

From Soviet Russia with Love

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EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - EVENING

A block of government subsidized housing on Halloween night. The sound of distant gunfire can be heard as a homeless man pushes his grocery cart down the sidewalk. A pack of rabid trick-or-treaters rush past him.

INT. APARTMENT

A gerbil cage for humans. Two young guys are parked on a tattered couch, completely glued to the television set.

Muted screams echo through the cluttered living room and images of the undead flash across the screen.

Their names are ABRAHAM ZEDILLO and THURGOOD HAYES. Abraham suddenly snaps out of the television induced trance and leans over toward his friend.

ABRAHAM

Are you telling me that you
wouldn't fuck a zombified Gisele
Bündchen?

THURGOOD

You really need to let this go,
cause you're gonna keep getting the
same answer.

ABRAHAM

But what if she had just turned.
Like, no rotten flesh or rancid
stench -

THURGOOD

- but would she still be dead?

ABRAHAM

Don't think of it that way. Just
think of her as a Brazilian
supermodel who has recently joined
the ranks of the undead.

THURGOOD

The answer is still no. Do I look
like some sick degenerate who takes
pleasure from boning dead chicks?

ABRAHAM

Seriously? Not even if it was just a split second after her heart stopped?

Awkward silence. Thurgood just stares at his friend.

ABRAHAM (cont'd)

What about this? How far would you be willing to go with a zombie, to save the entire world?

THURGOOD

What are you talking about now?

ABRAHAM

Say that the President comes up to you and he says "We need you to have sex with this zombie. The resulting offspring would hold the key to ending the undead virus that now plagues our world."

Thurgood shakes his head in frustration.

ABRAHAM(cont'd)

Let me finish. So the President concludes by saying "After impregnating the zombie, you'll be given billions of dollars and wouldn't have to pay taxes for the rest of your life. But there is one condition."

THURGOOD

Tell me what the condition is.

ABRAHAM

He can't tell you. Far too much bureaucratic red tape.

THURGOOD

Then it's no deal.

ABRAHAM

The man is offering you billions of dollars and the chance to save the world from the zombie menace.

THURGOOD

But there's obviously a catch and why is the President coming to me for this? Why not snatch some random homeless guy off the street?

ABRAHAM

Because your exact genes are very rare and perfect for creating a vaccine.

THURGOOD

Fine. But just to save the humanity from the undead apocalypse.

ABRAHAM

Okay, so then what happens is you find out that the President is going to videotape the whole ordeal and broadcast it over the internet.

THURGOOD

Then the deal is off! Why would the President even do that?

ABRAHAM

Simple. The President is a sick fuck that gets off on necrophilia. But that doesn't really matter right now. Do the right thing.

THURGOOD

Absolutely no way. Do you know how damaging that would be to my mental health?

ABRAHAM

Are you joking? Mental health? You'd be a billionaire! You could hire an army of psychiatrists and buy a mountain of meds.

THURGOOD

No, its not gonna happen. Not until you tell me what the catch is.

Abe hesitates for a moment.

ABRAHAM

Alright, the zombie you need to have sex with is your mother.

THURGOOD
Just stop talking to me.

ABRAHAM
I can't believe it. You are such a selfish bastard. Do you know that?

Both friends seem to ignore a sudden knock at the door.

THURGOOD
Selfish? You're asking me to impregnate my zombified mother!

ABRAHAM
Technically it wouldn't be your mother anymore but that's not the point. You embody every negative aspect of the human race. Death and carnage would consume the world. It would all be on your hands. Just because -

THURGOOD
- Just stop! If you shut your mouth, I'll accept the offer and have sex with the zombie that was once my mother.

Another knock at the door.

ABRAHAM
You would do it with your dead mom?

EXT. APARTMENT/ STOOP

Abraham slowly opens the front door. A thick cloud of cigarette smoke lingers over an unkept stoop.

A look of panic appears on the young tenant's face as he peers outside. An elderly and overweight man glares back.

This would be MALENKOV, the tyrannical landlord.

Malenkov flicks his cigarette into a nearby pile of dry leaves, reaches into his jacket and pulls out several pieces of paper. He speaks with a heavy Russian accent.

MALENKOV
Do you have rent?

ABRAHAM

Uh, not exactly. But we do have most of it.

MALENKOV

Do not say another word.

ABRAHAM

If you would just allow me to explain, then -

MALENKOV

- You have not paid rent for two months. If this were Soviet Russia, I would cut off your testicles and feed them to my dogs.

ABRAHAM

But we're not in Soviet Russia.

MALENKOV

True. So you keep balls and get eviction notice instead.

Malenkov hands Abe a carbon-copy of the eviction notice.

ABRAHAM

This is totally unnecessary. We just need a couple more days -

MALENKOV

- You do not have days, you have hours. Five of them.

ABRAHAM

You're joking. I can't come up with that kind of money in five hours.

MALENKOV

Not my problem. In Soviet Russia you would have--

ABRAHAM

Yeah, go fuck yourself.

Abe just closes the door.

INT. APARTMENT

The horrified tenant examines the eviction notice.

ABRAHAM

This is bad, real bad.

THURGOOD

What kind of bad? Like handjob in a church parking lot bad or about to be rear-ended in a Ford Pinto bad?

ABRAHAM

Rear-ended in a Ford Pinto bad.

THURGOOD

That is bad. How are we going to get that kind of money by midnight?

ABRAHAM

I have no idea. Who collects overdue rent at midnight anyway?

THURGOOD

An lonely old man who touches himself while watching reruns of Oprah.

ABRAHAM

True, but that's not important right now. We need a plan.

THURGOOD

There aren't that many options for making money on Halloween.

ABRAHAM

Well, what's happening tonight?

THURGOOD

Nothing that lucrative. Costume parties, a few haunted houses and the annual pumpkin carving contest at the old elementary school.

ABRAHAM

That's it! The pumpkin carving contest. Isn't there a prize?

THURGOOD

Actually there is. It used to be some lame gift-certificate but attendance started to drop off so they switched to cash.

ABRAHAM

That's it then, our only chance. We need to win that contest.

THURGOOD

Alright, we're going to need a couple butcher knives, a tarp and some plastic gloves.

ABRAHAM

What kind of checklist is that? Are we planning on carving a pumpkin or murdering someone?

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL/ PARKING LOT

Abe and Thurgood stumble through a crowded parking lot.

Annoyed parents try desperately to ignore their costumed children, each one seems to be suffering from a severe sugar-high. From the amount of candy wrappers on the ground, its obvious that each kid is nearing a diabetic coma.

The two friends near the main entrance. Thurgood reaches for the handle and begins to open the door -

- A ancient and wrinkled hand suddenly slams against the door, forcing it closed.

Abe and Thurgood recoil in disgust. An elderly and decrepit woman now stands between them and the entrance.

This would be Principle PAMELA STRODE.

ABRAHAM

Principle Strode! You're still alive? Uh, what I meant to say was -

THURGOOD

- what he meant to say was, how are you doing this evening?

STRODE

I was doing just fine until you fuckin' stoners decided to crash our contest.

ABRAHAM

It's nice to see that you still have that sunny disposition we've all come to expect.

STRODE

Cut the shit. Why are you here?

THURGOOD

Well, the same reason everyone else is here. Um, we have always had a strong passion for the art of carving jack-o'-lanterns.

ABRAHAM

So could you kindly step aside?

Strode suddenly takes a step forward. Abe and Thurgood squirm with fear. She leans toward them and begins to whisper.

STRODE

Listen up you fuckin' bastards, because I'm only going to say this once. If you disrupt this contest in anyway, I'll -

An old pickup truck suddenly careens past them, with the horn blaring. It skids to a stop directly in front of a small group of trick-or-treaters.

The rusty door slowly swings open and old man Malenkov falls out of the truck, along with several empty beer cans.

ABRAHAM

Um, why is our landlord here?

MALENKOV

I am also school janitor.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL/ CAFETERIA

Instead of trays stacked with processed meat and the occasional can of tooth dissolving soda, the cafeteria tables are covered with the remains of countless pumpkins.

Abe and Thurgood stand near the back and survey their competition. The elderly, small children and a group of pregnant teenagers.

THURGOOD

Okay, first we need a pumpkin.

A young trick-or-treater suddenly walks past them, holding a small pumpkin. Abe simply reaches down and snatches the pumpkin away.

YOUNG VICTIM

Hey, what are you doing? That's my pumpkin. Give it back!

ABRAHAM

Usually we don't threaten people. It's just not our style. But tonight, we'll make an exception for you kid.

THURGOOD

You don't really have that many options here, in fact only two.

ABRAHAM

We take this pumpkin and you simply walk away. Or we take this pumpkin and then you receive the worst beating of your life.

The young trick-or-treater begins to walk away.

ABRAHAM (cont'd)

Oh kid, just to clarify one thing. You tell your parents about this, and we'll fuckin' murder them.

THURGOOD

Was that last part really necessary?

ABRAHAM

The last thing we need is some douchebag parent bothering us while we're trying to carve our pumpkin.

THURGOOD

Good point, now let's grab ourselves a table and get started.

After a few moments of searching, Abe sets their newly acquired pumpkin on a nearby cafeteria table and then suddenly sighs with frustration.

THURGOOD

What's wrong with you?

ABRAHAM

Now that we're actually here, I just realized that neither of us knows anything about carving A jack-o'-lantern.

THURGOOD

This is turning into the worst night of my miserable life.

ABRAHAM

Don't start bitchin'. It doesn't really help the situation.

THURGOOD

And what exactly is the situation?

ABRAHAM

The situation is bleak but not completely hopeless--

Abe suddenly stops talking. He just points across the crowded cafeteria, towards a small table surrounded with old women.

The elderly group work meticulously on a rather large pumpkin. A detailed depiction of Christ being crucified has been carved onto the side of their pumpkin.

ABRAHAM

Fuck. There's no freaking way we can beat the Jesus Pumpkin.

THURGOOD

What the hell are we gonna do now?

ABRAHAM

The only thing we can do. We cheat.

Thurgood just nods with acceptance.

THURGOOD

Wait, how exactly do we cheat at a jack-o'-lantern carving contest?

ABRAHAM (cont'd)

We need to get all of these people out of here and away from their pumpkins.

THURGOOD

That's easy enough. The fire alarm.

ABRAHAM

That might just work. I'll sneak out to the hallway and pull the fire alarm.

THURGOOD

When the sprinklers turn on,
everyone will rush out of here.

ABRAHAM

Then you start smashing pumpkins.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL/ HALLWAY

Abe stands alone in a dark and deserted hallway.

He almost immediately finds what he was searching for, a small fire alarm pull-station. He quickly reaches for the handle -

- He suddenly stops and looks over his shoulder with confusion. Loud moans and heavy grunts echo from the classroom behind him.

Abe turns and slowly approaches the classroom door. The moans and grunts get louder, he begins to chuckle.

He grabs the doorknob and forces the door open. His amusement instantly turns to horror and disbelief.

Strode and Malenkov have having sex.

They don't seem to notice the horrified victim that now clutches his eyes. So Malenkov continues performing a crude sex act. More specifically, a Cleveland Steamroller.

ABRAHAM

Oh dear Lord Jesus!

The elderly principle and her Russian lover hear this outburst and try desperately to cover themselves. Abe stumbles backward, into the hallway and begins to vomit.

THURGOOD (o.s.)

What's taking so long? They're
about to start the judging. Wait,
why are you barfing all over the
floor?

Thurgood now stands next to his traumatized friend. Abe takes a deep breath and tries to control the eruptions of bile.

ABRAHAM

Oh, it was terrible. He gave her a
Cleveland Steamroller.

THURGOOD

Who are you talking about and
what's a Cleveland Steamroller?

ABRAHAM

Strode and Malenkov. He took a dump
on her chest and then sat down and
started to rock back and forth like
a steam roller.

Thurgood just nods and then after a few moments, he begins to
vomit uncontrollably. Principle Strode and Malenkov finally
emerge from the classroom, only partially dressed.

MALENKOV

How do we deal with this
complicated situation?

ABRAHAM

Deal with it? You both get fired,
that's how we deal with it. You
sick fuckin' perverts.

STRODE

Boys, surely we can come to some
sort of compromise? We'd appreciate
it so very much.

ABRAHAM

So that's what it takes for you not
to be a total bitch? Someone has to
catch you getting shit on like some
goddamn gorilla?

MALENKOV

What will it take for all of this
to go away?

ABRAHAM

Besides the years of therapy? We
don't have to pay rent anymore.

Malenkov hesitates for a moment and then nods in agreement.

MALENKOV

Fuck my life.

The End