

FADE IN:

INT. REEDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

REEDY REBLITH, aged eighteen. Body built like a twig, pale skin deprived of sunlight.

Tight black jeans, super tight black tee shirt and hair dyed black advertise Reedy's gloomy mood.

REEDY

Oh woe is me. Woe is me.

Reedy hunches over a writing desk, scribbles a poem into a diary.

REEDY

Life is unfair. I live in a cage of despair.

Reedy scratches his head with his pen, ponders what to write next.

REEDY

Nobody likes me, everyone hates me. My woe is all I have for companionship.

Reedy gets busy with the pen.

REEDY

Myself and my woe. My woe and I.

DING-DONG

The ring of the door bell gets Reedy's attention.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

Reedy strides across the spacious lounge room decorated with stylish furniture and ornaments that only an upper middle-class income could buy.

DING-DONG

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

The front door opens. A DELIVERY MAN hands a parcel over to Reedy.

DELIVERY MAN

Just sign here please.

Reedy takes the offered pen and signs the form.

INT. REEDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Reedy sits the parcel on the writing desk, slits it open with a knife. He removes a black shirt from the packaging.

On the front of the shirt is a print of a hideous beast like a demonic octopus, red eyes malevolent and cruel.

REEDY

I wish, I wish, the Cthulhu would rise
and kill us all and put an end to
suffering.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Reedy stares at his feet as he walks the pavement, hands in his Jean pockets. He wears arm warmers.

A JOGGER jogs past Reedy.

JOGGER

Hey man. Cool Squid shirt.

Reedy spins around, scowls at the Jogger.

REEDY

It's a Cthulhu! CTHULHU you half wit!

The Jogger continues jogging. Reedy does a dramatic flip of his long fringe then pouts and fumes at the Jogger's back.

LITTLE BOY (O.S.)

Look mummy! Squid shirt!

Reedy snarls, clenches his fists.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Three ADULTS sit on a picnic blanket that is spread out on the grass. They sip imaginary tea from little plastic tea cups.

The adults are hidden inside the tacky bear or gorilla costumes that they wear. The sort of costumes one would hire from a fancy dress shop.

An elderly couple- obviously TOURISTS -stop to smile and point at the bizarre tea party.

The Tourists lift up their disposable cameras from around their necks, snap some photos.

Not far away, under a tree, a Emo lad and Gothic lass sit on a park bench, taking photos of the Tourists.

The Emo is ZED, eighteen, a feminine young male wearing eye liner and bright red sneakers that match his arm warmers.

The Gothic is SOPHIE, twenty. She looks like an evil Bettie Page with a tight black dress, fishnet stockings, stilettos and long dark hair styled with a bang.

Sophie wears arm warmers with a stripe pattern.

Reedy flops down on the park bench, sighs and pouts.

ZED

What's up with you Reedy?

REEDY

Uhg! I'm so sick of people telling me I've got a squid on my shirt.

SOPHIE

Why do you have a squid on your shirt?

REEDY

What makes you think it's a squid?

SOPHIE

The tentacles.

ZED

Yep, definitely the tentacles.

Reedy clutches his chest, flips his fringe out of his left eye.

REEDY

Oh why Oh why was I born into a stupid world? All this stupidity. It's stifling me! I- I can't breath!

ZED

Cry all you want Reedy. It doesn't change the fact that I still suffer more than you do.

REEDY

Suffering! What do you know about suffering! Your dad gave you a Porche.

ZED

Hey, my suffering is so painful that one day, it's gonna give me cancer- and I will die.

REEDY

You don't feel real pain. You're just a big sook!

ZED

You want to see pain! Yeah? I'll show you pain.

Zed pulls down his arm warmer. Thin scars crisscross his forearms. Between his fingers is a razor blade.

ZED
You can't handle my pain!

Zed clenches his teeth, slices his forearm. Blood spills down his wrist, drips off his fingers.

Sophie raises her camera, takes a photo.

SOPHIE
That's raw.

REEDY
I don't need a razor, I don't need to cut myself. Life is one big razor blade that cuts me down every morning when I wake up.

Reedy runs off crying.

REEDY
I wish I was dead!

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Reedy stumbles into a garbage filled, narrow alley.

He slides down the wall next to a trash bin.

Tears flow down Reedy's face as he pulls down his left arm warmer. His forearm is scar free.

REEDY
Physical pain is my one true friend.

Reedy whips out a razor blade.

REEDY
Physical pain will take my mind off the inner pain.

His whole body tightens as he holds the razor blade over his wrist. He whimpers. He fingers tremble.

Reedy throws the razor with a frustrated flick of his wrist. He pulls out a toy rubber hammer.

He holds the hammer above his forehead, braces himself, clenches his teeth and squints his eyes shut.

SQUEAK!

Reedy hits his head with the hammer, screams out in exaggerated pain and agony.

Rapid breathing as he holds up the hammer again.

SQUEAK!

Reedy doubles over in pain, clutching his forehead.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Reedy shambles along the pavement.

A HOUSEWIFE pushing a stroller smiles at Reedy as she walks past.

HOUSEWIFE

Hey, I like your squid shirt!

Reedy reacts with sobs and tears. He cries and wails as he hurries down the street.

A hunched over, dried up OLD MAN pops out from behind a telegraph pole. He carries in each hand a limp, dead squid.

The Old Man scurries after Reedy, the squids' tentacles wriggle and a jiggle as he runs.

OLD MAN

Hey you! I want to talk to you.

Reedy spins around, startled as the Old Man rushes towards him.

The Old Man shakes the squids in Reedy's face.

OLD MAN

What the fuck is the banana sketch?

Reedy steps back, alarmed by the Old man's outburst. He runs off down the street.

The Old Man scurries after the teenager, arms out stretched, the squids flapping about in his grasp.

OLD MAN

No wait! Come back! I can explain!

Reedy skids to a stop.

REEDY

Leave me alone!

The Old Man catches up to Reedy, gasping for breath.

OLD MAN

I asked for an octopus. You sold me two squids.

REEDY

What?

The Old Man does a karate chop motion with squid in hand.

OLD MAN
Hiya! I'll kick your arse good freak!

Reedy runs off screaming.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Large cardboard boxes, heaped into a pile on the side of the road.

Reedy jumps inside a box big enough to hold a washing machine. His hand shoots out to close the flaps.

INT. CARDBOARD BOX - DAY

Cramped in the confined space, knees under his chin. Reedy peers through a hole cut into the cardboard.

Through the hole can be seen the Old Man scampering about near the boxes, head turning in every direction.

Reedy's eyes widen, his breathing is rapid.

The Old Man hurries off beyond the limited view of the hole.

Reedy closes his eyes, lets out a long sigh.

The cardboard flaps flip open. A squid is thrust into Reedy's face, the tentacles slapping against his cheek.

OLD MAN (O.S.)
Hi-ho! You're a fucking idiot!

Reedy screams, arms and legs thrashing.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The box splits open, spilling Reedy out into the gutter.

The Old Man stands over Reedy, shakes the squids at him.

OLD MAN
I don't want your squids! I want a refund!

Reedy leaps to his feet, pushes past the Old Man and flees.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Reedy collapses onto the grass in front of the park bench.

He wails and sobs. It is tragic and pathetic.

Zed and Sophie rush to Reedy's side.

REEDY

I hate my life! I hate it I hate it!

SOPHIE

What's wrong? What happened?

REEDY

A crazy old man is after me! He's mad.
He's insane. He won't leave me alone!

ZED

Does he want to kill you?

REEDY

No! He wants to give me a squid!

Sophie and Zed glance at each other. They both shrug.

A sudden realization makes Reedy jump up in a panic.

REEDY

Oh shit no! Maybe the old man isn't
crazy. Maybe the Cthulhu are speaking
through his body.

Reedy's panic turns hysterical.

REEDY

OH MY GOD! THE CTHULHU ARE RISING!
THEY'RE GONNA RISE!

Sophie slaps Reedy hard across the face.

SOPHIE

How are you suppose to focus on your
despair if you've lost it?

REEDY

I don't want to focus! It's
unbearable!

Sophie pulls down Reedy's arm warmer. She gasps, eyes wide
with shock.

There are no scars on Reedy's forearms

SOPHIE

You've never cut yourself.

Sophie grabs a hand full of Reedy's shirt, gives him a
rough shake.

SOPHIE

Listen to me. You have to let the pain
numb the pain.

REEDY

No! No I can't. It hurts.

Zed holds up a razor blade between his fingers. He passes it to Reedy.

ZED

The pain will numb the pain.

Reedy reaches out with trembling fingers, takes the razor blade, stares at it with fear.

Sophie and Zed pull down their arm warmers, show their scars to Reedy.

Reedy slowly nods his head, a deep breath.

SOPHIE

You can do it Reedy.

ZED

We believe in you.

Reedy squeezes his eyes shut, holds the razor above his forearm.

REEDY

The pain numbs the pain.

ZED

The pain numbs the pain.

SOPHIE

The pain numbs the pain.

Reedy slashes the razor across his . . . wrist.

Blood spurts out of the severed artery.

Sophie and Zed freak out at the sight of the gushing red flow.

REEDY

What do I do? What do I do?

SOPHIE

Fuck this! You're on your own.

The two teens run off in opposite directions.

Reedy collapses onto his back, bawling like a hungry baby as he clutches his sliced wrist.

A stream of blood squirts across his face.

REEDY

I don't want to die! Oh God please no,
I'm too young to die!

The Old Man drops down beside Reedy. He bites into one of the squids, cuts off a tentacle with his teeth.

He licks the suction pads on the tentacle, wraps it around Reedy's wrist.

The tentacle sticks. The flow of blood stops.

OLD MAN

That will stop the bleeding. I'll call
you an ambulance.

The Old Man leans in close to Reedy's face, snarls.

OLD MAN

Wocka! Wocka! Wocka! You dead shit
fucka!

Reedy screams, covers his eyes with his hands.

The Old man scampers away from Reedy, waves his hands.

OLD MAN

No! No don't be afraid! I've got
Bipolar disorder.

REEDY

What do you want from me?

The Old Man leers at Reedy.

OLD MAN

Play me some rhythm and blues Dr.
Teeth!

The Old Man slaps himself across the face.

OLD MAN

I was at a sea food shop two weeks
ago, paid for an octopus and got two
squids. I want my money back.

REEDY

I don't sell sea food?

OLD MAN

But you must! You've got the shops
logo on your shirt!

REEDY

What? I don't understand?

OLD MAN
Neither do I kid. And you're a fucking
idiot for cutting your wrist!

REEDY
Did you just have a bipolar moment?

OLD MAN
No I did not.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

SUPER: TWELVE DAYS AGO.

GARY, aged 50. Cranky and sweaty. He sits on the lounge,
hunched over a laptop.

An E-bay web page is displayed on the Laptop's screen.

Gary clenches his teeth, bangs his hand on the coffee
table.

GARY
Ah great! Just great! Fucking
fantastic!

LUCY, aged 50. She is Gary's Patient and tolerant wife.

Lucy leans over her husband's shoulder to look at the
laptop's screen.

LUCY
No bids Gary?

GARY
Not a single one.

Gary jumps up off the lounge, kicks a cardboard box.

Black T-shirts with a hideous, demonic squid design on the
chest, tumble out of the box.

GARY
Fuck. It cost me several hundred
dollars to print up those shirts. Now
I'm gonna have to dump them.

Gary picks up a framed photo, drops back down onto the
lounge.

The photo is of Gary and Lucy, big smiles, standing out the
front of a shop called THE BASTARD SQUID with a big hideous
squid logo on the front window. The same logo on the
couples black shirts.

GARY

Christ Lucy. How could we have let the bank take our business? How could we have been so stupid?

LUCY

Why don't you just try again. But this time, don't call it a squid shirt. Type in . . . Cthulhu shirt.

GARY

Cthulhu?

LUCY

Yes Gary. Cthulhu.

TOM

Cthulhu? What the fuck is that?

LUCY

Cthulhu is . . . Look! It doesn't matter. Just trust me and do it.

Lucy gives her husband a reassuring smile.

Gary's fingers tap away at the keyboard.

THE END