

A VERY SIMPLY HALLOWEEN DOWN UNDER

By

Steve McDonell

© steve mcdonell 2009

steve-abbey@hotmail.com

Disclaimer: while no SS members were harmed in the writing of this script, some egos may be slightly bruised. Complaints can be made to Jeff Bush, who will endeavour to placate you with extensive wining and dining. Other inquiries can be made to the above email. I will send money to cover a phone call. Then you can ring somebody who gives a shit.

FADE IN:

INT.KITCHEN/FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

SUPER - GOLD COAST AUSTRALIA

STEVIE, a middle aged bald guy, sits at his computer. His wife, JODIE, cooks food at the stove top.

STEVIE

What? Oh, wow! Full on!

JODIE

What's that, dear?

STEVIE

Um, ok, you know how I told you, about a post I put up on Simply Scripts awhile back? About having a get together?

JODIE

No, you didn't tell me. Must've slipped your mind, hey? Another one of your silly ideas? Just like that 'Lord of the Rings' script you did.

STEVIE

Aw, honey, that's not very__hey, I'm fond of that script! Putting the Beatles in Tolkien was a great concept.

JODIE

Too bad none of the freaks at Shitly Scripts read it.

STEVIE

It's SIMPLY Scripts, and now you're being nasty. A lot of talented people on that site.

JODIE

Talented drunks. Talented porn addicts. Talented drug addicts.

STEVIE

That's ridiculous! Anyway, I've had a great response to my suggestion. We're having an SS reunion.

JODIE

How can people who have never met
in person, 'reunite'?

STEVIE

I...well, you know what I mean. But
some of us are finally going to
meet up. It'll be awesome.

JODIE

So you're going to just fly off to
the States or wherever, wasting
money we don't have, just so you
can dribble shit to what is
basically an AA meeting?

STEVIE

No.

JODIE

Good then. You've suddenly realised
the stupidity of your invitation.

STEVIE

Not exactly. They are coming here.
For Halloween.

The sound of food BUBBLING is loud in the silence...

JODIE

No. Fucking. Way.

STEVIE

Some have already booked flights.
They'll be here by the end of next
week.

JODIE

Unless you tell them all right now
that it's off, I'm leaving.

EXT.HOUSE - DAY

Stevie stands glumly in the driveway. Jodie gets in a cab
full of suitcases. She gives him the finger as the cab pulls
away.

STEVIE

All great writers have to make
sacrifices...

He looks to the sky, seeking a sign to herald his stoicism.
Nothing...

He claps his hands together.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Right then, let's see what's new on
Youporn.

MONTAGE

Stevie sends emails...

Stevie talks excitedly on the phone...

Pizza boxes teeter around the computer...

Porn images fill the screen and blur...

END MONTAGE

INT. GOLD COAST AIRPORT - DAY

Stevie waits at the arrival gate.

SUPER - A FEW DAYS LATER

The information board shows that Flight D624 from Hobart has
landed. Soon, passengers emerge. TOMMY, a twenty year old
uni student, is among them.

STEVIE

Yo, Tommy!

TOMMY

Stevie! Glad to finally meet you,
man. Fuck, you're a tall bastard.
Didn't picture you that tall!

STEVIE

My small script reviews can be
deceiving. Say, you do look like
Ricky Gervais!

TOMMY

(proud)

Really?

STEVIE

Actually, no. But cheer up. The
rest of the gang will be here on
Friday. Thanks again for coming
early to help me.

TOMMY

No probs, Stevie. You've helped me a lot looking at my script drafts and ideas.

STEVIE

Us Aussies have to stick together. Come on, let's get back to my joint. Um, can you cook at all?

TOMMY

A little. Do you like burnt water?

STEVIE

That's what I thought. Pizza again...

INT.KITCHEN/FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Tommy makes two coffees as Stevie works the computer. He reads an email and sits back in awe.

STEVIE

Man, that is fucking unbelievable.

TOMMY

You found that hermaphrodite video?

STEVIE

What? Oh, no, still looking for that...but I've just got confirmation on the schedules, and who's actually coming.

Tommy sits on the futon and sips his coffee.

TOMMY

Ok, then, so who's coming? How many?

STEVIE

Five. All from overseas. Jeff, Pia, Sandra, Rob and Bert.

TOMMY

Sweet! None of the other Aussies though? None made an effort?

STEVIE

(frowns)

No. Funny that. They all said they had more pressing matters.

TOMMY

Such as?

STEVIE

Well, LC said she wanted to read and review every OWC ever done on the site...

TOMMY

Which means basically she thinks we are losers.

STEVIE

...true. Um, Murph, who only has to drive down 40 minutes from Brisbane, said he was too pissed to come...

TOMMY

Well, he is Irish.

STEVIE

...Tonka is actually flying in but is going to Movieworld...

TOMMY

Fair enough.

STEVIE

...and Michael Cornetto just sent some weird Youtube video that was quite funny, but intimated he would rather tongue kiss a skunk then meet us in person.

TOMMY

(giggles)

I like Cornie. He's a funny bugger.

STEVIE

Yep, that's what happens when you make a Yank live in Melbourne for awhile. Oh, and Chris Reid's a Collingwood supporter, so he told me to get fucked.

TOMMY

Typical. So why were you all excited before? It can't be just over the gang arriving soon.

STEVIE

Oh, well, the uncanny thing is that all their flights arrive within a half hour of each other! So we can hire the van, and pick them all up at once!

TOMMY

Fuckin' bargain! What are the odds of that?

STEVIE

Hang on, another email...from Cornetto. Holy shit!

TOMMY

What?

STEVIE

He says that Don organised all the flight bookings, and everyone's schedule.

TOMMY

Wow! That explains it all then.

STEVIE

Too right! Don's the fucking man. He can organise anything.

TOMMY

Yeah. After all, he does the OWC's so well. Getting us fuckers in shape.

STEVIE

True. International air flights would be a doddle for the old Boosemeister.

TOMMY

Yep. Say, did he reply to your invite?

STEVIE

Yeah. Said he couldn't be fucked flying all this way.

TOMMY

Oh.

STEVIE

Anyhow, stiff shit. We have a fun time looming.

TOMMY

Right! I'm keen and eager. What do you want me to do?

STEVIE

Uh, nothing really. I've booked the van for Saturday. We just have to lob at Brisbane airport and pick the troops up.

INT.BRISBANE AIRPORT - DAY

Stevie and Tommy wait near the Customs area.

SUPER - A FEW DAYS LATER - 31ST OCTOBER

STEVIE

Getting a bit jumpy. You know, finally meeting some of the crew.

TOMMY

Yeah, feels odd. Like meeting a long lost relative.

STEVIE

Hey, is that...what the?

A group of passengers walk out from the gate - JEFF, a 46 year old Arizonian, ROB(36), a tall Dane, PIA and SANDRA, two mature ladies from the U.S, and BERT, late 30's, also from the States.

Another man accompanies Rob but the lads can't place him.

STEVIE

Hey guys! Over here.

JEFF

Stevie! Tommy! Hey, great to be here buddies. Um, can we get a drink? My plane ran out.

PIA

So did ours. Right, Sandra?

SANDRA

Yep. No vodka left. Nothing.

These three are all blind drunk...

PIA

Wow, Tommy...you do look like Ricky Gervais. Doesn't he, Bert?

BERT

Not really. Then again, I haven't had sixty drinks in the last fifteen hours.

STEVIE

How the hell did you all come out together? Your flights weren't meant to be that close. Wait, stupid question. That man Don again...

TOMMY

(in awe)

He is truly a fucking god.

Rob stands smiling, the stranger next to him.

STEVIE

Hey, Rob! The ex-Sniper himself. Who's your buddy?

Rob says something in Danish.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Huh?

Rob's buddy speaks...

SVEN

Hallo. My name is Sven. I am Rob's interpreter. He doesn't speak English.

TOMMY

Fuckin' mad shit!

BERT

Yeah. I never knew that. But he writes so well in English.

Rob speaks rapidly.

SVEN

Rob says, yes, he can write very good English, and he can understand the spoken word. He just cannot speak the language.

STEVIE

Man, that is totally weird. So if I call him a Danish prick, and say the Denmark national football team takes it up the arse, he'll understand me?

Rob grins and chatters away.

SVEN

Of course! And his reply is that you are a bigger wanker than he thought you'd be, and the Beatles swallow bigtime.

Everyone laughs.

STEVIE

That's my man Rob!

They shake hands.

PIA

Sandra! Look! Watch Stevie's face...

JEFF

(laughs)

Do we have to?

PIA

...it DOES change into the four Beatles, just like his avatar.

Sandra sways and peers at Stevie.

SANDRA

Oh. My. God. That is like, proof of a higher force controlling this Earth.

BERT

(sighs)

Where the fuck is Shelton when you need him? Stevie, can we get going? I'm bushed.

JEFF

So am I! Jeff Bushed! Haha...

STEVIE

Um, luggage claim is this way.

INT.LUGGAGE CAROUSEL - DAY

The group waits amongst the crowds.

JEFF

Hey, Stevie. I brought my skis with me.

STEVIE

Ah, cool, Jeff. I'm sure we could hire a speedboat one day.

JEFF

Boat? No, no, not water skis. I brought my snow skis.

TOMMY

We aren't near the snow here, buddy. Nearest mountains are way down near Canberra.

JEFF

But I thought...I thought there was tons of snow here in Austria?

A silence...

Bert sighs. Pia and Sandra giggle. Rob and Sven titter.

STEVIE

Ah, Jeff buddy? This is AUSTRALIA, not Austria.

Jeff sways and stares around blankly.

JEFF

Australia? You mean...

TOMMY

Yep. 'Fraid so.

JEFF

Damn! I sort of wondered why everyone was wearing summer gear.

BERT

Your dude back home scoring good shit?

JEFF

Yeah. Pure Colombian this month.

INT.VAN - DAY

Stevie drives, Tommy rides shotgun. In the back, the gang hook into a full esky. The M1 between Brisbane and the Gold Coast is busy but flowing smoothly.

PIA

Stevie, you legend! Fancy greeting us with all this alcohol. It's wonderful.

STEVIE

Hey, us Aussies are renowned for our hospitality.

SANDRA

What are the green tins?

STEVIE

That's VB. Victorian Bitter. Great beer. From my home state.

JEFF

You're from a state called 'Bitter'? Weird names here...

SVEN

Rob says his bourbon and Coke in a can is fine. And so so I!

TOMMY

Way to go, Sven. You're a top bloke.

STEVIE

Yep, sure is. Though it would've been handier if he was a Danish bird with a decent rack.

Rob laughs loudly and garbles.

SVEN

He says he wanted that but I was cheaper.

Everyone laughs. The van roars on down the highway. Behind, a black Camry with tinted windows follows closely...

EXT.PATIO - LATE AFTERNOON

Tommy works the barbecue - sausages, steak, kebabs, the works. The gang are scattered about, some out in Stevie's yard. The booze and bullshit flow freely.

STEVIE

Bert, something I've been meaning to ask you...how come you came over? You know, accepted my invo?

BERT

Oh, so cos I'm a mod, I'm not allowed to mingle with the plebs?

TOMMY

Ha, that's fucking hilarious! Um, what's a pleb?

STEVIE

A Tasmanian with more than fifty brain cells. No, Bert, what I meant was, it's not like we are in touch all the time.

Bert downs his beer in one smooth motion.

BERT

Aah. That VB is good shit. Ok, well, I suppose I needed a holiday and I hadn't been to Australia.

TOMMY

Sweet.

BERT

But the main reason was more serious.

JEFF

Hey Stevie! What do you call a transition to the money shot in a porno script? FADE TO WHITE!!

He breaks into hysterical laughter.

SVEN

Ha! That's quite funny.

BERT

Jeff's the other reason I'm here. As you can see, someone needs to keep an eye on him.

STEVIE

True. Hey, Tommy, how's that meat going?

TOMMY

Good. Almost ready.

JEFF

Great! I could eat the arse out of a dead leper.

TOMMY

Ah, yeah...ok, who wants a snag?

PIA

Ooh, I'll have two please. A poet and an artist will do.

STEVIE

Shit, Tommy, you burnt them!

JEFF

All SNAGS should be burnt! Wankers!

TOMMY

Oh, sorry. Um, guys, a snag is Aussie slang for a sausage.

Rob talks quickly.

SVEN

In Denmark, a sausage is slang for a penis.

STEVIE

Ah, yes, I think we're getting off subject here.

SVEN

(giggles)

So, I then have a long snag...

BERT

Hmmm. Looks like I'm gonna be busy looking after ALL of you.

EXT.PATIO - LATER

The gang sit around a large outdoor table. Food and drink is in abundance.

SANDRA
Lovely meal, Stevie.

JEFF
Yessir. Despite Tommy's torching of
it.

STEVIE
I still don't know how the potato
salad got on the grill.

TOMMY
Sorry about that.

STEVIE
Fucking Tasmanians...can't send
them anywhere.

BERT
Ah, yes, the Tassie jokes. There's
been a few pop up on the board. So,
Tasmania is like the U.S equivalent
of, say, West Virginia or Arkansas?

STEVIE
Yeah, I guess so. It's always been
a part of 'mainland' culture to pay
out on the Apple Isle. There's
always__

Rob speaks a few words as Sven listens carefully.

SVEN
Ok, Rob says he knows a couple of
Tassie jokes from friends who have
been to Australia.

TOMMY
Go ahead. I'm a good sport.

SVEN
Sorry, there was more. He said he
understands fully that the
isolation of the island of Tasmania
from the Australian mainland, has
led to the numerous jokes over the
years, hinting humorously at the
in-breeding of Tasmanian families,
due to the previously mentioned
isolation factor, and coupled with
some of the inhabitants being
classed as rednecks.

A short silence...

JEFF
Rob said all that?

SVEN
Yes.

STEVIE
But he only spoke three or four
Danish words!

Sven shrugs, and bites into a bread roll.

BERT
Amazing.

STEVIE
I'll say. Imagine if translated
words were governed by an exchange
rate. Rob would be a fucking
millionaire every time he went
abroad.

JEFF
I rented a broad once...
He is getting absolutely smashed...

PIA
Rob, tell us the jokes!
Rob grins and chatters away.

SVEN
Ok first one...What's the
definition of a Tasmanian virgin?

SANDRA
(giggles)
What?

SVEN
A girl who can run faster than her
father and brothers!

Everyone laughs. Rob continues.

SVEN
And...Tassie foreplay...'are you
awake, Mum'?

The gang laugh even louder.

JEFF
Ha, good stuff.

TOMMY
Yep. I'll pay them, Rob.

STEVIE
Right, then. Everyone had enough to eat?

A chorus of yes's.

STEVIE(CONT'D)
Well, it must be time to get changed.

SANDRA
Hooray! Halloween!

She necks a bottle of vodka. Pia is on the champers...

TOMMY
Yep. It's 630. Shower time.

STEVIE
Lucky I have two bathrooms.

BERT
I'm getting in before Jeff clogs up the drains.

JEFF
Hey, what are you insunu...insali...insinuating? Damn, that word's getting harder to say.

TOMMY
All of them are.

EXT.BACK FENCE - NIGHT

In the bushes at the end of Stevie's yard, a shadowy figure dressed as the GRIM REAPER watches the revellers. A muted evil LAUGH...

REAPER
Drink up, my lovelies. enjoy your last night on this Earth.

A HISS of pain...

REAPER(CONT'D)
Ow! Fucking prickles.

EXT.PATIO - NIGHT

The gang are all in their Halloween costumes.

SUPER - AN HOUR LATER

Sandra and Pia are two hot witches...

JEFF
Wow! You guys make Elizabeth
Montgomery look average.

Stevie and Tommy scrub up well as vampires...

PIA
Robert Pattinson, eat your fucking
heart out.

SANDRA
Yeah, shove a stake in it.

Jeff is a cool Frankenstein...

STEVIE
Where's your costume, buddy? Ha,
got ya!

Rob and Sven are superb as Batman and Robin...

TOMMY
The Danish Dynamic duo!

BERT
Holy Copenhagen!

SVEN
Please, no gay jokes...

And Bert himself makes one hell of a Frank-n-Furter...

STEVIE
Didn't know you liked the lacy
stuff, Bert.

BERT
I had planned to be a boring old
werewolf. Then I thought, fuck it!
Why be moderate all the time?

SANDRA

Yeah, so we loaned him some garters.

JEFF

Jesus, Bert! A few more drinks and I'm yours.

STEVIE

Me too! Nice pins, man.

BERT

Thank you. I never leave home without my razor.

Everyone laughs. Fresh drinks are passed around.

TOMMY

So, what's the plan again, Stevie?

STEVIE

Um, well, I thought we could walk around the neighbourhood, you know? Get into the Halloween spirit.

PIA

A lot of spirits are into us already!

STEVIE

True! Then, later, we can get a cab to The Pacific Pines Tavern. They have a disco on.

JEFF

Alright! We'll show them how the SS crew parties.

STEVIE

Ok, let's drink up and head off.

SVEN

Hey, Jeff. Rob wants to know if this scene should be interior or exterior.

Rob grins and hops from foot to foot. He's in the patio, in the garage, in the patio...Jeff laughs.

JEFF

Fucking smartarse Scandinavians. I'm taking a piss before we go.

He wanders into the yard, still chuckling.

BERT
You're all class, Jeff.

JEFF
Hey, you only live once.

He disappears behind the shed.

STEVIE
It's sweet. Haven't had any decent rain for ages. The lawn could do with some Arizonian urea.

BERT
Ha! Hey, Stevie, is it alright if I get on your computer before we go? I have an important email coming through.

STEVIE
Sure, I'll set it up for you.

TOMMY
Stay off Youporn, Bert. You'll chew up Stevie's broadband.

Stevie and Bert head inside. The others continue drinking and chatting. Soon, Stevie comes back out.

STEVIE
That Bert! Can't help himself. He's on SS, deleting a few wankers.

PIA
Moderating on his own time.
Awesome.

Suddenly, there's a SWOOPING sound. Jeff SCREAMS from behind the shed, ending in a GURGLE. Silence...

SANDRA
Jeff! God, you trying to scare us?

TOMMY
It bloody worked.

STEVIE
Ha! Good one, buddy.

PIA
Yay! Happy Halloween.

Some odd SOUNDS emanate from behind the shed. Rob speaks.

SVEN

Jeff? Come on, man...

Stevie goes into the garage, and comes out with a torch.

STEVIE

Here, Tommy. Go and spook the bugger.

TOMMY

Um, why don't you go?

STEVIE

You scared?

TOMMY

No, but...

STEVIE

Get out there. I need another beer.

Tommy shines the torch as he approaches the shed. The light picks out Jeff lying on the grass. His costume pants are around his ankles.

TOMMY

Ha! It's alright, guys. He's fallen over and passed out, in mid piss. He's still...oh fuck, no way, fucking...

PIA

Tommy? What's wrong?

GAGGING noises...the torch light wavers across the night sky. The others head across the lawn.

STEVIE

Tommy?

Sandra and Pia are first there. They SCREAM, making everyone jump.

TOMMY

It's inhuman.

STEVIE

Come on, you can't be frightened by the sight of Jeff's package. That's...HOLY SHIT!

He grabs the torch off Tommy and peers at the prone Jeff. Something protrudes from his bottom.

TOMMY

Someone has jammed one of his skis
up his arse! God...

STEVIE

Bloody hell! Who the fuck would do
that?

SVEN

What's that in his mouth?

Stevie flips the light to Jeff's face. A thick wad of paper
is wedged between his teeth, rolled up tightly. Tommy gently
tugs it out.

TOMMY

Looks like a...manuscript?

The light reveals a title page: 'FADE TO WHITE'.

STEVIE

What the fuck? That's Jeff's own
script. His life's work.

SANDRA

He must take a copy with him
everywhere.

TOMMY

Or the killer printed it out.
Someone who's read it.

PIA

What are you getting out, Tommy?
You're scaring me.

STEVIE

You think someone's stalking us?

TOMMY

Possibly. There's all sorts of
nutters on SS.

SANDRA

I...yes, well, I won't argue with
that. So what do we do? Call the
police?

STEVIE

Hell no! Look at how we're dressed.
They'll think it's some Halloween
sex party gone wrong.

SVEN
 (giggles)
 What? And it's not?

TOMMY
 Not funny, Sven. Look, Stevie, we
 can't just leave Jeff here.

PIA
 Where's Bert? He'll know what to
 do.

STEVIE
 Thinking, P.

They all rush inside. A moment later, the air is filled with
 CRIES and SCREAMS...

INT.KITCHEN/FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

The crew stand in the kitchen and survey the horror. The
 computer screen shows the Simply Scripts discussion board.
 Bert lies on the floor, chair tipped over. His lacy undies
 are gone.

SANDRA
 It's a nightmare. What can we do?

She takes a huge swig from a rum bottle.

TOMMY
 What sort of sicko would shove up a
 computer keyboard up someone's bum?
 Poor Bert.

STEVIE
 Skis, keyboards, anuses...is there
 some sort of link here?

Rob starts talking. It goes on for a full minute.

SVEN
 Right. Rob says__

STEVIE
 Let me guess. He gave the Danish
 equivalent of the Gettysburg
 Address? Or perhaps the
 pre-Agincourt speech of Henry V?

SVEN

No, he said, 'fuck this, we're all dead'.

STEVIE

That's all?

SVEN

Actually, he only said fuck this.
The rest was me.

Tommy kneels and examines the dead moderator.

TOMMY

The killer has a sense of irony.
It's gone in as far as the DELETE
key.

STEVIE

The bastard! He's picking at our
fears, exposing our greatest
worries.

SANDRA

I don't want to be picked at.

PIA

Or exposed.

TOMMY

Stevie, we need some guidance here.
We need a plan.

STEVIE

I've got one. I'll ring a cab. We
hang tight, and stick together
until it gets here.

TOMMY

Great idea! We're all too drunk to
drive your car, so we get in the
cab and go to the nearest police
station. Excellent!

STEVIE

Not exactly. We go to the pub as
planned.

TOMMY

What? We can't leave Jeff and Bert
like this.

STEVIE

Why not? They'll still be here in the morning. Look, we'll go to the disco, drink some more, dance. Get rid of some stress.

SANDRA

Sounds good, Stevie.

PIA

Yeah. Come on, Tommy, lighten up. We're at the threshold of doom, and you wanna go to the cops?

TOMMY

Well...

STEVIE

Lot of babes get there, buddy.

SVEN

I'm in. Rob too.

TOMMY

Ok. You've twisted my arm.

STEVIE

Good man! Besides, Jeff and Bert wouldn't want us moping around, would they?

Tommy looks down at Bert.

TOMMY

Yeah, I suppose so. Mate, you're lucky your keyboard isn't wireless. You might've lost it forever.

STEVIE

Now you're talking sense! Come on, back to the patio for a drink. I'll phone the cab.

EXT.PATIO - NIGHT

The dwindling group continue the booze fest.

SANDRA

How do we know Jeff and Bert aren't tricking us? It could all be a Halloween prank.

TOMMY

I dunno, Sandra. That ski and keyboard are both wedged pretty tight. No pun intended, but who'd go to such extreme lengths?

Everyone laughs anyway. Rob chatters...

SVEN

Rob's wondering where Jeff's other ski is. Says we could sell them on e-bay.

STEVIE

Hmmm, possible. Even if we find it, who's game enough to retrieve it's twin from Jeff's freckle? Not this little black duck.

TOMMY

There wouldn't be many one-legged skiers out there anyway.

PIA

You'd be surprised.

She and Sandra finish their bottles, and get up unsteadily.

SANDRA

We're going to freshen up before the cab arrives.

STEVIE

Use my bedroom if you like, the far one. It has an ensuite.

SVEN

You girls look beautiful as it is.

TOMMMY

Is that you or Rob speaking?

PIA

More like the alcohol.

They all laugh, and the girls head inside.

TOMMY

Think you'll ever use that keyboard again, Stevie?

STEVIE

Only if I want to write a crappy script.

SVEN

Are you sure it's safe for the women? Shouldn't we check on them?

STEVIE

Nah, they'll be fine. Besides, the killer is only taking out people who are alone.

Suddenly, SCREAMS and THUMPS from inside the house.

TOMMY

Shit!

STEVIE

Maybe there's two killers...

They all rush into the house.

INT.BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's too late. Sandra and Pia lie unmoving on the bed. No sign of a disturbance, apart from a single sheet of paper on Sandra's chest. Stevie leans over the girls.

TOMMY

Are they...?

STEVIE

Yes. No pulse.

SVEN

No obvious wounds or...things.

STEVIE

No. I think they were lucky in some respects. They were frightened to death.

TOMMY

By what though?

Stevie reads the sheet of paper. His eyes widen then he hands it to Tommy. Rob and Sven read over his shoulder.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

'Suggestion for the next Simply Scripts OWC: A Christmas themed

(MORE)

TOMMY(CONT'D) (cont'd)
 family musical(not necessarily at a
 festival or religious gathering),
 twenty pages. A G rating is the
 strict requirement'.

STEVIE
 God, no wonder their hearts gave
 out.

Rob mumbles.

SVEN
 Horrible...who could devise such a
 challenge?

TOMMY
 Someone without a scrap of humanity
 in their body.

STEVIE
 I'll say. The music one in August
 was tough. The recent Halloween one
 tougher. But this...

TOMMY
 Jeff would be glad to be dead,
 rather than face this nightmare.

The four are silent as they contemplate the future.

STEVIE
 Even if we get through this
 wretched night, come December or
 early January...

He takes the paper from Tommy.

TOMMY
 Burn it! Burn the fucker now.

Rob speaks as he stares at Sandra and Pia.

SVEN
 Rob says this is ironic. Man's
 greatest fantasy...two women in his
 bed.

STEVIE
 Maybe in Denmark they're not fussy.
 I'd prefer two live chicks myself.

TOMMY
I need a drink.

EXT.PATIO - NIGHT

The alcohol supply is nearly exhausted.

STEVIE
Cab can't be too far away.

TOMMY
At least we'll all fit in it now.

Rob talks.

SVEN
Rob is very sad about the deaths of the girls. He was hoping he and them would be the ones to survive the killing, so they could re-populate the ruined post-apocalyptic world.

STEVIE
Typical Danish pragmatism.

TOMMY
Um, I think Rob's had too many beers. This isn't the end of the world. Only four fatalities.

SVEN
So far...

A TOOT from the front of the house.

STEVIE
Cab's here. We're saved, boys.

Stevie goes into the garage. The roller door opens. A taxi-van waits, headlights dimmed.

Suddenly, MUSIC comes from the back of the yard. A familiar, twangy banjo song...

TOMMY
What the fuck?

Rob chatters wildly and heads out on the lawn.

SVEN
It's 'Dueling Banjos'! From
'Deliverance'. Rob's favorite film.

TOMMY
(yells)
Shit! Rob, stop! Stevie...quick!

Sven follows Rob. Stevie rushes from the garage.

STEVIE
What is it? Huh? That music...hey,
come back here. You idiots! It's a
fucking trap. He's out there!

Rob and Sven disappear into the darkness. The music
stops...silence. Then Rob CRIES out.

SVEN(O.S)
Aargh! Help!

TOMMY
Does that mean Rob's fucked or both
of them?

SVEN(O.S)
Aargh! Help me too!

Silence...

STEVIE
The torch...

He grabs it off the table, and joins Tommy. The light shows
the bushes near the back fence.

TOMMY
Where the fuck...oh, shit.

The MUSIC starts again. Rob and Sven are sprawled over a
log. Their faces show true horror. A battered cassette
player is on the ground. The MUSIC stops, changes to a
VOICE.

REAPER(O.S)
Squeal like Danish pigs, boys,
squeal....snort, riiii__

Stevie turns the player off and shakes his head.

STEVIE
This guy's a pro. Knows all of the
psychological levers to pull.

TOMMY
Looks like it's just you and me,
mate.

STEVIE
Come on. Let's get to the cab.

They race back to the patio. Suddenly, the back door slams shut. The lights go out.

TOMMY
Shit.

STEVIE
I feel...faint.

TOMMY
Me...too.

Slowly, the pair slump to the concrete and slip into oblivion.

EXT.PATIO - LATER

Stevie and Tommy stir. They are seated on the grass, near the patio, tied back to back. The lights are back on.

STEVIE
I...drugged. He spiked our drinks.

REAPER(O.S)
No need. You've been drinking all day. Made my job easier.

The boys look around. Reaper sits in a chair. A large metal container with a trigger nozzle is at his feet.

STEVIE
Nice outfit, asshole.

TOMMY
Stevie, you're making things worse.

STEVIE
How? He's gonna kill us anyway.

TOMMY
Oh yeah.
(beat)
Nice outfit, asshole.

REAPER
So Tommy wants to die first?

TOMMY
Um, Stevie started it.

REAPER
(roars)
Enough of this banter. I'm sick of
the Aussie fucking humour. All this
time...

STEVIE
Huh?

Reaper pushes back his hood and rips off his mask. The boys
GASP.

TOMMY
Don?

STEVIE
The Boosemeister! Hey man, you had
us going there! So you've foiled
the killer in his tracks...I hope?

DON
Sorry, boys. No prank. I'm going to
kill you like the others.

TOMMY
But why, Don? Aren't you at least
going to tell us your motives?

DON
Of course! That's standard for
these slasher scenarios. Right
before the bad guy gets it.

STEVIE
But that won't be happening here,
will it?

DON
No.

TOMMY
So...

DON
Well, basically, after years of
running the site, reading and
posting scripts, I've had enough. I
(MORE)

DON (cont'd)
want to write my own scripts and
show them to the world.

STEVIE
That's fair enough. But why kill
some of us?

DON
It's called getting rid of the
opposition.

TOMMY
But you've only eliminated a few of
us.

DON
(shrugs)
I'll get round to the others
eventually. This opportunity to
have the cream of SS all in one
place was priceless.

TOMMY
Wow, hear that, Stevie? Don reckons
we're gun writers.

STEVIE
Yes, well, don't forget he is a
psychopath.

DON
Haha. Also, I wanted to visit
Australia. Nice place.

STEVIE
You'll be the first suspect. All
the flights were booked by you.
They'll trace it.

DON
Not if they're looking for someone
else.

TOMMY
Who?

Don holds up his hands. They're sheathed in thin gloves.

DON
These have fingerprints embedded on
them. Latest technology. The
authorities will have ample

(MORE)

DON (cont'd)
evidence. A few doctored emails
helps too.

STEVIE
Who's the lucky SS scapegoat?

DON
(laughs)
Ironic, Stevie! I love it!
Scapegoat...goat piss...

STEVIE
...goat's nips...cat squirt.
Baltis...

TOMMY
It won't work!

DON
Defiant to the end, hey, Tommy?
Fucking Tasmanians.

Stevie studies the metal container.

STEVIE
Hmm. I used to work at a gas
facility. That's liquid nitrogen.
Deadly stuff.

DON
Oh yes.

STEVIE
Let me guess...you'll freeze us to
death, so it looks like a reference
to 'Frostbite'.

DON
(claps hands)
Wonderful, Stevie.

TOMMY
Damn...everyone on the site knows
of Stevie's 'Frostbite' jokes. You
bastard.

STEVIE
So you're gonna freeze us and then
what? Blow us into pieces like in
'T2'?

DON
No. I don't have a gun.

STEVIE
Oh.

DON
A sledge hammer will do the trick.

TOMMY
(sadly)
Trick or fucking treat...

Don stands up and fiddles with the nitrogen container.

DON
Oh, one more thing before you die.
For the last few months, I've been
hacking silently into the SS
member's computers. I set up a
tracer to activate when scripts
were posted.

STEVIE
So, you've had access to all our
writings and plan to pass them as
your own.

DON
Yes.

TOMMY
You're a real prick, Don.

STEVIE
Maybe you can finish my epic porno
script.

DON
I have. It'll be posted next week.
Now, any last words?

STEVIE
We'll come back and haunt you, Don.

TOMMY
Yeah. You'll regret this.

DON
Spare me the Halloween shit. By the
way, you both make lousy vampires.

STEVIE

Bye, Tommy.

TOMMY

Bye, Stevie.

STEVIE

I have to make a confession. Your short, 'The Plan'?

TOMMY

'Picking Up', you mean. I changed the title.

STEVIE

Oh. Anyway, I really hated it. My glowing review was all bullshit.

TOMMY

That's ok. Your Halloween OWC? I said I liked it? Nah! It was crap.

Don tests the nitrogen gun. A hiss of liquid...

STEVIE

At least we're honest with each other. Not like some people.

TOMMY

Yeah. We can die with our heads held__

DON

Oh, please. Spare me the wankfest.

He sprays the boys. A white cloud covers everything.

MONTAGE

Stevie and Tommy completely frozen, a single icy tear on their cheeks...

Don wields a sledge hammer...

The boy's glacial forms shatter into numerous pieces...

Don stands and laughs maniacally...

END MONTAGE

EXT.PATIO - LATER

Don pours a bourbon and Coke. He looks at the remnants of Stevie and Tommy, and laughs again. He scoops up some of the ice, plops it into his glass and sits down.

DON
Good health, lads.

He sips contentedly, then takes out a laptop. Booting it up, he hums happily. The screen opens to the Simply Scripts site.

Suddenly, a pale hand drops onto Don's shoulder. He YELLS and jumps up, sending his glass flying. He turns quickly...

Stevie and Tommy, still dressed as vampires, stand and smile at him. They're alive but...different.

STEVIE
Hi Don.

DON
But you're...I killed you.

TOMMY
Yes, you did. And we are still dead.

STEVIE
The living undead...

They both snarl, and massive fangs swing out. Don SCREAMS.

TOMMY
(grins)
Ow! Still haven't got used to that.

DON
You're...vampires? For real?

STEVIE
Yep. Pretty cool, huh?

DON
But how...

STEVIE
(shrugs)
A little bit of Halloween magic. A chemical reaction from being dunked in bourbon. Divine intervention, perhaps.

TOMMY

I reckon Sandra and Pia helped out.
They're into the spooky, voodoo
stuff. Oooo...

Don shrinks back from them.

DON

So what will you do with me?
I...yes! Bite me, drink my blood!
Then I can become immortal like
you. We could rule the world!

He bares his neck.

TOMMY

Yuck! I forgot about that stuff.

STEVIE

You'll get used to it, buddy. As
for you, Don, no, you don't get off
that easy. While us Aussies are
cheerful and always good for a
laugh, we can be vindictive pricks
too.

TOMMY

Yes sir! Ok, Donnie lad, your time
has come.

Don tries to run but Tommy moves like lightning. He grips
him like steel. Stevie looms, holding an object...

STEVIE

We found Jeff's other ski.

DON

No, no...aaarghhh...

LATER

Stevie checks out Don's laptop. Tommy drinks a beer.

TOMMY

At least we can still get on the
piss as vampires.

STEVIE

Yeah. Good value.

TOMMY

So what do we do now?

STEVIE
Anything we fucking like, Tommy
lad. But I reckon we should start
by taking over SS.

TOMMY
Wow. That would be cool.

STEVIE
Yep. Don's got all the info here.
No one will ever know he's not
running it anymore.

TOMMY
Imagine all the scripts we'll have
access to. The tracer Don was
talking about?

STEVIE
I'm with ya, buddy.

He stands up and stretches.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
That's why we're going to
Hollywood.

TOMMY
We are? Fucking ace! Ok, let's book
our flights.

STEVIE
No need. We're vampires. We can do
this!

Stevie morphs into a BAT, and hovers around Tommy's face.

TOMMY
I...fucking unreal! Um, how do I do
it?

STEVIE
Just imagine you're a bat. Easy.

Tommy nods and concentrates. Suddenly, he morphs into a
large steel tank.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Huh?

Tommy changes again, this time into a BAT.

TOMMY

Sorry...mind typo. Thought I was a vat.

EXT.NIGHT SKY

Stevie and Tommy wing their way across the dark ocean. Behind them, the lights of the Gold Coast fade.

STEVIE

...and when the sun comes up, we'll be tucked away safely in an island cave.

TOMMY

I forgot about the daylight hassles. I'll have to get used to sleeping all day.

STEVIE

You did that when you were a uni student!

TOMMY

Oh yeah. Guess I can take night classes.

STEVIE

Hey, we could get jobs in the 'Twilight' franchise. Show 'em how a real vampire lives.

TOMMY

We can't act.

STEVIE

We'll fit right in.

They fly on for awhile in silence.

TOMMY

You don't suppose there's any chance this has all been a dream, do you? That we'll wake up from a binge coma, and find the guys haven't even flown out yet?

STEVIE

I hope not. That would be too fucking convenient. And edging toward Fourth Wall territory.

TOMMY

Yeah. So this won't end with us addressing the camera, and saying it's a dream?

STEVIE

No fucking way! The SS crew would have our guts for garters if we did that.

TOMMY

Aren't we sort of doing it now?

STEVIE

No! Sssh! Shut up and fly.

TOMMY

Ok.

(beat)

Garters. That reminds me. How good did Bert look, dressed as Frank-n-Furter! Lovely...

STEVIE

Tommy, you're getting too close to...to my rear.

TOMMY

(dreamily)

Bert's legs, his supple thighs...damn...

STEVIE

Get ahead of me now! I'll feel more comfortable.

He checks his speed, and Tommy moves to the front.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

I thought there might be some side effects...

The pair fly on towards the horizon, becoming tiny specks. Then...gone.

TOMMY(O.S)

Ha! I'd like to see that prick Christian Bale fly like this. Fucking Dark Knight!

STEVIE(O.S)

Tommy, you're drifting behind me again...

FADE TO WHITE

THE END