

# **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 its 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.  
Its 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, thats 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...Its 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 rabbit 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.