

FADE IN:

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

A typical bachelor pad. Messy. Clothes scattered everywhere. Posters of women in bikinis on the walls. Garbage bin with basketball hoop attached.

A soiled couch with stains and tears in it sits as the apartments centerpiece.

TODD and CHAD, both in their early twenties, sit next to each other on the shabby couch. They play video games in front of the television, controllers in their hands, intense expressions on their faces. A heated, cyber battle.

A photo of these guys should be in the dictionary right next to the word POTHEAD. They casually pass around a joint.

Suddenly, LOUD POUNDING on the door.

TODD
You wanna get that?

CHAD
Right after I beat your ass!

The POUNDING persists, becomes more and more frantic.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
(frantic)
Guys! Guys! Open up! Help me!

CHAD
Who the fuck is that?

TODD
I think it's Fred.

CHAD
Why's he yelling?

Todd shrugs, stays focused on the game.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
C'mon, guys! Open the fucking door!

CHAD
Put out the joint, dude. Neighbors might complain.

Chad, annoyed, stands up, opens the door.

FRED, early twenties, rushes in covered in sweat, quickly shuts the door behind him. He breathes heavily, on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Backpack strapped around his shoulder.

Fred leans his back against the door as if he were trying to keep someone out.

Todd hits pause on the video game, looks back at Fred concerned.

CHAD

Dude, what the fuck are you doing pounding on my door like that?! You know my neighbors are assholes. I got weed going on in here, last thing I need is cops stopping by.

A madness in Fred's eyes. Todd is a bit freaked out.

TODD

Fred, you okay, man? You look like you've just seen a ghost.

Fred shakes his head, "No".

FRED

Naw, man. Not a ghost.

CHAD

What the fuck happened?

Fred seems reluctant to answer. As if he didn't believe it himself. He continues to catch his breath.

FRED

There was a rainstorm earlier in the day. Just for a few minutes. I was in the park. But it cleared up and soon after, I saw a rainbow.

Chad and Todd share a peculiar glance.

CHAD

Okay?

FRED

Well, I was bored as shit, so I decided to, I dunno, walk to the end of the rainbow.

Silence. Crickets chirp in the background.

TODD
I don't get it.

Fred grabs Todd by his collar, frightens him a bit with the crazy look in his eyes.

FRED
What they say is true!

TODD
Fred, you're scaring me, man!

CHAD
What's true, Fred?

FRED
There really *is* a pot of gold! I found it!

As Fred continues to grip Todd by his collar, Todd looks Fred in the eyes, analyzes him.

TODD
Are you high?

FRED
I had a few hits of acid, but that has nothing to do with this.

CHAD
So why are you all sweaty and crazy for?

FRED
I took the gold! But he saw me!

TODD
(frightened)
Who?

Fred pulls Todd in close, almost nose to nose.

FRED
The fucking leprechaun!

Todd and Fred just stare at each other for a prolonged period. Fred's expression is dead serious while Todd's is pretty creeped out.

CHAD
Hey, Fred? You have any idea how crazy you look right now?

Fred throws Todd back down to the couch, approaches Chad with the same mad look in his eyes.

FRED
I look crazy, huh?

Fred dumps a bunch of gold coins out of his backpack. Todd and Chad can't believe it.

TODD
Holy shit! Is that real gold?

Chad picks up one of the coins, analyzes it.

FRED
I look crazy now?

Chad shrugs.

CHAD
This just seems kind of farfetched.
I mean, a fucking leprechaun?

FRED
We gotta get the fuck outta Dodge!
I say we take this gold, move to
Canada and start a new life!

CHAD
What? Why?

FRED
He's been chasing me all over town,
trying to fucking kill me!

Fred drops to the floor, leans his back to the wall, the fear of God in his eyes. Stares off into space.

FRED
You should've seen him. He was so
short! But his head and his hands
were normal sized!

Fred shudders. Todd and Chad look at each other, shrug. Both seem freaked out, caught way off guard. Todd wants to say something, but is reluctant to speak.

TODD
You sure you just didn't rob a bank
or something? Maybe the teller was
a dwarf.

A KNOCK on the door. They all look at each other alarmed.

FRED
(whispers)
It's him.

Chad laughs, shakes his head.

CHAD
This is ridiculous, Fred. There's
no such thing as leprechauns.
You're just really, really high.

Chad walks towards the door.

TODD
Wait!

Chad looks at Todd surprised.

CHAD
Don't tell me you believe in this
shit, too now.

TODD
I don't know man. I mean, he's got
the gold to prove it. And they had
to get the idea for that horror
flick from somewhere.

Chad shakes his head, moves towards the door. Suddenly, Fred
jumps to his feet, pulls a gun from his waist.

Chad and Todd jump back, stay as far away from Fred as
possible.

CHAD
(cautious)
Whoa... Fred. What are you doing
with a gun, dude?

Fred points it at Chad.

FRED
Do not open that door.

CHAD
Let's take it easy. We ordered
pizza. It's been about a half hour.
That's probably just him.

TODD
Yeah, man, maybe you should put
down that gun.
(MORE)

TODD (cont'd)
I mean, you are probably tripping
your balls off after taking that
acid.

Fred whips around, points his gun at Todd. Todd throws his
hands into the air as if he were being stuck up.

FRED
Todd... we grew up together, we've
been friends since the first grade.
But if you think for one second I'm
gonna let Chad open that door, you
got another thing coming.

CHAD
You're losing it, Fred!

Fred repeatedly points his gun at both Fred and Chad. Then a
suspicious look forms across his face.

FRED
You're in on it, aren't you?

CHAD
What?

FRED
He got to you first, didn't he?

CHAD
This is ridiculous!

Fred cocks the gun, points it closer to Chad.

FRED
Answer me, God damn it! Don't make
me paint the walls with your
fucking brains, Chad!

CHAD
Christ, dude, put the fucking gun
down!

Todd cries in the corner.

TODD
I just wanted to get high and play
video games!

Fred's focus remains on Chad, gun aimed.

FRED
Did he or did he not get to you
first?!

CHAD

We've been like brothers since
fucking preschool, dude! Think
about what you're doing!

TODD

I can't take it anymore! I gotta
get the fuck outta here!

Todd makes a break for the door. Fred quickly turns around,
points his gun at Todd and -- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Shoots him
three times in the chest.

Todd drops to the floor. Motionless. Silence. Fred can't
believe what he had just done. He turns around to Chad.

Chad holds him at gunpoint. Fred can't believe it.

CHAD

Drop the gun, Fred.

Fred lowers his gun, drops it to the floor. He cautiously
backpedals.

FRED

You are in on it. Aren't you?

Chad opens the door. A LEPRECHAUN walks in, also bearing
arms. Chad and Leprechaun aim their pistols at Fred.

LEPRECHAUN

Top 'o the mornin' ta ya!

FRED

I knew it!

LEPRECHAUN

(Irish accent)

Now slowly kneel down and toss me
me gold!

Fred kneels down, slides his backpack across the floor to
Chad and Leprechaun.

Leprechaun opens the bag, sifts through the gold, nods in
satisfaction.

FRED

You son of a bitch leprechaun!

Fred looks at Chad, shakes his head in disappointment.

FRED
Why, Chad? Why?

Chad shrugs with a smug expression on his face.

CHAD
I did it for the money.

FRED
So, what now?

Chad and Leprechaun share a glance, then both look across the room at Fred.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! They both unload on Fred, riddle his body with bullets, send him flying back to the other side of the room.

Silence. The dust settles. Leprechaun straps the backpack over his shoulder, heads to the door.

CHAD
Wait! What about my cut? You promised me gold!

Leprechaun smiles, shrugs his shoulders.

LEPRECHAUN
That, I did, lad. What do you think me bullets are made from?

BLAM! Leprechaun shoots Chad in the head, sprays blood on the walls. He leaves the apartment, shuts the door behind him.

FADE OUT:

THE END