

## Group

“Lucky me, I get stuck between the two momma’s boys.” Freddy muttered as he sat down between Jason and Norman.

Jason glared at him through his hockey mask with long dead eyes. Even though there was bad blood between them, they had a mutual respect most of the time.

“Mother wouldn’t like you talking to me like that, Freddy.” Norman said as he reached into a paper bag to pull out a piece of candy corn and quickly ate it.

“Get here earlier and you won’t get the last seat Freddy.” Dr. Jekyll quickly piped in before something escalated between them. “Ok everyone, let’s begin. First up, Leatherface won’t be here tonight. He had a facial appointment and Candyman isn’t answering my calls.”

“Hey, who fucking invited the clown?” Chucky said as he pointed across the circle of chairs.

“What’s the matter, Chuck, suspenders on to tight?” Pennywise mocked the doll.

“Clowns just freak me out. I hate them more than mimes.”

“Clowns are freaking me out as well, Chuck. Where are all the good clown killers? I’m feeling a bit under represented here. I slew it on the small screen years ago and I’m killing it on the big screen now. Apart from those Klowns from outer space, not so much in between that stands out.”

“Oh, boo hoo,” Marsha cut in, “You think that’s bad, how many lead women slashers and monsters do you know? And we’re usually heavily sexualized as well. We’re just blood covered eye candy.”

“I like being eye candy.” Trash interjected. She had just returned to her chair after getting a plate of brains. “Have you wondered, what the deal is with these running zombies. You know, like how its making a bad name for the old shufflers. There is nothing scary about them when they are everywhere now. Where’s the social commentary with them, only the fit will survive?”

“You do know you are one of the fast ones, don’t you?” Marsha asked her.

“My boyfriend Bub, just happens to be one of the oldies. I’m speaking for him.”

“If I may Miss Trash,” Dracula quickly interjected, “Could I ask where these upstart, glittery, pretty boy vampires came from? It is hard to be

taken seriously with them around now. Also, not only are they able to be out in the day, but they hunt at a school. I myself like them young, but this is perverted. At least Mr. Krueger hunts his young prey in their dreams.”

“Word up, Drac.” Freddy said while pointing at Dracula with his bladed index finger. “Since we’re throwing pet peeves on the floor, I’ve got one that just burns me. These wannabe punks trying to cut in on our business. They just don’t have the style like we did. It’s all about being gorier than ever. Hey, I like blood and guts like my esteemed professionals but there is a limit to what’s tasteful.”

“In my time, blood and gore was more of a taboo.” Norman started, “It was better to have the audience use their imagination. It was more effective you see. They would come up with something far more terrifying than what we could show on screen.”

“My Cenobites and I made an artform out of blood and gore. We had such sights to show. Some would say it was even legendary. Even with all the gore, when we were summoned, tormenting our victims was paramount above all else.” Pinhead said with a bold sense of pride as he drank from his can of beer before continuing. “Look at Michael and Jason. They are devoid of speech and yet speak volumes with their on-screen charisma. Truly masters of their craft in their own right.”

Jason and Michael look at each other after the compliment. Then after a silent moment give each other a high five above Chucky.

“Get a room already.” Chucky said feeling a bit nauseous.

“There was a time when where you were from mattered as well.” Imhotep took his turn, “I am Imhotep, prince of Egypt, not some hand me down Yank or trivial joke. We also didn’t need heavy special effects to lay waste to a city. Even my cousin Bubba Ho-Tep got this concept.” He rested his head in his hands. “I miss the old days.”

Frank had been listening for long enough. “Newer versions of me bad. I not that smart or as agile. They forget bride as well. Reboots suck.” He took a drink of his beer. “Beer good.” He said with a smile.

“You think that’s bad, these younger generation of werewolves can change at will and are not affected by the full moon. They even seem to be able to remember what they did as a werewolf.” Larry sighed before continuing. “Know what that does for your love life, to compete with that?”

Marsha leaned towards Larry and whispered in his ear. “Maybe you just haven’t met the right wolf?”

Chucky was getting agitated just listening, so he spoke up before someone else got a word in. “Hey, I brought back the creepy living doll to its glory. Do you think I get any respect? Fuck no. You know what it’s like being a pint sized doll star? It’s hell.”

“Didn’t I see you with Annabelle a few months ago?” Pinhead asked.

“It was a party for a charity event, not like you should talk with your tabloid photo in a sweat suit and sneakers.” Chucky bit back.

“Casual Friday.” Pinhead replied to the doll.

“I think he was talking about your last film.” Trash quipped.

Pinhead shook his head before replying, “Even in Hell, we do not discuss that.”

Dr. Jekyll Suddenly realized the time. “I don’t know how we got so distracted. We were supposed to discuss this year’s Halloween party. Michael, I know you’re already prebooked for a gig.”

