

BROCK MCLEAN VS THE FAIRFAX BUNNY

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. COLCHESTER OVERPASS - NIGHT

SUPER: FAIRFAX COUNTY, VIRGINIA. OCTOBER 29, 1970.

Overgrown bush surrounds a dark tunnel.

A SCREAM echoes out from the shadows as --

A terrified REDHEAD, face scratched, rushes out from the overpass as --

Creedence Clearwater Revival's "Bad Moon Rising" takes us to:

INT. 1966 FORD FAIRLANE COUPE - DAY

The music plays on the radio. Slouched in the driver's seat is BROCK MCLEAN, 30s. Bushy sideburns, funky round green sunglasses -- he's enjoyed the 60s, and is set for the 70s.

Riding shotgun -- LUCAS WRIGHT, 20s, wet behind the ears with a beard that needs grooming. He studies a newspaper.

LUCAS

"Bunny man terrifies streets of
small town America"

Brock turns down the radio.

BROCK

Not if we have anything to do with
it, he won't.

LUCAS

Am I missing something?

BROCK

Probably, but that's not important
right now.

LUCAS

Where's the score here?

Brock smiles with confidence.

INT. CLIFTON CITY HALL - DAY

A crowd of concerned CITIZENS barrage SHERIFF WEST, 50s, tired and ready for early retirement, with questions.

SHERIFF WEST

Everyone just calm down. Yes, there
was another attack at the overpass
last night. The young lady is fine.

CITIZEN
The Bunny Man?!

Sheriff West scoffs at the lunacy of it all.

SHERIFF WEST
Please! If there really is a man
out there in a bunny costume, then
be rest assured that he will cause
you no harm... it's a story made up
by some bored reporter.

BROCK (O.S.)
How can you be so sure?

The crowd goes quiet -- they turn as Sheriff West furrows an
eyebrow at the two dirty looking intruders.

SHERIFF WEST
And you are?

BROCK
My name isn't important.

SHERIFF WEST
I see...

BROCK
Well, if you insist.

Brock steps towards the Sheriff -- the Citizens give him a
wide berth, captivated by this person.

BROCK (CONT'D)
My name is Brock Mclean.

He and Lucas stand beside the Sheriff. Brock waves to the
group like he's at a rock concert.

BROCK (CONT'D)
And this my assistant, Lucas
Easter.

SHERIFF WEST
Easter.

Sheriff West grumbles -- not one for jokes.

BROCK
What? It's a common surname. The
point is Sheriff Andy--

SHERIFF WEST
It's West, son.

BROCK

I'm sure it is. A young girl was attacked, and at this moment you have no leads other than what she said... which was? Yes, there's monster bunny stalking the woods of Clifton!

He raises his arms, saluting the crowd -- the silence tells the tale as Lucas leans into Brock's ear.

LUCAS

I think you're losing them.

SHERIFF WEST

I don't know what you're trying to pull here, son, but that will be the last time any of us here about a monster bunny.

Brock chuckles and shakes his head.

BROCK

Well, if the law aren't going to protect the folks of Clifton... I guess we'll have to, ain't that right, Lucas?

LUCAS

Yeah...

Lucas suddenly realizes what he's agreeing too.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

What was that?

BROCK

We bid you farewell, ladies and gentlemen. Feel safe tonight as we are on the case.

Brock and Lucas make a hasty exit, and as they're leaving--

LUCAS

I still can't see the score here?

EXT. COLCHESTER OVERPASS - DAY

It's just as eerie in the day as a train passes over the tunnel. Brock and Lucas investigate the scene.

DEPUTY BARNETT (O.S.)

What are you doing?

DEPUTY CLAIRE BARNETT, 20s, long curly hair, tight outfit -- a proper country girl that scowls at them.

Brock raises an eyebrow at the sight of the Deputy -- he likes what he see's.

BROCK
We're looking for clues.

DEPUTY BARNETT
Clues... who are you? FBI or something?

BROCK
We could be...

DEPUTY BARNETT
I've searched all around here, there's nothing.

BROCK
You're probably right, but what if you didn't know what to look for?

He picks up a HAIR from the floor and studies it.

BROCK (CONT'D)
What do you make of this...

DEPUTY BARNETT
Barnett. Claire Barnett.

BROCK
Here, take a look Deputy Barney.

DEPUTY BARNETT
It's Barnett, and it looks like a hair.

BROCK
You're absolutely right -- it is a hair.

LUCAS
What does it mean, Brock?

Brock ponders before brushing a hand through his thick, well trimmed hair.

BROCK
Premature hair loss... poor bastard.

He rubs his hands together and then offers Deputy Barnett a handshake -- she responds by folding her arms.

BROCK (CONT'D)
Brock Mclean.

DEPUTY BARNETT

I know who you are. You shouldn't be here.

BROCK

What you gonna do? Call the police.

Deputy Barnett shakes her head but she's intrigued by Brock.

DEPUTY BARNETT

Do you really think there is a monster bunny out there?

BROCK

Do you believe in ghosts, Deputy?

DEPUTY BARNETT

No, and what does that have to do with a large bunny that attacks people.

BROCK

Everything.

Even Lucas is lost.

DEPUTY BARNETT

I think you should leave, Mr. Mclean.

BROCK

It was nice meeting you, Deputy.

Brock and Lucas leave and step into their --

INT. 1966 FORD FAIRLANE COUPE

They settle into their seats as Brock locks eyes with Deputy Barnett at the overpass. He smiles and waves.

Lucas sighs -- he's seen this a million times before.

LUCAS

You can't sleep with the Deputy, Brock.

BROCK

I don't want to sleep with her... I wanna fu--

LUCAS

Okay! I get it. So what's the plan?

BROCK

I thought I'd load her up with booze and take advantage of the situation.

LUCAS

No!

Brock turns to Lucas, nonchalant.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

I mean, what's the plan with this bunny thing?

BROCK

Oh...

Brock starts up the coupe and winks at Deputy Barnett. As they pull away --

BROCK (CONT'D)

We'll come back tonight and catch the bastard.

LUCAS

You really believe it's a monster bunny?

BROCK

No, of course not. It's just some loony in a bunny costume. It'll be a cakewalk.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Sheriff West contends with a pile of worried letters from the residents of Clifton.

Deputy Barnett strolls in -- the Sheriff shows off one of the letters.

SHERIFF WEST

Two attacks, and this whole town is in a panic. Tell me you have some good news?

DEPUTY BARNETT

The county police said they will take over but it won't be for a few days.

This news deflates the already stressed Sheriff.

SHERIFF WEST

Great. A mad man is attacking women and I have to apparently reassure everyone while also dealing with some fancy city boy who thinks he's John Wayne.

Deputy Barnett chuckles.

SHERIFF WEST (CONT'D)
Something funny?

DEPUTY BARNETT
Sorry Sheriff. I met them earlier
and I got the feeling that they're
going to search for the attacker
tonight.

Sheriff West takes a deep breath -- it's gonna be a long
night.

EXT. CHAPEL ROAD PARK - NIGHT

Tall trees sway in the wind. Two flashlights break the
darkness as Brock and Lucas trudge along a muddy track.

LUCAS
Are you sure about this?

BROCK
You trust me, right?

Lucas remains silent so Brock stops, hurt.

BROCK (CONT'D)
Lucas!

LUCAS
Yes, I trust you.

Reassured, Brock continues on.

BROCK
Remember to be on your toes. This
thing will be able to spot us a
mile away.

LUCAS
What do you mean?

BROCK
Well, it eats lots of carrots of
course, and you know what they say
about carrots.

LUCAS
They make your eyes water.

A BREAKING TWIG distracts the guys -- they spin around in all
directions, the flashlight beams moving around like crazy.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
What was that?

BROCK
It was just the wind.

LUCAS
I don't know...

BROCK
What are you? The noise expert or something, it was the wind.

They turn -- back on route as -- a FIGURE jumps out in front of them. Lucas runs away as Brock drops to the floor.

DEPUTY BARNETT
Sorry... Did I frighten you?

Brock stands up, his pride a little hit but he shakes it off.

BROCK
Of course not. I tripped is all. You're lucky that you didn't get hurt, Deputy. The last person to sneak up on me...

DEPUTY BARNETT
What did you do?

BROCK
Well nothing, he stole my wallet, but I had the last laugh... there was only five dollars in it.

They hear FOOTSTEPS -- Sheriff West pushes Lucas in front of him as they approach.

SHERIFF WEST
I think this one belongs to you.

BROCK
Thanks for backing me up.

LUCAS
I was.

BROCK
What? From thirty feet.

SHERIFF WEST
Okay, that's a enough of all this nonsense. I wanna go home, and I can't do that when I know you two idiots are out here. Let's go.

A loud HOWL stops them all. They glance at one another.

DEPUTY BARNETT
What do you think that was?

A MASSIVE FORM hops behind some trees -- it takes a few seconds for each to process what they saw.

SHERIFF WEST
Okay, we should check this out.

Sheriff West leads them to the --

TREELINE

He shines his flashlight into the darkness as the others watch. Lucas edges further back as --

The LIGHT BEAM tracks through the gloom and suddenly stops on an amazing sight -- A GIANT BUNNY.

It's white fur stained with crimson, sharp nails that might as well be talons and large pointy teeth.

DEPUTY BARNETT
Holly shit! What do we do?

BROCK
Leave this to me.

Brock, as brave as a lion, struts past them and faces the Giant Bunny -- lack of fear or understanding of situation.

SHERIFF WEST
Get back here.

BROCK
Don't worry Sheriff Andy, I've got this.

Up close, it's even more evident that this is no costume.

BROCK (CONT'D)
Listen here, chief. Your days of terrorizing people are over, you feel me.

The Bunny obviously doesn't respond -- a talking bunny, now that would be stupid.

Brock grits his teeth, angry that there was no response.

BROCK (CONT'D)
You've asked for this.

He swings and catches the Bunny with a wild uppercut -- it has no effect.

Brock holds his bruised knuckles as the Bunny strikes, slashing Brock across the shoulder --

He touches the cuts, his fingers come back covered in blood.

An awkward moment before Brock backs away and joins his companions. Deputy Barnett, impressed with his bravery, checks out his wound.

BROCK (CONT'D)
I've come to a conclusion. We're not dealing with a loony in a bunny costume.

SHERIFF WEST
You're an idiot.

Sheriff West takes over and recovers his REVOLVER from its holster. He aims and fires --

But the Bunny hops out of the way -- it can move fast.

The SHOTS echo out in the park before CLICK. CLICK. Sheriff West re-holsters his gun.

SHERIFF WEST (CONT'D)
Time to go, folks.

They dash away from the treeline -- flickers of white -- as the Bunny chases after them.

Lucas trips over a log. Brock and Deputy Barnett lean down to help him up.

LUCAS
I can't believe this... it's like the night of the--

BROCK
Living dead. You're right.

LUCAS
I was gonna say angry rabbit.

BROCK
Yeah, that makes a lot more sense.

The Bunny hops out, blocking their path. It swings one of its meaty paws before Deputy Barnett FIRES her gun.

The Bunny SQUEALS and scampers away.

BROCK (CONT'D)
Mighty fine shooting there, Deputy.

EXT. COLCHESTER OVERPASS - NIGHT

Brock, carrying an axe, leads the team to the tunnel.

DEPUTY BARNETT
You think it will hide here?

BROCK
Most certainly. This is home base for Bugs.

Sheriff West sighs as they stop at the entrance. The blackness is as frightening as the large killer animal.

BROCK (CONT'D)

Well, what you waiting for, Lucas?
Lead us in.

Lucas gawks at Brock -- you serious!? Sheriff West takes charge but as he's about to enter --

CRASH -- the Bunny lands on top of the Sheriff's car, crushing the roof.

They spin around -- catch sight of the police cruiser -- Sheriff West's shoulders slump.

The Bunny hops off the car and lands in front of them.

SHERIFF WEST

Let's take this nice and...

Brock ROARS and charges at the Bunny with the axe raised.

The Bunny swipes one of its paws and knocks Brock to the floor, the axe spins away.

Sheriff West and Deputy Barnett open fire as the animal hops at them -- its large legs connect and leave the two officers dazed on the floor.

The fierce monster turns to Lucas. He dry swallows but knows it's time to man up. He raises his fists like a boxer.

LUCAS

I warn you... I know karate.

Yeah, like the Bunny gives a fuck. It menacingly hops towards Lucas whose confidence falters and he cowers.

As the Bunny's about to strike -- SWIPE -- a gush of blood squirts on Lucas as the Bunny's large body crashes to the ground. Its head rolls to a stop beside Lucas.

Brock wields the axe and smirks at the Bunny's head.

BROCK

That's going above my fire place.

Lucas falls to the floor, relieved. The nightmare over.

EXT. DEPUTY BARNETT'S HOUSE - MORNING

The sun rises over the horizon as Brock and Deputy Barnett stroll across her front lawn.

BROCK

So he's lying?

DEPUTY BARNETT

Better than the truth. What would people think about an actual killer bunny. It's better this way.

BROCK

So nobody will ever know my story. It could have been a thing of legend.

Deputy Barnett smiles and kisses Brock on the cheek.

DEPUTY BARNETT

Take care of yourself, Brock.

She heads into her house as Brock enters his --

INT. 1966 FORD FAIRLANE COUPE

Lucas waits in the passenger seat -- he scowls at Brock.

BROCK

Morning.

LUCAS

Morning! "I'll be five minutes", you said.

BROCK

How long's it been?

LUCAS

So for the final time... what was the score here?

BROCK

We killed a bunny and saved people... isn't that enough?

Brock turns the ignition and the car comes to life.

BROCK (CONT'D)

And I got to spend some sweet time with Deputy Barney.

He smiles and turns on the radio -- The Spencer Davis Group -- Gimme Some Lovin' blares out as we --

FADE OUT.