

# SimplyBBQ

By

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EXT. PARK - DAY

A large banner stretched between two trees, lettered in Courier font, reads:

"WELCOME TO THE 1<sup>ST</sup> ANNUAL SIMPLYSCRIPTS COOKOUT"

Folding chairs surround a long line of end-to-end tables, draped with checkered tablecloths.

Plumes of smoke waft from a large grill. Ice chests are filled to bursting with beer and wine.

SimplyScripters mingle and chat. Some carry a beer. Some carry a beer in each hand. Some carry a beer in each hand and have several more stuffed into each pocket.

AT THE GRILL

Don stands at the massive grill, a spatula in one hand and a glass of Merlot in the other.

The grill is buried beneath sizzling mounds of sausages, burgers, and ribs.

Beside him, a huge pig simmers as it twirls on a spit suspended over a pit of coals.

A giggling Frenchman, MICHEL, pen and paper in hand, races past.

MICHEL

Oui, oui -- anozer screept  
eez fini!!

Don shakes his head and smiles. Sips his Merlot.

Then he turns to a pot of barbecue sauce. He sets down the spatula -- not his wine -- then grabs a brush and begins to slather his hot, spicy meat.

WESLEY (O.S.)  
That sauce is delicious.

Don looks up from his slathering to find that WESLEY and DOGGLEBE have joined him at the grill.

Dogglebe scoffs, then -- FIZZT -- he pops the top on a homebrew. He flips the cap at Wesley. It hits him in the eye.

WESLEY  
Ow!

DOGGLEBE  
You can't just say the sauce is delicious. How would I know the sauce is delicious? You have to show me!

Wesley grabs the pot and dumps it over Dogglebe's head.

Dogglebe sticks out his tongue, catching the sauce that drips from his nose.

DOGGLEBE  
Hey, that is good!

Distant thunder RUMBLES ominously. Don looks up at the gathering clouds with a frown.

DON  
I don't want to be dramatic, but I sure hope this weather holds.

AT THE FOOD TABLE

GEORGE WILLSON sets out plastic silverware and paper plates.

MIKE SHELTON is nearby. He arranges an army of Tupperware containers -- each containing potluck offerings in typical picnic-food shades of yellow.

GRAVYBOATMAN strolls up. He carries a five-gallon bucket of thick, brown liquid that sloshes as he walks.

GRAVYBOATMAN

Where do I put this?

Mike turns to Gravyboatman.

MIKE

That's not your "special" brand  
of gravy, is it?

GRAVYBOATMAN

(grins)

Hey...it's a party!

MIKE

(nods O.S.)

Well, just put it over...

WHAM! Mike jumps as JAMES MCCLUNG slams a large, bloody  
chunk of...something...onto the table.

JAMES

Hey, guys. Where can I put this?

George looks over now -- and grimaces at the grisly  
specimen that James has plopped onto the table.

GEORGE

What in the name of shiny,  
moonlit asses is that?

James is hesitant.

JAMES

It's...um...meat!

MIKE

It looks kinda'...fresh.

JAMES

(grins)

It should be. I killed it  
myself!

George rolls his eyes.

GEORGE

Well, take it to Don. I'm assuming you want this cooked as opposed to raw.

James nods, then hefts the...whatever it is...and heads over to the grill. He calls back over his shoulder.

JAMES

You'll see...tastes just like pork!

George and Mike share a shudder, then return to their preparations.

AT ANOTHER PART OF THE TABLE

PIA watches as BREANNE places something tall and heavy onto the table. Something covered by a sheet.

Pia is impatient.

PIA

Well, are you gonna' let me see it, or what?

Breanne smiles, then whips off the sheet to reveal a large ice sculpture of Michelangelo's David.

Pia claps her hands with delight.

PIA

Oh...it's gorgeous! And so dramatic. But couldn't you have made...it...a wee bigger?

The women giggle. They sound like Wilma Flintstone and Betty Rubble.

Now DAN ROBINSON -- a heavily tattooed man with demons flying out of his ears -- races between them and plops a large bowl onto the table.

DAN

Done!!

The bowl is filled with raw, unpeeled potatoes.

Breanne and Pia frown at Dan and his spuds.

BREANNE

What is that?

DAN

It's potato salad!!!

PIA

But...it's not finished.

BREANNE

How long did you cook that?

DAN

I made it in two minutes!!!!

PIA

Hmm...would you like to know  
how you might improve your  
potato salad-making skills?

BREANNE

Did you even taste that before  
you submitted it here?

DAN

Thanks for your comments!! This  
potato salad is getting produced!!!  
I'm making more real soon!!

Dan runs off. Breanne and Pia gaze at the potatoes with  
disdain.

DAN (O.S.)

Gotta keep coooooking!!!!!!

BACK AT THE GRILL

Don looks about, confused. He turns to NIXON, who has now  
joined him at the grill.

DON

Hey, what happened to all of those chickens I had?

Nixon nods to some nearby bushes.

The leaves rustle furiously, and HEAVY GRUNTS can be heard from somewhere within the foliage.

NIXON

Balt took them...

DON

Oh, no...don't tell me...

NIXON

Yeah...he's porking them in the butt.

Don sighs and tosses a few more sausages onto the grill.

DON

Sausage it is, then...

A drunken Brazilian with a 30-ounce morrito, HELIO, runs up and throws what looks like a tiny chicken onto the grill.

HELIO

Please you cook Helio's snack.

Now GREG approaches the grill. He glances left and right, as if searching for something.

GREG

Hey, has anybody seen my bird?

Helio giggles and runs away. Don slams the grill closed.

DON

Um...no.

Nixon hooks his thumb towards the rustling bushes.

NIXON

I heard something in there. Maybe you ought to go take a look.

GREG  
Hey, thanks Nixon!

NIXON  
No problemo.

Don frowns at Nixon as Greg steps away from view --  
-- for another moment or two, then --

GREG (O.S.)  
Oh my God!! The drama!

Nixon smiles and shrugs.

Michel runs past, in the opposite direction this time.

MICHEL  
Anozer screept eez fini!

The THUNDER RUMBLES once more. Dramatically. This one closer. Don looks to the sky with growing concern.

AT THE FOOD TABLE - LATER

Everyone is gathered about the table, and the spread looks fabulous. The pig -- apple in mouth -- the whole nine yards -- lies at the center of the table.

Don stands at the head of the table and spreads his arms wide.

DON  
Dig in everybody!

Don leans over to Wesley.

DON  
(whispers)  
Do NOT eat the chicken.

AT ANOTHER PART OF THE TABLE

Dan grabs a whole chicken and begins to devour it. He speaks with his mouth full. Big surprise there.

DAN

Man! This sauce is fantastic!  
Creamy and salty, and...something  
else...what is that?

CHRIS HARRIS frowns at Dan. Dan holds a drumstick aloft.

DAN

I'm gonna make a movie about  
this chicken! I'm gonna get  
this chicken produced!!!

Dan takes another chomp of chicken.

Chris pulls a huge bible from his belt and whacks Dan  
across the head.

Dan's bandana flies from his head, revealing two small  
horns on his forehead.

CHRIS

You should say grace before  
you eat, you heathen! And I  
think your chicken movie is  
going to suck!

Dan frowns. Then he pulls a gleaming metal shiv from his  
jeans and goes straight for Chris' kidney.

But suddenly, then scene freezes.

Then, the action plays out in reverse.

Dan sheathes the shiv -- then his bandana snaps back onto  
his head as Chris un-whacks him with the bible.

Then, the scene freezes once more. And normalcy returns.

Chris looks around -- confused at first -- then annoyed.  
He glares around the table.

CHRIS

Hey! What happened to my dialogue?

BERT leans across the table with a large remote control,  
aimed at Chris.

BERT

Oh, I deleted that.

Chris fumes. Then, a deafening CLAP OF THUNDER startles the entire table.

Everybody looks up to the sky.

Suddenly a HUGE BOLT OF LIGHTENING streaks from the sky.

It strikes the pig lying at the center of the table.

The pig twitches. Spasms. Then -- ITS EYES SNAP OPEN!

The pig spits out the apple, and with a full-blown zombie RAAAAAAR it leaps to its hooves.

Reanimated by the lightning bolt, the pig now sports obscenely massive tusks and fire in its eyes.

The snarling pig charges down the center of the table, overturning glasses and paper plates as people push away from the table in horror.

Except for one guy, who claps with glee. THEDEADWALK2NITE.

TDW2N

Awesome! A zombie pig!

Dogglebe shoots homebrew out his nostrils and sputters with rage.

DOGGLEBE

NO!! The rules explicitly say  
a drama! No f[i]/i]ucking  
zombies!!

The pig turns now and leaps onto TDW2N. They both tumble to the ground.

The squealing zombie pig drives its tusks into TDW2N's midsection with a horrific ripping sound.

It chews with ferocious intensity, as it twirls loop after loop of intestine around its tusks like linguini.

TDW2N gapes at the carnage that once housed his abdomen.

TDW2N  
Amazing! And it looks so  
real! The drama!

Dan runs up with a small handheld video recorder.

DAN  
I'm gonna get this produced!

A jolly, rotund man, PEPI, now leaps from behind a tree.

He points to Dan and laughs.

PEPI  
This story she is so stupid  
now like poop!

Dan whirls. He spots Pepi.

DAN  
YOU!

And out comes the shiv. Dan charges Pepi.

DON

Leans back in his folding chair and drains his Merlot.

He heaves a heavy sigh as PEPI'S O.S. SCREAMS begin.

Then he chuckles to himself.

DON  
The drama...the drama...

Then, the screen goes black --

-- followed moments later by this SUPER:

**Sorry folks, but things are getting out of hand.**

**This story is now LOCKED.**

**(D\*rn one week games...)**