

SCAREFEST PRESENTS

Meat Pies

By  
Anthony Hudson  
'alfy'

Copyright 2008. All Rights Reserved.

Anthony 'alfy' Hudson  
Email. buckrogers\_10@hotmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. COACH - DAY

The front row seats are occupied by a collection of old age PENSIONERS. The back row is taken by COLIN and SUSAN, a middle aged couple. Between the empty rows sits GAV, RUSS and MOZZA, all early twenties.

The lads lounge in the cramped seats. Each has a row to themselves, with their feet up on the arm rests.

Mozza hinges himself up and looks out the opposite window. His dirty magazine slips to the floor.

MOZZA  
(sarcastically)  
Wow, look at that scenery.

Gav peers over his food magazine.

GAV  
Oh I'm sorry, I bet you could have got us two weeks in the Costa's for your fifty quid.

MOZZA  
But the North York Moors. What the hell is there to do up here?

GAV  
All these villages have pubs don't they.

MOZZA  
Yeah, the Slaughtered Lamb probably.

GAV  
Besides we could check out some local dishes.

Russ, eyes closed.

RUSS  
A weekend of getting pissed and eating black pudding, we could have done that at home.

Gav sits up.

GAV  
Oh stop complaining. We're on our exam break.  
(MORE)

GAV (cont'd)  
 It'll be relaxing and we might  
 learn something.

Susan walks down the aisle, from the back of the coach.

Mozza searches the floor and picks up his magazine. He glares at the page.

MOZZA  
 Yeah, I'm using this time to bone  
 up.

Mozza chuckles. He waves the magazine in the air, a naked woman spread across it. The pages waft in the face of Susan.

SUSAN  
 Excuse me!

Susan notices the artwork displayed across the page. She snatches the magazine, her long finger nails painted red.

SUSAN  
 Will you get your filth out of my  
 face.

Mozza and Russ laugh. She drops the magazine into Mozza's lap.

GAV  
 Sorry about that.

Susan continues to the front of the coach.

EXT. ABBERSTON VILLAGE - DAY

A small market square surrounding by local shops and a public house with adjoining beer garden. Thatched cottages with beautiful flower gardens complete the idyllic setting.

The coach pulls into the square and stops outside the pub. The village is quiet and empty of locals.

INT. COACH - DAY

The pensioners disembark without a fuss. Colin and Susan pass by the lads, Susan gives Mozza an unapproved stare.

GAV  
 Right, come on. This is our  
 first stop.

Russ remains still, his eyes tight. Mozza sighs and closes his magazine.

MOZZA

To the strip club. No, wait  
there ain't one is there.

GAV

There's a pub, lets get a pint  
and some grub.

Russ flicks his eyes open and stretches.

RUSS

We might learn something eh.  
Like how to catch a chicken.

MOZZA

You couldn't catch gonorrhoea in a  
brothel.

Russ sits up, his eyes wide and staring at Mozza.

RUSS

Well we all know you could.

Russ and Gav laugh.

EXT. ABBERSTON VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

Local villagers emerge from their dwellings and eye up the  
tourists.

The pensioners enter the pub. Colin and Susan head off  
toward the shops.

Gav and the others step down from the coach.

JESS stands in the beer garden. He is overweight and his  
beard hides his features. TWO LOCALS exit the pub mumbling  
to each other, and stand beside him.

The three local men look the lads up and down as they pass.  
They nudge each other and smile.

Mozza stares back with a cheeky smile.

MOZZA

Hey, we've pulled.

GAV

Shut up.

Gav storms into the pub.

Mozza pulls back on Russ' arm.

MOZZA

What's up with him?

RUSS  
Beats me, maybe he's just sick of  
your endless digs.

Mozza grabs his crotch.

MOZZA  
Maybe he's just jealous of my  
Danish Meat Balls.

RUSS  
You're not Danish?

Mozza shakes his head.

MOZZA  
Have a day off mate.

Mozza strides into the pub.

RUSS  
Oh, you mean your actual  
meatballs.

Russ looks back at the locals. They've been joined by a  
burly BUTCHER who wears a gleaming white apron.

Russ puffs out his cheeks and enters the pub.

EXT. BEER GARDEN - DAY

Two local WOMEN sit at table. Napkins tucked into their  
collars, eagerly they hold their cutlery. A waiter  
approaches and places down their plates.

Gav, Mozza and Russ sit at a table, each with a fresh pint  
of beer. Three empties await collection.

GAV  
So do you think you'll pass next  
then?

Mozza shrugs his shoulders.

MOZZA  
Well I know my menu well enough.  
It's all about timing ain't it,  
just don't burn anything.

Russ looks over at the local women who feverishly eat their  
pies, chunks of meat filling spilling out onto their  
plates.

GAV  
What about you Russ? You  
confident?

Russ stares, transfixed as the devour their food.

GAV

Russ!

Russ breaks from his trance and takes a swig from his pint.

RUSS

I guess, as long...

A WAITER approaches and places three plates of food down containing large pies and chips.

MOZZA

Bout time, couldn't you catch the cow?

The waiter shrugs and walks away.

GAV

Why do feel the need to have a go at everyone you meet?

Mozza cuts into his pie. The meat filling is rare.

MOZZA

Hey, look at this. I thought these northern folk liked to incinerated their meat?

He shovels a large piece of pie into his mouth.

Russ cuts open his pie, looks inside and picks at it with his fork.

MOZZA

What you waiting for? Chef always says, you gotta try everything.

Gav cuts into his pie and places a piece tentatively into his mouth.

Russ watches the others eat. He skewers a chip and eats it.

GAV

It's not that bad. A bit chewy but not...

Gav's teeth crunch into something hard. He coughs and wretches, spitting the hard object into his hand.

MOZZA

Probably just a bit of hoof.

Mozza and Russ chuckle. Gav looks at his palm with a straight face.

GAV  
It's a finger nail.

RUSS  
You should trim them.

Gav holds up the finger nail. It's long and painted red.

GAV  
It isn't mine. It's a woman's  
finger nail.

Mozza stops eating. He slowly pushes the food out of his mouth with his tongue. Spitting it back onto his plate.

MOZZA  
I'm not that hungry.

Russ looks over to the two local women. They dab up the last small pieces of meat with bread and shovel into their mouths.

RUSS  
Look at them.

GAV  
I feel sick.

Russ puts another chip into his mouth and slowly chews.

RUSS  
The chips are OK.

Gav jumps from the table and heads into the pub, his hand covering his mouth.

MOZZA  
It's definitely nothing I said  
this time.

EXT. ABBERSTON VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

The lads exit the pub.

A large crowd of villagers queue outside a small shop. The waiter from the pub exits the shop with a tray of pies. He heads back toward the pub.

GAV  
Look at that. It said freshly  
made pies but they aren't even  
making them, there buying them  
in.

RUSS  
Maybe they need a chef?

MOZZA  
Why don't you go apply.

Russ smiles and shakes his head.

MOZZA  
I'm serious, at least your pies  
won't kill someone.

The waiter walks past the lads and into the pub.

GAV  
I still feel sick.

Mozza nudges Russ.

MOZZA  
Come on.

RUSS  
Where?

MOZZA  
Lets check on their ingredients.

The lads head toward the crowd.

EXT. ABBERSTON VILLAGE - SHOPS - DAY

The locals queue outside the butchers. The lads peer into the shop as they pass.

The large butcher stands behind a counter. The counter is filled with steaming hot pies and nothing else. A sign in the window reads REAL MEAT PIES TODAY.

The lads share a questioning glance.

EXT. ABBERSTON VILLAGE - BACK OF SHOPS - DAY

The alley is narrow with a small river backing onto the shops. The river runs red.

GAV  
Look at the water.

RUSS  
It's probably iron ore.

Mozza leans round the corner.



MOZZA  
It's here I think?

He walks toward an open door. Russ and Gav follow.

GAV  
Where you going? You can't just  
walk in and ask what he puts in  
his pies.

MOZZA  
I'm not gonna.

GAV  
Good.

MOZZA  
I'm not gonna ask him. I'm just  
gonna have a look.

Mozza sneakily looks in the back of the butchers. He enters.

RUSS  
You coming? You might pick up  
some local culinary tips.

Russ enters.

Gav looks round and reluctantly enters.

INT. BUTCHERS - BACK ROOM

Large stainless steel work surfaces are smeared with fresh blood and a large cleaver sticks in a joint of meat. An oven, its handle shows blooded finger prints, a huge metal meat grinder and a number of large bins all covered in blood.

A large metal door is ajar on the side wall and another door on the far wall is closed.

Mozza enters, his eyes fleeting everywhere. Russ and Gav enter and freeze.

GAV  
Jesus.

MOZZA  
I know, chain saw massacre  
anyone.

RUSS  
At least we know it's fresh.

Russ leans over one of the bins. He squints and leans in further.

GAV  
What? What's in there?

Russ pulls out a finger, missing a nail.

GAV  
Holy shit, that's disgusting.

Mozza takes the finger from Russ.

MOZZA  
Least you only got the nail.

Footsteps (O.S.)

GAV  
Someone's coming.

Gav opens the metal door, it leads into a large walk in freezer. The lads back into it.

INT. FREEZER

Cramped, Mozza steps back and tries to close the door. He pushes into Russ, who in turn nudges Gav back, his head bangs into a hanging lump of meat.

Gav turns, his face inches from a naked mans crotch. He jumps back with a startle.

MOZZA  
(whispering)  
Easy man. There's no room in here.

Gav's eyes bulge, he covers his mouth. Mozza and Russ turn to see the naked body of Colin. He hangs from a meat hook, skewered through the bottom of his jaw.

RUSS  
(whispering)  
Fuck. It's the guy from the coach.

MOZZA  
(whispering)  
No guesses for who's finger it is then.

GAV  
(whispering)  
Oh my god, you mean we just ate that woman.

RUSS  
(whispering)  
Well you two did.

A bang (O.S.)

VOICE (O.S.)  
Start on the other one.

The lads look at each other, then at the freezer door.  
They look round but there's nowhere to hide.

The door opens.

INT. BUTCHERS - BACK ROOM

Mozza jumps out of the freezer, his arms swinging wildly.

MOZZA  
Fucking sick locals!

Mozza lays on top of HOWARD, a young man. He wears a clean apron and a white hat.

Russ and Gav leap from the freezer.

RUSS  
Lets get the fuck back to the  
bus.

Mozza sits over Howard, who starts to stir. Mozza punches him in the face, the force breaks his nose and knocks him out.

MOZZA  
Yeah, lets go.

GAV  
Erm...guys.

The butcher stands in the door. His apron thick in blood.

BUTCHER  
What you doing back here!

MOZZA  
Move it.

Mozza jumps to his feet. The butcher grabs hold of his shirt and tosses him across the floor. He crashes into the bins, knocking them over. An assortment of body parts spew over the floor.

Gav and Russ turn to exit.

Jess stands in the exit. He enters and closes the door.

GAV

Er, we haven't seen anything here...we won't say anything, right guys.

Right.

RUSS

Right.

MOZZA

Jess grunts and runs his fingers through his matted beard.

Russ and Gav back up against the work surface. Russ turns and grabs the cleaver, the joint of meat still attached.

RUSS

Come on them fuckwits!

Russ swings the cleaver back and forth. The lump of meat flies off, narrowly missing Jess and thumps into the wall.

The butcher snatches a fresh cleaver off a shelf and without hesitation hurtles it toward Mozza. It flashes past, slicing a piece from his upper arm.

Mozza screams and clutches the wound.

MOZZA

Jesus!

Howard stirs and sits up, clutching his nose.

Russ looks at Mozza and then at the butcher.

RUSS

Bastard!

He cocks his arm back with the cleaver ready. He lets rip, flinging it toward the butcher.

Howard shakily stands right into the flight path of the cleaver, catching it in his face. His body flops back to the floor, blood spilling everywhere.

GAV

Holy fuck Russ!

Mozza, blood pooling at his feet, eyes up Jess.

MOZZA

What you got then?

Jess grunts and reveals a large knife.

MOZZA

Fuck!

Mozza backs away, his feet slipping on the blood wet floor.

The butcher edges closer.

Gav and Russ back up to Mozza. The butcher and Jess corner them against the work surface.

RUSS  
You alright?

MOZZA  
We'll, now I know what a Bernard  
Matthews turkey feels like.

The butcher and Jess laugh. The lads look at them surprised and nervously laugh back.

The butcher opens a draw and takes out a bone saw.

The lads laughter dies.

GAV  
I wish we'd gone to the Costa's  
now.

Russ spins and looks under the work surface. He digs into a bin and pulls out the head of Susan, her neck sawn through. He holds it by the hair.

GAV  
Oh my god! It gets worse. I'm  
definitely gonna be sick.

Russ swings the head around.

RUSS  
Heads up.

He lets go, the head hits the butcher in the groin. He doubles over in pain.

RUSS  
Now run!

The lads run past the stricken butcher. Mozza kicks him in the stomach as he passes.

INT. BUTCHERS - SHOP FRONT

Russ, Gav and a pale looking Mozza enter the shop, behind the counter. They hastily close the door behind them.

The shop is full of locals, they all stare at the lads.

MOZZA  
Not the best plan Russ.

RUSS  
No, not really.

Gav snatches a cleaver from the counter.

GAV  
Lets go back the other way.

Russ and Mozza share a glance. Russ looks round, shrugs and picks up a pair of dessert tongs.

INT. BUTCHERS - BACK ROOM

The butcher struggles to his feet, placing his hand on the work surface, he pulls himself up.

The door flies open and Gav races in. He smashes the cleaver down on the work surfaces, chopping off the butchers fingers. He clutches his hand and screams, spraying blood over Gav.

GAV  
Be more careful with finger  
nails!

Gav swings the cleaver and buries it into the butchers shoulder. The butcher falls to his knees, blood gushing from his wound.

Russ pushes past Gav and confronts Jess who wields his knife. Russ rushes him.

Jess whisks the knife across Russ' cheek, slicing it open. Russ screams and thrusts the tongs up Jess' nose with force.

Blood pours as Russ, gripping with both hands, tugs on the tongs. Jess struggles to free the tongs. Russ jerks him back and forth, Jess' head bashes off the wall.

Gav pulls the cleaver free from the butcher.

MOZZA  
Hit him again.

Gav swings and hits the butcher in the neck. The open artery squirts blood over Gav and Mozza. The butcher slumps over and falls silent.

Russ bangs Jess' into the wall again, freeing the tongs grip from his nostrils. Between the tongs, Jess' septum is torn from his nose.

Jess takes out a handkerchief and stuffs it up his nose, stemming the flow. He narrows his eyes and waves the knife toward Russ.

Mozza snatches the blood soaked cleaver from Gav's grasp and pushes past Russ. He cracks it into Jess' chest with a loud thud. He lets go his grip, Jess looks down at the impaling cleaver and topples backwards.

The three lads stand silent, drenched in blood.

GAV

I don't want any culinary tips  
from here thank you.

A commotion can be heard from the shop.

RUSS

What we gonna do about them lot?

Mozza looks over the bodies of the butcher and Jess and then toward the grinder.

The lads share a glance.

INT. BUTCHERS - SHOP FRONT

The locals nudge each other as they squeeze together in the small confines of the shop. They mumble between themselves.

The door swings open and Gav enters wearing a blood soaked apron.

GAV

Right, there's more pies on the  
way. Won't be long now.

He exits.

The locals look at each other confused.

INT. BUTCHERS - BACK ROOM

Mozza stands over the grinder, his damaged arm hangs at his side. He feeds in a lump of flesh.

Russ stands at the work surface, severed limbs scattered about. He carefully slices flesh from bone.

RUSS

It's a bit like boning fish  
really.

Gav enters.

GAV

How long do you reckon, they're  
getting a bit boisterous.

Mozza picks up a bucket of freshly ground meat and places it next to rows of baking trays lined with cut pastry.

MOZZA

You can't rush these things.

GAV

It's all in the timing.

MOZZA

Right.

Gav grabs a handful of meat and pats it down in the baking tray.

FADE OUT.