squinting)
Nah, man... I had way too much sangria and mimosas on the drive up... the whole courtyard is spinning like a salad spinner...

She waves a limp, bangle-covered hand toward the massive castle doors, nearly spilling her drink.

SHAMANESS (CONT'D)
(slurring)
Listen to me... karate is for the body, okay? But to get past his army... you gotta use the power of friendship... tell ’em he’s a jerk... tell ’em he doesn't even validate parking... now go, before I throw up on my velvet...

She slumps sideways against the steering wheel, accidentally honking the horn once before snoring loudly.

The Man-Boy nods solemnly, taking her drunken wisdom to heart. He turns toward the towering castle doors, where an entire battalion of armored TROLLS, GREEN GHOULS, and GOBLINS marches out in formation, raising spiked clubs and snarling under the blood moon.

MAN-BOY
(holding up both hands peacefully)
Hold on, guys! Don't attack! Look at me, I used to be a slave just like you!

A massive, scarred TROLL CAPTAIN steps forward, raising his war hammer.

TROLL CAPTAIN
Crush the intruder! For the Emperor of the Nightland!

MAN-BOY
(calling out)
Why are you fighting for him?! Does he respect you? Does he share the gold? Or does he just hiss at you and make you guard doors in the freezing dark?!

The trolls and ghouls pause, glancing awkwardly at one another. A haunting, minor-key electric piano riff begins to pulse across the courtyard: the exact dark, hypnotic melody of "Nightman, Sneaky and Mean," now transformed into an infectious, revolutionary protest anthem!

MAN-BOY (SINGING):

Nightman, smelly rude fiend,
Worst boss you’ve ever seen, you know he hates you!
He makes you wanna cry,
He makes you wanna die,
Kill him, kill him, kill him,
Kill the Nightman!

The green ghouls drop their rusted cleavers, leaning in to listen as the Man-Boy struts between their ranks, clapping a startled goblin on the shoulder with genuine warmth.

MAN-BOY (SINGING):

Every night you stand out in the gloom,
While he’s hiding in his room with his cat eyes!
He treats you all like trash,
While he hoards up all the cash,
We’re gonna rise up and defeat the Nightman!

Drumbeats kick in, and the trolls begin banging their war hammers on the cobblestones in rhythm! The goblins link arms with the Man-Boy, swaying side to side in sudden, euphoric camaraderie.

MAN-BOY & MONSTER CHORUS (SINGING):

It’s just true friends sharing the light!
He’s been wrong, and we’re gonna make it right!
It’s just true friends helping each other,
Trolls and ghouls like loving brothers!
No more slaves and no more masters!
No more dark-lord cat-eye disasters!
One is screaming he’s so happy!
The other’s screaming a passionate shout!

Power-ballad electric guitars erupt as the entire army of trolls, green ghouls, and goblins hoists the Man-Boy onto their shoulders, marching toward the inner gates!

MAN-BOY & MONSTER CHORUS (SINGING):

Kill the Nightman!
He’s a smelly, mean, and greedy fiend, man!
We’re gonna take back the day, man!
We can fight you, man!
We’re gonna storm inside your hall,
And knock you off your throne,
And kill the Night,
The stinky, smelly, selfish Nightman!

With one final, thunderous guitar chord, the trolls use a fallen marble pillar as a battering ram: BOOOOOOM! Blowing the outer courtyard gates apart!

SCENE 13: THE GUARDIAN GREEN MAN

EXT. NIGHTMAN’S CASTLE - INNER SANCTUM DOORS - CONTINUOUS

The entire monster army skids to a sudden halt. Blocking the towering, blood-red velvet doors to the wedding sanctum stands the castle’s final, most terrifying guardian: GREEN MAN.

He is a completely faceless, neon-green ghoul wearing nothing but a tattered barbarian’s fur loincloth, studded leather wrist wraps, and a pair of battered white canvas tennis shoes. He bounces endlessly on the balls of his feet, swinging his arms wildly in an erratic, hypnotic rhythm.

TROLL CAPTAIN

(whispering, terrified)

Watch out... it’s Green Man. Nobody gets past Green Man.

Green Man freezes mid-bounce, tilting his smooth, blank green head toward the Man-Boy.

GREEN MAN

(raspy, energetic, third-person)

Halt! None shall pass! Green Man is the ultimate guardian of the dark wedding! Green Man’s knees are warmed up, Green Man’s tennis shoes are tied tight, and Green Man is ready to dance-fight!

The Man-Boy steps forward from the crowd of ghouls and trolls, adjusting the ruffled cuffs of his silver-and-black suit.

MAN-BOY

(calm, respectful)

I don't want to fight you, Green Man. I came here with karate... and friendship.

Green Man pauses, tilting his blank face the other way.

GREEN MAN

Karate and friendship? Nobody ever offers Green Man friendship. Nightman just yells at Green Man to stand outside in the cold with no shirt on!

MAN-BOY

(extending a hand, striking a crisp karate bow)

He doesn't appreciate your moves, man. Look at that footwork: those tennis shoes were made for liberation, not standing guard in the dark! Join us, Green Man!

Green Man looks down at his white tennis shoes, then back up at the Man-Boy, the cheering goblins, and the nodding trolls. Slowly, a rhythmic bounce returns to Green Man’s knees.

GREEN MAN

(beaming without a face)

Green Man likes the sound of that! Green Man’s loyalties have shifted! Green Man is opening the doors now!

In one fluid, acrobatic spin, Green Man kicks both massive wedding doors wide open, breaking straight into his signature erratic, full-body celebratory dance as the Man-Boy, Green Man, and the entire monster army storm inside!

CUT TO:

SCENE 14: THE DARK WEDDING & THE BIRDCAGE

INT. NIGHTMAN’S SHADOW SANCTUM - WEDDING ALTAR - NIGHT

Beneath a colossal stained-glass window framing the blood moon, an ominous obsidian wedding altar sits at the far end of the cavernous hall.

Hanging from a heavy iron chain right beside the altar is a massive, ornate gilded birdcage. Trapped inside in a tattered bridal veil and iron neck collar is FAIR PRINCESS WAITRESS, gripping the bars with pure, exhausted rage.

Close on the NIGHTMAN in his dramatic tuxedo cape, eyes closed in solemn, pretentious concentration as he simultaneously rolls shimmering glass crystal orbs effortlessly through one set of fingers while playing a delicate, mournful melody on a small silver Ressikan-style flute with another pair of hands.

The camera smoothly zooms out, revealing that the Nightman's own massive, meaty hands are casually resting on his hips, while two hunched, warty GOBLIN AND GHOUL SERVANTS crouched directly behind his cape are awkwardly thrusting their crusty, dirty-nailed stunt hands through his armpits to juggle the orbs and finger the flute.

Spotting Princess Waitress glaring at him, the Nightman snaps his fingers, shooing the two crusty-handed servants away behind the altar, and dramatically begins conducting a minor-key pipe organ with his large, muscularly huge hands while glaring at her with glowing yellow cat-eyes.

NIGHTMAN (SINGING, HISSING, IMPERIAL):

Nightman! (ah-ah-ah!)
Leader of the Trollmen! (ah-ah-ah!)
Ruler of the Darklands! (ah-ah-ah!)
Emperor of the Nightland,
And Ruler of everyone!

Princess Waitress stops singing, glaring down at him deadpan. The Nightman’s yellow eyes flare with sudden, petty fury. He lunges up to the birdcage bars, hissing right in her face. Princess Waitress stops singing, glaring down at him deadpan. The Nightman’s yellow eyes flare with sudden, petty fury. He lunges up to the birdcage bars, hissing right in her face. Nightman offers her a boiled egg, but she refuses.

NIGHTMAN

What? You hungry or somethin'? Would you like an egg in these trying times,before you become my unholy bride?

PRINCESS WAITRESS

No! I don't want no egg in my trying times! And for the record? I aint goin to marry your sparkly ass twilight zone looking ass at all, nor do I want to sing for you neither, Nightwad!

NIGHTMAN

(sobbing, *sniff*, then yelling, unhinged)

Well, you better keep singing, bitch! You won't have a face by the time I'm done with you!

Princess Waitress rolls her eyes, sighs in sheer annoyance, and reluctantly sings her high-pitched backup harmony from inside the cage as the Nightman struts proudly down the altar steps. Getting a troll guard to electrocute Princess Waitress' bird cage

PRINCESS WAITRESS (SINGING, DEADPAN, FORCED):

OW! GOD-DAMMMIT! GOD DMAN YOU!!! Geeze,Fine!
*sigh+ Ah-ah-ah...

NIGHTMAN (SINGING):

You're the sovereign of the shadows,(Ah-ah-ah)
And the thief of every sun,(Ah-ah-ah)
You're a nightman, nightman, nightman!

PRINCESS WAITRESS (SINGING, FLAT, ROLLING HER EYES):

Ah-ah-ah...

NIGHTMAN (SINGING):

The princess scrubs my obsidian floors....
The trolls collect my fee!
Every boy and girl in chains
Will bow their knees to me!

BOOOOOOM! The towering velvet doors crash open as the MAN-BOY, GREEN MAN, and the entire army of trolls, ghouls, and goblins storm down the blood-red aisle!

MAN-BOY

(pointing dramatically)

Stop the wedding, Nightman! Release the Princess!

The Nightman doesn’t even look angry. He lights up with smug, theatrical vindication, pointing a clawed finger straight back at the Man-Boy.

NIGHTMAN

Aha! Perfect timing, little tiny boy! Remember when I told you I’d come back with more lyrics so you could really understand me? Well, pull up a pew, because I finally finished the badass bridge!

The Nightman turns his back dramatically to the altar, facing the blood moon as a jaunty, upbeat acoustic guitar strums in from the shadows, picking up right where he left off in Act I.

NIGHTMAN (SINGING):

Some people are born skinny, some people are born fat,
Some people are born EVIL WITH THE EYES OF A CAT! It's nature, shit happens There's nothing you can do! For what made Jeffrey Dahmer tick or Hitler hate the Jews? It's nature, shit happens There's nothing to be done. Pol Pot commited "genocide", but Vader killed for fun, fun!.. Why does everybody hate me? When will it all pass? I'm going to bend over, so you can kiss my... BALLS! It's nature, shit happens! God made me what I am Just like Charlie Manson, Michael Moore and Son of Sam! I'm not trying to be coy! That's just the way God made me, bitches... THAT'S WHY I SODOMIZED THAT BOY!!!

SCENE 15: ASCENSION & THE FINAL BATTLE ("DAYMAN")

The Nightman gets so caught up in his theatrical villain song that his yellow cat-eyes flare wildly. He whips his midnight cape around, dropping into a low, hissing predator crouch as he scans the crowd.

NIGHTMAN
(screeching, leaning into green man)
Hisss... now where is the boy?!

DAYMAN
The boy is gone!

NIGHTMAN
You can't tell me what to do!

DAYMAN
(stammering, defensive)
I didn't, I didn't tell, fine, I won't tell you what to do, because you will be dead!

NIGHTMAN
Yeah, uh... you can't tell me what to do!

DAYMAN
You already said that, uh... I just know when you're dead I'm going to be a better ruler than you!

NIGHTMAN
(waving a meaty hand dismissively)
Just move past it, because it won't matter when you're ground into tiny little baby pieces!

DAYMAN
(dropping back into his karate stance)
I'm going to kick your ass!

NIGHTMAN
(hissing, flexing his large, muscularly huge hands)
I'd like to see you try! I'll tell you what, I am the ruler of Darkness!

Suddenly, the stained-glass window behind the altar shatters inward, not from a rock, but from a blinding, unstoppable beam of pure golden morning light piercing the blood moon!

The golden light engulfs the Man-Boy. In a swirling vortex of solar fire and shimmering feathers, his silver-and-black outfit transforms instantaneously into the iconic, blindingly bright Golden and Cobalt version of the night man's costume, with beautiful blue eyes flowing blonde hair, and a bronze surfer’s tan

DAYMAN

(booming, triumphant)

Well, I'm the master of light, the champion of the sun... for I am... THE DAYMAN!

Thunderous, major-key electric guitars, triumphant brass horns, and booming stadium drums erupt across the sanctum!

The Nightman hisses and lunges forward with his massive, meaty hands, clashing mid-air with the Dayman in a dizzying flurry of rigid, hyper-theatrical karate chops, spinning kicks, and dramatic slow-motion blocks!

Around the sanctum, all hell breaks loose:

- **THE CIVIL WAR:** Loyalist shadow-trolls clash violently with GREEN MAN and the liberated ghouls and goblins, flinging war hammers, swinging from gothic chandeliers, and brawl-dancing across the pews.
- **THE AWAKENING:** Down in the dungeon cages along the walls, the captive little boys and girls break their chains, instantly transforming into grown men and women clad in shimmering silver-and-black Dayman suits of their own, joining the battle with synchronized karate poses!

At the center of the altar, the Nightman gains the upper hand, pinning the Dayman back with his large, muscularly huge hands, hissing inches from his face.

With a blinding flash of solar power, the Dayman breaks free, unleashes a rapid-fire barrage of karate chops straight into the Nightman’s chest, and plunges his hand inside, ripping out the Nightman’s black, icky, tar-covered heart!

NIGHTMAN

(gasp, clutching his chest)

My... my cold, dark heart... What are you do-you can't do that….wait….I'm the Ni...

SQUISH! The Dayman crushes the black icky heart in his fist. The Nightman dissolves into a harmless puff of purple smoke, leaving behind only his empty tuxedo cape and a gleaming golden key clattering onto the marble floor.

The Dayman snatches up the golden key. First, he unlocks the gilded birdcage and removes the heavy iron neck collar around FAIR PRINCESS WAITRESS, freeing her.

Next, he hurls the golden key upward into the colossal celestial padlock chained across the shattered stained-glass window.

CLICK! BOOM!

The chains shatter. Outside, the bruised purple fog parts violently as a massive, radiant golden SUN rockets into the sky, flooding the entire kingdom in warm, blinding daylight and transforming the grim Nightland into the gleaming Dayland!

The battered sanctum doors creak open. The SHAMANESS stumbles in, crooked feather headdress askew, waving a half-empty bottle of mimosa.

SHAMANESS

(loud, slurred)

The day is saved, hic! And the sun has been restored! Day has returned!

Fair Princess Waitress gasps, beaming in the warm golden light, and spins gracefully straight into the Dayman’s arms!

PRINCESS WAITRESS

I see that you have defeated the evil that was here!

DAYMAN

(puffing out his yellow-suited chest)

Why, of course, naturally, as I am the Dayman!

PRINCESS WAITRESS

Well, once you were a boy, and now that you've become a man... now I am in love with you!

DAYMAN

You got that right, bitch! And guess what, sugar? I’m in love with you!

The liberated goblins, trolls, Green Man, and the newly suited silver-and-black men and women form a massive, cheering semicircle around the altar as bright brass horns and triumphant stadium drums build to a fever pitch!

DAYMAN (SINGING):

I am the Dayman,
Defeater of darkness,
Master of word and soooong!

PRINCESS WAITRESS (SINGING):

You are the teacher of goblin and man,
Winner of contests near and faaaar!

FULL ENSEMBLE (EXPLODING INTO THE ANTHEM):

Dayman! (ah-ah-ah!)
Fighter of the Nightman! (ah-ah-ah!)
Champion of the Sun! (ah-ah-ah!)
You’re a master of karate
And friendship
For everyone!

DAYMAN (SOLO, SPINNING PRINCESS WAITRESS UNDER GOLDEN LIGHT):

Dayman! (ah-ah-ah!)
Fighter of the Nightman! (ah-ah-ah!)
Champion of the Sun!
You’re a master of karate
And friendship
For everyone!

FULL ENSEMBLE (STADIUM CRESCENDO):

Dayman! (ah-ah-ah!)
Fighter of the Nightman! (ah-ah-ah!)
Champion of the Sun!
You’re a master of karate
And friendship
For everyone!

FADE TO:

SCENE 16: THE ROYAL WEDDING & "THE PROPOSAL (REPRISE)"

INT. DAYLAND GRAND CATHEDRAL - ROYAL WEDDING HALL - DAY

Bathed in radiant, blindingly beautiful white and gold sunlight. Towering marble arches gleam without a speck of soot. Golden sunbeams stream through pristine stained-glass windows, illuminating floating petals of light.

Every citizen of Dayland packs the gilded pews in joyous celebration, including a crowd of eccentric, Jim Henson/Labyrinth-style puppet goblins, mossy bog-ghouls, and stone trolls modeled after the gang's most unhinged alter egos:

- **GOBLIN VIC VINEGAR & GHOUL HUGH HONEY:** Two hunched, warty real-estate goblins wearing tight, grease-stained vests, aggressively high-fiving each other and trying to hand out parchment flyers for Dayland swamp-condos during the ceremony.
- **BOG-TROLL DR. MANTIS TOBOGGAN:** A squat, bulbous-nosed goblin in oversized spectacles and a tattered apothecary coat, clutching a goblet of monster-brew and grinning maniacally.
- **BANSHEE CRAZY PADDY:** A wild-haired, screeching bog-witch goblin with painted green shamrocks on her mossy cheeks, wildly waving a wooden shillelagh in the back pew.
- **GREEN MAN:** Standing right beside the altar in his barbarian loincloth and white tennis shoes, holding a shiny silver harmonica up to his smooth, blank green face.
- **THE SHAMANESS:** Wearing a slightly cleaner velvet shawl in the front row, dabbing happy tears with a mimosa napkin.
- **THE CHAIRS OF HONOR:** On two velvet-draped chairs in the front pew sit the Nightman’s empty, tattered black robes, and right next to them, Antonio the Troll’s bloated, rotting corpse, propped upright in a tiny bow tie with a solitary fly buzzing lazily around his toe-knife foot.

Soft, sweeping wedding chimes echo through the hall.

The towering white-and-gold doors swing open. FAIR PRINCESS WAITRESS, now radiant in a breathtaking, spotless white-and-gold royal bridal gown, her silver tiara gleaming like a halo, glides gracefully down the petal-strewn aisle toward the altar.

Above the altar, the golden ceiling parts. Suspended in a dazzling pillar of pure sunlight, the DAYMAN, after telling his story to all the guests, rats and children alike, descends slowly from the heavens in his pristine, blazing yellow three-piece suit and white top hat, having just finished recounting his epic tale of triumph to the cheering Daylanders with golden stage lights illuminating him from above.

He lands lightly on the marble steps of the altar, taking Princess Waitress’s hands as a warm, earnest piano melody begins: the exact sweet, familiar motif of Act I's "The Proposal," now transformed into its triumphant romantic reprise.

DAYMAN (SINGING):

I was that little boy,
That little baby boy was me.
I once was a boy,
But now I am a man.

Princess Waitress smiles genuinely, squeezing his hands as Crazy Paddy lets out a celebratory goblin screech and Bog-Troll Mantis Toboggan raises his goblet in approval.

DAYMAN (SINGING):

I fought the Nightman, lived as Dayman,
Now I’m here to ask for your hand,
So if you want to marry man,
Will you marry me?
Will you come on stage and join me,
In this thing called matrimony?
Please say yes and do not bone me,
Please just marry me!

Instead of stopping, the piano keeps rolling. The Dayman points dramatically toward the edge of the altar, cueing GREEN MAN!

DAYMAN:

And a one, two, one two three GREEN MAN!

With no mouth to speak of, Green Man presses the silver harmonica directly against the blank green fabric of his face and unleashes a passionate, soaring, impossibly soulful live-show harmonica solo, bending notes furiously while bouncing on the balls of his white tennis shoes and swaying like a rock god!

Goblin Vic Vinegar and Ghoul Hugh Honey tear up, hugging each other tightly in the pews. Even a solitary fly on Antonio’s rotting corpse pauses to listen.

As Green Man wails on the harmonica behind him, the Dayman drops to one knee at the altar, launching straight into the extended live-show pleas!

DAYMAN (SINGING):

WHY DONTCHA COME ON STAGE AND JOIN ME?
IN THIS THING I CALL MATRI-MONY!
I saved the sun and set the whole world free!
Please say yes, don't leave me lonely,
Be my one and only,
NOW Please say yes and dontcha bone me,
WHY DONTCHA MARRY WHY DONTCHA MARRY
[Greenman Harmonica solo, as raccoons and rats, ghouls and goblins dance]
So COME ON STAGE!
AND DON'T SAY NO! OR PLEASE SAY YES AND PLEASE DON'T FREAKIN’ BONE MEEEEEEEEE Why don't you marry, Come on, baby, won't you marry Please just marry, marry, marry, marry me???? PLEASE JUST MARRY MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

Green Man hits one final, triumphant, earth-shaking blast on the harmonica as the cathedral organ swells to a thunderous crescendo!

Princess Waitress beams, nodding enthusiastically as the entire cathedral of humans and Labyrinth goblins erupts into cheers!

PRINCESS WAITRESS

(joyous, clear)

Yes! A thousand times yes, my Champion of the Sun!

The Dayman sweeps her into a grand, dipping kiss as golden confetti explodes from the rafters, Crazy Paddy tosses shamrock petals into the air, and Green Man breaks into a wild celebratory dance down the center aisle, jamming on his harmonica right past Antonio’s rotting corpse slumping sideways in its pew.

FADE OUT.

THE END