

TWISTED THIEF

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. TED'S GIFTS & GAGS SHOP - NIGHT

A quaint, old-fashioned village shop. A sign hangs above a door: *TED'S GIFTS & GAGS*. Light shines inside a window.

GUNSHOT.

EXT. TED'S GIFTS & GAGS SHOP - REAR - NIGHT

A skip overflows with crushed up cardboard boxes. Empty crates propped up against the wall.

Light seeps from a half-open store door.

INT. TED'S GIFTS & GAGS SHOP - STOCK ROOM - NIGHT

Half-empty shelves. Novelty gifts, mostly MASKS, are scattered across the floor.

Light flickers from a half-open door which leads to--

INT. TED'S GIFTS & GAGS SHOP - OFFICE - NIGHT

Ceremoniously positioned lit candles surround a pentagram on the floor.

INT. TED'S GIFTS & GAGS SHOP - STORE FRONT - NIGHT

TED, 66, lifeless, lies on the floor in a puddle of his own blood.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - NIGHT

A car zips along at speed.

INT. CAR - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

ROB, 20, rugged, brooding, drives.

LEE, 20, friendly-looking, sits in the passenger seat.

Bin bags filled with stock stolen from Ted's Gifts & Gags shop cover the backseats.

Lee counts a fist-full of pound notes.

ROB

Well, what's the score?

LEE  
Split two ways... fifty each.

Rob hisses in disgust.

LEE  
Better than nothing.

Rob frowns.

Lee gestures to the stolen stock in the backseat.

LEE  
We'll flog that crap on the net.

ROB  
You'd better be right about that gear being worth something.

LEE  
Trust me, Rob.

Rob snatches the cash from Lee's hands.

He starts counting it, one hand on the wheel, looking up occasionally at the road.

LEE  
The old guy was a memorabilia collector, made custom masks that sold for hundreds.

ROB  
If he was so good, why the hell was he still working in that dump?

Lee shrugs.

Rob finishes counting the cash, sticks it in his pocket.

LEE  
I believe fifty of that needs to travel in this direction?

ROB  
I'm not driving this thing on fresh air. You'll get your cut when we make our first sale. Trust me, Lee.

Lee sits back, sighs. He's used to being treated like this.

ROB  
Cheer up. It might be sooner than you think. If these masks are so awesome, I'll bag a ton at tomorrow's costume party.

LEE  
We're still going?

ROB  
Fuck yeah. Maximize profits. Double  
bubble, baby.

They drive along in silence for a few moments.

LEE  
Did you have to shoot him?

Rob turns to Lee. Frowns.

LEE  
I mean, he gave up pretty quick.

ROB  
The old bastard shouldn't have been  
there at that time of night. He saw  
my face. Fuck him.

Rob turns on the radio. Smiles as a lively dance hit plays.

Lee sits back, sighs.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - NIGHT

Music blares from inside the building. STUDENTS dressed in Halloween costumes head towards the entrance. Above the door hangs a banner: HALLOWEEN COSTUME PARTY.

INT. UNIVERSITY - HALL - NIGHT

Costumed Students dance to hokey Horror-themed music.

Lee and Rob, both in costume, sit at a table, sharing sips from a small flask. Rob's outlandish mask sits on the table.

LEE  
I'm done. When can we call it a  
night?

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
Now boys and ghouls, the results of  
our annual Halloween costume  
competition.

ROB  
Right after this.

LEE  
Assuming you're gonna win.

ROB  
I made it to the final, didn't I?  
How can I not win? We're surrounded  
by retards wearing Walmart rejects.

ON STAGE

The ANNOUNCER reads a list into a microphone.

ANNOUNCER  
And the winner is... Rob Romero!

APPLAUSE as Rob, masked, stands forward from the final three contestants, a disappointed MUMMY and a happy-for-the-winner WITCH.

Rob accepts the winners trophy from the Announcer. A hundred pounds sits in the middle of the cup.

Rob tries to remove his mask. It won't budge. Rob struggles some more. It's not coming off.

The audience, including Lee, laugh.

ROB  
(to the Announcer)  
Give me a hand with this thing!

Announcer and Rob pull at the mask... tearing Rob's facial skin along with it, exposing his bloody skull to the horrified, screaming audience.

Rob collapses to the floor.

CLOSE ON: Rob's blood covered skull.

INT. TED'S GIFTS & GAGS SHOP - STORE FRONT - NIGHT

A grisly skull mask... lined up with several others on a shelf.

Ted whistles merrily as he sweeps the floor.

He strolls to a table. A poster reads: BRAND NEW, LIMITED EDITION: TWISTED THIEF

On the table sits several grotesque masks-- a malformed human face, yet with familiar features... Rob's facial features.

FADE OUT.