LAWN DART MASSACRE

by Arlo Breck FADE IN:

EXT. BACK YARD - EVENING

FOUR GUYS play cornhole in a spacious back yard. Woods and open fields surround the property, there are no neighbors within miles, it seems.

Each guy grasps a Bud Light. A huge pile of chugged and crumpled cans lays nearby. These dudes have been at this for awhile.

RUSTY, 30s, fat, blond, stupid and slovenly, chucks a small beanbag at the tilted wooden board thirty feet away. It misses completely.

RUSTY

Damn it!!

CHUCK, late 20s, a bull-necked lunkhead, guffaws as he chugs his can, draining the whole damn thing down his throat and throwing the crumpled remains onto the pile.

CHUCK

Lemmee show ya how it's done, fat ass.

Chuck tosses his bag, missing completely.

STEIN, 40s, whose ugly mug looks like a feral pig after it ran face first into an anvil, steps up.

STEIN

You two bite ass. You gotta loft it.

Stein lofts his bag... and it lands ten feet from the board. Chuck and Rusty bust out laughing.

STEIN

Fuck this!

Stein chugs his beer, crushes the can on his mongo forehead and throws it on the pile.

MEL, 20s, a scrawny bespectacled nerd, takes a dainty sip of his beer, sets it down and calmly readies to throw.

RUSTY

Check it out, Mel ain't got enough strength to make it halfway there.

MET.

This is a game of precision, not of power.

Mel tosses the bag and it arcs perfectly onto the board, sliding right into the hole for a score.

CHUCK

Bullshit! This pussy game sucks my dick!

STEIN

Sure does.

RUSTY

Hell with it, I came here for beer and ribs. I'm headin' home.

MEL

Perhaps you gentlemen would enjoy a more challenging game.

CHUCK

Perhaps you gentlemen... why you always gotta talk like a fruit, Mel? Just like at work. Ya little fruit.

MEL

I'll be right back.

Mel walks to the garage.

Chuck, Rusty and Stein get to work on new beers.

RUSTY

Told you guys comin' here was a mistake. Free beer's great and all, but puttin' up with this twerp?

STEIN

Don't worry 'bout it. We'll just depants him at work on Monday.

CHUCK

Yeah. My turn this time.

INT. GARAGE - EVENING

Mel moves a bunch of clutter from a dusty shelf to find a ripped and tattered cardboard box. The faded label reads: "Franklin Lawn Darts." Mel smiles.

MEL

Fun for the whole family.

EXT. BACK YARD - EVENING

Mel walks back among the fellas as they finish off their latest beers.

RUSTY

Whatcha got there? Lite Brite?

The three goons share a chortle as Mel sets down the box, then reveals the oversized, steel-tipped darts.

CHUCK

Whoa. Those them things what were banned years ago. For killin' folks.

MEL

Yes, but if the U.S. Government wants my lawn darts, they'll have to peel them from my cold, dead fingers.

STEIN

Amen.

Mel lays one plastic ring at his feet, then walks about twenty feet away to lay down another one.

 \mathtt{MEL}

Object is simple. Just like horseshoes. Get it as close as you can to the ring. Stein can be on my team, Rusty and Chuck go stand down by your ring. And grab a couple beers. You too, Stein.

The three of them happily oblige, downing their current brews and trading them for new ones.

MEL

I'll go first.

Mel prepares to throw.

MEL

Oh hey, Rusty, what the capital of Utah?

Mel lofts the dart as Rusty cogitates.

RUSTY

Think it's...

The three inch steel tip penetrates the top of Rusty's skull.

RUSTY

...derrrrrffff.

Rusty stumbles around in brain damaged confusion.

CHUCK

Oh shit!

STEIN

Pull that thing out!

Stein finishes his beer, crumples the can on his forehead, grabs a new one before he jogs over to Rusty.

MEL

I'll call 911!

Mel walks toward his cell phone sitting on a picnic table.

MEL

(to himself)

Or at least I'll pretend to.

Rusty is on the ground, emitting seal-like sounds.

STEIN

He don't look good. Don't sound good either.

CHUCK

Got help comin', Rust. But look here, if you die, can I have your Camaro?

RUSTY

...blecccch...

Chuck looks to Stein.

CHUCK

You heard him. Yes.

STEIN

Hell, all I heard was blerrrfff...

Stein is interrupted by the metal spike plunging into his cranium. He drops next to Rusty.

Chuck looks back to Mel.

CHUCK

Dang it, Mel!

MEL

Sorry, I thought we were still playing.

CHUCK

How can you play lawn darts at a time like this? I mean, Jesus.

 \mathtt{MEL}

Well, what's done is done. How about a beer while we wait for the ambulance?

CHUCK

Well...

Chuck looks at his fading friends.

CHUCK

...may as well.

He thunders down the beer in his hand, crushes the can, tosses it on the pile, grabs a fresh one.

CHUCK

Now you see why the government banned them damn things?

MEL

Yeah, I guess I do.

Chuck shakes his head as he chugs.

CHUCK

Yeah, sometimes laws exist for a reason, Mel.

(MORE)

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Lawn darts can be super dangerous in pussy hands like yours. I mean looka them two. Gonna be vegetables if they live. Can't work no more.

MET.

Yeah, I'll miss them down at the factory. They way they'd pull my pants down in front of the secretaries.

Chuck giggles, drinks some more.

CHUCK

Yeah, that was good.

MEL

Or when you guys crapped in my lunch box.

Chuck spits out his beer laughing.

CHUCK

Yeah, that was all three of us! Didn't think it'd fit. But it did.

MEL

Yeah, good times. But those days are all over, Chuck. For all three of you. Hey, look.

Mel points to the twilight sky. Stars are just beginning to come into view.

MEL

The Big Dipper.

Chuck squints at the sky.

CHUCK

Actually, that would appear to Orion derrrffff...

Chuck drops to his knees, lawn dart sticking out the back of his head.

MEL

Get the point?

Chuck drops face first onto the grass.

CHUCK

...bleccchhhh...

MEL

You tell 'em, Chuck.

Mel picks up his phone, dials 911.

MEL

(into phone)

Yes, I just got home, and it looks like my three friends from work decided to play lawn darts. Somehow, they've managed to kill each other. Must've been one hell of a game.

Mel sits back on the table, grins.

MEL

(into phone)

Yes, those things are dangerous...

FADE OUT