A Gathering Of Legends
FADE IN:

INT. BAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Sparsely filled but homey little place. Three guys sit on high stools at the bar.

They are: STEVIE(53)a tall Aussie with a goatee, shaved head, wears a Beatles T and Niner cap; JEFF(53)tall, well built, wears a business suit; and RYAN(37)dark, brooding, dressed in casual jeans and shirt.

SUPER - LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA

SUPER - HALLOWEEN EVE 2015

JEFF
Man, Stevie, this is fucking unreal to finally meet you. And to meet Ryan too!

RYAN
Hell yeah. Glad to host my favorite amateur screenwriters at my favorite watering hole.

Stevie nods, looks around the bar.

STEVIE
Yeah, not a bad joint. Reckon it would go off like a bride's nightie later on. We'll be shit faced then!

JEFF
You betcha. Hey, tell us again how you ended up here bro. Amazing story, really.

He slurps his Jagie like its the last one on Earth.

STEVIE
I'm still coming to terms with it myself. Happened so fast.
(beat)
I was flying from Brisbane to Melbourne, right? To see family for a few days? Then all of a sudden, the plane was diverted to Los Angeles! Absolutely unbelievable.
RYAN
I'll say! And you had the foresight to convince a smitten hostie to let you Skype me on the emergency plane computer, despite it being against every safety regulation in the book.

STEVIE
Well, we do have a reputation for being stud muffins when required.

JEFF
Fuckin' right on bro. And coincidentally - or perhaps, meant to be - I happened to be at LAX, coming back from an insurance conference in Seattle...

All three pause to spit on the floor as one...

STEVIE
(murmurs)
Fuckin' Seahags...

RYAN
(murmurs)
Amen to that.

JEFF
Exactly...where was I? Oh yeah...so Ryan messaged me and well...dammit, here we all are!

STEVIE
I'll drink to that.

They all raise their drinks.

RYAN
A toast...

JEFF
Yes. To us, Simply Scripts, fading in, int and ext, all the shit that goes in between.

STEVIE
And to the Beatles. And the Niners.

JEFF
And the Rams!

RYAN
And the...
(whispers)
Fins.

Jeff and Stevie suppress giggles as they all clink glasses.
LATER

The bar is a bit fuller now, as are our three amigos. They laugh, drink, slap each other on the back. The front door opens. Outside it's dark now.

DRACULA (about 700), tall and debonair in a black suit and cape, seems to slide into the bar. The temperature drops, and people stop for no reason, dazed.

STEVIE
Hey, check him out. Spitting image of Christopher Lee.

RYAN
Well, this is L.A, man. Freak city.

JEFF
Gotta love his costume.

Dracula walks towards the bar. Two women in their early twenties sit at a table in his path. They turn as one to gaze at him, drawn to his aura.

STEVIE
Wow, this guy is good. Those chicks are hot for it.

JEFF
Meh. Probably a set up. A Halloween show for the boozers.

RYAN
Or a uni stunt. Campus is just up the road.

The enigmatic man is at the girls table now, his eyes glowing. The women rise to meet him. Their necks pulse with life, their lithe bodies ripe.

Dracula's mouth opens to reveal twin fangs. He stoops to feed on one girl. The other moans in anticipation. The rest of the bar watches, captivated. Some people applaud. Cries of approval.

JEFF
Could be one of those reality shows. You know, like...'Celebrity Classic Horror Star Blind Date'.

He laughs.

JEFF
Damn crap concepts...whatever happened to good old tv?
STEVIE
Mate, as long as you never go on 'Naked And Afraid', the world is safe.

JEFF
Hardy fuckin' har, you Aussie bitch. I__

RYAN
Hush up ladies. This is getting interesting.

The man in black finishes dining on the supple neck. He lifts his head, eyes on fire. Blood runs from his lips.

JEFF
Great effects or what?

STEVIE
It does look real. Possibly high grade tomato sauce. Or ketchup as you Septics call it.

The other girl offers her neck to Dracula now. He feeds again. This time a spurt of blood pumps from the puncture wounds. Sumptuous APPLAUSE from the patrons.

JEFF
That is so cool. And strangely erotic.

They drain their drinks. Stevie gestures to the barman.

STEVIE
My Wally, lads. Same again shagger.

RYAN
Your...Wally? You Aussies and your fucking slang.

In the background, the two women glide to other tables. Suddenly, they and the Count begin to attack people. A high pitched SCREAMING starts. As does utter chaos...

JEFF
I was right. Its all a setup. But, I have to admit its pretty good.

The drinks arrive. Jeff takes his, turns on his seat to watch the mayhem. Stevie and Ryan ignore it completely, concentrating on more important issues.

STEVIE
Ok, Wally is short for Wally Grout. He was a famous Aussie cricketer in the nineteen fifties.
RYAN
I vaguely know what cricket is but go on...

Jeff has a look of unease on his face as people around the room are attacked and bitten. Each victim then attacks a fresh neck. The SCREAMS are piercing.

JEFF
Uh, guys?

STEVIE
Quiet, Jeff, I'm giving old mate here vital info.

RYAN
So...Wally Grout...um, no, you've lost me bro.

STEVIE
Rhyming slang. Wally Grout...shout. It's my shout for drinks. Easy as.

RYAN
Ah, I get it. Right.
(beat)
Bloody kangaroo rooters.

STEVIE
Hey good job. You're learning!

A MAN slams into the bar next to him. He SCREAMS as a crazed old lady chews into his neck. He reaches out an anguished hand to Stevie, eyes filled with pain.

MAN
Help me...please...

Stevie highfives the guy, takes some cash from his wallet.

STEVIE
Maate! Fuckin' top show! Here's a little something to help pay for all that ketchup.

The man slips to the floor, the old woman gnaws his throat.

JEFF
Guys? I think something funny is going on here.

Ryan and Stevie highfive, guzzle their drinks.

RYAN
Oh lighten the fuck up, Jeff. Enjoy the show. Makes a change from you waffling about Save The Cat and The Heros Journey.
STEVIE
Yeah, bro. We can only take so much preaching about white space and proper slugs, you know?

The bar falls quiet. Most of the patrons are dead. A few stand dazed next to Dracula and his two hornbag handmaidens.

JEFF
Remember that Tarantino film From Dusk Till Dawn? Vampires in the pub?

RYAN
Yeah? So?

But for the first time he studies the carnage around him. Stevie too, puts down his drink and takes it all in. He leans down to look at the dead guy on the floor. Pokes a finger right into the hole in his neck.

STEVIE
Hmm. I think old mate Jeff is one hundred percent correct.

RYAN
You mean...

JEFF
Yep. This is all real. These people have all been killed or turned into vampires. And that fucker coming toward us is quite possibly THE Count Dracula who is actually real and has somehow turned up here in the twenty first century.

RYAN
Wow, that's full on shit. So we're fucked then?

JEFF
Pretty much. They saved us till last. For dessert.

Dracula and his newly converted followers turn to the bar. The barman looks up, quickly takes off to a back room.

RYAN
Damn
(beat)
Stevie? I gotta apologise, man. Really sorry this had to happen at my hangout, in my town. Feel so bad about it.

STEVIE
Nah, its sweet, bro. Besides, its not over yet. Not by a long shot.
RYAN
You Aussies...the real underdog spirit, never give up, do ya?

He drains his beer, shakes his head in awe.

RYAN
I gotta admire your balls.

STEVIE
Maybe later.
(beat)
But right now we have Ol'Drac ready for the final feast.

JEFF
Do you think those chicks might let us screw them before they kill us?

RYAN
Maybe me and Stevie have a chance. But you? More chance of the Fins making the playoffs.

STEVIE
Yep. Besides, those girls have been punished enough.

Dracula is at the bar now. He leaps up onto it in a blur of motion, and walks along to where the three mates sit. He looms above them, like a black cloud. The other vampires close in around them.

RYAN
Well boys, its been good to know and meet you albeit too brief. One last drink, hey?

Jeff starts to sob but raises his Jagie. He clinks it against Ryan's beer. They wait for Stevie.

RYAN
Yo, Aussie. What's wrong?

Stevie sits with a faint smile on his lips. He nods, taps his beer to his comrade's drinks. Above them, Dracula raises his arms to the roof, his presence terrifying.

The lights behind the bar go out. The vampires MOAN.

Suddenly, a dark shape pops up behind the bar. It grabs Dracula by the ankles, yanks him off balance. The vampire falls behind the bar. An unseen scuffle ensues. HISSING...

A wooden stake rises, falls, rises and falls again. The other vampires slump to the floor.

JEFF
What the fuck?
The mysterious saviour re-appears. The lights come back on suddenly to reveal...THE BUNNY MAN!

RYAN
Well bugger me with a fish fork...It's that old urban legend himself, the Bunny Man. We've been saved! By the fucking Bunny Man!

JEFF
I...what? Stevie, is this your doing? Did you summon this sicko?

Stevie shrugs, stands up. He nods at the Bunny Man who stares back impassively.

STEVIE
I'll see you Count Dracula and raise you one Bunny Man.

He GIGGLES. Ryan pats him on the back.

RYAN
You ok, mate? You seem...confused.

Stevie wipes a hand over his face, yawns.

STEVIE
Just a bit jet lagged.

Jeff shudders as he watches the unmoving rabbity thing.

JEFF
But...haven't you saved us and the world from one horror only to unleash a greater peril on mankind?

RYAN
You don't like being hugged, Jeff?

JEFF
No...I...no, I don't.

He starts to blubber like a big girls blouse. The Bunny Man's whiskers twitch as it senses a helpless victim. Ragged paws grip the edge of the bar ready to boost him over.

STEVIE
Oh no you don't. Leave my buddy alone, fucker.

He presses a button on his mobile. There's a rumble from above the bar. The Bunny Man looks up then back at Stevie.

BUNNY MAN
Getting sick of this shit...

The three companions turn away as truckloads of carrots pour over the Bunny Man. The noise is immense. Finally...silence.
The top of the carrot pile is just visible above the bar.

JEFF
Oh thank fuck for that.
Man...that...that creature.

RYAN
Nice work Aussie.

STEVIE
Gotta respect the buddies. Bunny
Man crossed the boundary.

JEFF
We've all earned a drink. Where's
that barman?

The barman suddenly appears, at the edge of the carrot pile.

BARMAN
Whoa, what a fucking day. Wife
won't believe this shit.

JEFF
Drinks all round my good man. And
its my...WALLY!

Ryan and Stevie LAUGH and slap Jeff on the back. He takes
out his wallet, hands over a one hundred dollar bill.

JEFF
Sorry about the big note.

BARMAN
All good, man.

He prepares the drinks, goes to the till as the three mates
relax and survey the damaged room. The vampire bodies have
all vanished into dust piles. The barman gives Jeff change.

JEFF
Thanks...hey, what the fuck? A
dollar? A dollar change from a
hundred? Who's the blood sucker
here? Jesus...

Ryan and Stevie turn to see this new development. The barman
shrugs, takes a swig of his drink that Jeff paid for.

BARMAN
Bar prices just went up. Inflation.
Look at this place. Carrots to
remove, chairs and table smashed,
bodies. And besides...
(beat)
Damn ketchup stains are a real pain
to remove.
He winks at Ryan and Stevie while Jeff studies his empty wallet in misery.

FADE OUT

THE END.