

(Name of Project)

by
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(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

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Address
Phone Number

ON DARKNESS

Nothing is visible. And then there's a voice, deep and English-accented.

This is the voice of GOD

GOD
In the beginning, I created Heaven
and Earth.

FADE IN:

EXT. GARDEN OF EDEN. DAY.

A lush green meadow, with various tropical plants on the sidelines.

GOD
But it was all quite boring, so I
created...man.

ADAM appears, a physically fit male wearing nothing but a fig leaf and a blank expression.

GOD
Man was all well and good, but
something was missing.

Adam scratches his head and gives us a quizzical expression.

GOD
So I made woman.

EVE appears next to Adam. She has a fig leaf too, but is topless, just for fun.

GOD
And thus was born the notion of
reproduction.

Adam looks at Eve, then quickly takes her to the ground, where they start humping.

GOD
But not all men favored this
approach.

Adam and Eve disappear. In their place, BRUCE materializes, a dead ringer for Adam [i.e. the same actor] apart from his mustache and construction helmet.

GOD
Some still preferred the
companionship of another man.

Now another man, STEVE, appears. Steve is a limp-wristed bleached blond, again with a fig leaf. Bruce takes Steve to the ground, and they too become amorous.

GOD
I had to do something to stem
population growth, after all.
(beat)
And then a third type of man
emerged.

BILLY BOB, an unshaven, beer-bellied lout, now materializes. He too wears a fig leaf, but this time it's a plaid one.

GOD
The type who found the previous
behavior endlessly amusing.

A big dumb grin crosses Billy Bob's face, as he points to Bruce and Steve.

GOD
We call these people...

A neon orange baseball cap with a folded bill and picture of a chainsaw on it falls from the sky onto Billy Bob's head.

GOD
...Rednecks.

BILLY BOB
You're fags! Heeh heeh heeh!

GOD
I take no responsibility for them.

ROLL MAIN TITLES, FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. DELMER P. REDNECK'S HOUSE. DAY.

A house up on a hillside that seems to have been very poorly thrown together from crooked boards and nails. A signpost hammered into the ground up front reads: "Delmer P. Redneck, Esq." and underneath that "NO FAGS"

A rooster crows. Immediately on cue, a shotgun barrel emerges from one of the windows and blows the bird away.

DELMER
 (offscreen)
 Stupid motherfucker.

Move in closer to an upper story window.

INT. ROBBY'S ROOM. DAY.

This ramshackle room features large cracks in the wall, and many water leaks, despite the fact that it isn't raining. Several Hank Williams Jr. posters adorn the wall, as well as one of an Arabian Sheik, which bears the message "I hate A-Rabs."

Against the wall is a large wooden set of bunk beds. On the lower one sleeps BABY REDNECK, a five-year-old kid with one buck tooth, and a red cap on that has a picture of a tractor on it.

On the upper bed lies Robertson Billybob Redneck, a.k.a. ROBBY, an unshaven man his early twenties with two big front teeth, fast asleep, yet still wearing a neon orange STIHL chainsaw cap. Between snores, he mutters to himself.

ROBBY
 Ah'm dreamin'! Heeh heeh heeh!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROBBY'S DREAM WORLD. DAY.

A gigantic Robby, now in a fake muscle-suit covered in plaid spandex and a cape (yet still wearing his trademark cap) stands over a miniature city, as tiny humans run screaming.

ROBBY
 Ah'm Redneck Man! And you're all
 fags! Heeh heeh heeh!

He runs after the tiny fleeing people, knocking over some buildings. Then he stomps the little fugitives to mush.

ROBBY
 Ah'm stompin' me some fags!

Done with his stomp, Robby strikes a Superman pose.

ROBBY
 Up, up, and, uh...somethin!

And he flies, up into outer space. A flying saucer passes by his head. Robby quickly points at it.

ROBBY
You're fags! Heeh heeh heeh!

And he keeps going. Up, and up, until outer space fades into whiteness, and Robby finds himself standing on a fluffy cloud, under a sign that reads "Heaven. Please wipe your feet."

Robby walks towards a bright light in the distance.

ROBBY
Wow.

As he gets closer, the light turns out to be GOD, an old man with a gigantic head (possibly papier-mache), in a T-shirt reading "Yes, you may worship me." All around him are arrow signs indicating who he is in different ways, e.g. "God"; "The Godmeister"; "Jesus' old man"; "Guy Christians really like"; "Maker of the world"; and so forth.

Robby is in awe, and gets down on his knees.

ROBBY
God!

GOD
Yes, my son?

Robby pauses, then gets a wicked gleam in his eyes.

ROBBY
You're a fag! Heeh heeh heeh!

God accepts this insult fairly calmly.

GOD
Robertson...GO TO HELL!

The ground gives out under Robby, and he finds himself falling, falling. . .

INT. HELL. DAY.

Robby lands hard on a series of stalagmites, inside a red cave.

Standing before him is SATAN, a horned beast with bat wings and a "Deicide" T-shirt.

SATAN

Welcome to Hell. As your sin was one of homophobia, you will be gang-raped by demons for eternity.

A bunch of demonic creatures dressed as bikers emerge from one of the caves, and hold Robby down as they pull his pants off.

SATAN

Now who's the fag, huh? Mwah hah hah hah hah!

ON ROBBY

A look of terror in his eyes. Then a big fist starts punching him in the face.

ROBBY

Ow! OW!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROBBY'S ROOM. DAY.

Robby is still being repeatedly punched in the face by that same fist.

ROBBY

Ow! OW!

Finally, he comes to his senses, and looks up. The punching stops.

The man to whom the fist belonged is Robby's dad, DELMER P. REDNECK, a man who looks like Robby without the hair, with a mustache, double the body mass, and a green cap advertising "Gus' Gas."

DELMER

Get up, stupid!

ROBBY

It...It wuz a dream!

DELMER

Get your sorry ass up! You're a fag! Heeh heeh heeh!

ROBBY

Quit it, Dad.

Delmer starts walking away.

DELMER

Ah'm'a go take me a dump. You best cook my goddamn breakfast, motherfucker, or by God, I'll kill you.

Robby pulls himself out of bed, and leaps down to the floor. He is wearing nothing but his cap and some ratty, graying underwear, riding low enough to show some crack.

Robby staggers to his closet, which is filled with identical pairs of jeans and plaid shirts, and dons one of each. Then he goes to the window and leans out.

Cocking his head back, he conjures up the loudest mucus-hawking sinus snorts ever known to man. After about a minute of this, he spits.

A loud CLANG! is heard in the distance.

PASSERBY

(offscreen)

Ouch!

ROBBY

Sorry!

(beat)

Fag.

In the background, Delmer opens the bathroom door and sits down on the commode, not bothering to close the door.

DELMER

Unnnghhh! Aaaaaah!

All manner of loud bodily noises follow.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Robby walks past his defecating dad, then down the stairs to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen is run-down, broken, and dirty, same as everything else here. Robby goes to the fridge, and opens it up. It's loaded with generic beer and cheez whiz, but also contains three dead, worm-infested squirrels.

Robby removes the squirrels, throws them into a pot, and begins to deep fry them.

Delmer's noises continue from upstairs.

DELMER
AaaarrrrghhhhhGOD!

Robby goes to the phone. It's 1930s style, with earpiece and microphone, except both in this case are tin cans. He dials.

ROBBY
Hello?

Some grumbling is audible on the other end of the line.

ROBBY
Hank?

HANK
(voice over)
Sonofa.. Goddamn, shoot yer
goddamn head off, by God.

ROBBY
You're a fag! Heeh heeh heeh!

Hank mumbles angrily.

DELMER
(offscreen)
You better be cookin' my food,
motherfucker, or I'll kill you like
I kilt Momma!

ROBBY
I got it!
(to Hank)
'Ay, come over and pick me up.

HANK
(v.o.)
How come?

ROBBY
Just do it, stupid.

HANK
I'ma come kick yer goddamn ass. . .

Hank's mumbling continues, as Robby hangs up the phone.

Robby checks the squirrels. They're crispy. Right on cue, the toilet flushes.

Delmer comes walking in, pants around his knees. He pulls them up, and has one hack of a time trying to button them around his gut.

DELMER

Ahh. Best poop I ever had. My food ready yet?

ROBBY

Yup.

He gets the pot, and a plate, and brings them to the table. Using a hunting knife, he removes the fried critters from the pot and puts them on Delmer's plate.

DELMER

Squirrels?

ROBBY

Uh-huh.

DELMER

Good. Eggs turn my snot yellow.

He rips off one of the squirrels' head with his teeth, and swallows it whole.

ROBBY

Dad?

DELMER

Whut?

ROBBY

How come you dun kilt mom?

DELMER

She wuz a fag.

He takes another bite of food.

ROBBY

A woman-fag?

DELMER

Yep.

ROBBY

Cool! Heeh heeh heeh!

Delmer stands up, grabs the cooking pot, and throws the hot grease in Robby's face, causing a hideous sizzling-of-flesh sound. Robby screams.

DELMER

Don't you ever say that!

Then he bashes the pot over Robby's head.

DELMER

You're a fag! Heeh heeh heeh!

A car horn honks outside. Delmer looks out the window.

DELMER

Your fag friend's here. You tell him I said he's a cocksucker.

And he walks back upstairs. Robby gradually pulls himself up and out the door.

EXT. DELMER P. REDNECK'S HOUSE. DAY.

Parked outside is Hank's truck, the rustiest pick-up in the history of the universe. Many of its rusty holes are patched with NRA stickers.

In the driver's seat is HANK THE HICK, an overalls-clad farmer in a straw hat, with a beard covering most of his face and hair down over his eyes. A big shotgun rests on the rack behind his head.

HANK

Whut say, stupid?

Robby is still trying to pull himself together, but manages to get his catchphrase out.

ROBBY

You're. . .(cough) a fag.

HANK

You're a pussy. What're we doin'?

ROBBY

Ummmm. . .

After painfully racking his pea-brain for a second, he figures it out.

ROBBY

Let's go call people fags!

HANK

We done that yesterday.

That gives Robby pause for a second.

ROBBY

But it ain't yesterday no more!

Hank has to think about that one.

HANK

Oh yeah. Get in.

Robby goes around to the passenger side of the truck, and slides in through the non-existent window, as the door handle is permanently rusted shut.

Hank peels out as loudly as he possibly can.

ROBBY

My daddy says you're a cocksucker

HANK

Whut?

FADE TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE. DAY

Hank's truck is driving at a leisurely pace. Up ahead, a young couple is riding in a convertible, with some crappy R&B song blasting from the speakers.

Hank pulls the truck up alongside them on the left, so that Robby is facing them.

Robby leans out the window.

ROBBY

Ay!

The car's driver doesn't hear. Robby digs down by his feet, finds a crushed beer can, and hurls it at the driver's head.

ROBBY

Ay!

The driver takes notice, and turns down the music.

DRIVER

What the hell's your problem?